

UC San Diego

UC San Diego Electronic Theses and Dissertations

Title

The threepenny opera : connect, confront, create

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/65h7k457>

Author

Whitlock, Evangeline Rose

Publication Date

2011

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

The Threepenny Opera: Connect. Confront. Create.

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the
requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts

in

Theatre and Dance (Stage Management)

by

Evangeline Rose Whitlock

Committee in charge:

Professor Lisa Porter, Chair
Professor Jim Carmody
Professor Judith Dolan
Professor David Kirsh

2011

The thesis of Evangeline Rose Whitlock is approved and it is acceptable
in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

Chair

University of California, San Diego

2011

DEDICATION

*Little one with golden hair
Will he send you over there
Far away from mother's sight
To the ones who have no light?
Little one with eyes of blue
Will he ask you to be true
To a calling from above
Leave your home and those you love?*

To mom and dad,
who gave me life,
gave me my name,
and always knew I was called to be
a "missionary dancer."

EPIGRAPH

And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love.

And the greatest of these is love.

St. Paul, First Letter to the Corinthians

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Signature page.....	iii
Dedication.....	iv
Epigraph.....	v
Table of Contents.....	vi
Acknowledgements.....	vii
Abstract of the Thesis.....	viii
Calling Script: Prologue; Act I, Scene 3; Act II, Scene 2.....	1

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Theatre is a collaborative art. Without those who surround me, live with me, and work with me, my own work would not be possible.

My mentor and advisor, Lisa Porter

My classmates, Cate O'Brien and Samantha Watson

My UCSD stage management family: Dana DePaul, Leighann Enos, Kevin Fitzpatrick, Emily Hayes, Deirdre Holland, Lauren Juengel, Zach Kennedy, David O'Brien, Patti Saraniero, Matt Stern, Cheng-Yu Wei, Hannah Wichmann, Tareena Wimbish, Laura Zingle

The directors, actors, designers, PhD students, faculty and staff of UCSD

My love, Brian Weinkauf

My best friend, Carlos Aguilar

My parents, Bradley & Sharon Whitlock

My sister, Charity Joy Hendrickson

My friend and collaborator, Stephanie L. Sandberg

My pastor, Father Peter Escalante of St. Joseph's Cathedral in San Diego

My God and Savior, Jesus Christ the Lord

Thank you for your support, guidance, laughter, friendship, prayers, and most of all, your love.

ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

The Threepenny Opera: Connect. Confront. Create.

by

Evangeline Rose Whitlock

Master of Fine Arts in Theatre and Dance (Stage Management)

University of California, San Diego, 2011

Professor Lisa Porter, Chair

The theatrical framework provides a storytelling spectrum to explore the human experience. My graduate school stage management work consisted of stories fraught with difficult themes, painful emotions, and graphic sexual imagery. I took notes about the psyche of a child molester during table work for Ronald McCants' new play *Refraction*. I wrote blocking notation for depictions of the angel Gabriel (Callimaco) and the Virgin Mary (Lucrezia) dissolving into passionate sexual displays in Machiavelli's *La Mandragola*. In my thesis production, *The Threepenny Opera*, I called lighting cues while Polly shot up heroin and Mack the Knife sang about abortions.

As a stage manager, I am responsible for maintaining the continuity and integrity of a show from pre-production through closing. It is critical that I form authentic and truthful connections with each person and embrace the work even in

challenging contexts. My confrontation with content can lead to a company's realization of expression and creativity as I facilitate communication and remain receptive to the redefinition of traditional process.

I discovered that Bertolt Brecht's *verfremdungseffekt* (the distancing effect) works on both the artists involved and the audience who watches. Brecht's plays are alienating and distancing in process and final product. Through my own connectedness to the work as well as my multi-faceted personal and professional advocacy for all artists, I offered a spirit of comfort, safety, and trust for each collaborator. My absolute presence and active engagement allowed me to successfully lead the company through the disconcerting isolation of *The Threepenny Opera*.

Calling Script: Prologue; Act I, Scene 3; Act II, Scene 2

PROLOGUE

STREET SINGER: You are about to see an opera for beggars.
Since this opera was conceived with a splendor that only a beggar
could imagine, and since it had to be so cheap even a beggar could
afford it, it is called: ***WATCH Street Singer - vis. with curtain pull***

LX 5

“The Threepenny Opera”

*Scene: The Market, Soho, Monday night. Beggars beg, thieves steal,
whores whore. A STREET SINGER sings)*

MUSIC 2: BALLAD OF MACK THE KNIFE

STREET SINGER:

OH THE SHARK HAS PRETTY TEETH, DEAR,
AND HE SHOWS THEM PEARLY WHITE.
JUST A JACKKNIFE HAS MACHEATH, DEAR,
AND HE KEEPS IT OUT OF **SIGHT**.

LX 6

WHEN THE SHARK BITES WITH HIS TEETH, DEAR,
SCARLET BILLOWS START TO SPREAD.
FANCY GLOVES, THOUGH, WEARS MACHEATH DEAR,
SO THERE’S NOT A TRACE OF RED.

ON THE SIDEWALK SUNDAY MORNING
LIES A BODY OOZING LIFE.
SOMEONE’S SNEAKING ‘ROUND THE CORNER
IS THAT SOMEONE MACK THE KNIFE?

JENNY TOWLER WAS A STRIPPER
SOMEONE RIPPED HER (FROM) EAR TO EAR
THOUGH THE KNIFEWORK WAS ARTISTIC
SEEMS THAT MACKIE WAS NOWHERE NEAR

SB:
LX 7-10
Spot 1 F/O SS w/ LX 7.5
Spot on deck P/U Mr. P
on bed w/ LX 8
SD 115

AND THE GHASTLY FIRE IN SOHO -
 SEVEN CHILDREN BURNED ALIVE
 IN THE CROWD STANDS MACK THE KNIFE, WHO
 COULD NOT GIVE THE REASON WHY.

LX 7

THERE'S A WIDOW, WHO'S A SCHOOL-GIRL
 WITH A BABY AT HER BREAST
 SOMEONE ROBBED HER, SOMEONE RAPED HER
 SOMEONE'S JACKKNIFE DID THE REST

OH THE SHARK HAS PRETTY TEETH, DEAR,
 AND HE SHOWS THEM PEARLY WHITE.
 JUST A JACKKNIFE HAS MACHEATH, DEAR,
 AND HE KEEPS IT OUT OF SIGHT.

JUST A JACKKNIFE HAS MACHEATH, DEAR,
 AND HE KEEPS IT...

LX 7.5 &
 Spot 1 OUT

...OUT OF SI**GH**T.

Act I, Scene 3**MUSIC 13: INTRODUCTION TO ACT I, SCENE 3***Now where's your moon over dock street**What happened to the you-hear-my-heart-beating blues**Where is that anywhere-you-go-I-will-go-with-you**Call that old-fashioned love tickle**Last year's **news***LX 26.1 &
Spot 2 UPSTREET SINGER: For Peachum, who knows the hardness
of the world, the loss of his daughter spells nothing less than
utter **ruin**.LX 27 &
Spot 2 OUT*Scene: Peachum's Beggar's shop Outfit Shop. Wednesday
afternoon. PEACHUM and MRS. PEACHUM. In the doorway
stands POLLY with hat and coat on, a suitcase in her hand.
She is radiant throughout.***SB:**
Spots 1 & 2 →
Polly with LX
28MRS. PEACHUM: I can't believe it! You got married, you
immoral girl! Here we deck you out front and back with dresses
and hats and gloves and parasols - and then, after we've paid as
much as it costs to rig out a complete sailing ship, you throw
yourself into the trash like a rotten vegetable. Did you really?
Did you really get married? ***WATCH Polly - vis. with turn to front***LX 28 &
Spots UP**MUSIC 13A: BARABARA SONG****POLLY:**WHEN I WAS A VIRGIN I USED TO BELIEVE
THERE'S A WAY THAT THE WORLD OUGHT TO BE
THAT THERE WAS A CODE WHICH I HAD TO OBSERVE
WHEN A FELLA CAME SNIFFING AFTER ME
AND IF HE LOOKED NICE
AND IF HE TALKED NICE
AND IF HIS SHIRTS WERE ALWAYS WHITE AS SNOW
AND IF HE KNEW HOW TO TREAT A GIRL RESPECTFULLY
THEN I WOULD LET HIM GOIF YOU LEARN TO KEEP YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH
THEN THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
GAZE TOGETHER AT THE STARRY NIGHT

EVEN HAVE A TETE-A-TETE BY CANDLELIGHT
BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO

SB:
LX 29

NO YOU DON'T JUST SMILE AND PULL YOUR PANTIES DOWN
WHEN YOU HAVE THE CHANCE OF SAYING NO
ONCE YOU'VE MET THEM, YOU DON'T JUST LET THEM
WHEN YOU CAN ALWAYS LET THEM **GO.**

LX 29

THE FIRST MAN I MET WAS FROM WALTON-ON-THAMES
HE WAS ALL THAT A MAN OUGHT TO BE.
THE NEXT HAD A FORTUNE IN SILVER AND GEMS
AND THE THIRD ONE WAS CRAZY MAD FOR ME.
AND AS THEY LOOKED NICE,
AND AS THEY TALKED NICE
AND AS THEIR SHIRTS WERE ALL AS WHITE AS SNOW
AND AS THEY KNEW HOW TO TREAT A GIRL RESPECTFULLY
I SAID I'D LET THEM GO.

