

No.5

I'm An Ordinary Man

Cue: HIGGINS:... I find that the moment I let myself become friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Pickering:

Moderato

HIGGINS: (Spoken) (1)

The musical score consists of four systems of music. System 1 starts with a piano introduction followed by Higgins speaking. System 2 begins with Higgins singing 'I'm an ordinary man,' with piano accompaniment. System 3 continues his speech, mentioning 'chance To live ex-' and 'Cts. sust.' (clarinet sustain). System 4 concludes his statement with 'An avr - age act - ly as he likes and do pre - cise - ly what he wants.' The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'.

I'm an ordinary man, who de -
 (Cl.) I'm an ordinary man, who de -
 Piano (p) (Str., Hp.)
 sires noth - ing more than just the or - di - nar - y chance To live ex -
 (Cts. sust.)
 act - ly as he likes and do pre - cise - ly what he wants. An avr - age
 man am I, of no ec - cent - ric whim; who wants to
 (W.W.) (Vln.)
 (Cello)

(8)

live his life free of strife,
do - ing what - ev - er he thinks is best for
him.

(Str.,
Clz.,
Bsn.)

Just an or - di - nar - y man.

(C1.) (Fl., Vln.) (Str.,
Clz.,
Bsn.)

grazioso

But let a

(Fl., Ob.)

(14) Allegro molto vivo

wom - an in your life (W.W. Xylo.,
Tpt., Tbn.) And your se -

(Str.) (Bsn.)

(+Bsn.)

ren - i - ty

(22)

dec - or - ate

(Clz. sust.)

on to the

you.

(W.W. Xylo.,
Hn., Tpt.)

L.H.

ren - i - ty is through! — (+Xylo.) She'll re -

(W.W.) *f* (+Hns.) (Str.) *p*

22 dec - or - ate your home from the cel - lar to the dome; Then get
(Cl. sust.)

on to the en - thrall - ing fun of o - ver - haul - ing

you. (W.W., Xylo., Hn., Tpt.) > > > Oh, let a
f L.H. (Str.) *p*

50

(34)

wom - an in your life (W.W., Br.,
Xylo.)

And you are

(+Bsn.)

f

(Str.)

all. (Br., X
W.W.)up a - gainst the
wall!

(Br., W.W., Xylo.)

Make a

(Str.)

54 Più mo

talk

(Str. trem.)

(W.W. sust.)

(Bsn., Cello)

(42)

plan and you will find she has some - thing else in mind; And so

(Cts. sust.)

wants

(+W.W.)

ra - ther than do eith - er, you do some - thing else that neith - er likes at

(Str.)

pp

(62)

see

(Str. trem.)

(W.W. sust.)

(Bsn., Cello)

Audition Materials for Higgins and Eliza Part 1

Higgins: Oh no, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's not use: I've got all the records I want of the Lissom Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. Be off with you: I don't want you!

Eliza: Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

Mrs. Pearce: Nonsense girl! What do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares what you came in?

Eliza: Oh, we are proud! He ain't above givin' lessons, not him; I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment, and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

Higgins: Good enough for what?

Eliza: Good enough for you. Now you know, don't ya! I've come to have lessons, I have. And to pay for them, too, make no mistake.

Higgins: Well!! What do you expect me to say?

Eliza: If you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

Higgins: Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

Eliza: AOOOW! I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

Higgins: But what is it you want?

Eliza: I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of sellin' flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. You said you could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay – not asking any favor – he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

Higgins: How much?

Eliza: Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. You'd had a drop in, hadn't ya?

Higgins: Sit down.

Eliza: Oh, if you're going to make a compliment of it....

Higgins: Sit down.

Eliza and Higgins Part 2

Eliza: I heard your prayers – “Thank God it’s all over!

Higgins: Well, don’t you thank God it’s all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

Eliza: What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to do? What am I to do? What’s to become of me?

Higgins: Oh that’s what’s worrying you, is it? Oh, I shouldn’t bother about that if I were you. I should imagine you won’t have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other – though I hadn’t quite realized you were going away. You might marry, you know.

