

Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
 Warm face, warm hands, warm feet . . .
 Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

(ELIZA walks into view and gazes around. She sees two flower girls she used to know and goes over to them. They jump to their feet as if they recognize her, then feel they've made a mistake and walk quickly away, one of them remarking that this "swell" looks very much like ELIZA DOOLITTLE)

(ELIZA sees the men at the fire and hesitantly walks toward them)

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloominlutely still!
 I would never budge till spring
 Crept over me winder sill.
 Someone's head restin' on my knee;
 Warm and tender as he can be,
 Who takes good care of me.
 Oh, wouldn't it be lovely . . . ?
 Lovely! Lovely! . . .

(They become aware of her presence, and their voices trail off. One of them rises)

THAT ONE

Good morning, miss. Can I help you?

ELIZA

(Looking hopefully into his face) Do you mind if I warm my hands?

THAT ONE

Go right ahead, miss.

(She kneels down to warm her hands. They all stare at her uncomfortably. One of them leans forward as if he knows her)

ELIZA

Yes?

MAN LEANING FORWARD

(Now leaning back) Excuse me, miss. For a second there I thought you was somebody else.

ELIZA

Who?

SAME MAN

Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning light playing tricks with me eyes.

(He rises. They all do)

IST MAN

Can I get you a taxi, ma'am? A lady like you shouldn't be walkin' around London at this hour of the mornin'.

ELIZA

(Sadly) No . . . thank you.

SAME MAN

Good morning, miss.

(They all move away from her, somewhat embarrassed. Two of them keep looking back, feeling that they know her from somewhere)

ELIZA

(More alone than she has ever been, picks up a bunch of violets from a basket next to the fire and stares at it)

Someone's head resting on my knee;

Warm and tender as he can be,

Who takes good care of me;

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely . . . ?

Lovely! Lovely!

Lovely! Lovely!

(She is interrupted by a loud commotion from the pub. HARRY enters. He is quite well-dressed. He is followed by the BARTENDER)

HARRY

Well, goodnight to you, Cecil. *(Calls into the pub)* Time to go, Alfie!

(DOOLITTLE comes out of the pub. He is resplendently dressed as for a fashionable wedding and might be the bridegroom. A flower in his button-hole, a dazzling silk hat and patent leather shoes complete the effect)

BARTENDER

Do come again, Mr. Doolittle. We value your patronage always.

DOOLITTLE

(Grandly) Thank you, my good man. *(He gives him a*