B.Show “My Fairy Lady”

MБОУ «Школа №169», 10А класс

Действующие лица:

 *Higgins- Волков Кирилл*

*Mrs*. *Higgins –Лосева Валерия*

*Colonel Pickering – Альперович Вадим*

*Eliza Doolittle – Вицке Анна*

*Lady Boxington- Дружкова Алена*

*Freddy Eynsford-Hill – Старков Савва*

*Ответственный по костюмам и декорациям- Марохонова Екатерина*

*Постановщик, музыкальный редактор- Головнов Семен*

Higgins arrives at the race. He sees his mother and comes to her:

 Higgins: Mother.

 Mrs.Higgins: Henry! What a disagreeable surprise.

 Higgins: Hello mother. How nice you look.

 Mrs.Higgins: What are you doing here? You promised never to come to Ascot. Go home at once!

 Higgins: I can’t mother. I’m here on business.

 Mrs.Higgins: Oh no, Henrry, you mustn’t. I’m quite serious, you’ll

Offend all my friends: the moment they’ve met you I’ve never seen them again. Besides, you’re not even dressed for Ascot.

 Higgins: I changed my shirt. Now, listen mother, I’ve got a job for you; a phonetics job. I picked up a girl.

 Mrs.Higgins: (pleased) Henry.

 Higgins: Oh no, dear, not a love affair; she’s a flower girl. I’m taking her to the annual Embassy Ball but I wanted to try her out first.

 Mrs.Higgins: I beg you pardon.

 Higgins: Well, you know the Embassy Ball?

 Mrs.Higgins: Of course, I know the Embassy Ball, but…

 Higgins: So I invited her to your box today, do you understand?

 Mrs.Higgins: A common flower girl!

 Higgins: Oh, it’s alright, I taught her how to speak properly. She has strict instructions as to her behaviour. She’s to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody’s health; ‘fine day’, and ‘how do you do’, and not just let herself go on things in general. Help her along, darling, you’ll be quite safe.

 Mrs.Higgins: Safe! To talk about one’s health in the middle of a race!

 Higgins: Well, you’ve got to talk about something.

 Mrs.Higgins:Where’s the girl, now?

 Higgins: She’s being pinned; some of the clothes they bought her didn’t quite fit. I told Pickering we should have taken her with us.

Eliza and Pickering walk towards them, but Eliza appears slightly nervous. Pickering:Ladies and Gentlemen, Good afternoon!

 Mrs.Higgins: Colonel Pickering, you are just in time for tea.

 Pickering: Thank you, Mrs.Higgins. May I introduce Miss Eliza Doolittle.

 Mrs.Higgins: My dear Miss Doolittle.

 Eliza: How kind of you to let me come.

 Mrs. Higgins: Delighted, my dear.

 Eliza: How do you do?

 Mrs. Higgins: Lady Boxington

 Eliza: How do you do?

 Lady Boxington :How do you do?

 Eliza: How do you do?

 Mrs.Higgins: And Freddy Eynsford-Hill.

 Eliza: How do you do?

 Freddy: How do you do?

 Higgins: Miss Doolittle.

 Eliza: Good afternoon, Professor Higgins.

 Freddy: The first race was very exciting Miss Doolittle. I am so sorry that you missed it.

 Mrs.Higgins: Will it rain, do you think?

 Eliza: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. (Higgins tries to recover the situation by doing a sort of Spanish dance.) But in Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

 Freddy: Ha! Ha! How awfully funny!

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

 Freddy: Smashing!

 Lady Boxington: Hasn’t it suddenly turned chilly?

 Eliza: My aunt died of influenza, so they said, but it’s my belief they done the old woman in.

 Lady Boxington: Done her in?

 Eliza: Yes, Lord love you. They all thought she was dead, but my father, he kept ladling gin down her throat.

 Higgins: Oh no, how ridiculous!

 Eliza: Then she come to so sudden she bit the bowl off the spoon.

 Lady Boxington: Dear me!

 Eliza: And what become to 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.

 Freddy : Done her in? Done her in, did you say?

 Lady Boxington: Whatever does it mean?

 Higgins: Ah, now that’s the new small- talk : er, to do somebody in means to kill them.

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

 Freddy: Did you mean that he drank?

 Eliza: Drank! My word! Something chronic. ( To Freddy) Here! What are you sniggering at?

 Freddy: It’s the new small talk; you do it so awfully well.

 Eliza: Well, if I was doing it proper, what was you sniggering at? Have I said something I oughtn’t?

 Higgins: Oh, no…

 Mrs.Higgins: Not at all, my dear.

 Freddy: Let’s watch the race.

The group goes to watch the race. Everyone stands silent, waiting for the horses’ approach.

 Eliza: Come on…come on, Dover. (Becoming more excited) Come on… come on, Dover. Come on. ( Shouting) Come on, Dover! Move your bloomin’ tail!