

King Gubu

King Of The Gobshites

*"Grotesque, Unprecedented, Bizarre,
Unbelievable!"*

'Grotesque, Unprecedented, Bizarre, Unbelievable'

C. J. Haughey

*'The transposition of Jarry's **Ubu** to Ireland is a fascinating
idea... an accomplished translation'*

The Abbey Theatre

*'after our own verse, after all our subtle colour and nervous
rhythm, what more is possible? After us **the Savage God**'*

William Butler Yeats

An anthropological note on Gobshites:

Gobshiteland is a world inhabited by Gobshites, eejits, cute-hoors, fiddlers, swindlers and gangsters of all sorts. Gobshites have their own social hierarchy and their own heroes. The greatest of these heroes is called, **Gubu**.

Act One

Scene One:

(Music loud Père Ubu - the stage is surrounded with garish flesh and blood coloured images of torture and debraining). Mister Gubu dressed in a bulbous green leprechaun outfit with hat and silver buckle. On his belly an inward curving gold spiral like a living Newgrange. Missus Gubu dressed as half-Irish Colleen, half-crone. Mister Gubu is enormous and carries a shillelagh. Mister Gubu advances to the front of the stage and stares menacingly into the auditorium.

Mister Gubu - Gobshites!

Missus Gubu - Oh, would you ever whist with yur Gubulululations, Mister Gubu, ya big eejit ya!

Mister Gubu - Ooh! Ooh! Careful now! Don't have me to do ya in now, Missus Gubu!

Missus Gubu - It isn't me ya should be doin' in, Mister Gubu, it's another fellow altogether.

Mister Gubu - Green shite, m'dam, I don't understand a word yur saying.

Missus Gubu - Wha' then, Mister Gubu, is it contented with yurself y'are?

Mister Gubu - Shite, m'dam, of course I'm contented. And shite so I should be: captain of the cavalry, privy counsel to the good King Eamonn, decorated with the order of the Green Shamrock of Gobshiteland and ex-King of Rockall, what more could I want?

Missus Gubu - Wha'! After havin' been his highness King of Rockall, yur contented leadin' fifty lowly lacklustrin' lackeys with cabbage-cutters in the Grand Parade, when ya could have the crown of Gobshiteland sittin' on yur noodle to follow the Rockall one?

Mister Gubu - Missus Gubu, believe me, I don't understand a word yur saying.

Missus Gubu - Ya big feekin' eejit ya! D'ya understand nothin'?

Mister Gubu - Shite, sausage, good King Eamonn is well alive, isn't he; and even if he was dead, doesn't he have loads of children?

Missus Gubu - And what's to stop ya massacreein' the whole feekin' lot of dem and puttin' yurself in their place?

Mister Gubu - Ooh! Ooh! Missus Gubu, ooh, ooh, y've hurt me now, so ya have! If yur not more careful with yur insinutations, I'll cook yur goose for ya, so I will!

Missus Gubu - If ya do cook me goose for me, ya jolly Green Giant ya, who'll sew the arse of yur trousers for ya, tell me that?

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh! I like that for cheek! And what of it, sausage? Isn't the cheek of my arse as good as the best of dem?

Missus Gubu - In your place, sausage, I'd want to sit that cheek and that arse on a throne as good as the best of dem. Ya could have all the riches in the world, eat all the sausages ya wanted and drive in a carriage through the streets.

Mister Gubu - If I was King, I'd have them build me a big green

hat with big wide brims, so I would, like the one I had on feckin' Rockall, that dem English feckers stole off me, the feckers!

Missus Gubu - Ya could get them to make ya a big fancy green umbrella, so ya could, and a big fine feckin' green jacket down to the feckin' green of yur feckin' heels, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - Ah, shite, I can't resist the temptation of it at all, so I can't. If ever I meet King Eamonn on a dark corner, I'll massacree the feckin' life out of him, so I will.

Missus Gubu - Ah, good on ya, Mister Gubu, that's real man talk at last.

Mister Gubu - Ah, no, no, sausage, I can't do it! Me, Captain of the cavalry, massacree the King of Gobshiteland! I'd rather die!

Missus Gubu, aside - Ah, shite! (*Aloud*) So then, Mister Gubu, ya'd prefer to remain a beggarly rat the rest of yur life, would ya?

Mister Gubu - Methinks, cheeky sausage, I'd rather be a fine, thin beggarly good rat than a rich bad devil of a fat cat.

Missus Gubu - And what of yur big green hat with the big green brims? And the big fancy green umbrella? And the fine green jacket?

Mister Gubu - That's all very fine! But what comes after, Missus Gubu, tell me? What comes after?

(He leaves slamming the door.)

Missus Gubu, alone. - Green shite, he's hard to soften, but shite and double-shite, I think I shook him all the same. If God wants

and meself of course, maybe in a week from now I'll be the Queen of Gobshiteland.

Scene Two:

A room in Gubu's house where a splendid dinner-table has been set. Mister Gubu and Missus Gubu.

Missus Gubu - Our guests are late comin', Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - What's keepin' dem? I'm feckin' famished, so I am! Missus Gubu, if ya don't mind me sayin', yur as ugly as shite today, so y'are! Is it because we've guests comin'?

Missus Gubu, *shrugging her shoulders.* - Ah, shite!

Mister Gubu, *grabbing a roast chicken.* - I'm as hungry as shite, so I am! I'm going to have a bit of this feckin' bird. I think it's a chicken. Umm, not bad at all.

Missus Gubu - What are ya at, ya gobshite? What will the guests eat?

Mister Gubu - Sure, there's plenty left. I'm not touchin' another thing. Look out the window there now, Missus Gubu, and see if anyone's comin'.

Missus Gubu, *going to the window.* - I can see nobody. (*Meanwhile, Mister Gubu, steals a slice of veal.*)

Missus Gubu - Ah! Here's Captain Muckface and his men. Wha' are ya eatin', Mister Gubu?

Mister Gubu - Nothin'. Nothin' at all. A little veal.

Missus Gubu - Ah, no! The veal! The veal! Not the veal! He's eaten the feckin' veal! Oh, sweet Jeesus, help me! (*she grabs the meat*).

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, sweet Jeesus, shite, sausage! I'll have yur guts for garters... so I will! I'll pull the feckin' eyeballs out of yur head! Ooh, ooh, I'll feckin' kneecap ya, ya bad bitch ya!

(*The door opens. Muckface and his men enter.*)

Scene Three:

Missus Gubu - Ah, good day, gintlemens. We were just getting' ready for yis. Sit yurselves down, won't yis.

Captain Muckface - Good day, Madame. But where's Mister Gubu?

Mister Gubu - Here I am! Here I am! Can ya not see me! Am I not big enough for ya?

