



**Современный
Гуманитарный
Университет**

Дистанционное образование

Рабочий учебник

Фамилия, имя, отчество _____

Факультет _____

Номер контракта _____

**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО
ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

ЮНИТА 6

МОСКВА 1999

Разработано М.В.Сергиной

Рекомендовано Министерством
общего и профессионального
образования Российской Федерации в
качестве учебного пособия для
студентов высших учебных заведений

ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

Юниты 1-20: Тексты из художественной литературы на английском языке.

ЮНИТА 6

Содержит текст комедии Бернарда Шоу «Pygmalion», сопровождается комплексом заданий и упражнений для работы с текстом.

Для студентов факультета лингвистики СГУ

Юнита соответствует профессиональной образовательной программе №4

ОГЛАВЛЕНИЕ

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН	4
ЛИТЕРАТУРА	5
ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ УМЕНИЙ	6
УРОК 1	8
Biography of George Bernard Shaw	8
Pygmalion, Act I	9
Tasks and Exercises	18
УРОК 2	29
Pygmalion, Act II	29
Tasks and Exercises	39
УРОК 3	49
Pygmalion, Act III	49
Tasks and Exercises	57
УРОК 4	65
Pygmalion, Act IV	65
Tasks and Exercises	72
УРОК 5	82
Pygmalion, Act V	82
Tasks and Exercises	97
ГЛОССАРИЙ *	

* Глоссарий расположен в середине учебного пособия и предназначен для самостоятельного заучивания новых понятий.

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН

Биография Бернарда Шоу.

Пьеса «Пигмалион». 5 актов.

Задания и упражнения по тексту.

ЛИТЕРАТУРА

Базовый учебник

1. Shaw B, *Pigmalion*, Any Edition.

Дополнительная литература:

2. Шоу Б., Собрание сочинений, Любое издание

Примечание. Знаком (*) отмечены работы, на основе которых составлен научный обзор.

ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ УМЕНИЙ

№	Наименование	Содержание
1.	Определение в тексте синонимов указанных слов на английском языке	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2.Прочитайте слова, к которым необходимо подобрать синонимы, и переведите их на русский язык. 3.Прочитайте текст еще раз, обращая особое внимание на те отрывки, в которых могут встретиться синонимы. 4.В процессе второго прочтения текста выбирайте синонимы для каждого слова. 5.Запишите найденные синонимы рядом с каждым из слов.
2.	Нахождение в тексте английских эквивалентов русских выражений	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2.Прочитайте русское выражение. 3.Прочитайте текст еще раз, обращая внимания на те отрывки, в которых может встретиться эквивалент данного выражения на английском языке. 4.Найдите в тексте английский эквивалент русского выражения.
3.	Перевод отрывка из текста на русский язык	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст в первый раз, выявляя его стиль, структуру, цели автора и обращая внимание на основные идеи и логические связи. 2.Прочитайте второй раз тот отрывок из текста, который подлежит переводу, уточняя все неясные моменты. 3.Приступите к переводу отрывка, осуществляя перевод одного предложения за другим. Пользуйтесь словарем и другими доступными материалами. 4.Прочитайте полученный перевод еще раз, исправляя все допущенные грамматические, стилистические и другие ошибки.

№	Наименование	Содержание
4.	Завершение предложения - ния при помощи одного из нескольких указанных вариантов в соответствии с содержанием текста	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2.Прочитайте начало предложения. 3.Прочитайте все предложенные варианты его завершения. 4.Определите в тексте отрывок, в котором идет речь о том же событии или лице, что и в предложении. При необходимости можете прочитать текст еще раз. 5.Выберите из предложенных вариантов именно тот, который соответствует содержанию текста. 6.Завершите предложение.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Shaw, George Bernard (was born July 26, 1856, Dublin – died November 2, 1950, Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, England), Irish comic dramatist, literary critic, and Socialist propagandist, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925.

The most significant British playwright since the 17th century, George Bernard Shaw was more than merely the best comic dramatist of his time, for some of his greatest works for the stage — *Caesar and Cleopatra*, the “Don Juan in Hell” episode of *Man and Superman*, *Major Barbara*, *Heartbreak House*, and *Saint Joan* — have a high seriousness and prose beauty unmatched by his stage contemporaries. His development of a drama of moral passion and of intellectual conflict and debate, his revivifying the comedy of manners, his ventures into symbolic farce and into a theatre of disbelief helped shape the theatre of his time and after. A visionary and mystic whose philosophy of moral passion permeates his plays, Shaw was also the most trenchant pamphleteer since Swift; the most readable music critic in English, the best theatre critic of his generation; a prodigious lecturer and essayist on politics, economics, and sociological subjects; and one of the most prolific letter writers in literature. By bringing a bold critical intelligence to his many other areas of interest, he helped mold the political, economic, and sociological thought of three generations.

Possibly Shaw's comedic masterpiece, and certainly his funniest and most popular play, is *Pygmalion* (performed 1913). It was claimed by Shaw to be a didactic drama about phonetics, and its anti-heroic hero, Henry Higgins, is a phonetician, but the play is a humane comedy about love and the English class system. The play is about the training Higgins gives to a Cockney flower girl to enable her to pass as a lady and is also about the repercussions of the experiment's success. The scene in which Eliza Doolittle appears in high society when she has acquired a correct accent but no notion of polite conversation is one of the funniest in English drama. *Pygmalion* has been both filmed (1938), winning an Academy Award for Shaw for his screenplay, and adapted into an immensely popular musical, index *My Fair Lady* (1956; motion-picture version, 1964).

PYGMALION

ACT I

London at 11.15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the portico of St. Paul's church (not Wren's Cathedral but Inigo Jones's church in Covent Garden vegetable market), among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. All are peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing. The church clock strikes the first quarter.

THE DAUGHTER (*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*). I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER (*on her daughter's right*). Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER (*on the lady's right*). He wont get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We cant stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER. Well, it aint my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER. If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER. What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER. Other people got cabs. Why couldnt he?

Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them, closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet round the ankles.

THE DAUGHTER. Well, havnt you got a cab?

FREDDY. Theres not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER. Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You cant have tried.

THE DAUGHTER. It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY. I tell you theyre all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. Ive been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER. Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasnt one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER. Did you try?

FREDDY. I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER. You havnt tried at all.

THE MOTHER. You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY. I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER. And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on? You selfish pig—

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. *(He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates the incident).*

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

FREDDY. Sorry *(he rushes off)*.

THE FLOWER GIRL *(picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket)*. There's menners f' yer! Ta-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad. *(She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all a romantic figure. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: it's mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be: but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist)*.

THE MOTHER. How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, eez ye-ooa son, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' deooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? *(Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London)*.

THE DAUGHTER. Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER. Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

THE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL *(hopefully)*. I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

THE MOTHER *(to Clara)*. Give it to me. *(Clara parts reluctantly)* Now. *(To the girl)* This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER. Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

THE MOTHER. Do hold your tongue, Clara. *(To the girl)* You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER. Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I didnt.

THE MOTHER. I heard you call him by it. Dont try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*protesting*). Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant.

THE DAUGHTER. Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that. (*She retreats in disgust behind the pillar*).

An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into the shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same plight as Freddy, very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter.

THE GENTLEMAN. Phew!

THE MOTHER (*to the gentleman*). Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago (*he goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it, and stoops to turn down his trouser ends*).

THE MOTHER. Oh dear! (*She retires sadly and joins her daughter*).

THE FLOWER GIRL (*taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him*). If it's worse, it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up. Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry. I havnt any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I can give you change, Captain.

THE GENTLEMAN. For a sovereign? Ive nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN. Now dont be troublesome: there's a good girl. (*Trying his pockets*) I really havnt any change — Stop: heres three hapence, if thats any use to you (*he retreats to the other pillar*).

THE FLOWER GIRL (*disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing*). Thank you, sir.

THE BYSTANDER (*to the girl*). You be careful: give him a flower for it. Theres a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word youre saying. (*All turn to the man who is taking notes*).

THE FLOWER GIRL (*springing up terrified*). I aint done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. Ive a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. (*Hysterically*) I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me.

General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of Dont start hollerin. Who's hurting you?

Nobody's going to touch you. Whats the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy easy, etc., *come from the elderly staid spectators who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer:* Whats the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there: Took money off the gentleman, etc.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*breaking through them to the gentleman, crying wildly*). Oh, sir, dont let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. Theyll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They —

THE NOTE TAKER (*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*). There! there! there! there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER. It's aw rawt: e's a gentleman: look at his bə-oots. (*Explaining to the note taker*) She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.

THE NOTE TAKER (*with quick interest*). Whats a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER (*inapt at definition*). It's a — well it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still hysterical*). I take my Bible oath I never said a word —

THE NOTE TAKER (*overbearing but good-humored*). Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*far from reassured*). Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just shew me what youve wrote about me. (*The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man*) Whats that? That aint proper writing. I cant read that.

THE NOTE TAKER. I can. (*Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly*) "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

THE FLOWER GIRL (*much distressed*). It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. (*To the gentleman*) Oh, sir, dont let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You —

THE GENTLEMAN. Charge! I make no charge. (*To the note taker*) Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY (*demonstrating against police espionage*). Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl cant shelter from the rain without being insulted, etc., etc., etc. (*She is conducted by the*

more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion).

THE BYSTANDER. He aint a tec. He's a blooming busy-body: thats what he is. I tell you, look at his bæ-ots.

THE NOTE TAKER (*turning on him genially*). And how are all your people down at Selsey?

THE BYSTANDER (*suspiciously*). Who told you my people come from Selsey?

THE NOTE TAKER. Never you mind. They did. (*To the girl*) How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*appalled*). Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Liason Grove? It wasnt fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. (*In tears*) Oh, boo —hoo—oo—

THE NOTE TAKER. Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN (*to the girl*). Come, come! he cant touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman*). Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low spiritedly to herself*). I'm a good girl, I am.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*not attending to her*). Do you know where I come from?

THE NOTE TAKER (*promptly*). Hoxton.

Titterings. Popular interest in the note taker's performance increases.

THE SARCASTIC ONE (*amazed*). Well, who said I didnt? Bly me! you know everything, you do.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still nursing her sense of injury*). Aint no call to meddle with me, he aint.

THE BYSTANDER (*to her*). Of course he aint. Dont you stand it from him. (*To the note taker*) See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him say what he likes. I dont want to have no truck with him.

THE BYSTANDER. You take us for dirt under your feet, dont you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. Yes: tell him where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.

THE NOTE TAKER. Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

THE GENTLEMAN. Quite right.

Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's favor. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? etc.

THE GENTLEMAN. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

THE NOTE TAKER. Ive thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*resenting the reaction*). He's no gentleman, he aint, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE DAUGHTER (*out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the pillar*). What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumownia if I stay in this draught any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER (*to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"*). Earlscourt.

THE DAUGHTER (*violently*). Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself.

THE NOTE TAKER. Did I say that out loud? I didnt mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakeably.

THE MOTHER (*advancing between the daughter and the note taker*). How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE TAKER (*uproariously amused*). Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. (*To the daughter*) You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER. Dont dare speak to me.

THE MOTHER. Oh please, please, Clara. (*Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily*) We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. (*The note taker produces a whistle*) Oh, thank you. (*She joins her daughter*).

The note taker blows a piercing blast.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. There! I knowed he was a plain-clothes copper.

THE BYSTANDER. That aint a police whistle: that's a sporting whistle.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still preoccupied with her wounded feelings*). He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE TAKER. I dont know whether youve noticed it; but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

THE BYSTANDER. So it has. Why didnt you say so before? and us losing our time listening to your silliness! (*He walks off towards the Strand*).

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. I can tell where you come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.

THE NOTE TAKER (*helpfully*). Hanwell.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*affecting great distinction of speech*). Thank you, teacher. Haw, haw! So long (*he touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off*).

THE FLOWER GIRL. Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself?

THE MOTHER. It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor bus. Come. (*She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand*).

THE DAUGHTER. But the cab — (*her mother is out of hearing*). Oh, how tiresome! (*She follows angrily*).

All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket and still pitying herself in murmurs.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worried and chivied.

THE GENTLEMAN (*returning to his former place on the note taker's left*). How do you do it, if I may ask?

THE NOTE TAKER. Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession; also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER. Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with £80 a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them—

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl—

THE NOTE TAKER (*explosively*). Woman: cease this detestable boo-hooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*with feeble defiance*). I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere — no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and The Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*quite overwhelmed, looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head*). Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE NOTE TAKER (*whipping out his book*). Heavens! what a sound! (*He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly*) Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL (*tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself*). Garn! Garn!

THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English.

THE FLOWER GIRL. What's that you say?

THE NOTE TAKER. Yes, you squashed cabbage leaf, you disgrace to the noble architecture of these columns, you incarnate insult to the English language: I could pass you off as the Queen of Sheba. (*To the Gentleman*) Can you believe that?

THE GENTLEMAN. Of course I can. I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and—

THE NOTE TAKER (*eagerly*). Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?

THE GENTLEMAN. I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE TAKER. Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.

PICKERING (*with enthusiasm*). I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS. I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING. Where do you live?

HIGGINS. 27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me to-morrow.

PICKERING. I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some supper.

HIGGINS. Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*to Pickering, as he passes her*). Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging.

PICKERING. I really haven't any change. I'm sorry (*he goes away*).

HIGGINS. (*shocked at the girl's mendacity*). Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*rising in desperation*). You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. (*Flinging the basket at his feet*) Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.

The church clock strikes the second quarter.

HIGGINS (*hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl*). A reminder. (*He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering*).

THE FLOWER GIRL (*picking up a half-crown*). Ah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up a couple of florins*) Aaah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up several coins*) Aaaaaah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up a half-sovereign*) Aaaaaaaaaaah-ow-ooh!!!

FREDDY (*springing out of a taxicab*). Got one at last. Hallo! (*To the girl*) Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL. They walked to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY. And left me with a cab on my hands! Damnation!

THE FLOWER GIRL (*with grandeur*). Never mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. (*She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shews him her handful of money*). A taxi fare aint no object to me, Charlie. (*He grins and opens the door*) Here. What about the basket?

THE TAXIMAN. Give it here. Tuppence extra.

LIZA. No: I dont want nobody to see it. (*She crushes it into the cab and gets in, continuing the conversation through the window*). Goodbye, Freddy.

FREDDY (*dazedly raising his hat*). Goodbye.

TAXIMAN. Where to?

LIZA. Bucknam Pelis (*Buckingham Palace*).

TAXIMAN. What d'ye mean — Bucknam Pellis?

LIZA. Dont you know where it is? In the Green Park, where the King lives. Goodbye. Freddy. Dont let me keep you standing there. Goodbye.

FREDDY. Goodbye. (*He goes*).

TAXIMAN. Here! What's this about Bucknam Pellis? What business have you at Bucknam Pellis?

LIZA. Of course I havnt none. But I wasnt going to let him know that. You drive me home.

TAXIMAN. And wheres home?

LIZA. Angel Court, Drury Lane, next to Meiklejohn's oil shop.

TAXIMAN. That sounds more like it, Judy. (*He drives off*).

Let us follow the taxi to the entrance to Angel Court, a narrow little archway between two shops, one of them the Meiklejohn's oil shop. When it stops there, Eliza gets out, dragging her basket with her.

LIZA. How much?

TAXIMAN (*indicating the taximeter*). Cant you read? A shilling.

LIZA. A shilling for two minutes!!

TAXIMAN. Two minutes or ten: it's all the same.

LIZA. Well, I dont call it right.

TAXIMAN. Ever been in a taxi before?

LIZA (*with dignity*). Hundreds and thousands of times, young man.

TAXIMAN (*laughing at her*). Good for you, Judy. Keep the shilling, darling, with best love from all at home. Good luck! (*He drives off*).

LIZA (*humiliated*). Impedence!

She picks up the basket and trudges up the alley with it to her lodging: a small room with very old wall paper hanging loose in the damp places. A broken pane in the window is mended with paper. A portrait of a popular actor and a fashion plate of ladies' dresses, all wildly beyond poor Eliza's means, both torn from newspapers, are pinned up on the wall. A birdcage hangs in the window; but its tenant died long ago: It remains as a memorial only.

These are the only visible luxuries: the rest is the irreducible minimum of poverty's needs: a wretched bed heaped with all sorts of coverings that

have any) warmth in them, a draped packing case with a basin and jug on it and a little looking glass over it, a chair and table, the refuse of some suburban kitchen, and an American alarm clock on the shelf above the unused fireplace: the whole lighted with a gas lamp with a penny in the slot meter. Rent: four shillings a week.

Here Eliza, chronically weary, but too excited to go to bed, sits, counting her new riches and dreaming and planning what to do with them, until the gas goes out, when she enjoys for the first time the sensation of being able to put in another penny without grudging it. This prodigal mood does not extinguish her gnawing sense of the need for economy sufficiently to prevent her from calculating that she can dream and plan in bed more cheaply and warmly than sitting up without a fire. So she takes off her shawl and skirt and adds them to the miscellaneous bedclothes. Then she kicks off her shoes and gets into bed without any further change.

