

Shh

Daddy Ubu

But

Momma Ubu

Shh.

Daddy Ubu

But

Momma Ubu

Shh

It shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Exeunt.

The Commentator : “ACT I, SCENE V. King Venceslas’ Palace, earlier that week. In which Queen Wictoria and her son beg the King not to go to visit Daddy Ubu at Poznan and Venceslas, in a moment of ill-considered willfulness, refuses.”

King Vencelas

Monsieur Bougreles, you were very impertinent this morning to Monsieur Ubu, Chevalier of my Orders and Thane of Volhynia. Therefore, I forbid you to appear at my parade.

Bougreles

Oh rats!

Queen Wictoria

But Venceslas, do not go to visit Daddy Ubu at Poznan. Even your whole family would not be capable of defending you there.

King Vencelas

Madame, I never change my mind. You tire me with these trifles.

Queen Wictoria

But haven’t I dreamed, once again, of him smiting you with his horde of troops and throwing you into the Vistula, while an eagle like the one in the arms of Walachia sets the crown on his head?

King Vencelas

Whose head?

Queen Wictoria

Daddy Ubu’s.

King Vencelas

Nonsense. Monsieur d'Ubu is my friend; in fact he is my best friend. Then comes MacDuff, then Banquo, then Ross.

Queen Victoria

What folly!

King Vencelas

Ubu would let himself be torn apart by wild horses to please me.

Bougrelas

What an asshole that Daddy Ubu is.

King Vencelas

Be still, you young reprobate. And as for you, Madame, to show how little I fear Monsieur Ubu, I shall go to Poznan alone. Prince Wladyslaus and Prince Boleslas shall stay here with you.

Queen Victoria

Fatal error, I shall never see you alive again.

King Vencelas

Adieu.

He goes out. The Queen and Bougrelas go to the window.

The Queen and Bougrelas

May God and the great Saint Nicholas protect you!

The Queen

Bougrelas, come with me to the chapel to pray for your father.

Exeunt.

The Commentator : "ACT I, SCENE VI. Poznan. In which Momma Ubu obsequiously welcomes King Venceslas."

Trumpets and torches. Enter Venceslas

Enter from other side Momma Ubu

Venceslas

See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.