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Jack The Ripper

A Musical Play

Denis de Marne and Ron Pember

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

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FOUNDED 1830

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JACK THE RIPPER

A Musical Reconstruction of incidents relating to the East End murders which took place between Friday, August 31st and Friday, November 9th, 1888, set in a Music Hall and the surrounding streets, as performed by the Inhabitants of Whitechapel

First presented at the Players' Theatre, London, on June 25th, 1974

Subsequently presented by Larry Parnes (by arrangement with the Players' Theatre) in association with Brian Rix and Ray Cooney at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, on September 17th, 1974, with the following cast of characters

Marie Kelly/Music Hall Soubrette	Terese Stevens
Lizzie Stride/Queen Victoria	Eleanor McCready
Annie Chapman	Elaine Holland
Polly Anne Nicholls	Linda Rusby
Liza Pearl	Bernice Adams
Martha Tabram	Christine Edmonds
Catherine Eddowes	Sandra Holloway
Frances Coles	Helena Shenel
Montague Druitt	Howard Southern
Chairman	Peter Spraggon
Daniel Mendoza	Roy Stone
Dinky Nine-Eights	Jonty Miller
Bluenose Stack	Derek Connell
Slop Wallace	Jack Chissick
Lord Overcoat	Gerald Taylor
Police Sergeant Coles	Charles West
Policeman, etc.	Harry Goodier
	John Denton
	Graham Richards
	Alan C. Turvey

The play directed, and the settings by, REGINALD WOOLLEY

NOTE: The characters of the show are called upon to play more than one role. It is essential that this is adhered to as it is an integral part of the format of the show as a whole. They have a life within the Music Hall and also in reality

The Chairman, representing authority as he does, also plays the authoritative roles of Sir Charles Warren, the Magistrate and the Docks Foreman

Montague Druitt is known also as Toynbee by the locals. Toynbee Hall is his place of employment. He also plays the villain in the melodrama, and the magician

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

<i>Saturday Night</i>	Polly and the Company
<i>Sing Sing</i>	The Company
<i>Generally Nice</i>	Marie
<i>God Bless Us</i>	The Company
<i>Good-bye Day</i>	Marie and the Girls
<i>What A Life</i>	The Gang and the Girls
<i>Love</i>	Marie
<i>Ripper's Going To Get You</i>	Annie and the Gang

ACT II

<i>God Bless (reprise)</i>	The Company
<i>Charlie And Queenie</i>	Lizzie and the Chairman
<i>Half A Dozen Pints</i>	Marie
<i>There's A Boat Coming In</i>	The Company
<i>There Ain't Any Work Today</i>	Chairman and the Company
<i>Look At Them</i>	The Company
<i>Suspects</i>	Martha and the Gang
<i>Policemen's Chorus</i>	Police Sergeant Coles and Constables
<i>Step Across The River</i>	Marie and Lizzie
<i>Montage</i>	The Company
<i>Saturday Night (reprise)</i>	The Company

The Music for this play can be obtained from Samuel French Ltd

NOTE ON THE SETTING

The forestage area represents a Victorian Music Hall, with tables, chairs, and a table for the Chairman. Where possible this should be extended into the auditorium in order to link the Audience closely with the Music Hall scenes. Upstage of this is a raised area framed with a false proscenium decorated with lights, which are brought up when a Music Act is being performed. The area beyond represents the “real” streets of Whitechapel.

ACT I

OVERTURE

“The Steampacket”, Flower and Dean Street, Whitechapel. A Saturday night in autumn, 1888

The set is an open stage. In the foreground are some tables and chairs. Higher levels on each side give the impression of theatre boxes in a crude form of early Music Hall. The acting area represents the streets of Whitechapel of the stage of the Steam Packet Music Hall. (See plan on p. 49 and Note on p. vii)

The crowds begin to stream into the streets to the Music Hall. The Chairman waits to greet people at the door. A tart (Polly) stands under a light in the street. She speaks to a Man as he passes by

Polly Oi, mate, fancy having a good time?

The Man passes on

Another man approaches

Come on, Johnny, have a bit of fun, it'll make you forget your troubles.

