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Pickwick

A Musical based on Charles Dickens's
Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club

Book by Wolf Mankowitz

Lyrics by Leslie Bricusse

Music by Cyril Ornadel

Samuel French - London
New York - Toronto - Hollywood



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PICKWICK

Originally presented at the Saville Theatre, London, by
Bernard Delfont and Tom Arnold, in July 1963 with the
following cast:

Hot Drinks Seller	Norman Warwick
Cold Drinks Seller	Ian Burford
Turnkey	Brendan Barry
Pickwick	Harry Secombe
Augustus Snodgrass	Julian Orchard
Tracy Tupman	Gerald James
Nathaniel Winkle	Oscar Quitak
Roker	Reg Grey
Tony Weller	Robin Wentworth
Sam Weller	Teddy Green
Mr Wardle	Michael Logan
Rachel	Hilda Braid
Isabella	Vivienne St George
Emily	Jane Sconce
Fat Boy	Christopher Wray
Mr Jingle	Anton Rodgers
Mary	Dilys Watling
Mrs Bardell	Jessie Evans
Dr Slammer	Brendan Barry
Bardell Jnr	Terry Collins
1st Officer	Roger Ostime
2nd Officer	Norman Warwick
Skaters	Donald Graham & Joan Ismay
Landlord	Brian Casey
Dodson	Michael Darbyshire
Fogg	Tony Sympton
Judge	Colin Cunningham
Usher	David Harris
Sgt Snubbins	Brendan Barry
Sgt Buzfuz	Peter Bull

**Passers-by, Ostlers, Debtors, Maids, Drinkers and Pot
Boys:**

Roy Evans, Barrie Irwin, Jonnie Christen, Donald
Graham, Roger Ostime, Norman Warwick, Colin
Cunningham, Reg Grey, Ian Burford, David Harris,

Brian Casey, Brendan Barry, Dave Armour, Alan Mack, Harold Brookstone, Peter Wilson, Paul Silber, John Bohea, Richard Keene

Honor Lewis, Suzanne Kerchiss, Anna Leroy, Carol Naylor, Judy Nash, Jean Ann Page, Vivienne Ross, Rita McKerrow, Helena Leahy, Beryl Hall, Pamela Beesley, Joan Ismay, Joy Measures

Directed by **Peter Coe**

Designed by **Sean Kenny**

ACT I

Scene 1	Outside the Fleet Prison
Scene 2	Inside the Fleet Prison
Scene 3	Outside the <i>George and Vulture</i>
Scene 4	The ballroom of the <i>George and Vulture</i>
Scene 5	Pickwick's chambers at the <i>George and Vulture</i> , next morning
Scene 6	A field near the river, the following evening

ACT II

Scene 1	The town square at Eatanswill
Scene 2	The offices of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, Solicitors
Scene 3	The Courtroom
Scene 4	Inside the Fleet Prison
Scene 5	Outside the Fleet Prison

The action takes place in and around London and Rochester in the year 1827

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1	Overture	—
2	Business is Booming	— Hot Drinks Seller, Cold Drinks Seller, Turnkey, Hot Potato Man, Bird Seller
3	Debtors' Lament	— The Company
3A	Talk	— Sam Weller and the Company
4	That's What I'd Like For Christmas	— Pickwick and the Company
5	The Pickwickians	— Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle
5A	The Pickwickians (<i>reprise</i>)	— Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle
6	A Bit Of A Character	— Jingle, Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman
6A	Quadrille	— Orchestra
7	There's Something About You	— Jingle, Rachel and Company
8	Learn A Little Something	— Sam Weller and Mary
9	You've Never Met A Feller Like Me	— Pickwick and Sam Weller
10	Look Into Your Heart	— Pickwick and Mrs Bardell
	<i>or</i>	
10	I'll Never Be Lonely Again	— Pickwick and Mrs Bardell
10A	Talk (<i>reprise</i>)	— Sam Weller
10B	The Duel	—
11	Winter Waltz	— The Company
11A	Winter Waltz (<i>ending</i>)	— Orchestra
11B	Entr'Acte	—

