

UBU ROI

By Alfred Jarry

Translated by Jacques Houis

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Act 1, Scene 1

(Pa Ubu, Ma Ubu)

Pa Ubu: She-it!

Ma Ubu : Knock it off, Pa, grow up!

Pa Ubu: I'll flatten you, Ma!

Ma Ubu: Don't worry about me, Pa, I've got something else in mind for you.

Pa Ubu: By my green candle, what the hell are you talking about?

Ma Ubu: You mean to tell me you're happy with your lot, Ubu?

Pa Ubu: By my green candle, she-it yes, missus, I sure am. Who wouldn't be? Captain of the Royal Dragoons, King Venceslas's right hand man, decorated with the order of the Red Eagle of Poland, and ex-king of Aragon, what more could I want?

Ma Ubu: What more! After being king of Aragon, you're satisfied leading in review a few dozen mounted messenger boys armed with cabbage pickers, when you could follow the Aragon act by doffing the Polish crown.

Pa Ubu: What the hell are you talking about, woman?

Ma Ubu: You goddam dummy!

Pa Ubu: By my green candle, King Venceslas is still very much alive, and if he was to die, what about his hordes of children?

Ma Ubu: Couldn't you wipe out the whole family and take the crown?

Pa Ubu: You insult me, Ma, and if you don't cool it, you'll end up with a skillet stuck in your skull.

Ma Ubu: Poor idiot, if I succumbed to the skillet, who would sew patches for the seat of your pants?

Pa Ubu: Big deal! My ass is like any other.

Ma Ubu: If I were you, I'd start thinking about installing that ass on the throne. You could multiply your wealth, eat meatballs every day and, oh boy, ride in style.

Pa Ubu: If I were king, I'd have them build me an open carriage just like the one I had in Aragon those lousy Spaniards stole from under me.

Ma Ubu: You could also afford an umbrella and one of those capes that hang all the way down to your heels.

Pa Ubu: Hot damn! I'm tempted. Boy, if I ever bump into that asshole on a dark night, he'll wish we never met in the first place.

Ma Ubu: Goody, you're becoming a real man, Pa Ubu.

Pa Ubu: Oh no! I, Captain of the Dragoons, murder the King of Poland? I'd rather die!

Ma Ubu: Oh she-it! (loud) Then you'll stay destitute as a rat, huh, Pa?

Pa Ubu: Candle-shit! I'd rather be destitute as a brave, skinny rat, than rich as a mean, fat cat.

Ma Ubu: What about the coach? The umbrella? The cape?

Pa Ubu: Big deal, Ma, so what?

(he leaves, slams the door)

Ma Ubu (alone): She-it, he was stiff in the trigger, but I bet I got to him. God and me willing, I'll be queen of Poland in a week.

Act 1. Scene 2

(A room in Pa Ubu's house where a beautiful table has been set. Ma and Pa Ubu)

Ma Ubu: Our guests are goddam late!

Pa Ubu: Yeah. By my green candle, I'm starving. Hey, you look pretty ugly today, Ma. Is it for the company?

Ma Ubu (shrugs): She-it.

Pa Ubu: (grabs a roasted chicken) Wow! Am I hungry. Let me bite this bird, A chicken, I gather. Mmm, not bad.

Ma Ubu: What are you doing, dumb ass? What will our guests eat?

Pa Ubu: They'll get their share. I'll hold off. Hey, Ma, why don't you look out the window and see if they're coming?

Ma Ubu (leaving): I don't see anything (while she looks, Pa Ubu steals some veal)

Ma Ubu: Ah! Here comes Captain Seamy and his men. Pa! What are you eating?

Pa Ubu: Uh, nothing. Just a little veal.

Ma Ubu: Oh! The veal! The veal! Help! He ate the goddam veai!

Pa Ubu: By my green candle, I'll tear your eyes out, bitch!

(the door opens, Seamy and men enter)

Act 1, Scene3

(Pa and Ma Ubu, Captain Seamy and his men)

Ma Ubu: Good day, gentlemen, we have been awaiting your arrival with impatience, please be seated.

Captain Seamy: Good day madam. But where is Pa Ubu?

Pa Ubu: Here I am! Here I am! Shitaroni, by my green candle, aren't I fat enough to attract attention?

Captain Seamy: Good day, Pa Ubu. Men, sit down. (they all sit)

Pa Ubu: A bit more weight and the chair wouldn't hesitate to see me to the floor.

Captain Seamy: Well, missus Ubu, what goodies do you have in store for us today?

Ma Ubu: This, then, is the menu.

Pa Ubu: Don't hang on to it, my friend, pass it over to me. Ha, ha.

Ma Ubu: Polish chowder, spare ribs of Doberman, veal, chicken, poodle pâté, turkey butt, charlotte Russe.

Pa Ubu: That should be enough. You mean there's more?

Ma Ubu: Baked Siberia, salad, fruit, dessert, sweet potatoes, cauliflower à la shit.

Pa Ubu: Who do you think I am to pay for this meal, a Maharajah?

Ma Ubu: Don't listen to him, he's an idiot.

Pa Ubu: I'll bite your butt!

Ma Ubu: Shut up and suck your soup instead.

Pa Ubu: Christ, it's crappy.

Captain Seamy: Rather bad, isn't it?

Ma Ubu: If you don't want to eat what's served, go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut.

Pa Ubu (striking his forehead): I've got an idea, I'll be right back. (he leaves)

Ma Ubu: Gentlemen, let's sample the veal.

Captain Seamy: It's very good, I'm done.

Ma Ubu: Now, to the turkey butts.

Captain Seamy: Tasty, tasty! Bravo Ma Ubu.

All: Hurray for Ma Ubu!

Pa Ubu: (Entering) And soon you'll shout as much for me! (he holds a filthy mop and flings it on the feast)

Ma Ubu: What are you doing, asshole?!

Pa Ubu: Taste it. (several taste and fall poisoned)

Pa Ubu: Pass me the ribs, Ma, I'll serve them.

Ma Ubu: Here they are.

Pa Ubu: Everybody out, except for Seamy! Seamy, I want to talk to you.

The others: But we haven't eaten.

Pa Ubu: How's that? You haven't eaten?! Get the hell out. Seamy, stay.

(no one moves)

Pa Ubu: You aren't leaving, eh? By my green candle, am I going to beat the shit out of you with these ribs. (he starts throwing them)

All: Oh! Ow! Help! Jesus, I'm dead!

Pa Ubu: Fuck off, out, out! Am I making my presence felt?

All: Help! Pa Ubu, you fuck! You creep! You traitor!

Pa Ubu: They're gone. I can relax, but the meal sure was terrible. Come, Seamy.

(they leave with Ma Ubu)

Act 1, Scene 4 (Ma, Pa Ubu, Seamy)

Pa Ubu: Well, Captain Seamy, did you enjoy dinner?

Captain Seamy: I did, sir, except for the shit.

Pa Ubu: Come on! The shit wasn't bad.

Captain Seamy: To each his own.

Pa Ubu: Captain Seamy, I've decided to name you Grand Duke of Lithuania.

Captain Seamy: How's that, Pa Ubu? I thought you were destitute.

Pa Ubu: Within several days, should you so wish, I'll rule Poland.

Captain Seamy: You'll kill Venceslas?

Pa Ubu: Hey Ma, the man isn't dumb, he guessed.

Captain Seamy: If Venceslas is to be killed, count me in. I'm his mortal enemy and I answer for my men.

Pa Ubu (embracing him): Oh! Seamy, I like you!

Captain Seamy: Hey! You stink, Pa Ubu. Don't you ever wash?

Pa Ubu: Rarely.

Ma Ubu: Never.

Pa Ubu: I'll squash your feet...

Ma Ubu: Fukin eh!

Pa Ubu: You can leave now, Seamy. There's not much more to say. But by my green candle, I swear on Ma Ubu to make you Grand Duke of Lithuania.

Ma Ubu: But...

Pa Ubu: Shush, my child.

(they exit)

Act 1, Scene 5

Pa Ubu: What do you want, mister? Beat it, you tire me.

The messenger: The king summons you, sir. (he exits)

Pa Ubu: Oh shit, candleshit, by my green candle. I've been found out. I'll be decapitated!

Ma Ubu: So spineless! And with so little time to spare.

Pa Ubu; I've got an idea. I'll tell them it was Ma Ubu and Seamy.

Ma Ubu: If you do that...

Pa Ubu: I'm on my way...

(he exits)

Ma Ubu (running after him) Oh! Pa! I'll make you meatballs.

(she exits)

Pa Ubu (backstage): Bullshit! *You're* the meatball.

Act 1, scene 6

(The King's palace. King, officers, Seamy, King's sons: Boredalas, Bladderlas, Ladislas, and Ubu.)

Pa Ubu (entering): It's not me, I didn't do it, it was Ma Ubu and Seamy.

The King: What's wrong with you, Ubu?

Captain Seamy: He's drunk.

The King: Like I was this morning.

Pa Ubu: Yeah, I'm drunk, heh, too much good old French wine.

The King: Pa Ubu, I deem it important to reward the numerous contributions you've made as Captain of the Dragoons. I therefore bestow upon you the title of Count of Remsleep.

Pa Ubu: Oh! Mr. Venceslas, I don't know how to thank you.

The King: Don't thank me, Ubu, just be present at the Grand Review tomorrow.

Pa Ubu: I'll be there, sire, but please, sire, accept this little kazoo.

The King: What the hell do you want me to do with a kazoo? I'll give it to Boredalas.

Young Boredalas: He's a dumb jerk, that Pa Ubu.

Pa Ubu: And now I'll take my leave (he falls while turning around) Oh! Ow! Help! By my green candle, I've ruptured my appendix and punctured my intestine!

The King (helping him up): Have you hurt yourself, Pa?

Pa Ubu: Yes, and I'm sure I'll croak. What will ever become of Ma Ubu?

The King: We'll look after her.

Pa Ubu: You are filled with goodness, sire (he exits). Yes but we'll wipe you out anyway King Venceslas.

Act 1, Scene 7

(Ubu's house. Pyro, Heads, Tails, Pa Ubu, Ma Ubu, conspirators, soldiers, Captain Seamy)

Pa Ubu: Well, friends, let's get down to business. I want all of your opinions. First, if I may, I'll give mine.

Captain Seamy: Speak up, Pa Ubu.

Pa Ubu: Well, my friends, I think we ought to poison the King by dosing his lunch with arsenic. When he starts snacking, he'll hit the floor and I'll be king

All: Gross!

Pa Ubu: Hey, what's wrong with that? You got anything better in mind?

Captain Seamy: Let's hit him with the old sword, slice him in half from head to ass.

All: Yeah! Much neater.

Pa Ubu: What if he starts kicking? I seem to remember that he wears these steel toed shit-kickers for the reviews, and they could hurt. If I knew what was going down, I'd split and rat on all of you, and get myself out of this stinking deal, and I bet he'd give me some coin too!

Ma Ubu: Traitor! Coward! Jerk! Low-life!

All: Fuck Pa Ubu!

Pa Ubu: Calm down, ladies and gents, unless you want to spend some time in the slammer. I'll go along with you. Well then, Seamy, you'll carve up the King?

Captain Seamy: Wouldn't it be better if we all ganged up on him, blitzed him snorting and screaming? That way we could rally his own troops to our side.

Pa Ubu: OK then. I'll step on his feet, he'll cry out and flail. Then, when I yell "she-it" that'll be the signal for all of you to join in.

Ma Ubu: Yes, and the minute he kicks the can, you'll take his crown and scepter.

Pa Ubu: Yeah, and don't forget young Boredalas.

(they exit)

Pa Ubu (Running after and fetching them): Gentlemen, we've overlooked an indispensable ceremony. We must swear to bravely do battle.

Captain Seamy: How? We don't have a priest.

Pa Ubu: Ma Ubu should do.

All: Fine.

Pa Ubu: Do you swear to kill the King?

All: Yes, we swear. Long live Pa Ubu.

ACT 2 scene 1

(King's palace. Venceslas, Queen Rosary, Boredalas, Ladislas and Bladderlas)

The King: This morning, Mr. Boredalas, you were quite impertinent with Mr. Ubu, Royal Knight and Count of Remsleep. I therefore forbid you to attend my review.

The Queen: You'll need all the help you can get, should you wish to defend yourself, that is.

The King: Madam, I never go back on a decision. In any case you tire me with your gibberish.

Young Boredalas: I'm ever obedient to your wishes father.

The Queen: Well, Sire, are you still decided to attend this review?

The King: And why should I not be, Madam?

The Queen: I saw him again in a dream. He struck you with his sword and threw you into the Vistula, while an eagle, similar to that found on the seal of Poland, placed a crown on his head.

The King: On who's head?

The Queen: Pa Ubu's.

The King: You're mad! Sir Ubu is a proper gentleman who would have himself be drawn and quartered, should it in some way be of service to me.

The Queen and Boredalas: You're wrong!

The King: Shut up, young fool. As for you Madam, to show you how little I fear Mr. Ubu, I'll attend the review as you see me now, without sword nor other weapon.

The Queen: O fatal obstinance. I shan't ever see you alive again.

The King: Come Ladislas, come Bladderlas.

(They exit. The Queen and Boredalas go to the window)

The Queen and Boredalas: I pray that God and big Saint Nick protect you.

The Queen: Come to the chapel with me, Boredalas, to pray for your father and brothers.

Act 2, Scene 2

(The reviewing field. Polish army, the King, Bladderlas, Ladislas, Pa Ubu, Captain Seamy and men, Pyro, Heads, Tails.)

The King: Noble Ubu, come with your retinue, by my side. We'll inspect the troops.

Pa Ubu (to his people): Ready?! (to the King): We're coming, Sire, we're coming.

(Ubu's men surround the King)

The King: Ah! There's the Danziger Mounted regiment. Aren't they stunning?

Pa Ubu. I wouldn't say so. They seem pathetic. Look at that one (to the soldier): how long since you've had a bath, clown?

The King: But this man is quite clean. What's with you, Ubu?

Pa Ubu: Take this! (he crushes his foot.)

The king: Bastard!

Pa Ubu: She-it! My men!

Captain Seamy: Hurray! Go for it! (All strike the King. A paladin explodes)

The King: Help! Holy Virgin, I'm dead.

Bladderlas (to Ladislas): What's this?! En garde !

Pa Ubu: I've got the crown! Let's get the others.

Captain Seamy: Die traitors!!

(The King's sons flee, all pursue)

Act 2, Scene 3

(The Queen and Boredalas)

The Queen: I'm feeling a bit better.

Boredalas: You've nothing to fear.

(a horrible clamor is heard outside)

Boredalas: What am I seeing?! My brothers pursued by Ubu and his men.

The Queen: Oh my God! They're losing, they're losing ground!

Boredalas: The army is with Pa Ubu. The King isn't there!

The Queen: Bladderlas is dead! They shot him!

Boredalas: Hey! (Ladislav turns around) Fight back, Ladislav!

The Queen: Oh! He's surrounded.

Boredalas: That's it for him. Seamy just sliced him up like an onion.

The Queen: Good God! They're entering the palace, they're coming up the stairs.

(the noise increases)

Queen and Boredalas (on their knees): God help us!

Boredalas: If only I could get my hands on that pig, Ubu.

Act 2, Scene 4

(The door is broken down, Pa Ubu and followers enter)

Pa Ubu: So! Boredalas, what would you do to me?

Boredalas: Dear God! No one touches my mother. The first to move is dead.

Pa Ubu: Oh, I'm scared! Seamy, please let me go.

A soldier: Give up, Boredalas!

Boredalas: Take this, punk! (he splits his skull)

The Queen: Hold fast, Boredalas! Hold fast!

Several (stepping forth): We won't hurt you, Boredalas.

Boredalas: Punks! Clowns! Goons! (he swings, causing a massacre.)

Pa Ubu: I'll finish him off.

Boredalas: Take the secret stairway, mother, flee.

The Queen: What about you, my son?

Boredalas: I'm coming,

Pa Ubu: Catch the queen. She got away, dammit. As for you, asshole...

(he steps toward Boredalas)

Boredalas: And now, for the love of God, my revenge!

(he cuts Ubu's suspenders, leaving Pa exposed)

I'm coming, mother! (he disappears into the staircase)

Act 2, Scene 5

(A cave in the mountains. Boredalas, followed by Queen Rosary)

Boredalas: We'll be safe here.

The Queen: I suppose. Help me, Boredalas. (She falls down in the snow)

Boredalas: What's wrong, mother?

The Queen: I'm very sick, Boredalas. I only have two more hours to live. Believe me.

Boredalas: Did you catch cold?