A Salvationist walks by

Here you are, sonny, wanna buy a gargle for a nice girl? Go on, you miserable sod, I hope you catch a dose.

A shadow looms large on the back wall. The shape is of a man dressed in a cloak, carrying a Gladstone bag and wearing a top hat. Polly addresses the figure in the shadows

Hello, Jack. I must say we don't often see such a nice gent as you around these parts. Fancy giving a girl a good time? Just back from the New World, are you? (*As the shadow grows larger*) Come on, enjoy yourself, have a good time, it's Bank Holiday, isn't it? It's *Saturday*, isn't it?

The shadow looms even larger and the music reaches a climax—a shaft of light cuts across the stage as Dan Mendoza and his boys, Slop, Dinky and Bluenose, are thrown out of the Pub

Dan (*calling back*) All right, Fitzy, all right, mate, we've got long memories we have. I'll have you for this one of these days.

Bluenose Bleeding sauce, ain't it?

Dinky Just 'cos we couldn't pay.

Dan Hey, Slop, how much you got?

Slop Nothing, Dan.

Dan You wouldn't be lying to me, now would you?

Slop Aw, Dan, would I lie to you? I wouldn't, would I?

Dan You just try, that's all. Oi, Polly. What have you got?

Polly The pox. Want it?

Dan I'm talking about money, ain't I, I'm borasic.

Polly I ain't got any money, have I? I wouldn't be standing out here if I had, would I?

Other people begin to fill the street, greeting each other—a build-up of natural sounds; baby crying, spoons, arguing, etc

Dan Oi, Overcoat, lend us a few bob, will you?

Lord Overcoat (*pushing a barrow*) I want to be fair to you, Dan boy, but also most of all, I must be fair to me. If I lend you a few bob—where's me profits?

Busker On a float, on a boat, we will float, up and down the Mississippi . . .

A Religious Fanatic, carrying a banner, pushes his way forward

Salvationist Abandon hope, all ye Heathens. Prepare to be consumed by the fires of thine own destruction for the day of retribution is at hand.

Polly Come on, mate, you want to have a good time, don't you? It's Bank Holiday, ain't it? It's Saturday, ain't it? (*She sings*)

“SATURDAY NIGHT”

No.
1

Oh delight
Saturday night
All bleeding week you've been hiding.
Now you're here
Clouds disappear
Gawd how the sun is shining

All Gawd how the sun is shining!

Oh delight
Saturday night
Oh how I wanted to kiss yer
Safe from harm
Locked in your arms
You'll never know how I've missed yer.

Sunday we sleep a lot
Monday night is best forgot
Tuesday night we never knew how to handle you
Wednesday you're a bore
Thursday night's a bleeding whore
Friday night could never hold a candle to you.

But oh delight
Saturday night
Now you've come back it'll cost you
How I cried

I nearly died
I really thought I'd lost you.

The music keeps going underneath while over the top the Girls shout to one another

Annie 'Ere, Liz, save us a bed for later, will yer?

Liz You get your fourpence, gel, I'll fix you up.

Marie (*indicating the Salvationist*) Here, Polly, who's that?

Polly That's that psalm-singing-do-gooder, Mr Druitt from Toynbee Hall.

Marie Here, Druitt. Put your bible down, son, and get hold of this! (*She sings*)

Sunday's me day of rest
Monday night I'm too depressed
Tuesday night I never felt very willing.
Wednesday it's half the price
Thursday if you're very nice
Friday you can have us twice for just one shilling.

All Oh delight
Saturday night
Much as I love you, yer grieve me
You break my heart
Whenever we part
So please say you'll never leave me.

Salvationist Abandon hope, all ye Heathens. Prepare to be consumed by the fires of thine own destruction for the day of retribution is at hand.

Chairman (*adopting the character of the Salvationist*) Abandon hope, all ye heathens, the day of retribution is at hand. Cast aside your wicked ways. Cast aside all hopes of heaven.

Dan Where's heaven, mate, somewhere up the Mile End Road?

Chairman Mend your ways, you sinners, or Satan will swallow you whole. He's lurking in every shadow of every street, feeding on the blood and body of every living soul.

Dan Well, he's lucky, we ain't had nothing to eat for a week.

Chairman You fool, can't you see the Angel of Death stands behind you?

Dan Well, it's about time he bought a round, then.

Chairman You are destined to sink further and further into the abyss. You are Satan's servant, drunk with wine and fornication.

Dan Not yet, but the night is still young.

Chairman Damn you all. Let the Devil come and tear your black hearts from your heathen bodies.

Dan The Devil's too late, the Rent Man called this morning.

Chairman It's not too late. It's never too late . . . (*He sings*)

"SING, SING"

No.
2

Sing, sing, and let the evening ring
With the voices of the brave

All Cor blimey
Sing, sing, and let the evening ring
With the voices of the saved!

Chairman Meet Brother Paul
God gave him a special gift
He has suffered with you all
Used to be a flannel thief
Yet mercifully
Saw the error of his ways
Turned his back on Lucifer
Joyfully we sing his praise.

Dan Meet Charlie Small
Never went to Sunday school
Never ever said his prayers
Only in the snooker hall
He's not too bright
Never learned to read and write
It'll be a flippin miracle
If you get him to see the light.

All { Alleluia let the evening ring
With the many, many voices, voices of the brave.
Alleluia let the evening ring
With voices of the saved.
Sing, sing and let the evening ring
With the voices of the brave
Sing, sing let the evening ring
With the voices of the saved.

Chairman Here's Liza Pearl
Once a sinner now a saint
Led a wicked lustful life
Covered up her face with paint
How high the price
To sow upon a barren bed
Threw away her wicked life
Found everlasting peace instead.

Dan Here's Freddie Priest
She's the beauty, he's the beast
What a face he's lumbered with
Uglier than Aldgate East.
When he's about
Better get your finger out
Cut you up for half a crown
That's the sort of bloke he is.

All *Chorus (as above)*

Chairman Meet Toynbee Hall
A truly handsome gentleman
Gave up a life of luxury

To come down here to help you all
 But, in return
 Received the thing we all long for!
 The everlasting love of God
 So bountiful for evermore.

(*Speaking*) Come along, Mr Druitt, give them a bit of your fancy
 Speech making.

Druitt Good soldiers of our Lord, fellow workers together in the name of
 God, join with me in one united prayer, call upon the Almighty to have
 mercy upon these, thy forgotten children.

Dan Who's forgotten?

Druitt Brother, hearken unto me. Death and damnation is not Christianity.
 Christianity is LOVE, and this love shines through, even the eyes of
 these, our sisters-of-the-night, the poor unfortunates of Whitechapel.

Francis Coles I'll tell you something for nothing, mate! Your boots is a lot
brighter than your head. There's not much of yer, and what there is is
 mostly clothes. All you ever speak is words and they're all Greek to me
 —so why don't you piss off!

Druitt May God forgive you! Join us now, Brothers, Soldiers of the Cross,
 workers to the greater glory in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ . . .

Girls Oh what a crowd

Don't we do the Army proud?
 Fearless in the face of God
 Faithful to the love we vowed

Boys Oh what a crowd

Don't we do old England proud?
 Right old bunch of layabouts
 Do so little, talk too loud.

All { Alleluia let the evening ring
 With the many, many voices, voices of the brave
 Alleluia let the evening ring
 With the voices of the saved
 Sing, sing and let the evening ring
 With the voices of the brave
 Sing, sing and let the evening ring
 With the voices of the saved.

*During the song the Company march into the Music Hall, leaving the Boys,
 Marie and Annie in the street*

Dan Oi, Dinky, go and get Marie over here.

Dinky Oi, Slaggy—here.

Marie Who are you calling slaggy?

Dinky You. Here.

Marie Now look, why don't you go and whistle up somebody else's back-
 yard? Can't you see I'm busy?

Dan (*going over to her*) Now listen, girl, any more of your lip and I'll give
 you one.

Marie Oh yeah? You lay one finger on me, cock, and I'll knock you the other side of Berner Street, as big as you are.

Dan Yeah?

Marie Yeah!

Bluenose Yeah?

Dan (*swiping him*) Who asked you to stick your blue nose in? All right, Marie, love, there's no need to get your rag up.

Marie Well . . . What do you want?

Dan We—ll, er . . .

Marie Oh. You ain't got any readys, have you?

Dan Emm—I am feeling the pinch a bit. Still I'll be all right when the boat comes in.

Marie I've known you a long time, haven't I, Dan?

Dan We were kids together, Marie.

Marie Yeah. We always mucked in with whatever we had, didn't we?

Dan I looked after you and you looked after me.

Marie That's right. So. I'll tell you what I'll give you.

Dan What, Marie?

Marie Nothing, mate. Not a sausage, so bugger off!

Dan You mingy cow. (*He lashes angrily at the Boys*) Annie—come here.

Marie Don't you give him anything, Annie.

Dan Who asked you to put your spoke in.

Marie You want to pick on someone your own size.

Annie Watcha want?

Dan You know what I want, don't come the old acid. How much you got?

Annie I haven't got nothing, have I? I mean, I wouldn't be out on the streets if I did, would I?

Dan Now listen, you've given me nothing for weeks, girl. If you want me to look after you, you're going to have to pay for my services the same as all the others.

Annie Have a heart, Dan. Times is hard, but I'll see you all right when the boat comes in.

Dan When the boat comes in—when the boat comes in—we'll all be dead by then. Come on, cough up, there's a limit to my generosity.

Bluenose If you don't cough up, I'll knock your teeth out.

Dan (*grabbing Bluenose*) Shut up, I swear I'll swing for you one of these days, Bluenose! Give us your bag. (*He takes Annie's bag*) You lying cow, you've got fourpence in here.

Annie But that's the price of my bed, Dan, if I ain't got that I'll have to sleep in the alley.

Dan Never mind—it's cleaner than a bed in Long Lizzie's any day.

Marie I told you not to give him anything, didn't I?

Annie I never. He just took it.

Marie Well, kick him in the cobbles and he won't do it twice.

Dan Neither would she.

Marie You rotten sod, give her back her money.

Dan What's it to do with you? She's done me a favour. I'll do her a favour, someday.

Marie The only favour you could do us, Mendoza, is to take a running jump off Southwark Bridge.

The Boys laugh at this remark

Dan (*to the Boys, lashing out*) What are you laughing at? All right, Marie, you'll be sorry for this. Bloody-well think you're a lady, don't you—I bet you ain't even got any drawers on.

The Boys try to look up her skirt

Marie Take your hands off me. You dirty rotten, lousy, stinking, filthy son of a double-eyed . . .

At the height of her cursing all the Music Hall Lights snap on. Marie is now a sweet soubrette singing a parody of an innocent ballad of the day. This must make an impact—it is the first time the Music Hall Lights have been used in this way

“GENERALLY NICE”

No.
3

(*singing*) I'm the girl you all know
Who's generally nice
Tho' generally wouldn't look at twice
I'm simple. Shy. Secure.
Very quiet, rather pure
And tho' I might seem generally tough
I'm quite demure.

Just an ordinary lady
With ordinary ways
With a clean, a very ordinary mind
I'm shy, uncomplicated
All as previously stated
Unaffected by the ravages of time.

All She's the girl we all know
Who's generally nice
Tho' generally wouldn't look at twice
And when others have betrayed
And other lovers they have strayed
Our girl's got the kind of looks
That never fade.

Marie I'll admit when you see me
I looks a little plain
But I'm quiet and demure but divine

All There's not another lady like her
In the whole wide world
But I'm proud to say she's mine

Marie Yes I'm proud to say I'm thine

All Oh I'm proud to say she's mine
All—mine.

Chairman Your own, your very own Marie Kelly. Welcome, ladies and

gentlemen, to the Steampacket Music Hall. How nice to see so many friends here this evening, some old, some new. Some very new and some very *old*. Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we have for you a never-to-be-forgotten night. It is not often, nay seldom, nay NEVER—no *never* has the Steampacket had such an abundance of talent assembled for your entertainment. Scenes of Laughter; Beauty; Grace; High Drama; Ethereal Love; Murder; Terror—TERROR GALORE

Frances Coles Holy Jesus, save us all!