ACT II

12	A Hell Of An Election	— The Company
13	Very	— Jingle
13A	A Hell Of An Election (<i>reprise</i>)	— Orchestra
14	If I Ruled The World	— Pickwick and the Company
15	The Trouble With Women	— Sam Weller and Tony Weller

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|----|--|---|
| 16 | The Letter Of The Law | – The Pickwickians, Pickwick, Sam and Tony Weller, Dodson and Fogg and Clerks |
| 17 | British Justice | – Pickwick and the Company |
| 18 | Do As You Would Be Done By | – Pickwick, Jingle, Sam Weller and Mrs Bardell and the Company |
| 19 | The Pickwickians (<i>reprise</i>) | – The Company |
| 20 | If I Ruled The World (<i>reprise</i>) | – Pickwick and the Company |
| 21 | March Out | – Orchestra |

INTRODUCTION

The original production of *Pickwick* was designed by Sean Kenny and the staging of it was a natural extension of our work together on two other British musicals—*Lock Up Your Daughters* and *Oliver!* On the whole colours were muted—the set was in solid wood, heavy in construction and dark brown in colour, the costumes basically the same earthy colours, with brighter touches for certain of the characters.

One of the basic principles of the staging of all three shows was that, before putting any set on the stage, as much space should be created as possible. The flies were stripped of everything not belonging to the production including all cloths, battens, masking blacks, everything. The lamps were allowed to hang in full view of the audience, so that space and light were seen between them and beyond them. The brick back wall of the theatre was painted in abstract multicolours, so that when different coloured light was thrown on it, it changed for each scene. The wings were also stripped of all the usual masking clutter and the front curtain was taken up as far as it would go regardless of what it exposed.

In this way even the smallest of stages is made to look vast, and the mobility of scenery and action is altogether easier and more fluid. There is also, in my mind, a degree of honesty in doing this. The idea that you cover everything you don't want the audience to see in black cloth has always seemed odd to me. The audience sees bits of black cloth everywhere and tries to figure out what could be underneath. If such an idea were extended to the home it becomes apparent how silly it can be. If one were to throw a piece of black cloth over an unwanted radiator, it would only bring attention to the radiator. Much better to have the radiator removed or to make a feature of it. I have the same attitude to black-outs between scenes in the theatre. The black-out is supposed to make it impossible for the audience to see what is going on on stage. But in fact because light is always leaking from somewhere in a theatre, the audience can normally see everything and sitting in front of one of these so called black-outs one is reminded of Frankie Howerd's choice observation that stage hands "should be heard but not seen".

Adopting the principle that black-outs only make things more difficult for actors and stage staff, it means that all scene changing needs to be done in full view of the audience. In *Pickwick* the changes were done by the actors in their costumes and were executed to exact bars of music. They played a part in the musical structure of the piece as much as everything else. In fact with this particular show we went even further with the principle, and on

two occasions the company changed their costumes in front of the audience. This occurred at the beginning and end of the flashback, and served to indicate that the company was going to tell the story within the flashback and, of course, play all the parts therein by the simple means of costume change.

The London set consisted of five wooden towers with various platforms and stairways on them, each tower a different size and shape. They were placed on castors so that they could swivel a hundred and eighty degrees, travel anywhere on stage, and fit together at will like children's blocks to make rooms or streets or prisons as needed. Immediately they were in position for any particular scene, flying pieces came in to augment and decorate what was already there. It took four or five men to operate each tower and to brake it in position. These men were expected to sing as they worked.

It may not be possible on smaller stages and with less finance and time available to rehearse these complicated changes, or to use such massive scenery. However if the principle of staging is acceptable it should be possible to construct lighter pieces to function in the same way and be manipulated by the actors. If the designer keeps in mind the idea of children's blocks that fit together in various ways, the degree of complication of each block is entirely up to him and the director, as is indeed the actual size and material of the block. If flying is at all possible, the mobile pieces could be skeletal, leaving what is flown to provide the body of the scenery. If the pieces placed by the actors were thought of as frames to surround and embellish what was flown in, the problem of setting and striking would be a simple one.