Captain Muckface - Of course you are... Good day, Mister Gubu. Sit yourselves down, men.

(*All sit.*)

Mister Gubu, sitting down - Ouf, any bigger and I'd break the feckin' chair!

Captain Muckface - Well then, Missus Gubu, what have you good for us to eat?

Missus Gubu - Here's the menu.

Mister Gubu - Oh, I want to hear this.

Missus Gubu - Mullagatawme soue, pork riblets, veal coutelets,

chicken fillets, sausages of course, pate de la merde, turkey thighs, charlotte ruse...

Mister Gubu - D'ya think ya've enough there for dem? Ya wouldn't have anythin' else to be givin' away?

Missus Gubu, *continuing*. - Puddin' salade, fruit dessert, puree artichoke, cucumber a la shite.

Mister Gubu - Is it the King of England ya take me for, spendin' all me money on feckin' vegetables!

Missus Gubu - Don't listen to him. He's only a gobshite!

Mister Gubu - Ah, Jeesus shite! I'll ate the feckin' legs off ya, so I will!

Missus Gubu - Ate away now, Mister Gubu. Here's some soupe for ya.

Mister Gubu - Jeeaysus, it's rotten!

Captain Muckface - Indeed, it's far from good.

Missus Gubu - Ya pack of beggars, is it not good enough for yis, wha' d'yis want?

Mister Gubu, *slapping his forehead*. - I've an idea! I'll be right back.

Missus Gubu - Now, gintlemins, let's have some veal.

Captain Muckface - It's very good I see, there now, I'm finished!

Missus Gubu - Have now some nice thighs.

Captain Muckface - Delicious! Delicious! Long live Missus Gubu

All - Long live Missus Gubu! Long live Missus Gubu's thighs!

Mister Gubu, *coming back in*. - Soon yis'll be shoutin' long live Mister Gubu and long live shite! (*He's holding a hand-shovel*

filled with filth that he throws on to the table.)

Missus Gubu - Ya feckin' eejit, wha' are ya at?

Mister Gubu - Taste it!

(Several taste it and fall down dead, poisoned.)

Mister Gubu - Missus Gubu, pass me the sausages, I'll do the servin'.

Missus Gubu - Here they are.

Mister Gubu - Out, the lot of yis! Captain Muckface, I want to talk with ya.

The Others - Wha'? But we haven't eaten, Gubu!

Mister Gubu - Wha's that, yis haven't eaten! Get out the feckin' lot of yis, I say, d'ya hear! You stay, Muckface. *(Nobody moves.)*

Mister Gubu - Are yis still there? Shite, I'm goin' to throw the feckin' sausages at yis! *(He starts throwing them.)*

All - Oh! Ah! Help! Heaven protect us! Horror! We're killed!

Mister Gubu - Out! I'll have my way!

All - Run! Rotten Mister Gubu! Traitor, beggar, gangster, bastard, rat!

Mister Gubu - Ah, they're gone at last! I can relax now, but I've eaten badly, so I have. I can feel me indigestion. But to business. Come here, Muckface.

Scene Four:

Mister Gubu - Well then, Captain, did ya not eat well?

Captain Muckface - Very well, sir, apart from the shite!

Mister Gubu - Wha'? Sure wasn't it lovely shite!

Missus Gubu - To each his own, sir.

Mister Gubu - Captain Muckface, I've decided to make ya the Duck of Roscommon.

Captain Muckface. - The Duck... the Duke, you mean... of Roscommon. How can you do that, Mister Gubu?

Mister Gubu - In a few days time, it's me who'll be rulin' Gobshiteland.

Captain Muckface - Is it going to kill Eamonn, y'are?

Mister Gubu, *aside* - He's no eejit. He's guessed it.

Captain Muckface - If it's going to kill Eamonn y'are, count me in. I'm his sworn enemy and can promise you my men.

Mister Gubu, *throwing himself on him to embrace him.* - Oh, I do love ya, Muckface, yur feckin' great so y'are!

Captain Muckface - Jesus, you stink blue murder, Mister Gubu! Do you never take a wash?

Mister Gubu - Sometimes. Sometimes.

Missus Gubu - Never! Ever!

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh! I'll break yur feckin' arms for ya, Missus Gubu now, so I will!

Missus Gubu - Ya big fat shite, ya!

Mister Gubu - Off then, Muckface, there's no more I want with ya. But, I swear by Missus Gubu, I'll be makin' ya Duck of Roscommon very soon.

Missus Gubu - B'.. but...

Mister Gubu - Silence, sweet sausage... (*They leave.*)

Scene Five:

Mister Gubu, Missus Gubu, a messenger.

Mister Gubu - You there sir, what the feck d'ya want? Get the feck out, I say, sir, yur makin' me tired lookin' at ya.

Messenger - Sir, the King commands your presence. (*He leaves.*)

Mister Gubu - Ooh, shite! I'm stumbled on to, it's fecking-debrained I'll be! Jeesus, Money, and shite! Feck it!

Missus Gubu, aside - What a weak gobshite he is! As if we'd time for this shite!

Mister Gubu - Ah, I've an idea: I'll say it was all Missus Gubu and Muckface's doing.

Missus Gubu - Ah, ya big feekin' stinker... if ya stoop to that...

Mister Gubu - Wha' then? For that's exactly what I'm goin' to do. (*He leaves.*)

Missus Gubu, running after him. - Ooh, Mister Gubu, Mister Gubu, come back, please, don't go, I'll cook ya sausages, so I will. Nice big green ones! (*She leaves.*)

Mister Gubu, in the wings. - Ah, shite on you and yur sausages! Yur a fine-lookin' sausage, so y'are are!

Scene Six:

The King's palace. King Eamonn, with his officers, Muckface, the Princes Dermot, Desmond and Biggerly. Gubu enters.

Mister Gubu, entering. - But, ya know, King, I can explain

everythin', it wasn't me at all, it was Missus Gubu and Muckface.

King - What's wrong with you, Mister Gubu?

Muckface - He's had too much to drink by the looks of it.

King - Like me, this morning.

Mister Gubu - Yes, I'm soozzled, but not from drinkin', ooohh
no...

King - Mister Gubu, I intend rewarding your numerous services
rendered as captain of the cavalry, and so today I make you Count
Nenagh.

Mister Gubu - Oh good King Eamonn, I don't know how to thank ya.

King - Don't thank me, Mister Gubu, be present tomorrow at my
Great Parade is all I ask.

Mister Gubu - I'll be there, but accept, your grace, this tiny
tin whistle as token of my holiest estimations.

(He presents the King with a tin whistle.)

King - What do you want me to do, at my age, with a tin whistle,
Gubu? I'll give it to the young prince Biggerly.

Young Biggerly, *aside to the others* - Is he an eejit, this Mister
Gubu fellow?

Mister Gubu - And now, I'm getting the feck out of here. *(He
falls as he turns around.)* Ah, Jeesus! Help me! Ooh, ooh! Shite,
me feckin arse is broke!

King, *lifting him*. - Mister Gubu, are you hurt?

Mister Gubu - I am indeed, yur higness, and I'll surely croak, so
I will. What will become of Missus Gubu?

King - Don't worry. We shall provide for her keep.

Mister Gubu - Yur a right good man when all's said and done, yur Grace, a right good man. (*He leaves.*) Yes, but that won't stop ya gettin' feckin' massacred!

Scene Seven:

Gubu's house. The courtiers, Gobwart, Boil, Poultrice, Mister Gubu, Missus Gubu, attendants and soldiers, Captain Muckface.

Mister Gubu - Well then! Friends, it's time to round off our conspiracy plan. Each one give his opinion, I'll give mine first.

Captain Muckface - Speak up, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - Well then! Lads, I think we should poison the King by feckin' arsenic into his supper. When he starts to eat it, he'll drop dead, then I'll be King.

All - Shame on ya! Yur a feckin' swine, so y'are!

Mister Gubu - Wha'? Yis don't like me plan? Then, let Muckface speak.

Captain Muckface - Well then, friends, my opinion is we should run him through with a big fecking sword that'll split him from crown to navel.

All - Oh yes, brilliant! Noble and gallant plan!

Mister Gubu - And what if he kicks yis? Remember he has big feckin' shoes he wears for dem parades and a kick from dem in the wrong spot could blind yis, so it could! Shite, if I knew yis were goin' to be like this, I'd have denounced the lot of yis to get myself out of the treacherous business, and I bet ther'd have been a pack of Money in it for me too if I did denounce yis!

Missus Gubu - Oh, traitor, coward, villain, feckin' beggar, rat.

All - Shame on him, that Mister Gubu! Boo! Hiss!

Mister Gubu - Heh, hold on! Gentlemen, quiet down now why don't yis, if yis don't want to be visitin' me dungeons. All right, I accept to risk meself for yis if Muckface, you'll undertake to split the King.

Captain Muckface - Would it not be better if we all threw ourselves shouting and roaring on him at the one time? That way we could draw in the troops with us.

Mister Gubu - Agreed, then. I'll stamp on his feet, he'll demonstrate and then I'll say this to him: GOBSHITE! and at that signal, remember GOBSHITE! all of yis throw yurselves on him.

Missus Gubu, wheedling - And as soon as he's dead, Gubu, y'll have his crown all for yurself.

Captain Muckface - And I'll kill the rest of the royal family with my men.

Mister Gubu - Do that, and I'd advise ya while yur at yur killin' to pay special attention to that young Biggerly fellah.

(They leave.)

Mister Gubu, running after them. - Gentlemen, we've forgotten the most reprehensible part of the ceremony. We must all swear like good Gobshites to bravely fight to the last hour of sacrifice.

Captain Muckface - How can we swear? There's no priest here.

Mister Gubu - Missus Gubu here will be the priest.

All - O.k., then, so be it!

Missus Gubu, dressed as a priest - Right then, do yis all swear to

massacree the King?

All - Yes, yes, of course, we swear it. The King is dead! Long live King Gubu!

Act Two

Scene One:

The King's Palace. Eamonn, Queen Rose, Dermot, Desmond and Biggerly.

King - Mister Biggerly, this morning you were very cheeky with Mister Gubu, a knight of my own order, and Count of Nenagh. Because of this I forbid you from appearing at the parade.

Queen - But, Eamonn, if you do this, you will have too few of your sons there to protect you.

King - Madame, I never renounce on what I've pronounced.

Biggerly - I accept your pronouncement, father sir.

Queen - Well then, Sire, does this mean that you are still determined to go to the parade?

King - And why not, madame?

Queen - But, I've already told you why! Remember my dream! Did I not see him massacreeing you and throwing your body in the Liffey and then a Shamrock like the one on the arms of Gobshiteland placing the crown on his head?

King - On who's head?

Queen - Mister Gubu's!

King - What madness, woman! Mister Gubu is a fine gentleman who'd have himself hung, drawn and quartered to do me service!

Queen and Biggerly - No! No! You're mistaken, Sire!

King - Quiet, you little shite! And you, Madame, to show you how much I fear Mister Gubu, I'm going to go to the parade unarmed. I won't even take my sword.

Queen - Sire, Eamonn, I'll never see you alive again.

King - Come, Dermot, come, Desmond.

(They leave. The Queen and Biggerly go to the window.)

Queen and Biggerly - May God and Saint Bernard protect you!

Queen - Biggerly, come to the chapel with me to pray for your father and brothers.

Scene Two:

The parade ground. The Gobshite army, the King, Dermot, Desmond, Mister Gubu, in full Gobshite regalia with a huge green shamrock with inset gold spiral on his coat, Captain Muckface and his men, Gobwart, Boil and Poultrice.

King - Noble Mister Gubu, come close to me here with your company to inspect the troops.

Mister Gubu, *to his men.* - Watch it now, the rest of yis. (*To the king.*) We're on our way, sir, we're on our way. (*Gubu's men surround the King.*)

King - Ah, here's the Guards' regiment! Aren't they lovely?

Mister Gubu - Do ya think so? I think they're pathetic! Look at that one. (*To soldier.*) When did ya last wash yur face, ya dirty little shite ya?

King - But that soldier is perfectly clean. What's wrong with you, Mister Gubu?

Mister Gubu - This! (*He stamps on the King's foot.*)

King - Bastard!

Mister Gubu - Gobhite! C'mon, men!

Muckface - Hurray! Let's go!

(*They all strike the King.*)

King - Ahh! Help me! Holy Mother of Jaysus! I'm killed!

Dermot, *to Desmond.* - Let's get out of here.

Mister Gubu - Ah! I've the crown! It's mine! Now, after the others.

Captain Muckface - After the traitors! (*The Princes flee, everyone after them.*)

Scene Three:

Queen Rose and Biggerly

Queen - At last, I'm beginning to feel calm.

Biggerly - You have nothing to worry about, mother.

(*A dreadful noise is heard outside.*)

Buggerly - Ah! What's happening? My two brothers chased by Mister Gubu and his men.

Queen - O God! Holy Mary, Mother of Jaysus, they're losing ground!

Buggerly - The whole army is behind Mister Gubu. The King's not there. Oh, Jaysus! Help!

Queen - There, they've killed Dermot! They've cut him in two!

Buggerly - Heh! (*Desmond turns back.*) Fight! Hurray, Desmond!

Queen - Oh, he's surrounded!

Buggerly - He's done for. Muckface cut him in two like a sausage.

Queen - Oh, misfortune! Those madmen are in the palace, they're climbing the stairs.

(The noise gets louder.)

Queen and Buggerly, kneeling - Dear God, protect us.

Buggerly - Oh, that Mister Gubu! The cunning devil, if only I had him here, the rat...

Scene Four:

The same. The door is broken down. Mister Gubu and his Gobshites rush in.

Mister Gubu - Right then, Buggerly, if only ya had me, what would ya do?

Buggerly - Good God! I'll protect my mother to the death, so I will! The first to move is dead.

Mister Gubu, cowardly - Oh, Muckface, I'm so afraid! Let me leave, please.

A Soldier, *advancing*. - Give yourself up, Biggerly!

Young Biggerly - There you are, villain! That'll teach ya! (*He splits his head.*)

Queen - Stand firm, Biggerly, stand firm!

Several, *advancing* - Biggerly, we promise you, you won't be hurt.

Biggerly - Bandits, scumbags, paid swine! (*He swirls his sword around killing lots of them.*)

Mister Gubu - Oh, I'll get ya all the same!

Biggerly - Mother, get out by the secret staircase.

Queen - What about you, my son?

Biggerly - I'll follow you.

Mister Gubu - Try to catch the Queen. Ah, there she's gone. As for you, ya little fecker... (*He advances towards Biggerly.*)

Biggerly - Ah, good God! Here's my revenge! (*He cuts Gubu's arm with a terrible sword thrust.*) Mother, I'm coming! (*He leaves by the secret staircase.*)

Scene Five:

A cave in the hills. Snow. Young Biggerly enters, followed by Queen Rose.

Biggerly - We'll be safe here.

Queen - Yes, I think so! Biggerly, hold me! (*She falls in the snow.*)

Biggerly - What's wrong, mother?

Queen - Biggerly, believe me, I'm very sick. I've only one or two minutes left to live.

Buggerly - What is it? Is it the cold?

Queen - How do you expect me to stand up to so many shocks? The King killed, our family destroyed, and you, a member of the most noble race that ever bore arms forced to flee to the mountains like a common thief.

Buggerly - And look who's responsible! That awful Mister Gubu, a gold-digger from God knows where, the vile toad, the rogue! And when I think my father had only just decorated him and made him a Count and the very next day the shameless villain killed him.

Queen - Oh, Buggerly, when I think how happy we were before Mister Gubu came along! But now, sadly, everything's changed.

Buggerly - What can we do? Let's wait with hope and never give up until we get our title back!

Queen - I wish you well of it, my dear child, but I will never see that happy day.

Buggerly - What? What's wrong with you? She's getting pale, she's going. Help! But I'm in a wilderness, no one can hear me! Oh, my God! Her heart has stopped. She's dead! Is it possible? Another of Mister Gubu's victims. *(He covers his face with his hands and cries.)* Oh, my God! Isn't it sad to be only fourteen and have a terrible revenge to carry out! *(He collapses in dreadful despair.)*

(During this time, the souls of Eamonn, of Dermot, Desmond and Queen Rose enter the cave, accompanied by their Ancestors, filling the cave. The oldest one approaches Buggerly and wakes him gently.)

Buggerly - Eh! What's happening? My entire family, my ancestors... What miracle's done this?

The Shade - Know, Buggerly, that I was in my life the good Lord Ben of Ballygobspittle, the first King and founder of our house. I charge you with the duty of our revenge. (*He gives him a large sword.*) This sword I give you will know not know peace until it has split the usurper Gubu in two.

(*They vanish. Buggerly remains alone, in a pose of saintly ecstasy.*)

Scene Six:

The King's palace. Mister Gubu, dressed as King, wearing gold crown, and long green cloak with gold spiral, arm in sling, Missus Gubu, Captain Muckface.

Mister Gubu - No, I don't feckin' want to! Do yis want me feckin' ruined for dem feckin' gobshites?

Captain Muckface - But look, Mister Gubu, can't you see that the people are awaiting the distribution of largesse to celebrate your accession to the throne?

Missus Gubu - If ya don't give them meat and gold y'll be overthrown in a matter of hours.

Mister Gubu - Meat, yes! Gold, no! Slaughter three old nags can't yis, that's good enough for swine like dem.

Missus Gubu - Swine, yurself! Who made me this stupid creature, for the love of...?

Mister Gubu - Look, one more time I'm tellin' yis, I want to get

rich, and I'm not spending a penny and that's that.

Missus Gubu - But, sausage, when ya have all the riches of Gobshiteland in yur possession!...

Captain Muckface - That's right, I know there's an immense treasure hidden in the chapel. We'll find it and distribute largesse to the people.

Mister Gubu - Ya feckin' bollix, how dare ya say a thing like that!

Captain Muckface - But Mister Gubu, if you don't distribute largesse, the people won't pay their taxes.

Mister Gubu - Is that true?

Missus Gubu - Yes, yes it is true!

Mister Gubu - All right, then, I agree to everything. Collect three million punts, roast five hundred cows and sheep, sure I'll have some meself!

Scene Seven:

The Palace courtyard full of people. Mister Gubu with his crown, Missus Gubu, Captain Muckface, a servant, carrying meat.

People, all dressed in Irish soccer jerseys - There's the King!
Long live the King! Hurray!

Mister Gubu, *throwing gold* - There now, that's for yis all. Don't think it amuses me to give yis money though, it's Missus Gubu's idea. At least, promise me ye'll pay yur taxes!

All - Yes, yes, we will! Of course we will! Hee! Hee!

Captain Muckface - Look, Missus Gubu, they're fighting over the gold. What a battle!

Missus Ubu - Holy God, it's terrible. Bwahh! There's one with his head split wide feckin' open.

Mister Gubu - What a fine spectacle! Bring me more caskets of gold.

Captain Muckface - What if we held a race...

Mister Gubu - Now, there's an idea. My friends, do yis see this casket full of money, there are three hundred thousand punts in gold in it, and it's all genuine, real sterling quality Gobshite money. Now, go to the end of the courtyard if yis want to race for it. When I shake me handkerchief yis can start and the first to the line will have the casket. As for dem who win nothin', they will have this other casket as a consolation prize to be divided between dem.

All - Yes! Long live Mister Gubu! What a good King! We never had it this good in Eamonn's time!

Mister Gubu, *to Missus Gubu, joyfully* - Listen to them! They love me! They loove MEE! *(All the people line up at the end of the courtyard.)*

Mister Gubu - One, two, three! Are yis ready?

All - Yes, yes!