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the first act of the comedy paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

torrents – ливень; (torrent – поток)

cab whistle – свисток, использовавшийся для остановки “кэба”, то есть запряженного лошадами кабриолета, а позже – такси (лондонские такси до сих пор именуются кэбами)

frantically – неистово

portico – портик, галерея

St. Paul’s Church – здание церкви Святого Павла, первое возведенное в Лондоне здание протестантской церкви (1631-38; архитектор Иниго Дилонс)

not Wren’s Cathedral – то есть не Собор Святого Павла (известнейшее архитектурное сооружение в восточной части Лондона, построенное в конце XVII в. выдающимся архитектором сэром Кристофером Реном)

Covent Garden Market – главный овощной, фруктовый и цветочный базар Лондона, находившийся до недавнего времени в районе Ковент Гарден. Там же находится здание известнейшего в Британии Театра Оперы и Балета

to peer out – выглядывать

gloomily – мрачно

to the rest – к остальным

preoccupied – занятый

pillar – колонна

chilled to the bone – продрогший до костей

he won't get no cab – он не поймает кэба (просторечное двойное отрицание)

after dropping their theatre fares – после того, как довезут пассажиров из театра

aint *просторечное* = aren't

missus – просторечная форма обращения к женщине без упоминания ее имени (ср. Mrs. + surname)

gumption *разг.* – смекалка, предприимчивость

to rush in – вбегать

dripping – *зд.* мокрый, с которого течет

ankle – щиколотка

There's not one to be had for love or money – Нет ни одного, ни ради любви, ни за деньги

Charing Cross – место вблизи Трафальгарской площади, фактически условная граница между западной и восточной частями Лондона

Ludgate Circus – площадь Ладгит (если площадь не квадратной и не прямоугольной формы, а скорее напоминает окружность, к которой стекаются несколько улиц, используется слово circus)

Hammersmith – район на значительном расстоянии к западу от Ковент Гарден

to get soaked – промокнуть насквозь

draught – сквозняк

with next to nothing on – почти раздетые

to dash off – рвануться, вылететь

Strandwards – по направлению к Стрэнду (the Strand – одна из главных улиц Лондона, соединяющая Вестминстер, политический центр страны, с Сити, ее деловым центром; -wards – суффикс направления, ср. предлог towards – “к”)

to come into collision – налететь, столкнуться

Nah then ... deah (воспроизведение произношения Кокни) = Now then, Freddy look where you are going, dear.

scattered – рассыпанные

There's menners ... the mad (произношение Кокни) = There's manners for you! Two bunches of violets trodden into the mud)

plinth – плинтус, квадратная основа колонны

has long been exposed to... – долго подвергалась...

seldom if ever – редко, если вообще когда-либо

needs ... badly – очень нуждаются

shoddy *зд.* – низкокачественный (также возможно значение “с ложной претензией”)

shaped to her waist – подогнано ей по талии

are much the worse for wear – очень сильно поношенные

to leave something to be desired – оставлять желать лучшего
pray *зд.* = please

Ow, eer ... me f' them? (воспроизведение речи Кокни) = Oh, he's your son, is he? Well, if you'd done your duty by him as a mother should, he'd know better than spoil a poor girl's flowers, then run away without paying. Will you pay me for them?

unintelligible – непонятный, невнятный, неразборчивый

The idea! *зд.* = Это же надо додуматься!

tanner *сленг* = sixpence

parts reluctantly – расстается (с монетой) неохотно

you might have spared Freddy that – (один из возможных переводов) этого только Фредди не хватало

amiable – приятный, приветливый

in the same plight – в такой же безнадёжной ситуации

Phew! – междометие, выражающее нетерпение, раздражение, досаду и т.п. эмоции

of its stopping – чтобы он (дождь) прекратился

to stoop – наклоняться

to turn down *зд.* – отвернуть вниз (закатанные ранее брюки)

proximity – близость

it's nearly over – почти кончается

to buy off (*просторечное*) = buy from

change – мелочь

sovereign – английская золотая монета, вышедшая из употребления; ранее равнялась одному фунту стерлингов (*ср.* русский золотой рубль)

Garn! – междометие на Кокни (искаженное Go on!), выражающее недоверие или сомнение

half-a-crown – английская серебряная монета, вышедшая из употребления; ранее равнялась почти четверти фунта стерлингов

troublesome – назойливая

hapence = halfpence

bloke – парень, “тип”

taking down – записывающий

blessed *зд.* – усилительное слово типа “дурацкое” и т. п.

aint *зд.* = am not

hubbub – гвалт; неразбериха

deprecating – неодобрительный

holler *просторечное* = to shout

to fuss – суетиться

Easy easy – поспокойнее

Bid her shut her head – просят ее заткнуться

What she do? (Кокни) = What has she done?

tec *пазг.* = detective
 to charge *зд.* – обвинять
 dunno = don't know
 to take away my character – опорочить меня
 What do you take me for? – За кого ты меня принимаешь?
 It's aw rawt ... Go-oots (воспроизведение речи Кокни) = It's all right:
 he's a gentleman: look at his boots
 copper (*сленг*) – полицейский
 nark (*сленг*) – шпик, ищейка, доносчик
 I take my Bible oath – Клянусь на Библии (то есть как это делают
 перед тем, как давать показания в суде: клянутся говорить правду “и
 ничего кроме правды”, положив руку на Библию)
 overbearing – властный, повелительный
 good-humored – добродушный
 far from reassured – далеко неуспокоенная
 took me down right – записали меня правильно
 shew – вариант написания show, ныне устаревший
 “Cheer up ... gel” (воспроизведение речи Кокни) = Cheer up,
 Captain; and buy your flower from a poor girl
 to lay a charge – выдвинуть обвинение в целях судебного
 преследования
 agen (Кокни) = against
 to make a charge = to lay a charge
 molestation – приставание
 Course they could = Of course they could (здесь и далее пропуски
 служебных слов, характерные для быстрой разговорной речи)
 Girl never said... = The girl never said...
 Nice thing... = a nice thing ... (*зд.*) – подумать только...
 resumes her seat – она вновь садится
 blooming (*зд. сленг*) – проклятый
 busy-body – тот, кто сует нос в чужие дела
 genially – дружелюбно
 your people – ваша родня
 down – *зд.* наречие, указывающее направление от столицы
 to come from – происходить (родом) из...
 Never you mind (*экспрессивное*) = Never mind – неважно
 up – *зд.* наречие, указывающее направление к центру города
 appalled – потрясенная
 Lisson Grove – улица к северо-западу Лондона
 fit – подходящий
 four-and-six = four shillings and sixpence
 boo-hoo-oo – подражание громкому плачу
 trusting himself – вклиниваясь

Park Lane – улица в западной части Лондона, около Гайд-Парка, где жилье очень дорого

go into – *зд.* заняться, обсудить

subsiding into a brooding melancholy – предаваясь задумчивой меланхолии

not attending – не внимая

Hoxton – исторически бедный район Лондона, населенный рабочими и ремесленниками

titterings – хихиканье

Bly me! – просторечное восклицание, выражающее удивление и т.п. (искаженное 'God blind me!')

still nursing her sense of injury – никак не желая расстаться с чувством обиды

Aint no call to meddle with me – У него нет повода соваться в мои дела

see here (*просторечн.*) = Look here

... people what never... – люди, которые никогда... (свойственное Кокни использование относительного местоимения what вместо who или that)

have no truck with – (*разг.*) не иметь дела с...

Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman! – Насколько я понимаю, вы бы не допускали таких вольностей по отношению к джентльмену!

to go fortune-telling – заняться гаданием

Cheltenham – курорт с целебными источниками, известный также благодаря нескольким учебным заведениям, среди которых одна из старейших в стране и очень дорогих школ

Narrow – одна из старейших и лучших “публичных” (т.е. негосударственных) школ

proper (*просторечн.*) = properly

taff – (*сленг*) знатный человек

for your living – для заработка

at a music hall – на эстраде

to drop off – расходиться, уходить

resenting – возмущаясь

on earth – усиленная или экспрессивная фраза

pneumownia – имитация аффектированного “аристократического” произнесения слова pneumonia

Earlscourt – улица в районе Hammersmith, население которого составляли люди среднего класса

Epsom – ранее город в графстве Surrey, к юго-западу от Лондона (ныне пригород Лондона)

uproariously – (*зд.*) очень весело смеясь

repudiate – отказываться признавать, отвергать, не принимать

shrug – движение плеча (to shrug – пожать плечами)
 retires haughtily – высокомерно отходит
 a piercing blast – (зд.) пронзительный свист
 plain-clothes – (зд.) в гражданском, без формы
 Anwell (*произношение Кокни*) = Hanwell – больница для душевнобольных в пригороде Лондона Hanwell
 affecting great distinction of speech – делая свою речь очень высокопарной и насыщенной
 Thank you (*Кокни*) = Thank you
 Haw, haw! (*имитация произношения Кокни*) = Ha, ha! – звукоподражание смеха
 with mock respect – с иронически-насмешливой имитацией уважения
 It's quite fine now – погода вполне хорошая
 motor bus – автобус
 out of hearing – вне пределов слышимости
 worried (*просторечн.*) = worried
 chivied – преследуемый
 to spot – (*разг.*) опознать, выявить
 brogue – диалектное произношение, в особенности ирландский английский язык
 place – поместить, “привязать” к месту, опознать местную принадлежность
 Is there a living in that? – Можно ли этим заработать на жизнь?
 Quite a fat one. – Очень неплохой (заработок).
 upstarts – выскочки, новые богатые
 Kentish Town – район на северо-западе Лондона, ранее рабочий
 to drop – отказаться, избавиться
 they give themselves away – они выдают себя
 explosively – взрываясь
 boohooing – (зд.) нытье, стоны
 place of worship = church
 feeble – слабый
 defiance – дерзость
 Shakespear – вариант написания Shakespeare
 crooning – (зд.) монотонно ноющая
 bilious – желчный
 overwhelmed – подавленная
 in mingled wonder and deprecation – со смешанным чувством удивления и презрения
 Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo! – воспроизведение произношения Кокни междометия Oh!
 whipping out his note-book – быстро доставая свой блокнот

tickled – возбужденная, заинтригованная

in spite of herself – невольно

kerbstone English – “английский язык водосточных канав”, т.е. на котором говорят торговцы и зазывалы, не имеющие права стоять на тротуаре; чтобы не мешать пешеходам, они должны отодвинуться к краю тротуара

gutter – водосточная канавка

to pass that girl off as a duchess – выдать эту девушку за герцогиню

garden party – великосветский прием, проводимый в теплое время года в саду

lady's maid – горничная

squashed – раздавленный

incarnate – воплощенное

the Queen of Sheba – царица Савская (Ветхий Завет. 3-я книга царств, X)

the Carlton – консервативный клуб в Лондоне

jaw – (разг.) беседа

Right you are = All right

I'm short for my lodging. – Мне не хватает денег заплатить за жилье.

mendacity – лживость

You ought to be stuffed with nails! – Чтобы тебе быть набитым гвоздями!

rebuking – порицающий

Pharisaic – фарисейский

want of charity – недостаток милосердия

a reminder – напоминание

solemnly – торжественно, серьезно

handful – горсть, пригоршня

springing out – выскакивая

on my hands – на моей ответственности (ср. рус. “на руках”)

with grandeur – величественно

sails off – проплывает, т.е. движется величаво

no object – (зд.) несущественно

Charlie – имя, употребляемое как обращение вообще (ср. рус. “Вася”)

Here = Look here

Tuppence extra – еще два пенса, два пенса сверх оплаты за проезд

crushes – втискивает

Here! – (зд.) погоди!

Drury Lane – улица, расположенная очень близко от места действия первого акта пьесы; когда-то славилась дурной репутацией (в наши дни здесь – множество театров)

Meiklejohn's oil shop – масляная лавка Микльджона
 That sounds more like it – Это больше похоже на правду
 Judy – обращение (*просторечное*) к любой женщине, особенно к внешне смешной (особенно на Кокни)
 with best love from all at home – *зд.* иронически переосмысленная традиционная концовка письма: "с любовью от всех родственников"
 Impudence! (*простореч.*) = Impudence!
 trudge – устало идти, уныло тащиться
 up – *зд.* вдоль
 hanging loose – *зд.* отставшие, свисающие
 pane – оконное стекло
 fashion plate – картинки с модными фасонами
 wildly beyond ... means – далеко недоступные
 tenant – житель
 memorial – *зд.* память, "мемориал"
 irreducible – предельный
 draped packing case – задрапированный тканью сундук
 basin – раковина (под раковинником)
 the refuse – выброшенные за ненужностью вещи
 a penny in the slot meter – газометр, подающий газ по мере опускания в щель монеты
 weary – измученная, усталая
 without grudging it – не жалея ее, не скупясь
 prodigal – расточительный
 gnawing – гложащий, беспокойный
 miscellaneous – разнообразные, разнотипные
 to kick off – сбрасывать
 without any further change – *зд.* далее, не переодеваясь

2. Complete the sentences by choosing one of the given variants.

1. The characters of the play are gathered together because
 - A. they have all been to the Opera
 - B. they have all been trapped by heavy rain
 - C. many appointments have been made previously
 - D. they all work in the area
2. Freddy cannot get a cab because
 - A. he doesn't go as far as the Strand
 - B. he has no money
 - C. of his lack of Cockney
 - D. all the cabs are taken by other theatre-goers
3. The Flower girl (Eliza) is introduced as

- A. a noble character
 - B. a dirty girl from a gutter
 - C. The Queen of Sheba
 - D. an upstart
4. The Note taker proves to be
- A. Henry Higgins, Professor of Phonetics
 - B. a policeman
 - C. a bystander interested in his own dialect
 - D. a bystander, possibly in love with Eliza.
5. Colonel Pickering came back to England
- A. to study Sanscrit
 - B. to teach at Harrow
 - C. because he couldn't stand the Indian climate
 - D. to meet Henry Higgins.

3. «Translate» the following phrases into literary English.

- 1) He wont get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus ...

- 2) See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you?

- 3) I dont want to have no truck with him.

- 4) ... and us losing our time listening to your silliness!

- 5) Of course I havnt none.

4. Give explanation to grammar forms of the verbs in the following sentences.

- 1) I'm getting chilled to the bone.

- 2) He's been gone twenty minutes.

- 3) If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

- 4) Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

- 5) You havnt tried at all.

6) ... and dont come back until you have found a cab.

7) Who's trying to deceive you?

8) We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab.

9) – ... the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

– So it has. Why didnt you say so before?

5. In the following phrases (1) comment on meanings of modal verbs, (2) comment on grammar forms of infinitives and (3) give explanations to the use of these forms. Give Russian equivalents for the following phrases.

1) What can Freddy be doing all this time?

2) But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

3) But we must have a cab.

4) What could he have done, poor boy?

5) Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You cant have tried.

6) ... and everybody had to take a cab.

7) Are we to stay here all night ...?

8) You can keep the change.

9) Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that...

10) ... you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you.

11) Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

6. Find Russian equivalents for the following phrases with Gerunds.

- 1) ... when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

- 2) ... is there any sign of its stopping?

- 3) I aint done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman.

- 4) Whats the good of fussing?

- 5) Nice thing a girl cant shelter from the rain without being insulted...

- 6) Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove?

- 7) Hard enough for her to live without being worried and chivied.

7. Make morphological analysis of the following words: *overbearing, uproariously, overwhelmed*. Give examples of words having the same origins.

- 8. Find in the text the words «tiresome» and «troublesome».**
A. Give examples of other adjectives with the suffix *-some*.
B. Find synonyms of these words using the dictionary.

9. Find in the text words and word combinations which are equivalent to the following: *eagerly, in wonder, violently, titterings, appalled, genial*.

10. Find in the text equivalents for the phrase «Do hold your tongue» and comment on their stylistic differences.

11. Find in the texts adjectives, participles and adverbs describing the state of a hero and find their Russian equivalents.

12. Using author's remarks describe (a) the appearance of Eliza and (b) her room.

LESSON 2

УРОК 2

АКТ II

Next day at 11 a. m. Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. It is a room on the first floor, looking on the street, and was meant for the drawing room. The double doors are in the middle of the back wall; and persons entering find in the corner to their right two tall file cabinets at right angles to one another against the walls. In this corner stands a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ pipes with a bellows,

a set of lamp chimneys for singing flames with burners attached to a gas plug in the wall by an indiarubber tube, several tuning-forks of different sizes, a life-size image of half a human head, shewing in section the vocal organs, and a box containing a supply of wax cylinders for the phonograph.

Further down the room, on the same side, is a fireplace, with a comfortable leather-covered easy-chair at the side of the hearth nearest the door, and a coal-scuttle. There is a clock on the mantelpiece. Between the fireplace and the phonograph table is a stand for newspapers.

On the other side of the central door, to the left of the visitor, is a cabinet of shallow drawers. On it is a telephone and the telephone directory. The corner beyond, and most of the side wall, is occupied by a grand piano, with the keyboard at the end furthest from the door, and a bench for the player extending the full length of the keyboard. On the piano is a dessert dish heaped with fruit and sweets, mostly chocolates.

The middle of the room is clear. Besides the easy-chair, the piano bench, and two chairs at the phonograph table, there is one stray chair. It stands near the fireplace. On the walls, engravings: mostly Piranesi and mezzotint portraits. No paintings.

Pickering is seated at the table, putting down some cards and a tuning-fork which he has been using. Higgins is standing up near him, closing two or three file drawers which are hanging out. He appears in the morning light as a robust, vital, appetizing sort of man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in a professional-looking black frock-coat with a white linen collar and black silk tie. He is of the energetic, scientific type, heartily, even violently interested in everything that can be studied as a scientific subject, and careless about himself and other people, including their feelings. He is, in fact, but for his years and size, rather like a very impetuous baby "taking notice" eagerly and loudly, and requiring almost as much watching to keep him out of unintended mischief. His manner varies from genial bullying when he is in a good humor to stormy petulance when anything goes wrong; but he is so entirely frank and void of malice that he remains likeable even in his least reasonable moments.

HIGGINS (*as he shuts the last drawer*). Well, I think thats the whole show.

PICKERING. It's really amazing. I havnt taken half of it in, you know.

HIGGINS. Would you like to go over any of it again?

PICKERING (*rising and coming to the fireplace, where he plants himself with his back to the fire*). No, thank you: not now. I'm quite done up for this morning.

HIGGINS (*following him, and standing beside him on his left*). Tired of listening to sounds?

PICKERING. Yes. It's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty

beat me. I cant hear a bit of difference between most of them.

HIGGINS (*chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets*). Oh, that comes with practice. You hear no difference at first; but you keep on listening, and presently you find they're all as different as A from B (*Mrs Pearce looks in: she is Higgins's housekeeper*). What's the matter?

MRS PEARCE (*hesitating, evidently perplexed*). A young woman asks to see you, sir.

HIGGINS. A young woman! What does she want?

MRS PEARCE. Well, sir, she says youll be glad to see her when you know what she's come about. She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines. I hope Ive not done wrong; but really you see such queer people sometimes — youll excuse me, I'm sure, sir—

HIGGINS. Oh, thats all right, Mrs Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

MRS PEARCE. Oh, something dreadful, sir, really. I dont know how you can take an interest in it.

HIGGINS (*to Pickering*). Let's have her up. Shew her up, Mrs Pearce (*he rushes across to his working table and picks out a cylinder to use on the phonograph*).