THAT IS HOW YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH
THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
YES WE GAZED AT THE STARRY NIGHT
YES WE EVEN HAD A MEAL BY CANDLELIGHT
BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS IT COULD GO

SB:
LX 30

NO YOU DON'T JUST SMILE AND PULL YOUR PANTIES DOWN
WHEN YOU HAVE THE CHANCE OF SAYING NO
ONCE YOU'VE MET HIM, YOU DON'T JUST LET HIM
WHEN YOU CAN ALWAYS LET HIM **GO.**

LX 30

THERE THEN CAME A DAY WHEN OUT OF THE BLUE
CAME A MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY PLEASE
AND HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOCK AS HE OPENED MY DOOR
AND HIS SMELL MADE ME WEAK IN THE KNEES
HE DIDN'T TALK NICE
HE DIDN'T LOOK NICE
IN FACT, HE WAS UGLIER THAN SIN
HE DIDN'T CARE IF HE TREATED ME RESPECTFULLY
AND THAT'S WHY I LET HIM IN.

SB:
LX 31-32 &
Spots F/O
w/ LX 31

I HAD LEARNED TO KEEP MY HEAD HELD HIGH
NOW I LEARNED TO HOLD IT LOW!

FIRST WE WANDERED THROUGH THE STARRY NIGHT
 THEN WE EVEN HAD A MEAL BY CANDLELIGHT
 AND IT SOMEHOW HAD TO BE SO.

YES YOU'RE SOMETIMES GLAD TO PULL YOUR PANTIES DOWN

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU'D BE MAD TO TELL HIM "NO"

ONCE YOU'VE MET HIM, YOU WON'T FORGET HIM

SO NEVER EVER LET HIM **GO**.

LX 31 & Spots OUT

PEACHUM: Married to a crook - a robber's slut.
 That's lovely. That's fine.

MRS. PEACHUM: And did you have to pick out a horse
 thief? Oh you'll pay, you'll pay! I should have seen it coming.
 Even when she was a child she had a swelled head on her, like
 she was the Queen of England.

PEACHUM: She got married. She really got married.

MRS. PEACHUM: This is the reward we get. Jonathan,
 I think I'm going crazy. My head's dizzy. I can't stand it.
 Get me a drink, somebody. ***WATCH Polly - vis. when she stands***

LX 32

PEACHUM: Quick you crook's wife. Now look what you've
 done to your poor mother. That's fine, that's perfect (*Polly runs
 around behind desk and returns with a bottle of whiskey and a glass.
 She pours a drink*). Oh, the poor woman, how she takes it to heart - and
 that's the last consolation left her.

POLLY: (*Pouring again*) Mama needs at least two glasses when
 she's like this. Here, this'll put you on your feet.

MRS. PEACHUM: Listen to the false sympathy. (*She grabs
 the bottle from POLLY instead of the glass, takes a long drink
 from the bottle*).

POLLY: Think about him for a minute, please. He is a first
 class house-breaker. He's saved money: I know how much:
 I could even name you the exact figure. A few more operations,
 and we can retire to a little place in the country.

PEACHUM: Oh, you can. What about us? So you got married, eh? You can get a divorce!

<p><u>SB:</u> LX 33</p>

POLLY: I don't know what you're saying.

MRS. PEACHUM: He's saying divorce.

POLLY: But I love him. Why should I get a divorce?

MRS. PEACHUM: Have you no shame?

POLLY: Mama, were you ever in love?

MRS. PEACHUM: In love? Those goddamn books you've been reading, that's where you get that nonsense! Polly, everybody gets a divorce! ***WATCH Polly - vis. off bunk bed***

LX 33

POLLY: Then I'll be the exception!

MRS. PEACHUM: I'll flay your ass, you exception!

POLLY: I won't be robbed of my love.

MRS. PEACHUM: One more remark, and you'll get the back of my hand.

POLLY: Love is the greatest thing in the world!

MRS. PEACHUM: You talk of love? (*Backhand SLAP*) Do you know the number of women this fellow has? Why, when he's hanged there'll be a half a dozen women claiming they're his widows: and every one of them will have a brat in her arms to prove it. Oh, Jonathan!

PEACHUM: Hanged, did you say? How did you come to think of that? That's an idea. Out, Polly! Hanged, eh? By all means. It should be worth forty pounds.

MRS. PEACHUM: Exactly. Simply inform the police.

PEACHUM: That way we can get him hanged free of charge.
But first - we've got to know where he's hiding.

