

Mrs. Higgins Audition (also Mrs. Eynsford-Hill)

Mrs. Higgins: I saw Colonel Pickering, and Henry, dear, I'm most provoked. I've hear you've brought a common flower girl from Convent Garden to my box.

Higgins: Oh, darling, she'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly, and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects – the weather and everybody's health – sort of "fine day" and "how do you do" – and not to just let herself go on things in general. Help her along, darling, and you'll be quite safe.

Mrs. Higgins: Safe? To talk about our health in the middle of a race?

Higgins: Well, she's got to talk about something.

Mrs. Higgins: Henry, you're not even dressed for Ascot.

Higgins: I changed my shirt.

Mrs. Higgins: Where is the girl now?

Higgins: Being pinned. Some of the clothes we bought for her didn't quite fit. I told Pickering we should have taken her with us.

Mrs. Higgins: You're a pretty pair of babies playing with your live doll. Ah, Mrs. Eynsford-Hill....

Higgins: Oh damn, are all these people with you?

Mrs. Higgins: I'm sorry to say my celebrated son has no manners. He may be the life and soul of the Royal Society Soirees, but he's rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

Break – Part II

Mrs. Higgins: And you mean to say that after you did this wonderful thing for them without making a single mistake, they just sat there and never said a word to you? Never petted you, or admired you, or told you how splendid you'd been?

Eliza: Not a word.

Mrs. Higgins: That's simply appalling. I should not have thrown the slippers at him...I should have thrown the fire irons.

Higgins: Mother! Mother!

Mrs. Higgins: I thought it wouldn't be long. Stay where you are dear.

Higgins: Mother, where the devil are you?

Mrs. Higgins: Remember, last night you not only danced with a prince, but you behaved like a princess.