

ELIZA

Act 2 Scene 3

What has he done to you?

DOOLITTLE

*(X to R of HER)*

He's ruined me, that's all. Destroyed me happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle-class morality. And don't you defend him. Was it him or was it not him that wrote to an old American blighter named Wallingford that was giving five millions to found moral reform societies, and tell him the most original moralist in England was Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common dustman?

ELIZA

That sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE

You may call it a joke. It put the lid on me, right enough! The bloke died and left me four thousand pounds a year in his bloomin' will.

JAMIE

*(Entering from Pub, Xes D to DR)*

Oh, come on, Alfie. In a couple of hours you have to be at the church.

*(A group of COCKNEYS enter from Pub and group around the BARTENDER and HARRY)*

ELIZA

Church?

DOOLITTLE

Yes, church. The deepest cut of all.

*(HE Xes up a bit, looking down at HER)*

Why do you think I'm dressed up like a ruddy pall-bearer?

*(HE Xes D to HER)*

Your stepmother wants to marry me. Now I'm respectable – she wants to be respectable.

*(HE Xes DR)*

ELIZA

*(X to HIM)*

If that's the way you feel, why don't you give the money back?

DOOLITTLE

That's the tragedy of it, Eliza. It's easy to say chuck it, but I haven't the nerve. We're all intimidated. Intimidated, Eliza, that's what we are. And that's what I am. Bought up. That's what your precious professor has brought me to.

ELIZA

*(X to CS, facing front)*

Not my precious professor.

DOOLITTLE

Oh, sent you back, has he? First he shoves me in the middle-class, then he chucks you out for me to support you. All part of his plan.

*(HE Xes to R of HER)*

But you double-cross him Eliza. Don't you come home to me. Don't you take tuppence from me. You stand on your own two feet.

*(FREDDY enters from UL, Xes D to LS)*

You're a lady now and you can do it.

FREDDY

Eliza, it's getting awfully cold in that taxi.

DOOLITTLE

I say, you want to come and see me turned off this mornin'? St. George's, Hanover Square, ten o'clock.

*(X DR)*

I wouldn't advise it, but you're welcome.

ELIZA

No, thank you, Dad.

FREDDY

*(X D to R of ELIZA)*

Are you all finished here?

ELIZA

*(Gazing about)*

Yes, Freddy. I'm all finished here.

*(Takes FREDDY's arm, Xes UL)*

Good luck, Dad.

*(SHE drops HER bouquet at CS)*

*DOOLITTLE watches HER go, rubbing HIS hands in satisfaction at having disposed of a knotty problem. Xes CS, picks up violets)*

JAMIE

Come along, Alfie...