

Let a woman in your life . . .

(He turns it on the same way and dashes to the next)

Let a woman in your life . . .

(He turns on the third; the third being the master control, he slowly turns the volume up until the chattering is unbearable. PICKERING covers his ears, his face knotted in pain. Having illustrated his point, HIGGINS suddenly turns all the machines off and makes himself comfortable in a chair)

I shall never let a woman in my life!

(The lights black out for the end of the scene)

Scene 4

The tenement section, Tottenham Court Road, the same as Act One, Scene 2.

TIME: Noon, three days later.

AT RISE: MRS. HOPKINS, a disheveled Cockney lady, has been imparting some juicy gossip to a group of delighted neighbors. She is holding a bird cage and a Chinese fan..

MRS. HOPKINS

How'd ya like that? Knocked me fer a row of pins, it did.

(GEORGE, the bartender, forcibly evicts HARRY and JAMIE and then calls into the pub)

GEORGE

Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now. I ain't runnin' no charity bazaar.

DOOLITTLE

(Coming from the pub) Thanks for your hospitality, George. Send . . .

GEORGE

Yes, I know. Send the bill to Buckingham Palace. *(He goes back into the pub)*

MRS. HOPKINS

You can buy your own drinks now, Alfie Doolittle.
Fallen into a tub of butter, you have.

DOOLITTLE

What tub of butter?

MRS. HOPKINS

Your daughter, Eliza. Oh, you're a lucky man, Alfie Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE

What are you talkin' about? What about Eliza?

MRS. HOPKINS

(To the crowd) He don't know. Her own father, and he don't know. *(She and her friends have a good laugh at this)* Moved in with a swell, Eliza has. Left here in a taxi all by herself, smart as paint, and ain't been home for three days. And then I gets a message from her this morning: she wants her things sent over to 27-A Wimpole Street, care of Professor Higgins. And what things does she want? Her bird cage, and her Chinese fan. *(She hands them to DOOLITTLE)* But, she says, never mind about sendin' any clothes! *(She, her friends and HARRY and JAMIE laugh uproariously. DOOLITTLE'S face shines with paternal pride and the prospect of prosperous days)*

DOOLITTLE

I knowed she had a career in front of her! Harry, boy, we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shinin' on Alfred P. Doolittle!

A man was made to help support his children,
Which is the right and proper thing to do.

A man was made to help support his children—but

With a little bit of luck,

With a little bit of luck,

They'll go out and start supporting you!

ALL

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .

With a little bit of luck,

They'll work for you.

He doesn't have a tuppence in his pocket.