MRS. PEACHUM: I can tell you where. With his women,
in that house in Wapping.

PEACHUM: But they won't give him away.

MRS. PEACHUM: Oh, won't they? Money rules the world.

FILCH (*enters*): Mr. Peachum, could I get some instructions
for today?

MRS. PEACHUM: You take care of him, and leave this
to me.

<p><u>SB:</u> LX 34.5- 34.6</p>
--

PEACHUM: Listen to me, my friend: between moving people
and aggravating them there is a big difference. Oh, what I need
is artists! These days it takes artists to move the hearts of men.
And you've been eating again. Look at you, you're plump! I'm
going to have to make an example of you.

FILCH: Mr. Peachum, I don't eat much, I just get fat, it's unnatural.
I can't help it. (*MR. PEACHUM rushes him offstage.*)

MRS. PEACHUM: I'll go to **Wapping** and talk to his girls. I'll
talk to Jenny, his old duck. Any of the others would do, but I'll
talk to Jenny. If this fine gentleman meets up with any of them
in the next two days - and he will - that will be that.

LX 34.5

POLLY: My dear Mama, you can save yourself the trouble of going
all the way to Wapping. Before my Mack would deign to consort with
such females, he'd even go to jail. And if he went to jail, the
Commissioner of Police himself would offer him a brandy, and over
cigars they would discuss a certain shop in this street where things are
not quite what they seem either. Because, dear Mama - (*PEACHUM
enters and listens*) the Commissioner of Police enjoyed himself hugely
at my wedding.

PEACHUM: **Oh** he did, did he? **WATCH Polly - vis. off cubby**

LX 34.6

POLLY (*Poetically*): Sipped a brandy together, patted each other's cheeks and said: "If you'll have another, I'll have another!" And when one of them departed, the other's eyes filled up with tears and he said, "Anywhere you go, I will go with you." There's not a thing in the records against Mackie.

SB:
LX 35-41
Spot 2 P/U Polly
w/ LX 35
Spot 1 P/U
Mr. Peachum
w/ LX 36

PEACHUM: Maybe there wasn't before: there will be now. He seduced my daughter.

MRS. PEACHUM: Jonathan, I'm worried. You're dealing with Mack the Knife, the most slippery criminal in London. Suppose it doesn't work?

PEACHUM: It will work - with me paying a visit to the Commissioner of Police and you doing your part in Wapping -

MRS. PEACHUM: Leave it to me.

POLLY: As for me, Papa, I shall be very pleased to greet Mr. Brown again.

PEACHUM: Oh, the wickedness of the world is so great, you have to keep running so your legs won't be stolen from under you.

LX 35 &
Spot 2 →
Polly

WATCH Conductor - **W/DB**

Music 15: FIRST THREEPENNY FINALE: "The World is Mean"

POLLY:
ALL I'M ASKING ISN'T MUCH.
ONCE, INSTEAD OF ALL THIS SADNESS,
FROM A MAN, A LITTLE GLADNESS.
IS THAT ASKING VERY MUCH?
IS THAT ASKING ALL **THAT** MUCH?

LX 36 &
Spot 1 →
Mr. Peachum

PEACHUM:
ONE RIGHT IS GUARANTEED TO EVERYBODY:
TO CALL THIS SHORT UNHAPPY LIFE HIS OWN,

SB:
Spot 2 P/U
Mrs. P w/ LX 38

INDULGE IN ALL THE PLEASURES OF THE BODY,
AND WHEN HE ASKS FOR BREAD TO EAT NOT GET A STONE.
THIS HUMAN RIGHT BELONGS TO EVERYBODY □

LX 37

BUT SAD TO SAY, IT NEVER YET HAS HAPPENED
THAT THINGS SHOULD GO THE WAY THEY OUGHT TO GO.
WHO WOULDN'T WANT A LITTLE DECENT TREATMENT?
IT SEEMS THAT CIRCUMSTANCE WON'T HAVE IT SO.

LX 38 &
Spot 2 →
Mrs. P**SB:**

Spot 1 P/U Mr. P w/ LX 39;
Spot 2 F/O with LX 39, then
P/U Mr. P with LX 40

MRS. PEACHUM:

I WOULD GLADLY GIVE TO YOU
ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRED.
OH I SWEAR I'D BE INSPIRED,
IT WOULD GIVE ME PLEASURE, TOO.
IT WOULD GIVE ME PLEASURE, TOO.

