

/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

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

First Witch

All hail, Ubu, thou shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?

My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

First Witch

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Ubu, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt beget kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Ubu and Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Ubu, all hail!

Daddy Ubu

By my green syphilitic penis, I know I am thane of Poznan and Captain of dragoons. But whazzup with Volhynia? The thane of Volhynia lives. Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish. Ubu shouts after them

Banquo

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. – Whither are they vanish'd?

Daddy Ubu

Holy pfucking pshit!

Banquo

Have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Daddy Ubu

Your children shall be kings.

Banquo

You shall be king.

Daddy Ubu

And thane of Volhynia too: went it not so?

Banquo

To the selfsame tune and words.

Daddy Ubu

It can't be true!

Ross enters

Daddy Ubu

Monsieur, what do you want? Go away, sack of pshitter!

Ross

The king hath happily received, Ubu,
The news of thy success; We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Volhynia:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Banquo

What, can the devil speak true?

Daddy Ubu

The thane of Volhynia lives, you lying bag of pshitter.

Ross

Under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Treasons capital,
Confess'd and proved, have overthrown him.

Daddy Ubu

[Aside] Poznan, and thane of Volhynia! By my green syphilitic penis, the greatest is behind. Mwah ha ha.

He embraces Ross

Oh, Oh, I'm very fond of you, Ross.

Ross:

O! You stink, Daddy Ubu. Don't you ever wash?

Daddy Ubu

Sometimes.

Ross exits. To Banquo.

But don't you hope your children will be kings, when those that gave me the thane of Volhynia promised no less to them?

Banquo

That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Volhynia. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Daddy Ubu

True dat. Now, let us fuck off stage left and visit the king.

Exeunt. Enter Momma Ubu, reading a letter

The Commentator: “ACT I, SCENE IV. Poznan. Ubu’s living room. In which Momma Ubu learns of the Weird Sisters’ prophesies...”

Momma Ubu

Woo-hoo!

The Commentator: and Venceslas’ visit”

Enter Daddy Ubu

Great Poznan! worthy Volhynia!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Daddy Ubu

Madame my female! Venceslas comes here to-night.

Momma Ubu

And when goes hence?

Daddy Ubu

Mañana, as he purposes.

Momma Ubu

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Daddy Ubu

Wait, are you suggesting killing him?!? I like it! When he arrives, I’ll bravely step on his toe and yell “Pshitter!” On that cue, you’ll appear out of nowhere like a chubby ninja and kill him a bit with decapitation of the head and neck and twisting of the nipples.

Momma Ubu

You fat and stupid nutstain. You shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch/

Daddy Ubu

But

Momma Ubu

Shh!

Daddy Ubu

But

Momma Ubu

Shh.

Daddy Ubu

But

Momma Ubu