Mister Gubu - Go! *(They start off, knocking into one another. Shouts and confusion.)*

Captain Muckface - They're coming! They're coming!

Mister Gubu - Hah! The first one's losin' ground.

Missus Gubu - No, he's comin' back now.

Captain Muckface - Oh! He's losing, he's losing! Over! The other fellow has it! (*The one who was second comes first.*)

All - Long live Paddy Power! Long live Paddy Power!

Paddy Power - Sire, I really don't know how to thank your Majesty...

Mister Gubu - Oh, my dear friend, it's nothing. Take the casket home with ya, Paddy; and the rest of yis divide up this other one, take a coin, the each of yis, until it's all gone.

All - Long live Paddy Power! Long live Mister Gubu!

Mister Gubu - And all of yis, me good friends, come and eat with me! Today, the doors of me palace are open to yis all, do me the honour of eatin' at me table! But yis won't forget to pay yur taxes now, will yis?

The People - Go in! Go in! Long live Mister Gubu! He's the noblest of Kings! Of course, we'll pay our taxes!!! Hee! Hee!
(*They enter the palace. An orgy of celebration can be heard.*)

Act Three

Scene One:

The palace. Mister Gubu. Missus Gubu.

Mister Gubu - Shite, sausage, here I am King of this fine country, I've already fecked meself a fine indigestion and me big-brimmed green hat is on its way.

Missus Gubu - What's it made of, Mister Gubu? For ya know, it's

no use us bein' rich, if we're not frugal.

Mister Gubu - M'dam, missus sausage mine, it's rabbitskin with a dogskin strap and a fastener.

Missus Gubu - Oh, it must be lovely, but it's even lovelier to be King, isn't that so?

Mister Gubu - Indeed it is, so right y'are, Missus Gubu.

Missus Gubu - We owe a lot I think to the Duck of Roscommon.

Mister Gubu - Who's he then, when he's at home?

Missus Gubu - Eh! Captain Muckface, of course.

Mister Gubu - Please, Missus Gubu, don't talk to me about that big eejit. Now that I don't need him any longer, he can go eat shite, he'll be no Duck.

Missus Gubu - Yur very wrong, Mister Gubu, y'll turn him against ya.

Mister Gubu - Ooh, I'm worried about him all right, the big wee fellah. I'm nearly as worried about him as I am about that young Biggerly.

Missus Gubu - Wha'? D'ya think yur done with Biggerly then?

Mister Ubu - By Holy Saint Jeesus of Money, of course I do! What do ya think he can do to me, a little fourteen year old kid the likes of him?

Missus Gubu - Mister Gubu, listen to me now. Believe me, it would be better to try to attach Biggerly to ya by yur generosity.

Mister Gubu - Is it givin' away more money ya want me, is that it? Ah no, no way! Y've already made me waste twenty-two million good Irish punts.

Missus Gubu - Do what ya like, Mister Gubu, but I'm tellin' ya, Biggerly'll cook your goose for ya if yur not careful.

Mister Gubu - Well if he does, won't you be along with me in the sauce!

Missus Gubu - Listen to me now again, will ya. I'm sure young Biggerly will win out in the end because doesn't he have the good title to be King?

Mister Gubu - Oh, ya bad bitch ya! Sure isn't the bad title as good as the good one? Ooh, ooh, y've hurt me again now, Missus Gubu, so ya have with more of yur insinutations! I'm goin' to tear feckin' stripes off ya now in a minute! I'm goin' to break yur feckin' arms with hurleys! I'm goin' to hammer nine-inch nails into yur eyeballs, so I feckin' am! I'll feckin' deebrain ya!

(Missus Gubu escapes chased by Gubu.)

Scene Two:

The Palace main hall. Mister Gubu, Missus Gubu, officers and soldiers; Gobwart, Boil and Poultrice, Nobles in chains, financiers, judges, clerks.

Mister Gubu - Bring me the Nobles' casket and the Nobles' hook and the Nobles' knife and the Nobles' book. After that, bring me the Nobles themselves.

(The Nobles are pushed forward roughly.)

Missus Gubu - Please, go easy, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - I've the honour of announcing to yis all that in

order to enrich this kingdom I'm going to have all the Nobles massacred and their possessions possessed!

Nobles - Good God, no! Help us, soldiers, people!

Mister Gubu - Bring me the first Noble and give me the Nobles' hook. The ones condemned to death will go into the trapdoor here, from whence they'll descend into the cellars of the deebrainin'-room, where they'll have their brains pulled out through their toes. (*To a Noble.*) What are ya, ya gobshite?

Noble - Count Kinsealy, my liege.

Mister Gubu - How much money have ya?

Noble - Three million punts to my name.

Mister Gubu - Condemned!

(He takes him with the hook and puts him struggling into the hole.)

Missus Gubu - What a low dishonest fecker!

Mister Gubu - Second Noble, what are ya? (*The noble doesn't answer.*) Will ya answer, gobshite?

Noble - I am the Grand Duke of the Skelligs.

Mister Gubu - Good! Oh, good! I won't ask any more. Into the hole. Third Noble, what are ya? Ya dirty-faced eejit!

Noble - The Duke of Mayo, Meath and Roscommon, Sire.

Mister Gubu - Very good! Very good! But is that all y'are?

Noble - That's all.

Mister Gubu - Into the hole, then. Fourth Noble, what are ya?

Noble - Prince of Thurles, Sire.

Mister Gubu - How much money have ya?

Noble - I'm bankrupt.

Mister Gubu - For using that bad word, into the hole with ya.

Fifth Noble, what are ya?

Noble - Marquess of Limerick and Palatine of Pillock.

Mister Gubu - That's not much, ya bollix! Are ya nothin' else?

Noble - It's enough for me.

Mister Gubu - Ah, well, better anythin' at all than nothin'. Into the hole with ya. What are ya whingeing about, Missus Gubu?

Missus Gubu - Y're too hard, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - Wha'? I'm making meself rich, amn't I? Now, I'm going to have ME list of ME possessions read. Clerk, read me ME list of ME possessions.

Clerk - Count of Kinsealy.

Mister Gubu - Start with the principalities, ya big gobshite!

Clerk - The principality of Thurles, Grand Duchy of the Skelligs, Duke of Mayo, Meath and Roscommon, County of Kinsealy, Palatinate of Pillock, Marquessate of Limerick.

Mister Gubu - What else?

Clerk - That's all.

Mister Gubu - Wha'? That's all? Oh well, then, just bring me more Nobles, and as I'll never be done makin' meself rich, I'll kill the feckin' lot of them and possess all their possessions. Go on, put the Nobles into the hole. (*The Nobles are pushed into the hole.*) Hurry it up, quicker, I want to make some laws.

Several Voices - We'll see about that!

