PLAYS
DON
PROMPT

VANITY FAIR

REVISED EDITION

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VANITY FAIR - Revised Edition

adapted by DECLAN DONNELLAN
& NICK ORMEROD

Each actor has a number (from 1 to 7) beside each piece of narration they speak or each character they play. The number are as follows:

1: Narrator, Rawdon Crawley, Mr Sedley, Isidor, Young Rawdy, Glorvina O'Dowd, Croupier, Tour Guide.

2: Narrator, Joseph Sedley, Miss Jemima, Mr Osborne, (Rosa Crawley), Neighbour.

3: Narrator, George Osborne, Sir Pitt Crawley, Lord Steyne, Georgy Osborne, Coachman.

4: Narrator, Amelia, (Violet Crawley).

5: Narrator, William Dobbin, Pitt Crawley Jr., Pauline, Lord Southdown, Paul Jefferson-Jones, Coachman, Mr Moss.

6: Narrator, Miss Pinkerton, Mrs Sedley, Miss Crawley, Mrs O'Dowd, Lady Steyne.

7: Narrator, Becky.

VANITY FAIR

ACT I

1: Narrator — As the managers of the performance step out onto the boards they look out into the Fair.

All:
We bid you welcome to Vanity Fair) Men
We hope that you'll treat us with charity) only
We're selfish and snobbish and devil-may-care) Women
Twixt your world and ours there's disparity) only
But are you sure you wish to see)
The face of human vanity?) Omnes
(But are you sure you wish to see)
The face of human va-ni-ty?))

2: Narrator: Yes this is Vanity Fair.
3: Narrator: Not a moral place certainly
4: Narrator: nor a merry one,
1: Narrator: though very noisy.

All:
The drinking and eating, the laughing and cheating,
The stealing, the spying, the loving and lying,
The scratching and biting, squabbling and fighting
Sung twice, spoken twice - in a round getting faster.
Then all together - Spoken.
Empty urbanity, raucous insanity, vanity, vanity, all is vanity, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, vanity, vanity, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair 3 stomps
VANITY FAIR!

5: Narrator: While the last century was in its teens, and on one sunshiney morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's Academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach. The acute observer might have recognised the little red nose of good-natured

2: Miss Jemima: Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium pots in the window of that lady's own drawing room.
It is Mr Sedley's coach, sister. The servant has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat.

6: Miss Pinkerton: Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Jemima?

6: Miss Pinkerton: Asked Miss Pinkerton herself,
3: Narrator: that majestic lady,
4: Narrator: the Semiramis of Hammersmith
3: Narrator: and friend of Doctor Johnson
6: Miss Pinkerton: as she sat behind her walnut escritoire.

2: Jemima: The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister, we have made her a bow-pot.

6: Miss Pinkerton: Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, tis, more genteel.

2: Jemima: Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack.

6: Miss Pinkerton — And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it? Very good - ninety-three pounds, four shillings and sixpence. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, Russell Square.

The Mall, Chiswick, June 15th 1813
SIR, After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle.
Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed three days. She must report for duty as governess to the children of Sir Pitt Crawley before Monday morning.
Sister Jemima, kindly bring me a copy of the Dictionary for Miss Sedley as her leaving present.
Your most humbled and obliged servant,
Barbara Pinkerton.

2: Jemima: — As Miss Pinkerton was signing the first copy of the dictionary, Miss Jemima handed her a second.

6: Miss Pinkerton: — For whom is this, Miss Jemima?

2: Jemima: — For Becky Sharp. For Becky Sharp, she's going too.

6: Miss Pinkerton: — MISS JEMIMA! Are you in your senses? Kindly replace the dictionary in the closet and never venture to take such a liberty again.

Amelia knocks on the door.

4: Amelia: — Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London,
6: Miss Pinkerton: — and a man of some wealth;
7: Becky: — whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil,
6: Miss Pinkerton: — for whom Miss Pinkerton had done,
7: Becky: — as she thought,
6: Miss Pinkerton: — quite enough,
2: Jemima: — without conferring upon her at her parting the high honour of the Dictionary.

The three men interrupt the scene

3: Narrator: — As we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature;
5: Narrator: — and a great mercy it is, that we are to have for a constant companion so guileless and good natured a person.
7: Becky: — As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person,
1: Narrator: — but she had a pair of eyes that sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humour,
3: Narrator: — except indeed, when they filled with tears,
5: Narrator: — and that was a deal too often; for the silly thing would

5: Narrator:(cont) cry over a dead canary-bird,
1: Narrator: or over over the end of a novel,
5: Narrator: were it ever so stupid.

6: Miss Pinkerton: And here is your copy of Dr Johnson's Dictionary, my dear.

2: Jemima: You'll go in and say goodbye to Miss Pinkerton, Becky?

7: Becky: I suppose I must. Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux et vous remercier pour tout ce que vous avez fait.

6: Miss Pinkerton: Miss Pinkerton did not understand french. To Amelia Heaven Bless you my child. Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning.

Omnes: Goodbye Amelia! Goodbye Amelia! Goodbye!

4: Amelia: The embracing was over and Miss Sedley parted from her friends.

7: Becky: Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes earlier. No-one had cried for her.

2: Jemima: Oh, stop, stop, cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the carriage with a parcel. It's some sandwiches my dear, you may be hungry you know and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister - that is I Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Goodbye God bless you both. Drive on coachman. Sound of carriage.

7: Becky: But lo! Just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back at Miss Jemima's feet. Loud bang as the book lands at Jemima's feet.

5: Coachman: And the carriage rolled away. Sound of carriage resumes.

4: Amelia: How could you do so, Rebecca?

7: Becky: I hated the whole school, I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there I wouldn't pick her out, that I wouldn't. Oh, how I would like to see her floating in the water yonder.

4: Amelia: Hush!

7: Becky: Why, will the coachman tell tales? He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul, and I wish he would. For two years I have had only insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse that any servant in the kitchen. I have been made to teach french until I grew sick of my mother tongue. She doesn't know a word of French and was too proud to

7: Becky:(cont) confess it. And so thank heaven for French. Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!.

4: Amelia: Oh, Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame. How can you - how dare you have such wicked revengeful thoughts?

7: Becky: Revenge may be wicked but it's natural, Carriage sound stops I'm no angel.

1: Narrator: And to say the truth, indeed she was not.
The men spin Rebecca out of the carriage and gather round her.
Miss Sharp's father was an artist and as he owed money a mile around Soho, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera girl,

3: Narrator: and curious it is that as she advanced in life, this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendour.

5: Narrator: Her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of delirium tremens wrote a pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse.

2: Narrator: Although Rebecca was only seventeen when she arrived at Miss Pinkerton's Academy she had already acquired the dismal precocity of poverty. Amelia and Rebecca join hands.

7: Becky:)
4: Amelia:) Tog.: Thus the world began for those two young ladies.

4: Amelia: For Amelia it was a new, fresh, brilliant world.

7: Becky: It was not quite a new world for Rebecca. In any case, if she was not beginning the world, she was beginning it all over again.

RUSSELL SQUARE

6: Mrs Sedley: When they arrived at her mother's house in Russell Square, Mrs Sedley was delighted that her daughter Amelia had bought home a friend to stay for the weekend

1: Narrator: and you may be sure Amelia showed Rebecca over every room,

5: Narrator: and everything in every one of her drawers.

7: Becky: Oh, it's lovely.

4: Amelia: I'm so glad to be home.

7: Becky: You must be.

4: Amelia: There's my little dressing table, and my cheval glass, and my piano, how dusty it looks! And my wardrobe with all my dresses in it.

7: Becky: Oh, they're lovely.

4: Amelia: And my necklaces, and my brooches, and some bits of lace and things.

7: Becky: Oh, this is so pretty.

4: Amelia: You must have it!

7: Becky: I couldn't really.

4: Amelia: You must, you must! I don't need it at all really. And this ring, you can have this too, it's made from turquoise. And you can have one of these cashmere shawls but I'd better ask Mama's permission. I don't need both; my brother sent them from India.

7: Becky: Oh, it must be wonderful to have a brother, and not to be alone in the world an orphan without friends or kindred.

4: Amelia: You're not alone, you know, Rebecca, I shall always be your friend, and love you as a sister - indeed I will.

7: Becky: Ah, but to have parents, as you have - kind, rich, affectionate parents, who give you everything you ask for; and their love, which is more important that all and then to have a brother, a dear brother! Oh, how you must love him! Isn't he very rich? They say all Indian nabobs are enormously rich.

4: Amelia: I believe he has a very large income.

7: Becky: And is your sister in law a nice pretty woman?

4: Amelia: La! Joseph is not married.

7: Becky: How disappointing, and I was looking forward to meeting all your little nephews and nieces.

4: Amelia: I thought you had enough of children at Miss Pinkerton's.

7: Becky: Aside Well! If Mr Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only three days, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying!

Jos creeps on. The men surround him.

2: Jos: Joseph Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia.

5: Narrator: He was in the East India Company's Civil Service as collector of Boggley Wallah, a very honourable and lucrative post as everybody knows.

3: Narrator: His bulk caused Joseph much anxious thought and alarm.

1: Narrator: He was never well dressed; but he took the hugest pains

1: Narrator: to adorn his big person.

5: Narrator: He had tried, in order to give himself a waist, every

5: Narrator:(cont) girth, stay and waistband then invented.

1: Narrator: When dressed at length, in the afternoon, he would issue forth to take a drive with nobody in the park:

3: Narrator: and then return to dress again and go and dine with nobody at the Piazza Coffee House.

5: Narrator: Perhaps his extreme shyness was the result of his extreme vanity.

3: Narrator: If Miss Rebecca Sharp can get the better of him, and at her first entrance into life, she is a young person of no ordinary cleverness.

4: Amelia: It's only your sister, Joseph. I've come home for good, you know; and this is my friend, Miss Sharp, whom you have heard me mention.

2: Jos: No, never, upon my word, that is, yes - what abominable weather, Miss .....

7: Becky He's very handsome.

4: Amelia: Do you think so, I shall tell him.

7: Becky: Oh darling, not for the world!

5: Narrator: The first move showed considerable skill.

4: Amelia: Joseph, when I was a girl at school, you promised to take me to Vauxhall, now that Rebecca is with us will be the very time.

7: Becky: Oh, delightful!

2: Jos: Tonight is not the night.

4: Amelia: Well, tomorrow.

1: Narrator: The following evening saw four carefree young people gathered in the drawing room in Russell Square, watching Miss Sharp put her considerable artistic talents to the test on Jos's majestic profile.

3: George: Do you remember, Sedley, what a fury you were in when I cut off the tassels of the hessian boots, and how Miss - hem! - Amelia saved my life by falling on her knees and crying out to her brother Jos not to beat little George?

5: Narrator: George Osborne was the godson of Amelia's father and had been one of the family any time between these three and twenty years.

3: George: Miss Sharp! You who are so clever an artist, you must make a grand historical picture of the scene.

7: Becky: I shan't have time to do it here. I'll do it when - when I'm gone.

4: Amelia: Oh that you could stay longer, dear Rebecca.

7: Becky: Why? That I may be only the more unhap- unwilling to lose you?

4: Amelia: Oh, I wish that you weren't going to Queen's Crawley! Amelia and Becky embrace each other, crying.

3: George: Do let us have some music, Miss Sedley - Amelia.

1: Narrator: If we should say that these two fell in love at that single instant, we should perhaps be telling an untruth.

5: Narrator: The fact is, that these two young people had been bred by their parents for this very purpose.

7: Becky: There is no need to ask family secrets. Those two have told theirs.

2: Jos: As soon as he gets his regiment, I believe the affair is settled. George Osborne is a capital fellow.

7: Becky: And your sister the dearest creature in the whole world. Happy the man who wins her! I must be very quiet, thought Rebecca and very much interested in India.

2: Jos: Almost for the first time in his life, Joseph Sedley found himself talking, without the least timidity or hesitation to a person of the opposite sex.

7: Becky: She asked him a great number of questions about
2: Jos: India!
7: Becky: Which gave him an op-
2: Jos: -portunity!
7: Becky: of narrating many interesting anecdotes about that country and
2: Jos: himself! He described a tiger hunt; and how the mahout of his elephant had been pulled off his seat by one of the infuriated animals.

7: Becky: How delighted she was at the Government Balls.

2: Jos: And how she laughed at the Scottish Aide de Campe.

7: Becky: And called Mr Sedley a sad, wicked, satirical creature.

2: Jos: And how frightened she was at the story of the elephant!

7: Becky: For you mother's sake, dear Mr Sedley, for the sake of all your friends, promise never to go on one of those horrid expeditions again.

2: Jos: Pooh, pooh, Miss Sharp, it's the dangers that make the sport only the pleasanter.

4: Amelia: Rebecca, would you please sing something for us. Oh, please. You would not have listened to me had you heard Rebecca first.

3: George: I give Miss Sharp warning, though, right or wrong, I consider Miss Amelia Sedley the first singer in the world.

4: Amelia: You shall hear.

7: Becky: Sings

Ah, bleak and barren was the moor,
Ah, loud and piercing was the storm,
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
The cottage heath was bright and warm.

An orphan boy the window passed,
And as he marked its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward pressed,
With fainting heart and weary limb,
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.

The dawn is up, the guest has gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still,
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone,
Hearken to the wind on the hill.

4: Amelia: Oh, that was beautiful, Rebecca!

