

Pygmalion By George Bernard Shaw

HIGGINS:

Oh Lord! What an evening! What a silly tomfoolery! Thank God its over!

It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't 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. I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

(Rising) However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow. Good night. Put the lights out Eliza; and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea.

What the devil have I done with my slippers? (Eliza throws the slippers at him) What on earth -! What's the matter?

You won my bet? You! Presumptuous insect! I won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for? How the devil do I know what's to become of you? Why have you begun going on like this?

Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party. But that's all over now there's nothing more to worry about. 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

Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like. You might marry, you know. Most men are the marrying sort; and you're not bad looking: it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes- not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. You go to bed and have a good nights rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

Is that the way you feel towards us? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

Damn Mrs Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and damn my own folly in having lavished my hard earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe.