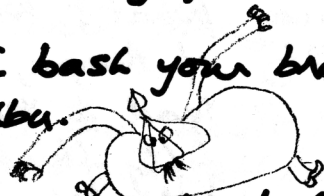


Oh! That's a nice way to talk. Père Ubu, ye are a bloody great oaf.

Why don't I bash your brains in, Mère Ubu.



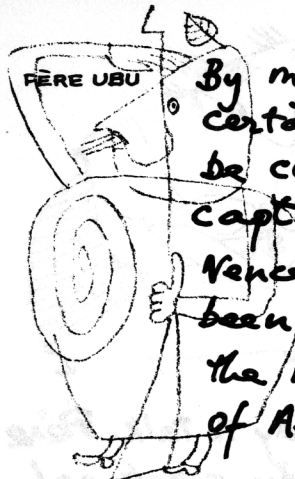
MÈRE UBU It's not me you ought to do in, Père Ubu, it's someone else.

PÈRE UBU By my green candle, I don't understand.



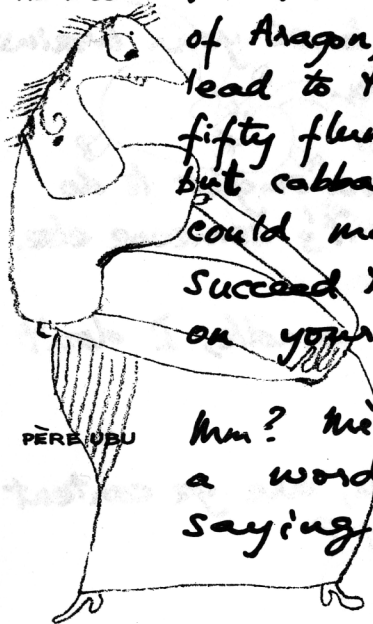
Well, Père Ubu, are ye content with your lot?





By my green candle, Shittr, Madame, certainly I am content. I could be content with less; I'm a Captain of dragoons, I'm King Venceslas' confidential officer, I've been decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle of Poland, I'm ex-King of Aragon; what more do you want?

MÈRE UBU



What! When you've been King of Aragon, you're satisfied to lead to the reviews a paltry fifty flunkys armed with nothing but cabbage-cutters - when you could make the crown of Poland succeed the crown of Aragon on your noddle?

PÈRE UBU

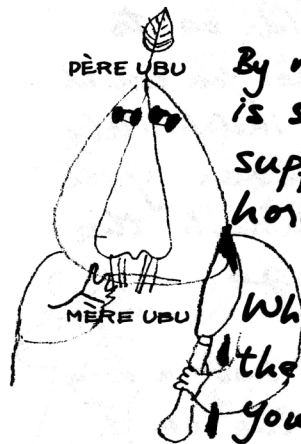
Mm? Mère Ubu, I don't understand a word of what you're saying.



MÈRE UBU

How stupid you are!

PÈRE UBU



By my green candle, King Venceslas is still very much alive; and even supposing he dies, hasn't he got hordes of children?

MÈRE UBU

Who's stopping you from slaughtering the whole family and putting yourself in their place?

PÈRE UBU

Oh! Mère Ubu, you insult me, and you'll find yourself in the stewpan in a minute.

MÈRE UBU

Huh! you poor fish, if I found myself in the stewpan, who'd mend the seats of your breeches?



Well, what of it? Isn't my arse the same as anyone else's?



MÈRE UBU

If I were you, what I'd want to do with my arse would be to install it on a throne. You could increase your fortune indefinitely, have sausages whenever you liked, and ride through the streets in a carriage.

