

Higgins: Why, it's you! Pickering, you remember the girl I jotted down last night. I have enough of her lingo, so she is of no use to me. Be off with you now! Show her out, Mrs. Pearce.

Eliza: Don' be so saucy. Ye-oo don' know what I cum fer yet!

Eliza: Did y' tell 'im I come in a taxi, I did?

Higgins: I don't care how you got here. Leave!

Eliza: Well, ain't we proud! Ye-oo said y' gave lessons. Ifn' muy money's no' gud he-uh, I'll go elsewhere!

Higgins: Your money's not good enough for what?

Eliza: Why, lessons, o' course! An' I can puy fer 'em, too. And if ye-oo were a gentl-man, y' muyt ask a young la-dee ta sit down, polite-like.

Higgins: Pickering, should we ask this baggage to sit down on throw her out?

Eliza: Ah-h-ow-ow-oo! I ain't no baggage! I said I'd puy like a la-dee.

Col. Pickering: What is it you want, my girl?

Eliza: I wan' ta learn ta speak like a la-dee, so I can work in a flower shop, like ee says the other night. I want ta talk mo' genteel. An' I will puy, I will, but 'ee treats me like dirt!

Higgins: You'll pay. How much?

Eliza: Aha! I knew ye-oo'd be listenin' when y' 'eerd money were involved!

Higgins: Sit down and we can discuss this.

Eliza: Not if ye-oo don' say it nice-like.

Mrs. Pearce: Sit, you foolish girl.

Higgins: **Sit down!**

Eliza: Ah-h-ow-ow-oo!

Col. Pickering: Won't you please sit down, Miss?

Eliza: Well, I don' min' if I do. Thank ye-oo kinly, good sir.

Higgins: Now, what is your name?

Eliza: 'Liza Doolittle.

Higgins: Eliza Doolittle, how much will you pay for these speech lessons?

Eliza: Well, I 'ad a fren who got French lessons from a real Frenchman, fer te-oo shillin's a lesson, so I fig-er I should puy y' one shillin' a lesson, since y' be teachin' me muy own language. Ty-ke it or leave it!

Higgins: A shilling! Why, that's a good portion of your daily income. It's like 60 pounds to a millionaire. What an offer!

Eliza: 60 pounds! I ain't got no 60 pounds! Boo hoo hoo!

Higgins: Stop sniveling, silly girl! Here.

He offers her his handkerchief.

Higgins: It's a handkerchief. Wipe you face on it, not your sleeve.

Eliza looks at the handkerchief, not sure how to use it. Mrs. Pearce takes it to show her.

Mrs. Pearce: Oh, for goodness sake, this is what you do with it.

Eliza grabs the handkerchief back.

Eliza: It's mine. Ee gayv it ta me, not ta ye-oo!

Pickering laughs.

Col. Pickering: Well, I guess it belongs to her now, Mrs. Pearce. Higgins, I am thinking about a wager. How about you give her speech lessons, and if you are as good as you say you are, you can show off your experiment at some social or tea party. Why, I will bet you all the expenses of the experiment, and I will pay for the lessons, too. What do you say?

Eliza: Oo, ye-oo are so kin', sir. Thank y', Kept'n.

Higgins paces around her with his hand on his chin, pondering the idea.

Higgins: Hmm! What an irresistible challenge. She's so disgustingly low, so horribly dirty.

Eliza: I ain't dirty! I wash'd me up real good befer I come, I did!