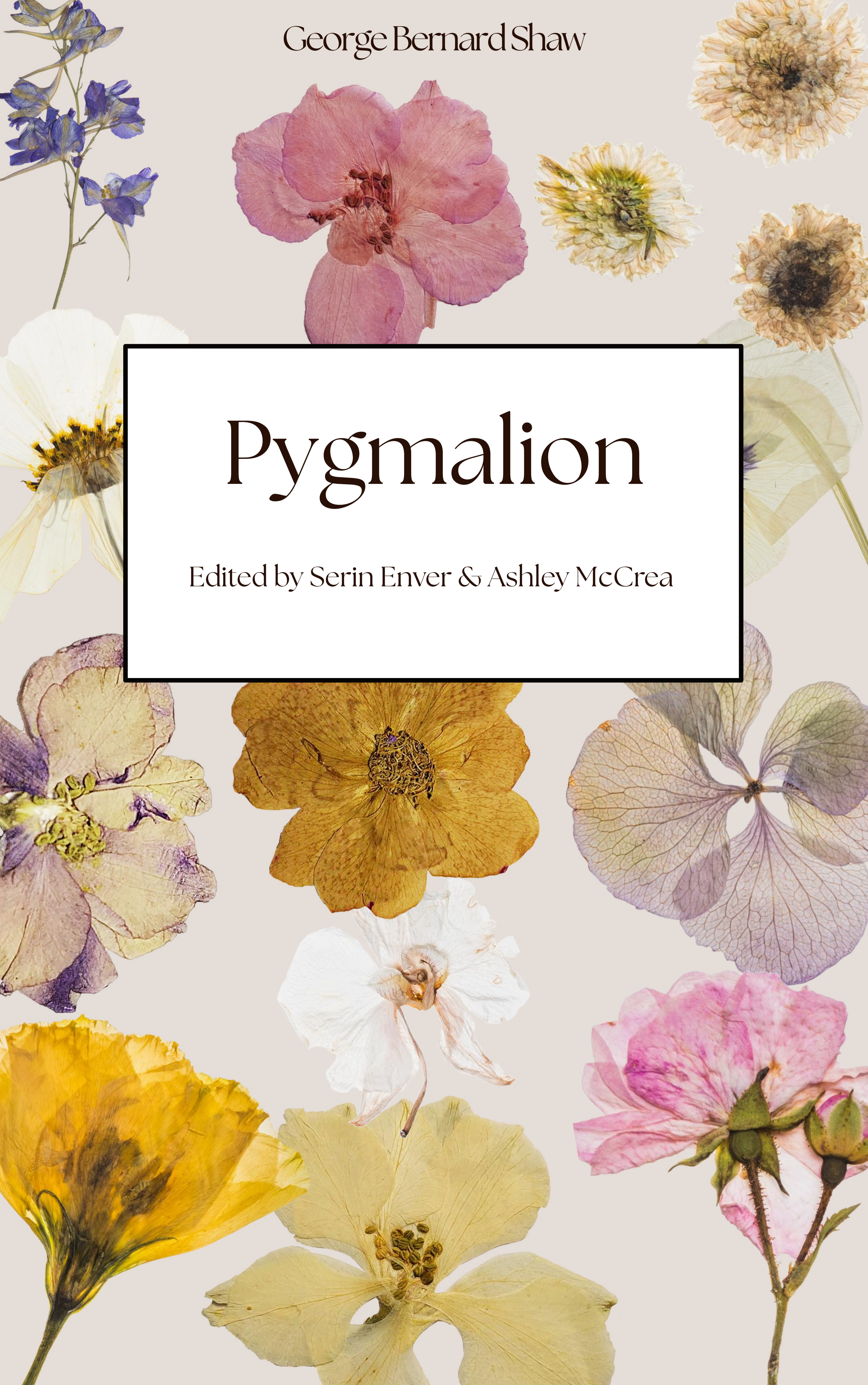


George Bernard Shaw

Pygmalion

Edited by Serin Enver & Ashley McCrea



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Act III - IV

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2025

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Chronology

1867: Alexander Melville Bell publishes *Visible Speech: The Science of Universal Alphabets*.

This book contains information on writing that can indicate pronunciation, including regional accents.

1886: The International Phonetic Association is founded by Paul Passy in Paris, France. IPA began promoting the study of phonetics, emphasizing standardized systems to transcribe phonetics.

1890: Henry Sweet, a British linguist and phonetician, publishes *A Primer of Spoken English*. Sweet was an inspiration for Higgins.

1901: Queen Victoria dies on January 22nd and her son Edward VII ascends the throne. This ushers in the Edwardian era, bringing more attention to etiquette and class identities.

1903: The Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) is founded on October 10th by Emmeline Pankhurst, marking the beginning of the suffragette movement in Britain.

1907: The final expanded edition of *Mrs. Beeton's Household Management* ladies' guide is published in London.

1910: Edward VII dies on May 6th, and his son George V becomes king.

1912: George Bernard Shaw begins writing *Pygmalion*. Shaw used this play to critique Edwardian society, incorporating the idea of phonetics scientifically and socially.

1913: The German translation of *Pygmalion* premieres at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna on October 16th.

1914: *Pygmalion* first premiered in London on April 11th at His Majesty's Theatre. The transformation of Eliza was empowering and debatable within the audience. The Great War begins on July 28th, allowing a new wave of women and working-class individuals to enter the workforce and take jobs that assisted with the war effort they would've previously been denied. *Pygmalion* was first published in *Everybody's Magazine* in July.

1916: Shaw publishes a revised edition of *Pygmalion* to refute a romantic ending for Eliza and Higgins. This edition reinforced the idea that systemic inequalities exist in language education, and that this issue pertained to Eliza and Higgins' relationship.

1918: The Representation of the People Act passes in the UK parliament on February 6th, giving British women over the age of 30 the right to vote.
The Great War ends on November 11th.

1922: *Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home* by Emily Post is published.

1924: Daniel Jones, a well-known phonetician, introduced the term *Received Pronunciation*, referring to the upper-class accent in England. This was published in the second edition of the *English Pronunciation Dictionary*.

A Note on the Text

This version of *Pygmalion* draws largely from the 1916 Constable and Co. edition (C1916) of the play. This text was chosen to reflect Shaw's earliest major revisions after the play's original publication, especially when it came to his portrayal of Higgins and Eliza's relationship. However, this version has also been read against three other editions to provide readers with a comprehensive understanding of the play and how it changed over time. These editions are Shaw's original typescript, sourced from the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center (HRC in the text), the first published version of the play as it appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* in 1914 (EM), and Shaw's revised 1941 Constable and Co. edition (C1941).

This edition has maintained Shaw's original spelling and punctuation conventions as written in C1916, including his omission of apostrophes. Though spelling, punctuation, and words meant to be emphasized change between different editions of *Pygmalion*, we have opted not to note these changes, as oftentimes they do not impact the meaning of the line or phrase.

We have also chosen to write Eliza's name as "Liza" when indicating that her character is speaking, while retaining "Eliza" when her name is mentioned by other characters or in Shaw's directorial notes. This is partially to retain Shaw's original presentation of her name in C1916, but also because we believe it communicates something very important about Eliza's character: while Higgins and Pickering might be creating an "Eliza," that is, a sophisticated upper-class woman, "Liza," the determined, hardworking flower girl still exists behind the facade.

ACT III

Introduction

Act III outlines Eliza's first test of her new persona, taking place in the low-stakes location of Mrs. Higgins' drawing room. The prior acts outlined how Eliza came to train with Henry Higgins, and her initial struggles with speaking in the way Higgins deemed proper for upper-class company. By Act III, Eliza has made significant progress and enters the drawing room with poise and elegance as befit the lady that Higgins and Pickering are transforming her into. On the outside, Eliza is the perfect picture of an upper-class woman: dressed in fine clothes, walking with confidence, and sounding like a member of the aristocracy. However, this act demonstrates that her appearance is not enough. Though Eliza may have proved herself phonetically, she still has miles to go when it comes to proving herself socially, as both are important in the early 20th century in which she lived.

During Eliza's time, life was governed by a rigid, though loosening, set of rules on how to conduct oneself in public and private life. These rules were outlined in various etiquette manuals, mainly directed at women, to ensure that people grew up respecting the social guidelines of acceptable speech and behaviour pertaining to different events and situations. In Act III, readers see Eliza succeeding in half of these predetermined rules, speaking phonetically in a way that matches her upper-class audience. Though shaky at first, Eliza does not raise any eyebrows when it comes to how she speaks — Higgins has, against all odds, taught her how to sound like a duchess. That being said, Eliza utterly fails to present herself in an

acceptable way amongst the upper class. From her story about her father “ladling gin” down her aunt’s throat (and his own; see page 15) to her most famous line, “Not bloody likely” (see page 16), the content of Eliza’s speech left much to be desired.

While today’s readers may not find many differences in the words and topics used in a conversation amongst people of different economic incomes in their communities, society in the early 20th century was much more distinct in its class system. The shock of Mrs. Eynsford Hill and Mrs. Higgins at Eliza’s topics of conversation demonstrates that the upper and lower classes were not just separated by phonetic, locational, or economic differences; they were also separated by the content of what they spoke about. For the upper class, it may be better to state that they were separated by what they did *not* speak about. While Mrs. Eynsford Hill begins the conversation by speaking about the weather, an acceptable topic of conversation, Eliza quickly changes the topic to recounting a story about her family filled with mentions of illness, excessive drinking (of gin, a decidedly working-class spirit) and possibly murder — suffice to say, unacceptable topics of conversation (see page 15). Though Mrs. Higgins’ guests approach Eliza with slight bewilderment, they explain her eccentric speech by stating that it is part of the “new way” of speaking. Eliza comes away from the conversation extremely lucky, and the scene is humorous, but it goes to show that her presentation is based on more than just how she pronounces her words.

After the gathering, an important issue is raised: what is to be done with Eliza after the experiment has concluded? Readers, and even Mrs. Higgins, critical as she is of her son and Pickering’s endeavour, can see that Eliza is not the dirty, uncouth flower girl who entered

Henry Higgins' home in the prior act. She is well on her way to becoming a lady with fine, upper-class manners, and over the past few months has enjoyed all the pleasures of that kind of life. However, as the experiment reaches its foreseeable conclusion, readers as well as the characters themselves are faced with the question of what will happen to Eliza. While Higgins is portrayed as selfish and self-righteous, his conversation with his mother about what they expect Eliza to do after she has learned the ins and outs of upper-class life shows how ignorant he and Pickering are of Eliza's future well-being. It is particularly poignant that Mrs. Higgins is the one who raises this concern. Mrs. Higgins deeply understands that Eliza, as a woman, and an uneducated woman at that, would have a difficult time making a living for herself in society, especially now that she sounded like a member of the upper class. Though the experiment is all fun and games for Higgins and Pickering, it could result in disastrous consequences for their living doll. Mrs. Higgins' concluding exclamation of "Oh men! men!! men!!!" can explain the play as a whole: Pygmalion is, in part, a story of the risky endeavours of men who have never had to face the consequences of their action— until they meet Eliza.

Act III

It is Mrs Higgins's at-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsea embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots.¹ If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest to the windows.²

*Mrs Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones,³ and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and nicknacks. In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and this, with the carpet, the Morris wallpapers, and the Morris chintz window curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (*The Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them*) are on the walls.⁴ The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens.⁵ There is a portrait of Mrs Higgins as she was when she defied fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, led to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighteen-seventies.⁶*

In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand.⁷ There is a Chippendale chair further back in the room between her and the window nearest to her side.⁸ At the other side of the room, further forward, is an Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste

¹ *The windows are open [...] flowers in pots*: HRC has “The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with a striped awning.”

² *If you stand [...] to the windows*: HRC has “If you stand with your face to the windows and your back against the opposite wall, you have the door in the right hand wall near the furthest corner.”

³ *Morris and Burne Jones*: References William Morris, an English textile designer, and Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, an English painter and designer.

⁴ *the exhibitions in Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (The Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them)*: Refers to the Grosvenor Gallery, a private art gallery in London, as well as James McNeill Whistler, an American painter.

⁵ *The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens*: Refers to Cecil Gordon Lawson, a British landscape artist, and Peter Paul Rubens, a Flemish Baroque painter famous for his large and detailed landscapes paintings.

⁶ *Rossettian costumes*: Refers to the English painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of the founders of the pre-Raphaelite movement.

⁷ *In the corner diagonally [...] within reach of her hand*: HRC has “In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing table.”

⁸ *Chippendale chair*: Refers to furniture inspired by the designs of English woodworker Thomas Chippendale.

of Inigo Jones.⁹ On the same side a piano in a decorated case. The corner between the fireplace and the window is occupied by a divan cushioned in Morris chintz.¹⁰

*It is between four and five in the afternoon.*¹¹

*The door is opened violently; and Higgins enters with his hat on.*¹²

MRS HIGGINS [*dismayed*] Henry [*solding him*] ! What are you doing here to-day? It is my at-home day: you promised not to come. [*As he bends down to kiss her, she takes his hat off and presents it to him.*]¹³

HIGGINS. Oh bother! [*He throws the hat down on the table*].¹⁴

MRS HIGGINS. Go home at once.

HIGGINS [*kissing her*] I know, mother. I came on purpose.¹⁵

MRS HIGGINS. But you mustn't. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people don't mind. [*He sits on the settee*].

MRS HIGGINS. Oh! don't they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustn't stay.

HIGGINS. I must. I've a job for you. A phonetic job.

MRS HIGGINS. No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I can't get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty postcards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS. Well, this isn't a phonetic job.

MRS HIGGINS. You said it was.

HIGGINS. Not your part of it. I've picked up a girl.

MRS HIGGINS. Does that mean that some girl has picked you up?

HIGGINS. Not at all. I don't mean a love affair.

MRS HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS HIGGINS. Well, you never fall in love with anyone under forty-five. When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

⁹ *At the other side of the room [...] Inigo Jones* : Refers to the designs of Inigo Jones, early modern English architect; HRC has "At the other side of the room, further forward, is an Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste of Inigo Jones, and uncushioned."

¹⁰ *The corner between [...] in Morris chintz*: HRC has "The corners of the room near the windows are filled with two divans, cushioned in Morris chintz."

¹¹ *It is between four and five in the afternoon*: HRC has "It is getting on for four in the afternoon."

¹² *The door is opened [...] his hat on*: HRC has "The door is opened violently, and Higgins enters."

¹³ [*As he bends down to kiss her, she takes his hat off and presents it to him.*]: This stage direction is not present in HRC.

¹⁴ *HIGGINS. Oh bother! [He throws the hat down on the table]*: This line and stage direction is absent in HRC.

¹⁵ *I know, mother*: "Mother" is absent in HRC.

HIGGINS. Oh, I cant be bothered with young women. My idea of a lovable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women: some habits lie too deep to be changed. [*Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling his money and his keys in his trouser pocket*]¹⁶ Besides, theyre all idiots.

MRS HIGGINS. Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS. Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose?

MRS HIGGINS. No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets. [*With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again*]. Thats a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.¹⁷

HIGGINS. Shes coming to see you.¹⁸

MRS HIGGINS. I dont remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didn't. I asked her. If youd known her you wouldnt have asked her.

MRS HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, it's like this. Shes a common flower girl. I picked her off the kerbstone.

MRS HIGGINS. And invited her to my at-home!

HIGGINS [*rising and coming to her to coax her*]¹⁹ Oh, thatll be alright. Ive taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behaviour.²⁰ Shes to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health – Fine day and How do you do, you know – and not to let herself go on things in general.²¹ That will be safe.

MRS HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! about our insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS [*impatiently*]²² Well, she must talk about something. [*He controls himself and sits down again*].²³ Oh, she'll be all right: dont you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. Ive a sort of bet on that that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and shes getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and shes been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because shes had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS HIGGINS. Thats satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS. Well, it is and it isnt.

¹⁶ [*Rising abruptly [...] trouser pocket*]: This stage direction is not present in HRC.

¹⁷ MRS. HIGGINS. *Do you know what you would do if you really loved me? [...] Now tell me about the girl*: This exchange is instead shortened to "MRS HIGGINS. Including this girl?" in HRC.

¹⁸ *Shes coming to see you*: This line is "Yes, of course. Shes coming to see you." in HRC.

¹⁹ [*rising and coming to her to coax her*]: this stage direction is absent in HRC.

²⁰ *Ive taught her [...] her behaviour*: HRC has "Ive taught her to speak properly, and she has her instructions."

²¹ *Fine day and How do you do, you know*: In HRC, Shaw has handwritten "Fine day and How are you, you know" on the back of one of the typed pages. However, in the typed version after this handwritten section, he has written "Fine day and How do you do, you know."

²² [*impatiently*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

²³ [*He controls himself and sits down again*]: HRC has "He sits down again."

MRS HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You see, Ive got her pronunciation all right; but you have to consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces; and thats where –

They are interrupted by the parlor-maid, announcing guests.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mrs and Miss Eynsford Hill. [*She withdraws*].

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! [*He rises; snatches his hat from the table; and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him*].²⁴

Mrs and Miss Eynsford Hill are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means. The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society: the bravado of genteel poverty.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Mrs Higgins*] How do you do? [*They shake hands*].

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. How d’you do? [*She shakes*].

MRS HIGGINS [*introducing*] My son Henry.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [*glumly, making no movement in her direction*] Delighted. [*He backs against the piano and bows brusquely*].²⁵

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*going to him with confident familiarity*] How do you do?

HIGGINS [*staring at her*]²⁶ Ive seen you before somewhere. I havent the ghost of a notion where; but Ive heard your voice. [*Drearily*]²⁷ It doesnt matter. You better sit down.²⁸

MRS HIGGINS. I’m sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You musnt mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] I dont. [*She sits in the Elizabethan chair*].²⁹

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*a little bewildered*] Not at all. [*She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and Mrs Higgins, who has turned her chair away from the writing-table*].

HIGGINS. Oh, I have I been rude? I didnt mean to be.

*He goes to the central window, through which, with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen desert.*³⁰

The parlor-maid returns, ushering in Pickering.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Colonel Pickering. [*She withdraws*].

PICKERING. How do you do, Mrs Higgins?

²⁴ [*He rises [...] introduces him*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “He rises, much put out.”

²⁵ [*He backs against the piano and bows brusquely*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “He bows brusquely.”

²⁶ [*staring at her*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “staring at her with his hands in his pockets.”

²⁷ [*Drearily*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

²⁸ *You better sit down*: After this, there is an added stage direction in HRC: “He sits down with an air of waiting for them to go.”

²⁹ [*She sits in the Elizabethan chair*]: In HRC, the stage direction is instead “She sits down on the ottoman.”

³⁰ *He goes [...] a frozen desert*: This is absent in HRC.

MRS HIGGINS. So glad youve come. Do you know Mrs. Eynsford Hill – Miss Eynsford Hill? [*Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between Mrs Hill and Mrs Higgins, and sits down*].

PICKERING. Has Henry told you what weve come for?

HIGGINS [*over his shoulder*]³¹ We were interrupted: damn it!

MRS HIGGINS. Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*half rising*] Are we in the way?

MRS HIGGINS [*rising and making her sit down again*]³² No, no. You couldnt have come more fortunately: we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS [*turning hopefully*]³³ Yes, by George! We want two or three people. Youll do as well as anybody else.

The parlor-maid returns, ushering Freddy.

THE PARLOR MAID. Mr Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS [*almost audibly, past endurance*] God of Heaven! another of them.³⁴

FREDDY [*shaking hands with Mrs Higgins*] Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS. Very good of you to come. [*Introducing*] Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY [*bowing*] Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS. I dont think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY [*going to Higgins*] Ahdedo?

HIGGINS [*looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket*] Ill take my oath Ive met you before somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY. I dont think so.

HIGGINS [*resignedly*]³⁵ It dont matter, anyhow. Sit down.

*He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him on the ottoman with his face to the window; then comes round to the other side of it.*³⁶

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! [*He sits down on the ottoman next to Mrs Eynsford Hill, on her left*].³⁷ And now, what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS HIGGINS. Henry: you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirées, but really youre rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

HIGGINS. Am I? Very sorry. [*Beaming suddenly*] I suppose I am, you know.