You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort, poor devils. And you’re not bad-looking. It’s quite a pleasure to look at you at times.

Not now of course. You’ve been crying and look like the very devil; but when you’re all right and quite yourself, you’re what I should call attractive. Come, you go to bed and have a good night’s rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won’t feel so cheap.

I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

Eliza: We were above that in Covent Garden.

Higgins: What do you mean?

Eliza: I sold flowers. I didn’t sell myself. Now you’ve made a lady of me, I’m not fit to sell anything else.

Higgins: Oh tosh, Eliza, don’t insult human relationships by dragging all that can’t about buying and selling into it. You needn’t marry the fellow if you don’t want to.

Eliza: What else am I to do?

Higgins: Oh, lots of things. What about that old idea of a florist’s shop? Pickering could set you up in one.

He’ll have to pay for all those togs you’ve been wearing: and that, with the hire of the jewelry, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Oh come! You’ll be all right. I must clear off to bed; I’m devilish sleepy.

By the way, I was looking for something. What was it?

Eliza: Your slippers.

Higgins: Yes, of course. You shied them at me.

Eliza: Before you go, sir –

Higgins: Eh?

Eliza: Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

Higgins: What the devil use would they be to Pickering? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

Eliza: I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of stealing..

Higgins: Stealing? You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shows a want of feeling.

Eliza: I'm sorry. I'm only a common, ignorant girl; and in my station, I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

Higgins: you may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you?

Alfred Doolittle and Higgins (Doolittle monologue at the end)

Doolittle: Morning, governor. I come about a very serious matter.

Higgins: Born in Houndsbow, Mother Welch. What do you want, Doolittle?

Doolittle: I want my daughter. That's what I want. See?

Higgins: Of course you do. You're her father, aren't you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs, here. Take her away at once.

Doolittle: What??!!

Higgins: Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

Doolittle: Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fairity to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. What do I come in?

Higgins: How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

Doolittle: Now don't take a man up like that, Governor.

Higgins: The Police shall take you up. This is a plant - a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone the police.

Doolittle: Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to this gentleman here. Have I said a word about money?

Higgins: What else did you come for?

Doolittle: Well, what would a bloke come for? Be human, Governor.

Higgins: Alfred, you sent her here on purpose?

Doolittle: So help me, Governor. I never did.

Higgins: Then how did you know she was here?

Doolittle: I'll tell ya, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell ya. I'm wanting to tell ya. I'm waiting to tell ya.

Higgins: Pickering, this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild: "I'm willing to tell you; I'm wanting to tell you; I'm waiting to tell you."

BREAK

Higgins: have you no morals, man?

Doolittle: No!. I can't afford 'em, Governor. Neither could you if you was a spoor as me. Not that I mean any harm, mind ya....but....

Eh, look at it my way. What am I? I ask ya, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor, that's what I am.

Think what that means to a man. It means he's up agenst middle class morality for all the time. If there's anything going and I put in for a bit of it, It's always the same story: You're undeserving, so you can't have it.

But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband.

I don't need less than a deserving man, I need more. I don't eat less hearty than he does, and I drink a lot more. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving, and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it, and that's the truth. But will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up, fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow till she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? I put it to you, and I leave it to you.

Pickering and Higgins: Opening scene

Pickering: Oh, well, anything is possible. I myself am a student of Indian dialects.

Higgins: Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of "Spoken Sanskrit"?

Pickering: I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

Higgins: Henry Higgins, author of "Higgins' Universal Alphabet".

Pickering: I came from India to meet you!

Higgins: I was going to India to meet you!

Pickering: Higgins!

Higgins: Pickering! Where are you staying?

Pickering: At the Carleton.

Higgins: No, you're not. You're staying at 27-A Wimpole Street. Come with me and we'll have a jaw over supper.

Pickering: Right you are.

Higgins: Indian dialects have always fascinated me. I have record of over fifty.

Pickering: Have you now. Did you know there are over two hundred?

Higgins: By George, it's worse than London. Do you know them all?