Several Judges - We are opposed to any change in the laws.

Mister Gubu - Shite, sausage judge! I'm King! I can do what I like... To begin with, the Judges are no longer to be paid.

Judges - What will we live on? We're already poor!

Mister Gubu - Y'll have all the fines yis give, and the possessions of anyone yis sentence to hangin'.

A Judge - How awful!

Second - Scandalous!

Third - Shame on you!

All - We refuse to judge under such conditions.

Mister Gubu - Into the hole with the Judges. (*They struggle in vain.*)

Missus Gubu - Wha'? What are ya at', Mister Gubu. Who's goin' to administer justice?

Mister Gubu - I will! You'll see I've a talent for it.

Missus Gubu - I can already see, good and clean and proper by the looks of it.

Mister Gubu - Shut yur cheeky gob, sausage! Now, sirs, let's proceed to our feenances.

Financiers - There's nothing that needs changing.

Mister Gubu - Well, I want to change everythin', so I do. To begin with, I want to keep half the taxes for meself.

Financiers- What a neck!

Mister Gubu - Gentlemen, we'll put an eighty per cent tax on property, another on business and industry, and a third on weddings and a fourth on deaths, we'll charge everyone a hundred and fifty punts for dying. The Nation must be upheld!

Missus Gubu, *aside* - I think he means held-up!

First Financier - But it makes no sense, Mister Gubu.

Second Financier - It's absurd.

Third Financier - It has neither rhyme nor reason.

Mister Gubu - I'll give yis rhyme and reason! Into the hole with dem! (*The Financiers are piled into the hole.*)

Missus Gubu - But, Mister Gubu, what sort of King are ya? Y're massacreein' everyfeckin'body!

Mister Gubu - Shite, and silence, I say!

Missus Gubu - No more justice, no more feenance.

Mister Gubu - Don't worry about a thing, sausage, I'll go meself from village to village collectin' me taxes, so I will.

Scene Three:

A farmhouse. Several farmers.

A Farmer - Wait till yis hear the big news. The King is murdered, and the Princes too, and young Biggerly has run off into the mountains with his mother. What's more, that Mister Gubu has seized the throne.

Another - And I have more bad news for yis. I've just come from Dublin where I saw the bodies of more than three hundred nobles and five hundred magistrates that were killed, and it's said that the taxes'll be doubled and Mister Gubu himself is coming to collect them.

All - Holy Mother of God! What'll happen to us? That Mister Gubu is a terrible swine and his family, it's said, is an abomination.

A Farmer - But, ssshhh, listen: did yis not hear a knock at the door?

A Voice, outside - Green Shite and double-green shite! Open up, or by Saint Shite Money and Saint Bernard Money, I'll open yis! Open up, by Jeesus Money, by Christ Money, by God Money, I've come for me tax! (*The door is broken in, Gubu enters, in cowboy outfit, gold spiral on cowboy hat and waistcoat, followed by a legion of tax collectors, all with gold spiral insignia.*)

Scene Four:

Mister Gubu - Which one of yis is the oldest of yis? (*A farmer steps forward.*) What's yur name?

Farmer - Paddy Murphy, Sire.

Mister Gubu - All right, gobshite, listen to me now, or else these fellows will cut yur feckin' ears off. Jeesus, Money, are ya going to listen to me or not?

Murphy - But your Excellency hasn't said anything yet.

Mister Gubu - Wha'? amn't I talkin' for the past hour sure. D'ya think I've come here to preach in the wilderness, d'ya?

Murphy - Nothing could be further from my speculations, Sire.

Mister Gubu - Well then! I've come to tell ya, order ya and signify to ya that ya shall produce and exhibit promptly yur Money, and if ya don't yis'll all be massacred. Right then, gintlemins tax collectors, direct in here me Money cart. (*The Money cart is brought in.*)

Murphy - Sire, we're down in the register for only fifty-two

punts that we've already paid at the beginning of the month the lot of us.

Mister Gubu - That may be, but I've changed the government so I have and I've had it put in the papers that all yur taxes are to be paid twice and any ones I designate later will be paid three times or more. With this system, I'll be rich quick, then I'll kill everyone and feck off out of here!

Farmers - Mister Gubu, please, have pity on us, we're only poor farmers.

Mister Gubu - I don't give a feck! Pay up!

Farmers - We can't, we've already paid.

Mister Gubu - Pay up! Or I'll put yis in me dungeeon and have yis tortured! I'll have yur necks separated from yur feckin' shoulders for yis and yur brains withdrawn via yur elbows! How would ya like that, d'ya think? Now hand over yur taxes! Green shite, I'm only the King, amn't I?

All - So that's the way it is! To arms! Long live Biggerly, by the grace of God, King of Gobshiteland!

Mister Gubu - Get to work, Moneymen, do yur duty. (*A struggle ensues, the house is destroyed and old Paddy Murphy flees alone into the countryside. Gubu stays to collect the money.*)

Scene Five:

A cell in Gubu's fort. Muckface, in chains, Mister Gubu, dressed as Jarry intended, as Ubu Roi, peaked hat with gold spiral, green umbrella at hand, massive gold spiral on his enormous belly.

Mister Gubu, *removing hat* - Ah, Muckface, there y'are, ya wanted me to pay ya what I owed ya, and ya rebelled because I didn't want to, ya plotted and now look at ya, rightly decommissioned! Green shite, sausage, it's a grand job, King, so it is!

Muckface - Take care, Mister Gubu. In the five days you've been King you've already committed enough murders to damn all the saints in Heaven. The blood of the King and the Nobles cries out for vengeance and those cries will be heard.

Mister Gubu - Friend, that's a loose tongue ya have on ya. No doubt if ya escaped it'd cause me one or two implications, but I don't think these good walls have ever let any of the honest fellows consented to their care out of it. And so, goodnight, I recommend you to sleep as tight-ly as you can, the feckin' rats here do be havin' ceilis after dark.

(He puts back on the peaked hat and leaves, opening umbrella to reveal gold spiral. The gaolers lock the doors.)

Scene Six:

A Castle in Macedonia.

King Garret and his court. Muckface in tatters.

King - Was it not you, vile begger, who plotted in the death of our dear cousin, Eamonn?

Muckface - Forgive me, King Garret sire, I was embroiled despite myself by Mister Gubu.

King -Oh, dreadful liar! What do you want?

Muckface - Mister Gubu had me imprisoned for plotting, I managed

to escape and rode for five days and nights over the hills and valleys of Gobshiteland to come and beg your gracious mercy.

King - What proof can you give of your loyalty?

Muckface - My sword of fortune and a detailed plan of Gubu's fort.

King - I accept the sword, but by Saint Bernard, burn the plan. I won't owe my victory to treachery.