[*Uproariously*] Ha, ha!

³¹ [*over his shoulder*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

³² [*rising and making her sit down again*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "making her sit down again."

³³ [*turning hopefully*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

³⁴ HIGGINS [*almost audibly, past endurance*] *God of Heaven! another of them*: This line is absent in HRC.

³⁵ [*resignedly*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "rising."

³⁶ *He shakes [...] side of it*: In HRC, this is instead "He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him into the Elizabethan chair; then plumps himself down on the ottoman between Mrs and Miss Hill.

³⁷ [*He sits down on the ottoman next to Mrs Eynsford Hill, on her left*]: In HRC, this stage direction is absent.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially*]³⁸ I sympathize. I haven't had any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS [*relapsing into gloom*]³⁹ Lord forbid!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*taking up her daughter's cue*] But why?

HIGGINS. What they think they ought to think is bad enough, Lord knows; but what they really think would break up the whole show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what I really think?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS. Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldn't be decent.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*seriously*] Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured – to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? [*To Miss Hill*] What do you know of poetry? [*To Mrs Hill*] What do you know of science? [*Indicating Freddy*] What does he know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS HIGGINS [*warningly*]⁴⁰ Or of manners, Henry?⁴¹

THE PARLOR-MAID [*opening the door*]⁴² Miss Doolittle. [*She withdraws*].⁴³

HIGGINS [*rising hastily and running to Mrs Higgins*]⁴⁴ Here she is, mother. [*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess*].⁴⁵

*Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite flattered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs Higgins with studied grace.*⁴⁶

LIZA [*speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*] How do you do, Mrs Higgins? [*She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful*]. Mr Higgins told me I might come.

³⁸ [*who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “who considers Higgins quite eligible as a matrimonial speculation.”

³⁹ [*relapsing into gloom*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁴⁰ [*warningly*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “enormously amused.”

⁴¹ *Or of manners, Henry?*: After this line, HRC includes these stage directions: “The Parlor-Maid returns, ushering Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, and produces an impression of remarkable distinction and beauty.”

⁴² [*opening the door*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁴³ [*She withdraws*]: After this stage direction, there is another stage direction in HRC: “The men rise. So does Mrs Higgins. Higgins leaves his place, takes Eliza into custody; and brings her to his mother.”

⁴⁴ [*rising hastily and running to Mrs Higgins*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC, in favour of the longer stage direction mentioned above.

⁴⁵ [*He stands [...] her hostess*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “He posts himself on the edge of the writing table, half standing, half sitting, to watch Eliza.”

⁴⁶ *Eliza, who is [...] studied grace*: In HRC, this stage direction is absent in favour of Eliza's earlier introduction.

MRS HIGGINS [*cordially*]⁴⁷ Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING. How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA [*shaking hands with him*] Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My daughter Clara.

LIZA. How do you do?

CLARA [*impulsively*] How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*].⁴⁸

FREDDY [*coming to their side of the ottoman*]⁴⁹ I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

*Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.*⁵⁰

HIGGINS [*suddenly*]⁵¹ By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [*They stare at him*].
Covent Garden! [*Lamentably*] What a damned thing!⁵²

MRS HIGGINS. Henry, please! [*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*].⁵³ Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*]⁵⁴ Sorry.

He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecation; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.

*A long and painful pause ensues.*⁵⁵

MRS HIGGINS [*at last, conversationally*]⁵⁶ Will it rain, do you think?

⁴⁷ [*cordially*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "admiring her cordially."

⁴⁸ MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My daughter Clara [...] [*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*]: These lines are absent in HRC.

⁴⁹ [*coming to their side of the ottoman*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁵⁰ MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My son Freddy [...] *Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated*: These lines are absent in HRC.

⁵¹ [*suddenly*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "straightening up suddenly."

⁵² *By George [...] damned thing!*: In HRC, this line is instead "By George, yes: It all comes back to me! [They stare at him]. What a damned thing!"

⁵³ [*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "He is about to sit on the table again."

⁵⁴ [*sulkily*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁵⁵ *He goes to the divan [...] A long, painful pause ensues*: In HRC, these stage directions are instead "He goes to the divan and sits there aloof, as if he could bear no more."

⁵⁶ [*at last, conversationally*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "conversationally."

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it wont turn cold. Theres so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA [*darkly*] My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*clicks her tongue sympathetically*] !! !⁵⁷

LIZA [*in the same tragic tone*]⁵⁸ But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS HIGGINS [*puzzled*] Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come though diptheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept lading gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*startled*] Dear me!⁵⁹

LIZA [*piling up at the indictment*]⁶⁰ What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die from influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [*hastily*] Oh, thats the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Eliza, horrified*]⁶¹ You surely dont believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. But it cant have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Something chronic.

⁵⁷ MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*clicks her tongue sympathetically*] !! !: This line is absent in HRC.

⁵⁸ [*in the same tragic tone*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC as Liza continues speaking without interruption in that version.

⁵⁹ MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*startled*] Dear me!: This line is absent in HRC.

⁶⁰ [*piling up at the indictment*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC as Liza continues speaking without interruption in that version.

⁶¹ [*to Eliza, horrified*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "to Liza, anxiously."

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [*Cheerfully*]⁶² On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. Theres lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. [*Now quite at her ease*]⁶³ You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. [*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*] Here! What are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [*To Higgins*] Have I said anything I oughtnt?

MRS HIGGINS [*interposing*] Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, thats a mercy, anyhow. [*Expansively*] What I always say is —

HIGGINS [*rising and looking at his watch*] Ahem!

LIZA [*looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising*] Well: I must go. [*They all rise. Freddy goes to the door*].⁶⁴ So pleased to have met you. Good-bye. [*She shakes hands with Mrs Higgins*].

MRS HIGGINS. Good-bye.

LIZA. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Good-bye. Miss Doolittle. [*They shake hands*].

LIZA [*nodding to the others*] Good-bye, all.

FREDDY [*opening the door for her*] Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so—

LIZA. Walk! Not bloody likely. [*Sensation*].⁶⁵ I am going in a taxi. [*She goes out*].

*Pickering gasps and sits down. Freddy goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of Eliza.*⁶⁶

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*suffering from shock*]⁶⁷ Well, I really cant get used to the new ways.

CLARA [*throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair*].⁶⁸ Oh, it's all right, mamma, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned.

⁶² [*Cheerfully*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁶³ [*Now quite at her ease*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁶⁴ [*They all rise. Freddy goes to the door*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “The men rise, except for Higgins. Freddy goes to the door.”

⁶⁵ [*Sensation*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “Freddy reels. Higgins falls back on the divan.”

⁶⁶ *Pickering gasps [...] glimpse of Eliza*: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “Pickering sits down.”

⁶⁷ [*suffering from shock*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁶⁸ [*throwing herself [...] Elizabethan chair*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I daresay I am very old-fashioned; but I do hope you wont begin using that expression, Clara. I have gotten accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Dont you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Dont ask me. Ive been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much that I sometimes dont know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's forecastle.

CLARA. It's all a matter of habit. Theres no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*rising*] Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go. Pickering and Higgins rise.⁶⁹

CLARA [*rising*]⁷⁰ Oh yes: we have three at-homes to go to still. Good-bye, Mrs Higgins. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering.⁷¹ Goodbye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [*coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door*]⁷² Good-bye. Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Dont be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA [*all smiles*] I will. Good-bye.⁷³ Such nonsense, all this early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS [*tempting her*]⁷⁴ Such damned nonsense!

CLARA. Such bloody nonsense!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*convulsively*] Clara!

CLARA. Ha! ha! [*She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter*].⁷⁵

FREDDY [*to the heavens at large*]⁷⁶ Well, I ask you— [*He gives it up, and comes to Mrs Higgins*].⁷⁷ Good-bye.

MRS HIGGINS [*shaking hands*] Good-bye. Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

⁶⁹ *Pickering and Higgins rise*: In HRC, the stage direction continues with "Higgins comes forward to the ottoman, so pleased to get rid of the visitors that he becomes almost polite."

⁷⁰ [*rising*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁷¹ *Good-bye, Mrs Higgins. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering*: This is absent in HRC.

⁷² [*coming grimly [...] the door*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "shaking hands with her across the ottoman."

⁷³ *Good-bye*: In HRC, this is instead "Good-bye, Mrs Higgins. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering." A stage direction follows: "Turning again to Higgins, who is accompanying her to the door."

⁷⁴ [*tempting her*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁷⁵ [*She goes out [...] silvery laughter*]: This stage direction is instead "She goes out radiant, conscious of beng thoroughly up to date."

⁷⁶ [*to the heavens at large*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "to Higgins."

⁷⁷ [*He gives it up, and comes to Mrs Higgins*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead "He gives it up, and comes to Mrs Higgins, followed by Higgins, who comes to Mrs Hill."

FREDDY [*eagerly*]⁷⁸ Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS HIGGINS. Well, you know my days.

FREDDY. Yes. Thanks awfully. Good-bye. [*He goes out*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Good-bye, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS. Good-bye. Good-bye.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Pickering*] It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING. Dont. It's not compulsory, you know. Youll get on quite well without it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Only, Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang. Good-bye.

PICKERING. Good-bye [*They shake hands*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Mrs Higgins*] You musnt mind Clara. [*Pickering, catching her from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins Higgins at the window*].⁷⁹

We're so poor! and she gets so few parties, poor child! She doesnt quite know. [*Mrs Higgins, seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door*]. But the boy is nice. Dont you think so?

MRS HIGGINS. Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Thank you, dear. Good-bye. [*She goes out*].

HIGGINS [*eagerly*] Well? Is Eliza presentable [*he swoops on his mother and drags her to the ottoman, where she sits down in Eliza's place with her son on her left*]⁸⁰?

*Pickering returns to his chair on her right.*⁸¹

MRS HIGGINS. You silly boy, of course shes not presentable. Shes a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but if you suppose for a moment that she doesnt give herself away in every sentence she utters, you must be perfectly cracked about her.

PICKERING. But dont you think something might be done? I mean something to eliminate the sanguinary element from her conversation.

MRS HIGGINS. Not as long as she is in Henry's hands.

HIGGINS [*aggrieved*]⁸² Do you mean that my language is improper?

MRS HIGGINS. No, dearest; it would be quite proper— say on a canal barge; but it would not be proper for her at a garden party.

HIGGINS [*deeply injured*]⁸³ Well I must say—

⁷⁸ [*eagerly*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁷⁹ [*Pickering, catching her [...] the window*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁸⁰ [*he swoops [...] her left*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC in favour of the alternate stage directions noted above.

⁸¹ *Pickering returns to his chair on her right*: This is also absent in HRC due to the alternate stage directions.

⁸² [*aggrieved*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁸³ [*deeply injured*]: In HRC, this stage direction is instead “injured.”

PICKERING [*interrupting him*] Come, Higgins: you must learn to know yourself. I havnt heard such language as yours since we used to review the volunteers in Hyde Park twenty years ago.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*]⁸⁴ Oh, well, if you say so, I suppose I dont always talk like a bishop.

MRS HIGGINS [*quieting Henry with a touch*]⁸⁵ Colonel Pickering: will you tell me what is the exact state of things in Wimpole Street?

PICKERING [*cheerfully: as if this completely changed the subject*] Well, I have come to live there with Henry. We work together at my Indian Dialects; and we think it is more convenient—

MRS HIGGINS. Quite so. I know all about that: it's an excellent arrangement. But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS. With us, of course. Where would she live?

MRS HIGGINS. But on what terms? Is she a servant? If not, what is she?

PICKERING [*slowly*] I think I know what you mean, Mrs Higgins.

HIGGINS. Well, dash me if *I* do! Ive had to work at the girl every day for months to get her to the present pitch.⁸⁶ Besides, shes useful. She knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments and so forth.

MRS HIGGINS. How does your housekeeper get on with her?

HIGGINS. Mrs Pearce? Oh, shes jolly glad to get so much taken off her hands; for before Eliza came, she used to have to find things and remind me of my appointments. But shes got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza.⁸⁷ She keeps saying “You dont think, sir”: doesnt she, Pick?

PICKERING. Yes: thats the formula. “You dont think, sir.” Thats the end of every conversation about Eliza.

HIGGINS. And if I ever stop thinking about the girl and her confounded vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is the quaintest of the lot.

MRS HIGGINS. You certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

HIGGINS. Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled: make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human being by creating a new speech for her. It's a filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class and soul from soul.⁸⁸

⁸⁴ [*sulkily*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁸⁵ [*quieting Henry with a touch*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁸⁶ *Ive had to [...] the present pitch*: After this line, EM has the stage direction “Shuffling untidily.”

⁸⁷ *But shes got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza*: In HRC, this is instead “But she's got some bee in her bonnet about Eliza.”

⁸⁸ *It's a [...] from soul*: In HRC, this line is instead “It's a filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class.”

PICKERING [*drawing his chair closer to Mrs Higgins and bending over to her eagerly*] Yes: it's enormously interesting. I assure you, Mrs Higgins, we take Eliza very seriously. Every week – every day almost – there is some new change. [*Closer again*] We keep records of every stage – dozens of gramophone disks and photographs –

HIGGINS [*assailing her at the other ear*] Yes, by George: it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled. She regularly fills our lives up: doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING. We're always talking Eliza.

HIGGINS. Teaching Eliza.

PICKERING. Dressing Eliza.

MRS HIGGINS. What!

HIGGINS. Inventing new Elizas.

HIGGINS. [*speaking* You know she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear;

PICKERING. *together*] I assure you, my dear Mrs Higgins, that girl

HIGGINS. just like a parrot. I've tried her with every

PICKERING. is a genius. She can play the piano quite beautifully.

HIGGINS. possible sort of sound that a human being can make

PICKERING. We have taken her to classical concerts and to music

HIGGINS. Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot⁸⁹

PICKERING. halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything

HIGGINS. clicks, things it took me years to get hold of; and

PICKERING. she hears right off when she comes home, whether it's

HIGGINS. she picks them up like a shot, right away, as if she had

PICKERING. Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Monckton;⁹⁰

HIGGINS. been at it all her life.

PICKERING. though six months ago, she'd never much as touched a piano –

MRS HIGGINS [*putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise*] Sh-sh-sh– sh! [*They stop*].

PICKERING. I beg your pardon. [*He draws his chair back apologetically*].⁹¹

HIGGINS. Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS HIGGINS. Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING. Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him.

⁸⁹ *Hottentot*: A now derogatory term for the indigenous Khoikhoi people of South Africa.

⁹⁰ *Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Monckton*: Refers to Ludwig von Beethoven, Johannes Brahms, Franz Lehár, and Lionel Monckton, various renowned composers.

⁹¹ [*He draws his chair back apologetically*]: In HRC and EM, this stage direction is instead “He draws his chair back to the writing table.”

MRS HIGGINS. It would have been more to the point if her mother had. But as her mother didnt something else did.

PICKERING. But what?

MRS HIGGINS [*unconsciously dating herself by the word*]⁹² A problem.

PICKERING. Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

HIGGINS. I'll solve that problem. Ive half solved it already.

MRS HIGGINS. No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards.

HIGGINS. I dont see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

MRS HIGGINS. The advantages of that poor woman who was here just now! The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income! Is that what you mean?

PICKERING [*indulgently, being rather bored*] Oh, that will be all right, Mrs Higgins. [*He rises to go*].

HIGGINS [*rising also*] We'll find her some light employment.⁹³

PICKERING. Shes happy enough. Dont you worry about her. Good-bye. [*He shakes hands as if he were consoling a frightened child, and makes for the door*].

HIGGINS. Anyhow, theres no good bothering now. The thing's done. Good-bye, mother. [*He kisses her, and follows Pickering*].

PICKERING [*turning for a final consolation*] There are plenty of openings. We'll do whats right. Good-bye.

HIGGINS [*to Pickering as they go out together*] Let's take her to the Shakespear exhibition at Earls Court.⁹⁴

PICKERING. Yes: lets. Her remarks will be delicious.

HIGGINS. She'll mimic all the people for us when we get home.

PICKERING. Ripping. [*Both are heard laughing as they go downstairs*].

MRS HIGGINS [*rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at the writing-table. She sweeps a litter of disarranged papers out of her way; snatches a sheet of paper from her stationary case; and tries resolutely to write. At the third line she gives up; flings down her pen; grips the table angrily and exclaims*]⁹⁵ Oh, men! men!! men!!!⁹⁶

⁹² [*unconsciously dating herself by the word*] : This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁹³ *We'll find her some light employment*: In HRC, this line is instead "We'll get her something."

⁹⁴ *Shakespear*: This spelling of English playwright William Shakespeare's name is retained from the HRC typescript and Shaw's personal spelling preferences.

⁹⁵ [*rises [...] and exclaims*]: This stage direction is absent in HRC.

⁹⁶ *Oh, men! men!! men!!!*: In HRC, this line is followed by the stage direction "She resumes her place at her writing table."

ACT IV

Introduction

Pygmalion by George Bernard Shaw, specifically Act IV, is a crucial turning point in the play's central characters, Eliza Doolittle and Henry Higgins. In earlier acts, the focus was mainly on the transformation of Eliza from a flower girl with a thick, rigid accent to a poised lady in society. Act IV begins to address the consequences of that transformation, personal and social. This act is representative of how the superficial success that Eliza is having becomes painful as she realizes what her future and identity have become. There are many emotions at play with a complex mixture of disillusionment, success, and shifting power dynamics, ultimately challenging the expectations that society has imposed on individuals.

Shaw's *Pygmalion* serves as a social commentary on class and language, but also as a critique of the idea that 'identity' is something that is malleable and can be changed with external pressures. Act IV plays a vital role in highlighting the tension between self-realization and the roles that others (in this case, Higgins) expect one to fulfill (Eliza). It dives into the inner lives and feelings of the characters, mostly Eliza, as she starts to navigate her place in a society which demands her to conform and offers no return in personal growth. Throughout the act, there are significant themes of independence, social mobility, and the tension between individualized agency and societal expectations.

In the previous act, Eliza goes through a dramatic transformation with her speech and appearance; Eliza is facing her first public test at the opera. Act IV then underscores the

emotional and psychological toll that all this training had on Eliza. After successfully convincing society that she is sophisticated, Eliza realizes that she is neither fully part of the working class nor the upper class. She begins to have an identity crisis, unable to adjust back into her 'normal' life yet, incapable of fully integrating into the upper-class society. This internal struggle is one of the most potent themes within the act. While class seemingly only cares about outward appearances, it is more than that; it becomes ingrained in the psyche and is not easily transcended.

Another significant theme in Act IV is the power dynamic shifting between Higgins and Eliza. In the previous acts, Higgins treated Eliza as an experiment, just a subject to be moulded into what he desired above all else. However, in this act, Eliza finally starts to challenge Higgins's authority over her; she fights for more independence, which begins the shift in their relationship. Eliza's emotional and intellectual growth becomes apparent in these moments; she begins to recognize her own worth beyond Higgins's approval. This also serves as a critique of social mobility. While Eliza transformed into an individual much different from her original self, able to speak as an upperclassman and adopt their manner, her well-being was compromised. It is not completely celebrated like it usually would be, but rather, Shaw recognizes the alienation that can accompany a transition like the one Eliza underwent. This act is a moment of empowerment for Eliza, even though she is in the midst of a crisis.

Furthermore, Act IV brings out an essential change in the way our main characters interact with each other. In previous acts, Higgins held all the power, and Eliza was just his subject. In this act, however, Eliza starts to stand her ground, challenging Higgins's

assumptions and questioning his overall motives. This is a very dynamic shift that occurs, highlighting how Eliza's autonomy has become more pronounced while still dependent on Higgins to some extent. All this being said, the overall tone of the play shifts in this act. The dialogue is far more charged than in previous acts, reflecting the increase of emotional complexity in the characters. Higgins is revealed to have a more vulnerable side that the audience has not seen yet, and Eliza is speaking her mind in a way she hasn't. Shaw does an excellent job of representing this shift with a change in his use of language. The refinement of Eliza's speech is evident in the dialogue, but it is still clear that she has inner battles that aren't as easily disguised behind the upper-class persona.

