

**The Commentator: “Pshitter! A Drinking Song for the Year of Our Lord 2020 by Henry Wishcamper. ACT I, SCENE I.** A desert place. Long ago and far away. Any resemble of any of these characters to actual, contemporary political leaders is purely coincidental and not at all the reason we are all here this evening. Thunder and lightning. Lights up on three Witches.”

**First Witch**

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**Second Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

**Third Witch**

That will be ere the set of sun.

**First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with Daddy Ubu.

**ALL**

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*Exeunt*

**The Commentator: “ACT I, SCENE II.** Ubu’s House. In which Momma Ubu plants a seed in Daddy Ubu’s mind.”

**Daddy Ubu**

Pshitter!

**Momma Ubu**

Oh! That’s lovely, Daddy Ubu, you big fat fuck.

**Daddy Ubu**

Watch out I don’t bash your brains in, Momma Ubu.

**Momma Ubu**

It isn’t me you ought to kill, Daddy Ubu, it’s somebody else.

**Daddy Ubu**

By my green syphilitic penis, I don’t understand.

**Momma Ubu**

Well, Daddy Ubu, are you content with your lot?

**Daddy Ubu**

By my green syphilitic penis, pshitter, Madame, absolutely I'm content. I could be content with less; I'm a Captain of the Dragoons, Privy Counselor to King Venceslas, Knight of the Red Eagle of Walachia, and Thane of Poznan; what more do you want?

**Momma Ubu**

What! Can you possibly be satisfied reviewing fifty fucking flunkies armed with nothing but cabbage-cutters?!? You, Daddy Ubu could put the crown of Walachia on your ugly melon!

**Daddy Ubu**

By my green syphilitic penis, King Venceslas is still very much alive; and even supposing he croaks, hasn't he got gobs of children?

**Momma Ubu**

What's stopping you from butchering the whole fam-damily and putting yourself in their place?

**Daddy Ubu**

Ah! Momma Ubu, you insult me. Watch out you don't end up in the soup in a moment!

**Momma Ubu**

What? You poor slob, when I'm in the soup, who do you imagine will patch the seat of your pants?

**Daddy Ubu**

What do I care if my ass hangs out in the breeze?

**Momma Ubu**

If I were you, what I'd want to do with my ass would be to plant it on a throne. You could make lots of money...

**Daddy Ubu**

....

**Momma Ubu**

Roll through the streets in carriages...

**Daddy Ubu**

....

**Momma Ubu**

And have sausages / whenever you want.

**Daddy Ubu**

/Mmm, sausages. Ah! I yield to temptation! Fart of a pshitter, if ever I meet him in a dark corner I'll ram my pshitter hook right up his pshitterhole.

**Momma Ubu**

Oh good, Daddy Ubu, now you're talking like a real man.

**Daddy Ubu**

No, no! Me, Captain of dragoons, Thane of Poznan, massacre the King of Walachia! I'd rather die.

*He goes off slamming the door.*

**Momma Ubu**

Fart! Pshitter! It's hard to get his lazy ass moving, but pshitter! Fart! I believe I've got him stirred up just the same. Thanks to God and myself, maybe, just maybe, by Tuesday I'll be the Queen of Walachia.

*She exits.*

**The Commentator:** "ACT I, SCENE III. A heath. In which Daddy Ubu and Banquo, fresh from a victorious battle, encounter the weird sisters and Ubu becomes Thane of Volhynia."

**Daddy Ubu**

By my green syphilitic penis, this day is foul; and yet it is fair; and yet it's foul; and yet it's fair. Whazzup with that?

**Banquo**

How far is't call'd to Forres?

*Witches appear.*

What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips.

**Daddy Ubu**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

**First Witch**

All hail, Ubu, hail to thee, thane of Poznan!

**Second Witch**

All hail, Ubu, hail to thee, Captain of Dragoons!

**Third Witch**