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 sjpeak 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.