2: Jos: What a sensation she would make at the Calcutta balls. It's evident the poor devil's in love with me. She is just as rich as most of the girls who come out to India. I might go farther, and fare worse. Gad, I'll pop the question at Vauxhall.

Knock at the door.

3: George: That will be Dobbin with the carriage. I've asked William to go with us. He's nearly as modest as Jos.

2: Jos: Modesty. Pooh.

3: George: He is. But you are incomparably more graceful, Sedley. There's not a finer fellow in the service, though he's no Adonis, certainly.

1: Narrator: George looked into the glass with naive pleasure and caught Miss Sharp's eye, at which he blushed a little

7: Becky: and Rebecca thought in her heart, ' Ah, mon beau monsieur, I think I have your gauge!'

3: George: The artful little minx.

5: Dobbin: At that moment a very tall ungainly gentleman,
7: Becky: with large hands and feet,
3: George: set off by a closely cropped head of hair,
2: Jos: and in a hideous military uniform,
5: Dobbin: advanced to meet Amelia.

3: George: Captain William Dobbin, Miss Amelia Sedley.

5: Dobbin: Amelia? Back from school?

4: Amelia: Yes Mr Dobbin. Don't you recognise me?

5: Dobbin: Well, is it possible - are you the little maid I remember in the pink frock such a short time ago. What a blooming creature you seem, and what a prize the rogue has got!

1: Narrator: All this he thought before he took Amelia's hand in his.

5: Dobbin: The chaise is here.

3: George: Come along Sedley!

2: Jos: Let me finish another glass.

3: George: Aside He's priming himself. I think he intends a proposal to Emmy's litle friend at Vauxhall.

6: Narrator: At length the party arrived at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall.

VAUXHALL GARDENS

3: George: I say, Dobbin, just look to the shawls and things, there's a good fellow.

1: Narrator: And so George paired off with Miss Amelia,
6: Narrator: Jos squeezed through the gate with Rebecca at his side,
1: Narrator: and honest Dobbin contented himself by paying for the whole party.

5: Dobbin: About Rebecca and Jos, Dobbin did not care a fig. But he thought Amelia worthy even of the brilliant George Osborne.

1: Narrator: sings tune of "The Orphan Song" to "La" (in Italian mock-operatic style throughout scene while pushing "gondolas" round.)

4: Amelia: Oh, the Venetian Lagoon.

3: George: Miss Sed...Emmy...shall we..

2: Jos: Perhaps, Miss Sharp, you would accompany me on the Venetian lagoon?

7: Becky: I should be enchanted.

3: George: I've booked the dinner table for nine. See you there.

5: Dobbin: I should only be de trop. I'll go and speak to the ornamental hermit.

THE VENETIAN LAGOON - GEORGE AND AMELIA ON A GONDOLA

3: George: He's not really going to propose to that little governess, surely?

4: Amelia: George, Rebecca is my friend.

3: George: He's drunk.

4: Amelia: George!

3: George: Let's go and see the panorama of Moscow.

4: Amelia: Very well, George. I thought we might have some time together here. I see you so little now, with the army.

3: George: Oh hang it, Emmy, I'm sorry I couldn't come last week - I was busy. I'll buy you one of those paper monkeys.

4: Amelia: Oh, George, you're so kind.

Jos and Becky on another Gondola.

2: Jos: Do you think Venice is like this?

7: Becky: Oh, it's so romantic. It's very dark in here. I feel quite frightened. I am quite glad I am not alone.

2: Jos: Are you Miss Sharp? Miss Sharp, er...

Dobbin comes into view on another gondola. An embarrassed pause. He passes by.

7: Becky: You were saying, Mr Sedley?

2: Jos: Er, how pretty the lights are.

7: Becky: Oh, Mr Sedley, how much I would like to see India!

2: Jos: Should you? Miss Sharp singing stops abruptly Would you do me the honour of...That is would you consider becoming my...

A bell rings

2: Jos: What's that noise?

7: Becky: It's the singing.

2: Jos: No, it's the dinner bell. We said we would meet the

2: Jos:(cont) others there.

7: Becky: How provoking!
Singing starts again (several voices) more rapidly for change to dinner table.

6: Narrator: Jos was in his glory at the dinner table.
1: Narrator: He ordered the waiters about with great majesty,
6: Narrator: made the salad,
1: Narrator: he uncorked the champagne,
6: Narrator: he even carved the chicken;
1: Narrator: and he drank the greater part of the refreshments on the table.
6: Narrator: Finally he insisted upon having a bowl of rack punch.

2: Jos: Waiter, rack punch.

1: Narrator: Everybody had rack punch at Vauxhall.
6: Narrator: That bowl of rack punch was the cause of all this history.

5: Dobbin: Captain Dobbin didn't have any.

4: Amelia: Miss Amelia Sedley didn't want any.

3: George: Captain George Osborne didn't like it.

7: Becky: Miss Rebecca Sharp didn't want any.

6: Narrator: And the consequence was
2: Jos: that Jos,
1: Narrator: that fat gourmand,
Omnes: drank the whole contents of the bowl.

2: Jos: Starts singing
The dawn is up, the guest has gone.
The cottage hearth is blazing still
Jos passes out mid-song

7: Becky: Mr Sedley? Mr Sedley! He's passed out.
Jos is carried off

All Narrators
(except Jos & Becky) Singing
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone
Hearken to the wind on the.....

7: Becky: Well, there was no harm in trying. I wonder what Sir Pitt Crawley will be like, thought Rebecca as she bade farewell to Amelia. Becky kisses Amelia goodbye as she speaks At least I shall be with the gentry in the country and not with vulgar city people in Russell Square.

Doors slam shut between Amelia and Becky.

QUEENS CRAWLEY

7: Becky: I am alone in the world. I have nothing to look for but what my own labour can bring me; and while that little pink chit Amelia has £10,000, poor Rebecca has only herself and her own wits to trust to. Not that I dislike poor Amelia - who can dislike such a harmless creature - only it will be a fine day when I can take my place over her in the world, as why indeed should I not.

I have not written to my beloved Amelia for these many weeks past, for what news was there to tell of the sayings and doings at Humdrum hall, as I have christened it; and what do you care whether the turnip crop is good or bad.

Sir Pitt is not what we, silly girls, when we used to read Cecilia at Miss Pinkerton's imagined a baronet must have been. Anything, indeed less like Lord Orville cannot be imagined.

Here, my dear, I was interrupted last night by a dreadful thumping at my door: who do you think it was? Sir Pitt Crawley in his shabby clothes and old gaiters. As I shrank away from such a visitor, he came forward and seized my candle.

3: Sir Pitt: No candles after eleven o'clock, Miss Becky, you pretty little hussy.

7: Becky: For that is what he called me.

3: Sit Pitt: and unless you wish me to come for the candle every night mind you be in bed by eleven.

7: Becky: You may be sure I shall not encourage any more of his visits. He let loose two immense bloodhounds at night, Dogs (Narrators 1 & 5) growl which all last night were yelling and howling at the moon. Dogs howl and then bark.

3: Sir Pitt: I used to call the dog Gorer, Gorer (Narrator 1) barks twice he's killed a man, and the mother I used to call Flora, Flora (Narrator 5) barks once but now I call her Aroarer, for she's too old to bite! Haw, haw! Dogs bark together.

7: Becky: The house of Queen's Crawley is an odious old fashioned red-brick mansion in the style of Queen Bess. And, oh my dear, there is a long gallery I am sure is as long and as glum as the long gallery in the dear castle of Udolpho. On "Udolpho" long gallery forms. Miss Crawley left, Sir Pitt and children, Rawdon and Pitt right in tableaux as paintings. It has a large fireplace in which we might fit half of Miss Pinkerton's school, and all up and down the long gallery hang I don't know how many generations of Crawleys.
Apart from my pupils.

2 & 4: Pupils — Miss Sharp, Miss Sharp, Miss Sharp!

7: Becky: — They are two very thin and insignificant little chits, of ten and eight years old, Sir Pitt has two grown up sons. The elder, Mr Crawley is a pompous as an undertaker. He is thin, ugly, silent; he has thin legs, no chest and I hear that at Eton he was called Miss Crawley; and there, I am sorry to say his brother, Rawdon, used to kick him violently.

Miss Crawley steps out of painting and walks down gallery.

My dear, Miss Crawley is here to stay. Sir Pitt's sister the great rich Miss Crawley with seventy thousand pounds in the five percents, whom, or I had better say, which, her family adores.

3: Sir Pitt: — Now you shut up your sermons, Pitt. Aunt Matilda won't stand the preachifying.

5: Pitt: — She is a godless woman of the world. She lives with atheists and Frenchmen.

3: Sir Pitt: — Why hang it, Pitt, you shouldn't be such a fool as to let three thousand go out of the family?

5: Pitt: — What is money compared to our souls, sir?

3: Sir Pitt: — Souls, be hanged! What you mean is the old lady won't leave her money to you.

All step down from paintings. Exit Rawdon. The rest surround Miss Crawley.

6: Miss Crawley: — When I come into the country I leave my servants at home. My family are my toadies here and a pretty lot they are too.

7: Becky: — Now we drink claret and champagne as if we were accustomed to it every day. What a charming reconciler and peacemaker money is!

Omnes: — Aunt Matilda!

Enter Rawdon

7: Becky: — On the other hand, the young dandy, "blood" I believe is the term - Captain Crawley makes his appearance, and I suppose you would like to know what sort of person he is. Well, he is a very large young dandy. At least six feet high....

1: Rawdon: — At least.

7: Becky: — ....and Miss Crawley adores him.

1: Rawdon: Aunty!

6: Miss Crawley: Come and kiss you Aunt, Rawdie! He will sow his wild oats and is worth far more than that puling hypocrite of a brother of his.

7: Becky: The Captain has a healthy comtempt for his

1: Rawdon: Father! Rawdon pats Sir Pitt too heartily on the back.

7: Becky: and his brother Rawdon cuffs Pitt 'affectionately' across the head and Sir Pitt dares not take offence for fear of offending Miss Crawley, and missing out on his legacy when she dies of her apoplexy. Shall I tell you a compliment the Captain paid me? I must, it is so pretty. Well, I heard him say ...

1: Rawdon: By Jove, she's a neat little filly!

7: Becky: ... meaning you humble servant!
A thousand grateful thanks to dear Mama and Papa.
Yours affectionately, Rebecca.

4: Narrator: So Rebecca wisely determined to render her position at Queen's Crawley comfortable and secure. With Mr Crawley she was obedient and respectful.

5: Pitt: Miss Sharp, I have just had to reprimand Rosa and Violet for running down the long gallery.

7: Becky: Oh, Mr Crawley I was lost in your pamphlet, the Washerwoman of Wandsworth Common.

5: Pitt: Oh, Miss Sharp. How she is awakened to my words, when not one of the family here is moved by them. I am too fine for them, too delicate. Her mother was a Montmorency.

7: Becky: To Sir Pitt she found many different ways of being useful. She became interested in everything appertaining to the estate,

3: Sir Pitt: to the farm, the park, the garden and the stables;

7: Becky: and so delightful a companion was she, that before she had been a year at Queen's Crawley

3: Sir Pitt: she had quite won the Baronet's confidence.

6: Miss Crawley: Becky! Becky!

7: Becky: Old Miss Crawley was certainly one of the reprobate. She had a snug little house in Park Lane. She had been in France where St Just, they say, inspired her with an unfortunate passion, and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines. She was a dreadful radical and talked very lightly of divorce, and most energetically about the rights of women.

6: Miss Crawley: My dear, you are a perfect trouvaille. I wish you could come to me in London, but I couldn't make a butt of you as I do my servants - no, no you sly little creature; you are much too clever. What is birth? If merit had its reward you ought to be a duchess - no, there ought to be no duchesses at all - but you ought to have no superior, and I consider you, my dear, my equal in every respect; and will you put some more coals on the fire, my dear; and pick this dress of mine, and alter it, you do it so well.

That was the most beautiful thing about Lord Nelson's character. He went to the deuce for a woman. There must be some good in a man who will do that. I adore all imprudent matches. I have set my heart on Rawdon running away with someone.

7: Becky: A rich someone or a poor someone?

6: Miss Crawley: Why, you goose! Rawdon has not a shilling in the world but what I give him. He is criblé de dettes.

7: Becky: Is he very clever?

6: Miss Crawley: Clever, my love? Not an idea in the world beyond his horses and his regiment, and his hunting and his gambling; but he must succeed - he's so delightfully wicked. Don't you know he has hit a man and shot an injured father - in the hat only.

1: Rawdon: Aunty! Good afternoon, Miss Sharp.

7: Becky: Captain Crawley.

6: Miss Crawley: Sing to us my love. We three should stick together, we are the only three christians in the county.

1: Rawdon: In which case,
7: Becky: it must be confessed
6: Miss Crawley: that religion was at a very low ebb in the county of Hampshire.

7: Becky: Sings
The Rose upon my balcony
The morning air perfuming
Was leafless o'er the wintertime
And pining for the Spring.
You ask me why her breath is sweet
And why her cheek is blooming.
It is because the sun is out
And the birds begin to sing.
Tra la la la etc.
Rawdon passes her a note and the singing falters, Mis Crawley awakes.

6: Miss Crawley: What was that?

1: Rawdon: Ah...Oh gad...

7: Becky: Just a false note.

Singing recommences (Tra la la la etc) and changes into Wedding March. Rawdon and Becky strike up Wedding Portrait pose behind Miss Crawley.

Miss Crawley finishes Wedding March

6: Miss Crawley: Realising. Married? The sly little wretch! I'll cut them off without a shilling!
Miss Crawley exits weeping. Enter Sir Pitt.

3: Sir Pitt: Where's Becky?

4: Narrator: When Sir Pitt Crawley heard that Rebecca was married to his son

3: Sir Pitt: he broke out into a fury of language,

2: Narrator: which it would do no good to repeat in this genteel and refined place

4: Narrator: and so we will shut up the door upon the figure of this frenzied old man.

Doors slam on Sir Pitt, enter Rawdon carrying Becky ("over the threshold").

2: Narrator: We must now take our leave of the Crawley family and their rustic simplicity and travel across Vanity Fair to those city merchants of Bloomsbury and inquire what has become of Miss Amelia.

1: Rawdon: We don't care a fig for her, do we?

7: Becky: She is dull and insipid!

RUSSELL SQUARE

5: Dobbin: Captain Dobbin called at the Sedley's house in Russell Square on the pretence of finding George Osborne, of course. But George wasn't there ...

4: Amelia; Only poor little Amelia, seated near the tall drawing room window ...

7: Becky: Who, after some very trifling, stupid talk,

4: Amelia: ventured to ask

Is there any truth in the report that the regiment is ordered abroad?

5: Dobbin: None whatsoever.

4: Amelia: Have you seen Captain Osborne today?

5: Dobbin: No. He's either at the barracks or across the square at his father's.

4: Amelia: Oh.

5: Dobbin: I shall go and fetch the truant.

7: Narrator: Poor little tender heart. You see it's not much a life to describe, only one feeling all day...

4: Amelia: When will he come?

1: Narrator: I believe Captain Osborne was practising billiards at the Cocoa tree at the time.

3: George: For George was a jolly sociable fellow and excellent in all games of skill.

THE COCOA TREE

5: Dobbin: Are you engaged to Miss Amelia Sedley?

3: George: What the devil's that to you or anyone here if I am?

5: Dobbin: Are you ashamed of it?

3: George: What right have you to ask me that question, sir? I should like to know?

5: Dobbin: Good god, you don't mean to say you want to break it off?

3: George: No. You ask me if I am a man of honour?

5: Dobbin: I tell you, you are neglecting a sweet girl, George. I tell you that when you go into town you ought to go to her and not to the gambling house about St James's.

3: George: You want your money back, I suppose.

5: Dobbin: Of course I do, I always did - didn't I?

3: George: William, I beg you pardon - you have been my friend in a hundred ways, heavens knows. But you shouldn't deal so hardly with me. I am very fond of Amelia, I adore her and all that sort of thing. She's faultless. But there's no fun in winning a thing unless you play for it. I must have a little fling, and then, when I'm married I'll reform: I will upon my honour now. Oh, Dob, don't be angry with me and I'll see Amelia tomorrow, there now, will that satisfy you?

~~3: George~~: 5: DOBBIN

It is impossible to be long angry with you, George, only I wish you had sowed these wild oats of yours already. If you could see poor Miss Emmy's face when she asked me about you, you'd have pitched those billiard balls to the deuce.

3: George: I believe she is dashed fond of me. I should have liked to take her a little present, only I am quite out of cash until my father tips up.

5: Dobbin: But Dobbin could not allow this good nature and generosity to be balked, and so accommodated Captain

Osborne with a few pound notes

3: George: which the latter, after a little faint scruple, took. And I daresay he would have bought something very handsome for Amelia, only walking down Fleet Street, he was attracted by a quite splendid shirt pin in a jeweller's window which he could not resist.

He returned to his father's house in Russell Square half an hour late for dinner, but in a very good humour.

RUSSELL SQUARE

2: Mr Osborne: It was not so with old Mr Osborne.

3: George: The gloom on the paternal countenance impressed George with anxiety. How was he to extract money from the governor now?

By, Jove, I've never tasted such madeira as yours anywhere, sir.

2: Mr Osborne: Pretty boy, indeed. Haven't I heard of your doings, sir, with Lord Tarquin, Captain Crawley of the Guards, the Honourable Mr Deuceace and that set. Have a care, sir, have a care.

1: Narrator: But the old merchant mellowed as he pronounced these aristocratic names. Whenever he met a great lord, he grovelled before him as only a freeborn Briton can do.

3: George: Well, sir. One can't live with these great folk for nothing.

2: Mr Osborne: You shan't want, sir. A British merchant's son shan't want, sir. I was a humbly born man - but you have had the advantages. Make good use of 'em. Mix with the young nobility. There's many of 'em who can't a dollar to your guinea, George my boy. And as for pink bonnets -why boys will be boys, I suppose. Only there's one thing I order you to avoid, which, if you do not I'll cut you off without a shilling, by Jove; and that's gambling, sir.

3: George: Oh, of course, sir.

2: Mr Osborne: Now, then, there's another matter I want to talk to you about: why shouldn't you marry higher than a stockbroker's daughter, George - that's what I really wnat to know.

3: George: It's a family business, sir. You and Mr Sedley made the match a hundred years ago.

2: Mr Osborne: I don't deny it; but people's positions alter, sir. I don't deny that Sedley made my fortune. I tell you in confidence, George, I don't like the look of Mr Sedley's affairs.

4: Narrator: Our surprised story now finds itself among very famous events and personages.

1: Narrator: Napoleon Bonaparte...
Start of "1812" Overture" between lines.

5: Narrator: the Corsican upstart...

1: Narrator: has sailed from Elba...
1812

3: Narrator: Napoleon, the great general, has landed at Cannes, and is amassing another grande armee.

1812

7: Narrator: The eagles of the Emperor Napoleon the First are soaring over Notre Dame de Paris! Vive la France! Vive la Guerre! Vive Bonaparte!

1812

2: Narrator: Yes! Napoleon is flinging his last stake!

4: Amelia: But how is this to affect a young lady, asleep in the parish of Bloomsbury?

2: Narrator: In the first place the stock market fell.

1: Mr Sedley: Amelia's father, old Mr Sedley, had come home very late from the city and sat patiently by the drawing room window.

6: Mrs Sedley: While his wife was prattling to him.

She's not happy. George Osborne neglects her. I've no patience with the airs of those people. Old Mr Osborne has not been in the house these three weeks; and George has been twice in town without coming. Edward Dale saw him at the opera. Edward would marry her I'm sure: and there's Captain Dobbin, who, I think would - only I hate all army men. Such a dandy as George has become, with all his military airs, indeed. No, we must show some folks that we're as good as they. Only give Edward Dale some encouragement and you'll see. We must have a party, Mr S. Why don't you say something, John? Good God, John, what has happened?

1: Mr Sedley: We're ruined, Mary. We've got the whole world to start over again, dear. It's best you should know all, and at once.

2: Mr Osborne: Of all Sedley's opponents in debates with his creditors which now ensued, the most determined and obstinate seemed to be Old Mr Osborne - Old Osborne, who he had set up in life - and whose son was to marry Sedley's daughter. Any one of these circumstances would account for the bitterness of Osborne's opposition.

1: Mr Sedley: Old Mr Sedley cursed Osborne and his family. No power on earth, he swore, would induce him to marry his daughter to the son of such a villain. He ordered Emmy to banish George from her mind to return all presents and letters which she had ever had from him.

6: Mrs Sedley: My God, my God. It will break Emmy's heart.

4: Amelia: I am writing to you for the last time. I think, I know, you feel as much as I the blow which has come upon us. Farewell. I pray to God to strengthen me to bear this and other calamities, and to bless you always. Amelia.

5: Dobbin: George, she's taking it very badly. You must come and see her.

2: Mr Osborne: How dare you, sir?

3: George: Don't say dare, sir. Dare is not a word to be used by a Captain in the British Army.

2: Mr Osborne: I shall say as I like to my son, sir. I can make him a beggar if I like.

3: George: I am a gentleman though I am you son, sir.

2: Mr Osborne: I wish you'd remember that in my house...

3: George: That what, sir?

2: Mr Osborne: ...that the name of those Sedleys never be mentioned here, sir - not one of the whole damn lot of 'em, sir.

3: George: Who told me to love her? It was your doing. I might have chosen elsewhere and looked higher, perhaps, than your society: but I obeyed you. And now that her heart's mine you give me orders to fling it away, and punish her, kill her perhaps. It's a shame by heavens, to play fast and loose with a young girl's affections.

2: Mr Osborne: I ain't going to have any of this damn sentimental nonsense and humbug here, sir. There shall be no beggar marriages in my family.

3: George: I've done it! Dobbin!

5: Dobbin: What, my boy?

3: George: I'll marry her tomorrow.

George and Amelia are married.
Music starts: Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" sung to "La" as Church forms and George leads Amelia to the altar. Mr Osborne and Mr Sedley step forward, apart from the rest

2: Mr Osborne: Neither of the fathers attended the ceremony.

5: Dobbin: It was all over. They were married, and Dobbin prayed they be happy. Never since he was a boy had he felt so miserable and so lonely. He longed with a heart sick yearning for the first few days to be over, that he might see her again.

BRIGHTON

6: Narrator: Some three days later, a young bride and bridegroom of our acquaintance were enjoying the beautiful prospect of the sea that the Brighton promenade affords the traveller.

1: Narrator: Brighton, brisk, gay and gaudy, and but seven hours from London.

4: Amelia: Oh, George, how your heart must bleed at the idea of being separated from you Papa.

3: George: It does.

4: Amelia: But he can't be angry with you for long. Oh, I shall never forgive myself if he is.

3: George: What vexes me, my dear Emmy, is not my misfortune, but yours. I don't care for a little poverty. I think I can say without vanity that I have talents enough to make my own way.

4: Amelia: Oh that you have.

3: George: Isn't that Rawdon Crawley on the beach?

7: Becky: Yes, the two wedding parties chose Brighton for their honeymoon, and quite by coincidence.

4: Amelia: When the two brides met they flew into each others arms as befitted old friends.

3: George: And George
1: Rawdon: and Rawdon
3: George: shook hands together
1: Rawdon: cordially enough.

4: Amelia: These two young couples had plenty of adventure to relate.....

7: Becky: the marriages of either were discussed,
3: George: and their prospects in life
1: Rawdon: canvassed with the greatest frankness.
7: Becky: Old Miss Crawley had cut them out of her will.
3: George: And Old Mr Osborne refused any communication with his son, giving him a lump sum of a mere two thousand pounds to make his way in life.

7: Becky: Well, Captain Osborne, where there is life there is hope!

5: Dobbin: George! George! News at last! Napoleon's on the Belgian frontier. The whole army is ordered to Brussels.

3: George: Huzzah!

4: Amelia: Brussels!

3: George: Don't worry dear, it is but twelve hours passage. You shall go too.

7: Becky: I intend to go. I'm on the staff. General Tufto is a great flirt of mine. Isn't he, Rawdon?

5: Dobbin: She can't go, think of the danger.

4: Amelia: I must and will go.

2: Jos: Joseph Sedley decided to accompany his friends to Brussels purely as a spectator. He invested in a suitably martial wardrobe and sprouted a pair of military moustachios for the occasion.

7: Narrator: So that the folks at Ramsgate docks mistook him for a great military personage.

Cheers. "Boat" sails off. It begins to rock.

2: Jos: Jos suffered hugely on the voyage.

4: Amelia: Amelia was likewise prostrate.

2: Jos: But Joseph Sedley brightened up as the ship docked at Ostend, that hideous seaport town and our gallant band of travellers made their way to Brussels.

They disembark - speaking as they do.

7: Becky: There they found themselves in one of the gayest and most brilliant little capitals in the Europe,

1: Rawdon: where gambling and drinking were in profusion,

4: Amelia: and where all the Vanity Fair booths were laid out with the most tempting liveliness and splendour.

3: George: The sight of the very great Company of lords and ladies who thronged the town filled George's truly British soul with intense delight.

7: Becky: Look! The Duke of Wellington! The Duke! What a fine figure of a man! You know, you remind me of him, Captain Osborne.

4: Amelia: George, do excuse me. The walk has tired me and I would like to go back to the hotel.

3: George: Oh yes, of course dear.

Exit Amelia.

7: Becky: You know, I think Emmy has become prouder since her father's misfortunes. Upon my word, I thought when we were at Brighton she was doing me the honour to be jealous of me.

3: George: Jealousy; why all women are jealous, and all men too.

Enter Rawdon.

1: Rawdon: Do dine with us tonight, Osborne, you might take back some of the money I relieved you of last night. Great news is stirring. They say the French have crossed the frontier. We shall have a quiet dinner.

3: George: Delighted. Only Amelia is a little unwell. But Dob will stay with her.

5: Dobbin: What a humbug that woman is! All the time she was here, didn't you see, George, how she was acting at the General over the way?

3: George: Acting - humbug! Hang it she's the nicest little woman in England. You ain't a man of the world, Dobbin.

2: Narrator: Captain Osborne passed his evenings in the company of the Crawleys

3: George: losing money to the husband and flattering himself that the wife was dying of love for him.

1: Rawdon: It is very unlikely that this worthy couple ever absolutely conspired together

7: Becky: the one to cajole the young gentleman,

1: Rawdon: whilst the other took his money at cards

7: Becky: but they understood each other perfectly well,

1: Rawdon: and Rawdon let Osborne come and go with entire good humour.

2: Narrator: The brilliant train of camp-followers that hung round the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries, in 1815, led it dancing up to the very brink of battle.

4: Narrator: A certain ball which the Duchess of Richmond held at Brussels on the 15th June in the above-named year is historical.

6: Narrator: The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English will employ, in order to gain admission to society.

Ball music starts - Vanity Fair tune in brisk waltz rhythm

3: George: On the appointed night, George having borrowed for gowns and jewels of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball.

4: Amelia: Where Amelia did not know a single soul.

Music swells.

2: Narrator: Captain and Mrs Osborne!

3: George: Sit here, Amelia. I'll go in search of the Crawleys.

2: Narrator: Captain and Mrs Crawley!

7: Becky: On the other hand, Mrs Rawdon Crawley's debut was very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant, her dress perfection.

5: Man: I wonder, Mrs Crawley, might I have the second gavotte?

2: Man: Are you free for the polonaise, Mrs Crawley?

7: Becky: She said she was engaged and made her way at once to her dearest and began forthwith to patronise her. She found fault with her friend's dress, and her hair and wondered how she could be so chausee. She vowed that it was a delightful ball and that there was everybody she knew and only a very few nobodies in the whole room.

End tune. Applause.

7: Becky: For God's sake, stop him from gambling, my dear, or he will ruin himself. He and Rawdon are playing at cards every night, and you know he is very poor, and Rawdon will win every shilling from him if he does not take care. Why don't you prevent him, you little careless creature? Why don't you come to us of an evening instead of moping at home with that dreadful Captain Dobbin? I daresay he is très aimable; but how could one love a man with such big feet? Your husband's feet are darlings - here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Have you come to fetch me for the quadrille?

3: George: I have indeed, ma'am.

7: Becky: And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's side.

Music starts again. "Rose Upon My Balcony" tune as a polka.

2: Jos: Jos collapsed exhausted by a whirling dowager. Good Lord, Emmy, you look so sad. Cheer up!

4: Amelia: It's nothing, Joseph. I'm just rather worried about the war.

2: Jos: My dear creature! Boney attack us! Poor Emmy! Don't be frightened. There's no danger! The allies will be in Paris in two months, I tell you, when I'll take you off to dine in the Palais Royale, by Jove! You don't understand military affairs, my dear, I do!....

1: Rawdon: At length Rawdon came by with some words of clumsy conversation and left.

5: Dobbin: And later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her; he didn't like to ask her why she was so sad;

4! Amelia: but as a pretext for the tears which were filling in her eyes, she told him that Mrs Crawley had alarmed her that George playing.

5: Dobbin: It is curious when a man is bent upon play, by what clumsy rogues he will allow himself to be cheated.

4: Amelia: Indeed. William, you've always been very kind to me - I'm - I'm not well. Take me home, please.

Exit Dobbin and Amelia. Enter George and Becky, dancing. Polka ends, to applause.

3: George: You are a sensation.

7: Becky: Captain Osborne!

3: George: You have made every woman in this room seem quite stupid.

7: Becky: Good evening, Lord Bareacres.

3: George: Rebecca, I must speak to you alone.

7: Becky: Captain Osborne, consider my reputation. Isn't that the Marquis of Steyne?

3: George: George hastily scribbled a note, pleading with Rebecca to fly with him that very night and slipped it into her bouquet.

7: Becky: Rawdon insists that we leave now, Captain Osborne. Emmy left hours ago with that ghost, Captain Dobbin. You really do neglect her, you naughty man. What a marvellous evening. The Marquis of Steyne is a fascinating man; do you know him, Captain Osborne? We really must be leaving, Rawdon says there's news fom the line.

3: George: But do not forget your bouquet, Mrs Crawley!

7: becky: There was a note coiled like a snake among the flowers.

Exit Rebecca and Rawdon. Music starts up - loud discordant mixture of tunes.

3: George: You there, give me some wine.

5: Dobbin: George!

3: George: Come and drink, old Dob! The Duke's wine is famous.

3: George:(cont) Give me some more, you sir.

5: Dobbin: Come out, George, don't drink.

3: George: Drink! There's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you.

5: Dobbin: The enemy has passed the Sambre, and our left is already engaged. Come away. Music stops abruptly (on 'Come away') We are to march in three hours.

3: George: Away went George through the streets of Brussels, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. Should any mischance befall him: what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her! Why had he married? He was unfit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had always been so generous to him?

7: Narrator: Hope,
1: Narrator: remorse,
5: Narrator: ambition,
2: Narrator: tenderness,
6: Narrator: and selfish regret filled his heart.

AMELIA'S BEDROOM

3: George: She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him.

Good God! How pure she is; how gentle, how tender and how friendless! Who am I to pray for one so spotless? God bless her! God bless her!

4: Amelia: I am awake, George.

3: George: Oh Emmy, forgive me, but I am innocent. I am innocent.

4: Amelia: Oh George.

5: Narrator: The Crawley's bedroom was also the scene of preparation for the battle.

7: Becky: I cannot bear to see my soldat looking so triste, besides it's not as if you are in the front line.

1: Rawdon: You don't suppose I'm afraid, Becky, I should think. But I'm a pretty good mark for a shot, and, if it brings me down, why I leave one and perhaps two behind me whom I should wish to provide for, as I brought 'em into the scrape. It is no laughing matter that, Mrs C., anyways.

7: Becky: Dearest Love, do you suppose I feel nothing?

1: Rawdon: Look here, if I drop, let us see what there is for you. I have had a pretty good run of luck here. Here's two hundred and thirty pounds. I have got ten Napoleons in my pocket. That is as much as I shall want; and if I'm hit, why you know I cost nothing. Don't cry

1: Rawdon: little woman; I may live to vex you yet. Well, I shan't take either of my horses, but I shall ride the general's grey charger: it's cheaper and I told him mine was lame. If I'm done, those two ought to fetch you something. Grigg offered ninety for the mare yesterday before this confounded news came and, like a fool, I wouldn't let her go under the two Os.

4: Narrator: And this famous dandy went off on his campaign with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving.

1: Rawdon: Bye, old girl.

7: Becky: Rebecca went to her bouquet of the ball. Took out the note George Osborne had given her and locked it in the dressing box.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Now then, while her husband, Major O'Dowd, was leading their menfolk through the farm buildings at Quatre Bras and up the hill at Waterloo, Mrs Major O'Dowd, that redoutable Irish woman, thought fit to keep an eye on the young ones left behind in the city of Brussels.

How are you Mrs Osborne? Now let me introduce myself. Peggy O'Dowd, wife of the major, and I know just how you feel. I well remember Mick's first campaign after we were married. I never thought to see his dear round face again. You must bear up Amelia dear, for he mustn't find you ill, when he sends for you after the victory. You are not the only woman that's in the hands of God, this day.

4: Amelia: I know that I am very wicked, very weak.

7: Becky: <u>Off stage</u> Are these Mrs Osborne's rooms?

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Don't tell me you're acquainted with that dreadful Mrs Crawley? Good day to ye, madam. Faith and I'm glad to see you looking so cheerful on this agonising day. <u>Aside</u> It's not you who will cry your eyes out with grief anyway. <u>Exit.</u>

7: Becky: Dearest Amelia, you are very unwell. What is it? I could not rest until I knew how you were.

4: Amelia: Why are you here, Rebecca?

7: Becky: <u>Aside</u> She must have seen him give me the note at the ball. Don't be agitated, dear Amelia. I came but

7: Becky:(cont) to see if I could - if you were well.

4: Amelia: Are you well? I daresay you are. You don't love your husband. You would not be here if you did. Tell me, Rebecca, did I ever do anything but kindness to you?

7: Becky: Indeed, Amelia, no.

4: Amelia: When you were quite poor and friendless at school who was it that befriended you? Was I not a sister to you? His love was everything to me. You knew it and wanted to rob me of it. For shame, Rebecca; bad and wicked woman - false friend and false wife.

7: Becky: Amelia, I protest before God, I have done my husband no wrong.

4: Amelia: Have you done me no wrong, Rebecca? Ask your heart if you have not.

7: Becky: She knows nothing.

4: Amelia: He came back to me because he was innocent. I knew he was. I knew you would not succeed. But now that he has gone, have you come to see how unhappy I am? You made me wretched enough for the past fortnight! You might have spared me today.

7: Becky: I-I didn't.....

4: Amelia: No. You tried to steal him from me. Have you come to fetch him now? He was here, but he is gone now. There on the bed we sat. Don't touch it. We sat and talked there. I was on his knee, and my arms were around his neck and we said 'Our Father'. Yes, he was here: and they came and took him away, but he promised me to come back.

7: Becky: He will come back, my dear.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: How is she?

7: Becky: She is very unwell. There should be somebody with her.

Poor wretch. How could I crush her with that note from her husband. And it is for a man like George Osborne that she must break her heart - for a man who is stupid, a coxcomb - and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature.

Enter Jos

2: Jos: Oh Mrs Crawley!

7: Becky: Are you preparing to join the army, Mr Joseph? Is there to be nobody left in Brussels to protect us poor women?

2: Jos: My dear madam. Not every man of courage is in the

2: Jos:(cont) field, you know. I should like to see some action. What man of spirit would not? But my duties kept me here.

1: Isidor: Luncheon is served. Isidor and Pauline lay table.

2: Jos: You will stay for a little luncheon, Mrs Crawley?
7: Becky: Thank you.

2: Jos: Might I tempt you to a little turtle soup? There are croutons.

7: Becky: Mais naturellement.

Enter Mrs O'Dowd

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Amelia couldn't eat a thing but I have to keep my spirits up for both of us.

2: Jos: Ah yes. Mrs O'Dowd, would you like to stay to a little luncheon?

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Delighted. Howd'ye do again, Mrs Crawley. Good day to you.

Pauline and Isidor serve the meal

6: Mrs O'Dowd: God bless the meat. 'Tis a bad dinner those poor boys will get today.

2: Jos: We'll drink to your husband, Major O'Dowd. Champagne, Isidor. Champagne, Mrs Crawley, Mrs O'Dowd?

As the champagne cork pops the noise of gunfire is heard

2: Jos: What is it? Why don't you pour you rascal?

1: Isidor: C'est le feu.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: God defend us, it's cannon.

Jos, Pauline and Isidor run to the window.

7: Becky: Aside Suppose the French do come, what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! The time of sacks and sieges is over. We shall be let to go home quietly or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Aside Look at her, the trollop. I'll show her an Irish-woman can be just as cool in the face of fear. Isidor, will you serve the soup please, with none of he them French things.

Noises off

4: Narrator (From Off): Napoleon a coupé en deux les armees. Il march direct sur Bruxelles.

Pauline cries

2: Jos: Mrs Crawley, what is he saying?

7: Becky: Napoleon has cut the allied armies in two. He's marching straight to Brussels.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Nonsense. We'll crush him like a crouton.

2: Jos: Quick, Isidor, get the coach and put the horses in harness. Exit Isidor Mrs O'Dowd, hadn't you better get Amelia ready?

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Are you going to take her out for a walk? Sure she's too weak to stir.

2: Jos: I - I've ordered the carriage. Isidor is gone for it.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: What do you want with driving tonight! Isn't she better in her bed? I've just got her to lie down.

2: Jos: Get her up, she must get up, I say: I say the horses are ordered yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and -

6: Mrs O'Dowd: And what?

2: Jos: I'm off to Ostend. Everybody is going; there's a place for you in my carriage.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: I don't move till I get the route from O'Dowd. You may go if you like Mr Sedley; but faith Amelia and I stop here.

2: Jos: Yes, she shall go.

Mrs O'Dowd puts herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Is it her mother you're going to take her to? Or do you want to go to Mamma, yourself? Good marning. Bon voyage, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off those moustachios, or they will bring you into mischief.

2: Jos: D---n!

Enter Isidor

1: Isidor: On a volé les chevaux!

2: Jos: What!

7: Becky: It appears your horses have been stolen, Mr Sedley.

2: Jos: Good heavens! Run and find horses, Pauline. Quickly. Anywhere. I don't mind how much you pay.

Exit Pauline. Jos goes to exit with her

1: Isidor: I suggest Monsieur removes his military coat. It makes him look like such an important soldier.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: With such a stiff upper lip.

2: Jos: Oh my moustaches! Isidor shave off my moustaches.

1: Isidor: Comment?

2: Jos: Coupez-moi.

1: Isidor: Oh, m'sieur.

2: Jos: Non, non, coupez mes moustaches! Vite! Vite!.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: More champagne, Mrs Crawley?

Enter Pauline

5: Pauline: Il n'y a pas de chevaux. Tout le monde est en fuite de Bruxelles.

2: Jos: What are they saying now?

1: Isidor: All the disgusting aristocrats are fleeing and they have taken all the horses with them.

2: Jos: Try in the Grand Place.

1: Isidor: Essayez dans la Grande Place.

Exit Pauline. Isidor sweeps off the moustachios in no time with the razor.

2: Jos: Je ne voudrais plus porter mon.....mon military jacket.

Enter Pauline

5: Pauline: Il n'y a pas de chevaux dans la Grande Place.

7: Becky: There are no horses in La Grande Place.

2: Jos: Try in the park!

1: Isidor: Essayez dans le parc!

Exit Pauline
Noises off

2: Jos: What are they saying?

1: Isidor: It is all over. The Duke of Wellington is killed; the

1: Isidor:(cont) British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is the kitchen now.

5: Pauline: Il n' y a pas de chevaux dans le parc, mais il y a un tricolor sur las façade de la maison du roi.

2: Jos: What did she say?

7: Becky: No horses. Nowhere. And there's a tricolor hanging on the façade of la maison du roi.

2: Jos: Oh my God! Mrs O'Dowd, what am I going to do?!

