

SNUBBIN : Thank you, m'lord.

PICKWICK (*mounting a chair and striking well known Pickwick attitude*) : Your lordship, ladies and gentlemen, I feel compelled to declare once more, in the most emphatic manner, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that were ever---

CRIER : Silence ! The jury wish to return for instructions, my lord.

JUDGE : Very good. Stand down, Mr. Pickwick. Let them enter.

*(Jury re-enter box.)*

You have returned for instructions, gentlemen. What is the difficulty?

FOREMAN : We 'ave returned, your lordship, to ask the meaning of two words that 'ave been used often in this case, and completely puzzles the jury.

JUDGE : What are they ?

FOREMAN : The words "plaintiff" and "defendant," my lord.

JUDGE (*angrily*) : Plaintiff means Bardell ; defendant means Pickwick.

FOREMAN : Oh-h-h !

JUDGE : Go back and agree upon your verdict.

FOREMAN : Oh, we 'ave already agreed, m'lord.

CLERK : Gentlemen of the jury, what say you? Do you find for the plaintiff or for the defendant ?

FOREMAN : For the plain—for the defen-- for the lydy, Mrs. Bardell, of course.

CLERK : With what damages ?

FOREMAN : Seven hundred and fifty pounds.

JUDGE : Enter a verdict accordingly.

CLERK : Listen to your verdict, as by the Court recorded-- you find for the plaintiff, with damages of £750.

JUDGE : Gentlemen, you are discharged. (*Judge leaves the bench.*)

CRIER : Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, this Court stands adjourned.

PICKWICK (*To Dodson and Fogg*) : You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen ?

FOGG : It's rather probable.

PICKWICK : Not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get out of me—I'll go to prison first.

DODSON : He, he, he, we'll see about that, Mr. Pickwick.

*(Enter Tony Weller)*

SAM : Never mind 'em, governor ; you'll be all right ! I'll look arter you, sir.

TONY : I knowed wot 'ud come 'o this 'ere mode 'o doin' business. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi !

CURTAIN.