MRS PEARCE (*only half resigned to it*). Very well, sir. It's for you to say. (*She goes downstairs*).

HIGGINS. This is rather a bit of luck. I'll shew you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and I'll take it down first in Bell's Visible Speech; then in broad Romic; and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on as often as you like with the written transcript before you.

MRS PEARCE (*returning*). This is the young woman, sir.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron, and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some feather-weight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

HIGGINS (*brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, bobylike, making an intolerable grievance of it*). Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: Ive got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. (*To the girl*) Be off with you: I dont want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Dont you be so saucy. You aint heard what I come for yet. (*To Mrs Pearce who is waiting at the door for further instructions*). Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, girl! What do you think a gentleman like Mr Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, we are proud! He aint above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I aint come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS. Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Good enough for yə-oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em tə-oo: make no mistake.

HIGGINS (*student*). Well!!! (*Recovering his breath with a gasp*). What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Dont I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bag*). Ah-ah-ob-ow-ow—ow-oc! (*Wounded and whimpering*) I wont be called a baggage when Ive offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stazre at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

PICKERING (*gently*). But what is it you want?

THE FLOWER GIRL. I want to be a lady in the flower shop stead of sellin at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they wont take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him — not asking any favor — and he treats me if I was dirt.

MRS PEARCE. How can you be such a foolish ignorant girl as to think you could afford to pay Mr. Higgins?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Why shouldnt I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS. How much?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*coming back to him, triumphant*). Now youre talking I thought youd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. (*Confidentially*) Youd had a drop in, hadnt you?

HIGGINS (*peremptorily*). Sit down.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, if you're going to make a compliment of it—

HIGGINS (*thundering at her*). Sit down.

MRS PEARCE (*severely*). Sit down, girl. Do as youre told.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ool (*She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered*).

PICKERING (*very courteous*). Wont you sit down? (*He places the stray chair near the hearthrug between himself and Higgins*).

LIZA (*coily*). Dont mind if I do. (*She sits down. Pickering returns to the hearthrug*).

HIGGINS. Whats your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Liza Doolittle.

HIGGINS (*declaiming gravely*).

Eliza, Elizabeth. Betsy and Bess.

They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

PICKERING. They found a nest with four eggs in it:

HIGGINS. They took one apiece, and left three in it.

They laugh heartily at their own fan.

LIZA. Oh, dont be silly.

MRS PEARCE (*placing herself behind Eliza's chair*) You mustnt speak to the gentleman like that.

LIZA. Well, why wont he speak sensible to me?

HIGGINS. Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

LIZA. Oh, I know whats right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I wont give more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS (*walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets*). You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy guineas from a millionaire.

PICKERING. How so?

HIGGINS. Figure it out. A millionaire has about J150 a day. She earns about half-a-crown.

LIZA (*haughtily*). Who told you I only—

HIGGINS (*continuing*). She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. To-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about J60. It's handsome. By George, it's enormous! it's the biggest offer I ever had.

LIZA (*rising, terrified*). Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I get—

HIGGINS. Hold your tongue.

LIZA (*weeping*). But I aint got sixty pounds. Oh—

MRS PEARCE. Dont cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

HIGGINS. Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you dont stop snivelling. Sit down.

LIZA (*obeying slowly*). Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo-ol One would think you was my father.

HIGGINS. If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here (*he offers her his silk-handkerchief*)!

LIZA. Whats this for?

HIGGINS. To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

Liza, utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him.

MRS PEARCE: It's no use talking to her like that, Mr Higgins: she doesn't understand you. Besides, you're quite wrong: she doesn't do it that way at all (*she takes the handkerchief*).

LIZA (*snatching it*). Here! You give me that handkerchief. He gave it to me, not to you.

PICKERING (*laughing*). He did. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs Pearce.

MRS PEARCE (*resigning herself*). Serve you right, Mr Higgins.

PICKERING. Higgins: I'm interested. What about the ambassador's garden party? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll pay for the lessons.

LIZA. Oh, you are real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS (*tempted, looking at her*). It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low — so horribly dirty —

LIZA (*protesting extremely*). Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo-oo!!! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

PICKERING. You're certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

MRS PEARCE (*uneasy*). Oh, don't say that, sir: there's more ways than one of turning a girl's head; and nobody can do it better than Mr Higgins, though he may not always mean it. I do hope, sir, you won't encourage him to do anything foolish.

HIGGINS (*becoming excited as the idea grows on him*). What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesn't come every day. I shall make a duchess of this draggetailed guttersnipe.

LIZA (*strongly deprecating this view of her*). Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!

HIGGINS (*carried away*). Yes: in six months — in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue — I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start today: now! this moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs Pearce. Monkey Brand, if it won't come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS PEARCE (*protesting*). Yes; but —

HIGGINS (*storming on*). Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Whiteley or somebody for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper till they come.

LIZA. You're no gentleman, you're not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the like of you are, I do.

HIGGINS. We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. Youve got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

LIZA (*springing up and running between Pickering and Mrs Pearce for protection*). No I'll call the police, I will.

MRS PEARCE. But Ive no place to put her.

HIGGINS. Put her in the dustbin.

LIZA. Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!!

PICKERING. Oh come, Higgins! be reasonable.

MRS PEARCE (resolutely). You must be reasonable, Mr Higgins: really you must. You cant walk over everybody like this.

Higgins, thus scolded, subsides. The hurricane is succeeded by a zephyr of amiable surprise.

HIGGINS (*with professional exquisiteness of modulation*). I walk over everybody! My dear Mrs Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over anyone. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

Liza, reassured, steals back to her chair.

MRS PEARCE (*to Pickering*). Well, did you ever hear anything like that, sir?

PICKERING (*laughing heartily*). Never, Mrs Pearce: never.

HIGGINS (*patiently*). Whats the matter?

MRS PEARCE. Well, the matter is, sir, that you cant take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

HIGGINS. Why not?

MRS PEARCE. Why not! But you dont know anything about her. What about her parents? She may be married.

LIZA. Garn!

HIGGINS. There! As the girl very properly says, Garn! Married indeed! Dont you know that a woman of that class looks a worn out drudge of fifty a year after she's married?

LIZA. Whood marry me?

HIGGINS (*suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly beautiful low tones in his best elocutionary style*). By George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before Ive done with you.

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, sir. You mustnt talk like that to her.

LIZA. (*rising and squaring herself determinedly*). I'm going away. He's off his chump, he is. I dont want no balmies teaching me.

HIGGINS (*wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his elocution*). Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs Pearce: you neednt order the new clothes for her. Throw her out.

LIZA (*whimpering*). Nah-ow. You got no right to touch me.

MRS PEARCE. You see now what comes of being saucy. (*Indicating the door*) This way, please.

LIZA (*almost in tears*). I didn't want no clothes. I wouldnt have taken them (*she throws away the handkerchief*). I can buy my own clothes.

HIGGINS (*defly retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on her reluctant way to the door*). Youre an ungrateful wicked girl. This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you.

MRS PEARCE. Stop, Mr Higgins. I wont allow it. It's you that are wicked. Go home to your parents, girl; and tell them to take better care of you.

LIZA. I aint got no parents. They told me I was big enough to earn my own living and turned me out.

MRS PEARCE. Wheres your mother?

LIZA. I aint got no mother. Her that turned me out was my sixth stepmother. But I done without them. And I'm a good girl, I am.

HIGGINS. Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss about? The girl doesnt belong to anybody — is no use to anybody but me. (*He goes to Mrs Pearce and begins coaxing*). You can adopt her, Mrs Pearce: I'm sure a daughter would be a great amusement to you. Now dont make any more fuss. Take her down-stairs; and –

MRS PEARCE. But whats to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS. Oh, pay her whatever is necessary: put it down in the housekeeping book. (*Impatiently*) What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

LIZA (*turning on him*). Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me. (*To Pickering*) Oh, sir: youre a gentleman: dont let him speak to me like that.

PICKERING (*in good-humored remonstrance*). Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

HIGGINS (*looking critically at her*). Oh no, I dont think so. Not any feelings that we need bother about. (*Cheerily*) Have you, Eliza?

LIZA. I got my feelings same as anyone else.

HIGGINS (*to Pickering, reflectively*). You see the difficulty?

PICKERING. Eh? What difficulty?

HIGGINS. To get her to talk grammar. The mere pronunciation is easy enough.

LIZA. I dont want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady in a flower-shop.

MRS PEARCE. Will you please keep to the point, Mr Higgins. I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here. Is she to have any wages? And what is to become of her when you've finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little.

HIGGINS (*impatiently*). Whats to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Tell me that, Mrs Pearce.

MRS PEARCE. Thats her own business, not yours, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS. Well, when Ive done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; so thats all right.

LIZA. Oh, youve no feeling heart in you: you dont care for nothing but yourself. (*She rises and takes the floor resolutely*) Here! Ive had enough of this. I'm going (*making for the door*). You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

HIGGINS (*snatching a chocolate cream from the piano, his eyes suddenly beginning to twinkle with mischief*). Have some chocolates, Eliza.

LIZA (*halting, tempted*). How do I know what might be in them? Ive heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

Higgins whips out his penknife; cuts a chocolate in two; puts one half into his mouth and bolts it; and offers her the other half.

HIGGINS. Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half: you eat the other. (*Liza opens her mouth to retort: he pops the half chocolate into it*). You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You shall live on them. Eh?

LIZA (*who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it*). I wouldnt have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth.

HIGGINS. Listen, Eliza. I think you said you came in a taxi.

LIZA. Well, what if I did? Ive as good a right to take a taxi as anyone else.

HIGGINS. You have, Eliza; and in future you shall have as many taxis as you want. You shall go up and down and round the town in a taxi every day. Think of that, Eliza.

MRS PEARCE. Mr Higgins: youre tempting the girl. It's not right. She should think of the future.

HIGGINS. At her age! Nonsense! Time enough to think of the future when you havn't any future to think of. No, Eliza: do as this lady does: think of other people's futures; but never think of your own. Think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold and diamonds.

LIZA. No: I dont want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl, I am. (*She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity*).

HIGGINS. You shall remain so, Eliza, under the care of Mrs Pearce. And you shall marry an officer in the Guards, with a beautiful moustache: the

son of a marquis, who will disinherit him for marrying you, but will relent when he sees your beauty and goodness—

PICKERING. Excuse me, Higgins: but I really must interfere. Mrs Pearce is quite right. If this girl is to put herself in your hands for six months for an experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what she's doing.

HIGGINS. How can she? She's incapable of understanding anything. Besides, do any of us understand what we are doing? If we did, would we ever do it?

PICKERING. Very clever, Higgins; but not to the present point. (*To Eliza*). Miss Doolittle —

LIZA (*overwhelmed*). Ah-ah-ow-oo!

HIGGINS. There! That's all you'll get out of Eliza. Ah-ah-ow-oo! No use explaining. As a military man you ought to know that. Give her her orders: that's enough for her. Eliza: you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence 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. (*To Pickering*) Now are you satisfied Pickering? (*To Mrs Pearce*) Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs Pearce?

MRS PEARCE (*patiently*). I think you'd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. I don't know that I can take charge of her or consent to the arrangement at all. Of course I know you don't mean her any harm; but when you get what you call interested in people's accents, you never think or care what may happen to them or you. Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS. That's all right. Thank you, Mrs Pearce. Bundle her off to the bathroom.

LIZA (*rising reluctantly and suspiciously*). You're a great bully, you are. I won't stay here if I don't like. I won't let nobody wallop me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace, I didn't. I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl —

MRS PEARCE. Don't answer back, girl. You don't understand the gentleman. Come with me. (*She leads the way to the door, and holds it open for Eliza*).

LIZA (*as she goes out*). Well, what I say is right. I wont go near the King, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldnt have come here. I always been a good girl; and I never offered to say a word to him; and I don't owe him nothing; and I dont care; and I wont be put upon; and I have my feelings the same as anyone else

Mrs Pearce shuts the door; and Eliza's complaints are no longer audible.

Eliza is taken upstairs to the third floor greatly to her surprise; for she expected to be taken down to the scullery. There Mrs Pearce opens a door and takes her into a spare bedroom.

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the second act of the comedy paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

drawing room – гостиная

file cabinets – ящики с картотекой

at right angles – под прямым углом

organ pipes – органные трубы

a bellows – мехи; устройство для раздувания или выдувания воздуха

a gas plug – кран для подачи газа

indiarubber = rubber

tuning fork – камертон

hearth – очаг; каменный пол перед камином

coal-scuttle – ящичек для угля, находящийся рядом с камином

mantelpiece – каминная доска

stand – стойка с ящичками или отделениями

shallow drawers – неглубокие выдвижные ящички

telephone directory – телефонный справочник

keyboard – клавиатура

extending the full length – во всю длину

heaped – наполненное

one stray chair – один неприкаянный стул; один лишний стул

engravings – гравюры; эстампы

Piranesi – отец и сын Пиранези, граверы XVIII – начала XIX вв.
(отец также архитектор)

mezzotint – тип гравирования, меццо-тинто

are hanging out – (зд. о ящиках) выдвинуты

robust – здоровый, крепкий, сильный

vital – энергичный, полный жизни

appetizing – приятный, привлекательный

a professional-looking ... frock-coat – сюртук, который ожидаешь увидеть надетым на докторе, юристе, ученом и т.п., т.е. на людях, зарабатывающих на жизнь профессиональными знаниями

heartily – искренне

violently – очень сильно, яростно

but for his years and size – если бы не его возраст и размеры

impetuous baby “taking notice” – импульсивный малыш, познающий мир и все комментирующий

watching – присмотр

to keep him from unintended mischief – чтобы не дать ему ненароком набедокурить

genial – (зд.) веселый, дружеский

bullying – задиристость, грубое обращение

stormy – бурный, буйный

petulance – раздражительность, грубое высказывание

to go wrong – складываться не так

void of malice – лишен злобности

likeable – симпатичный

in his least reasonable moments – в моменты, когда он ведет себя предельно неразумно

that's the whole show – это все (что есть)

to take in – (зд.) воспринять, осознать, запомнить

to go over – просмотреть, пройти (по материалу)

to plant oneself – устраиваться, обосновываться

done up – (разг.) устал, иссяк

I rather fancied myself – (разг.) Я весьма гордился собой

beat me – превосходят меня, положили меня на лопатки

a bit – малейший (фрагмент)

chuckling – посмеиваясь (от удовольствия)

presently – наконец

housekeeper – экономка

perplexed – озадаченная

common – (зд.) простая, неотесанная

queer – странный

shew her up – проводите ее наверх (Хиггинс находится на втором этаже)

to pick out – выбирать

It's for you to say – Вам решать

to set her talking – заставить ее говорить

Bell's Visible Speech – фонетическая транскрипция, изобретенная известным фонетистом второй половины XIX в. Александром Беллом

in broad Romic – фонетическая транскрипция, основанная на записи латиницей

to turn her on – включить ее (речь)
 in state – в лучшем своем наряде; важно
 ostrich feathers – страусовые перья
 pathos – жалкий вид
 deplorable – достойная сожаления
 consequential air – важное, с осознанием собственной
 значительности, поведение
 straightened himself – подтянулся
 feather-weight cross – небольшая напасть, незадача
 to coax – уговаривать, задабривать
 brusquely – резко
 Why – (зд.) междометие, выражающее удивление
 to jot down – делать записи
 lingo – (презрительное) язык
 Be off with you! – Уходите!
 saucy – дерзкий, заносчивый
 Oh, we are proud! – Вот мы какие гордые!
 above giving lessons – выше того, чтобы давать уроки
 уэ-оо (Кокни) = you
 тэ-оо (Кокни) = too
 stupent – пораженный
 Recovering his breath with a gasp – т.е. ему удалось вновь
 вздохнуть после того, как у него перехватило дыхание
 baggage – (зд.) нахальная девица
 turns at bay – останавливается, т.к. бежать далее некуда, и
 обращается к противнику
 wounded – (перен.) обиженная
 whimpering – ноя и хныча
 stead of (разг.) = instead of
 sellin – просторечное произношение selling
 Tottenham Court Road – одна из главных улиц, отходящая к северу
 от Oxford Street
 genteel – аристократичный, “жантильный”
 zif (разг.) = as if
 to come off it – (Кокни) переставать слишком зазнаваться
 to chuck – (разг.) бросать, швырять
 confidentially – доверительно
 Youd had a drop in – Вы были выпивши
 peremptorily – повелительно, властно
 half rebellious, half bewildered – наполовину в знак протеста,
 наполовину от смущения чувств
 courteous – любезный, вежливый
 hearthrug – оолокаминный коврик

coily – застенчиво

one apiece – каждая по одному

you wouldnt have the face – вы, пожалуй, не посмеете

Take it or leave it – Либо так, либо никак

cash – (зд.) монеты

it works out – это получается (в результате вычислений)

Figure it out. – Посчитайте.

somewhere about – (разг.) где-то около

handsome – щедрый

broomstick – палка от метлы

to snivel – хныкать; распускать сопли; шмыгать носом; распускать

нюни

moist – влажный

Dont mistake the one for the other – Не путайте один с другим

utterly bewildered – совершенно сбита с толку

snatching – выхватывая

gev (Кокни) = gave

it must be regarded as her property – он должен считаться ее
собственностью

resigning herself – уступая, покоряясь

Serve you right – Так вам и надо

I'll bet ... cant do it – Поспорим на всю сумму затрат на
эксперимент, что этого вам не сделать

irresistible – непреодолимый

deliciously low – восхитительно “неотёсанная”

afore (просторечн.) = before

to turn her head with flattery – вскружить ей голову лестью

uneasy – в замешательстве

to turn one's head – (также означает см. выше) вывести из
равновесия

the idea grows on him – идея овладевает им

inspired – вдохновенный

follies – ошибки, заблуждения

to find them to do – найти их, чтобы совершить

draggletailed – измызганная, замаранная

guttersnipe – беспризорный ребенок; собиратель отбросов в
канавках

deprecating – протестуя

carried away – (зд.) увлекаясь, продолжая мечтать

to pass her off as anything – выдать ее за что угодно

Monkey Brand – тип чистящего порошка

if it wont come off any other way – если не отчиститься иным
способом

Whiteley – большой универсальный магазин в Лондоне
 brown paper – коричневая оберточная бумага
 prudery – притворная стыдливость
 to wallop – (*сленг*) высечь
 dustbin – помойное ведро
 resolutely – решительно
 to walk over everybody – оскорблять всех
 scolded – урезоненный, отруганный
 to subside – утихомириваться, отступить
 exquisiteness of modulations – тонкость модуляций
 to fit herself – сделаться соответствующей
 station – позиция, ситуация
 to hurt her delicacy – задеть ее чувства
 reassured – успокоенная
 to steal back – незаметно пробираться назад
 pebble – галька
 worn out – изношенный
 drudge – кляча, “рабочая лошадь”
 whood = who would
 resorting – обращаясь, прибегая
 thrillingly – восхитительно, захватывающе
 elocutionary – красноречивый
 the streets will be ... with you – улицы, будут устланы телами
 мужчин, которые ради вас расстанутся с жизнью, прежде чем я окончу
 работать с вами
 squaring herself – подтягиваясь, собираясь, подбираясь, приводя
 себя в “боевую готовность”
 off his chump – вне себя; не в своем уме
 balmies – (*Кокни*) сумасшедшие
 tenderest point – самое уязвимое место
 deftly retrieving – проворно поднимая
 intercepting her on her reluctant way – вставая на пути ее
 неохотного продвижения
 return – (*зд.*) награда
 to turn smb out – выставить кого-либо
 I done without them (*кокни*) = I have done without them – Я обхожусь
 без них
 no use to anybody but me – никому нет пользы кроме меня
 to adopt – удочерять
 What ... will she want with money? – Для чего ей нужны будут
 деньги?
 turning on him – обращаясь к нему враждебно
 the sign of liquor on me – признаки алкоголя во мне

remonstrance – протест

Not any feelings that we need bother about – Никаких чувств, которые нам нужно принимать в расчет

cheerily – весело, приветственно

reflectively – раздумывая, задумчиво

To get her to talk grammar – Заставить ее говорить грамматически правильно

to keep to the point – говорить по существу

What is to become of her? – Что с ней станет?

making for – направляясь к

to twinkle – (зд.) сиять, светиться

to halt – останавливаться

of girls being drugged by the like of you – о девушках, опоенных такими, как вы

to bolt – (разг.) заглатывать

pledge of good faith – залог доверия

to retort – возражать

to pop into – засовывать

You shall live on them. – Вы будете питаться ими (шоколадными конфетами)

to dispose of – избавиться

nearly choked – почти подавившись

with an attempt at dignity – пытаюсь показать достоинство

disinherit – лишать наследства

to relent – раскаиваться и передумывать

thoroughly – точно, абсолютно, совершенно

not to the present point – не относится к существу данного вопроса

naughty – капризный, непослушный

idle – ленивый

beetle – жук

the Tower of London – исторически крепость-тюрьма, где совершались многие казни (угроза Хиггинса, естественно, шутка)

presumptuous – самонадеянный

more plainly and fairly – более ясно и справедливо

I don't know. – (зд.) Я не уверена.

to take charge of her – принять ответственность за нее

to consent to the arrangement at all – вообще согласиться с таким положением вещей

when you get ... accents – когда вы становитесь, как вы это называете, заинтересованным акцентами людей

to bundle her off – спровадьте ее

suspiciously – с подозрением, недоверчиво

a bully – тиран, деспот

to answer back – дерзить

not if I'm going to have my head cut off – даже если мне отрубят голову

what I was letting myself in for – во что я позволила себя впутать

I won't be put upon – Я не позволю с собой не считаться

plaints – жалобы

scullery – задняя комната при кухне для мытья посуды

2. Complete the sentences by choosing one of the given variants.

1. When Liza comes to see Professor Higgins
 - A. she looks very tidy and smart.
 - B. she is dressed in a pretentious and pathetic way.
 - C. she doesn't care what she looks like.
 - D. she is very dirty and dressed in rags.
2. Liza would like to get rid of her Cockney
 - A. in order to get a job at a florist's shop.
 - B. because she has fallen in love with a marquis.
 - C. because she has fallen in love with Henry Higgins.
 - D. in order to be received at the Palace.
3. Professor Higgins undertakes to teach Liza proper accent
 - A. in order to help her to get married.
 - B. because he needs money.
 - C. because he loves her.
 - D. as an experiment: to prove that he could teach a Cockney girl to speak indistinguishably from a lady.
4. Mrs. Pearce is not happy about the arrangement because
 - A. Henry Higgins doesn't understand the responsibility.
 - B. she is jealous of Liza.
 - C. Liza is an extra burden at the household.
 - D. Liza is so dirty.

3. «Translate» the following phrases into literary English.

1) You aint heard what I come for yet.

2) He aint above giving lessons, not him.

3) Dont I tell you I am bringing you business?

4) Oh, you are real good.

5) I dont want no balmies teaching me.

6) Her that turned me out was my sixth stepmother.

7) I got my feelings same as anyone else.

8) I always been a good girl.

4. Comment on grammar forms of the verbs in the following sentences.

1) I'm quite done up for this morning.

2) A young woman asks to see you, sir.

3) I'm come to have lessons, I am.

4) Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you dont stop snivelling.

5) If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldnt have come here.

5. In the following phrases comment on meanings of modal verbs and find Russian equivalents for the phrases.

1) You mustnt speak to the gentleman like that...

2) I think it must be regarded as her property...

3) ... and nobody can do it better than Mr. Higgins, though he may not always mean it.

4) You must be reasonable, Mr. Higgins, really you must.

5) You cant walk over everybody like this.

6) All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl.

- 7) We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life.

- 8) She may be married.

- 9) You can adopt her, Mrs. Pearce...

- 10) Not any feelings that we need bother about...

- 11) I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here.

- 12) And what is to become of her when youve finished your teaching?

- 13) You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

- 14) How do I know what might be in them?

- 15) You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day.

- 16) ... but I really must interfere.

- 17) No use explaining . As a military man you ought to know that...

6. Find Russian equivalents for the following phrases with Gerunds.

- 1) Tired of listening to sounds?

- 2) ... but you keep on listening ...

- 3) ... to ask me the same for teaching me my own language ...

- 4) It's no use talking to her like that ...

- 5) You see now what comes of being saucy

7. Comment on models underlying the following words: *tuning-fork, leather-covered, feather-weight*. Give examples of other compound words.

8. Find in the text the words «intolerable» and «irresistible». Give examples of other adjectives with the suffixes *-in/-im/-ir* and *-able/-ible*.

9. Find in the text words and word combinations which are equivalent for the following: *vital; heartily; likeable; perplexed; common; whimper; coax; protest*.

10. Find in the text «synonyms» for the words «woman» and «girl» and comment on their stylistic differences.

11. Describe the Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street.

12. Describe how Eliza looked like when she came to Higgins's.

LESSON 3

УРОК 3

ACT III

It is Mrs Higgins's at-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing room, in a flat on Chelsea Embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows.

Mrs Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones; and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and nicknacks. In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and this, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and its cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale, of a Rubens. There is a portrait of Mrs Higgins as she was when she defied the fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, led to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighteen-seventies.

In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand. There is a Chippendale chair further back in the room between her and the window nearest her side. At the other side of the room, farther forward, is an Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste of Inigo Jones. On the same side a piano in a decorated case. The corner between the fireplace and the window is occupied by a divan cushioned in Morris chintz.

It is between four and five in the afternoon.

The door is opened violently; and Higgins enters with his hat on.

MRS HIGGINS (*dismayed*). Henry! (*Scolding him*) What are you doing here today? It is my at-home day: you promised not to come. (*As he bends to kiss her, she takes his hat off, and presents it to him*).

HIGGINS. Oh bother! (*He throws the hat down on the table*).

MRS HIGGINS. Go home at once.

HIGGINS (*kissing her*). I know, mother. I came on purpose.

MRS HIGGINS. But you mustnt. I'm serious.

HENRY. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people dont mind. (*He sits on the settee*).

MRS HIGGINS. Oh! dont they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustnt stay.

HIGGINS. I must. Ive a job for you. A phonetic job.

MRS HIGGINS. No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I cant get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty postcards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS. Well, this isnt a phonetic job.

MRS HIGGINS. You said it was.

HIGGINS. Not your part of it. I've picked up a girl.

MRS HIGGINS. Does that mean that some girl has picked you up?

HIGGINS. Not at all. I dont mean a love affair.

MRS HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS HIGGINS. Well, you never fall in love with anyone under forty-five. When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS. Oh, I cant be bothered with young women. My idea of a lovable woman is somebody as like you as possible. I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women: some habits lie too deep to be changed (*Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling his money and his keys in his trouser pockets*). Besides, theyre all idiots.

MRS HIGGINS. Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS. Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose.

MRS HIGGINS. No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets (*With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again*). That's a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS. She's coming to see you.

MRS HIGGINS. I dont remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didnt. I asked her. If youd known her you wouldnt have asked her.

MRS HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, it's like this. She's a common flower girl. I picked her off the kerbstone.

MRS HIGGINS. And invited her to my at home!

HIGGINS (*rising and coming to her to coax her*). Oh, that'll be all right, I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health — Fine day and How do you do, you know — and not to let herself go on things in general. That will be safe.

MRS HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! about our insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS (*impatiently*). Well, she must talk about something. (*He controls himself and sits down again*). Oh, she'll be all right: dont you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS HIGGINS. That's satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS. Well, it is and it isn't.

MRS HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You see, I've got her pronunciation all right; but you have to consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces; and that's where—

They are interrupted by the parlormaid, announcing guests.

THE PARLORMAID. Mrs and Miss Eynsford Hill. (*She withdraws*).

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! (*He rises; snatches his hat from the table; and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him*).

Mrs and Miss Eynsford Hill are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means. The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society: the bravado of genteel poverty.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*to Mrs Higgins*). How do you do? (*They shake hands*).

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. How do you do? (*She shakes*).

MRS HIGGINS (*introducing*). My son Henry.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS (*glumly, making no movement in her direction*). Delighted. (*He backs against the piano and bows brusquely*).

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*going to him with confident familiarity*). How do you do?

HIGGINS (*staring at her*). Ive seen you before somewhere. I havnt the ghost of a notion where: but Ive heard your voice. (*Drearily*) It doesnt matter. Youd better sit down.

MRS HIGGINS. I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You musnt mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*gaily*). I dont. (*She sits in the Elizabethan chair*).

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*a little bewildered*). Not at all (*She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and Mrs Higgins, who has turned her chair away from the writing-table*).

HIGGINS. Oh, have I been rude? I didnt mean to be.

He goes to the central window, through which with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen desert.

The parlormaid returns, ushering in Pickering.

THE PARLORMAID. Colonel Pickering. (*She withdraws*).

PICKERING. How do you do, Mrs Higgins?

MRS HIGGINS. So glad youve come. Do you know Mrs Eynsford Hill — Miss Eynsford Hill? (*Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between Mrs Hill and Mrs Higgins, and sits down*).

PICKERING. Has Henry told you what weve come for?

HIGGINS (*over his shoulder*). We were interrupted: damn it!

MRS HIGGINS. Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*half rising*). Are we in the way?

MRS HIGGINS (*rising and making her sit down again*). No, no. You couldnt have come more fortunately: we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS (*turning hopefully*). Yes, by George! We want two or three people. Youll do as well as anybody else.

The parlormaid returns, ushering Freddy.

THE PARLORMAID. Mr Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS (*almost audibly, past endurance*). God of Heaven! another of them.

FREDDY (*shaking hands with Mrs Higgins*). Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS. Very good of you to come. (*Introducing*) Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY (*bowing*). Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS. I dont think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY (*going to Higgins*). Ahdedo?

HIGGINS (*looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket*). I'll take my oath Ive met you before somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY. I dont think so.

HIGGINS (*resignedly*). It dont matter, anyhow. Sit down.

He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him on to the ottoman with his face to the window; then comes round to the other side of it.

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! (*He sits down on the ottoman next Mrs Eynsford Hill, on her left*). And now, what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS HIGGINS. Henry: you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirées; but really youre rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

HIGGINS Am I? Very sorry. (*Beaming suddenly*) I suppose I am, you know. (*Uproariously*) Ha, ha!

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially*). I sympathize. I havnt any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS (*relapsing into gloom*). Lord forbid!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*taking up her daughter's cue*). But why?

HIGGINS. What they think they ought to think is had enough. Lord knows: but what they really think would break up the whole show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what I really think?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*gaily*). Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS. Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldnt be decent.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*seriously*). Oh! I'm sure you dont mean that, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured — to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? (*To Miss Hill*) What do you know of poetry? (*To Mrs Hill*) What do you know of science? (*Indicating Freddy*) What does he know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS HIGGINS (*marningly*). Or of manners, Henry?

THE PARLORMAID (*opening the door*). Miss Doolittle. (*She withdraws*).

HIGGINS (*rising hastily and running to Mrs Higgins*). Here she is, mother. (*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess*).

Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite fluttered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs Higgins with studied grace.

LIZA (*Speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*). How do you do, Mrs Higgins? (*She gasps slightly in making*

sure of the *H* in Higgins, but is quite successful). Mr Higgins told me I might come.

MRS HIGGINS (*cordially*). Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING. How do you do. Miss Doolittle?

LIZA (*shaking hands with him*). Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? (*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins*).

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*introducing*). My daughter Clara.

LIZA. How do you do?

CLARA (*impulsively*). How do you do? (*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*).

FREDDY (*coming to their side of the ottoman*). Ive certainly had the pleasure.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*introducing*). My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.

HIGGINS (*suddenly*). By George, yes: it all comes back, to me! (*They stare at him*). Covent Garden! (*Lamentably*) What a damned thing!

MRS HIGGINS. Henry, please! (*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*). Dont sit on my writing-table: youll break it.

HIGGINS (*sulkily*). Sorry.

He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself. With muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.

A long and painful pause ensues.

MRS HIGGINS (*at last, conversationally*). Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it wont turn cold. Theres so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA (*darkly*). My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*clicks her tongue sympathetically*)!!!

LIZA (*in the same tragic tone*). But its my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS HIGGINS (*puzzled*). Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*startled*). Dear me!

LIZA (*piling up the indictment*). What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS (*hastily*). Oh, thats the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*to Eliza, horrified*). You surely dont believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. But it cant have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. (*Cheerfully*). On the burst, as you, might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. Theres lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. (*Now quite at her ease*) You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. (*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*) Here! what are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? (*To Higgins*) Have I said anything I oughtnt?

MRS HIGGINS (*interposing*). Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, thats a mercy, anyhow. (*Expansively*) What I always say is—

HIGGINS (*rising and looking at his watch*). Ahem!

LIZA (*looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising*). Well: I must go. (*They all rise. Freddy goes to the door*). So pleased to have met you. Goodbye. (*She shakes hands with Mrs Higgins*).

MRS HIGGINS. Goodbye.

LIZA. Goodbye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Goodbye, Miss Doolittle. (*They shake hands*).

LIZA (*nodding to the others*). Goodbye, all.

FREDDY (*opening the door for her*). Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so—

LIZA (*with perfectly elegant diction*). Walk! Not bloody likely. (*Sensation*). I am going in a taxi. (*She goes out*).

Pickering gasps and sits down. Freddy goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of Eliza.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*suffering from shock*). Well I really cant get used to the new ways.

CLARA (*throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair*). Oh, it's all right, mamma, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I daresay I am very old-fashioned; but I do hope you wont begin using that expression, Clara. I have got accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Dont you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Dont ask me. Ive been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't know whether I'm at a respectable dinnertable or in a ship's forecandle.

CLARA. It's all a matter of habit. Theres no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*rising*). Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go.

Pickering and Higgins rise.

CLARA (*rising*). Oh yes: we have three at-homes to go to still. Goodbye, Mrs Higgins. Goodbye, Colonel Pickering. Goodbye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS (*coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door*). Goodbye. Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Dont be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA (*all smiles*). I will. Goodbye. Such nonsense, all this early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS (*tempting her*). Such damned nonsense!

CLARA. Such bloody nonsense!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*convulsively*). Clara!

CLARA Ha! ha! (*She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter*).

FREDDY (*to the heavens at large*). Well, I ask you — (*He gives it up, and comes to Mrs Higgins*). Goodbye.

MRS HIGGINS (*shaking hands*). Goodbye. Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

FREDDY (*eagerly*). Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS HIGGINS. Well, you know my days.

FREDDY. Yes. Thanks awfully. Goodbye. (*He goes out*).

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Goodbye, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS. Goodbye. Goodbye.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*to Pickering*). It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING. Dont. It's not compulsory, you know. Youll get on quite well without it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Only, Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang. Goodbye.

PICKERING. Goodbye (*They shake hands*).

MRS EYNSFORD HILL (*to Mrs Higgins*). You mustnt mind Clara. (*Pickering, catching from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins Higgins at the window*). Were so poor! and she gets so few parties, poor child! She doesnt quite know. (*Mrs Higgins, seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door*). But the boy is nice. Dont you think so?

MRS HIGGINS. Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Thank you, dear. Goodbye (*She goes out*).

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the third act of the comedy paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

at-home day – приемный день

Chelsea Embankment – набережная Челси, одного из самых фешенебельных районов в западной части Лондона

lofty – высокий

pretension – (зд.) ранг

access – доступ

Morris – английский художник-прерафаэлит, а также поэт, известный своими социалистическими взглядами. Проповедовал и практиковал прикладное искусство, призванное своим индивидуальным

дизайном противостоять безликости массового производства предметов интерьера

Burne Jones – один из известнейших художников-прерафаэлистов

crowded – забита

nicknacks – безделушки

ottoman – оттоманка

the Morris wall-papers – обои, расписанные по дизайну Морриса

chintz – (вощенный) ситец; мебельный ситец

brocade – парчовый

cushions – диванные подушечки

supply all the ornament – составляют все украшение

odds and ends – (зд.) случайные предметы

Whistler – художник конца XIX в., один из виднейших представителей эстетского движения, единственный значительный английский импрессионист

The Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them – т.е. с выставок тридцатилетней давности, на которых выставлялись и полотна последователей Берна Джонса, и Уистлера, у миссис Хиггинс есть только первые.

A Cecil Lawson – картина Сесила Лосона, английского пейзажиста второй половины XIX в.

on the scale of a Rubens – масштаба Рубенса

to defy – бросать вызов; не поддаваться; игнорировать

fashion – (зд.) мода

Rossettian – в стиле, характерном для Данте Габриэля Россетти, лидера прерафаэлистов

Long past ... the fashion – давно переставшая заботиться о том, чтобы одеваться не по моде

A Chippendale chair – стул дизайнера Томаса Чиппендейла, выдающегося проектировщика мебели

An Elizabethan chair – стул елизаветинского времени, т.е. 2-ой половины XVI в.

roughly – грубо

carved – вырезанный

case – (зд.) чехол

dismayed – возмущенная

to bend – наклоняться

Oh bother! – Вот незадача!

I have no small talk. – Я не умею непринужденно вести светский разговор.

settee – диванчик

No use, dear. – Бесполезно, дорогой.

to get round – обойти, избежать, задобрить лестью

patent shorthand – оригинальное стенографическое письмо
 to pick up – знакомиться случайно, подцеплять
 about – (зд.) вокруг
 I cant be bothered with – мне не нужны..., мне не до...
 lovable – очаровательный, внушающий любовь
 I shall never get into the way of ... liking... – Мне никогда не смогут нравиться...
 to fidget – беспокойно двигаться, ёрзать
 as to – относительно
 to go on things in general – распространяться о вещах вообще
 insides – (зд.) внутренности
 outside – (зд.) внешность
 is in ... it – участвует в этом, посвящен в это
 is getting on like a house on fire – продвигается стремительно (как сгорает дом при пожаре)
 at all events – во всяком случае
 to withdraw – удаляться
 the habitual anxiety of straitened means – привычное беспокойство в связи с ограниченными средствами
 a gay air – веселая манера
 very much at home – привычный, (чувствующий себя) свободно
 genteel poverty – благородная бедность
 to long – страстно желать
 glumly – угрюмо
 delighted – в восхищении
 confident – уверенный
 staring – уставившись
 I havnt the ghost of a notion. – Не имею ни малейшего представления.
 drearily – мрачно; со скукой
 to contemplate – созерцать
 Battersea Park – парк на южном берегу, через реку, напротив Челси
 ushering in – (зд.) вводя
 bows – поклоны
 Are we in the way? – Мы мешаем?
 Youll do as well... – Вы подойдете не хуже...
 past endurance – потеряв терпение
 Ahdedo? (подражание аффектированному манерному произношению) = How do you do?
 pickpocket – карманный вор
 I'll take my oath – могу поклясться
 it dont matter (разг.) = it doesn't matter

to sling – швырять
the Royal Society – Королевское Научное Общество, важнейший научный институт Британии, основанный в 1660 г. (ср. с Академией Наук)

soirée – вечер, либо музыкальный, либо посвященный какому-нибудь иному предмету

you are rather trying – ты испытываешь терпение

commonplace – обыденный

beaming – просияв

eligible matrimonially – подходящий для замужества

to sympathize – сочувствовать

relapsing – вновь погружаясь

Lord forbid! – Не дай Бог!

taking up her daughter's cue – подхватывая реплику дочери

to break up the whole show – портить все

agreeable – приятный

if I were to come out now – если бы я сейчас высказал вслух

the dickens – междоумение

decent – пристойный

savages – дикари

warningly – предупреждающим тоном

on tiptoe – на цыпочках

exquisitely – изысканно

remarkable – замечательный

distinction – достоинство

fluttered – (зд.) взволнованные

guided – руководствуясь

studied grace – подчеркнутая грация, подчеркнутое изящество

in making sure of the H – стараясь не забыть произнести H

cordially – с сердечностью

devouring – пожирая

infatuated – воспламененный, сильно возбужденный

It all comes back to me! – Я все вспомнил!

lamentably – с сожалением

He is about to sit. – Он почти садится.

edge – край

sulkily – угрюмо

stumbling into – наталкиваясь на

fender – загородка перед камином

fire-irons – щипцы для угля, кочерга, совок

extricating himself – высвобождаясь

to mutter – бормотать

imprecations – проклятья

to ensue – следовать
 shallow depression – область низкого давления
 I bet I got it right – Я уверена, что все сделала правильно
 Killing! – Убийственно смешно!
 runs right through our whole family – охватывает прямо-таки всю
 нашу семью
 to click – щелкать
 to do in (*сленг*) = to kill
 Lord love you! – разговорное выражение удивления по поводу
 ошибки или недогадливости собеседника
 to come through – выздороветь
 fairly – (*зд.*) совершенно
 to ladle – (*зд.*) заливать (большой ложкой)
 she came to – она пришла в себя
 to bit the bowl off the spoon – откусить ложку от ручки
 startled – пораженный
 what call (*разг.*) = what reason
 should have come to me – должна была достаться мне
 to pinch – стащить, украсть
 for a hat-pin, let alone a hat – за шляпную булавку, не то что за
 шляпу
 to pour spirits – пить крепкий напиток
 he knew the good of it – он знал, какая от этого польза
 My word! – эмфатическое восклицание
 on the burst – в запое
 when he had a drop in – когда принимал дозу (спиртного)
 until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like – пока он не выпьет и
 не станет веселым и как бы любящим
 to make them fit to like with – чтобы сделать их пригодными для
 совместной жизни
 a her ease – раскованно
 conscience – совесть
 booze (*просторечн.*) – крепкий напиток
 to snigger – хихикать
 interposing – вмешиваясь
 that's a mercy – это утешение
 ahem! – междометие, употребляемое для привлечения внимания
 или для обдумывания следующих слов
 taking the hint – поняв намек
 to catch another glimpse – чтобы еще раз взглянуть
 suffering from shock – переживая шок
 the new ways – новые обычаи
 discontentedly – с чувством неудовлетворения

rotter (*сленг*) – бесполезный или неприятный человек
 filthy (*сленг*) – паршивый
 beastly (*сленг*) – поганый, ужасный
 forecastle – кубрик
 quaint – странный и необычный благодаря старинности
 smart – элегантный
 Pitch it in strong (*разг.*) – Утверждайте его не стеснясь.
 radiant – сияющий
 thoroughly – совершенно
 up to date – современный
 to descend – спускаться
 to the heavens at large – (обращаясь) вообще к небесам, т.е. ни к кому в особенности
 he gives it up – (*зд.*) он не продолжает
 to bring myself – заставить себя
 is so down on me – так сердится на меня
 positively – положительно
 to reek – вонять
 discreetly – (*зд.*) тактично

2. Complete the sentences by choosing one of the given variants.

1. Mrs Higgins does not want her son's presence because
 - A. she is busy writing letters.
 - B. she does not love him
 - C. her other visitors are stupid for him.
 - D. he has neither manners nor small talk.
2. Professor Higgins asked Liza to his mother's at-home day
 - A. to try the results of his teaching in a small society.
 - B. because he wanted to marry her off.
 - C. in order to annoy his mother's guests.
 - D. because his mother was interested in the experiment.
3. At Mrs Higgins' Liza
 - A. gives herself away and shocks everybody.
 - B. speaks like a lady from beginning to end
 - C. charms everyone, so when she does give herself away nobody understands it.
 - D. is very strained and so is no success.

[illegible]

6. Explain the origin, structure and meaning of the word “rotter”.

7. Find in the dictionary all the meanings of the words “distinction” and “smart”. Give examples with these words.

8. Comment on the meaning of the word “quaint”. Give examples with these word.

9. Find in the text five slang words and expressions and give equivalents for them.

Example: to do smb in = to kill smb

10. Find in the text all expressions typical of small talk and write them down.

11. How does Professor Higgins show his unwillingness to participate in small talk? Comment on mistakes in his speech and correct them.

12. Find in the text author's remarks indicating Higgins's bad manners.

LESSON 4

YPOK 4

ACT IV

The Wimpole Street laboratory. Midnight. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not alight: it is a summer night.

Presently Higgins and Pickering are heard on the stairs.

HIGGINS (*calling down to Pickering*). I say, Pick: lock up, will you? I shant be going out again.

PICKERING. Right. Can Mrs Pearce go to bed? We dont want anything more, do we?

HIGGINS. Lord, no!

Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in all the finery in which she has just won Higgins's bet for him. She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired: her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak: puts her fan and gloves on the piano: and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent. Higgins in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a smoking jacket which he has picked up down-stairs. He takes off the hat and overcoat; throws them carelessly on the newspaper stand;

disposes of his coat in the same way; puts on the smoking jacket; and throws himself wearily into the easy-chair at the hearth. Pickering, similarly attired, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates.

PICKERING. I say: Mrs Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing room.

HIGGINS. Oh, chuck them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING. We are, slightly. Are there any letters?

HIGGINS. I didnt look. (*Pickering takes the overcoats and hats and goes downstairs. Higgins begins half singing half yawning an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West. Suddenly he stops and exclaims*) I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

Eliza looks at him darkly; then rises suddenly and leaves the room.

Higgins yawns again, and resumes his song.

Pickering returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand.

PICKERING. Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you. (*He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the grate*).

HIGGINS (*glancing at the billet-doux*). Money-lender. (*He throws the letter after the circulars*).

Eliza returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers. She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word.

HIGGINS (*yawning again*). Oh Lord! What an evening! What a crew! What a silly tomfoolery! (*He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord*). Oh! theyre there, are they?

PICKERING (*stretching himself*). Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden party, a dinner party, and the reception! Rather too much of a good thing. But you've won your bet Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS (*fervently*). Thank God it's over.

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didnt seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasnt nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No: it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadnt 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.

PICKERING. Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING. Youve never been broken in properly to the social routine. (*Strolling over to the piano*). I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people cant do it at all: theyre such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. Theres always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS. Yes: thats what drives me mad: the silly people dont know their own silly business. (*Rising*) However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Goodnight. (*He goes*).

HIGGINS (*following him*). Goodnight. (*Over his shoulder, at the door*). Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. (*He goes out*).

Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.

HIGGINS (*in despairing wrath outside*). What the devil have I done with my slippers? (*He appears at the door*).

LIZA (*snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him one after the other with all her force*). There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS (*astounded*). What on earth — ! (*He comes to her*). Whats the matter? Get up. (*He pulls her up*) Anything wrong?

LIZA (*breathless*). Nothing wrong — with you. Ive won your bet for you, havnt I? Thats enough for you. I dont matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS. You won my bet! You! Presumptuous insect! I won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?

LIZA. Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didnt you leave me where you picked me out of — in the

gutter? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there, do you? (*She crimps her fingers frantically*).

HIGGINS (*looking at her in cool wonder*). The creature is nervous, after all.

LIZA (*gives a suffocated scream of fury, and instinctively darts her nails at his face*)!!

HIGGINS (*catching her wrists*). Ah! would you? Claws in, you cat. How dare you shew your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet. (*He throws her roughly into the easy-chair*).

LIZA (*crushed by superior strength and weight*). Whats to become of me? Whats to become of me?

HIGGINS. How the devil do I know whats to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA. You dont care. I know you dont care. You wouldnt care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you — not so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS (*thundering*). Those slippers.

LIZA (*with bitter submission*). Those slippers. I didnt think it made any difference now.

A pause. Eliza hopeless and crushed. Higgins a little uneasy.

HIGGINS (*in his loftiest manner*). Why have you begun going on like this? May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs Pearce? Any of the servants?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I presume you dont pretend that *I* have treated you badly.

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I am glad to hear it. (*He moderates his tone*). Perhaps youre tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of champagne? (*He moves towards the door*).

LIZA. No. (*Recollecting her manners*). Thank you.

HIGGINS (*good-humored again*). This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party. But thats all over now. (*He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes*). Theres nothing more to worry about.

LIZA. No. Nothing more for you to worry about. (*She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano bench, where she sits and hides her face*). Oh God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS (*staring after her in sincere surprise*). Why? In heaven's name, why? (*Reasonably, going to her*). Listen to me, Eliza. All this irritation is purely subjective.

LIZA. I dont understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS. It's only imagination. Low spirits and nothing else. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. 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.

LIZA. I heard your prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS (*impatiently*). Well, dont you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

LIZA (*pulling herself together in desperation*). What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS (*enlightened, but not at all impressed*). Oh, thats whats worrying you, is it? (*He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness*). I shouldnt bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you wont have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other, though I hadnt quite realized that you were going away. (*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple*). You might marry, you know. (*He bites a large piece out of the apple and munches it noisily*). You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (*poor devils*); and youre not bad-looking: it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes — not now, of course, because youre crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when youre all right and quite yourself, youre what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you wont feel so cheap.

Eliza again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.

The look is quite lost on him: he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one.

HIGGINS (*a genial afterthought occurring to him*). I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

LIZA. We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS (*waking up*). What do you mean?

LIZA. I sold flowers. I didnt sell myself. Now youve made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish youd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS (*slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*). Tosh, Eliza. Dont you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You neednt marry the fellow if you dont like him.

LIZA. What else am I to do?

HIGGINS. Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one: he has lots of money. (*Chuckling*) He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing today; and that, with the hire of the jewelry, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower

shop of your own. Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA. Your slippers.

HIGGINS. Oh yes, of course. You'd shied them at me. (*He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him*).

LIZA. Before you go, sir—

HIGGINS (*dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him Sir*). Eh?

LIZA. Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS (*coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason*). What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA. He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

HIGGINS (*shocked and hurt*). Is that the way you feel towards us?

LIZA. I don't want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.

HIGGINS. But what does it matter? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

LIZA. I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of stealing.

HIGGINS (*now deeply wounded*). Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shews a want of feeling.

LIZA. I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl; and in my station I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

HIGGINS (*very sulky*). You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you? (*He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon*).

LIZA (*drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply*). Stop, please. (*She takes off her jewels*). Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of their being missing.

HIGGINS (*furious*). Hand them over. (*She puts them into his hands*). If these belonged to me instead of the jeweller. I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. (*He perfunctorily thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends of the chains*).

LIZA (*taking a ring off*). This ring isn't the jeweller's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now. (*Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims*). Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS. Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA (*thrilling with hidden joy*). I'm glad. I've got a little of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS (*with dignity, in his finest professional style*). You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I prefer to say nothing more tonight. I am going to bed.

LIZA (*pertly*). You'd better leave a note for Mrs Pearce about the coffee: for she won't be told by me.

HIGGINS (*formally*). Damn Mrs Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and (*wildly*) damn my own folly in having lavished my hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe (*He goes out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely*).

Eliza goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring. When she finds it she considers for a moment what to do with it. Finally she flings it down on the dessert stand and goes upstairs in a tearing rage.

The furniture of Eliza's room has been increased by a big wardrobe and a sumptuous dressing-table. She comes in and switches on the electric light. She goes to the wardrobe; opens it; and pulls out a walking dress, a hat, and a pair of shoes, which she throws on the bed. She takes off her evening dress and shoes; then takes a padded hanger from the wardrobe; adjusts it carefully in the evening dress; and hangs it in the wardrobe, which she shuts with a slam. She puts on her walking shoes, her walking dress, and hat. She takes her wrist watch from the dressing table and fastens it on. She pulls on her gloves; takes her vanity bag; and looks into it to see that her purse is there before hanging it on her wrist. She makes for the door. Every movement expresses her furious resolution.

She takes a last look at herself in the glass.

She suddenly puts out her tongue at herself; then leaves the room, switching off the electric light at the door.

Meanwhile, in the street outside, Freddy Eynsford Hill, lovelorn, is gazing up at the second floor, in which one of the windows is still lighted.

The light goes out.

FREDDY. Goodnight, darling, darling, darling.

Eliza comes out, giving the door a considerable bang behind her.

LIZA. Whatever are you doing here?

FREDDY. Nothing. I spend most of my nights here. It's the only place where I'm happy. Don't laugh at me, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Don't you call me Miss Doolittle, do you hear? Liza's good enough for me. (*She breaks down and grabs him by the shoulders*). Freddy: you don't think I'm a heartless guttersnipe, do you?

FREDDY. Oh no, no, darling: how can you imagine such a thing? You are the loveliest, dearest —

He loses all self-control and smothers her with kisses. She, hungry for comfort, responds. They stand there in one another's arms.

An elderly police constable arrives.

CONSTABLE (*scandalized*). Now then! Now then!! Now then!!!
They release one another hastily.

FREDDY. Sorry, constable. We've only just become engaged.
They run away.

The constable shakes his head, reflecting on his own courtship and on the vanity of human hopes. He moves off in the opposite direction with slow professional steps.

The flight of the lovers takes them to Cavendish Square. There they halt to consider their next move.

LIZA (*out of breath*). He didnt half give me a fright, that copper. But you answered him proper.

FREDDY. I hope I havent taken you out of your way. Where were you going?

LIZA. To the river.

FREDDY. What for?

LIZA. To make a hole in it.

FREDDY (*horrified*). Eliza, darling. What do you mean? What's the matter?

LIZA. Never mind. It doesn't matter now. There's nobody in the world now but you and me, is there?

FREDDY. Not a soul.

They indulge in another embrace, and are again surprised by a much younger constable.

SECOND CONSTABLE. Now then, you two! What's this? Where do you think you are? Move along here, double quick.

FREDDY. As you say, sir, double quick.

They run away again, and are in Hanover Square before they stop for another conference.

FREDDY. I had no idea the police were so devilishly prudish.

LIZA. It's their business to hunt girls off the streets.

FREDDY. We must go somewhere. We cant wander about the streets all night.

LIZA. Cant we? I think it'd be lovely to wander about for ever.

FREDDY. Oh, darling.

They embrace again, oblivious of the arrival of a crawling taxi. It stops.

TAXIMAN. Can I drive you and the lady anywhere, sir?

They start asunder.

LIZA. Oh, Freddy, a taxi. The very thing.

FREDDY. But damn it, Ive no money.

LIZA. I have plenty. The Colonel thinks you should never go out without ten pounds in your pocket. Listen. We'll drive about all-night, and in the morning I'll call on old Mrs Higgins and ask her what I ought to do. I'll tell you all about it in the cab. And the police wont touch us there.

FREDDY. Righto! Ripping (*To the Taximan*) Wimbledon Common. (*They drive off*).

