

Monologues from My Fair Lady

Higgins: You mean to say you'd sell your daughter for fifty pounds?

Pickering: Have you no morals man?

Alfred P. Doolittle: No, no, I can't afford 'em, gov'ner. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any 'arm, mind you, but if Eliza's getting a bit out of this, why not me too? Eh? Why not? Well, look at it my way - what am I? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor, that's what I am. Now think what that means to a man. It means that he's up against middle-class morality for all of time. If there's anything going, and I puts in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "you're undeserving, so you can't have it." But my needs is as great as the most deserving widows that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same 'usband. I don't need less than a deserving man, I need more! I don't eat less 'earty than 'e does, and I drink, oh, a lot more. I'm playin' straight with you. I ain't pretendin' to be deserving. No, I'm undeserving. And I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it and that's the truth. But, will you take advantage of a man's nature to do 'im out of the price of 'is own daughter what he's brought up, fed and clothed by the sweat of 'is brow till she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Well, is five pounds unreasonable? I'll put it to you, and I'll leave it to you.

Higgins: Hmmm. Eliza, you are to stay here for the next six months learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist shop. If you're good and do whatever you are told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. But if you are naughty and idle you shall sleep in the back kitchen amongst the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall be taken to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out that you are not a lady, the police will take you to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls (Eliza looks up at him terrified) But if you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-six to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. (Seeing by Eliza's reaction that she has understood every word he turns to Pickering, his former tone instantly changed to one of good humor) Now are you satisfied, Pickering?

Eliza Doolittle: My aunt died of influenza, so they said. But it's my belief they done the old woman in. Yes Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza when she come through diphtheria right enough the year before? Fairly blue with it she was. They all thought she was dead. But my father, he kept ladling gin down her throat. Then she come to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon. Now, what would you call a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza, and what become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it, and what I say is, them that pinched it, done her in. Them she lived with would have killed her for a hatpin, let alone a hat. And as for father ladling the gin down her throat, it wouldn't have killed her. Not her. Gin was as mother's milk to her. Besides, he's poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.