Chairman Are we downhearted?

All NO!

Chairman Then, are we all *happy*?

All YES!

A Man But we're all broke.

All BOOOOO!

Chairman Never mind, Charlie'll let us have it on the slate.

All Hurrah!

A Man But we haven't got any work.

Chairman Never mind. We'll be all right when the boat comes in. Now, ladies and gentlemen—a little solemnity. I must ask you to raise your glasses and be upstanding. To drink a loyal toast to our much-beloved and kind-hearted—QUEEN VICTORIA. God bless her!

All God bless her.

Chairman But chiefly, your own and very dear selves. God bless you!

“GOD BLESS US”

No.
4

All God bless us. (*Singing*)

God bless us

Down here no-one stands alone

And anything of yours is mine

And what is mine's

Me own.

Chairman God bless our glorious queen

And may she reign forever more

A finer lady never lived

Of this I am quite sure

She thinks of us

She prays for us

And hope that we may thrive

All But grub and work and houses

I'm afraid she can't provide.

God bless us

Down here no-one stands alone

Anything of yours is mine

And what is mine's

Me own. How's your father? All right!

A Man God bless our Lizzie Stride

She's known as Queen to all her friends
Says she comes from royalty

Martha Or so she still pretends

Reckons she's a princess

All Yeah

With every right to reign

All Oh Gawd

Dan If she's got royal blood in her

Then I'm the Queen of Spain

All I'm the Queen of . . .

God bless us

Down here no-one stands alone

Anything of yours is mine

And what is mine's

Me own. How's yer father? All right!

Lizzie God bless Lord Overcoat

The Banana King of Poplar Green

Please keep his prices down

And his rotten apples clean

He's got to make a living

But it shall come to pass

That if I catch him diddling me

I'll kick him up the . . .

All God bless us

Down here no-one stands alone

Anything of yours is mine

And what is mine's

Me own

Sing, sing, and let the evening ring . . .

Cathy God bless old Toynbee Hall

He tries so hard to save us all

A Man Why he bothers puzzles me

It's all a load of bull

All Yeah, how's that.

Druitt I say each day we're sinking

Into a pit of sin

Dan Well if this is hell

Then roll on death

I hope they let me in.

All In, in!

All through the night

When the dark clouds are blowing

We'll be there to guide you all

And we'll never, never—never never, never, never, fail.

God bless us

Down here no-one stands alone

Anything of yours is mine

And what is mine's

Me own

Anything of yours is mine
 And what is mine, what is mine—'s
 Me own, me own—me own.

As the song ends, the Lights fade into a dim street scene. It is misty. Polly is standing under a gas lamp. We see the familiar silhouette of the cloak, hat and Gladstone bag that we saw in the opening scene. Polly speaks towards the direction from which the unseen figure seems to be coming. As she speaks, the shadow comes nearer and nearer

Polly Hello, Jack. Just back from the New World, are you? How about buying a girl a nice drink? You look a respectable sort of bloke. Go on, let your hair down. It's August Bank Holiday, isn't it? Have yourself a bit of fun, you deserve it. That's it. Come on, Jack, you come with me, I'll show you a good time.

No.
 4a

All the while the shadow has got nearer, and at this moment he strikes. He draws a knife across her throat. She screams. The music stops. The crowd in the Music Hall abruptly stop and take notice. Then with a flourish the knife turns into a bunch of flowers and we are in a Music Hall Act with a Magician and his Assistant performing a number of tricks that always look a little dangerous but end in safety. The Chairman speaks as a large disappearing cabinet is wheeled on

Chairman And now, ladies and gentlemen, Marvel the Mystic will attempt to recreate for you that famous illusion first performed by Piracenet in eighteen fifty-five. Mystic's pretty young assistant, Miss Polly. Give us a smile, Miss Polly. Miss Polly will be despatched into the streets of Whitechapel.

Polly does, in fact, leave

Miss Polly Ann is at liberty to take refuge where she will among the labyrinth of alleys and passageways of the Great Metropolis. Meanwhile, ladies and gentlemen, Marvel the Mystic will demonstrate for you that his cabinet is completely empty and impenetrable to mere mortals such as you or I.