Act IV of *Pygmalion* is an essential part of the play and how its themes - class, identity, and social mobility - are represented. It challenges the idea that outward appearance can mask a deeper emotional and psychological struggle one may be facing, in this example, Eliza. The ever-evolving relationship between Eliza and Higgins emphasizes the true importance of having self-identity and basic autonomy in the light of societal pressures. This act pushes the characters into understanding each other and themselves while allowing audiences to reconsider the true effects of class mobility and so-called reinvention.

Act IV

*The Wimpole Street laboratory.*⁹⁷ *Midnight. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not alight: it is a summer night.*

Presently Higgins and Pickering are heard on the stairs.

HIGGINS [*calling down to Pickering*] I say, Pick : lock up, will you. I shant be going out again.

PICKERING. Right. Can Mrs Pearce go to bed? We dont want anything more, do we ?

HIGGINS. Lord, no!

*Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing*⁹⁸ *in opera cloak, brilliant evening dress, and diamonds, with fan, flowers, and all accessories.*⁹⁹ *She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there.*¹⁰⁰ *She is tired: her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak; puts her fan and flowers on the piano; and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent.*¹⁰¹ *Higgins, in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a smoking jacket which he has picked up downstairs.*¹⁰² *He takes off the hat and overcoat; throws them carelessly on the newspaper stand; disposes of his coat in the same way; puts on the smoking jacket; and throws himself wearily into the easy-chair at the hearth. Pickering, similarly attired, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates.*

PICKERING. I say: Mrs Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing-room.

HIGGINS. Oh, chuck them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING. We are, slightly.¹⁰³ Are there any letters ?

HIGGINS. I didnt look. [*Pickering takes the overcoats and hats and goes downstairs. Higgins begins half singing half yawning an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West.*¹⁰⁴¹⁰⁵ *Suddenly he stops and exclaims*] I wonder where the devil my slippers are !

Eliza looks at him darkly; then rises suddenly and leaves the room.

Higgins yawns again, and resumes his song.

⁹⁷ *The Wimpole Street laboratory*: HRC has "The Laboratory at Wimpole Street."

⁹⁸ *and is seen on the lighted landing*: HRC has "and comes into the drawing room"

⁹⁹ *Eliza opens the door [...] and all accessories*: C1941 has "Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in all the finery in which she has just worn Higgins's bet for him."

¹⁰⁰ *She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there*: This is not included in HRC.

¹⁰¹ *and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent*: HRC has "and sits down brooding and silent."

¹⁰² *carrying a smoking jacket which he has picked up downstairs*: This is not included in HRC.

¹⁰³ *We are, slightly*: HRC has "Untidy! Untidy!"

¹⁰⁴ *La Fanciulla del Golden West*: This is a three-act opera by Giacomo Puccini.

¹⁰⁵ *from La Fanciulla del Golden West*: HRC has "the opera they have just came from."

Pickering returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand.

PICKERING. Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you. [*He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the grate*].

HIGGINS [*glancing at the billet-doux*] Money-lender. [*He throws the letter after the circulars*],

*Eliza returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers. She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word.*¹⁰⁶

HIGGINS [*yawning again*] Oh Lord ! What an evening ! What a crew ! What a silly tomfoolery ! [*He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord*].¹⁰⁷ Oh ! theyre there, are they ?

PICKERING [*stretching himself*] Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day.¹⁰⁸ The garden party, a dinner party, and the opera!¹⁰⁹ Rather too much of a good thing. But youve won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh ?

HIGGINS [*fervently*]¹¹⁰ Thank God it's over !

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didnt seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasnt nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No: it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics ; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadnt backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion : the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come ! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse : sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to ! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

¹⁰⁶ *She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word*: HRC has “She throws them down before Higgins, and sits in her former place without a word.”

¹⁰⁷ [*yawning again*] [...] *as if they had appeared there of their own accord*]: HRC has “[looking down at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord]”

¹⁰⁸ *Its been a long day*: HRC has “What a day!”

¹⁰⁹ *and the opera!*: C1941 has “and the reception!”

¹¹⁰ [*fervently*]: This stage direction is not in EM.

PICKERING. Youve never been broken in properly to the social routine. [*Strolling over to the piano*]¹¹¹ I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success : an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people cant do it at all : theyre such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position ; and so they never learn. Theres always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS. Yes : thats what drives me mad : the silly people dont know their own silly business. [*Rising*] However, it's over and done with ; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

*Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.*¹¹²

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion : a triumph for you. Good-night. [*He goes*].

HIGGINS [*following him*] Good-night. [*Over his shoulder, at the door*] Put out the lights, Eliza ; and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning : I'll take tea. [*He goes out*].¹¹³

*Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.*¹¹⁴

HIGGINS [*in despairing wrath outside*]¹¹⁵ What the devil have I done with my slippers? [*He appears at the door*].

LIZA [*snatching up the slippers, and hurling them, at him one after the other with all her force*]¹¹⁶ There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them !

HIGGINS [*astounded*]¹¹⁷ What on earth – ! [*He comes to her*],¹¹⁸ Whats the matter? Get up. [*He pulls her up*]. Anything wrong ?

LIZA [*breathless*]¹¹⁹ Nothing wrong – with you. Ive won your bet for you, havnt I? Thats enough for you. *I dont matter, I suppose.*

HIGGINS. You won my bet! You! Presumptuous insect ! *I won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?*

¹¹¹ [*Strolling over to the piano*]: This stage direction is not in HRC

¹¹² *Eliza's beauty becomes murderous*: HRC has “Eliza looks positively murderous.”

¹¹³ [*He goes out*]: HRC has “[He goes out leaving the door open].”

¹¹⁴ *Eliza tries to control herself [...] flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.*: HRC has “Eliza glares after them for a moment with inexpressible feelings; then flings herself furiously on the floor, and raged.”

¹¹⁵ [*in despairing wrath outside*]: EM has “[in despair and wrath outside].”

¹¹⁶ [*snatching up the slippers [...] all her force*]: HRC has “snatching up the slippers, which are just within her reach, and hurling them, at him one after the other with all her force.”

¹¹⁷ [*astounded*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

¹¹⁸ [*He comes to her*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

¹¹⁹ [*breathless*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

LIZA. Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didnt you leave me where you picked me out of – in the gutter ? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there, do you? [*She crimps her fingers frantically*].

HIGGINS [*looking at her in cool wonder*] The creature¹²⁰ is nervous, after all.

LIZA [*gives a suffocated scream of fury and instinctively darts her nails at his face*] !!

HIGGINS [*catching her wrists*] Ah! would you? Claws in, you cat. How dare you shew your temper to me ? Sit down and be quiet. [*He throws her roughly into the easy chair*].

LIZA [*crushed by superior strength and weight*] Whats to become of me ? Whats to become of me ?

HIGGINS. How the devil do I know whats to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA. You dont care. I know you dont care. You wouldnt care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you – not so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS [*thundering*] Those slippers.

LIZA [*with bitter submission*] Those slippers. I didnt think it made any difference now. *A pause. Eliza hopeless and crushed. Higgins a little uneasy.*

HIGGINS [*in his loftiest manner*] Why have you begun going on like this? May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. Has anybody behaved badly to you ? Colonel Pickering? Mrs Pearce? Any of the servants?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I presume you dont pretend that *I* have treated you badly ?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I am glad to hear it.¹²¹ [*He moderates his tone*]. Perhaps youre tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of champagne ? [*He moves towards the door*]¹²².

LIZA. No. [*Recollecting her manners*]¹²³ Thank you.

HIGGINS [*good-humored again*] This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party. But thats all over now. [*He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes*]. Theres nothing more to worry about.

LIZA. No. Nothing more for y o u to worry about. [*She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano bench, where she sits and hides her face*]. Oh God! I wish I was dead.

¹²⁰ creature: HRC has “animal”

¹²¹ HRC has “Another pause” before the following stage direction.

¹²² [*He moves towards the door*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

¹²³ [*Recollecting her manners*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

HIGGINS [*staring after her in sincere surprise*] Why? In heaven's name, why? [*Reasonably, going to her*] Listen to me, Eliza. All this irritation is purely subjective.

LIZA. I dont understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS. It's only imagination. Low spirits and nothing else. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers : that will make you comfortable.

LIZA. I heard your prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS [*impatiently*]¹²⁴ Well, dont you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

LIZA [*pulling herself together in desperation*] What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? Whats to become of me?

HIGGINS [*enlightened, but not at all impressed*] Oh, thats whats worrying you, is it ? [*He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness*].¹²⁵ I shouldnt bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you wont have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other, though I hadnt quite realized that you were going away. [*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple*].¹²⁶ You might marry, you know. [*He bites a large piece out of the apple and munches it noisily*]. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and youre not bad-looking : it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes – not now, of course, because youre crying and looking as ugly as the very devil ; but when youre all right and quite yourself, youre what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest ; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass ; and you wont feel so cheap.

Eliza again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.

*The look is quite lost on him: he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one.*¹²⁷

HIGGINS [*a genial afterthought occurring to him*] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

LIZA. We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS [*waking up*]¹²⁸ What do you mean ?

¹²⁴ [*impatiently*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

¹²⁵ [*He thrusts his hands [...] of pure kindness*]: HRC has "He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets, as if giving his mind to a trivial but rather amusing subject."

¹²⁶ [*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple*]: HRC has "She looks round at him: he looks at her rather critically."

¹²⁷ *he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one*: HRC has "he does not even take his hands out of his pockets."

¹²⁸ [*waking up*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

LIZA. I sold flowers. I didnt sell myself. Now youve made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish youd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS [*slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*]¹²⁹ Tosh, Eliza. Dont you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You neednt marry the fellow if you dont like him.

LIZA. What else am I to do ?

HIGGINS. Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one : hes lots of money. [*Chuckling*]¹³⁰ He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing to-day ; and that, with the hire of the jewellery, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower shop of your own. Come! youll be all right. I must clear off to bed : I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something : I forget what it was.

