

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!

O!M!G!

*He hides his face in his hands and weeps.*

How sad it is to find oneself orphaned and alone at the age of fourteen, with a terrible vengeance to pursue. Mamá, I'm not yet ready to fulfill my destiny!

**The Commentator:** Bougrelas falls victim to the most violent despair. Meanwhile the souls of Venceslas, Boleslaus, Wladyslaus and Wictoria and all their ancestors enter the cave.

**Bougrelas**

Eh! what do I see? My whole family, my ancestors! By what miracle...?

**Ghost of Junkherr Mathias von Königsberg**

Bougrelas, I am your forefather's ghost. In life I was Junkherr Mathias von Königsberg, the first King - and founder - of our House. To your hands I entrust our vengeance.

**The Commentator:** He gives him an enormous sword.

**Ghost of Junkherr Mathias von Königsberg:** Let this sword that I give you see no rest until it has sliced the everloving shit out of the usurper.

**The Commentator:** All disappear and Bougrelas is left alone in an attitude of ecstasy.  
**ACT III, SCENE I.** In which Daddy Ubu reluctantly agrees to give away some money.

**Daddy Ubu**

No! I won't do it! You want to ruin me with this nonsense?

**Fookwod**

But I say, King Ubu, the people expect gifts to celebrate your coronation.

**Momma Ubu**

If you don't distribute food and gold, we'll be overthrown within two hours.

**Daddy Ubu**

Food, yes! Gold, no! Once and for all, I am here to get rich, and I won't part with one fucking penny!

**Momma Ubu**

If you don't give the people any gold, they won't pay their taxes.

**Daddy Ubu**

Is that true?

**Fookwod**

Yep.

**Daddy Ubu**

Oh well, in that case I accept the sage counsel of Monsieur de Fookwod.

*Momma Ubu exchanges a look with the commentator. Daddy Ubu starts throwing gold to the people.*