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Don't talk to me you great booby!

2: Jos: Pauline, what am I going to do!

Pauline kneels and prays frantically in French

2: Jos: Mrs Crawley, what am I going to do?

7: Becky: Quietly I have two horses to sell.

2: Jos: Isidor, what am I going to do?!

1: Isidor: Sings Les enfants de la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé

All noise stops suddenly. All look at Rebecca

2: Jos: What did you say?

7: Becky: I have two horses to sell.

2: Jos: Get the carriage, Pauline, we've found them - we have found them!

Exit Pauline

7: Becky: My horses were never in harness. Bullfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces.

2: Jos: But is he quiet to ride?

7: Becky: As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare.

2: Jos: Do you think he is up to my weight?

7: Becky: At least.

2: Jos: How much, I'll give you a money order in London.

7: Becky: I must have cash now.

2: Jos: Very well. How much?

7: Becky: £500

2: Jos: Five hundred p....? I cannot raise that kind of money.

7: Becky: Mr Sedley, poor folks must live.

Noise outside. Isidor hums Marseillaise.

2: Jos: Very well.

7: Becky: Each.

2: Jos: I only need one horse.

7: Becky: My husband ordered me to sell both or neither. Mr Sedley, you know what he is to me.

2: Jos: Very well.

More noise. Enter Amelia and Isidor starts humming.
I can't stand it any more, Emmy, I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you - never mind at what price - and you must dress and come with me and ride behind Isidor.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: God forgive me, Mr Sedley, but you are no better than a coward.

2: Jos: I say, Amelia, never mind what she says; why, are we to stay here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?

4: Amelia: You won't leave me will you, Mrs O'Dowd?

6: Mrs O'Dowd: No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I won't budge till I get the word from me Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that fat chap on a pillion?

2: Jos: I don't ask that - that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; for the last time please will you come?

4: Amelia: Without my husband, Joseph?

2: Jos: Very well then, goodbye!

Noise of cannons in distance grows stronger. Exit Jos

2: Jos: Jos slammed out of the room. Rebecca's horse, which had not been exercised for some days, was lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle.

3: Narrator: All that day long from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar.
Cannons stops suddenly. All rise and walk through the battlefield

7: Narrator: It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

4: Narrator: No more firing was heard at Brussels - the pursuit

4: Narrator:(cont) rolled miles away.
1: Narrator: Darkness fell on field and city;
5: Narrator: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Enter Amelia with baby. Others (except 5) crowd round. They see Dobbin and exit

5: Dobbin: I am come to say good-bye, Amelia.

4: Amelia: Good-bye? And where are you going?

5: Dobbin: The regiment has been posted to India. Send the letters to the agents, they will forward them; for you will write to me, won't you? I shall be away for a long time.

4: Amelia: I'll write about Georgy. Dear William, how good you have been to him and me. Look at him. Isn't he like an angel?

5: Dobbin: God bless you. Hush! Don't wake Georgy!

BECKY'S DRAWING ROOM

7: Becky: More coffee? Lord Steyne. Said Becky, very late one night, as a party of gentlemen were playing cards in her snug little drawing room
5: Lord Southdown: for the men came to her house to finish the night; and she had ice and coffee for them, the best in Mayfair.
1: Rawdon: I play my ace. Said Colonel Crawley, retired, looking up from the écarte table.

5: Lord Southdown: At table with Rawdon
I mark the king and play.

1: Rawdon: I mark the trick.

3: Steyne: Fortune smiles on your husband, once again, Mrs Crawley.

7: Becky: My Lord, you too are a knight of the order....

3: Lord Steyne: Lord Steyne in his early life had been notorious for his daring and his success at play. He had won his marquisate, it was said, at the gaming-table; but he did not like an illusion to those bygone fredaines.
7: Becky: Rebecca saw the scowl gathering over his heavy brow.

2: Raggles: While uncorking champagne bottle The astonished observer may wonder how Colonel and Mrs Crawley and indeed their tiny son Rawdon, are managing to live so genteely, in Curzon Street

7: Becky: but Becky Crawley knows the secret of how to live well on nothing a year.

Champagne cork pops. Actors break out of scene and act out narration

Omnes: How to live on nothing a year

5: Narrator: In the first place, and as a matter of the greatest necessity, we are bound to describe how a house may be got for nothing a year. These mansions are to be had either unfurnished

4: Narrator: or furnished; a more profitable agreement to most parties.

1: Rawdon: It was so that Colonel Crawley and his wife preferred to hire their house from a certain Mr Raggles. Mr Raggles was born on the family estate at Queen's Crawley.

4: Narrator: By good conduct, a handsome person and calves and a grave demeanor, Raggles rose from the garden to the kitchen, kitchen to the carriage, from the carriage to the Butler's pantry.

2: Raggles: Mr Raggles then retired and personally undertook the superintendence of a small shop.

4: Mrs Raggles: His profits increased every year

5: Auctioneer: and when at length that snug and complete residence at No 201 Curzon Street, Mayfair came up for auction

7: Narrator: who should go in and purchase the lease and furniture of the house but

5: Narrator: Sold! to Mr Charles Raggles.

1: Narrator: A part of the money he borrowed it is true.

4: Mrs Raggles: But it was with no small pride that Mrs Raggles found herself sleeping in a bed of carved maghogany, with silk curtains and a dressing table with a bronze hand on it, a prodigious cheval glass and a wardrobe which would contain her

2: Raggles: and Raggles

5: Narrator: and all the family.

2: Raggles: Mr Raggles loved and adored the Crawley family as the author of all his prosperity in life.

1: Rawdon: As luck would have it, Raggles' house in Curzon Street was to let when Rawdon and his wife returned to London.

2: Raggles: And Mr Raggles not only let his house to the Colonel, but officiated as his butler whenever he had company,

4: Mrs Raggles: Mrs Raggles operating in the kitchen below, sending up dinners.

5: Narrator: This was the way then, Crawley got his house for nothing; for though Raggles had to pay taxes and rates, and the interest of the mortgage and the charges for his children at school; and the value of the meat and drink which his family - and the Crawleys - consumed; and though the poor wretch was utterly ruined by the

5: Narrator:(cont) transaction, his children being flung on the streets and himself being driven into the Fleet Prison;

7: Becky:
Omnes: yet someone must pay even for gentlemen who live for nothing a year.

6: Mrs Sedley: Now had Mrs Sedley been a woman of similar energy, she would have exerted it

1: Mr Sedley: after her husband's ruin

6: Mrs Sedley: and, occupying a large house would have taken in boarders.

2: Narrator: But Mrs Sedley, we say, had not spirit enough.

6: Mrs Sedley: She was content to lie on the shore where Fortune had stranded her

5: Narrator: and you could see that the career of the old couple was over.

1: Mr Sedley: And so Mr Sedley

6: Mrs Sedley: and Mrs Sedley,

4: Amelia: and their tiny grandson Georgy Osborne

2: Narrator: left the tall windows of a grand town house in Bloomsbury for three poky rooms in Fulham.

Scene changes to smaller room

3: Narrator: One evening, alerted by the cries of little Georgy,

4: Amelia: Amelia ran upstairs

6: Mrs Sedley: to find Mrs Sedley surreptitiously adminstering Daffy's elixir to the child

4: Amelia: I will not have baby poisoned, mamma.

6: Mrs Sedley: Poisoned, Amelia! This language to me?

4: Amelia: He shall not have any medicine but that which Mr Pester sends for him. He told me that Daffy's Elixir was poison.

6: Mrs Sedley: Very good: you think I'm a murderess then.

1: Mr Sedley: Hush Mary!

6: Mrs Sedley: This is the language to use to your mother. I have met with misfortunes: I have sunk low in life: I have kept my carriage and now walk on foot: but I did not know I was a murderess before and thank you for the news.

4: Amelia: Mamma, don't be so hard upon me. I - I didn't mean - I mean, I did not wish to say you would do anything wrong to this dear child: only -

6: Mrs Sedley: Oh, no my love - only that I was a murderess; I didn't poison you when you were a child. At least I fed you when you were a baby. But Mrs Osborne is so proud she'll let her son starve. Why there's Major Dobbin...

1: Mr Sedley: Mary, don't.

6: Mrs Sedley: Ignoring him ...in India, who writes to you every week and sends presents in the hope that you'll marry him,

4: Amelia: Mamma, never speak of marriage to me. How could you ask me to betray the memory of him.

6: Mrs Sedley: Very well then, don't remarry, but let his grandfather look after Georgy.

4: Amelia: Mamma, I could never give up our son.

6: Mrs Sedley: Old Mr Osborne will support us all if you let him bring up little Georgy.

4: Amelia: How could you. You and father hate Mr Osborne. He ruined you. How could you.

6: Mrs Sedley: I'll tell you how I could, my fine lady. I wouldn't selfishly let my own feelings stand in the way of little Georgy. To think he could have a fine home with his grandfather in Russell Square. Instead of being molly-coddled by his selfish mother. And you say I'm a murderess.

Exit Mrs Sedley. Mr Sedley looks at Amelia then follows

4: Amelia: It's all right, Georgy. I'll look after you. You are so like him. Your father never knew how much I loved him. Oh so much. I could never tell him how much. But I can tell you. Oh Georgy!

Exit Amelia with baby. Enter Becky and men. They take up their places as before as scene changes back

7: Becky: My Lord Steyne, I do wish my Lady Steyne would have the goodness to dine with you here.

3: Steyne: My wife hates dining out. She prefers to go to Benediction in the evening at Spanish Place.

7: Becky: But you sometimes entertain at Gaunt House. Rawdon and I would so much like to meet your family and friends.

3: Steyne: My Lady Steyne writes the invitations. Consequently the parties bore me to death. You would be bored too, listening to the conversation in those echoing rooms.

7: Becky: Nevertheless I would sacrifice a great deal to be invited to your home.

Baby cries

3: Steyne: What's that noise?

7: Becky: It's my cherub crying for his nurse.

Lord Steyne indicates to Southdown to leave. Exit Southdown

3: Steyne: Don't agitate your feelings by going to look for him.

7: Becky: Bah! He'll cry himself to sleep.

1: Rawdon: Off Hush now!

3: Steyne: So, you are bent on becoming a fine lady. You pester my poor old life out to get you into the world. You won't be able to hold your own there, you silly little fool. You've got no money.

7: Becky: You will get Rawdon a place as quickly as possible?

3: Steyne: You've got no money and you want to compete with those who have. Everybody is striving for what is not worth the having! Gad! I dined with the king yesterday, and we had a neck of mutton and turnips. But you will go to Gaunt House and be introduced to the Marchioness. You will give an old fellow no rest unitl you get there. It's not half so nice as here. My wife is as gay as Lady Macbeth. I daren't sleep in what they call my bedroom. The bed is like the baldaquin of St Peter's and the pictures frighten me. I have a little brass bed in a dressingroom, and a little hair mattress like an anchorite. I am anchorite. Ho! Ho!

Becky and Steyne laugh.
Enter Rawdon. Embarrassed moment. He smiles weakly.
Exit Rawdon, Becky, Steyne

2: Narrator: The astonished observer must now be called upon to transport himself ten thousand miles to the military station of Bundlegunge, in the Madras division of our Indian Empire, Indian sounding flute where our gallant old friend, Major Dobbin is quartered under the command of the brave Colonel, Sir Michael O'Dowd, and his good natured wife Mrs Peggy O'Dowd.

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Let me introduce you to my sister in law,
Enter Glorvina. She steps into her dress held up by Narrators 4 and 7
Glorvina O'Dowd. Look at her. As handsome, fresh-coloured, black-haired, blue-eyed a young lady, who could ride a horse or play a sonata with any girl out of the Count Cork and isn't she the very person to make poor old Major Dobbin Enter Dobbin a happy man. More than that poor, good, little weak-spirited Amelia Osborne he's always writing to. Sure now, she'd be worthy of you Major - you're a quiet man yourself, and want someone to talk for ye. And though she does not come of such good blood as the Maloneys or Molloys, let me tell ye, she's of an ancient family that any nobleman

6: Mrs O'Dowd(cont) might be proud to marry into.

4: Narrator: Before she had arrived in India and determined to subjugate Major Dobbin by her endearments

7: Narrator: it must be owned that Glorvina had practised them a good deal elsewhere.

1: Glorvina: She had had a season in Dublin, and who knows how many in Cork, Killarney, and Roscommon besides the clergyman in Bath who used her so ill. Undismayed by 40 or 50 defeats Glorvina laid seige to him.

4: Narrator: Our old friend used to perform on the flute in private.

7: Narrator hands Glorvina flute

1: Glorvina: Glorvina insisted in having duets with him.

Glorvina hands Dobbin flute.

5: Dobbin: And sang Irish melodies at him unceasingly

6: Mrs O'Dowd: whereupon, Lady O'Dowd would quietly, artlessly and subtly leave the room.

Exit Mrs O'Dowd.

1: Glorvina: Song

There once was a colleen from old Ballymo,
Whose voice was her fortune she cried,
She loved a young soldier from over the sea,
Crying 'Love is a knife in my side!'
Yes, love is a knife in my side.

She played on her harp as the morning sun rose,
And wished she could be his young bride,
But the soldier was deaf to her tender young moans,
Crying love is a knife in my side.
Yes, love is a knife in my side.

She played on her harp as the noon heat bore down...

5: Dobbin: Will you excuse me now, Miss O'Dowd. I have to write a letter.

