

Навчальний посібник відповідає
чинній програмі з англійської мови.

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Шоу, Бернард

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«Пігмаліон» (1912) і «Свята Йоанна» (1923) — найвідоміші й найкращі п'єси у доробку англійського драматурга і публіциста ірландського походження Бернарда Шоу (1856–1950). В основу першого твору автор поклав античний міф про закоханого скульптора Пігмаліона, але подає свій варіант історії. Лондонський професор Генрі Гігінс уклав парі зі своїм приятелем, полковником Пікерінгом, що зможе навчити бідну неосвічену квіткарку Елізу Дулітл правильній вимові та вишуканим манерам і на світському прийомі представити її як герцогиню. Крамарка стає справжньою леді. Та чи така вже прірва лежить між простою дівчиною і професором? А раптом цю прірву здатне подолати кохання?..

Дія п'єси «Свята Йоанна» відбувається у XV столітті, під час Столітньої війни, коли сміливі вчинки Жанни д'Арк змінили хід війни на користь французів. П'єса здобула світову славу й наблизила автора до Нобелівської премії (1925).

Книга містить адаптовані тексти, словник, вправи для перевірки розуміння прочитаного та закріплення навичок мовленнєвої діяльності. Призначена для учнів загальноосвітніх і спеціалізованих шкіл, гімназій, ліцеїв, а також широкого кола читачів, які вивчають англійську мову самостійно.

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Pigmalion

ACT I

Covent Garden at 11.15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles in all directions. Pedestrians are running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people. There is a lady and her daughter in evening dress there. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily.

It's quarter past eleven.

THE DAUGHTER. I'm *chilled to the bone* in this heavy rain. Where is Freddy? He had to go twenty minutes ago.

THE MOTHER Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this time.

A BYSTANDER [*on the lady's right*] He can't get any cab until half-past eleven, missis, because everybody is coming back from the theatre now.

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER. Well, there is no my fault, missis.

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 couldn't he?

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

THE DAUGHTER. Well, you don't have a cab, do you?

FREDDY. There's not one to be had.

THE MOTHER. Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

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

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

THE MOTHER. Did you try at Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasn't 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 haven't 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'll simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER. And what about us? Shall we stay here all night in this draught?

You are very selfish, Freddy...

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go.

[He opens his umbrella and comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands.]

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, damn, Freddy! Where are you going?

FREDDY. Sorry [*he rushes off*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket*] You have no manners! All my violets are scattered. [*She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not an attractive person. She is eighteen or twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London. 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. She needs the services of a dentist.*]

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

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, is this your son? How did you grow him up? He has no manners. The flowers in my basket were spoiled by him! He didn't pay any pennies and went away! Will you pay for him, kind lady? [*This is a desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.*]

THE DAUGHTER. Oh, do nothing of the sort, mother.

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

THE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than six-pence.

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 didn't.

THE MOTHER. I heard you call him by it. Don't 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. [*She sits down beside her basket*].

THE DAUGHTER. Sixpence thrown away! Really, mom, you might have spared Freddy that. [*She retreats in disgust behind the pillar*].

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

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*].

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*]. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower in a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry, I haven't got any change.

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

THE GENTLEMEN. For a *sovereign*? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL. *Garn!* Oh, buy a flower, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for twopence.

THE GENTLEMAN. Now don't be *troublesome*: there's a good girl. [*Trying his pockets*] I really haven't any change — Stop: there are three pence, if that's 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. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [*All turn to the man who is taking notes*].

THE FLOWER GIRL. [*springing up terrified*] I have done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. 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. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer: What's the row? What did she do? Took money off the gentleman, etc. The flower girl, distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying wildly*] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You don't know what it means to me. They'll 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 all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. She thought you was a *copper's nark*, sir.

THE NOTE TAKER [*with quick interest*] What's a *copper's nark*?

THE BYSTANDER [*inapt at definition*] 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...