A word about the ice-skating scene. It is my fault that the scene is there at all but it seemed too big an opportunity for fun and spectacle to leave out. However, keeping ice frozen in the theatre is a day and night occupation and not a guaranteed success anyway. It should be possible to dress roller skates to make them represent ice skates.

There should in any case be a lot of representation in the show. An example is the use of life-size horses made of wire—horses that can be seen through—used for the stage coach and led in by ostlers. The audience got more fun out of that idea than they would have derived from the appearance of a couple of cart horses. They will react in the same way when they see your Pickwickians ice-skating on thinly disguised roller skates. Two children were used for the exhibition skating, which gave it charm. Pickwick's fall through the ice was done by using the trap and putting over it a piece of thin white polystyrene. This looks like ice and breaks easily under weight.

Lastly it must be remembered that the best inspiration for actors, director and designer, is the *Pickwick Papers* itself and the remarkable drawings that went with the original editions. All our costume designs, groupings and activities of the small parts played by the crowd in the debtors' prison and

the election scene, was taken from the appropriate chapters in the novel. The sections of the book which are dramatised in this show are required re-reading for everyone concerned.

Peter Coe

PICKWICK

Music 1. Overture

ACT I

SCENE 1

Outside the Fleet Prison gates

When the CURTAIN rises the stage is empty of actors and scenery. The opening street cries are heard off stage. The traders come in wheeling their carts and singing. Customers and passers-by accumulate slowly making the scene busier and busier. It is a cold night. Everyone stamps about, blowing on their hands

Music 2: Song: Business Is Booming

music

Hot Drinks Seller Business is booming!

Cold Drinks Seller Business is blooming slow!

Hot Takings are zooming!

Cold Takings are blooming low!

I must be mad selling cold drinks!

Hot My drinks are piping hot!

Precious-as-gold drinks—

Bird Seller (*shouting*) Birds and bird cages!

Cold Freezing cold drinks are not!

Hot Potato Man (*shouting*) Hot potatoes!

Cold Not in the winter!

Hot No, but in June!

Cold But this is mid-winter!

Hot But June will be here soon!

Cold Please make it soon!

Flaming June!

Bird Seller (*shouting*) Birds and bird cages

Hot Business this week's twice as good as last week!

Cold Business last week worse than what it's been this past week!

Hot Cheer up, Charley, next week may become a fast week—
a vast week!
Cold One more week like this week, next week is me last week!

Hot Hot whisky toddy!
Hot Potato Man (*shouting*) Hot potatoes!
Bird Seller (*shouting*) Birds and bird cages!
Cold Cold lemonade and lime!
Bird Seller (*shouting*) Birds and bird cages!
Hot Warms up your body—
Only a penny a time!
Hot Potato Man (*shouting*) Hot potatoes!
Cold Only a matter of time!

The prison gate flies in. This is the only piece of scenery

The Turnkey emerges from the prison carrying a huge ring of keys, yawns and stretches his arms

Hot (*speaking*) Morning, Mr Turnkey, sir; and 'ow's things in the Fleet 'otel today?

The Turnkey grins

Turnkey (*singing*) Business is booming—
Prison is forever full!
Free board and rooming—
Cold Not a bad trick to pull!

Turnkey My clients mainly are debtors—
That is their lucky lot!
Can't pay their betters—
So they come here to rot!
Cold Not very pleasant!
Hot Life can be cruel!
Turnkey It's not that unpleasant—
Each day we give them gruel!
(*To Cold*) Piping hot gruel!
Cold (*licking his lips*) Steaming gruel!
Turnkey Pray don't think the Fleet is full of flops and floozies!—
We've got someone coming here because he chooses!
All (*amazed*) Chooses?
Turnkey Widder sued him—breach of promise—she accuses—he
loses—
Bigwig name of Pickwick, *can* pay but refuses!

Pickwick enters on top of a wheelbarrow containing his luggage, pushed by Sam Weller. If this presents difficulties he can march on followed by Sam carrying the luggage. There is an orchestral accompaniment to his entrance.