Dobbin hands Glorvina flute

1: Glorvina: Heaven knows, Major Dobbin, but you have a mighty correspondence.

5: Dobbin: I am writing to my ward.

1: Glorvina: How old is he?

5: Dobbin: Six.

1: Glorvina: Oh, how adorable. I love children.

Exit Glorvina

5: Dobbin: Writing Dear Georgy, It is very hot here.

Enter Georgy reading, with Amelia. Exit Dobbin. Cross fade of voices. Amelia starts scrubbing the floor

5: Dobbin:(cont) That is because India is nearer the equator. Can you find India on the Globe I sent you?
Fade to Georgy reading

3: Georgy: Send my kind wishes to you mother and your grandparents.
Yours affectionately. William Dobbin.

I like getting letters from India from Uncle William. Why doesn't Uncle Jos ever write from India?

4: Amelia: Georgy, your uncle sends his annuity to your grandfather every year. Without his kindness, we would not have anything to eat. Uncle Joseph isn't a very good correspondent.

3: Georgy: Mamma, why don't you marry Uncle William, then we could go to India and shoot tigers.

Exit Georgy and Amelia. Enter Jefferson Jones and Becky

5: Jefferson Jones: 'The New York Demagogue' a letter from Britain 8th June 1819 from your London correspondent Mr Paul Jefferson Jones. It was your correspondent's unique privilege to be invited to a fashionable dinner at Gaunt House, the stately home of one of Britain's premier Marquises, Milord Steyne. On 'Steyne' enter Steyne and Rawdon. They nod a cursory greeting to each other. Rawdon goes to Becky. I would calculate that the sumptuous meal could not have been dished up for under fifteen or eighteen dollars per head. In Britain each of the gentlemen escorts a lady into dinner, and just as I was stepping up to offer my hand to a very pleasing and witty fashionable, the brilliant and exclusive Mrs Rawdon Crawley, the Marquis himself interposed between he and the lady, and whisked my Helen off without a word of apology. Exit Becky with Steyne I was fain to bring up the rear with the Colonel, the lady's husband, a stout red-faced warrior who distinguished himself at Waterloo, where he had better luck than some of his brother red-coats at New Orleans.

Exit Rawdon with Jefferson Jones
Enter Lady Steyne, and Becky with Lord Steyne

3: Steyne: Mrs Rawdon Crawley. Allow me to present you to my wife, the Marshioness of Steyne.

Rebecca curtsies.

7: Becky: How do you do, Ma'am. My Lord Steyne was my father's earliest friend and patron when he was an artist, and I have learned to honour and respect the Steyne family from childhood.

6: Lady Steyne: My husband tells me you sing beautifully, Mrs Crawley. Would you do me the kindness to sing to me.

7: Becky: I will do anything that may give pleasure to my Lord Steyne or to you.

Rapid switch to Amelia. Exit Becky. Enter Amelia

6: Mrs Sedley: What are those?

4: Amelia: Some books for Georgy. - I - I promised them to him at Christmas.

6: Mrs Sedley: Books!

4: Amelia: Georgy, please go outside and play.

6: Mrs Sedley: Books, when the whole house wants bread! Books, when to keep you and your son in luxury, and your dear father out of gaol, I've sold every trinket I had, down to the very spoons. You break my heart with your books and that boy of yours, whom you are ruining, though part with him you will not. O Amelia, may God send you a more dutiful child than I have had! There's Jos desserts his father, Enter Mr Sedley and there's Georgy, who might be provided for and might be rich - while my dear, dear old man is without a sh---shilling.

4: Amelia: Oh Papa, papa! Don't you be upset. I must tell you. I wrote to Jos in India last week, and told him how bad things were and to start sending the annuity again.

1: Mr Sedley: Oh, Amelia, what have you done?

4: Amelia: It is too proud of you not to ask Jos to support you.

6: Mrs Sedley: Oh Amelia. Jos is still sending it, only your father sold the annuity and it is gone in speculation.

4: Amelia: Oh Mamma.

1: Mr Sedley: Ah you despise your old father now.

4: Amelia: Oh, it is not that. You have always been good and kind. It is not for the money. It is --

3: Georgy: Mamma! Mamma!

4: Amelia: Oh my God! My God. Have mercy on us, and give me strength to bear this trial.

LORD STEYNE'S

Sudden raucous laughter. Exit Narrators 1, 6, 4 and 3. 3 re-enters as Steyne with Becky.

3: Steyne: And how do you like society, Mrs Crawley?

7: Becky: I wish I were out of it. I would rather be a parson's wife and teach a Sunday School than this; O how much

7: Becky:(cont) gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers and dance before a booth at a fair.

3: Steyne: You would do it very well.

7: Becky: Rawdon would make a very good ring master - what do you call him - the man in the large boots and the uniform, who goes round cracking the whip? I recollect, my father took me to see a show at Brookgreen Fair when I was a child; and when we came home I made myself a pair of stilts and danced in the studio to the wonder of all the pupils.

3: Steyne: I should have liked to see it.

5: Narrator: We have no heart, for dear Amelia's sake, to tell the story of Georgy's last day at home with her, before he went to live with his grandfather.

Exit Georgy with Mr Osborne
Exit Amelia

6: Narrator: About the little Rawdon, if nothing has been said so far it is because he is hidden upstairs in Curzon Street.

7: Becky: Becky scarcely took notice of him.

1: Rawdy: Sometimes when she was away he went into his mother's bedroom. There in the wardrobe hung those wonderful robes - pink and blue and many tinted. There was the jewel-case, silver-clasped: and the bronzed hand on the dressing-table, glistening all over with a hundred rings. There was the cheval-glass, in which he could just see his own head, queerly distorted as if up in the ceiling. Sometimes he heard his mother singing in the drawing-room below.

Becky sings "The Orphan Song" to "La" in the distance. Rawdy follows the voice. He listens at the door.

3: Steyne: (Off stage) Oh, a little spy.

7: Becky: (Off stage) How dare you, Rawdon, creep about the house.
She hits him. Steyne laughs.

3: Steyne: What a passion you have, Mrs Crawley!

7: Becky: Go downstairs. Raggles will give you some cake.

2: Raggles: (Off stage) Hush, don't cry.

1: Rawdy: It is not because it hurts me, only - only, why mayn't I hear her singing? Why don't she ever sing to me?

Exit Rawdy
Enter Becky (singing) with Steyne
Enter Rawdon. Becky finishes song. Rawdon and Steyne applaud.

7: Becky: It was around this time that Colonel Rawdon Crawley became a very exemplary domestic character

1: Rawdon: He left off his club and billiards.

3: Steyne: Whenever my Lord Steyne called he was sure to find Colonel Crawley.

1: Rawdon: He never left home.

7: Becky: How much nicer it is to have you by my side than that foolish old Briggs! How nice it would be, and how happy we should always be, if we had but the money!

1: Rawdon: He wondered that he had ever had suspicions. She was fond of him; she always had been. As for her shining in society, that was no fault of hers; she was formed to shine there. Was there any woman who could talk, or sing, or do anything like her? If she could but like the boy!, Exit Rawdon

7: Becky: He retired upstairs after luncheon. He did not see the face opposite him; haggard, weary and terrible.

Exit Becky. Enter Dobbin playing flute. Glorvina singing off, she enters.

Glorvina and Dobbin finish final verses of 'Love is a Knife in my Side'

1: Glorvina: Ballyhaunis and Glinsk, Ballincurry and Creggs,
Through every towneen I've tried
Through old Tara's Halls I have worn out my legs,
Crying love is a knife in my side
Yes, love is a knife in my side

Dobbin stops playing. Awkward silence, Dobbin walks off. Enter Narrators 4 & 7

4: Narrator: So these two were each exemplifying the Vanity of this this life

7: Narrator: and each longing for what he or she could not get.

1: Glorvina: Unaccompanied
She played on her harp as the twilight waxed deep,
But no soldier ever replied.
She coughed and she gasped, Ballymo fell asleep
Crying love is a knife....in my side
She breaks off crying. Enter Mrs O'Dowd

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Glorvina!

1: Glorvina: Sobbing Oh, Peggy, my heart is broken entirely. I dote on Major Dobbin, more than on any of the others. He'll break my heart, he will. Sure every one of me frocks must be taken in - it's such a skeleton I'm growing.

4: Narrator: While the Major was going on in this tantalising way, not proposing and declining to fall in love,

7: Narrator: there came a visitor.

5: Dobbin: Sedley! What are you doing here?

2: Jos: On my way to England, Dobbin. I'm afraid my father passed away.

5: Dobbin: I'm sorry. How is your sister? Amelia has not written for some months. Do you know Lady O'Dowd?

6: Mrs O'Dowd: Sure! We've all met. You lads were all busy that day. Tell me Mr Sedley, do you find the horses cheaper here than in India?

2: Jos: Oh...ah...I

5: Dobbin: And this is Miss Glorvina O'Dowd.

2: Jos: Delighted.

5: Dobbin: How is Georgy and Mrs Osborne?

2: Jos: Well, mother's last letter said that the young boy is now being brought up by his grandfather.

5: Dobbin: By his grandfather?

2: Jos: Yes.

5: Dobbin: That must have broken Emmy's heart.

2: Jos: On the contrary. I'm sure it's all for the best. Now she's no longer saddled with a child she can stop moping about and accept one of those admirers ... er ...

1: Glorvina: Have you known the major long. Mr Sedley?

2: Jos: Oh ... yes. Ever since we were boys.

1: Glorvina: You must tell me all about him. I'm sure he was very naughty.

5: Dobbin: I'm coming with you Sedley. Where's your husband, Mrs O'Dowd? I must get leave of absence at once. Jos we'll leave tonight.

Glorvina goes towards Dobbin. He blocks her with his flute. Exit Glorvina and Mrs O'Dowd. Scene changes to ship.

5: Dobbin: Dobbin could scarcely contain his impatience as the ship tossed through the dark, roaring sea.

Round the cape they went and that normally even tempered soldier could scarcely contain his frustration as Jos Sedley insisted on visiting Napoleon's tomb at St Helena.

2: Jos: I insist!

5: Dobbin: How his heart beat as the twin spires of Southampton glimmered on the horizon.

Come on, Sedley, if we rush we'll catch the last chaise to London. It leaves in half an hour.

2: Jos: Major Dobbin. I must inform you I have no intention of going anywhere until I have dined and had a good night's sleep on terra firma.

Coach forms around Dobbin with Narrators above.

4: Narrator: How happy and green the country looked
1: Narrator: as the chaise whirled rapidly from milestone to milestone
7: Narrator: through neat country towns
4: Narrator: by pretty roadside inns
3: Narrator: where horses and waggoners were drinking in the shade
2: Narrator: by ancient churches
1: Narrator: and through charming English landscape.

All (except Dobbin) sing tune of "Greensleeves" stirringly

4: Narrator: Is there any world like it?
7: Narrator: To a traveller returning home it looks so kind - it seems to reach out and shake hands with you as you pass through it.
2: Narrator: Major Dobbin passed through all of this from Southampton to London
5: Dobbin: without taking any notice of it.
7: Narrator: You see he was eager to see his parents at Camberwell.
4: Narrator: Shhh!
1: Narrator: He began to tremble as the coach came near to Fulham.
2: Narrator: And finally came to rest outside the small row of houses where Amelia lived.

3: Coachman: Woa! Brompton Lane, Major!

5: Dobbin: May God Almightly bless her, whatever has happened. Does Mrs Osborne live here? I'm an old friend.

2: Neighbour: Oh, Mrs Osborne's gone to walk in Kensington Gardens, I believe, with her mother.

All leap down from carriage. A gate forms behind Dobbin. The men rush forward holding hands, straining against each other.

1: Narrator: Through the Brompton Lanes the officer ran.
2: Narrator: Will he take her in his arms?
3: Narrator: And tell her, he'll never, never leave her.
1: Narrator: She must yield, she must.

5: Dobbin: Amelia! Amelia!

4: Amelia: William!
The gates open, Dobbin and Amelia rush towards each other as if to embrace. They stop, and shake hands.
Back from India!

5: Dobbin: How's Georgy?

4: Amelia: He now lives with his grandfather.

5: Dobbin: Oh, Jos came on the same ship with me. He is come home to make you happy.

4: Amelia: Amelia goes to Mrs Sedley Oh! Mamma! Mamma! Here is news! Jos is in England. He is come to take care of you. And here is Major Dobbin.
She is much shaken.

Oh Georgy is so talented. He's the prettiest child and everyone says he is bound to go very far. His grandfather lets me visit him once a fortnight. Oh, William, what a treasure Heaven has given me in this boy! He is the comfort of my life - and he is the image of - him that's gone.

6: Mrs Sedley: Amelia!

Amelia goes back to Mrs Sedley leaving Dobbin.

5: Dobbin: Aside Ought I to be angry with her for being faithful to him. Ought I to be jealous of my friend in the grave, or hurt that such a heart as Amelia's can love for only once and for ever? O George, George, how little you knew the prize you had, though.

Scene breaks into "Charades"

2: Narrator: It was at this time the amiable amusement of charades had come among us fom France

4: Narrator: enabling the many ladies amongst us who had beauty to display their charms

6: Narrator: and the fewer number who had cleverness to display their wit.

3: M.C.: Mesdames and messieurs, allow me to introduce you to Madame Crawley. Madame Crawley has kindly agreed to take the first word in this evening's charades.

They applaud Rebecca

5: Lord: Oh charades!

3: M.C.: Madame Crawley, s'il vous plait. And the premier syllable.