LIZA. Your slippers.

HIGGINS. Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me. [*He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him*].

LIZA. Before you go, sir –

HIGGINS [*dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him sir*] Eh ?

LIZA. Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS [*coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason*]¹³¹
What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA. He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.¹³²

HIGGINS [*shocked and hurt*] Is that the way you feel towards us?¹³³

LIZA. I dont want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.¹³⁴

HIGGINS. But what does it matter ? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night ?

LIZA. I want to know what I may take away with me. I dont want to be accused of stealing.

¹²⁹ [*slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*]: This stage direction is not present in HRC.

¹³⁰ [*Chuckling*]: This stage direction is not present in HRC.

¹³¹ [*coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason*]: HRC has “coming back into the room.”

¹³² *He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on*: HRC has “He might want them for the next girl you pick to experiment on. At all events I should like to know whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.”

¹³³ *HIGGINS [shocked and hurt] Is that the way you feel towards us?*: This line is not included in HRC.

¹³⁴ *LIZA. I dont want [...] were burnt*: This line is not included in HRC.

HIGGINS [*now deeply wounded*]¹³⁵ Stealing ! You shouldnt have said that, Eliza. That shows a want of feeling.

LIZA. I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl ; and in my station I have to be careful. There cant be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesnt ?

HIGGINS [*very sulky*] You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. Theyre hired. Will that satisfy you ? [*He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon*].¹³⁶

LIZA [*drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply*]¹³⁷ Stop, please. [*She takes off her jewels*]. Will you take these to your room and keep them safe ? I dont want to run the risk of their being missing.

HIGGINS [*furious*] Hand them over. [*She puts them into his hands*]. If these belonged to me instead of to the jeweller, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. [*He perfunctorily thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends of the chains*].

LIZA [*taking a ring off*] This ring isnt the jeweller's : it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I dont want it now. [*Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims*] Dont you hit me.

HIGGINS. Hit you ! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA [*thrilling with hidden joy*] I'm glad. Ive got a little of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS [*with dignity, in his finest professional style*]¹³⁸ You have caused me to lose my temper : a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I prefer to say nothing more tonight. I am going to bed.

LIZA [*pertly*]¹³⁹ Youd better leave a note for Mrs Pearce about the coffee ; for she wont be told by me.

HIGGINS [*formally*] Damn Mrs Pearce ; and damn the coffee ; and damn you ; and¹⁴⁰ damn my own folly in having lavished hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe. [*He goes out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely*].¹⁴¹

¹³⁵ [*now deeply wounded*]: HRC has "hurt."

¹³⁶ [*He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon*]: HRC has "[About to go]"

¹³⁷ [*drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply*]: This stage direction is not in HRC.

¹³⁸ [*with dignity, in his finest professional style*]: HRC has "with dignity."

¹³⁹ [*pertly*]: HRC has "nagging."

¹⁴⁰ C1941 has "[wildly]"

¹⁴¹ [*He goes out [...] savagely*]: HRC has "He goes out with impressive dignity, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely."

*Eliza smiles for the first time; expresses her feelings by a wild pantomime in which an imitation of Higgins' s exit is confused with her own triumph; and finally goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring.*¹⁴²

¹⁴² *Eliza smiles [...] the ring*: HRC has “Eliza smiles for the first time, and goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring;” C1941 has “Eliza goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring. When she finds it she considers for a moment what to do with it. Finally she flings it down on the dessert stand and goes upstairs in a tearing rage.”

APPENDICES

Appendix A: An Evening at the Embassy

In the 1941 Constable and Co. edition of *Pygmalion*, Shaw added an additional scene at the end of Act III to provide a glimpse into Eliza's success amongst other members of the aristocracy, particularly in the company of another linguist.

Clearly Eliza will not pass as a duchess yet; and Higgins' bet remains unwon. But the six months are not yet exhausted; and just in time Eliza does actually pass as a princess. For a glimpse of how she did it imagine an Embassy in London one summer evening after dark. The hall door has an awning and a carpet across the sidewalk to the kerb, because a grand reception is in progress. A small crowd is lined up to see the guests arrive.

A Rolls-Royce car dives up. Pickering in evening dress, with medals and orders, alights, and hands out Eliza, in opera cloak, evening dress, diamonds, fan, flowers and all accessories. Higgins follows. The car drives off; and the three go up the steps and into the house, the door opening for them as they approach.

Inside the house they find themselves in a spacious hall from which the grand staircase rises. On the left are the arrangements for the gentlemen's cloaks. The male guests are depositing their hats and wraps there.

On the right is a door leading to the ladies' cloakroom. Ladies are going in cloaked and coming out in splendor. Pickering whispers to Eliza and points out to the ladies' room. She goes into it. Higgins and Pickering take off their overcoats and take tickets for them from the attendant.

One of the guests, occupied in the same way, has his back turned. Having taken his ticket, he turns round and reveals himself as an important looking man with an astonishingly hairy face. He has an anorous moustache, flowing out into luxuriant whiskers. Waves of hair cluster on his brow. His hair is cropped closely at the back, and glows with oil. Otherwise he is very smart. He wears several worthless orders. He is evidently a foreigner, guessable as a whiskered Pandour from Hungary; but in spite of the ferocity of his moustache he is amiable and genially voluble.¹⁴³

Recognizing Higgins, he flings his arms wide apart and approaches him enthusiastically.

WHISKERS. Maestro, maestro [*He embraces Higgins and kisses him on both cheeks*]. You remember me?

HIGGINS. No I dont. Who the devil are you?

¹⁴³ *Pandour*: a member of a Croatian regiment of the Austrian army.

WHISKERS. I am your pupil; your first pupil, your best and greatest pupil. I am little Nepommuck, the marvellous boy. I have made your name famous throughout Europe. You teach me phonetic. You cannot forget *me*.

HIGGINS. Why dont you shave?

NEPOMMUCK. I have not your imposing appearance, your chin, your brow. Nobody notices me when I shave. Now I am famous: they call me Hairy Faced Dick.

HIGGINS. And what are you doing here among all these swells?

NEPOMMUCK. I am interpreter. I speak 32 languages. I am indispensable at these international parties. You are great cockney specialist: you place a man anywhere in London the moment he open his mouth. I place any man in Europe.

A footman hurries down the grand staircase and comes to Nepommuck.

FOOTMAN. You are wanted upstairs. Her Excellency cannot understand the Greek gentleman.

NEPOMMUCK. Thank you, yes, immediately.

The footman goes and is lost in the crowd.

NEPOMMUCK [*to Higgins*] This Greek diplomat pretends he cannot speak nor understand English. He cannot deceive me. He is the son of a Clerkenwell watchmaker.¹⁴⁴ He speaks English so villainously that he dare not utter a word of it without betraying his origin. I help him to pretend; but I make him pay through the nose. I make them all pay. Ha ha! [*He hurries upstairs*]

PICKERING. Is this fellow really an expert? Can he find out Eliza and blackmail her?

HIGGINS. We shall see. If he finds her out I lose my bet.

Eliza comes from the cloakroom and joins them.

PICKERING. Well, Eliza, now for it. Are you ready?

LIZA. Are you nervous, Colonel?

PICKERING. Frightfully. I feel exactly as I felt before my first battle. It's the first time that frightens.

LIZA. It is not the first time for me, Colonel. I have done this fifty times – hundreds of times – in my little piggery in Angel Court in my day-dreams. I am in a dream now. Promise me not to let Professor Higgins wake me; for if he does I shall forget everything and talk as I used to in Drury Lane.

PICKERING. Not a word, Higgins. [*To Eliza*] Now ready?

LIZA. Ready.

PICKERING. Go.

They mount the stairs, Higgins last. Pickering whispers to the footman on the first landing.

¹⁴⁴ *Clerkenwell*: an area of southwest London.

FIRST LANDING FOOTMAN. Miss Doolittle, Colonel Pickering, Professor Higgins.

SECOND LANDING FOOTMAN. Miss Doolittle, Colonel Pickering, Professor Higgins.

At the top of the staircase the Ambassador and his wife, with Nepommuck at her elbow, are receiving.

HOSTESS [*taking Eliza's hand*] How d'ye do?

HOST [*same play*] How d'ye do? How d'ye do, Pickering?

LIZA [*with a beautiful gravity that awes her hostess*] How do you do? [*She passes on to the drawing room*]

HOSTESS. Is that your adopted daughter, Colonel Pickering? She will make a sensation.

PICKERING. Most kind of you to invite her for me. [*He passes on*]

HOSTESS [*to Nepommuck*] Find out all about her.

NEPOMMUCK [*bowing*] Excellency— [*he goes into the crowd*]

HOST. How d'ye do, Higgins? You have a rival here tonight. He introduced himself as your pupil. Is he any good?

HIGGINS. He can learn a language in a fortnight— knows dozens of them. A sure mark of a fool. As a phonetician, no good whatever.

HOSTESS. How d'ye do, Professor.

HIGGINS. How do you do? Fearful bore for you this sort of thing. Forgive my part in it. [*He passes on*]

In the drawing room and its suite of salons the reception is in full swing. Eliza passes through. She is so intent on her ordeal that she walks like a somnambulist in a desert instead of a debutant in a fashionable crowd.¹⁴⁵ They stop talking to look at her, admiring her dress, her jewels, and her strangely attractive self. Some of the younger ones at the back stand on their chairs to see.

The Host and Hostess come in from the staircase and mingle with their guests. Higgins, gloomy and contemptuous of the whole business, comes into the group where they are chatting.

HOSTESS. Ah, here is Professor Higgins; he will tell us. Tell us all about the wonderful young lady, Professor.

HIGGINS [*almost morosely*] What wonderful young lady?

HOSTESS. You know very well. They tell me there has been nothing like her in London since people stood on their chairs to look at Mrs Langtry.¹⁴⁶

Nepommuck joins the group, full of news.

HOSTESS. Ah, here you are at last, Nepommuck. Have you found out all about the Doolittle lady?

¹⁴⁵ *somnambulist*: a sleepwalker.

¹⁴⁶ *Mrs Langtry*: Refers to Emilie Charlotte Langtry, a British socialite and actress.