Once the Turnkey has locked the gate it flies out slowly. The Turnkey sings his last lines—the traders call their cries as they go out

Turnkey	Business is booming!
Hot	Hot whisky toddy!
Hot Potato Man	Hot potatoes!
Bird Seller	Birds and bird cages!
Cold	Cold as a shiver!
Hot Potato Man	Hot potatoes!
Bird Seller	Birds and bird cages!
Turnkey	Prisons for ever full!
Hot	Keeps out the cold and grime!
Hot Potato Man	Hot potatoes!
Bird Seller	Birds and bird cages!
Cold	Cold lemonade and lime!
Turnkey	Business is booming!
Hot	Hot whisky toddy!
Hot Potato Man	Hot potatoes!
Bird Seller	Birds and bird cages!
Cold	Good for your liver!
Turnkey	Business is booming!
Hot	Warms up your body!
Turnkey	Business is booming!
Hot	Hot whisky toddy!
Cold	Good for your liver!

The last of the traders has gone

SCENE 2

Interior of the Fleet Prison

The Debtors enter singing and pushing their prison into position. The women bring whatever properties are needed and also provide a chorus of coins clanging in metal mugs. The change is done in fairly subdued lighting. It is complete by the end of the lament. This is the first change that the actors operate and the work motive suits the prison scene well

Music 3. Song: The Debtors' Lament

music

Chorus	Help the poor debtors!
	Help the poor debtors!
	Help the poor debtors to live!
	Each little ha'penny you give
	Helps the poor debtors to live!
	Each little ha'penny you give
	Helps the poor debtors, helps the poor debtors—

Helps the poor debtors, helps the poor debtors.

The Lights come up on Pickwick and reveal his growing horror at the place—a galleried building guarded by Roker and the Turnkey. At different levels of the galleries and around him in the courtyard are the debtors; they include complete families from old people to children who argue, shout, play games, read, etc.

Pickwick You don't mean to tell me that all those poor people *live* down these wretched dungeons?

Roker All debtors, sir, all hopelessly in debt, sir.

Turnkey All of 'em.

Pickwick But *live* down *there*!

Roker Yes, sir, live down there.

Turnkey Yes, sir, and die down there too very often.

Roker What of that?

Turnkey Who's going to say anything agin it?

Roker Good enough in all conscience for debtors. Very grateful they should be free as they are to have their loved ones with them. I maintain, sir, that a man who will not pay his debts to society, owns no comfort that society can offer. Unless he can pay, of course. Come sir, let me give you the conducted tour.

Turnkey This 'ere is what we call the Coffee Room flight.

Roker And the one above is somewhat amusingly dubbed the Painted Room.

Turnkey That's because a lot of them as has spent a good many years here have done it over with their initials and paintings and that.

Roker Where we are now, sir, we call the Fair. Yes, I daresay there is room for a little one there. Move them over.

Turnkey (*shouting*) New chum coming up.

There is a commotion at the gate. Sam and Tony Weller arrive loaded with Pickwick's bags and various comforts

Sam (*thoughtfully*) Now look here, old codger, this here is a prison for them what don't pay their debts, correct?

Tony Correct.

Sam In which case, anybody who didn't pay his debt would have the right to stay here, correct?

Tony Correct.

Sam Lend me ten sovereigns.

Tony You mean my life savings?

Sam Correct.

Tony gropes under his greatcoat and heaves out a large leather purse. Grunts, grumbles and noises of objections from the crowded cell

(*Shouting*) Don't you agree to nothing, sir! (*He runs up to Pickwick*)

Debtor (*to Roker*) You're not putting that poor fellow down here, are you?

Roker Mind your business, sir. Pay your debts, sir, then you will have the right to speak, sir.

Sam runs over to Roker and the Turnkey

Sam Where are you putting my gentleman?

Roker In here.

Sam What about this, then? (*He flashes the money*)

The Turnkey holds out his hand. Sam slips him some coins

What can you do for us in the way of a nice room?

Turnkey I got the perfect room over here.

Sam Here hold on, dad. (*To Tony*) Do I or do I not owe you ten sov'reigns?

Tony You do.

Sam Will I or will I not pay my debt?

Tony You will not.