Becky acts out "night". They all make wrong suggestions.

4: Lady: Night!

3: M.C.: Night is correct They applaud And the deuxième syllable, Madame Crawley, s'il vous plait.

Becky acts out "in". They again make wrong suggestions.

2: Lord: In?

3: M.C.: In is correct. They applaud And the troisième syllable Madame Crawley.

Becky acts out gale. They make wrong suggestions.

3: M.C.: Mesdames and messieurs you are too slow. We will now have the whole idea

Becky sings the "The Nightingale Song"

7: Becky: Sings
The rose upon my balcony
The morning air perfuming
Was leaflets o'er the wintertime
And pining for the Spring
You ask me why her breath is sweet
And why her cheek is blooming
It is because the sun is out
And all the leaves are green
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la (repeat)

The nightingale whose melody
Was through the greenwood ringing
Was silent when the boughs were bare
And the winds were blowing keen
And, if Mamma, you ask of me
The reason for his singing
It is because the sun is out
And all the laves are green
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la etc.

They all applaud Becky and crowd round her, Rawdon is out on the edge of the group, alone.

1: Rawdon: Rawdon Crawley was scared at these triumphs ... They seemed to separate his wife farther than ever from him somehow. He thought with a feeling very like pain how immeasurably she was his superior.

Applause

Rawdon took his leave and said he would wait up for her. He went outside, lit his cigar, and walked home.

2: Narrator: Two persons separated from the crowd and followed him.

5: Moss: It's no use bolting. There's two of us.

1: Rawdon: It's you, Moss, is it? How much is it this time?

5: Moss: Only a small thing. One hundred and thirty six, six and eight pence at the suit of Mr Nathan.

They escort Rawdon off. Breaks back into applause for Becky.

3: Steyne: His Royal Highness would like to meet you, Mrs Crawley. Mrs Crawley the Prince Regent ... The applause stops should like to meet you.

All sing tune of the National Anthem (in harmony) to "Ah"

3: Narrator: What were the circumstances of the interview between Mrs Rebecca Crawley and her Imperial master, it does not become such a feeble and inexperienced observer to even attempt to relate.

5: Narrator: The dazzled eyes close before that Magnificent Idea.

4: Narrator: Loyal respect and decency tell even the imagination not to look too keenly about the sacred person,

2: Narrator: but to back away rapidly,

1: Narrator: silently

6: Narrator: and respectfully

3: Narrator: making profound bows out of the august presence.

All sing "Confound their politics, Frustrate their navish tricks" to National Anthem, raucously, while changing to jail scene.

1: Rawdon: Dear Becky, Rawdon wrote. I hope you slept well. Don't be frightened if I don't bring you in your coffee. As I was coming home smoking I met with an accident. I was nabbed by Moss of Cursitor Street - from whose gilt and splendour I write this - It's Nathan's business - a hundred and fifty with costs, hundred and seventy. Please send me some clothes - I'm in white tie. And as soon as you get this, drive to Nathan's - offer him seventy-five down. If he won't stand it take such of your things as you can spare and pawn them - we must, of course, have the sum tonight. The beds here are not very clean, and there may be other writs out against me - I'm glad it is'nt Rawdon's Saturday for coming home. God bless you. Yours in haste. RC. PS. Make haste and come.

4: Narrator: But the day passed away and no messenger returned - no Becky. It wasn't til late that night he received a reply.

7: Becky: Mon pauvre cher petit. I could not sleep one wink for thinking of what had become of my odious monstre: But before I could drive ventre a terre to Nathan's, my Lord Steyne arrived with several gentlemen who had come to

compliment me on last night's performances - plaguing poor me who longed to be rid of them, and was thinking every moment of the time of mon pauvre prisonnier. When they were gone, I went down on my knees to Milor; told him we were going to pawn everything, and begged and prayed him to give me two hundred pounds. He pish'd and psha'd in a fury - told me not to be such a fool as to pawn - and said that he would see whether he could lend me the money. At last he went away, promising that he would send it me in the morning: when I will bring it to my poor old monster with a kiss from his affectionate Becky.
PS. I am writing in bed. Oh, I have such a headache.

1: Rawdon: Mr Moss. MR MOSS! You must grant me my liberty for this evening. I must be released.

5: Moss: Colonel Crawley. You know I have my orders from the bailiff.

1: Rawdon: You must release me.

"Vanity Fair" theme sung to "Ah" underneath Rawdon's speech.

It was nine o'clock at night. Rawdon ran down the back streets and allies, down the lanes and avenues, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

Rawdon turns and walks as if towards house. He joins in the singing.

3: Steyne:
7: Becky: Steyne was leaning over the sofa on which Becky sat; the wretched woman was in a brilliant toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings
3: Steyne: and all the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her.

Music stops. Rawdon turns and enters.

Come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?

7: Becky: I am innocent, Rawdon. - Before God, I am innocent. I am innocent, say I am innocent.

3: Steyne: You innocent! Why every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by God! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Make way, sir, and let me pass.

1: Rawdon: You lie, you dog! You lie, you coward and villain! Get over there. Take off those things. Throw them down. Give me that bracelet Tears diamond brooch etc from her breast and throws it at Steyne Come upstairs.

7: Becky: Don't kill me, Rawdon.

6: Narrator: He dragged Rebecca into her bedroom.

2: Narrator: Rawdon flung open the door of her wardrobe, throwing the multifarious trumpery here and there,

5: Narrator: he pulled out the drawers of the dressing table

3: Narrator: he picked up the bronze hand and hurled it into the cheval glass,

4: Narrator: he ordered Becky to open her jewel box. It contained fifteen hundred pounds.

1: Rawdon: Did he give you this?

7: Becky: Yes.

1: Rawdon: I'll give it to him in the morning. And I will pay such of the debts as I can afford. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this - I have always shared with you.

7: Becky: I am innocent Exit Rawdon I am innocent.

6: Narrator: The drawers were all open and their contents scattered about. A heap of tumbled vanity. Rebecca remained for hours in the midst of he miserable ruin until the sunshine poured into the room.

RUSSELL SQUARE

3: Georgy: Mamma, Mamma, Oh Mamma!

5: Dobbin: Before the death of old Mr Osborne, Dobbin did all he could to reconcile the old merchant with his daughter in law.

4: Amelia: Georgy!

2: Old Osborne: As me executor I appoint Major William Dobbin, my beloved son's friend and who out of his own private funds, maintained my grandson and my son's widow, when they were otherwise without means of support. I hereby thank him heartily for his love and regard for them. Mrs George Osborne, is to resume guardianship of me grandson, who is to inherit me entire property.

3: Georgy: Oh Mamma. Is it true that we are going on a journey to Pumpernickel with Uncle Jos.

4: Amelia: Yes, we are.

3: Georgy: Can Uncle William come too?

4: Amelia: Georgy. Dear William, how can I ever thank you for all you have done for us? Especially for Georgy. Thank you, William. Amelia and Georgy go to leave.

5: Dobbin: Amelia, Amelia, Georgy smiles at Dobbin and exits it's not just for Georgy. It did it for you. I think I loved you from the first minute that I saw you, when George brought me to your house, to show me the Amelia whom he was engaged to marry. You had just left school - do you remember? And we went to Vauxhall. Since then I have thought of but one woman in the whole world, and that was you. I came to tell you this before I went to India, but you did not care, and I didn't have the heart to speak. You did not care whether I stayed or went.

4: Amelia: I was very ungrateful.

5: Dobbin: No, only indifferent. I have nothing to make a woman to be otherwise. I should never have spoken of it so. It is for me to ask pardon for being such a fool for a moment, and thinking that years of constancy and devotion might have pleaded with you.

4: Amelia: William, how could you? George is my husband, here and in heaven. How could I love any other but him? I am his now as when you first say me, dear William. It was he who told me how good and generous you were, and who taught me to love you as a brother. Have you not been everything to me and my boy? Our dearest, truest, kindest friend and protector? Had you come a few months sooner you might have spared me that - that dreadful parting. It nearly killed me, William - but you didn't come, though I wished and prayed for you to come, and they took him away from me. George re-enters Isn't he a noble boy, William? Be his friend still and mine.

5: Dobbin: I will not change, dear Amelia. Only let me be near you. May I accompany you to Pumpernickel?

Pumpernickel music starts

4: Amelia: Of course, William.

Setting changes into Pumpernickel, Dobbin, Amelia, Georgy and Jos following a Tour Guide. Music stops at end of tune (before Guide speaks)

1: Tour Guide: The Opera House of Pumpernickel is known and famous in this quarter of Germany. It languished a little when the present Duke, in his youth insisted upon having his own operas played there and during which time the Duchess Sophia wrote domestic comedies, which must have been very dreary to witness. However, only the works of more reputable composers are performed here now.

Few bars of Verrai Carino. Scene changes to Dobbin and Amelia at the Opera

5: Dobbin: Perhaps the chief pleasure Dobbin had in Don Giovanni was watching Emmy's rapture, while listening to it.

Scene changes to Casino

3: Georgy: In the adjoining building to the opera was the casino and that little scrapegrace Georgy decided to investigate the forbidden house of gambling.

1: Croupier: Rien ne va plus.
Sound of roulette wheel spinning

3: Georgy: A woman with a black mask on, through which her eyes twinkled strangely, sat at one of the roulette tables.

1: Croupier: Roulette wheel stops
Vingt-et-un rouge.

7: Becky: Monsieur n'est pas joueur?

3: Georgy: Non, Madame.

7: Becky: You have never played?

1: Croupier: Faites vos joux, mesdames et messieurs.

7: Becky: Will you do me a little favour?

3: Georgy: What is it?

7: Becky: Play this for me, if you please; put it on any number, any number.

1: Croupier: Rien ne va plus. Wheel spins and stops Dix-neuf rouge.

7: Becky: Becky rakes in the chips
Thank you, thank you. What is your name?

3: Georgy: My name's Osborne.

Enter Dobbin who drags Georgy away

5: Dobbin: Georgy! Did you play?

3: Georgy: No.

5: Dobbin: Give me your word of honour as a gentleman, that you never will.

3: Georgy: Why it seems very good fun.

1: Croupier: Faites vos joux, mesdames et messieurs.

Exit Dobbin with Georgy. Enter Jos.

7: Becky: Come and give me good luck.

2: Jos: Ah really, well now, God bless my soul. I'm very fortunate, I'm sure to give you good fortune.

7: Becky: Do you play much?

2: Jos: I put a nap or two down.

7: Becky: You do not play to win. No more do I.

1: Croupier: Rien ne va plus. Wheel spins and stops Quinze noir.

7: Becky: I play to forget, but I cannot. I cannot forget old times Monsieur. Your little nephew is the image of his father;

1: Croupier: Faites vos joux, mesdames et messieurs.

7: Becky: and you - you are not changed - but yes, you are. Everybody changes, everybody forgets.

2: Jos: Good God, who is it?

4: Amelia: Poor dear thing. How she has suffered.

2: Jos: God bless my soul, yes!

4: Amelia: She can have the maid's room, you can go downstairs.

5: Dobbin: You don't mean to say you're going to have that woman in the house.

4: Amelia: Of course we are! No don't be angry and start wrecking the furniture, Major Dobbin, of course we are.

2: Jos: But of course we are, my dear!

4: Amelia: Poor dear thing, after all her suffering. Her jewels stolen,

2: Jos: Stolen!

4: Amelia: her husband - the wicked wretch, having deserted her

2: Jos: The blackguard!

4: Amelia: and taken her poor dear child away from her, and not have her here?

5: Dobbin: Don't have her in the house, I implore you, Mrs George. Don't.

4: Amelia: You were always kind. Used to be at any rate. I am

astonished at you, Major William. Why what is the moment to help her, but when she is so miserable? the oldest friend I ever had and not help her.

5: Dobbin: She was not always your friend, Amelia.

Drumbeat starts, "Nightingale" tune whistled (echoing the Ball scene

4: Amelia: For shame, Major Dobbin! I wish you good morning! Exit Dobbin

To herself To allude to all that! Oh it was cruel of him to remind me of it. It was cruel of him ... If I had forgiven it, ought he to have spoken? NO. And it is from your own lips that I know how wicked and groundless my jealousy was; and that you were pure - oh yes, you were pure, my saint in heaven!

Amelia kneels before George's portrait. Whistling stops drumbeat becomes more insistent.

7: Narrator: She went to the room where George's picture hung, and gazed and gazed at it.

6: Narrator: It's eyes seemed to look down on her with a reproach that deepened as she looked.

Drumbeat reaches crescendo, stops abruptly. George's picture beomes Georgy. Enter Becky and Jos.

3: Georgy: Hello. Where's Dob?

4: Amelia: Major Dobbin is dining out, I suppose. This is my boy, Rebecca.

7: Becky: Dear boy he is just like my -

3: Georgy: I say you're the lady I saw in the mask in the casino.

7: Becky: Hush, you little sly creature. Your uncle was there too, and mama mustn't know.

3: Georgy: Oh no - not by no means.

7 :Becky: You see we are quite good friends already
Becky kisses Georgy. Enter Dobbin.

3: Georgy: It's Dob! Hello Dob. You are eating here.

5: Dobbin: Well, I don't know.....I

4: Amelia: Georgy, please play outside a little.

3: Georgy: What's going on?

5: Dobbin: Do as your mother says, Georgy.

Exit Georgy

7: Becky: Good evening, Major Dobbin.

5: Dobbin: I - I beg you pardon, ma'am, but I am bound to tell you that it is not as your friend that I am come here now.