LX 39 &
Spot 1 →
Mr. P**PEACHUM:**

WE CRAVE TO MORE KINDLY THAN WE ARE:
GIVE GLADLY TO THE POOR BECAUSE IT'S RIGHT
IF ALL ARE KIND HIS KINGDOM CAN'T BE FAR.
WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO BASK BENEATH HIS LIGHT?
WE CRAVE TO BE MORE KINDLY THAN WE ARE □
BUT SAD TO SAY, THE CHANCES HAPPEN NEVER.
YOU HAVE TO REACH UP HIGH, AND MAN IS LOW.
WE'D ALL BE GLAD TO LIVE IN PEACE FOREVER -
IT SEEMS THAT CIRCUMSTANCE WON'T HAVE IT SO.

LX 40 &
Spot 2 →
Mr. P

LX 41

POLLY, MRS. PEACHUM:

OH SAD TO SAY, HE TELLS THE TRUTH.
THE WORLD IS MEAN, AND MAN UNCOOUTH.

PEACHUM:

OF COURSE I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH.
THE WORLD IS MEAN, AND MAN UNCOOUTH.
WHO WOULDN'T WANT HIS HEAVEN ON EARTH NOW?
BUT YOU KNOW CIRCUMSTANCE: WILL IT ALLOW?
NO! CIRCUMSTANCE WILL NOT ALLOW.
YOU ASK YOUR BROTHER ROUND TO EAT
HE'LL STEAL THE SHOES FROM OFF YOUR FEET
AND THEN HE'LL KICK YOU IN THE FACE

OH, DON'T YOU LOVE THE HUMAN RACE
 YOUR WIFE WILL HANG AROUND YOUR NECK
 BUT YOU IGNORE HER FOR A SEC
 SHE'LL KICK YOU IN ANOTHER PLACE
 OH, DON'T YOU LOVE THE HUMAN RACE
 AND THINK OF ALL THE THINGS YOU DID
 SO YOU COULD EDUCATE YOUR KIDS
 AND THEN THEY SHOVE IT IN YOUR FACE
 OH, DON'T YOU LOVE THE HUMAN RACE

SB:

LX 42-46
 Spots F/O w/ LX 43.1
 Intermission

Radio to FOH:

*"We're coming up on
 intermission."*

POLLY, MRS. PEACHUM:

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS THAT WAY
 IT ALWAYS HAPPENS THAT WAY
 THE WORLD IS MEAN, AND MAN UNCOUTH
 AND SAD TO SAY HE TELLS THE **TRUTH**.

LX 42

PEACHUM:

OF COURSE I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH
 THE WORLD IS MEAN, AND MAN UNCOUTH
 WE SHOULD BE HIGH - INSTEAD OF LOW!
 BUT LET'S BE PRACTICAL, IT ISN'T SO.
 WE SHOULD BE GOOD, INSTEAD OF BASE
 BUT LET'S BE PRACTICAL, THAT'S NOT THE CASE.

POLLY, MRS. PEACHUM:

WHICH MEANS THEY HAVE US IN A TRAP:
 THE WHOLE DAMN THINGS'S A LOAD OF CRAP.

PEACHUM:

THE WORLD IS MEAN, AND MAN UNCOUTH
 AND SAD TO SAY I TELL THE TRUTH.

POLLY, PEACHUM, MRS. PEACHUM:

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS THAT WAY.
 IT ALWAYS HAPPENS THAT WAY.
 THAT'S WHY HE'S GOT US IN A TRAP
 AND WHY IT'S ALL A LOAD OF **CRAP**.

LX 43

ONE TWO THREE FOUR
 TWO TWO THREE FOUR
 THREE TWO THREE FOUR
 FOUR BUM **BUM**.

LX 43.1
 & Spots
 OUT

STOP CLOCK, NOTE TIME

As applause crests:

LX 46

Actors clear stage when lights come up.

SB:
 Crew for intermission
 shift

 Reset clock

When actors are completely clear of stage:

Crew GO

 Start clock; call 10 over
 headset and page mic.

Act II, Scene 2

*Scene: A brothel in Wapping. Ordinary early evening (Thursday).
Rain outside. MOLLY (old whore) in a peignoir, DOLLY (young
whore) in her underwear: BETTY (wise girl) dressed: COAXER
(tall willowy type) in chemise and petticoat. BETTY laughs at a
letter she's reading.*

<p><u>SB:</u> LX 59-61</p>

DOLLY: Who's it from, Betty?

BETTY: My sister in Ipswich. My brother-in-law is a postman there.

COAXER: My family comes from Holloway.

MOLLY: My nephew has five children in Holloway. He says Earning power isn't what it used to be.

DOLLY: Isn't it? Earning power? What it used to be?

BETTY: Well, they say that's very true. Earning power has all but disappeared. It's the new machines, they say.

DOLLY: Do you think they could take away my earning power?

BETTY: No, you'll be making ends meet for quite a time.

MOLLY: When you went out, Jenny, did you leave the door open? I feel a draft. (*JENNY makes no reply.*)

COAXER: Of course you feel a draft, Molly. That's because you don't wear any panties.

DOLLY: Is it still raining outside, Jenny? (*She still doesn't answer.*) Jenny!

LX 59

BETTY: What is it, Jenny? In a mood again?

JENNY: What?

BETTY: We were talking about our families.

JENNY: I could hear you.

DOLLY: You never talk about your family, do you, Jenny?

JENNY (*Suddenly angry*): Family! I never had any family.
All I ever had was dreams.

LX 60

BREATH, then call:

MUSIC 20A: PIRATE JENNY

LX 61

JENNY:

YOU GENTLEMAN CAN WATCH WHILE I'M SCRUBBIN' THE FLOORS
AND I'M SCRUBBIN' THE FLOORS WHILE YOU'RE GAWKIN'.
AND MAYBE ONCE YOU TIP ME, AND IT MAKES YOU FEEL SWELL,
ON A RATTY WATERFRONT IN A RATTY OLD HOTEL,
AND YOU NEVER GUESS TO WHO YOU'RE TALKIN'.
(AND YOU NEVER GUESS TO WHO YOU'RE TALKIN'.)

SB:
LX 62

SUDDENLY ONE NIGHT THERE'S A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT,
AND YOU YELL: "WHAT THE HELL COULD THAT A' BEEN?"
AND YOU SEE ME KINDA GRINNIN' WHILE I'M SCRUBBIN'
AND YOU SAY: "WHAT THE HELL'S SHE GOT TO GRIN?"

AND A SHIP, A BLACK FREIGHTER,
WITH A SKULL ON ITS MASTHEAD,
WILL BE COMIN' IN.

1 2 3 4
2 2 3 4

LX 62

YOU GENTLEMEN CAN SAY: "HEY GIRL, FINISH THE FLOORS,
GET UPSTAIRS, MAKE THE BEDS, EARN YOUR KEEP HERE!"
YOU TOSS ME YOUR TIPS, AND LOOK OUT AT THE SHIPS-
BUT I'M COUNTIN' YOUR HEADS WHILE I MAKE UP THE BEDS,
'CAUSE THERE'S NOBODY GONNA SLEEP HERE!

(TONIGHT, NONE OF YOU WILL SLEEP HERE.)

THEN THAT NIGHT THERE'S A BANG IN THE NIGHT,
AND YOU YELL: "WHO'S THAT KICKIN' UP A ROW?"
AND YOU SEE ME KINDA STARIN' OUT THE WINDA,
AND YOU SAY: "WHAT'S SHE GOT TO STARE AT NOW?"

AND THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER,
TURNS AROUND IN THE HARBOR,
SHOOTIN' GUNS FROM THE BOW!

SB:
LX 63 &
Spots 1 & 2
P/U Jenny
w/ LX 63

LX 63 & Spots → Jenny

1 2 3 4
2 2 3 4

THEN YOU GENTLEMEN CAN WIPE OFF THAT LAUGH FROM YOUR FACE.
 EV'RY BUILDING IN TOWN IS A FLAT ONE.
 YOU'RE WHOLE STINKIN' PLACE WILL BE DOWN TO THE GROUND,
 ONLY THIS CHEAP HOTEL STANDIN' UP SAFE AND SOUND:
 AND YOU YELL: "WHY THE HELL SPARE THAT ONE?"
 (AND YOU YELL: "WHY THE HELL SPARE THAT ONE?")
 ALL THE NIGHT THROUGH, WITH THE NOISE AND TO-DO,
 YOU WONDER WHO'S THE PERSON LIVES UP THERE.
 THEN YOU SEE ME STEPPIN' OUT INTO THE MORNING,
 LOOKIN' NICE WITH A RIBBON IN MY HAIR.
 AND THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER,
 RUNS THE FLAG UP ITS MASTHEAD -
 AND A CHEER RINGS THE AIR!

<u>SB:</u> LX 64

LX 64

1 2 3 4
2 2 3 4

BY NOONTIME THE DOCK IS ALL SWARMIN' WITH MEN
 COMIN' OFF OF THAT GHOSTLY FRIEGHTER.
 THEY'RE MOVIN' IN THE SHADOWS WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE,
 AND THEY'RE CHAININ' UP PEOPLE, AND BRINGIN' THEM TO ME,
 ASKIN' ME: "KILL 'EM NOW OR LATER?"
 (ASKIN' ME: "KILL 'EM NOW OR LATER?")
 NOON BY THE CLOCK, AND SO STILL ON THE DOCK,
 YOU CAN HEAR A FOGHORN MILES AWAY.
 IN THAT QUIET OF DEATH, I'LL SAY: RIGHT NOW,
 AND THEY'LL PILE UP THE BODIES, AND I'LL SAY:
 "THAT'LL LEARN YOU."

<u>SB:</u> LX 65-69 Spots F/O w/ LX 65, Spot 1 P/U SS on bridge w/ LX 67, then F/O w/ LX 68

THEN THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER,
 DISAPPEARS OUT TO SEA,
 AND ON IT - IS ME. **BREATH, then call:**

LX 65 and Spots OUT

(Dead silence)

DOLLY: Where's Captain Macheath, do you suppose?

JAKE: Macheath? He ain't coming here tonight.

DOLLY: Well, why not? It's Thursday.

JAKE: I don't think you'll be seeing him again for quite a while.

BETTY: You don't think so? Say, that would be a pity.

JAKE: If I know my man, he's far outside the city limits by now.
This time it's a clean **break**.

LX 66

MACHEATH (*Enters*): My coffee! Where is my coffee?

COAXER (*Dazed: Repeats stupidly*): He says "My coffee"!
Just **like** that!

LX 67 & Spot 1 → SS

STREET SINGER: The coronation bells have not even rung, and
Mack the Knife is already with his whores in a brothel in Wapping.
Before the night is over, one will betray **him**.

LX 68 & Spot 1 OUT

JAKE (*Horrificed*): Why ain't you up past the Archway?

MACHEATH: Because it's my Thursday here. I can't let my
routine be stopped by unimportant things. Besides, it's
raining outside.

MOLLY: It's raining.

JENNY (*Entering*): "In the name of Her Majesty, Captain Macheath
is herewith charged with threefold-" Look, it's a list of charges.

JAKE (*Looking over her shoulder*): Hey, am I in there too?

MACHEATH: We're all in there, the entire staff.

JENNY: Mackie, let me look at your hand? (*He holds out his
hand which JENNY begins studying.*)

LX 69

DOLLY: That's it Jenny, read his palm, you do it so good.

MACHEATH: Well? Inherit a legacy?

JENNY: Can't see any legacy.

BETTY: Why do you look that way, Jenny?

MACHEATH: A long journey in the near future?

JENNY: Don't see any long journey.

MOLLY: What is it, then?

MACHEATH: Now only good news, please - nothing bad!

JENNY: I see a narrow dark thing, very little light. And then - I see a large B - that's Betrayal by a woman. Then I see...

MACHEATH: Wait. I'd like to know some details about the narrow dark thing, and the Betrayal, for instance: the name of the woman, for instance.

JENNY: Her name begins with a "J."

MACHEATH: Then it's all wrong. Her name begins with a P.

JENNY: Mackie, when the bells ring out at Westminster Abbey, watch out! *(She starts to leave.)*

BETTY: Where are you going, Jenny?

JENNY: I'll be back. *(Exits)*

MACHEATH: Go on. *(JAKE, reading the list, laughs.)*
What is it? *(Looking at the list which JAKE is holding for him)* Totally inaccurate - there were only three of them.

JAKE *(Laughing)*: That's what you think.

MACHEATH: Nice panties you have there.

DOLLY: From the cradle to the grave, panties make the lady.

COAXER: I never use silk. It makes the johns think you've got some disease.

DOLLY: But plain old cotton puts them off.

BETTY: I've had great success with cotton panties.

COAXER: It makes them feel like they're at home.

MACHEATH: Do you still have the ones with the black trim?

COAXER: Never without them.

MACHEATH (*to Molly*): And what kind do you wear my dear?

MOLLY: It's so awful. I live with my aunt. She hates men. I can't bring anyone home - and you know how it is in hallways - so I just don't wear any.

(*JAKE laughs*)

MACHEATH: You're through, Jake.

<p><u>SB:</u> LX 71 Spots 1 & 2 P/U Mack w/ LX 71</p>
--

JAKE: No - I haven't got past the rapes yet.

MACHEATH: What happened to Jenny?

BETTY: She'll be back.

MACHEATH: My dear young ladies: long before my star rose in the ascendant over this fair city -

DOLLY: Listen to him! "Rose in the ascendant over this fair city..."

MACHEAHT: I dwelt in the direst poverty with one of your sisters, Jenny. And now, today, although known and feared as Mack the Knife, scourge of the city, I forget not, the companion of a darker time: of all the girls in this establishment, the most beloved to me, Ah Jenny!

<p>LX 71 & Spots → Mack</p>

MUSIC 21: PIMP'S BALLAD**MACHEATH:**

SO LONG AGO AND OH SO FAR AWAY
 I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT WE USED TO BE
 THE MISTS OF TIME HAVE MADE IT HARD TO SEE
 BUT I LOVED HER AND SHE MADE LOVE FOR ME
 AND THAT ARRANGEMENT
 SEEMED TO WORK PERFECTLY.
 THE SAILORS CAME AND WENT -
 AND WHEN THEY CAME THEY WENT
 I TOOK MY CUT AND THE REMAINDER PAID THE RENT
 IT WAS PERFECTION FOR MY LITTLE MINX AND ME
 WHEN SHE HAD COMPANY I'D MAKE THEM TEA
 SIX MONTHS OR MORE WE LIVED THERE ALL ALONE
 IN THE BORDELLO WHERE WE MADE OUR **HOME**

SB:
 LX 72-73
 Spots F/O w/
 LX 72, Spot 1
 P/U Mack and
 Spot 2 P/U
 Jenny w/ LX
 73

LX 72 &
 Spots OUT

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 2 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 4 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 1 2 3 4

LX 73 &
 Spots UP

JENNY:

SO FAR AWAY AND OH SO LONG AGO
 PERHAPS THOSE DAYS HAVE FADED - HARD TO TELL
 AND NO ONE THERE WOULD DARE TO CROSS MACHEATH
 WHEN I COMPLAINED YOU PUNCHED ME IN THE TEETH
 YES YOU WERE BRUTAL, PERHAPS IT WAS HELL
 THERE WAS YOUR GAMBLING AND ALL THE BILLS TO PAY
 SO I TALKED DIRTY OVER 30 TIMES A DAY
 WHILE I FAKED PASSION TILL IT MADE ME SORE
 YOU'D TAKE THE CASH AND MAKE ME WORK FOR MORE
 THEY WERE SO GOOD THOSE TIME WE SPENT ALONE
 IN THE BORDELLO WHERE WE MADE OUR **HOME**

SB:
 LX 74-77
 Spots F/O
 w/ LX 74
 & P/U
 your
 same
 people w/
 LX 75

LX 74 &
 Spots OUT

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 2 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 4 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 1 2 3 4

LX 75 &
Spots UP

BOTH:

SINCE THAT FINE DAY SO MANY HAVE GONE BY

JENNY:

WE HAVE OUR SHARE OF WRINKLES YOU AND I...

WATCH Jenny: vis. off bed

LX 76

MACHEATH:

WHILE YOU WERE MINE THE WORLD WAS FULL OF SONG

JENNY:

P'RAPS IT WAS FINE TILL EVERYTHING WENT WRONG
 WE HAD THE BABY - BUT IT DIDN'T LAST LONG
 WHEN I WAS PREGNANT IT WAS FESTIVE FOR A DAY

SB:
Constables
ENT SR;
Spots F/O
w/ LX 77

MACHEATH:

BUT THEN WE THOUGHT IT BEST TO WASH THE MESS AWAY

JENNY:

THE DRUNKEN DOCTOR SHOWED US WHAT TO DO

MACHEATH:

WE TOOK THE MESS AND FLUSHED IT DOWN THE SEWER

BOTH:

IT WAS SO SHORT, THE TIME WE SPENT ALONE,
 IN THE BORDELLO WHERE WE MADE OUR **HOME**

LX 77 &
Spots OUT

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 2 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 4 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 5 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 6 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 7 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Constables GO

One two three four five six **seven**

LX 78

SMITH: All right. Let's go.

MACHEATH: Has this rat-hole still got only one way out?

WATCH Bridge - vis. when Mrs. P ENT.

LX 78.5

(SMITH tries to handcuff MACHEATH, but he is thrown deftly to the ground. MACHEATH makes for a window and jumps out. On the other side two CONSTABLES are waiting for him. MRS. PEACHUM has entered. MACHEATH is calm and polite.)

MACHEATH: How do you do, Madam?

MRS. PEACHUM: Well, well, my dear Mr. Macheath. My husband has often said that the greatest heroes in history always tripped themselves up on the windowsills of whorehouses.

MACHEATH: And may I ask how is your good husband?

MRS. PEACHUM: Considerably better as of this moment.

CONSTABLE 1: Al right, come along. *(They lead him off)*

MRS. PEACHUM: Ladies, should you ever wish to visit him, you will always find him at home. His new address is Newgate Prison. I knew I'd find him with his sluts. Please, charge the bill to me. Farewell...ladies. *(She exits.)*

JENNY: Jake! Jake! Something happened!

JAKE: What's happened? Where's Mack?

JENNY: The coppers were here. They've got him!

JAKE: God damn it! Gang - hey gang! *(He runs off.)*

WATCH: vis. with bed moving

LX 79 and
Spots → SS

*It was so good, the time we spent alone
In the bordello where we made our-*