Sam You're not going to have me bunged in the nick for it?

Tony I will. I stand on my rights.

Sam (*to the Turnkey*) Lead on, ossifer. A nice room for two.

Pickwick But Sam—I cannot allow you to do this.

Sam There's nothing you can do about it, sir. Every Englishman has the right not to pay his debts.

Roker exits

Tony has engaged the attention of the Turnkey and is apparently doing some sort of business with him

Turnkey Here's a room, young man.

Sam Yes, I see it.

Turnkey You wouldn't get a better room in the Farrington Hotel, would you?

Pickwick (*with an effort*) Well Sam, it seems to me that imprisonment for debt isn't all that bad.

Sam Sir, for a gentleman in your estate it's downright ridiculous.

Pickwick Sam, Sam, it's a matter of principle.

Sam Principle be damned. You are incarcerating yourself in this 'ere dungeon, for life, for what? For nothing, sir, other than that damnable principle. It's a crying shame. You've got to learn to talk your way out of things.

During the song Sam illustrates the incidents with the help of the Debtors who readily understand the moral of the chorus. Sam must be able to dance, and should use the ability in all his numbers

music

Music 3A. Song: Talk

Sam

If you're walking say down St Martin's Lane—
 And you see a shilling sparkling in the rain—
 Of course you'll pick it up—
 For some poor blind beggar's cup—
 But if the law should see you do it, then the
 game is up!

You'll have to
 Talk your way out of it!—
 Talk your way out of it!
 Talk around about a bit,
 But talk!—

Or you'll be dead as mutton!

Talk your way out of it!—
 Talk your way out of it!
 Talk around about a bit,
 But talk!

If you're stroll-ing, say, a-round So-ho Square
 And you meet a dam-sel tak-ing in the air;
 No doubt you'll ask her out
 For a tin-y glass of gin;
 Be sure that when you take her out, she does-n't
 take you in.

You'll have to
 Talk your way out of it.
 Talk your way out of it.
 Talk around about a bit.
 But talk!

Or else she'll have you cornered!

Talk your way out of it.
 Talk your way out of it.
 Talk around about a bit.
 But talk!

Sam and Chorus

Talking wiv a toff—that's conversation!
 Talking wiv a barmaid—that's chat!
 Talking wiv a policeman—that's evidence!
 One false move and that's that!

Sam

If you're stepping out in St. James's Park—

With some sweet young widder ready for a lark!
She asks you home to tea—
Then a knock comes at the door—
Her husband's very much alive and six foot
three or four!

Sam and Chorus

You'll have to
Talk your way out of it!—
Talk your way out of it!
Talk around about a bit,
But talk!

Or he'll make mincemeat of you!

Talk your way out of it!—
Talk your way out of it!—
Talk around about a bit,
But talk!

Verse:

But conversation somehow isn't what it used to be!—
People say six words then start to get monotonous!
Thank the Lord that England still has raconteurs the
likes of me—
Who can talk the hind legs off a hippopotamus!

From the ratters in the sewers
To the Guild of Master Brewers,
From the dustman to the noble Duke of York!
There is no one in this city—
From the Queen to this young pretty—
Not a soul to 'oom Sam Weller couldn't talk!

Resume half chorus

Sam and Chorus

Talking with a sport!—
That's entertainment!
Talking wiv a lawyer—
That's cash!
Talking wiv a bailiff—
That's suicide!
Out you go wiv a crash!

Sam

If you're standing say in Coventry Street—
And by chance you meet the law out on its beat—
And if the law should ask
Why aren't you home in bed—

	And why you reek of liquor and are standing on your head!	
	You'll have to—	
Sam and Chorus	Talk your way out of it—	
	Talk your way out of it!—	
	Talk around about a bit,	
	But talk!	
Sam	Just say it's force of habit!	
	Talk your way out of it!—	
	Talk your way out of it!—	
	Talk around about a bit,	
	But talk!—	
	Or you'll get fourteen days, so—	
Sam and Chorus	Talk your way out of it!—	
	Talk your way out of it!—	
	Talk around about a bit,	
	But—	
Sam	Talk can get you out of trouble	Chorus Talk!
	And into business and earn you double	Talk!
	Than what you got before you went	Talk!
	and took the trouble	Talk!
	To learn to talk	Talk!
	Talk your way out of it!	Talk!
	Learn to talk!	Talk!
	Talk your way out of it!	Talk!