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the fourth act of the comedy paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

finery – нарядный туалет

pallor – бледность

fan – веер

brooding – печально размышляющая

a smoking jacket – домашний жакет, часто из шелка

wearily – утомленно

similarly attired – одетый так же

to hesitate – колебаться, медлить

row – (зд.) протестовать

to chuck – бросать, швырять

over the bannisters – через перила

to yawn – зевать

air – мелодия

slippers – домашние тапочки

darkly – мрачно

to resume – возобновлять

contents – содержимое

circulars – (зд.) рекламы, проспекты, рассылаемые по домам

coroneted billet-doux – любовное письмо с гербом (т.е. от титулованной особы)

money-lender – ростовщик

down-at-heel – стоптанные

crew – (зд.) толпа, сборище

tomfoolery – глупости, бессмыслица

to unlace – расшнуровывать

of their own accord – сами собой

stretching himself – потягиваясь

too much of a good thing – перебор, слишком много всего

did the trick – (сленг) справилась с задачей

and something to spare – (зд.) и даже более того

fervently – горячо, пылко

to flinch – вздрагивать, передергиваться

stonily – как каменное изваяние, неподвижно

putting the job through – выполнение задачи

to tell on smb. – сказываться на ком-либо

deadly sick of it – смертельно устал от этого, это безумно надоело
 to back – поспорить на деньги, поставить на...
 to chuck up – забросить
 a bore – скука, занудство
 Oh come! – Бросьте! (увещающее восклицание)
 like anything – (*разг.*) очень сильно
 to win hands down – победить с легкостью
 hanging about – слоняясь
 to gorge – объедаться, наслаждаться (едой)
 No more artificial duchesses. – Хватит фальшивых (искусственно созданных) герцогинь.
 simple purgatory – просто чистилище
 broken in – укрощенный, приведенный к дисциплине
 routine – порядок вещей, обычные обязанности
 to dip into – погружаться
 style comes by nature – хороший стиль приходит естественно
 superlatively – превосходно, в высшей степени
 to drive smb. mad – сводить кого-л. с ума
 it's over and done with – с этим покончено
 to dread – бояться
 murderous – убийственный
 to turn in – (*разг.*) идти спать
 over his shoulder – через плечо
 indifferent – безразличный
 on the point of screaming – готова заорать
 holds on hard to the arm – крепко вцепляется в подлокотники
 to give way – сдаться, уступить (сильной эмоции)
 flings herself furiously – в ярости бросается
 raging – в неистовстве
 in despairing wrath – в гневе от отчаяния
 hurling them at him – запуская ими в него
 astounded – пораженный
 insect – насекомое
 to smash – разбивать (всмятку или вдребезги)
 to crisp – хрустеть
 frantically – неистово
 creature – существо
 suffocated – приглушенный, удушаемый
 fury – ярость
 darts her nails at his face – впивается ногтями в его лицо
 wrist – запястье
 Claws in, you cat. – Убрать когти, кошка.
 crushed – подавленная

thundering – меча громы и молнии
with bitter submission – с горькой покорностью
uneasy – в замешательстве, смущенный
treatment – обращение
I presume – я полагаю
recollecting her manners – вспоминая о манерах
to pat – трепать, похлопывать
to writhe – корчиться, извиваться
irritation – раздражение
purely – чисто
sleep it off – выпись и все пройдет
to have a little cry – поплакать немного
impatiently – в нетерпении
pulling herself together – беря себя в руки
desperation – отчаяние
to be fit – (зд.) годиться
enlightened – поняв, в чем дело
condescending – снисходя
to settle oneself – устроиться, обосноваться
to munch – жевать (громко)
confirmed old bachelors – безнадёжные старые холостяки
the marrying sort – те, которые женятся
poor devils – бедолаги
you're not bad-looking – у вас недурная наружность
as ugly as the very devil – страшна как сам дьявол
people in the marrying line = the marrying sort
cheap – (зд.) плохой, ничего не стоящий
with the hire of the jewelry – вместе со взятыми напрокат

драгоценностями

to stir – шевелиться

The look is quite lost on him. – Он не обращает внимания на этот взгляд.

afterthought – запоздалая мысль

to occur – приходить в голову

who would do very well – который бы очень подошел

above that – выше этого

slinging – швыряя

the core of the apple – огрызок от яблока

tosh – (сленг) глупости

to drag – (зд.) вовлекать

cant – (зд.) притворные слова, пустой треп

to set up – устроить, оплатить

togs – (сленг) одежды, наряды

will make a big hole in two hundred pounds – потребует большой части от двухсот фунтов

the millenium – (зд.) “золотой век”

to clear off – (сленг) убираться, отправляться

the very climax of unreason – самая кульминация отсутствия здравого смысла

Is that the way you feel towards us? – И такие чувства вы по отношению к нам испытываете?

to steal – красть

deeply wounded – глубоко задетый

want of feeling – дефицит чувства, неумение почувствовать

in my station – в моей ситуации

in extreme dudgeon – крайне оскорбленный

nagging him – изводя его

to provoke a further supply – чтобы спровоцировать дальнейшие (эмоции)

to run the risk – рисковать

of their being missing – (зд.) чтобы они пропали

to hand over – передавать

I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. – Я бы запихнул их в вашу неблагодарную глотку.

perfunctorily – небрежно

protruding ends – высовывающиеся концы

threateningly – угрожающе

to crouch – присесть, сжаться

infamous – порочный, злой, отвратительный

thrilling – (зд.) возбужденная

I've got a little of my own back. – Я хоть слегка расквиталась (отомстила).

to cause – заставлять

to lose one's temper – выйти из себя

pertly – нахально, дерзко

formally – официальным тоном

to lavish – щедро изливать

treasure – сокровище

regard – уважение

intimacy – близость, доверительные отношения

with impressive decorum – с производящей впечатление чинностью

to spoil – портить

to slam – хлопать (дверью)

savagely – (зд.) яростно

in a tearing rage – раздираемая яростью

sumptuous dressing table – роскошный туалетный столик

a padded hanger – плечики, снабженные чем-то вроде приделанных к концам подушечек, для того, чтобы тонкая одежда не рвалась и не образовывала выступов

adjusts it carefully – вставляет их (плечики) тщательно

to fasten on – застегивать

vanity bag – аналог современной косметички с ручками

purse – кошелек

puts out her tongue at herself – сама себе показывает язык

lovelorn – страдающий от несчастной любви

bang – громкий звук

to break down – терять самообладание

to grab – хватать

to smother – душить

hungry for comfort – изголодавшаяся по утешению

to respond – отвечать, поддаваться

in one another's arms – в объятиях друг друга

elderly – пожилой

scandalized – возмущенный

Now then! – (зд.) восклицание, выражающее осуждение

to release – высвобождать

to reflect on – размышлять о

courtship – ухаживание

vanity – тщетность

flight – побег

Cavendish Square – площадь к северо-востоку от Гайд-Парка

to halt – останавливаться

He didn't half give me a fright. – (разг.) Он ничуть меня не испугал.

cooper (сленг) = policeman

To make a hole in it – т.е. утопиться

to indulge – (зд.) позволять себе, погружаться

embrace – объятия

double quick – и побыстрее

Hanover Square – площадь поблизости от Пикадилли

prudish – высоконравственный

to wander – скитаться

to crawl – медленно двигаться, ползти

to start asunder – вздрагивать и отпускать друг друга

The very thing – то, что надо

to call on – заглянуть с визитом

Righto! (сленг) = Right!

ripping – (эмоц.) потрясающе

Wimbledon Common – открытая местность на юго-восточной окраине Лондона

2. Complete the sentences by choosing one of the given variants.

1. Higgins and Pickering are happy
 - A) and congratulate Eliza on her success.
 - B) because now they can get rid of Eliza.
 - C) but totally neglect Eliza.
 - D) because they have won a lot of money.
2. Eliza is unhappy
 - A) and shows her temper to Professor Higgins.
 - B) because she loves Freddy, but is not sure about his feelings.
 - C) but thinks it wise to keep her unhappiness under control and go on as usual.
 - D) because she would like to be a real Princess, not an artificial one.

3. Give explanation to grammar forms of the verbs in the following sentences.

- 1) I shant be going out again.

- 2) Mrs Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about...

- 3) It's been a long day.

- 4) But youve won your bet Higgins.

- 5) I knew she'd be all right.

- 6) If I hadnt backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago.

- 7) It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

- 8) You wouldnt care if I was dead.

- 9) I didnt think it made any difference now.

- 10) I presume you dont pretend that I have treated you badly.

- 11) This has been coming on you for some days.

12) Nobody's hurting you.

13) I shouldn't bother about it if I were you.

14) I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away.

15) Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower shop of your own.

16) ... she won't be told by me.

17) The furniture of Eliza's room has been increased by a big wardrobe...

18) Where were you going?

4. In the following phrases comment on meanings of modal verbs.

1) Can Mrs Pearce go to bed?

2) You might marry, you know.

3) He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

4) I want to know what I may take away with me.

5. Divide the following sentences into two groups (1) with Participles I and (2) with Gerunds. Find Russian equivalents for the following phrases.

1) She ... sits down on the bench, brooding and silent.

2) He stops unlacing...

3) I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing.

4) The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour...

- 5) I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself...
-
- 6) Theres always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.
-
- 7) ... and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.
-
- 8) Finally, she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.
-
- 9) LIZA (snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him...)
-
- 10) Why have you begun going on like this?
-
- 11) Dont you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it.
-
- 12) HIGGINS (dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him Sir).
-
- 13) I dont want to be accused of stealing.
-
- 14) I dont want to run the risk of their being missing.
-
- 15) ... and damn my own folly in having lavished my hard-earned knowledge ... on a heartless guttersnipe.
-

6. Find out which model underlies the words “smoking-jacket” and “dressing-table”. Give examples of the words with the same model.

7. Find in the text (author’s remarks) all adverbs and write them down. Translate them into Russian.

8. Find in the text and write down all synonyms of the word “to throw”. Comment on their meanings.

9. Using the dictionary find all the meanings of the words “vanity” and “vain”. Give examples using these words. Find Russian equivalents for the following:

- 1) All is vanity (откуда эта фраза?)

- 2) “Vanity Fair” (как переводилось заглавие романа Теккерея на русский язык?)

- 3) vanity-case

- 4) in vain did she try...

- 5) all his efforts were in vain

- 6) my vain friend is beautifying herself

- 7) his vain hopes

- 8) vain as a peacock

10. Find in the dictionary the meaning of the phrase «(enough) and (something) to spare!» and write it down. Give examples using this phrase.

11. Describe the Elisa's room and her behaviour when she left the Higgins's house. What can you say about her character?

LESSON 5

YPOK 5

ACT V

Mrs Higgins's drawing room. She is at her writing-table as before. The parlormaid comes in.

THE PARLORMAID (*at the door*). Mr Henry, maam, is downstairs with Colonel Pickering.

MRS HIGGINS. Well, show them up.

THE PARLORMAID. Theyre using the telephone, maam. Telephoning to the police, I think.

MRS HIGGINS. What!

THE PARLORMAID (*coming further in and lowering her voice*). Mr Henry is in a state, maam. I thought I'd better tell you.

MRS HIGGINS. If you had told me that Mr Henry was not in a state it would have been more surprising. Tell them to come up when they've finished with the police. I suppose he's lost something.

THE PARLORMAID. Yes, maam (*going*).

MRS HIGGINS. Go upstairs and tell Miss Doolittle that Mr Henry and the Colonel are here. Ask her not to come down til I send for her.

THE PARLORMAID. Yes, maam.

Higgins bursts in. He is, as the parlormaid has said, in a state.

HIGGINS. Look here, mother: heres a confounded thing!

MRS HIGGINS. Yes, dear. Good morning. (*He checks his impatience and kisses her, whilst the parlormaid goes out*). What is it?

HIGGINS. Eliza's bolted.

MRS HIGGINS (*calmly continuing her writing*). You must have frightened her.

HIGGINS. Frightened her! nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that; and instead of going to bed she changed

her clothes and went right off: her bed wasn't slept in. She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it. What am I to do?

MRS HIGGINS. Do without, I'm afraid, Henry. The girl has a perfect right to leave if she chooses.

HIGGINS (*wandering distractedly across the room*). But I cant find anything. I dont know what appointments Ive got. I'm — (*Pickering comes in. Mrs Higgins puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table*).

PICKERING (*shaking hands*). Good morning, Mrs Higgins. Has Henry told you? (*He sits down on the ottoman*).

HIGGINS. What does that ass of an inspector say? Have you offered a reward?

MRS HIGGINS (*rising in indignant amazement*). You dont mean to say you have set the police after Eliza.

HIGGINS. Of course. What are the police for? What else could we do? (*He sits in the Elizabethan chair*).

PICKERING. The inspector made a lot of difficulties. I really think he suspected us of some improper purpose.

MRS HIGGINS. Well, of course he did. What right have you to go to the police and give the girl's name as if she were a thief, or a lost umbrella, or something? Really! (*She sits down again, deeply vexed*).

HIGGINS. But we want to find her.

PICKERING. We cant let her go like this, you know, Mrs Higgins. What were we to do?

MRS HIGGINS. You have no more sense, either of you, than two children. Why —

The parlormaid comes in and breaks off the conversation.

THE PARLORMAID. Mr Henry: a gentleman wants to see you very particular. He's been sent on from Wimpole Street.

HIGGINS. Oh, bother! I cant see anyone now. Who is it?

THE PARLORMAID. A Mr Doolittle, sir.

PICKERING Doolittle! Do you mean the dustman?

THE PARLORMAID. Dustman! Oh no, sir: a gentleman.

HIGGINS (*springing up excitedly*). By George, Pick, it's some relative of hers that she's gone to. Somebody we know nothing about. (*To the parlormaid*). Send him up, quick.

THE PARLORMAID. Yes, sir. (*She goes*)

HIGGINS (*eagerly, going to his mother*). Genteel relatives! now we shall hear something. (*He sits down in the Chippendale chair*).

MRS HIGGINS. Do you know any of her people?

PICKERING. Only her father: the fellow we told you about.

THE PARLORMAID (*announcing*). Mr Doolittle. (*She withdraws*).

Doolittle enters. He is resplendently dressed as for a fashionable wedding, and might, in fact, be the bridegroom. A flower in his buttonhole, a dazzling silk hat, and patent leather shoes complete the effect. He is too concerned with the business he has come on to notice Mrs Higgins. He walks straight to Higgins, and accosts him with vehement reproach.

DOOLITTLE (*indicating his own person*). See here! Do you see this? You done this.

HIGGINS. Done what, man?

DOOLITTLE. This, I tell you. Look at it. Look at this hat. Look at this coat.

PICKERING. Has Eliza been buying your clothes?

DOOLITTLE. Eliza! not she. Why should she buy me clothes?

MRS HIGGINS. Good morning, Mr Doolittle. Wont you sit down?

DOOLITTLE (*taken aback as he becomes conscious that he has forgotten his hostess*). Asking your pardon, maam (*He approaches her and shakes her proffered hand*). Thank you. (*He sits down on the ottoman, on Pickering's right*). I am that full of what has happened to me that I cant think of anything else.

HIGGINS. What the dickens has happened to you?

DOOLITTLE. I shouldnt mind if it had only happened to me: anything might happen to anybody and nobody to blame but Providence, as you might say. But this is something that you done to me: yes, you, you Enry lggins.

HIGGINS. Have you found Eliza?

DOOLITTLE. Have you lost her?

HIGGINS. Yes.

DOOLITTLE. You have all the luck, you have. I aint found her, but she'll find me quick enough now after what you done to me.

MRS HIGGINS. But what has my son done to you, Mr Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Done to me! Ruined me. Destroyed my happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle class morality.

HIGGINS (*rising intolerantly and standing over Doolittle*). Youre raving. Youre drunk. Youre mad. I gave you five pounds. After that I had two conversations with you, at half-a-crown an hour. Ive never seen you since.

DOOLITTLE. Oh! Drunk am I? Mad am I? Tell me this. Did you or did you not write a letter to an old blighter in America that was giving five millions to found Moral Reform Societies all over the world, and that wanted you to invent a universal language for him?

HIGGINS. What! Ezra D. Wannafeller! He's dead. (*He sits down again carelessly*).

DOOLITTLE. Yes: he's dead; and I'm done for. Now did you or did you not write a letter to him to say that the most original moralist at present in England, to the best of your knowledge, was Alfred Doolittle, a common dustman?

HIGGINS. Oh, after your first visit I remember making some silly joke of the kind.

DOOLITTLE. Ah! you may well call it a silly joke. It put the lid on me right enough. Just give him the chance he wanted to shew that Americans is not like us: that they recognize and respect merit in every class of life, however humble. Them words is in his blooming will, in which, Henry Higgins, thanks to your silly joking, he leaves me a share in his Pre-digested Cheese Trust worth three thousand a year on condition that I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League as often as they ask me up to six times a year.

HIGGINS. The devil he does! Whew! (*Brightening suddenly*) What a lark!

PICKERING. A safe thing for you, Doolittle. They wont ask you twice.

DOOLITTLE. It aint the lecturing I mind I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair. It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched you, Enry Iggins. Now I am worrited; tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me for money. It's a fine thing for you, says my solicitor. Is it? says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says. When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could. Same with the doctors: used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out that I'm not a healthy man and can't live unless they looks after me twice a day. In the house I'm not let do a hand's turn for myself: somebody else must do it and touch me for it. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself: that's middle class morality. You talk of losing Eliza. Dont you be anxious: I bet she's on my doorstep by this: she that could support herself easy by selling flowers if I wasnt respectable. And the next one to touch me will be you, Enry Iggins. I'll have to learn to speak middle class language from you, instead of speaking proper English. Thats where you'll come in; and I daresay thats what you done it for.

MRS HIGGINS. But, my dear Mr Doolittle, you need not suffer all this if you are really in earnest. Nobody can force you to accept this bequest. You can repudiate it. Isnt that so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. I believe so.

