

and although I am very well aware of the inestimable value of your assistance, sir, I must beg to add that, unless you sincerely believe this, I would rather be deprived of the aid of your talents than have the advantage of them.

SNUBBIN : Quite so, yes. (*Pickwick retires.*) Er, Mr. Perker, who's with me in this case ?

PERKER : Mr. Phunky, Serjeant Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : Phunky, Phunky, I never heard the name before. Is he here ?



MRS. SANDERS AND MRS. CLUPPINS

PERKER : Yes, Sir, (*conducts Phunky to the Serjeant*). Allow me to present Mr. Phunky to you, Serjeant Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Phunky.

PHUNKY : But I *have* had the pleasure of seeing *you*, sir, and of admiring and envying you, sir, for eight years and a quarter.

SNUBBIN : Really ? You are with me in this case, I understand. You've read the papers I suppose.

PHUNKY : O, yes, sir. I think I may claim to have a thorough grasp of them.

SNUBBIN : You've conferred with Pickwick, our client, I presume ?

PHUNKY : Certainly, sir.

SNUBBIN : Then sit down and let us go over it a little.

(*Enter Buzfuz, Dodson, Fogg, Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Cluppins, Mrs. Sanders and Tommy Bardell. Buzfuz takes seat at barristers' table.*)

BUZFUZ : It's a fine morning, Bro. Snubbin.

SNUBBIN : It is, Bro. Buzfuz : a very fine morning.

PICKWICK (*to Perker*) : Who is that red-faced man who is speaking to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin ?