

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?