Muckface - One of Eamonn's sons, young Buggery, is still alive. I'll do everything in my power to set him back on the throne.

King - What rank did you hold in the Gobshite army?

Muckface - I commanded the 12th cuirassiers of the 7th Army in the service of Mister Gubu, Sire.

King - Very well, I name you captain of the tenth regiment of my cavalry, but watch out if you betray me! I promise you, if you fight well, you will be rewarded.

Muckface - It's not courage I lack, Sire.

King - Very well. Now, out of my sight.

(He leaves.)

Scene Seven:

Gubu's counsel chamber. Mister Gubu, as pin-striped business man with gold spiral on breast, Missus Gubu, Finance counsellors.

Mister Gubu - Gentlemen, the session is started, try to listen well and hold calm. First, we're going to discuss me feenances, then we'll discuss a little system I've thought up to make the sun shine and stop the rain from fallin'.

A Counsellor - Good, good, Mister Gubu.

Missus Gubu - The big green feckin' gobshite!

Mister Gubu - M'dam shite, watch out, I'm not havin' yur nonsense. I can tell yis, gentlemen, that the feenances are sound. A large number of dogs in suits go out into the streets every mornin' collectin' me money and me sherrifs are doin' great work altogether. Everywhere you look you can see houses burnin' and the people bowin' down under the rule of me taxmen.

Counsellor - And the new taxes, Mister Gubu, are they doing well?

Missus Gubu - Hah! The weddin' tax has only raised eleven punts and Mister Gubu has to make people marry.

Mister Gubu - Good Saint Jeesus of Taxes, missus Moneywoman, haven't I ears to speak and you a mouth to listen! (*Laughter.*) No, that's not what I meant at all! Ya make me make mistakes ya do, it's yur fault I'm stupid! Ya gobshite sausage Missus Gubu ya! (*A messenger enters.*) What the feck does he want, that fellah? Get out, ya stupid little bollix, or I'll have ya deebrained and yur legs broken with hurling sticks with nine-inch nails in!

Missus Gubu - There, he's gone, but he's left a letter.

Mister Gubu - Read it. I think I'm losin' my mind or maybe it's because I can't read. Hurry up, is it from Muckface?

Missus Gubu - It is that. He says the King of Macedonia has received him very well, and he's going to invade Gobshiteland to put Biggerly back on the throne and he says you'll be massacred.

Mister Gubu, cowardly - Ooh! Ooh! I'm afraid! I'm afraid! Ah! I

think I'm goin' to die. Ooh, I'm a poor, unfortunate fellow! What will become of me at all, merciful God! That bad man will kill me, so he will. Saint Bernard Money and all the Saints Money, protect me! I'll burn yis candles and give yis money, so I will.
(*He cries and sobs.*)

Missus Gubu - There's only one way out, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - Which way, sausage?

Missus Gubu - War!

All - Praise the Lord! How noble!

Mister Gubu - Oh, Jeesus, I'll be kicked again!

First Counsellor - Run, run, prepare the army.

Second - Organise provisions.

Third - Prepare the artillery and the forts.

Fourth - Collect money for the troops.

Mister Gubu - Ah, c'mon now, you there! I'll kill ya, ya feckin' bollix ya. I'm not giving a penny, so I'm not! That's a nice turnabout. Wasn't I paid to fight wars before and now I'm expected to pay to have dem fought for me, am I? No, green shite, yis can fight yur war since yis are so mad for it, but yis are not to spend a penny of mine, d'yis hear?

All - Long live War!

Scene Eight:

A camp near Dublin. The Gobshite Army. Mister Gubu dressed in combat fatigues with gold spiral on breast, black beret and sunglasses both with gold spiral. Missus Gubu, leading pantomime

horse.

Soldiers - Long live Gobshiteland! Long live Mister Gubu!

Mister Gubu - Missus Gubu, give me me Money armour and me Money stick. I'll soon be so heavy I won't be able to walk if I'm chased.

Missus Gubu - Bah! Ya big jolly green coward ya!

Mister Gubu - Ah, Jeesus! There's the feckin' Money sword gone and the Moneybag won't stay on!!! I'll never be right, and the Macedonians are comin' and they're goin' to feckin' kill me.

A Soldier - Gubu Sire, the money nose clippers has fallen.

Mister Gubu - I'll kill you, ya fecker, with this money pisspot and shove this feckin' money sword up yur arse, if yur not more careful!

Missus Gubu - Isn't he lovely in his helmet and breastplate all the same? An onion in armour, y'd say he was.

Mister Gubu - Now, I'm gettin' up on me horse. Bring me me Money horse.

Missus Gubu - Mister Gubu, the horse won't be able to carry ya. He's had nothin' to ate for five days, sure he's almost dead, sausage!

Mister Gubu - I like that! I pay two punts a day for that nag and she can't carry me. You're makin' a laugh of me, Gubu gobshite m'dam, or else yur robbin' me blind? (*Missus Gubu goes red and lowers her eyes.*) Well then, bring me another animal, but I'm not walkin', shite, I'm not walkin'!

(The pantomime horse leaves and returns.)

Mister Gubu - I'm gettin' up on him now. Ah Jeesus, steady! I'll fall! (*The horse starts to run.*) Ooh, ooh, stop the fecker! Jeesus, I'll fall and be killed so I will!

Missus Gubu - He really is a gobshite! Ah, there he is up again. No, he's back on the ground.

Mister Gubu - Doctor! I'm nearly dead! But feck it! I'm goin' to war and I'll kill feckin' everybody, so I will! Watch yur step the lot of yis! I'll have yis in me dungeeons with your feckin' noses pulled off and I'll extract yur teeth one by one with me fingers and then I'll bite yur feckin' tongues off, so I will.

Missus Gubu - Good luck to ya, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - I forgot to tell ya, M'dam, yur in charge till I get back. But, remember, I have me Money book with me, y'll be sorry if ya try robbin' me, so ya will! I'm leavin' Gobwart here to help ya. Farewell, Missus Gubu.

Missus Gubu - God preserve ya, Mister Gubu. Don't forget to kill the King of Macedonia. Kill him good now!

Mister Gubu - Sure, I'll kill him. I'll pull his feckin' nose off and extract his feckin' teeth one by one for him, I'll bite his feckin' tongue out of his head and stick sharpened branches through his feckin' eardrums, so I will. I'll feckin' deebrain him so I will!

(The army moves off to a glorious fanfare.)

Missus Gubu, alone - Now that big clown is gone, let's get down to business, kill Buggerly, and get hold of the treasure.

Act Four

Scene One:

The crypt where the ancient Kings of Gobshiteland are buried.