NEPOMMUCK. I have found out all about her. She is a fraud.

HOSTESS. A fraud! Oh no.

NEPOMMUCK. *Yes*, yes. She cannot deceive me. Her name cannot be Doolittle.

HIGGINS. Why?

NEPOMMUCK. Because Doolittle is an English name. And she is not English.

HOSTESS. Oh, nonsense! She speaks English perfectly.

NEPOMMUCK. Too perfectly. Can you show me any English women who speaks English as it should be spoken? Only foreigners who have been taught to speak it speak it well.

HOSTESS. Certainly she terrified me by the way she said How d'ye do. I had a schoolmistress who talked like that; and I was mortally afraid of her. But if she is not English what is she?

NEPOMMUCK. Hungarian.

ALL THE REST. Hungarian!

NEPOMMUCK. Hungarian. And of royal blood. I am Hungarian. My blood is royal.

HIGGINS. Did you speak to her in Hungarian?

NEPOMMUCK. I did. She is very clever. She said 'Please speak to me in English: I do not understand French.' French! She pretends not to know the difference between Hungarian and French. Impossible: She knows both.

HIGGINS. And the blood royal? How did you find that out?

NEPOMMUCK. Instinct, maestro, instinct. Only the Magyar races can produce that air of the divine right, those resolute eyes.¹⁴⁷ She is a princess.

HOST. What do you say, Professor?

HIGGINS. I say an ordinary London girl out of the gutter and taught to speak by an expert. I place her in Drury Lane.

NEPOMMUCK. Ha ha ha! Oh, maestro, you are mad on the subject of cockney dialects. The London gutter is the whole world for you.

HIGGINS [*to the Hostess*] What does your Excellency say?

HOSTESS. Oh, of course I agree with Nepommuck. She must be a princess at least.

HOST. Not necessarily legitimate, of course. Morganatic perhaps.¹⁴⁸ But that is undoubtedly her class.

HIGGINS. I stick to my opinion.

HOSTESS. Oh, you are incorrigible.

The group breaks up, leaving Higgins isolated. Pickering joins him.

PICKERING. Where is Eliza? We must keep an eye on her.

¹⁴⁷ *Magyar races*: A phrase used to refer to the Hungarian people.

¹⁴⁸ *Morganatic*: A marriage where a spouse of lower rank and their children do not inherit the title or privileges of the spouse of the higher rank.

Eliza joins them.

LIZA. I dont think I can bear much more. The people all stare so at me. An old lady has just told me that I speak exactly like Queen Victoria. I am sorry if I have lost your bet. I have done my best; but nothing can make me the same as these people.

PICKERING. You have not lost it, my dear. You have won it ten times over.

HIGGINS. Let us get out of this. I have had enough of chattering to these fools.

PICKERING. Eliza is tired; and I am hungry. Let us clear out and have supper somewhere.

Appendix B: Discarded Scenes from Act III

In his original typescript (HRC), Shaw included two scenes of dialogue in Act III that were not included in any acted or published version of *Pygmalion*.

The first occurs after everyone besides Eliza has entered the drawing room, and Mrs. Higgins has just reproached her son, saying “Or of manners, Henry?” (as written in C1914; see page 13).

HIGGINS. Oh, there’s nothing wrong with my manners. [*Resuming his catechism*] You dont mind, do you?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Oh, not at all.

HIGGINS [*to Miss Eynsford Hill*] Do you?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*rising to the occasion*] Of course I do. Youre the rudest man I ever met.

MRS HIGGINS [*laughs*] !!!

HIGGINS [*laughing also*] Well, isnt it just as good fun as the other thing, anyhow?

MRS HIGGINS. You have forgotten to apologize to Mr Eynsford Hill.

FREDDY [*blushing*] Oh, not at all. When a chap has a sister he gets accustomed to home truths. [*Miss Eynsford Hill looks daggers*]

HIGGINS [*breaking a momentary silence*] I daresay youre right. *We* were a lot of brothers with just one little sister at the tail end of the family. We spoilt her like anything. But it must be a devil of a thing to have an older sister, especially if she has a bit of a tongue.

FREDDY. It is; and no mistake.

MRS HIGGINS [*to Miss Eynsford Hill, who is furious*] I was an elder sister, Miss Eynsford Hill. Imagine my feelings! I have been elder sister and mothering all my life; and this is my reward.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*disarmed*] We are fellow-sufferers. I am older than Freddy, I am sorry to say.

MRS HIGGINS. Are you, by George!

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. I am delighted to find that I look younger.

HIGGINS. You dont. I should say there is a good six years between...

The parlour-maid then returns, and the scene continues until after Eliza has departed. Mrs. Eynsford Hill says, “Thank you, dear. Good-bye” (see page 18)and leaves, after which Mrs. Higgins makes a remark about her guests:

MRS HIGGINS [*coming back to the ottoman*] What a horrible thing poverty is! That poor woman was brought up in a rich country house; and she can't understand why her children, without any education or any chances, don't get asked anywhere. Why will people living in a grove off the Fulham Road with a general servant and a hundred and fifty pounds a year call themselves the Eynsford Hills and go on as if they had five thousand? [*she sits in Eliza's place*].

Pickering sits down in the chair just left by Mrs Higgins. Higgins sits on the ottoman beside his mother, on her left.

The scene then continues with Higgins questioning if Eliza is presentable. The final addition to Act III occurs when Mrs. Higgins asks her son and Pickering what is to become of Eliza after they are done with her. Instead of Mrs. Higgins saying, "Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?" as in C1914 (see page 20), Shaw has written in HRC:

MRS HIGGINS. Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: have you known Henry long enough to find him out?

HIGGINS. What the-

MRS HIGGINS. Be quiet, Henry. I am speaking to Colonel Pickering, not to you.

PICKERING. I don't quite understand. Found out what?

MRS HIGGINS. Found out that he is the most selfish of created beings.

HIGGINS. The old story-

MRS HIGGINS. Do hold your tongue, Henry, to oblige me.

HIGGINS. O, very well, very well. Have it your own way. I have devoted my life to the regeneration of the Human race through the most difficult science in the world; and then I am told I am selfish. Go on. Go on.

PICKERING. I find him a very good fellow, Mrs Higgins. I get on very well with him.

MRS HIGGINS. No doubt. He *is* a very good fellow.

HIGGINS. Thank you.

MRS HIGGINS [*continuing*] If her were not, he would be in prison or the Cape Police, or some other refuge for gentlemen criminals. He has always been a headstrong, ungovernable, perfectly unscrupulous boy; and if it were not that by the mercy of heaven his impulses are mostly good ones I don't know what would have become of him.

PICKERING. We are all creatures of impulse, Mrs Higgins.

MRS HIGGINS. Don't talk nonsense, Colonel Pickering.

HIGGINS [*uproariously*] Ha ha! Ha ha! Your turn now, Pick.

MRS HIGGINS. Less noise, Henry, please. [*To Pickering*] Soldiering may be a matter of impulse: at least it doesn't seem to require much forethought in our army; but housekeeping and mothering and women's work in general teach them some conscience and consideration, don't they?

PICKERING. Yes; but what is all this leading to, my dear lady?

MRS HIGGINS. Patience, Colonel: I am not as assuming as Eliza, but what I say is for your good.

PICKERING. I am sure of that, Mrs Higgins.

HIGGINS. Ha ha! O Lord! If you could only see your face, Pick!

MRS HIGGINS. When Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her [...]

Appendix C: Teacher-Student Relationships – How Pressure From an Authority Affects a Learner

While *Pygmalion* is a work of fiction, the psychological principles of psychologists Robert Rosenthal and Lenore Jacobson are very relevant. These two experimenters set a mission to explore how and if a teacher's expectations can shape a student's overall performance - this is written about in their research paper "*Pygmalion in the Classroom*." These observations are now able to offer valuable context for understanding the relationship between Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's *Pygmalion*.

This research serves as a real-world lens through which Eliza's transformation can be examined. It aids in the understanding of whether Higgins's pressure actually made a difference in Eliza's final form or if it influenced her development in some way; the way Higgins's outward perception and treatment of Eliza affect her capabilities and self-identity. The following excerpts are from "*Pygmalion in the Classroom*" and give readers a deeper analysis of the teacher-student relationship.

• • •

"In 1965 the authors conducted an experiment in a public elementary school, telling teachers that certain children could be expected to be 'growth spurters,' based on the students' results on the Harvard Test of Inflected Acquisition. In point of fact, the test was nonexistent and those children designated as "'spurters'" were chosen at random. What Rosenthal and Jacobson hoped to determine by this experiment was the degree (if any) to which changes in teacher expectation produce changes in student achievement." (Rosenthal and Jacobson 16)

"In general, the younger the organism, the greater is thought to be the degree of susceptibility to social influence." (Rosenthal and Jacobson 16)

"None of the statistical tests showed any differences among the three tracks in the extent to which they benefited from teachers' favorable prophecies. That was the case for total IQ, verbal IQ, and reasoning IQ. When the entire school benefited as in total IQ and reasoning IQ, all three tracks benefited; and when the school as a whole did not benefit much, as in verbal IQ, none of the tracks showed much benefit. For all three IQ measures, the tendency was for the middle track, the more average children, to benefit most from being expected to grow

intellectually, but the difference could easily have occurred by chance.” (Rosenthal and Jacobson 18)

“The results of the experiment we have described in some detail provide further evidence that one person’s expectations of another’s behavior may come to serve as a self-fulfilling prophecy. When teachers expected that certain children would show greater intellectual development, those children did show greater intellectual development.” (Rosenthal and Jacobson 20)

. . .

Rosenthal, Robert, and Lenore Jacobson. “Pygmalion in the Classroom.” *The Urban Review*, vol. 3, no. 1, 1968, pp. 16-20, <https://doi.org/10.1007/bf02322211>.

Appendix D: Women's Etiquette Books

Proper conduct in social interactions was of great importance in the early 20th century, when *Pygmalion* takes place. From the moment one enters the domain of another to the topics of conversation allowed, speaking to others was a highly structured activity, with one's social reputation and respectability in jeopardy should they make a misstep (Weller).

