

A Soldier

Surrender, Bougrelas.

Bougrelas

Here, scum, this is for you!

He splits the Soldier's skull. It's grotesque.

The Queen

That's it, Bougrelas, you show them!

Bougrelas

Mother, escape via the secret staircase!

The Queen

And you, my son, and you?

Bougrelas

I'll follow.

Daddy Ubu

Try and catch the Queen. Drat! She got away. As for you, you louse...

He advances towards Bougrelas

Bougrelas

Ah! God almighty! Here is my revenge!

He rips open Daddy Ubu's boodle with a terrible stroke of his sword

Daddy Ubu

Oh, my boodle!

Bougrelas

Mother, I'm coming!

He disappears by the secret staircase.

The Commentator : "ACT II, SCENE III. In which an every day citizen tries to digest the events of the day."

The Old Man speaks directly to the audience.

Old Man

Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

The bodies of Wladyslaus and Boleslas are dragged across the stage.

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

A soldier wheels a wheelbarrow filled with dead soldiers across the stage. The Old Man watches for a second before cautiously coming down stage another step or two.

'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done.

(Almost a whisper) God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

He exits.

The Commentator: Act II, Scene IV. In which Bougreelas and Wictoria take safety in a snowy cave in the mountains, Wictoria dies and Bougreelas is visited by the ghosts of his ancestors.”

Bougreelas

Here we will be safe, Mamá.

The Queen

Yes, I hope so. I feel faint. Bougreelas, support me.

Commentator

She falls on to the snow.

The Queen

Dear, sweet, Bougreelas, I fear I have only a few hours to live.

Bougreelas

No Mamá! Don't ever leave me!

The Queen

Oh Bougreelas, remember how happy we were before ever we saw that Daddy Ubu? But now, alas! everything is changed.

Bougreelas

What's to be done? We can only hope and pray, and maybe things will work out.

Wictoria rises up and touches his cheek.

The Queen

I hope that happens, my child, but as for me, I shall never see that happy day.

Bougreelas

What's wrong? She pales, she falls. Help! Oh my God! Her heart no longer beats. She is dead!