PÈRE UBU

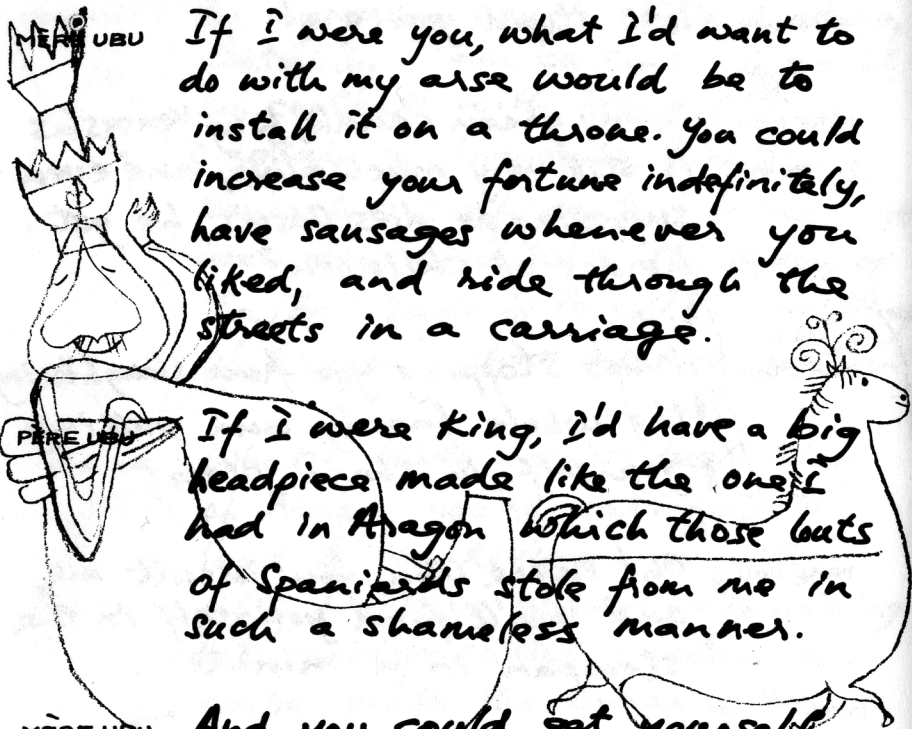
If I were King, I'd have a big headpiece made like the one I had in Aragon which those butts of Spaniards stole from me in such a shameless manner.

MÈRE UBU

And you could get yourself an umbrella and a great big cloak that would come right down to your feet.

PÈRE UBU

Ah! I yield to temptation. Clod of a shitter, shitter of a clod, if



ever I meet him on a dark night he'll go through a bad quarter of an hour.

MÈRE UBU

Oh good, Père Ubu, now you're a real man.

PÈRE UBU

Oh no, though! I, a captain of dragons, slay the King of Poland! I'd rather die.

MÈRE UBU (ASIDE)

Oh shitter! (ALoud) Then are you going to stay as poor as a rat, Père Ubu?

PÈRE UBU

Gadzookers, by my green candle, I prefer to be as poor as a skinny, honest rat than as rich as a vicious, fat cat.

MÈRE UBU

And the cape? and the umbrella?



and the great big cloak?

PÈRE UBU

And what of them, Mère Ubu?

(HE GOES OFF BANGING THE DOOR)

MÈRE UBU

Fast, shitter, it's hard to get him moving, but fast, shitter, I reckon I've shaken him all the same. Thanks to God and myself, in a week, maybe, I'll be Queen of Poland.

SCENE 2.

THE SCENE REPRESENTS A ROOM IN PÈRE UBU'S HOUSE, WHERE A MAGNIFICENT MEAL IS PREPARED.



MÈRE UBU

Huh! our guests are extremely late.



PÈRE UBU

Yes, by my green candle. I'm starving. Mère Ubu, you're exceedingly ugly today. Is it because we have visitors?

MÈRE UBU

(SHRUGGING HER SHOULDERS)

Shitter!

PÈRE UBU

(SEIZING A ROAST CHICKEN)

Look here, I'm hungry, I'm going to take a bite of this bird. It's a chicken I believe. It's not bad.

MÈRE UBU

What are you doing, you ass? What will our guests have to eat?

PÈRE UBU

Oh, there'll be enough for them. I won't touch anything else. Mère Ubu, go over to the window and see if our guests are coming.



MÈRE UBU (GOING OVER)

I can't see anything.