(*Speaking*) Well, we must take what comes and learn from our experiences.

Pickwick I suppose you're right, Sam.

Sam We certainly 'ad plenty of them since we come together, sir, that first Christmas.

Pickwick What a Christmas that was, eh Sam?

Sam That's when I first met you, guvner, you and my Mary on the same Christmas—and two better presents a simple boot-black of genius never received. Christmas Eve, it was, guvner, Christmas Eve at the old *George and Vulture*.

This is the beginning of the flash-back. The Lights go down to a very low level with a spot remaining on Sam and Pickwick as they continue speaking. At the same time the Debtors rise and change into their "George and Vulture" costumes. Most of them are "under-dressed" and any extra clothes that are needed are hidden in their bundles of rags. All the discarded clothes are put into baskets and these are struck during the chorus

The scene is changed at the same time, the towers being moved to positions for the "George and Vulture" and flying pieces, if any, brought in. All is now ready for the action to commence after Pickwick sings "That's where it all began!"

Music 4. Song: That's What I'd Like For Christmas **music**

Pickwick Christmas Eve was the day we met, Sam!—
 That was the day I shan't forget!
 The *George and Vulture*—
Sam That's right, sir!
Pickwick It was Christmas Eve—
Sam What a night, sir!
Pickwick Christmas Eve at the *George and Vulture*!—
 That's where it all began, Sam—
 That's where it all began!

SCENE 3

The Courtyard Of The George and Vulture, a coaching station in South Rochester just before Christmas, 1827. Night

We look into the greater rectangular galleried courtyard. Facing us, CS, as the gates which open out on to the street

Waiters and Pot Boys, together with Drinkers, Servants, Hawkers, Ostlers and Stablemen are bustling and hurrying

The Lights come up as the Chorus sing "Merry Christmas". All is ready at that moment and the transformation complete

Pickwick's table and chair are moved by ostlers during the chorus. The activity during the chorus is one of food and drink being unloaded from carts and passed into the inn either through doorways or by way of balconies, through windows. The servants handle the goodies with envy, since presumably they are for the guest and not for them

Pickwick Turkeys bigger than I am—
 Snowflakes made of lace—
 That's what I'd like for Christmas!—
All Merry Christmas!

Girls Silk and satin from Siam—
 Soft upon my face.
 That's what I'd like for Christmas!—
 Merry Christmas!

Pickwick Lots and lots of lovely presents
 For all my favourite friends!
 Roasted goose and roasted pheasants—
 With cranberry an' very sad when it ends!

	Boxes full of the best nuts— Chestnuts in the fire— That's my desire for Christmas—
All	
Girls	Jingling bells and mingling smells Of toffee and coffee and caramels. Seasonal greetings but no farewells— That's what I'd like for Christmas!
All	Please permit me to wish you All that you wish me! That's what I'd like for Christmas!— Merry Christmas!
Girls	All the kids singing carols—
Men	Barrels full of booze—
All	That's what I'd choose for Christmas! All good cheer and gallons of beer— Drinking my fill till I'm full to here! Pleasantly plastered until New Year— That's what I'd like for Christmas!
Sam and Chorus	Lots and lots of lovely presents For all my favourite friends! Roasted goose and roasted pheasants— With cranberry an' very sad when it ends!
All	Boxes full of the best nuts— Chestnuts in the fire— That's my desire for Christmas!
Men	Every pretty poppet I know Kissing me under the mistletoe! Once they are there they just can't say "No"!
All	That's what I'd like this Christmastime— To hear every churchbell gaily chime—
Pickwick	Peace and goodwill, all the world's in rhyme!
All	That's what I'd like for Christmas!
Chorus	Ah!
Pickwick	Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Chorus	Christmas!