DOOLITTLE. (*softening his manner in deference to her sex*). Thats the tragedy of it, maam. It's easy to say chuck it; but I havnt the nerve. Which of us has? We're all intimidated. Intimidated, maam: thats what we are. What is there for me if I chuck it but the work-house in my old age? I have to dye my hair already to keep my job as a dustman. If I was one of the deserving poor,

and had put by a bit, I could chuck it; but then why should I, acause the deserving poor might as well be millionaires for all the happiness they ever has. They dont know what happiness is. But I, as one of the undeserving poor, have nothing between me and the pauper's uniform but this here blasted three thousand a year that shoves me into the middle class. (*Excuse the expression, maam; you'd use it yourself if you had my provocation.*) Theyve got you every way you turn: it's a choice between the Skilly of the workhouse and the Char Bydis of the middle class: and I havnt the nerve for the workhouse. Intimidated: thats what I am. Broke. Bought up. Happier men than me will call for my dust, and touch me for their tip; and I'll look on helpless, and envy them. And thats what your son has brought me to. (*He is overcome by emotion.*)

MRS HIGGINS. Well, I'm very glad youre not going to do anything foolish, Mr. Doolittle. For this solves the problem of Eliza's future. You can provide for her now.

DOOLITTLE (*with melancholy resignation*). Yes, maam: I'm expected to provide for everyone now, out of three thousand a year.

HIGGINS (*jumping up*). Nonsense! he cant provide for her. He shant provide for her. She doesnt belong to him. I paid him five pounds for her. Doolittle: either youre an honest man or a rogue.

DOOLITTLE (*tolerantly*). A little of both, Henry, like the rest of us: a little of both.

HIGGINS. Well, you took that money for the girl; and you have no right to take her as well.

MRS HIGGINS. Henry: dont be absurd. If you want to know where Eliza is, she is upstairs.

HIGGINS (*amazed*). Upstairs!!! Then I shall jolly soon fetch her downstairs. (*He makes resolutely for the door.*)

MRS HIGGINS (*rising and following him*). Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

HIGGINS. I—

MRS HIGGINS. Sit down, dear; and listen to me.

HIGGINS. Oh, very well, very well, very well. (*He throws himself ungraciously on the ottoman, with his face towards the windows.*) But I think you might have told us this half an hour ago.

MRS HIGGINS. Eliza came to me this morning. She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

HIGGINS (*bounding up again*). What!

PICKERING (*rising also*). My dear Mrs Higgins, she's been telling you stories. We didnt treat her brutally. We hardly said a word to her; and we parted on particularly good terms. (*Turning on Higgins*) Higgins: did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS. Just the other way about. She threw my slippers in my face. She behaved in the most outrageous way. I never gave her the slightest

provocation. The slippers came bang into my face the moment I entered the room — before I had uttered a word. And used perfectly awful language.

PICKERING (*astonished*). But why? What did we do to her?

MRS HIGGINS. I think I know pretty well what you did. The girl is naturally rather affectionate, I think. Isn't she, Mr Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Very tender-hearted, ma'am. Takes after me.

MRS HIGGINS. Just so. She had become attached to you both. She worked very hard for you, Henry. I don't think you quite realize what anything in the nature of brain work means to a girl of her class. Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing. And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! I should have thrown the fireirons at you.

HIGGINS. We said nothing except that we were tired and wanted to go to bed. Did we, Pick?

PICKERING (*shrugging his shoulders*). That was all.

MRS HIGGINS (*ironically*). Quite sure?

PICKERING. Absolutely. Really, that was all.

MRS HIGGINS. You didn't thank her, or pet her, or admire her, or tell her how splendid she'd been.

HIGGINS (*impatiently*). But she knew all about that. We didn't make speeches to her, if that's what you mean.

PICKERING (*conscience stricken*). Perhaps we were a little inconsiderate. Is she very angry?

MRS HIGGINS (*returning to her place at the writing-table*). Well I'm afraid she won't go back to Wimpole Street, especially now that Mr Doolittle is able to keep up the position you have thrust on her; but she says she is quite willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let bygones be bygones.

HIGGINS (*furious*). Is she, by George? Ho!

MRS HIGGINS. If you promise to behave yourself, Henry, I'll ask her to come down. If not, go home: for you have taken up quite enough of my time.

HIGGINS. Oh, all right. Very well. Pick: you behave yourself. Let us put on our best Sunday manners for this creature that we picked out of the mud. (*He flings himself sulkily into the Elizabethan chair*).

DOOLITTLE (*remonstrating*). Now, now, Enry Iggins! Have some consideration for my feelings as a middle class man.

MRS HIGGINS. Remember your promise, Henry. (*She presses the bell-button on the writing-table*). Mr. Doolittle: will you be so good as to step out on the balcony for a moment. I don't want Eliza to have the shock of your news until she has made it up with these two gentlemen. Would you mind?

DOOLITTLE. As you wish, lady. Anything to help Henry to keep her off my hands. *(He disappears through the window).*

The parlormaid answers the bell. Pickering sits down in Doolittle's place.

MRS HIGGINS. Ask Miss Doolittle to come down, please.

THE PARLORMAID. Yes, maam. *(She goes out).*

MRS HIGGINS. Now, Henry: be good.

HIGGINS. I am behaving myself perfectly.

PICKERING. He is doing his best, Mrs. Higgins.

A pause. Higgins throws back his head; stretches out his legs; and begins to whistle.

MRS HIGGINS. Henry, dearest, you dont look at all nice in that attitude.

HIGGINS *(pulling himself together)*. I was not trying to look nice, mother.

MRS HIGGINS. It doesnt matter, dear. I only wanted to make you speak.

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS HIGGINS. Because you cant speak and whistle at the same time.

Higgins groans. Another very trying pause.

HIGGINS *(springing up, out of patience)*. Where the devil is that girl? Are we to wait here all day?

Eliza enters, sunny, self-possessed, and giving a staggeringly convincing exhibition of ease of manner. She carries a little workbasket, and is very much at home. Pickering is too much taken aback to rise.

LIZA. How do you do, Professor Higgins? Are you quite well?

HIGGINS *(choking)*. Am I — *(He can say no more)*.

LIZA. But of course you are: you are never ill. So glad to see you again, Colonel Pickering. *(He rises hastily; and they shake hands)*. Quite chilly this morning, isnt it? *(She sits down on his left. He sits beside her)*.

HIGGINS. Dont you dare try this game on me. I taught it to you; and it doesnt take me in. Get up and come home; and don't be a fool.

Eliza takes a piece of needle work from her basket, and begins to stitch at it, without taking the least notice of this outburst.

MRS HIGGINS. Very nicely put, indeed, Henry. No woman could resist such an invitation.

HIGGINS. You let her alone, mother. Let her speak for herself. You will jolly soon see whether she has an idea that I havnt put into her head or a word that I havnt put into her mouth. I tell you I have created this thing out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden; and now she pretends to play the fine lady with me.

MRS HIGGINS *(placidly)*. Yes, dear; but youll sit down, wont you?

Higgins sits down again, savagely.

LIZA (*to Pickering, taking no apparent notice of Higgins, and working away deftly*). Will you drop me altogether now that the experiment is over, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Oh dont. You musnt think of it as an experiment. It shocks me, somehow.

LIZA. Oh, I'm only a squashed cabbage leaf—

PICKERING (*impulsively*). No.

LIZA (*continuing quietly*)—but I owe so much to you that I should be very unhappy if you forgot me.

PICKERING. It's very kind of you to say so, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. It's not because you paid for my dresses. I know you are generous to everybody with money. But it was from you that I learnt really nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isnt it? You see it was so very difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language on the slightest provocation. And I should never have known that ladies and gentlemen didn't behave like that if you hadn't been there.

HIGGINS. Well!!

PICKERING. Oh, thats only his way, you know. He doesnt mean it.

LIZA. Oh, I didnt mean it either, when I was a flower girl. It was only my way. But you see I did it; and thats what makes the difference after all.

PICKERING. No doubt. Still, he taught you to speak; and I couldnt have done that, you know.

LIZA (*trivially*). Of course: that is his profession.

HIGGINS. Damnation.

LIZA (*continuing*). It was just like learning to dance in the fashionable way: there was nothing more than that in it. But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING. What?

LIZA (*stopping her work for a moment*). Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. (*She resumes her stitching*). And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you. Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors—

PICKERING. Oh, that was nothing.

LIZA. Yes: things that shewed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullery-maid; though of course I know you would have been just the same to a scullery-maid if she had been let into the drawing room. You never took off your boots in the dining room when I was there.

PICKERING. You musnt mind that. Higgins takes off his boots all over the place.

LIZA. I know. I am not blaming him. It is his way, isn't it? But it made such a difference to me that you didn't do it. You see, really and truly, apart from the things anyone can pick up (the dressing and the proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

MRS HIGGINS. Please don't grind your teeth, Henry.

PICKERING. Well, this is really very nice of you, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. I should like you to call me Eliza, now, if you would.

PICKERING. Thank you. Eliza, of course.

LIZA. And I should like Professor Higgins to call me Miss Doolittle.

HIGGINS. I'll see you damned first.

MRS HIGGINS. Henry! Henry!

PICKERING (*laughing*). Why don't you slang back at him? Don't stand it. It would do him a lot of good.

LIZA. I can't. I could have done it once; but now I can't go back to it. You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own. Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and can speak nothing but yours. That's the real break-off with the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Leaving Wimpole Street finishes it.

PICKERING (*much alarmed*). Oh! but you're coming back to Wimpole Street, aren't you? You'll forgive Higgins?

HIGGINS (*rising*). Forgive! Will she, by George! Let her go. Let her find out how she can get on without us. She will relapse into the gutter in three weeks without me at her elbow.

Doolittle appears at the centre window. With a look of dignified reproach at Higgins, he comes slowly and silently to his daughter, who, with her back to the window, is unconscious of his approach.

PICKERING. He's incorrigible, Eliza. You won't relapse, will you?

LIZA. No: not now. Never again. I have learnt my lesson. I don't believe I could utter one of the old sounds if I tried. (*Doolittle touches her on her left shoulder. She droops her work, losing her self-possession utterly at the spectacle of her father's splendor*). A-a-a-a-a-ah-ow-ooh!

HIGGINS (*with a crow of triumph*). Aha! Just so A-a-a-a-ahowoo! A-a-a-a-ahowoo! A-a-a-a-ahowoo! Victory! Victory! (*He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly*).

DOOLITTLE. Can you blame the girl? Don't look at me like that, Eliza. It ain't my fault, I've come into some money.

LIZA. You must have touched a millionaire this time, dad.

DOOLITTLE. I have. But I'm dressed something special today. I'm going to St George's, Hanover Square. Your stepmother is going to marry me.

LIZA (*angrily*). You're going to let yourself down to marry that low common woman!

PICKERING (*quietly*). He ought to, Eliza. (*To Doolittle*) Why has she changed her mind?

DOOLITTLE (*sadly*). Intimidated, Governor. Intimidated. Middle class morality claims its victim. Wont you put on your hat, Liza, and come and see me turned off?

LIZA. If the Colonel says I must, I — I'll (*almost sobbing*) I'll demean myself. And get insulted for my pains, like enough.

DOOLITTLE. Dont be afraid: she never comes to words with anyone now, poor woman! respectability has broke all the spirit out of her.

PICKERING (*squeezing Eliza's elbow gently*). Be kind to them, Eliza. Make the best of it.

LIZA (*forcing a little smile for him through her vexation*). Oh well, just to shew theres no ill feeling. I'll be back in a moment. (*She goes out*).

DOOLITTLE (*sitting down beside Pickering*). I feel uncommon nervous about the ceremony, Colonel. I wish you'd come and see me through it.

PICKERING. But youve been through it before, man. You were married to Eliza's mother.

DOOLITTLE. Who told you that, Colonel?

PICKERING. Well, nobody told me. But I concluded— naturally—

DOOLITTLE. No: that aint the natural way, Colonel: it's only the middle class way. My way was always the undeserving way. But dont say nothing to Eliza. She dont know: I always had a delicacy about telling her.

PICKERING. Quite right. We'll leave it so, if you dont mind.

DOOLITTLE. And youll come to the church. Colonel, and put me through straight?

PICKERING. With pleasure. As far as a bachelor can.

MRS HIGGINS. May I come, Mr Doolittle? I should be very sorry to miss your wedding.

DOOLITTLE. I should indeed be honored by your condescension, maam; and my poor old woman would take it as a tremenjous compliment. She's been very low, thinking of the happy days that are no more.

MRS HIGGINS (*rising*). I'll order the carriage and get ready. (*The men rise, except Higgins*). I shant be more than fifteen minutes. (*As she goes to the door Eliza comes in, hatted and buttoning her gloves*). I'm going to the church to see your father married, Eliza. You had better come in the brougham with me. Colonel Pickering can go on with the bridegroom.

Mrs Higgins goes out. Eliza comes to the middle of the room between the centre window and the ottoman. Pickering joins her.

DOOLITTLE. Bridegroom! What a word! It makes a man realize his position, somehow. (*He takes up his hat and goes towards the door*).

PICKERING. Before I go, Eliza, do forgive Higgins and come back to us.

LIZA. I dont think dad would allow me. Would you, dad?

DOOLITTLE (*sad but magnanimous*). They played you off very cunning, Eliza, them two sportsmen. If it had been only one of them, you could have nailed him. But you see. there was two: and one of them chaperoned the other, as you might say. (*To Pickering*) It was artful of you, Colonel; but I bear no malice: I should have done the same myself. I been the victim of one woman after another all my life, and I dont grudge you two getting the better of Liza. I shant interfere. Its time for us to go, Colonel. So long, Henry. See you in St George's, Eliza. (*He goes out*).

PICKERING (*coaxing*). Do stay with us, Eliza. (*He follows Doolittle*).

Eliza goes out on the balcony to avoid being alone with Higgins. He rises and joins her there. She immediately comes back into the room and makes for the door: but he goes along the balcony quickly and gets his back to the door before she reaches it.

HIGGINS. Well, Eliza, youve had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? and are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

LIZA. You want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your tempers and fetch and carry for you.

HIGGINS. I havnt said I wanted you back at all.

LIZA. Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS. About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I cant change my nature; and I dont intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA. Thats not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

HIGGINS. And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

LIZA. I see. (*She turns away composedly, and sits on the ottoman, facing the window*). The same to everybody.

HIGGINS. Just so.

LIZA. Like father.

HIGGINS (*grinning, a little taken down*). Without accepting the comparison at all points, Eliza, it's quite true that your father is not a snob, and that he will be quite at home in any station of life to which his eccentric destiny may call him. (*Seriously*) The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA. Amen. You are a born preacher.

HIGGINS. (*irritated*). The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

LIZA (*with sudden sincerity*). I dont care how you treat me. I dont mind your swearing at me. I shouldnt mind a black eye: Ive had one before this. But (*standing up and facing him*) I wont be passed over.

HIGGINS. Then get out of my way: for I wont stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor bus.

LIZA. So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no consideration for anyone. But I can do without you: dont think I cant.

HIGGINS. I know you can. I told you you could.

LIZA (*wounded, getting away from him to the other side of the ottoman with her face to the hearth*). I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS. Liar.

LIZA. Thank you. (*She sits down with dignity*).

HIGGINS. You never asked yourself, I suppose, whether I could do without you.

LIZA (*earnestly*). Dont you try to get round me. You'll have to do without me.

HIGGINS (*arrogant*). I can do without anybody. I have my own soul: my own spark of divine fire. But (*with sudden humility*) I shall miss you, Eliza. (*He sits down near her on the ottoman*). I have learnt something from your idiotic notions: I confess that humbly and gratefully. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I like them, rather.

LIZA. Well, you have both of them on your gramophone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn the machine on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS. I cant turn your soul on. Leave me those feelings; and you can take away the voice and the face. They are not you.

LIZA. Oh, you are a devil. You can twist the heart in a girl as easy as some could twist her arms to hurt her. Mrs Pearce warned me. Time and again she has wanted to leave you; but you always got round her at the last minute. And you dont care a bit for her. And you dont care a bit for me.

HIGGINS. I care for life, for humanity; and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house. What more can you or anyone ask?

LIZA. I wont care for anybody that doesnt care for me.

HIGGINS. Commercial principles, Eliza. Like (*reproducing her Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness*) s'yollin voylets (selling violets), isnt it?

LIZA. Dont sneer at me. It's mean to sneer at me.

HIGGINS. I have never sneered in my life. Sneering doesnt become either the human face or the human soul. I am expressing my righteous

contempt for Commercialism. I dont and wont trade in affection. You call me a brute because you couldnt buy a claim on me by fetching my slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight: did I ever fetch your slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? If you come back, come back for the sake of good fellowship; for youll get nothing else. Youve had a thousand times as much out of me as I have out of you; and if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

LIZA. What did you do it for if you didnt care for me?

HIGGINS (*heartily*). Why, because it was my job.

LIZA. You never thought of the trouble it would make for me.

HIGGINS. Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. Theres only one way of escaping trouble; and thats killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

LIZA. I'm no preacher: I dont notice things like that. I notice that you dont notice me.

HIGGINS (*jumping up and walking about intolerantly*). Eliza: youre an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Miltonic mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring twopence what happens to either of us. I am not intimidated, like your father and your stepmother. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS (*bouncing up on his knees on the ottoman and leaning over it to her*). For the fun of it. Thats why I took you on.

LIZA (*with averted face*). And you may throw me out tomorrow if I dont do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS. Yes; and you may walk out tomorrow if I dont do everything you want me to.

LIZA. And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS. Yes, or sell flowers.

LIZA. Oh! if I only could go back to my flower basket! I should be independent of both you and father and all the world! Why did you take my independence from me? Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS. Not a bit. I'll adopt you as my daughter and settle money on you if you like. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

LIZA (*looking fiercely round at him*). I wouldnt marry you if you asked me; and youre nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS (*gently*). Than he is: not "than what he is."

LIZA (*losing her temper and rising*). I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now.

HIGGINS (*reflectively*). I don't suppose Pickering would, though. He's as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

LIZA. That's not what I want; and don't you think it. I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS (*disagreeably surprised*). Damn his impudence! (*He recoils and finds himself sitting on his heels*).

LIZA. He has a right to if he likes, poor lad. And he does love me.

HIGGINS (*getting off the ottoman*). You have no right to encourage him.

LIZA. Every girl has a right to be loved.

HIGGINS. What! By fools like that?

LIZA. Freddy's not a fool. And if he's weak and poor and wants me, may be he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and don't want me.

HIGGINS. Can he make anything of you? That's the point.