(IN THE MEANTIME PÈRE UBU PINCHES A FILLET OF VEAL)

MÈRE UBU

Ah! here comes Captain Bordure with his partisans. But what are you eating, Père Ubu?

PÈRE UBU

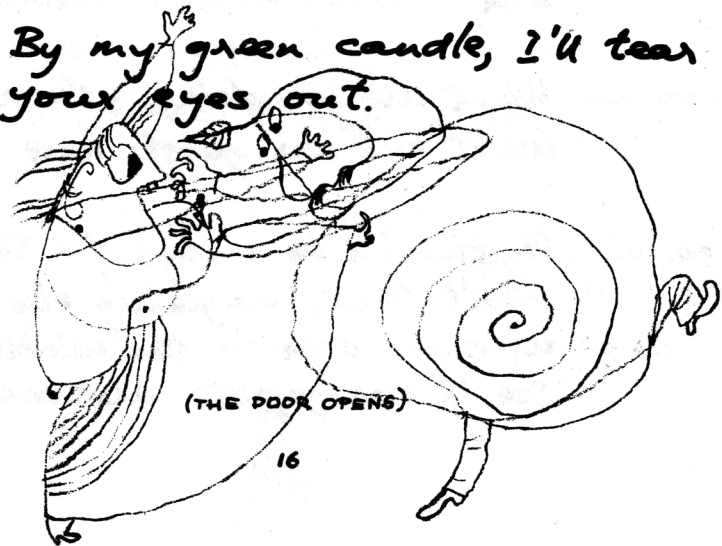
Nothing, a bit of veal.

MÈRE UBU

Oh the veal, the veal, vile creature! He's eaten the veal! Help!

PÈRE UBU

By my green candle, I'll tear your eyes out.



16

SCENE 3

PÈRE UBU, MÈRE UBU, CAPTAIN BORDURE AND HIS PARTISANS.

MÈRE UBU

Good day, gentlemen, we were awaiting you impatiently. Sit down.

CAPT. BORDURE

Good day, Madame. But where on earth is Père Ubu?

PÈRE UBU

Here I am! here I am! Damn it, by my green candle, I'm fat enough, I should have thought.

CAPT. BORDURE

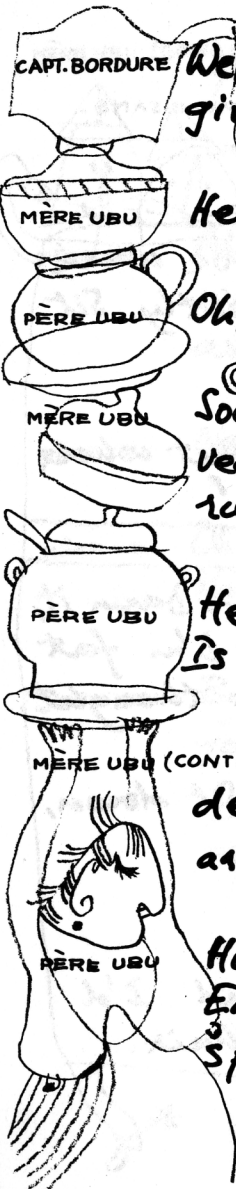
Good day, Père Ubu. Sit down, my men.

(THEY ALL SIT DOWN)

PÈRE UBU

Phew! a bit more and I'd have stove in my chair.

17



Well, mère Ubu, what are you giving us today that's good?

Here's the menu.

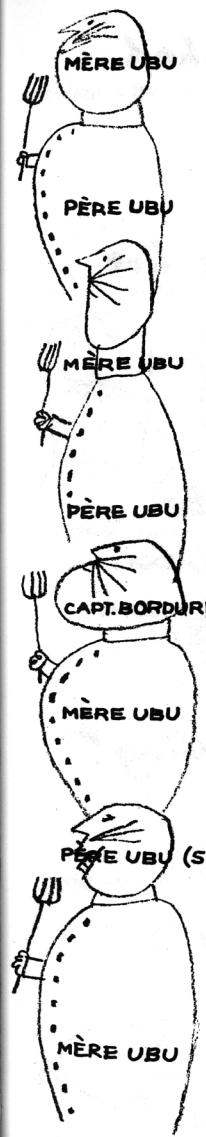
Oh, I'm interested in that.

Soupe polonaise, sastrou ribs, Veal, chicken, dog pie, turkeys' rumps, charlotte russe.

Hey, that's enough, I should think. Is there any more?

(CONTINUING) Ice pudding, salad, fruit, dessert, boiled beef, jerusalem artichokes, cauliflower à la shitter.

Huh! do you think I'm the Emperor of Orient that you spend such a lot?



Don't listen to him, he's an imbecile.

Ah! I'll sharpen my teeth on your calves.

Have your dinner instead, Père Ubu. Here's some polonaise.

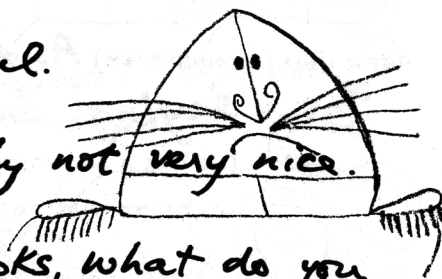
Hell, it's awful.

It's certainly not very nice.

Bunch of crooks, what do you want, then?

Oh, I've got an idea. I'll be back in a minute. (HE GOES OFF)

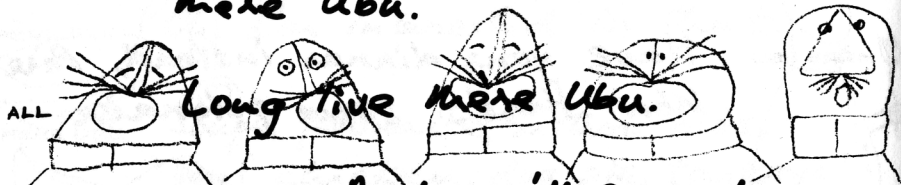
Gentlemen, let's try some veal.



CAPT. BORDURE It's very good, I've finished.

MÈRE UBU Now for the lumps.

CAPT. BORDURE Exquisite, exquisite! Long live Mère Ubu.



ALL Long live Mère Ubu.

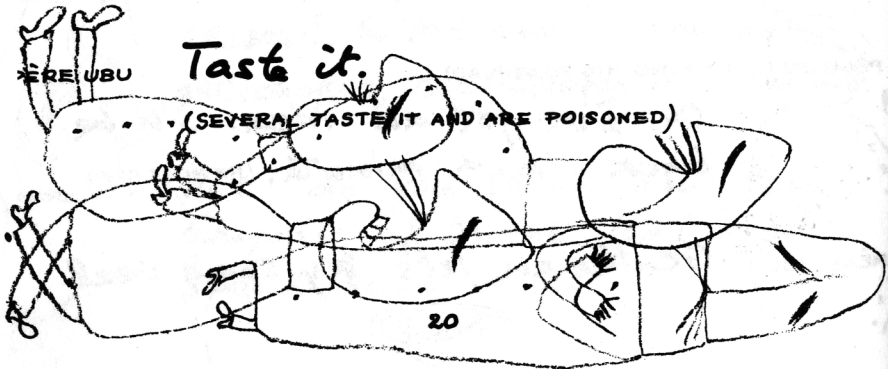
PÈRE UBU (COMING BACK) And you'll soon be saying long live Père Ubu.

(HE HAS A LAVATORY BRUSH IN HIS HAND AND THROWS IT ON TO THE FESTIVE BOARD)



MÈRE UBU Blockhead, what are you doing?

PÈRE UBU Taste it.
(SEVERAL TASTE IT AND ARE POISONED)

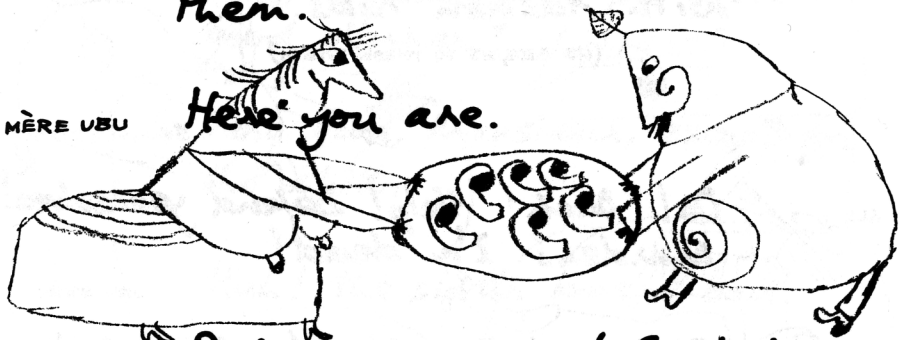


PÈRE UBU

Mère Ubu, pass me the raston cutlets so that I can serve them.

MÈRE UBU

Here you are.



PÈRE UBU

Outside, everyone! Captain Bordure, I want to talk to you.

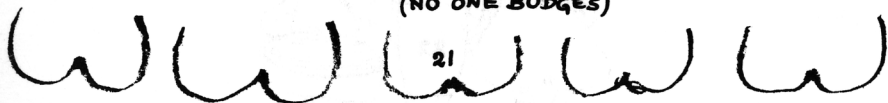
THE OTHERS

Hey, we haven't had anything to eat.

PÈRE UBU

What d'you mean, you haven't had anything to eat? Out you go, everybody. Stay here, Bordure.

(NO ONE BUDGES)



PÈRE UBU

Haven't you gone yet? By my green sandk, I'll do you in with raston ribs.

(HE BEGINS TO THROW THEM)



ALL

Oo! Ouch! Help! Defend yourselves! Murder! I'm dead!

PÈRE UBU

Shittr, shittr, shittr! Outside! I'm cleverer than I thought!

ALL

Every man for himself! Lousy Père Ubu! traitor and mean skunk!

PÈRE UBU

Ah! they've gone. I can breathe, but I've had a rotten dinner. Come on, Bordure.

(THEY GO OUT WITH MÈRE UBU)



SCENE 4.

MÈRE UBU, PÈRE UBU, CAPTAIN BORDURE.

PÈRE UBU

Well, Captain, did you have a good dinner?

CAPT. BORDURE

Very good, Monsieur, except for the shittr.

PÈRE UBU

Huh! the shittr wasnt bad.

MÈRE UBU

There's no accounting for tastes.

PÈRE UBU

Captain Bordure, I've decided to make you Duke of Lithuania.

CAPT. BORDURE

What? I thought you were very badly off, Père Ubu.

PÈRE UBU

In a few days, if you choose, I shall reign over Poland.

CAPT. BORDURE Are you going to kill Vencaslas?

PÈRE UBU This fellow's no fool, he's guessed.

CAPT. BORDURE If it's a question of killing Vencaslas, I'm on. I'm his mortal enemy, and I'll answer for my men.

PÈRE UBU (THROWING HIMSELF ON HIM AND KISSING HIM)

Oh, oh, I'm very fond of you, Bordure.

CAPT. BORDURE Pook, you stink, Père Ubu. Don't you ever wash?

24

PÈRE UBU Sometimes.

MÈRE UBU Never!

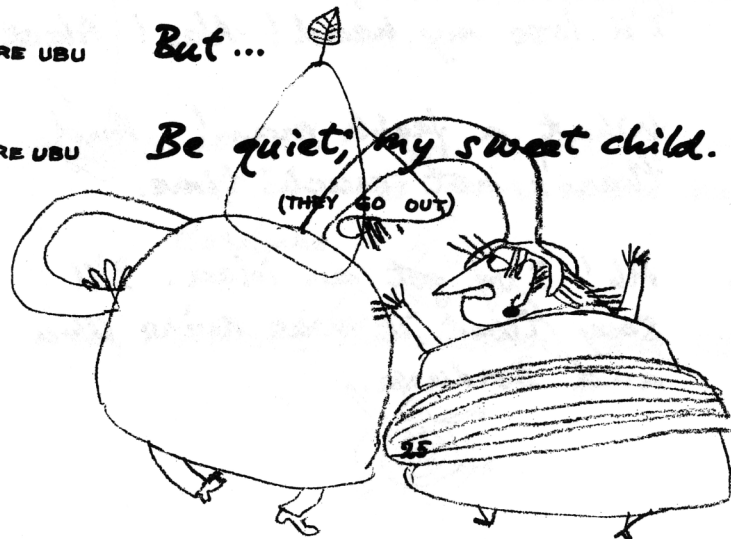
PÈRE UBU I'll tread on your toes.