The Queen: No, it's the shock of all events. The King slaughtered, our family destroyed and you, a representative of the bluest blood eve to wield a sword, forced to flee to the hills like a common smuggler.

Boredalas: And by whom, dear God, by whom? That vulgar Pa Ubu, an adventurer come from God knows where. That lousy toad, that worm! And to think that my father honored him, named him Count of Remsleep, and the very next day the hideous villain had no compunctions about murdering his benefactor.

The Queen: Oh Boredalas! When I think back to how happy we were before the arrival of this Pa Ubu! But now, alas! It's all changed.

Boredalas: What could we expect? Now we'll just have to wait, hope and never renounce our rights.

The Queen: I'll pray for you, my child, but as for me, I won't live to see that happy day.

Boredalas: Hey! What's wrong? She pales, she falls, help! But? I'm in the wilderness! Oh my God! Her heart has stopped beating! She's dead! Is this really happening? Yet another victim of Pa Ubu! (he hides his face in his hands and cries) Oh my God! What a terrible fate to be alone at age 14 with a terrible vengeance to mete out.

(He falls prey to the most terrible despair. Meanwhile, the souls of Venceslas, Bladderlas, Ladislas and Rosary enter the cave, accompanied by their ancestors. The oldest approaches Boredalas and gently wakes him.)

Boredalas: Hey! What's this? My entire family! My ancestors! How? By what miracle?

The Shadow: Learn, Boredalas, that I was once Sir Mathias Von Königsberg, the first King and founder of our house. With this (he hands him a large sword) I direct you to avenge us, and let this sword rest only after it has struck down the usurper.

(they all disappear and Boredalas remains, in a state of mute ecstasy)

Act 2 Scene 6

(The King's palace. Pa Ubu, Ma Ubu, Seamy)

Pa Ubu: No, I will not! Do you want to ruin me for the sake of those clowns?

Captain Seamy: But Pa Ubu, don't you see that the people are waiting for the gifts with which to celebrate your joyous coronation?

Ma Ubu: If you don't give them meat and gold you'll be deposed within the hour.

Pa Ubu: Meat, maybe! Gold, absolutely not! Have three old horses slaughtered. That should be good enough for those fools.

Ma Ubu: You're the fool! What freak conceived you!?

Pa Ubu: One more time. I-want-to-get-rich! I won't give a dime.

Ma Ubu: When you've got all the gold of Poland.

Captain Seamy: Yes, I happen to know that there's a huge treasure in the Chapel. We'll distribute it.

Pa Ubu: Idiot! If you do that!

Captain Seamy: Look, Pa Ubu, if you don't give some kind of handout, the people won't pay their taxes.

Pa Ubu: Is that true?

Ma Ubu: Yes, yes!

Pa Ubu: Alright. I agree on all counts. Get three million in gold, cook three hundred steers and lambs. I'll get to eat some, at least.

Act 2, Scene 7

(The palace courtyard, filled with people. Pa Ubu, crowned, Ma Ubu, Captain Seamy, cooks and helpers.)

People: Long live the King! Hurray!

Pa Ubu: (throwing gold): Here! Here's for you. I don't like the idea of giving away my money, but Ma Ubu wanted me to. Promise to pay your taxed, at least.

All: Yes, yes!

Captain Seamy: Look, Ma Ubu, they're fighting over the gold, what a battle!

Ma Ubu: Aren't they gross? Yuck! There's one who got his skull cracked.

Pa Ubu: What a beautiful tableau! Bring more gold.

Captain Seamy: What if we organized a race?

Pa Ubu: Yeah, that's a good Idea (to the people): My friends, do you see this chest full of gold? It contains three hundred thousand Rose Nobles in gold, all good Polish money. Let those who want to run start at the far end of the courtyard. You're to go when I wave my handkerchief and the winner, it goes without saying, gets to keep the trunk and its contents. As for the losers, they get to split the contents of this other trunk.

All: Long live Pa Ubu! This never happened under Venceslas.

Pa Ubu (to Ma Ubu): Listen to them!

(the people line up for the race)

Pa Ubu: Are you ready? One, two, three, ready?

All: Yes!

Pa Ubu: Go!

(Shouts, disorder, cries)

Captain Seamy: Here they come!

Pa Ubu: The first one's losing ground.

Ma Ubu: He's coming back

Captain Seamy: Oh! He's losing, he lost! It's the other one!

(The one in second place during most of the race ends up winning.)

All: Hurray Michael Federovitch! Hurray!

Michael Federovitch: I don't know how to thank you, Sire...

Pa Ubu: Think nothing of it, dear friend. Take the trunk home, Michael. And you people, split the other one, take one coin each until it's empty.

All: Long live Federovich! Long live Pa Ubu!

Pa Ubu: Come to dinner everybody! Today I'm opening the gates of the palace. Come, and do honor to my table!

The people: Let's go! Hurray for Pa Ubu! The best of kings.

(they all enter the palace. The sounds of a feast are heard lasting into the night.)

Act 3, Scene 1

(The palace: Ma and Pa Ubu)

Pa Ubu: By my green candle, here I am, king of this country and I've already got indigestion and they're bringing me my big hat!

Ma Ubu: What's it made of, Pa? Cuz even though we're kings, we've still got to economize.

Pa Ubu: Madam my female, it's lambskin with a clasp and dog skin straps.

Ma Ubu: That sure is nice, but being kings is even better.

Pa Ubu: You were right, Ma.

Ma Ubu: We owe a lot to the Duke of Lithuania.

Pa Ubu: Who's that?

Ma Ubu: Why, Captain Seamy, of course!

Pa Ubu: Please, Ma, don't talk to me about that clown. Now that I no longer need him, let him lick my ass as much as he wants, he can forget about his dukedom.

Ma Ubu: You're crazy, Pa Ubu, he'll turn on you.

Pa Ubu: Big deal, the little prick, he worries me about as much as Boredalas.

Ma Ubu: You think you've heard the last of Boredalas?

Pa Ubu: Candlespit! Obviously, what could a 14 year old fairy do yo me?

Ma Ubu: Listen to me, Pa. Try to win over Boredalas, believe me.

Pa Ubu: More money? Forget it! You've already wasted twenty-two of my millions.

Ma Ubu: Stick to your guns, Ubu, and you'll regret it.

Pa Ubu: If I do, at least I won't be alone.

Ma Ubu: Won't you listen to me! Young Boredalas is sure to win out in the end, he's got right on his side.

Pa Ubu: Bullshit! Isn't wrong just as good as right? You're insulting me, Ma, and I'll hack you to pieces!

(Ma Ubu flees, chased by Pa)

Act 3, scene 2

(Central room of the palace. Pa, Ma Ubu, officers and soldiers, Pyro, Heads, Tails, chained noblemen, financiers, judges, clerks)

Pa Ubu: Bring me the nobleman chest, the nobleman hook, the nobleman knife and the nobleman book! And then bring me the noblemen!

(The noblemen are brutally shoved forward)

Ma Ubu: Please control yourself, Pa!

Pa Ubu: I am honored to announce that, in order to fill our depleted royal treasury and thereby enrich the kingdom, all the noblemen will be slain and dispossessed.

Noblemen: Soldiers and citizens! Save us!

Pa Ubu: Bring me nobleman number one, and hand over the hook. All those sentenced to death will be lowered through the trap door into our subterranean playroom, where they will submit to a de-braining operation. (To a nobleman): who are you, clown?

Nobleman: Count of Quix.

Pa Ubu: How much do you make?

Nobleman: Three million Rixdales.

Pa Ubu: Guilty!

(Pa Ubu hooks him and lowers him through the trap door)

Ma Ubu: How cruel!

Pa Ubu: Who are you, nobleman number two? (the nobleman doesn't answer) Answer, fool!

Nobleman: Grand Duke of Posey.

Pa Ubu: Good! Excellent! That's all I need to know. Into the playroom. Nobleman number three, who art thou? Ugly mug.

Nobleman: Duke of Sourland, of Rigatowne, of Reveal and Misty.

Pa Ubu: Very good! Is that all?

Nobleman: That's all.

Pa Ubu: Into the hole then. Nobleman number four, who are you?

Nobleman: The Prince of Paoli.

Pa Ubu: How much do you make?

Nobleman: I'm ruined.

Pa Ubu: Just for that, open the door for nobleman number four. Noble man number five, who are you?

Nobleman: Margrave of Thorn, Paladin of Polack.

Pa Ubu: Not too impressive, anything else?

Nobleman: It was enough for me.

Pa Ubu: Well, better something than nothing. Into the hole. Ma Ubu, why are you pining away?

Ma Ubu: You're too cruel, Pa.

Pa Ubu: I'm getting rich. Read ME the list of MY possessions. Clerk, read ME the list of MY goods.

The clerk: Count of Remsleep...

Pa Ubu: Start with the principalities, idiot.

The clerk: Principality of Paoli, Grand Duchy of Sourland, County of Remsleep, Palatinate of Polack, Margraviate of Thorn, Domain of Arnheim.

Pa Ubu: Followed by?

The clerk: That's all

Pa Ubu: What the fuck, that's all! Well, in that case, step forward noblemen and since there will be no end to my wealth, I'll execute you all, and appropriate all available goods. Throw them down the hole. (the noblemen are stuffed into the hole) Hurry, I want to turn to the making of new laws!

Several: We'll see about that!

Pa Ubu: I'll start with judicial reforms and then we'll see about finances.

Several judges: We oppose any change.

Pa Ubu: Shee-it. First off, the judges won't be paid.

Judges: How will we live? We're poor.

Pa Ubu: You'll get to keep the fines you impose, and you'll reap the property of the executed.

First judge: Ghastly!

Second judge: Infamy!

Third judge: Scandalous!

Fourth judge: Indignity!

All: We refuse to judge under such conditions.

Pa Ubu: Judges into the hole! (They struggle in vain.)

Ma Ubu: What are you doing, Pa Ubu!?! Who'll render justice?

Pa Ubu: Who? Me! You'll see how it will work out.

Ma Ubu: It'll be a mess

Pa Ubu: Shut up, strumpet. Gentlemen, let us now proceed to finances.

Financiers: There is nothing to change.

Pa Ubu: Oh yeah? I'll change everything. First off, I'll keep half of all taxes.

Financiers: What gall!

Pa Ubu: Gentlemen, we'll establish a ten percent tax on all property, another on commerce and industry, a third on weddings and a fourth of fifteen rixdales each on funerals.

First financier: But that's ridiculous, Pa Ubu!

Second: It's absurd!

Third: It's deflationary!

Pa Ubu: You're making fun of me! Financiers into the hole. (The financiers are stuffed.)

Ma Ubu: Really, Pa, you're no king. You're killing everyone.

Pa Ubu: Shee-it!

Ma Ubu: No more justice or economy!

Pa Ubu: Don't you worry your pretty little head about it, dear child. I'll go from village to village and collect the taxes myself.

Act 3, scene 3

(A farm house near Warsaw, several peasants have assembled)

Peasant one: (Entering): Listen to the news! The King is dead, the Dukes too and young Boredalas is hiding out in the mountains with Queen Rosary. And Pa Ubu' seized the throne.

Peasant two: I just came from Krakow, where I saw them carting off the bodies of at least three hundred noblemen, and five hundred judges. And I heard tell they're doubling the taxes and that old Ubu himself is going to collect them.

All: Good God! What are we going to do? Pa Ubu's a horrible creep, and I heard tell his family's downright gruesome.

A peasant: Hey listen, I swear I heard something at the door!

A voice (outside) Shitaroni! Open up, by my fecal deposits, by Saint John, Saint Peter and Saint Nick! Open up. Money-Machete, Money-Melodian, I've come to tax collect!

(the door is battered down, Ubu enters, followed by a legion of money grubbers.)

Act 3, scene 4

Pa Ubu: Who's the eldest here? (a peasant steps forth) What's your name?

The peasant: Stanislas Leczinski

Pa Ubu: Ok, listen to me, Shitaroni, otherwise these gentlemen will remove your nears. Well, are you going to listen?!

Stanislas: But you haven't said anything.

Pa Ubu: What do you mean? I've been speaking for an hour. Do you think I came here to preach to the rocks?

Stanislas: Perish the thought.

Pa Ubu: I'm gonna ask you, order and instruct you to promptly produce and exhibit your ready cash. Otherwise you will be executed. Now, I want the lords of finance, those s.o.b's to wheel in the finance cart.

(the finance cart is brought in)

Stanislas: Sire, we're only assessed at 152 rixdales, which we already paid six weeks ago on Saint Matthews day.

Pa Ubu: That well may be, but I've changed the government and I've arranged it so that all taxes are payable twice and even thrice for new ones which may arise under this system. I'll make a fortune, kill everyone, and leave.

Peasants: Please have mercy on us, mister Ubu, we're only poor citizens.

Pa Ubu: I don't give a shit. Pay up.

Peasants: We can't, we already did.

Pa Ubu: Pay up! Or I'll torture you to death by unhinging of the neck and head! Shitaroni, I'm the King after all!

All: To arms! Power to Boredalas, King of Poland and Lithuania, by the grace of God.

Pa Ubu: Forward, Lords of Phynance, do your duty. (A struggle ensues- the house is destroyed and old Stanislas flees, alone, through the fields. Ubu stays to pick up the cash.)

Act 3, scene 5

(A bunker in the fortifications of Thorn- Seamy in chains and Pa Ubu.)

Pa Ubu: Well Captain, here's what's happening- You wanted me to square my debt, and when I didn't, you rebelled and now you're in the can. Money-Melodian! My con was so well put together that I bet you find it to your taste.

Seamy: Be careful, Pa Ubu. In the five days since you've been King, you've committed more atrocities than it would take to damn all the saints in heaven. The blood of the King and noblemen cries for revenge and, believe me, those cries will be heard.

Pa Ubu: Well, my handsome friend, your tongue's well hung and I don't doubt complications would result if you escaped, but I don't think the cells of Thorn have ever regurgitated one of their prized swallows. That's why I'll say goodnight and invite you to sleep with intact ears, though I hear the rats get around, around here. (He exits. The guards lock up.)

Act 3, scene 6

(The Kremlin, Tsar Alexis and his court, Seamy)

Tsar Alexis: So it's you, infamous adventurer, who participated in the assassination of our cousin Venceslas?

Seamy: Forgive me Sire, I was forced to against my will by Pa Ubu.

Alexis: Contemptible liar. Well, what do you want?

Seamy: Pa Ubu imprisoned me under pretext of conspiracy. I was able to escape and I rode through the steppes for five days and five nights straight in order to implore your gracious forgiveness.

Alexis: And what, may I ask, do you bring me as proof of your submission?

Seamy: My adventurer's sword and a detailed map of the city of Thorn.

Alexis: I'll take the sword, but for God's sake burn the map. I shall not owe my victory to your treason.

Seamy: One of Venceslas' sons, the young Boredalas is still alive. I'll do my best to reinstate him.

Alexis: What was your rank in the Polish army?

Seamy: I commanded the fifth regiment of Wilma dragoons as well as a company in Pa Ubu's service.

Alexis: Alright, I name you Lieutenant in the 10th regiment of Cossacks, and watch that you don't betray me. If you fight well, you will be rewarded.

Seamy: I'm not lacking in bravery, Sire.

Alexis: Very well, now disappear from my sight.

Act 3, scene 7

(Ubu's council room- Pa, Ma Ubu, financial advisers)

Pa Ubu: Gentlemen, this meeting will now come to order. Lend a good ear and behave yourselves. First of all we'll cover financial questions, then we'll discuss a little system I've worked out to bring good weather and get rid of the rain.

An adviser: Sounds good, mister Ubu.

Ma Ubu: You nincompoop!

Pa Ubu: Beware, Madam Von Shit, I'll no longer tolerate your juvenile outbursts. I was saying, Gentlemen, that the economy is in good shape. Each morning a considerable number of bare footed low lives pours into the streets, holding socks full of money. The bastards, in other words, are doing a good job. On all sides one sees only gutted houses and people bent under the weight of our finances.

The adviser: And how are the new taxes doing, Ma Ubu?

Ma Ubu: Badly. The tax on weddings has only produced eleven cents, and Pa Ubu is constantly running around forcing people to get married.

Pa Ubu: Money-Machete! Phynance-Horn! Little miss economist, I have nears to speak with and you a mouth to hear with (laughter) No! Actually, you lead me into mistakes and make me sound stupid! But by Ubu's horn... (a messenger enters) Alright, what does he want? Get out, dumb ass, or I'll have your legs stretched until they secede from the union of your body.

Ma Ubu: He's gone, but there's a letter.

Pa Ubu: Read it. I think I'm losing my mind or that I never learned to read. Go on hussy, it must be from Seamy.

Ma Ubu: You're right. He says that the Tsar greeted him with open arms and that he'll invade your territories to reinstate Boredalas and that you'll be killed.

Pa Ubu: Oh Jesus! God I'm scared! I'm going to die! I'm such a poor slob, nobody cares about me. They'll kill me. Saint Anthony and all the Saints, protect me. I'll give you tribute, light candles, etc. Oh lord. (He breaks down crying.)

Ma Ubu: There's only one thing left to do, Pa.

Pa Ubu: What, my love?

Ma Ubu: Declare war!!

All: Hallelujah! A noble solution!

Pa Ubu: Yeah, and I'll be trounced.

First adviser: We'll mobilize.

Second: And requisition.

Third: And prepare the artillery and the forts.

Fourth: And raise money for the troops.

Pa Ubu: Oh no! not that! I'll kill you, you...I don't want to spend anything. I used to get paid to wage war and now it's waged at my expense! Not on my green candle, you don't, Let's wage war, since you're all so eager for it, but I won't spend a dime.

All: Hurray for war!

Act 3, scene 8
(Camp outside of Warsaw)

Soldiers and Paladins: Power to the Poles! Hurray for Pa Ubu!

Pa Ubu: Hand me my armor and my Little Stick, Ma. I'll soon be so loaded down I won't be able to walk, let alone run away.

Ma Ubu: Coward!

Pa Ubu: Damn! My Shee-it Sword slips away and my Phynance Hook doesn't hold!! It's an unending drag and the Russians advance, and they'll goddam kill me.

A soldier: Your Nears Scissors are falling, lord Ubu.

Pa Ubu: I keel you with my Shit Hook and my Face Knife.

Ma Ubu: How beautiful you are with your helmet and armor, you look like an armed pumpkin.

Pa Ubu: Now I want my horse. Gentlemen, bring me my Phynancial Filly.

Ma Ubu: Your horse wouldn't know how to carry you, Pa, she hasn't eaten for five days and she's almost dead.

Pa Ubu: That's a good one! I pay 12 cents a day for this flunky, and she can't even carry me. Are you making fun of me, by Ubu's Horn, or are you cheating me? (Ma Ubu blushes and averts her eyes) Bring me another beast then, I'm not going on foot. Shitaroni! (They bring a huge horse.)

Pa Ubu: I'm supposed to ride this?! Or rather sit on it! Cause I'll fall (the horse moves.) St...stop this animal! I'll plummet to my death!!!

Ma Ubu: What an idiot. He fell, now he's up.

Pa Ubu: Physick Horn! I'm half dead! But I don't give a shit. I'll fight and kill everyone. Traitors beware! I'll keel with nose and teeth torsion and extraction of the tongue.

Ma Ubu: Good luck, Pa.

Pa Ubu: I forgot to tell you that you are temporary regent in my absence. But I'm taking the financial register with me. You better not try to cheat me! I'm leaving Paladin Pyro behind to assist you. Ciao, Ma

Ma Ubu: Ciao, Pa. Wipe out the Tsar.

Pa Ubu: No worries: torsion of the nose and teeth, extraction of the tongue and intrusion of my Little Stick into the nears. (The army leaves to the sound of a band.)

Ma Ubu (alone) Now that the old fart's gone, let's turn to our handiwork: kill Boredalas and take the treasure.

Act 4, Scene 1

(The crypt of the ancient kings of Poland in the Warsaw cathedral)

Ma Ubu: Where the fuck is this treasure? There doesn't seem to be a hollow stone. But I've counted thirteen stones beyond Ladislas' tomb, tapping the whole time, with no luck so far. I've been had. But wait...this stone sounds hollow. Get to work, Ma Ubu, I'll move it. The goddam thing won't budge. I'll pry it open. We'll see if the Money Machete can live up to its name. That does it! Here's the gold, strewn among the bony remnants of ancient kings. Everything into the bag then, the whole bundle. Did I hear something!? Could someone still be alive in these ancient vaults? Nah, it's nothing, I'll hurry up, take the whole bundle. This money will do its thing more effectively in the light of day than among the bones of these ancient Princes. Put back the stone. What's that? Another sound? My presence in these somber quarters elicits a dread I have never experienced before. I'll get the leftovers later. I'll return tomorrow.

A voice (coming from the tomb of Jan Sigismund): Never, Ma Ubu! (Ma Ubu leaves, scared out of her wits, taking the money with her.)

Act 4, scene 2

(Downtown Warsaw. Boredalas and his followers, people and soldiers)

Boredalas: Forward my friends! Power to Venceslas and Poland! That old fart Ubu's gone, which only leaves us the old witch, Ma Ubu and her gigolo, Pyro. We will restore the blood of my fathers.

All: Hurray Boredalas!

Boredalas: We'll end all taxes imposed by horrible Pa Ubu !

All: Hurray! Forward! To the palace!

Boredalas: Hey! There's Ma Ubu, stepping out with her guards.

Ma Ubu: What do you want, gentlemen? Ah ha! It's Boredalas. (the crowd throws stones)

1st guard: All the windows are broken!

2nd: I'm out, by Saint George.

3rd: I'm dead.

Boredalas : Keep it up, my friends.

Pyro: Now, you'll pay! (he unsheathes his sword and rushes into the crowd.)

Boredalas: I'm armed! Fight, coward! (they fight)

Pyro: I'm dead!

Boredalas: We won, friends! Get Ma Ubu! (horns are heard)

Boredalas: The noblemen are coming. Run, let's catch the evil harpy!

All: Then we'll strangle the old pirate! (Ma Ubu flees, pursued by the Poles, gunshots and showers of stones.)

Act 4, scene 3

(The Polish army marching in the Ukraine)

Pa Ubu: Ubu's horn, leg o' God, cow head! We're gonna die, we're dying of thirst and we're dead tired. Sir soldier, would you be kind enough to carry our Phynance Helmet, and you, sir lancer, please relieve our person of the Shit Scissors and the Physic Stick, as we are, I repeat, tired. (the soldiers obey.)

Tails (in a Spanish accent): Monsignor! It is surprising that the Russians do not appear.

Pa Ubu: It is regrettable that the state of our finances does not allow us to obtain a vehicle more suited to our size because, for fear of demolishing our mount, we have progressed on foot, leading our horse by the bridle. When we return to Poland, however, we shall invent, with the help of our science and physics and the advice coming from the luminary intelligence of our advisers, a wind propelled vehicle capable of carrying the entire army.

Heads (in a Spanish accent): Look, Nicolas Rensky is coming.

Pa Ubu: What's up, my boy?

Rensky: All is lost, Sire. The Poles have revolted. Pyro is dead and Ma Ubu is fleeing.

Pa Ubu: Bird of the night! Beast of despair! Shrouded owl! Where did you come up with these lies? That's a good one! Who done it? Boredalas I bet. Where the hell were you?

Rensky: Warsaw, my Noble Lord.

Pa Ubu: Son of my shit! If I believed you, I'd call a general retreat. But there are more feathers on your head than brains inside it, Sir boy, and you've dreamt up these tales. Go to the front, sonny, the Russians aren't far away, and we'll soon have to put our weapons to work: Shit and Phynance as well as Physic.

General Lazy: Aren't those the Russians, there, in the plain, Pa Ubu?

Pa Ubu: The Russians? You're right! Well, I'll be turded. If we could only leave, but we can't. We're on a height and we're vulnerable as all hell.

The Army: The Russians! The enemy!

Pa Ubu: Come, Gentlemen, let us deploy for battle. We'll stay on the hill and we won't be stupid enough to fall into the valley. I'll stay in the middle like a living citadel while the rest of you will gravitate around me. I also recommend that you load your guns to capacity, because 8 bullets can take care of 8 Russians and that's as many as I won't have to deal with. We'll position the infantry at the base of the hill to receive the first wave of Russians and kill a few. The cavalry will be behind them to throw themselves into the melee and the artillery around yours truly, to shoot into the mess. As for ourselves, we'll climb into this windmill and shoot through the window with the Phynance Revolver. We'll bar the door with the Physic Stick and, if someone tries to break in, beware the Shit Hook!!!

Officers: Your orders will be carried out, sire.

Pa Ubu: Well then! Everything's aok! We'll come out on top. What time is it?

General Lazy: 11 am.

Pa Ubu: First, we shall eat. The Russians won't attack before noon. Sir general, tell the soldiers to take care of all necessary excretions and to sing the Phynance song.

Soldiers and Paladins: Hurray, Pa Ubu, our great Financier! La, la, la...

Pa Ubu: Oh, my good men. I love them so. (A cannon ball strikes the windmill) Holy shit! I'm scared. Lord, I'm dead! But, no, I'm not even scratched.

Act 4, scene 4

(Same, a Captain, the Russian army)

A Captain: (Arriving) The Russians are attacking, Sire Ubu.

Pa Ubu: So what? What the hell do you want me to do about it? I didn't ask them. However, Gentlemen of Phynance, prepare to fight.

General Lazy: Another cannonball.

Pa Ubu: I can't stand it. It's raining steel and lead here, and we could endanger our precious person. We're coming down. (All run down the hill. The battle starts. They disappear in torrents of smoke to the bottom of the hill.)

A Russian (Strikes) For God and the Tsar!

Rensky: I'm dead.

Pa Ubu: Forward! Wait until I catch you mister, cuz you hurt me, do you hear? Asshole! With your goddam toy gun.

The Russian: Take that! (He shoots Ubu)

Pa Ubu: Ouch! Oh! I'm wounded, I'm holed! I'm administered! I'm buried. By what right!? I've got him! (Ubu tears him up) Try doing that again!

General Lazy: Forward. Push vigorously over the trench. Victory is ours!

Pa Ubu: Do you think so? Up till now my head's got more lumps than laurels.

Russian Cavalry: Hurray! Make room for the Tsar! (The tsar arrives with Seamy in disguise.)

A Pole: Lord! Run! Here comes the Tsar!

Another: My God! He's over the trench.

Another (Zonk! Pow!) Four more knocked out by that moose-like Lieutenant.

Seamy: I'll finish you off! Take this, Jan Sobiesky (he knocks him out.) Now, for the others. (He makes a massacre.)

Pa Ubu: Forward my friends! Catch the moose! Turn the Muscovites into borscht! Victory is ours. Power to the Red Eagle!

All: Forward! Hurray! Catch the big bastard.

Seamy: By Saint George, I've fallen.

Pa Ubu (recognizing him): So, it's you, Seamy. We're as happy as the entire company to find you again. I'll roast you over a slow fire. Gentlemen of Phynance, give me a light. Oh! Ouch! I'm dead. I'm cannon fodder. Oh my God, forgive me my sins. It's a direct hit.

Seamy: It's just a blank.

Pa Ubu: You're making fun of me! Fool! Into Ubu's pocket you go! (He rushes him and tears him to shreds.)

Pa Ubu: I'm not blind but I'm exhausted. I'm riddled with bruises. I'd like to sit down. Where's my bottle?

General Lazy: Take the Tsar's, Pa Ubu.

Pa Ubu: That's what I'm trying to do. Shit Sword, do your thing. And you, Phynance Hook, don't dawdle. Let the Physic Stick partake in a work of generous emulation and share with the Little Stick the honor of massacring, digging and exploring the man from Moscow's innards. Forward, Sir Horse of Phynance! (He rushes the Tsar.)

A Russian officer: En garde, Majesty!

Pa Ubu: Take this! Oh! Ouch! Ah! Really sir, pardon. Leave me alone, I didn't do it on purpose! (He flees, Tsar pursues him.)

Pa Ubu: Blessed Virgin, Shrine of Chestokowa, he's following me! What have I done? Good God. I have to make it over the trench! He's behind me and the trench is in front! I'll close my eyes! (He clears the trench, while the Tsar falls in.)

The Tsar: I'm done!

Poles: Hurray, we got the Tsar!

Pa Ubu: I don't dare turn around! He's inside. He deserves it and he'll get it. Ok Poles, go to it, no holds barred. He's got a strong back, the bum! I don't dare look at him! And yet, our prediction's come true. The Phynance Stick worked wonders and without doubt I would have completely trounced him had not an inexplicable dread come over me to combat and annul all the effects of our courage. But we had to turn Cossack and we owe our salvation only to our riding ability and to the calf muscles of our Phynance Steed, whose speed is equaled only by his power and whose fleetness is celebrated, as well as to the depth of the trench which conveniently appeared under the steps of the enemy of yours truly, the Master of Phynance. This is all quite inspirational! But no one is listening to me! Oh Lord. Here it goes again. (The Russian Dragoons charge and free the Tsar.)

General Lazy: This time, it's the debacle.

Pa Ubu: Now is a good time to take off. Well then, forward Poles! I mean, backward!

Poles: Run for your life!

Pa Ubu: Let's go. What a group, what a retreat, what multitudes, how do I get out of this mess?
(he's shoved) Hey you! Be careful, or you'll experience the boiling power of the Lord of Phynance. He's gone. Let's flee and quickly, while Lazy isn't looking. (He leaves. Afterwards he sees the Tsar and the Russian army chasing the Poles.)

Act 4, scene 4

(A cave in Livonia. Pa Ubu, Tails, Heads)

Pa Ubu: A dog shouldn't be let out in such weather. It's cold as a witch's tit and the person of the Lord of Phynance is quite uncomfortable.

Tails: Sir Ubu! Have you recovered from the running and the fright?

Pa Ubu: Yes, I'm no longer scared, but I've still got the runs.

Heads (aside): What an ass!

Pa Ubu: Well, Sir Heads, how's your near?

Heads: As well, Sire, as it can be, while being quite bad. Extraction of the missile appears impossible.

Pa Ubu: Hell, you deserve it! Always wanting to beat up on everybody. Whereas I showed the greatest valor. Without exposing myself, I wiped out four enemies in hand to hand combat, not counting those who were already dead that I finished off.

Heads: Tails, do you know what happened to little Rensky?

Tails: He was shot in the head.

Pa Ubu: Just like the poppy and the dandelion, which, in the prime of life are reaped by the ruthless reaper who ruthlessly reaps their pitiful blossoms. Thus, little Rensky is like the dandelion. He fought quite well, there were just too many Russians.

Heads and Tails: Humph, sir!

An echo: Humper!

Tails: What was that? Our faithful field glasses should tell.

Pa Ubu: Oh no! Not again, more Russians I bet! I've had it! It's simple, if they bother me, I'm a kill them!

Act 4, scene 6

(Same but with a bear.)

Heads: Hey, Lord of Phynance!

Pa Ubu: Oh! Look at the little doggy, nice puppy.

Tails: Watch out! It's a huge bear! Pass me my ammunition!

Pa Ubu: A bear! Atrocious beast. Oh! Poor me, I'm dinner. God help me. He's coming my way. No, he's mauling Heads. I can breathe easy. (The bear mauls Heads. Tails attacks it with a knife. Ubu climbs up a rock.)

Heads: Help! Tails! Help! Sir Ubu!

Pa Ubu: That's your problem, hors-d'oeuvre. For the time being I'll say my Pater Noster. To each his course.

Tails: I, I've got him.

Heads: Hold on, friend. He's loosening his grip.

Pa Ubu: Sanctificatur nonem tuum

Heads: Cowardly clown!

Heads: He bit me! Oh lord save us, I'm dead.

Pa Ubu: Fiat voluntas tua!

Heads: I've wounded him.

Tails: Hurray, he's losing blood. (Among the cries of the Paladins, the bear moans with pain and Ubu continues to recite.)

Heads: Hold him good. Let me get my exploding brass knuckles.

Pa Ubu: Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

Tails: Hurry up, I can't hold on.

Pa Ubu: Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris

Heads: I've got him. (An explosion is heard and the bear falls, dead.)

Heads and Tails: Hurray!

Pa Ubu: Sed libera nos a malo. Amen. Well, is he dead? Can I get down?

Tails: (With contempt) If you want to.

Pa Ubu (coming down): You may flatter yourselves to still be alive, and if you still tread the Lithuanian snow, you owe it to the magnanimous virtue of the Lord of Phynance, who scraped, shuffled and hollered to render endless Pater Nosters for your salvation, and who manipulated the spiritual sword of prayer with as much courage as our friend Heads adroitly managed the temporal powers of these exploding brass knuckles. We even pushed our devotion to the utmost limits by unhesitatingly climbing up a very steep ledge so that our prayers would have a shorter journey to heaven.

Tails: Revolting asshole.

Pa Ubu: In this large beast, thanks to me, you have the makings of a meal. What a belly, gentlemen! The Greeks would have been more comfortable inside it than in their wooden horse, and we missed by a little, gentlemen, a chance to verify its interior capacity with our own eyes.

Tails: I'm starving, what's to eat?

Heads: The bear!

Pa Ubu: Hey! Poor sots, are you going to eat it raw? We're out of matches.

Tails: We've got our gun flints.

Pa Ubu: You're right. And I seem to remember a little wood nearby where there's bound to be some firewood. Go fetch some, Sir Heads.(Heads wanders off, toward the woods.)

Tails: And now, go skin the bear, Sir Ubu.

Pa Ubu: No way! He might not be dead. Since you're already half eaten and covered with bites, it's right up your alley. I'll light the fire while we wait for the wood. (Tails starts to skin the bear.)

Pa Ubu: Watch out! He moved.

Tails: But Sir Ubu, he's already cold.

Pa Ubu: That too bad, I'd rather eat him hot. I'm afraid the High Lord of Phynance is headed for indigestion.

Tails (to himself): This is revolting. Help me a bit, Mister Ubu, I can't do the whole thing by myself.

Pa Ubu: No, I don't want to do anything. I'm tired.

Heads (Returning); What a storm. You'd think we were in Castille or the North Pole. Night's falling. It'll be dark in an hour. Let's hurry while it's still light.

Pa Ubu: Do you hear that, Tails? Hurry up, both of you. Broach the beast. I'm hungry.

Tails: That's all I can take from you! You'll have to work for your dinner. Do you hear me, pig?

Pa Ubu: Oh! I don't give a shit. I'd just as soon eat it raw. You guys will be caught. And what's more, I'm sleepy.

Heads: So what, Tails? We'll eat alone. He won't have any, that's all. Or we could throw him the bones.

Tails: Good idea. Hey, the fire's started.

Pa Ubu: That feels good. It's warm now. But I see Russians everywhere. What an escape, shee-it! (He falls asleep.)

Heads: I'd like to know whether Rensky was telling the truth about Ma Ubu being deposed. It isn't impossible.

Tails: Let's have dinner.

Heads: No, we've got more important things to discuss. I think it would be a good idea to check out Rensky's story.

Tails: You're right. But should Pa Ubu or stay with him?

Heads: The night brings resolutions. Sleep, tomorrow we'll decide what to do.

Tails: No, we'd better take advantage of the dark and leave.

Heads: I'm with you. (They leave.)

Act 4, scene 7

Ubu (Talking in his sleep): Hey! Watch out Sir Russian Dragoon, don't shoot my way, there's a crowd. Hey! There's Seamy, he's mean, looks like a bear. And Boredalas is closing in on me! The bear, the bear! There it is! God he's hard. I don't want to do anything! Leave, Boredalas! Do you hear, droll!? There's Rensky and the Tsar! Oh! They'll hurt me. And the swife! Where did you get all that gold? You took my gold, you bitch. You pattered around in the Warsaw Cathedral near the moon. I've been dead for a long time, I have. Boredalas killed me and I'm buried in Warsaw next to Vladislas the Great, and also in Krakow, next to Jan Sigismund, and also at Thorn in Seamy's cell! There he is.

Act 5, scene 1

(Nighttime. Pa Ubu sleeps. Ma Ubu enters but doesn't see him-pitch dark.)

Ma Ubu: I'm safe. I'm alone here, which is ok. But what a mad escape- crossing all of Poland in 4 days! Everything went wrong at once. As soon as that big moose left, I went to the crypt to get rich. Soon thereafter I barely missed being stoned to death by Boredalas and his followers. I lost my escort Pyro, who was so taken with my physique that he swooned upon seeing me and, so I've been told, even without seeing me, which as far as I'm concerned is the essence of love. The poor boy would have let himself be cut in half for me. Proof is, he was quartered by Boredalas. Wham! Zap! Pow! I'll be spat out...then, well, I escaped, pursued by the furious mob. I left the palace. I came to the Vistula, but all the bridges were barricaded. So, I swam to the other side of the river, hoping to discourage my following. On all sides the nobility regrouped and pursued me. I missed dying a thousand times, smothered in a circle of poles dedicated to my ultimate perdition. Finally, I fooled their fury, and after four days of running through the snows of what had once been my kingdom, I was able to hide here. I haven't eaten or had a drink in four days. Boredalas was closing in on me...Well, now I'm safe. But I'm dying of cold and fatigue. I'd like to know what happened to that fat clown, I mean my most respected husband. Boy, did I blow his finances, did I rip off his Rixdales, did I cop his carrots. And his Finance Horse was starving to death. He didn't often see his oats, the poor devil. That's a good one. But, alas, I've lost my treasure! It's in Warsaw, there for the taking.

Pa Ubu (Awakening): Catch Ma Ubu! Cut off her nears!

Ma Ubu: Oh God! Where am I? I'm going crazy, Oh lord! (turning toward the audience). Thank God, I can now see Pa Ubu, sleeping next to me. Let's play it cool. Did you sleep well, fatso?

Pa Ubu: Quite badly! That bear was rough! War between the bedbugs and the rugs, but the bugs devoured the rugs, as you'll see when it's light, do you hear, noble Paladins?

Ma Ubu: What's he mumbling? He's even more out of it than before. Who's he talking to?

Pa Ubu: Heads, Tails, answer me, douche bags! Where are you? I'm scared. Someone spoke, who spoke? It isn't the bear I hope. Shee-it! Where are my matches? Oh, I lost them in battle.

Ma Ubu (aside): Let's take advantage of the dark, and simulate a supernatural apparition, and make him promise to forgive my thefts.

Pa Ubu: By my green candle! Someone spoke, I'll be hung.

Ma Ubu (amplifying her voice): Yes, Sir Ubu, someone did speak, and the Archangel's trumpet which raises the dead from the ashes and the dust does not speak otherwise! Listen to my severe voice, it is Saint Gabriel's, who can only give good advice.

Pa Ubu: That's true, but...

Ma Ubu: Don't interrupt, or I'll shut up, and you'll have lost your last chance.

Pa Ubu: Phew! My word! I'll shut up. I won't say another word. What were you saying, Missus Apparition?

Ma Ubu: We were saying, Mister Ubu, that you're a fat cat!

Pa Ubu: Very fat indeed, this is true.

Ma Ubu: Shut up, Godammit!

Pa Ubu: Hey, angels don't swear!

Ma Ubu (Aside): Shit! (continuing) Aren't you married, Mister Ubu?

Pa Ubu: That's right, and to the worst harpy.

Ma Ubu: You mean to say that she's a most charming woman.

Pa Ubu: A living horror. She's got thorns everywhere, like a thorn bush. You can't lay a hand on her.

Ma Ubu: You must start with tenderness, Sir Ubu, and if you start thus, you'll find her to be at least the equal of Venus.

Pa Ubu (indignant) What about my penis!

Ma Ubu: You're not paying attention, Mister Ubu. Lend me your best ear. (aside): I'll hurry, it's getting light. Mister Ubu, your wife is adorable and charming, she doesn't have a single fault.

Pa Ubu: You're wrong, there's not a single fault she doesn't have.

Ma Ubu: Silence! Your wife was never unfaithful!

Pa Ubu: I'd like to see the day someone falls for her, she's a harpy!

Ma Ubu: She doesn't drink!

Pa Ubu: Only since I locked the liquor cabinet. Before that, she was smashed at 7:am and she even used vodka for perfume. Now she uses sunflower oil, which isn't too bad. But I don't give a shit. I'm the only one left to get high.

Ma Ubu: Idiot, your wife doesn't steal.

Pa Ubu: That's a good one.

Ma Ubu: She doesn't embezzle.

Pa Ubu: Ask our noble and unfortunate Phynancial Filly, who, not having eaten for months, was led by the bridle through the Ukraine. She took part in the war- the poor beast died of it.

Ma Ubu: These are all lies. Your wife's a model of good behavior, and you, you're a monster.

Pa Ubu: I'm telling the truth. My wife's a sharp cookie and you're a sucker.

Ma Ubu: Watch out, Pa Ubu.

Pa Ubu: Sorry, I forgot who you were. I didn't mean that.

Ma Ubu: You killed Venceslas.

Pa Ubu: That's not my fault. Ma Ubu wanted me to.

Ma Ubu: You caused the deaths of Bladderlas and Ladislas

Too bad! They wanted to hurt me.

Pa Ubu: You broke your promise toward Seamy, and then you killed him.

Pa Ubu: I'd rather it be me than him reigning in Lithuania. Neither of us are anyway. Therefore it isn't me.

Ma Ubu: You've got one way to expiate your guilt.

Pa Ubu: How? I'm willing to become a saint, I always wanted to become a saint. I always wanted to be a Cardinal and have my name on the calendar.

Ma Ubu: You'll have to forgive Ma Ubu her embezzling.

Pa Ubu: So there! I'll forgive her when she gives me everything back, when she submits to a beating and when she brings back my Phynancial Filly.

Ma Ubu: Isn't he weird about that horse?! I'm lost, it's getting light.

Pa Ubu: Well, at least I'm glad to know for sure that my dear wife stole from me. I know it now from an unimpeachable source. Omnis a Deo Scientia, which means Omnis- all, a Deo- from God, Scientia-Science. Which explains the phenomenon. But, missus Apparition is speechless. How could I put her at ease? She was very entertaining. Hey, it's morning! What! God! By my Phynancial Filly, it's Ma Ubu!

Ma Ubu (offended) : That's not true, I'll excommunicate you!

Pa Ubu: Holy shit!

Ma Ubu: What blasphemy!

Pa Ubu: This is too much. I know it's you, flea bag!

Ma Ubu: Pyro is dead and the Poles were after me.

Pa Ubu: And the Russians were after me. So, kindred spirits meet.

Ma Ubu: Are you trying to tell me I'm kindred to an ass?

Pa Ubu: Then meet your kindred platypus (He throws her the bear)

Ma Ubu (Falling under the weight of the bear): Good God, help! Gross! I'm dying! Can't breathe! He's biting, swallowing, digesting me!

Pa Ubu: He's dead! Dummy. But then, maybe he isn't, oh God! He isn't dead (climbing back on his rock) Pater Noster qui es...

Ma Ubu (getting out from under): Hey?! Where'd he go?

Pa Ubu: Christ! There she is again, sordid creature! Is there no way to get rid of her? So, is the bear dead?

Ma Ubu: Of course, stupid, He's already cold. How did he get here?

Pa Ubu (confused): I don't know. Oh, yes I do! He wanted to eat Heads and Tails and I shot him and killed him with a Paternoster.

Ma Ubu: Heads, Tails, Paternoster. What the hell are you talking about? He's nuts, my Financier.

Pa Ubu: I'm telling the exact truth! And you're an idiot, my clown!

Ma Ubu: Tell me about the campaign.

Pa Ubu: Nah, it's too long. All I know is that in spite of my incontestable valor, everyone beat me.

Ma Ubu: What! Even the Poles?

Pa Ubu: They were screaming, "Hurray for Venceslas and Boredalas." I thought they wanted to hang me, the fanatics! Then they killed little Rensky, you know!

Ma Ubu: I don't give a shit! Boredalas killed Pyro, you know.

Pa Ubu: I don't give a shit! And then they killed poor Lazy!

Ma Ubu: I don't give a shit!

Pa Ubu: Oh yeah! Come here, bitch! Get on your knees! Bow to your master. (He grabs her and forces her down.)

Ma Ubu: Ho, ho, ho, Mister Ubu!

Pa Ubu: Wah, wah, wah! Are you gonna cut it out? I'll start with torsion of the nose, tearing out of the hair, intrusion of the Little Stick into the nears, extraction of the brain through the heels, laceration of the rear, or even total suppression of the spinal marrow (if only I could remove the spines of her personality.) Without forgetting the post anal opening and finally the great, renewed dislocation of John the Baptist, as taken from the great books, from the old testament as well as the new, edited, corrected and perfected by yours truly, the High Lord of Phynance! Had enough, sow? (he rips her.)

Ma Ubu: Please, Mister Ubu! (Sounds are heard at the entrance to the cavern.)

Act 5, scene 2

(The same, Boredalas- rushing into the cavern with his soldiers.)

Boredalas: Forward, my friends! Power to the Poles!

Pa Ubu: Just a minute, mister Polist. Wait until I'm through with Missus my other half.

Boredalas (Hitting him): Take this! You scum, bum, crumb. You miser, liar, scab, crab.

Pa Ubu (Fighting back): Take this, you prick, hick, dick, bowl of arsenic.

Ma Ubu (Hitting too): Take this, you royalist, imperialist, monarchist, ovarian cyst. (The soldiers gang up on the Ubus, who fight back as well as they can.)

Pa Ubu: God! What reinforcements!

Ma Ubu: They've got God on their side.

Pa Ubu: By my Green Candle, when is this gonna end? One more! If only I had my Phynancial Filly!

Boredalas: Hit to kill!

Voice from outside: Power to Pa Ubu, our great Financier!

Pa Ubu: Here they are. Hurray! Here come the Ubuists. Forward, hurry up, we need you, knights of Phynance! (the Paladins enter.)

Heads: Death to the Poles!

Tails: Here we come, Sir Phynance. Forward, push to the door. Once outside we'll only have to run.

Pa Ubu: Hey, my strong man! Hit him again.

Boredalas: I'm hurt.

Stanislas Leczinski: It's nothing Sire.

Boredalas: You're right, I'm only stunned.

Jan Sobieski: Hit, run, they're escaping!

Heads: Getting closer, follow the crowd. Consequently, I see the sky.

Tails: Courage, Sir Ubu!

Pa Ubu: I'm wetting my pants! Forward, shitaroni! Kill, spill, swill, bleed, massacred. Ubu's Horn! Out with speed!

Heads: Only two left between us and the door.

Pa Ubu (Knocking them out of the way with the bear.): And a one, and a two! Whew! We're out! Follow the others, quick.

Act 5, scene 3

(The province of Livonia, covered with snow- The Ubus and their following flee)

Pa Ubu: I think they've given up on us.

Ma Ubu: Yeah, Boredalas went off to get himself crowned.

Pa Ubu: I don't envy him that crown.

Ma Ubu: Neither do I. (They disappear in the distance.)

Act 5, scene 4

(The bridge of a ship on the Baltic. Pa Ubu and his group on the bridge)

The Captain: What a fine breeze!

Pa Ubu: It's a fact that we're moving with nearly prodigious speed. We must be going a million knots an hour, and these knots are admirable in that once they are tied, they cannot be untied. It is true, however, that the wind is behind us.

Tails: What a pathetic fool. (A gust causes the ship to list dangerously.)

Pa Ubu: Christ! We're sunk! Hey, your boat's going sideways. It's going to capsize!

The Captain: All hands leeward. Close haul the mizzen!

Pa Ubu: No! Not that, don't side with it! That's hazardous. Suppose the wind shifts: we'd all sink to the bottom and the fish would eat us.

The Captain: Don't bear away, catch the wind!

Pa Ubu: Don't listen to him. I'm in a great hurry to be there. Be there! Do you hear?! If we aren't there it will be your fault, Captain. We should be there, not away! I'll take command, I will! Be ready to be there! Be there fore and be there aft. Hoist the sails, be the sails, be there under, be there over, be there sideways. It's working. Over the wave and we'll be there. (Everyone laughs, the wind subsides.)

The Captain: Bring in the main jib.

Pa Ubu: That's not bad, it's good! Do you hear, crew? Bring in the bib! (More laughter. A wave breaks.)

Pa Ubu: Hey, what a storm! An unexpected side effect of these maneuvers.

Ma Ubu and Tails: Navigation's a gas. (A second wave breaks)

Tails (soaked): Beware of Satan's pumps.

Pa Ubu: Sir boy, bring us a drink. (All sit to drink)

Ma Ubu: How nice it will be to return to our beautiful France, our old friends and our Château de Montdragon.

Pa Ubu: We'll be home soon. We're coming to Château Eleonora.

Tails: Just the idea of seeing dear old Spain cheers me up.

Heads: Yes, and we'll impress our countrymen with our extraordinary adventures.

Pa Ubu: I would not be surprised! And I'll get myself appointed Master of Phynance in Paris.

Ma Ubu: That's right! Hey, another wave!

Heads: It's nothing. We just passed point Eleonora.

Tails: And now our noble ship cruises full speed over the somber currents of the North Sea.

Pa Ubu: Untamed and inhospitable sea which borders the country called Germany, so called because all of its inhabitants are germane.

Ma Ubu: Now, that's what I call erudition. I hear it's a beautiful country.

Pa Ubu: Ah, gentlemen, as beautiful as it is, it isn't worth Poland. If there weren't a Poland, there would be no poles.