The Pickwickians—Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle—enter from the Inn at the end of Music 4

At that moment, a stage coach arrives, containing Mr Wardle, his two daughters Isabella and Emily and his sister Rachel. Also on the coach are Mr Jingle, a threadbare, vagrant, gentleman opportunist, shabbily dressed, and Joe the fat boy

Wardle (*alighting*) Pickwick!

Pickwick Wardle!

Isabella, Emily and Rachel start getting out of the coach

Wardle And how are you, sir? Well, I'm glad you're well, very glad I am to be sure. Joe, Joe! Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—in the leg if you please, nothing else wakes him. Thank you. Undo the luggage, Joe. My daughters, Mr Pickwick—my gals these are: Emily and Isabella, and that's my sister Miss Rachel Wardle. She's a Miss, she is, and yet she ain't amiss: eh, sir, eh?

Joe gets the luggage down and the Servants take it into the Inn. Jingle gets down from the coach and, carrying a brown paper parcel, unobtrusively joins the crowd. When Joe has finished moving the luggage he settles down on the coach and falls asleep

Rachel (*archly*) Oh you quiz!

Wardle I hope I'm not late for the Club Meeting?

Pickwick Not at all, sir. And may I introduce you, sir, and your daughters, sir, to the other members of the Pickwick Club.

Music 5. Song: The Pickwickians

music

This song has considerable impact if accompanied by some stylish choreography. It should not be strenuous but it should indicate the essential refinement and neatness of the archetypal Pickwickian

Pickwick	Picture if you can A highly sensitive man— With the soul of a poet And with long flowing hair— A unique way of dressing that is—well—
Snodgrass	Debonair!
Pickwick	Debonair to say the least For the world is seldom graced With a gentleman as polished and refined as he— A man of culture and—
Snodgrass	Good taste!
Pickwick	Good taste! That's Snodgrass!
All	That's Snodgrass!

	Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that's Snodgrass!
Pickwick	As delicate and gentle as a man can be— Augustus Hilary Snodgrass—
Snodgrass	That's me!
Pickwick	Picture if you can A most susceptible man— Whose romantic emotions Never seem to be spared— But whose love of the ladies still remains—
Tupman	Unimpaired!
Pickwick	Unimpaired to say the least! Give him just one tiny shove And he'll fall with all the ardour of a moonstruck youth— Because he loves to be—
Tupman	In love!
Pickwick	In love! That's Tupman!
All	That's Tupman! Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that's Tupman!
Pickwick	As near to passion's plaything as a man can be— Tracy Pyramus Tupman—
Tupman	That's me!
Pickwick	Picture if you can A most adventurous man— With the heart of a lion And the strength of a bear— And a cool kind of courage that is—well—
Winkle	Very rare!
Pickwick	Very rare to say the least— For it isn't every day That you come upon a sportsman quite as fine as he— The very essence of—
Winkle	Fair play!

Pickwick Fair play! That's Winkle!

All That's Winkle!
Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that's Winkle!

Pickwick As sporting and as dashing as a man can be—
Nathaniel Herbert Winkle—

Winkle (*speaking*) That's me!

Wardle (*speaking*) And what about yourself, Pickwick?

Pickwick (*speaking*) Why bless my soul, I never thought about it!

Snodgrass Picture if you can
A shy intelligent man—

Tupman Very few have an intellect
As sparkling as his!

Winkle Some may doubt that his genius is great—

All But it is!

Snodgrass Oh, it *is*, to say the least!

Tupman And his praises we shall sing!

Winkle We are proud to be acquainted with a great, great man!

Snodgrass The man's a prince!

Tupman A Duke!

Winkle A King!

All A King! That's Pickwick!
That's Pickwick!
Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that's Pickwick!
As civilised and splendid as a man can be—
Samuel Willoughby Pickwick—

Pickwick That's me!

All We are the satellites—

Pickwick I am the hub!

All Of that eminent society, the Pickwick Club!
The Pickwick Club!

Emily, Isabella and Rachel, smitten by these glorious new-found heroes, gaze adoringly upon the unlikely objects of their ardour

Emily (*of* Picture if you can
Snodgrass) A shy, poetical man—

Isabella (*of* And a man full of courage,
Winkle) If he had half a chance—

Rachel (*of* And a man so romantic
Tupman) He is learning to dance.