MÈRE UBU Big shits!

PÈRE UBU Well, Bordure, I've done with you. But, by my green candle, I swear by mère ubu to make you Duke of Lithuania.

MÈRE UBU But...

PÈRE UBU Be quiet, my sweet child.





SCENE 5.

PÈRE UBU, MÈRE UBU, A MESSENGER.

PÈRE UBU

Monsieur, what do you want?
Go away, you bore me.

MESSENGER

Monsieur, you are summoned
to the King's presence.

PÈRE UBU

Oh shitter! gadzookers! by my
green candle, I am discovered.
I'll lose my head! Alas! Alack!

MÈRE UBU

What a feeble man! And
there's not much time.

PÈRE UBU

Ah! I've got an idea. I'll
say that it was Mère Ubu
and Bordure.



MÈRE UBU

Oh! Fat P.U., if you do that...

PÈRE UBU

Mm! I'll go this minute.

(HE GOES OUT)

MÈRE UBU (RUNNING AFTER HIM)

Hi! Père Ubu, Père Ubu,
I'll give you some grub.

(SHE GOES OUT)

PÈRE UBU (OFF)

Oh! Shitter! You're a grub
yourself.

SCENE 6.

KING VENCESLAS, SURROUNDED BY HIS OFFICERS; BORDURE;

THE KING'S SONS: BOLESLAS, LADISLAS, BOUGRELAS; THEN

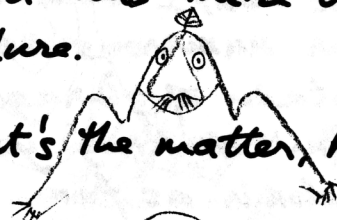
PÈRE UBU

PÈRE UBU (ENTERING)

Oh! you know, it wasn't
me, it was Mère Ubu and
Bordure.

THE KING

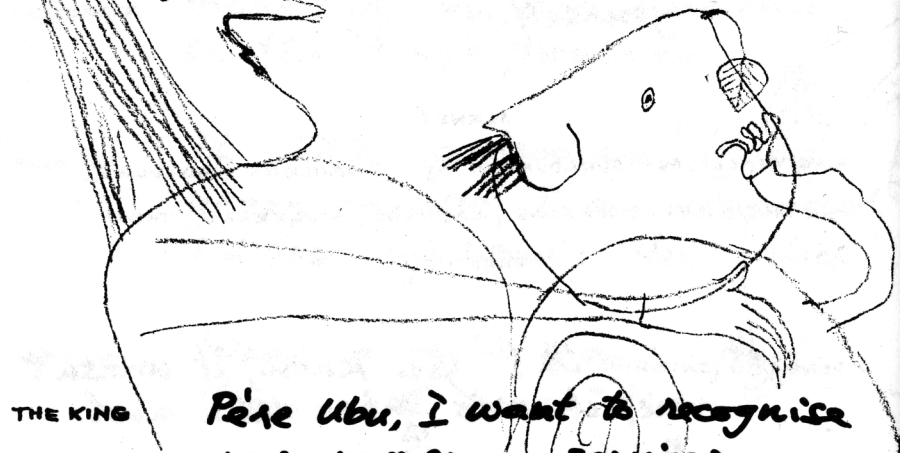
What's the matter, Père Ubu?



CAPT. BORDURE He's had too much to drink.

THE KING like me this morning.

PÈRE UBU Yes, I'm boozed, it's because I've drunk too much French wine.