Women's etiquette books were one way for women to understand the various do's and don'ts of visiting and conversing with their friends and acquaintances. *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* is a collection of rules for social conduct, household management tips, and recipes compiled by Isabella Beeton and first published in 1861. The book was gradually expanded until 1907, when it reached 74 chapters and over 2,000 pages. Emily Post was another renowned writer on etiquette, with her book *Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home*, published in 1922, covering topics such as acceptable manners, conversation topics, and planning for social events.

The ideas expressed in these books would have governed social interactions for both men and women during Eliza's time, and as such, are important to read in order to fully understand Eliza's first upper-class gathering in Act III. The following are excerpts from the etiquette books referenced above which pertain to these scenes to provide the reader with additional context about the social conventions of the time.

• • •

From *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management*:

“The Functions of the Mistress of a House resemble those of the general of an army or the manager of a great business concern. Her spirit will be seen in the whole establishment, and if she performs her duties well and intelligently, her domestics will usually follow in her path. Among the gifts that nature has bestowed on women, few rank higher than the capacity for domestic management, for the exercise of this faculty constantly affects the happiness, comfort, and prosperity of the whole family” (Beeton 9).

“Friendships should not be hastily formed, or the heart given to every newcomer” (Beeton 11).

“In Conversation one should never dwell unduly on the petty annoyances and trivial disappointments of the day. Many people get into the bad habit of talking incessantly of the worries of their servants and children, not realizing that to many of their hearers these are uninteresting if not wearisome subjects. From one's own point of view, also, it is not well not to

start upon a topic without having sufficient knowledge to discuss it with intelligence. Important events, whether of joy and sorrow, should be told to friends whose sympathy or congratulation may be welcome [...] The secret of our conversation being entertaining or the reverse consists mainly on our powers of suiting it to the minds of those with whom we are speaking. With some it is necessary to make but little effort for they much prefer to talk themselves, and it is then the duty of the hostess to listen with as much interest as she can command” (Beeton 11-12).

“The true woman combines with mere tact that subtle sympathy which makes her the loved companion and friend alike of husband, children and all around her.” (Beeton 12)

“After luncheon, morning calls and visits may be made or received. These may be divided under three heads; those of ceremony, friendship, and congratulation or condolence [...] When other visitors are announced, it is well to leave as soon as possible, taking care not to give the impression that your departure has been hastened by the arrival of a new guest. When they are quietly seated, and the bustle of their entrance is over, rise from your chair, taking a kind leave of the hostess, and bowing politely to the guests” (Beeton 18).

“Visits of Friendship need not be so formal as those of ceremony. It is, however, advisable to call at suitable times, and to avoid staying too long if your friend is engaged. Courtesy and consideration for others are safe rules in these every-day matters. During visits manners should be easy and unstrained, and conversation natural and unforced [...] It has now become general for the mistress of a house to set aside one day in every week, fortnight, or month, as the case may be, on which she is at home to receive callers. Wherever this is known to be the case, casual visitors should make it a rule to call on that day. It is hardly necessary to add that a lady should always be prepared for guests on “at home” days. If any circumstance obliges her to be from home on such a day, she must carefully inform all her acquaintances in good time, that they may be spared a fruitless journey” (Beeton 19).

• • •

From *Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home*:

“When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, she sometimes puts out her hand— especially if he is some one she has long heard about from friends in common, but to an entire stranger she generally merely bows her head slightly and says: “How do you do!” Strictly speaking, it is always her place to offer her hand or not as she chooses, but if he puts out his hand, it is rude on

her part to ignore it. Nothing could be more ill-bred than to treat curtly any overture made in spontaneous friendliness” (Post).

“Those who have been drawn into a conversation do not usually shake hands on parting. But there is no fixed rule. A lady sometimes shakes hands after talking with a casual stranger; at other times she does not offer her hand on parting from one who has been punctiliously presented to her. She may find the former sympathetic and the latter very much the contrary” (Post).

“Best Society has only one phrase in acknowledgement of an introduction: ‘How do you do?’ It literally accepts no other. When Mr. Bachelor says, ‘Mrs. Worldly, may I present Mr. Struthers?’ Mrs. Worldly says, ‘How do you do?’ Struthers bows, and says nothing. To sweetly echo ‘Mr. Struthers?’ with a rising inflection on ‘-thers?’ is not good form. Saccharine chirpings should be classed with crooked little fingers, high hand-shaking and other affections. All affectations are bad form” (Post).

“Gentlemen always shake hands when they are introduced to each other. Ladies rarely do so with gentlemen who are introduced to them; but they usually shake hands with other ladies, if they are standing near together. All people who know each other, unless merely passing by, shake hands when they meet” (Post).

“Under formal circumstances a lady is supposed to bow to a gentleman first; but people who know each other well bow spontaneously without observing this etiquette” (Post).

“Nearly all the faults or mistakes in conversation are caused by not thinking. For instance, a first rule for behaviour in society is: ‘Try to do and say those things only which will be agreeable to others’” (Post).

. . .

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Appendix E: Eliza's Etiquette

As Henry Higgins says, “You have to consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces” (see page 11). While Eliza may have been phonetically correct during her time at Mrs. Higgins’ drawing room in Act III, the content of her speech left much to be desired for her fellow guests. This section will outline a few of Eliza’s lines in Act III and examine how they would have been viewed by the members of her upper-class audience.

• • •

“My aunt died of influenza: so they said [...] But it’s my belief they done the old woman in [...] Why should she die of influenza? She come though diptheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon [...] What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die from influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in. [...] Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.” (see page 15)

In her guide *Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home*, Emily Post writes “Talk about things which you think will be agreeable to your hearer. Don’t dilate on ills, misfortune, or other unpleasantnesses” (Post). Illness, death, and possible murder are very unpleasant topics, and not suited for polite afternoon conversation. It’s no wonder Mrs Eynsford Hill responded to Eliza’s story with shock and disbelief.

• • •

“Gin was mother’s milk to her. Besides, he’d poured so much down [my father’s] own throat that he knew the good of it. [...] Drank! My word! Something chronic. [...] It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [...] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in.” (see page 15-16)

Gin has been used since the time of the Ancient Egyptians as a remedy for sicknesses such as headaches, stomach pain, gallstones, and gout, as well as functioned as a diuretic. It began to be enjoyed as a spirit in the seventeenth century, and its target audience quickly shifted from the aristocracy to the lower classes (Pedeliento et al. 92-93). This pastime, enjoyed

by men and women alike, was quickly condemned by temperance activists, such as economist Bernard de Mandeville, who wrote in 1714 that “Nothing is more destructive, either in regard to the health or the vigilance and industry of the poor, than the infamous liquor [...] intoxicating gin, that charms the unactive, the desperate and crazy of either sex, and makes the starving sot behold his rags and nakedness with stupid indolence, or banter both in senseless laughter, and more insipid jests!” (Pedeliento et al. 94). Eliza’s mention of gin not only as a medication but also as a drink which made her father “more agreeable” marks her as one of the “indolent” poor that Mandeville berates.

. . .

“Here! What are you sniggering at? [...] If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at?” (see page 16)

Post writes in her etiquette guide, “Be careful not to let amiable discussion turn into contradiction and argument [...] One who is well-bred never says ‘You are wrong!’ or ‘Nothing of the kind!’ If he finds another’s opinion utterly opposed to his own, he switches to another subject for a pleasanter channel of conversation.” Eliza’s reaction to Freddy’s laughter would have been seen as impolite, as it introduces an unpleasant contradiction into their conversation.

. . .

“Walk! Not bloody likely. [*Sensation*]. I am going in a taxi. [*She goes out*].” (see page 16)

The most famous line in *Pygmalion* solidifies Higgins’ comment that while Eliza may have been taught to sound like a duchess, her working-class background is harder to shake. The origin of the word “bloody” as a curse word is unknown, but it likely began to be used in this context in the Middle Ages. By the early 20th century, it was considered “unpronounceable” in polite society and was a hallmark of low-class slang (Lieberman). However, another part of this line also reveals Eliza’s social status: the word “taxi.” Post writes, “The fact that slang is apt and forceful makes its use irresistibly tempting. Coarse or profane slang is beside the mark, but ‘flivver,’ ‘taxi,’ the ‘movies,’ ‘deadly’ (meaning dull), ‘feeling fit,’ ‘feeling blue,’ ‘grafter,’ a ‘fake,’ ‘grouch,’ ‘hunch’ and ‘right o!’ are typical of words that it would make our spoken language stilted to exclude” (Post). While an acceptable lower-class slang term, “taxi” was ultimately a word that was more unused by the aristocracy. It is by a stroke of luck that the

Eynsford Hills, craving social sophistication, regarded Eliza's speech with amusement and awe; in another audience, this exchange may have revealed her true identity.

• • •

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In this article, Lynda Mugglestone explores how George Bernard Shaw uses language in *Pygmalion* to critique social inequalities and class distinctions. It examines the role phonetics and speech play as social markers, providing more insight into the cultural power of language through accent and dialect.

Reynolds, Jean. *Pygmalion's Wordplay: The Postmodern Shaw*. University Press of Florida, 1999.

Reynolds interprets *Pygmalion* through a postmodern lens, particularly focusing on Shaw's use of irony and ambiguity in manipulating language. This book is very valuable in exploring how Shaw's language and character developments reflect a postmodern theme. It also engages with broader conversations about authorship and reader interpretation.

Crown, Dan. *The Pygmalion Effect: How Expectations Shape Reality*. Dan Crown, 2024.

In this book, Crown explores psychological concepts involved in the *Pygmalion Effect*, which argues that expectations, especially from authority, can significantly influence a person's self-identity and performance in any given challenge. Crown draws from research and social theory, connecting this effect to Shaw's *Pygmalion* and its place in pop culture.

Elias, Norbert. *The Civilizing Process*. Blackwell, 1982.

While originally published in German in 1939, Elias's work examines historical developments of manners, emotional restraint, and social norms in Western Europe. In this book, Elias argues that changes in behavioural etiquette, speech and cleanliness are all tied to power structures and the formation of modern societies. This work can provide great context for how Higgins tries to 'civilize' Eliza Doolittle through speech training.