LIZA. Perhaps I could make something of him. But I never thought of us making anything of one another; and you never think of anything else. I only want to be natural.

HIGGINS. In short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as Freddy? Is that it?

LIZA. No I don't. That's not the sort of feeling I want from you. And don't you be too sure of yourself or of me. I could have been a bad girl if I'd liked. I've seen more of some things than you, for all your learning. Girls like me can drag gentlemen down to make love to them easy enough. And they wish each other dead the next minute.

HIGGINS. Of course they do. Then what in thunder are we quarreling about?

LIZA (*much troubled*). I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common ignorant girl, and you a book-learned gentleman, but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done (*correcting herself*) what I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come—came—to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS. Well, of course. That's just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you're a fool.

LIZA. That's not a proper answer to give me (*she sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears*).

HIGGINS. It's all you'll get until you stop being a common idiot. If you're going to be a lady, you'll have to give up feeling neglected if the men you know don't spend half their time snivelling over you and the other half giving

you black eyes. If you cant stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of it, go back to the gutter. Work til youre more a brute than a human being; and then cuddle and squabble and drink til you fall asleep. Oh, it's a fine life, the life of the gutter. It's real: it's warm: it's violent: you can feel it through the thickest skin: you can taste it and smell it without any training or any work. Not like Science and Literature and Classical Music and Philosophy and Art. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, dont you? Very well: be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental hog or other with lots of money, and a thick pair of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with. If you cant appreciate what youve got, youd better get what you can appreciate.

LIZA (*desperate*). Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I cant talk to you: you turn everything against me: I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that youre nothing but a bully. You know I cant go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldnt bear to live with a low common man after you two; and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But dont you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS (*thunderstruck*). Freddy!!! that young fool! That poor devil who couldnt get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand that I have made you a consort for a king?

LIZA. Freddy loves me: that makes him king enough for me. I dont want him to work: he wasnt brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. Whatll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS. Ha! ha! ha!

LIZA. I'll offer myself as an assistant to that hairy-faced Hungarian.

HIGGINS (*rising in fury*). What! That impostor! that humbug! that toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. (*He lays hands on her*) Do you hear?

LIZA (*defiantly non-resistant*). Wring away. What do I care? I knew you'd strike me some day. (*He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman*) Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You cant take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! (*Purposely dropping her aitches to annoy him*). That done you, Enry Iggins, it az. Now I dont care that (*snapping her fingers*) for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is

only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS (*wondering at her*). You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? (*Rising*) By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors instead of only two men and a silly girl.

Mrs Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.

MRS HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting. Eliza, Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS HIGGINS. Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Goodbye. (*She goes to the door*).

MRS HIGGINS (*coming to Higgins*). Goodbye, dear.

HIGGINS. Goodbye, mother. (*He is about to kiss her, when he recollects something*) Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine. You can choose the color. (*His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shews that he is incorrigible*).

LIZA (*disdainfully*). Number eights are too small for you if you want them lined with lamb's wool. You have three new ties that you have forgotten in the drawer of your washstand. Colonel Pickering prefers double Gloucester to Stilton; and you don't notice the difference. I telephoned Mrs Pearce this morning not to forget the ham. What you are to do without me I cannot imagine. (*She sweeps out*).

MRS HIGGINS. I'm afraid you've spoilt that girl, Henry. I should be uneasy about you and her if she were less fond of Colonel Pickering.

HIGGINS. Pickering! Nonsense: she's going to marry Freddy. Ha, ha! Freddy! Freddy!! Ha ha ha ha ha! !!!! (*He roars with laughter as the play ends*).

THE END

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the fifth act of the comedy paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

maam = madam

lowering her voice – понижая (приглушая) голос

in a state – (*разг.*) очень взволнован

to burst in – взрываться

confounded – ужасный, проклятый

to check – сдерживать, останавливать

to bolt – сбегать

her bed wasnt slept in – ее постель не была разобрана

to do without – обойтись без (кого-либо)

distractedly – рассеянно

appointment – назначенная деловая встреча

reward – вознаграждение

indignant – возмущенный, негодующий

Of course! – (*зд.*) Конечно, да!

improper purpose – (*зд.*) непристойные цели

Really! – (*зд.*) восклицание, выражающее порицание

vexed – опечаленный

very particular (*просторечн.*) = very much

dustman – мусорщик

announcing – объявляя

resplendently – великолепно, блестяще

the bridegroom – жених (на свадьбе)

dazzling – ослепительный

patent leather – кожа высшего качества

complete the effect – делают эффект полным

concerned – поглощен

to accost – обращаться

vehement – бурный

reproach – упрек

taken aback – удивленный, смущенный

proffered – (*зд.*) протянутый

that full (*просторечн.*) = so full

Ruined me. – Погубил меня.

Tied me up. – Повязал меня.

to deliver – доставлять, передавать

to rave – бредить

blighter – (*сленг*) противный тип

to found – основывать

I'm done for. – (*разг.*) Я уничтожен.

to the best of your knowledge – насколько вам известно

put the lid on me – (*сленг*) прикончило меня

reckonize (*просторечн.*) = recognise

merit – достоинство

humble – низкий, униженный, бедный, скромный

Whew! – междометие, обычно шутливое

What a lark! – Как интересно!

blue in the face – (*зд.*) до потери сознания

and not turn a hair – (*зд.*) и не покажу ни одного признака волнения

pretty nigh = almost

solicitor – адвокат, ведущий дела (не в суде)

pram – детская коляска

to get smb off – отпустить без обвинения, не привлекать к ответственности

to get shut of – (*просторечн.*) избавляться (от)

to shove out of – (*разг.*) выбрасывать (из)

to do a hand's turn – пошевелить пальцем

to touch me for it – (*сленг*) взять у меня за это деньги

not a decent week's wages among the lot of them – ни одного приличного недельного заработка среди всей этой толпы

I bet she is on my doorstep by this. – Готов поспорить, что к этому времени она у меня на пороге.

respectable – (*зд.*) респектабельный

that's where you come in – и вот где заключается ваш интерес

in earnest – серьезно (это говорите)

bequest – завещанные деньги, дар

to repudiate – отвергать, не принимать

I havnt the nerve – мне не хватает смелости

intimidated – запуганы, подвержены шантажу

workhouse – рабочий дом

to dye – красить волосы

the deserving poor – “достойные бедные”, “добродетельные бедные” (викторианская концепция, противопоставляющая бедных тружеников, т.е. “достойных”, нищим, бродягам, пьяницам и т.п. – т.е. “недостойным бедным”, чье место в рабочем доме)

to put by a bit – немного накопить

acause (*просторечн.*) = because

pauper's uniform – одежда, выдаваемая в рабочем доме

this here – (*просторечн.*) эти самые

if you had my provocation – если бы у вас был тот же повод, что у меня

Skillly – (*искаженное*) Сцилла

Char Bydis – (искаженное) Харибда

broke (зд. просторечн.) = broken

tip – чаевые

overcome by emotion – во власти эмоций

resignation – покорность, смирение

rogue – мошенник

ungraciously – невежливо, нелюбезно

bounding up – подпрыгнув

to tell stories – рассказывать небылицы

to bully – грубо обращаться; задирать

outrageous – возмутительный

to utter a word – произнести слово

affectionate – любящий, нежный, привязчивый

Takes after me. – Вся в меня.

In the nature of brain work – типа умственной работы

trial – испытание

to pet her – приласкать ее

conscience stricken – пораженный угрызениями совести

inconsiderate – невнимательный, нечуткий

to let bygones be bygones – забыть прошлые неприятности

to behave yourself – вести себя прилично

put on our best Sunday manners – будем вести себя наилучшим

образом

remonstrating – протестуя

to make it up – примириться

to groan – стонать

sunny – сияющий

self-possessed – полный самообладания

staggeringly – ошеломляюще

exhibition of ease of manner – демонстрация свободы в манерах

to be very much at home – чувствовать себя как дома

taken aback – удивлен

choking – задыхаясь

chilly – холодно

Dont you dare try this game on me. – Не смейте испытывать эту игру

на мне.

to take smb. in – обманывать, вводить в заблуждение

to stitch – шить, делать стежки

outburst – взрыв

Very nicely put, indeed. – Очень мило сказано, ничего не скажешь.

to resist – устоять против

let her alone – оставь ее в покое

placidly – спокойно, мирно

deftly – прилежно

on the slightest provocation – по малейшему поводу

his way – его привычка, его манера

scullery-maid – служанка при кухне, “кухонная девка”

if she had been let – если бы ее допустили

all over the place – по всему дому, повсюду

to grind one's teeth – скрипеть зубами

I'll see you damned first. – Не раньше, чем вы окажетесь в аду.

to slang back at him – использовать такие же выражения по отношению к нему

Dont stand it. – Не терпите этого.

It would do him a lot of good. – Это бы очень пошло ему на пользу.

break-off – разрыв

to relapse – вновь (у)пасть

dignified reproach – порицание с достоинством

incurable – неисправимый

spectacle – зрелище

splendor – великолепие

crow – радостное воркованье

folding his arms – сложив руки

spraddling – широко расставив ноги

arrogantly – высокомерно

to come into some money – получить кое-какие деньги, обогатиться

You must have touched a millionaire this time. – На этот раз ты, должно быть, попросил у миллионера.

I'm dressed something special today. – Я одет весьма особенно сегодня.

to St. George's – к Святому Георгию (в церковь Святого Георгия)

to let yourself down – унизиться

claims its victim – требует свою жертву

turned off (*idiom*) = married

to demean oneself – унизиться

for my pains – за мои старания

like enough – (*разг.*) очень возможно

to come to words – ругаться, ссориться

the spirit – (*зд.*) боевой дух

squeezing – сжимая

elbow – локоть

Make the best of it. – Постарайтесь не обращать внимания на плохое; настройтесь на лучшее, что из этого можно извлечь.

forcing – (*зд.*) выдавая с усилием

vexation – расстроенные чувства

to see me through it – поддерживать меня в процессе

delicacy – (зд.) такт, забота о чувствах других людей
 put me through straight – (зд.) и проведете меня через церемонию
 лучшим образом
 to miss – (зд.) упустить, не поприсутствовать (на)
 I should indeed be honored by your condescension. – Вы поистине
 сделаете мне честь своей снисходительностью
 old woman – (*просторечн.*) жена (ср. “старуха”)
 tremendous (*просторечн.*) = tremendous
 compliment – (зд.) поздравление; подарок
 to be low – быть в угнетенном состоянии
 hatted – в шляпке
 buttoning – застегивая
 brougham – брогам (маленькая карета или вагончик на
 электрической тяге)
 magnanimous – великодушный
 played you off very cunning – разыграли твою карту очень
 хитроумно
 could have nailed him – (*разг.*) могла бы заарканить его
 chaperon – (зд.) быть третьим, чтобы не допустить флирта
 artful – хитроумный
 I bear no malice. – Я не держу зла.
 I don't grudge you two. – Я ничего не имею против вас двоих.
 for getting the better of ... – за то, что вы перехитрили...; за то, что
 вы взяли верх (над)...
 to avoid – чтобы избежать
 to put up with your tempers – терпеть ваше плохое настроение
 composedly – сдержанно; владея собой
 taken down – униженный
 destiny – судьба, предназначение
 third-class carriages – вагоны третьего класса
 a born preacher – прирожденный проповедник
 sincerity – искренность
 to swear at – ругаться
 a black eye – синяк
 to pass over – пренебрегать, игнорировать
 get out of my way – уйдите с моей дороги
 I won't stop for you – я не остановлюсь из-за вас
 bounce and go – хвастовство и движение вперед
 consideration – (зд.) учет интересов
 to get round me – задобрить меня
 spark of divine fire – искра божественного огня
 humility – кротость, смирение
 I shall miss you. – Мне будет не хватать вас.

humbly – смиренно

I have grown accustomed – я привык

I cant turn your soul on. – Я не могу включить вашу душу.

to twist – скрутить, вывихнуть, вывернуть

humanity – человечество

has come my way – встретилась на моем пути

built into my house – “встроилась”, вписалась в мой дом

to sneer – насмехаться

mean – низкий, порочный, неблагородный

righteous – праведный

contempt – презрение

to trade in affection – наживаться на привязанности

you couldnt buy a claim on me – вы не могли купить права на меня

to fetch – приносить

a disgusting sight – омерзительное зрелище

I think a good deal more of you. – Я думаю гораздо лучше о вас.

good fellowship – хорошее товарищество, содружество

Youve had ... out of you. – Вы имели и имеете в тысячу раз больше от меня, чем я от вас.

To set up ... a Duchess Eliza – противопоставить ваши маленькие собачьи трюки принесения тапочек моему созданию герцогини Элизы...

I'll slam the door in your silly face. – Я захлопну дверь вам в глупое лицо.

to shriek – визжать, кричать

once for all – окончательно

without caring twopence –нисколько не заботясь

for all my fine clothes – несмотря на все мои замечательные наряды

settle money on you – оставлю вам деньги в завещании

losing her temper – теряя самообладание

What in thunder – экспрессивное восклицание

to snivel – говорить вкрадчиво; апеллировать к сентиментальным чувствам

to cuddle – обнимать, ласкать

to talk down – “переговаривать”, т.е. заставлять замолчать, говоря либо громче, либо настойчивее

guts – (разг.) сила и храбрость

consort – супруг(а) (в возвышенном стиле)

ignoramus – невежда

to wring – скручивать

Wring away. – Давайте, скручивайте.

slut – (зд. шутил.) девушка

to make up to me – добиваться моей благосклонности

a millstone round my neck – мое тяжелое бремя

a tower of strength – утешитель, надежда и опора
Stilton cheese – “Стилтон”, сорт английского сыра
Double Gloucester – сорт сыра, более жирный вариант этого сорта
(т.е. “двойной”)

2. Complete the sentences by choosing one of the given variants.

1. Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering ring up the police because
 - A) the jewelry are missing.
 - B) they have lost an umbrella.
 - C) Eliza has bolted.
 - D) they would like to annoy Mrs Higgins.
2. Mr Doolittle has come into money
 - A) because his merit as one of the deserving poor has been rewarded.
 - B) through Eliza’s success in the society.
 - C) with the help of Colonel Pickering.
 - D) through Henry Higgins’ mentioning him to an American millionaire.
3. Mr. Doolittle is unhappy about his new position
 - A) but hasn’t the nerve to repudiate the bequest.
 - B) and is ready to set Eliza up as a florist and so get rid of the money.
 - C) and would prefer the workhouse.
 - D) because he hates lecturing for the Wannafeller Moral Reform World League.
4. Eliza says she owes a lot to Colonel Pickering
 - A) because he paid for her dresses.
 - B) in order to get him marry her.
 - C) because he was gentlemanly and treated her as a lady.
 - D) because it was he who taught her to speak properly.
5. Professor Higgins persuades Eliza
 - A) to come back to his place for the sake of good fellowship.
 - B) to come back to his place and be married to him.
 - C) to get married to Colonel Pickering.
 - D) to continue the experiment.
6. Eliza’s aim is
 - A) to get married to Freddy.
 - B) to become a flower-girl again and thus.
 - C) to win Higgins’ respect and, in the end, make him love her.
 - D) to become a teacher of phonetics.

3. Translate one of the monologues of Alfred Doolittle («It aint the lecturing ... what you done it for» or «Thats the tragedy ... has brought me to») into literary English.

4. Translate the following phrases into English (or find equivalent phrases in the text) paying attention to grammar forms of the verbs.

1) Что нам оставалось делать?

2) Его послали сюда с Уимпол-стрит.

3) Элиза покупала вам одежду?

4) Вполне возможно, вы называете это глупой шуткой.

5) ... вам не нужно страдать по всем этим поводам.

6) Но я считаю, что ты могла бы нам это сказать полчаса назад.

7) ... она рассказывала вам неправду.

8) Нам придется ждать здесь весь день?

- 9) Я бы хотела, чтобы вы называли меня теперь Элиза, если вы не против.

- 10) ... но вы ведь возвращаетесь на Уимпол-стрит, да?

- 11) Тогда о чем мы говорим?

- 12) Я бы не возражала против синяка: я имела синяк до этого.

- 13) Вам придется обходиться без меня.

- 14) Не один раз она хотела от вас уйти.

- 15) Ради чего мне возвращаться?

- 16) Если бы я могла вернуться к моей корзине с цветами!

- 17) Или вы бы больше хотели выйти замуж за Пикеринга?

- 18) Я могла бы быть плохой девочкой, если бы захотела.

- 19) Если вы не можете оценить того, что получили, вам лучше получить то, что вы можете оценить.

- 20) Сделайте один шаг в его направлении, и я сверну вам шею.

5. Translate the following phrases into English using Gerunds (or find equivalent phrases in the text).

- 1) Это было точно, как учиться танцевать новомодным способом.

- 2) То, что вы назвали меня мисс Дулитл в тот день, когда я впервые пришла на Уимпл-стрит.

- 3) Не принимая сравнения по всем пунктам, Элиза...

- 4) ... короче, вести себя так, как если бы вы были в Раю.

- 5) Я не против того, чтобы вы ругались на меня.

6) Я думаю о вас гораздо лучше благодаря тому, что вы швырнули их мне в лицо.

7) Создание жизни означает создание неприятностей.

6. Translate the following remarks into English.

удаляется; объявляя; с энтузиазмом; вставая (поднимаясь); пожимая плечами; возвращаясь на свое место; в ярости; протестуя; задыхаясь; успокаивающе; продолжая спокойно; смеясь; грустно.

7. Find in the text synonyms for the word “парень”.

8. Find in the text all phrases used by Mrs Higgins in order to make everybody behave decently.

9. Find in the text two-three author’s remarks indicating the contrast between Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering.

10. Give explanation to the title of the play «Pygmalion». Find in the text words explaining the title.

11. Describe one of the main heroes (professor Higgins, Eliza, Colonel Pickering, or Mrs Higgins).

12. Retell the text playing the role of Mrs Pierce.

**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК. ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ
ЮНИТА 6**

Редакторы: М.Б.Раренко, Э.Б.Салманова
Оператор компьютерной верстки: О.А.Москвитин

Изд. лиц. ЛР №071765 от 07.12.98

Сдано в печать

НОУ «Современный Гуманитарный Институт»

Тираж

Заказ