THE KING Père Ubu, I want to recognise your numerous services as Captain of Dragons, and I am making you Count of Sandomir as from today.



PÈRE UBU Oh Monsieur Venecelas, I don't know how to thank you.

THE KING Don't thank me, Père Ubu, and be present tomorrow morning at the great review.

PÈRE UBU I'll be there, but be good enough to accept this little toy whistle.

(HE PRESENTS THE KING WITH A TOY WHISTLE)

THE KING What do you expect me to do with a toy whistle at my age? I'll give it to Bougrelas.

BOUGRELAS What an ass that Père Ubu is.

PÈRE UBU Now I'll bugger off.

(AS HE TURNS ROUND HE FALLS DOWN)



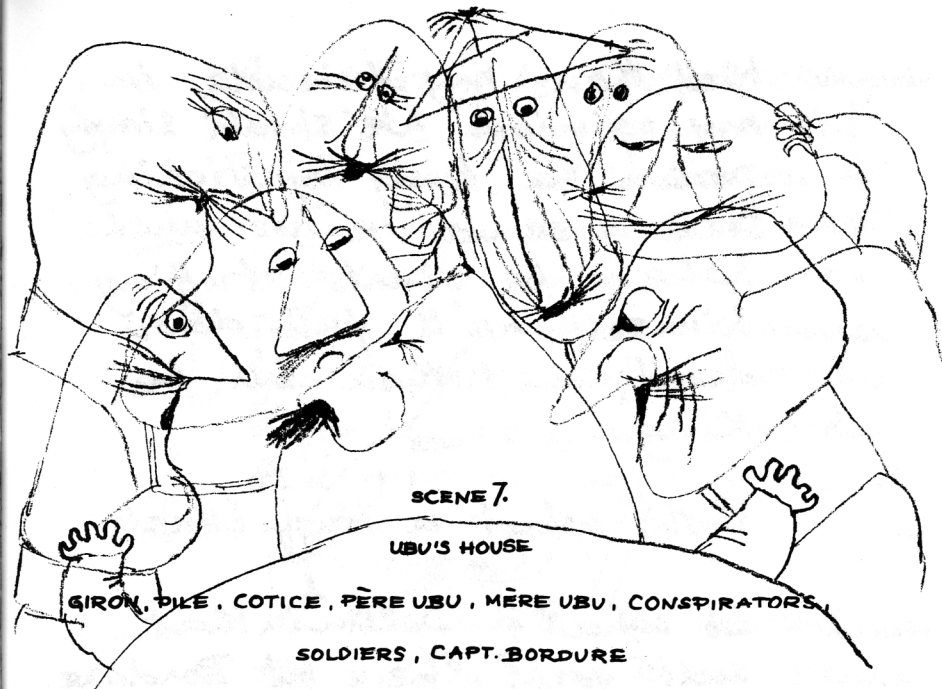
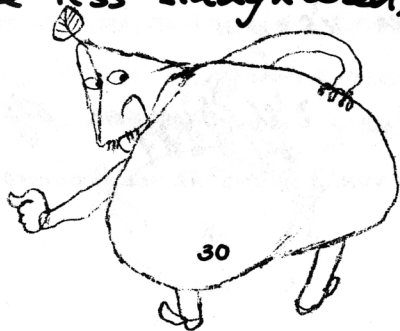
Oh! Ow! Help! By my green
candle, I've ruptured my
intestine and busted my
dungzine.

THE KING (PICKING HIM UP) Père Ubu, hast hurt thyself?

PÈRE UBU Yes indeed I have, and I
shall certainly pass away.
What will happen to Mère Ubu?

THE KING We shall provide for her

PÈRE UBU Your Kindness knows no bounds.
(HE GOES OUT) Yes but, King
Venceslas, you won't be any
the less slaughtered, you know.



PÈRE UBU Well, my good friends, it's high
time to decide on our plans for
the conspiracy. Let's hear
everybody's views. First of
all I'll tell you mine, if you'll
allow me.

CAPT. BORDURE Go ahead, Père Ubu.