2: Jos: Pooh! Damn; don't let us have this sort of thing.

4: Amelia: I wonder what Major Dobbin has to say against Rebecca?

2: Jos: I will not have that sort of thing in my house. I say I will not have it: and Major Dobbin, I beg, sir, you'll stop it.

7: Becky: Dear friend, do hear what Major Dobbin has to say against me.

2: Jos: I will not hear it.
Exit Jos

4: Amelia: We are only two women, you can speak now, Major Dobbin.

5: Dobbin: This manner towards me is one which scarcely becomes you, Amelia. It is not a pleasure to me to do the duty which I am come to do.

4: Amelia: Pray proceed with it quickly, if you please, Major Dobbin.

5: Dobbin: I came to say, and as you stay Mrs Crawley, I will say it in your presence; that I think you ought not to form a member of the family of my friends.

7: Becky: Yours is a very convenient sort of calumny, Major Dobbin. You leave me under the weight of an accusation which, after all, is unsaid. Let me go: my stay interferes with the plans of this gentleman.
Rebecca makes to leave.

5: Dobbin: Indeed it does, madam. If I have any authority in this house -

4: Amelia: Authority, none! Rebecca, you stay here with me. Amelia stops Rebecca I won't desert you because you have been persecuted, or insult you because Major Dobbin chooses to do so. Come away dear. They make to leave together

5: Dobbin: Will you stay a moment and speak with me?

7: Becky: He wishes to speak to you away from me.

5: Dobbin: Upon my honour, it is not about you that I am going to speak. Come back Amelia.
Becky exits. Amelia returns

5: Dobbin:(cont) I was confused when I spoke just now, and I misused the word authority.

4: Amelia: You did.

5: Dobbin: At least I have claims to be heard.

4: Amelia: It is generous to remind me of our obligations to you.

5: Dobbin: The claims I mean are those left me by George's father.

4: Amelia: Yes, and you insulted his memory. You did yesterday. You know you did. And I will never forgive you. Never!

5: Dobbin: You don't mean that, Amelia? I think that George's memory has not been injured by the way in which I have dealt with it. It is not the speech of yesterday which moves you. I know what your heart is capable of: it can cling faithfully to a recollection, and cherish a fancy; but it can't feel such an attachment as mine deserves to mate with, and such as I would have won from a woman more generous than you. No, you are not worthy of the love which I have devoted to you. You have done your best; but you couldn't - you couldn't reach up to the height of attachment which I bore you, and which a loftier soul than yours might have been proud to share. Good bye, Amelia! I have watched you struggle. Let it end. We are both weary of it.
Dobbin makes to leave

4: Amelia: Am I to understand, then - that you are going away - William?

5: Dobbin: I went away once before and came back after twelve years. We were young then, Amelia. Goddbye. I have spent enough of my life at this play.

Exit Dobbin. Enter Becky

7: Becky: What a noble heart that man has and how shamefully that woman plays with it! Ah if I could have such a husband as that - a man with a heart and brains too! I would not have minded his large feet. She mustn't stop here. She is still whimpering after that idiot of a husband - dead (and served right) these fifteen years. No, she'll marry the Major. I'll settle it this very night.

6: Narrator: So Rebecca took a cup of tea to Amelia in her private apartment and found that lady in a most melancholy state.

7: Becky: Listen to me Amelia. I want to talk to you. You must go back to England. Jos can't protect you, he is too weak, and wants a protector himself. You must marry, or you and your precious boy will go to ruin. You must

7:Becky:(cont) have a husband you fool; and one of the best men I ever saw offered you a hundred times, and you have rejected him, you silly, heartless, ungrateful little creature!

4: Amelia: I tried - I tried my best, indeed I did, Rebecca, but I couldn't forget.

7: Becky: Couldn't forget him! That selfish humbug, who had neither wit nor manners, nor heart and was no more to be compared to your friend Major Dobbin that you are to Queen Elizabeth. Why the man was weary of you, and would have jilted you, but that Dobbin forced him to keep his word. He owned it to me. He never cared for you. He used to sneer about you to me, time after time; and made love to me the week after he married you.

4: Amelia: It's false! It's false, Rebecca.

7: Becky: You know his handwriting. Rebecca drags Amelia to the floor He wrote that to me - wanted me to run away with him - gave it to me under your nose, the day before he was shot - and served him right! Rebecca rises leaving Amelia on the floor.

4: Amelia: No! NO!

Drumbeat starts, Nightingale song whistled by one, then all of the men join (it should be ominous at first and then become exultant).

6: Narrator: Emmy looked at the note. It was that which George had put into the bouquet and given to Becky on the night of the Duchess of Richmond's Ball. It was as she said: the foolish man had asked her to fly. Emmy's head sank down, and for almost the last time in this history, which she shall be called upon to do that work, she began to weep.

4: Amelia: There is nothing to forbid me know. I may love William with all my heart now. Oh I will , I will, if he will but let me and forgive me.

7: Becky: And now let us get pen and ink, and write to him to come this minute.

Whistling stops

4: Amelia: I - I wrote to him this morning.

7: Becky: Screams with laughter and sings "Unbiglietto". All leap up in celebration and set for quayside

4: Amelia:
3: Georgy:
7: Narrator:
1: Narrator: Some days later a young woman and her young son were waiting at the quayside at Ostend that hideous seaport town. The rain beat into their faces as they looked out westwards over the dark sea.

4: Amelia: I hope he won't cross in such weather.

3: Georgy: I bet ten to one he does. Look, mother, there's the smoke of the steamer.

1: Narrator: Georgy had a dandy telescope, and got the vessel expertly into view in the most skilfull manner.

3: Georgy: How she does pitch! There goes a wave over her bows. There's only two people on deck besides the steersman. There's a man lying down and a man in a cloak.

Omnes: It's him! It's Dobbin! It's him! Cheers!

4: Amelia: She was sure it was William. It could be no other. What she had said about hoping that he would not come was all hypocrisy. Of course he would come: what else could he do but come? She knew he would come.

1: Narrator: It was raining so hard that there was scarcely anyone present to see what took place

7: Narrator: which was briefly this.

Dobbin and Amelia are revealed. They fall into each others' arms

5: Dobbin: It was time you sent for me, dear Amelia.

4: Amelia: You will never go again, William?

5: Dobbin: No, never.

2: Narrator: This was what he pined after for eighteen years.

1: Narrator: Here is the summit, the end - the last page

7: Narrator: Farewell dear Amelia

1: Narrator: Grow green again, tender little parasite, round the old oak tree to which you cling!

Doors slam in front of Dobbin and Amelia embracing

7: Becky: Mrs Rebecca Crawley followed Mr Joseph Sedley wherever he went

2: Jos: and that infatuated man seemed entirely her slave.

7: Becky: They toured Europe, and stayed at the best hotels.

2: Jos: Two rooms please.

7: Becky: Two large suites please.

3: Narrator: Rebecca had affected a heavy insurance for Jos's life and tended him through a series of unheard of illnesses.

5: Narrator: Jos was terrified of Mrs Crawley

2: Jos: and when he died at Aix en Chappelle, all his money was spent or speculated away.

1: Rawdon: His excellency, Colonel Rawdon Crawley died of yellow

1: Rawdon:(cont) fever on Coventry Island
5: Narrator: most deeply lamented by his only son
1: Rawdy: little Rawdy, the present baronet. He too declines to see his mother, but grants her a liberal allowance. The young baronet now lives entirely at Queen's Crawley.
3: Narrator: Rebecca,
7: Becky: Lady Crawley
3: Narrator: chiefly hangs about Bath and Cheltenham
4: Narrator: where a strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman
3: Narrator: she has her enemies. Who has not?
7: Becky: Her life is her answer to them. She busies herself in works of piety. She goes to church
1: Narrator: and never without a footman.
2: Narrator: She is always collecting for orphans at charity fairs.
4: Amelia: Amelia,
3: Georgy: her son, George,
5: Dobbin: Colonel Dobbin and their little daughter, Janie, found themselves walking through one of these fairs.

7: Becky: Subscriptions for the orphans! Help the poor, unfortunate orphans!

4: Amelia: Emmy was about to scurry off on the arm of George,
3: Georgy: now grown a dashing young gentleman
5: Dobbin: when Janie broke off. The Colonel seized up his little daughter of whom he is fonder than of anything in the world,
4: Amelia: fonder than he is of me, thinks Emmy with a sigh.
5: Dobbin: But he never said a word to her that was not kind or gentle, <u>One bass voice starts the "Vanity Fair" tune to "Ah"!</u> or thought of a want of hers that he did not try to gratify <u>All voices join in with harmonies singing "Vanitas Vanitatum"</u>
<u>As the narrators speak the singing gradually stops</u>

2: Narrator: Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum
3: Narrator: which of us is happy in the world?
1: Narrator: which of us has his desire? Or having it is satisfied?
4: Narrator: Come children, let us bring down the curtain, for our play is played out.

END OF ACT II

PLEASE TYPE (NOT HAND WRITE) DETAILS OF LIST OF GOODS WITHIN THE COLUMNS

PERIOD 8.

VANITY FAIR.

Item No. / No. d'ordre	Trade description of goods and marks and numbers, if any / Désignation commerciale des marchandises et, le cas échéant, marques et numéros	Number / Nombre	Weight or Quantity / Poids ou quantité	Value / Valeur *)	Country of origin / Pays d'origine **)	For official use / Réservé à la douane	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1/2	decorated wooden stools	2		£15.00	UK		
3/4	decorated wooden benches	2		£30.00	UK		
5/6	canvas floor cloths	2		£80.00	UK		
7/14	folding wooden chairs	8		£30.00	UK		
15/16	wooden boxes with lids	2		£100.00	UK		
17/20	painted wooden screens	4		£100.00	UK		
21/22	painted wooden frames	2		£10.00	UK		
23	painted header flat	1		£40.00	UK		
24/25	painted wooden frames incorporating thunder sheets	2		£100.00	UK		
26/27	painted wooden frames	2		£60.00	UK		
28	white silk jacket	1		£15.00	UK		
29	grey dress	1		£7.00	UK		
30	black velvet jacket	1		£4.00	UK		
31/34	mob caps	4		£4.00	UK		
35/36	black and grey dresses	2		£15.00	UK		
37	grey dress	1		£7.50	UK		
38/39	black dress	2		£18.00	UK		
40/43	military jackets	4		£40.00	UK		
44	silver cummerbund	1		£5.00	UK		
45/48	black tail coats	4		£40.00	UK		
49/50	white cotton dresses	2		£15.00	UK		
51	grey check dress with apron	1		£8.00	UK		
52	grey frock coat	1		£10.00	UK		
53	grey dress and apron	1		£8.00	UK		
54/57	white trousers	4		£28.00	UK		
58/61	grey waistcoats	4		£24.00	UK		
62/69	collarless shirts	8		£8.00	UK		
70/73	stocks	4		£4.00	UK		
74/77	ribbon ties	4		£4.00	UK		
78	tool box and contents	1		£80.00	UK		
79	drum	1		£55.00	UK		
80	cassette recorder (Sanyo)	1		£20.00	UK		
81/86	pairs of pyjamas	6		£18.00	UK		
87	guitar stand	1		£15.00	UK		
88/93	cloaks	6		£36.00	UK		
94	wind chimes	1		£5.00	UK		
95	star cloth	1		£25.00	UK		
96/97	pieces of parachute silk	2		£5.00	UK		
98	flute	1		£60.00	UK		
99	shawl	1		£5.00	UK		
100/5	hats	6		£30.00	UK		
106	red wig	1		£8.00	UK		
107	wig stand	1		£1.50	UK		
108	apron	1		£2.00	UK		
109	triangle	1		£5.00	UK		
110	recorder	1		£3.00	UK		
111/2	drumsticks	2		£3.00	UK		
113	mask	1		£1.00	UK		
114/116	pairs of men's shoes	3		£30.00	UK		
117/120	pairs of women's shoes	4		£20.00	UK		
	Total Value / Valeur Totale						

*) **Commercial value in country of issue of the carnet.** / *Valeur commerciale dans le pays d'émission du carnet.*

) **If different from country of issue of the carnet. / *S'il est différent du pays d'émission du carnet.*

PLEASE TYPE (NOT HAND WRITE) DETAILS OF LIST OF GOODS WITHIN THE COLUMNS

Item No. *No. d'ordre*	Trade description of goods and marks and numbers, if any *Désignation commerciale des marchandises et, le cas echéant, marques et numéros*	Number *Nombre*	Weight or Quantity *Poids ou quantite*	Value *Valeur* *)	Country of origin *Pays d'origine* **)	For official use *Réservé à la douane*	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
121	set tubular bells	1 set		£20.00	UK		
122	set bamboo pipes	1 set		£20.00	UK		
123	maracas	1 pr		£6.00	UK		
124	tamborine	1		£3.00	UK		
125	castenets	1 pr		£2.00	UK		
126	plastic trumpet	1		£1.00	UK		
127	vibe beaters	1 pr		£3.00	UK		
128/32	gongs	5		£180.00	UK		
133	wooden clapper	1		£1.00	UK		
134	sleigh bells	1		£2.00	UK		
135	finger cymbals	1		20	UK		
	Total Value / Valeur Totale		Kg547.77	£1,495.20			

*) Commercial value in country of issue of the carnet. / *Valeur commerciale dans le pays d'émission du carnet.*

**) If different from country of issue of the carnet. / *S'il est différent du pays d'émission du carnet.*

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