Emily } (*together*) Special men, to say the least!—
Isabella }
Rachel } Of a type one seldom sees!

Emily If a lady had a say
In choosing whom she pleased.

Isabella I'm pleased to say that we'd choose these!

Rachel That's Tupman!—

Isabella That's Winkle!—

Emily Beyond a shadow of a doubt,
That's Snodgrass!

Emily } (*together*) All three of them
Isabella }
Rachel } As flawless as the finest gem!—

Emily Augustus!

Rachel Tracy!

Isabella Nathaniel!

Emily } (*together*) That's them!
Isabella }
Rachel }

Rachel We're shy to tell them so—

Emily }
Isabella } (*together*)
Rachel }

Aye, there's the rub!—
 But we're mad about the members
 Of the Pickwick Club!
 The Pickwick Club!

Mrs Bardell and her son Georgie enter

The Chorus move into the Inn

Through her next speech Mrs Bardell bustles the party towards the entrance to the main parlour of the George and Vulture

Mrs Bardell Look at us standing about and you all frozen and famished. James! This way, ladies. (*Calling*) James! Get a nice steaming toddy ready for Mister Wardle. I trust that's your inclination, Mr Wardle, sir.

Wardle You know my taste, Mrs Bardell.

Mrs Bardell Mr Pickwick, sir, this way. Come along, Georgie.

Pickwick, Wardle, the Ladies and Mrs Bardell exit

Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman catch the eyes of the three ladies as they go

Winkle (*reacting to Isabella*) Tally ho! Is that little vixen old Wardle's daughter?

Snodgrass (*reacting to Emily*) Those eyes! My God, Tupman, those limpid violet eyes. I am trapped, sir!

Tupman (*reacting to Rachel*) Devil take me, Snodgrass! What a bust!

Pickwick returns

Pickwick I heard that gentlemen. May I remind you once again, members of the Pickwick Club, just what our principles are!

Tupman Absolutely!

Winkle Of course!

Snodgrass Definitely!

Music 5A. Song: The Pickwickians (*reprise*)

All Pickwick Tupman Snodgrass Winkle	Picture if you can This indestructible clan— Every man is determined— Every man is resolved— In affairs of the heart he will remain— Uninvolved! Uninvolved to say the least— Unattached and fancy free! And if ever any of us should lose his head—
--	---

Pickwick	He's always got the other three!
All	That's friendship! That's friendship! Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that's friendship! We're never going to marry 'cos it's too much fuss! Four superior bachelors— That's us!
Winkle	That is the essence—
Snodgrass	The gist—
Tupman	And the nub—
All	Of the principles of freedom of the Pickwick Club! The Pickwick Club!

Pickwick exits

Jingle, who has been observing the group from a distance, moves up to them

Jingle Haven't had the pleasure, gentlemen. Alfred Jingle, gentleman of leisure, travelled down with the ladies there.

Tupman Indeed, indeed, sir.

Jingle Excellent Club, yours—much to my liking. Poet, sir?

Winkle My friend, Mr Snodgrass, has a strong poetic turn.

Snodgrass (*taking out a notebook*) I have a little poem here.

Jingle (*not looking at it*) So have I. Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot.

Snodgrass You mean you were actually present at that glorious scene?

Jingle I should just say I was. Mars by Day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre. Noble time, sir; noble time. (*To Winkle*) Sportsman, sir?

Winkle A little, sir.

Jingle Fine pursuit, sir—fine pursuit. Dogs, sir?

Winkle Not just now.

Jingle Ah! You should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled dog—dog stopped—whistled again—called him—"Ponto, Ponto"—dog wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—"Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure"—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog, that—very! Friend of the ladies, are you, sir?

Tupman Not really, sir.

Jingle Isabella, Emily, Rachel. Fine girls, those, sir, fine girls—English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful.

Tupman You have been in Spain, sir?

Jingle Lived there—ages.

Tupman Many conquests, sir?

Jingle Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grand Duke—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to dis-

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