PÈRE UBU

Well then, my friends, in my opinion we should simply poison the King by sticking some arsenic in his lunch. When he starts stuffing himself he'll fall down dead, and then I'll be King.

ALL

Push, what a lousy beast.

PÈRE UBU

So what? Doesn't that suit you? Then let Bordure say what he thinks.

CAPT. BORDURE

I think we should give him a terrific blow with a sword and split him open from head to middle.

ALL

Yes, that's noble, and gallant.



PÈRE UBU

And what if he starts kicking you? I remember now that when there's a Review on he wears iron shoes that hurt very badly. If I had any sense I'd go of and denounce you to get myself out of this dirty business, and I reckon he'd give me some cash, as well.



MÈRE UBU

Oh the traitor, the coward, the villain and mean skunk.

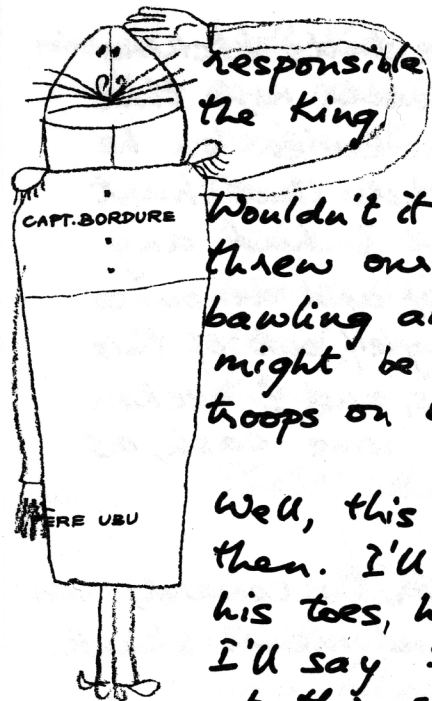
ALL

Down with Père Ub!

PÈRE UBU

Hey, gentlemen, keep quiet if you don't want to be put in my pocket. Anyway, I agree to expose myself for you. So you, Bordure, make yourself





responsible for splitting open the King.

Wouldn't it be better if we all threw ourselves on him at once, bawling and shouting? We might be able to get the troops on our side that way.

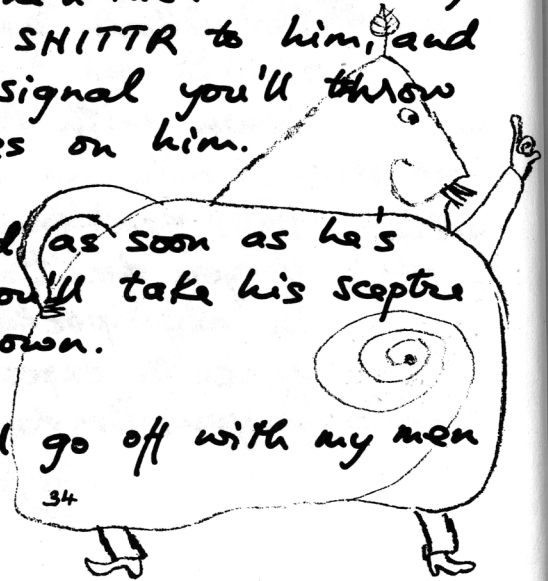
Well, this is what we'll do, then. I'll try and tread on his toes, he'll kick out at me, I'll say SHITTR to him, and at this signal you'll throw yourselves on him.

MÈRE UBU

Yes, and as soon as he's dead you'll take his sceptre and crown.

CAPT. BORDURE

And I'll go off with my men



in pursuit of the royal family.

PÈRE UBU

Yes, and I specially recommend young Bougrelas to you.

(THEY GO OUT)

PÈRE UBU (RUNNING AFTER THEM AND MAKING THEM COME BACK)

Gentlemen, we have forgotten an indispensable ceremony; we must swear to fight gallantly.

CAPT. BORDURE

But how can we? We haven't got a priest.

PÈRE UBU

Mère Ubu will stand in for one.

ALL

All right, so be it!



Then you swear to kill the King properly?

Yes, we swear. Long live Père Ubu!