The Magician demonstrates that the cabinet is empty

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we crave your indulgence while Mystic summons up the supreme energy which is at his disposal and with a flourish that will amaze you, produce from his Caligari Cabinet your own—YOUR VERY OWN—MISS POLLY ANN NICHOLS!

At this point, the cabinet door is flung open and from the box slumps the dead and bloody body of Polly. Silence—then pandemonium breaks out. The Chairman calls for and obtains silence

A monologue to Mary Ann Nichols.
Known to her friends as Polly.

Polly Ann Nichols was an Aldgate whore
Not too pretty as I recall
Five front teeth missing from the lower jaw
Souvenir of a bar-room brawl.

She left Ireland's green lands for London
For the call of the bright city's lights
Now she's lying alone on cold mortuary stone
Not one of the prettiest sights.

She was born in the County of Derry
In a home full of trouble and strife
And Polly Ann ran away.
In the hope that one day
She would get something more out of life.

There follows a trail of disaster
That's enough to make each of us shriek
Of a baby still-born, of a body well worn
With disease of which none of us speak.

The rest is now ancient history
A story you've often heard tell
She was battered and bruised
Depraved and abused
Consumed by the fires of Hell.

Untrustful, and filthy and wicked,
And went with strange men every night,
She was lustful, and shameful and evil
So let us all say "Serves you right".

She made her own bed,
Let her lie on it.
Why should we hang our heads down in shame?
It was just circumstance
Never gave her chance
So why should we share any blame?

So let us not linger upon it
Let us all fill our glasses and sing
Let us all warm ourselves by the fire
Let us all close our ears to such things.

And so ends the story of Polly
But there's one last thing I must say
That this toothless old hag

Lying dead on a slab,
Was just fifteen years old today.

There is a moment's silence, then the voice of Annie Chapman is heard singing tipsily in the Music Hall audience

Annie (*singing*) It was only a violet, plucked for her mother's grave . . .

Voice Why can't you keep quiet, we're trying to get pissed over here.

Annie Liz—Lizzie.

Lizzie (*from above*) Hello, dearie.

Annie Have you got a room, Liz, can you do me a bed for the night?

Lizzie 'Course I could, dear, if you've got the readys.

Annie Well I did have, but Mendoza took it from me, Liz. It's getting late and I don't want to spend another night in Itchy Park.

Lizzie Sorry, luvvy, but if I let you in then I'd have to do the same for everybody else, and then where would I be, eh?

Annie You know me, Liz, I'd never let you down. I'll pay you back tomorrow, I swear I will. I'll give you a whole tanner.

Lizzie If you promised me a shilling, dear, the answer would still be no.

Annie Well, you'll be sorry. You won't get a minute's peace for the rest of your natural, if I'm found with me throat cut.

Lizzie They don't half fill your head with rubbish, you don't want to waste your time listening to that Sally-Ann crowd.

Annie It ain't safe with all these murders about.

Lizzie Gawd bless you, you don't want to worry your head about that, there's always been murders round here. I've seen things that would make your hair curl. When I lived up in Newington there was a woman there who was cut up in little pieces and scattered all over Haggerston Park.

Annie Don't, Liz, you'll give me nightmares.

Lizzie Life is full of little surprises.

Annie Go on, Liz—just one night—I'll never bother you again.

Lizzie Sorry, dear, if you ain't got the fourpence—you can't have a doss. You know the rules.

Marie Here, Annie, you want to borrow me new hat?

Annie Ooo yeah. Ta, Marie.

Marie Here you are, catch. (*She throws Annie her hat*)

Annie (*putting it on*) Oh yeah! I'll soon get meself another fourpence wearing this. Ta-ta!

Marie If you breaks me feather—I'll break your bleeding neck!

Annie (*going*) There'll be no messing about tonight. It ain't going to be no lay-down job, just a quick knee-trembler.

Lizzie (*singing*) Come back here you can have a bed

"GOOD-BYE DAY"

No.
5

If you earn a tanner
Or get a place at the Mile End waste
Carrying the banner

Hungry for More?

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