Missus Gubu - Where's the treasure? All the stones sound solid. I've tried all the stones around the tomb of Gobfart the Great over by the wall there and I found nothin'. I must have made a mistake. But there, now: this stone here sounds hollow. To work, Missus Gubu. Be brave, take up this stone. Green Jeesus, it's stuck. I'll just use this key to the Money chamber to lever it up, there, that should do it. There it is! There's the treasure in with the King's bones. I'll put it in me bag here, the whole lot of it! Wha'? What's that noise? Is there anyone left alive in dem vaults, I wonder? No, it's nothin', keep goin'! Take it all! This silver'll be better-off out shinin' in the daylight than shut up in the darkness of some auld prince's tomb. Now, put the stone back. Jeesus, what's that! More noise. Bein' here is makin' me afraid. I'll come back another time for the rest of the treasure, tomorrow.

A Voice, *from a vault* - Never, Missus Gubu! Never!

(Missus Gubu runs away carrying her bag of treasure.)

Scene Two:

In front of the palace. Biggerly and his supporters, the people and soldiers.

Biggerly - Onwards, friends! For Eamonn and Gobshiteland! That lousy fecker, Mister Gubu, is gone, there's only that witch Missus Gubu and Gobwart left. I will lead you and restore my family to the throne.

All - Long live Biggerly!

Biggerly - And I'll abolish all the taxes set by that awful Mister Gubu.

All - Hurray! Onward! Let's run to the castle and kill those swine! No more taxes! Hee! Hee!

Biggerly - Look! There's Missus Gubu on the steps with her guards!

Missus Gubu - What will yee be havin', gintlemins? Ah Jeesus, it's feekin' Biggerly.

(The crowd throw stones.)

First Guard - All the windows are broke.

Second Guard - Shite and Saint Bernard, I'm hit.

Third Guard - Shite, I'm killed.

Biggerly - Throw stones, friends. Kill them! Kill them!

Gobwart - Oh! It's feekin'- well like that then, is it! *(He runs into the crowd, killing lots of them.)*

Biggerly - Come here to me, Gobwart! Defend yourself, if ya can,

you fecking coward ya!

(They fight.)

Gobwart - Ah, I'm killed! I'm dead!

Buggerly - Victory, friends! Now get Missus Gubu!

(Trumpets are heard.)

Buggerly - Here come the Nobles! Run! Catch the bad feckin' bitch! Kill her! Kill her!

All - And we'll strangle her fecking husband too!

(Missus Gubu runs away followed by all the Gobshites. Shots and noise of stones being thrown.)

Scene Three:

Mister Gubu, Boil, Poultrice, the Money horse, the Gobshite army, soldiers dressed in Irish soccer jerseys.

Mister Gubu - Shite, sausage and double-shite! I'll die surely, for I'm dyin' of thirst and I'm shagged altogether. You Boil, have the goodness to bring me me Money casket, and you Poultrice, take the money nose scissors and the money hair brush and help to soothe me for I repeat, I'm shagged to hell, so I am. *(The soldiers do as they're told.)*

Boil - Sir! Isn't it surprising that there are no Macedonians to be seen?

Mister Gubu - It's surprising that the state of me feenances don't allow me to have a carriage big enough to carry me; I was so afraid of breakin' the saddle on me Money horse, that I came the whole way on foot, draggin' the feckin' nag along by the

reins. But when I get back home, I intend, so I do, with the help of modern feesics and illuminated by the brilliance of my seeentific advisors, to have a carriage made that'll ride on the wind, and transport the whole feckin' army in it.

Poultice - Here's Paddy Power running.

Mister Gubu - What's wrong with him, the child?

Power - All's lost, Sire, the Gobshites are revolting! Gobwart's dead and Missus Gubu's fled into the mountains.

Mister Gubu - Ya poor unfortunate gobshite, ya! Where did ya hear that shite! What an idea! And who's behind it? Buggerly, I bet ya. Where have ya come from?

Power - Dublin, noble King.

Mister Gubu - Ya long feckin' streel of shite ya, if I believed a word ya said, I'd turn the whole shaggin' army back. But there's more of this feathery stuff on yur face here than ya have brains in yur head and I dare say ya dreamt all this nonsense. Go to the front, child, the Macedonians aren't far and we'll soon be done for, army, taxes, modern feesics and all.

General Scrapies - Mister Gubu, can you see the Macedonians there in front?

Mister Gubu - Jeesus, General Scrapies, yur right! The Macedonians! I'm in a pretty pickle now. If only there was a way to escape, but we're trapped on a hill, completely exposed to their guns.

The Army - The Macedonians! The Enemy!

Mister Gubu - C'mon now, lads, take your positions for the

battle. We'll stay on the hill and not be so stupid as to go down. I'll stay in the middle like a living citadel and the rest of yis will gravitate around me. I recommend yis to put as many bullets as yis can in your rifles, eight bullets can kill eight Macedonians and that's eight less for me to worry about. We'll leave the infantry down the hill to meet the Macedonians and the cavalry behind them to rush in in the confusion, and we'll put artillery around the windmill there to fire into the lot of them, the feckers. As for me, I'll hold the windmill and shoot through the window with me Money gun, I'll put me big Money stick against the door, and if anyone tries to get in, I'll let them have it with the feckin' money pisspot!

Officers - Your orders will be carried out, Sire Gubu.

General Scrapies - Eleven o'clock, Sire.

Mister Gubu - C'mon, let's eat, the Macedonians won't attack before noon. Tell the soldiers, General Scrapies sir, to attend to their business and to sing the Money hymn.

(Scrapies leaves.)

Soldiers - Long live Mister Gubu, our great Money man! Clink, chink, clink; clink, chink, clink; clink, chink, clink!

Mister Gubu - Ooh, such good Money people, I love the Money lot of yis! *(A Macedonian shell hits the side of the windmill.)*

Jeesus, I'm terrified, holy God, I'm killed! But wait, no, I'm all right.

Scene Four:

The same, a captain and then the Macedonian army

General Scrapies, *entering* - Sire Gubu, the Macedonians are attacking.

Mister Gubu - So? What do ya want me to do? I didn't tell them to. Nonetheless, Money soldiers, prepare for combat.

General Scrapies - A second shell!

Mister Gubu - Ah, Jeesus, feck this for a lark. It's raining lead and iron and I could easily have me Money person damaged in the fray. Down we go! (*They race down. The battle is underway. They disappear into the torrents of smoke at the foot of the hill. Gubu standing above the melee, shouting*). Sacreefice yurselves yee sons of bitches! Yur whore of a cuntry wants yee dead!

A Macedonian (*wearing soccer jersey*) - For God and King!

Paddy Power - Ahh, I'm killed.

Mister Gubu - Onwards! Ooh, ooh, you there, mister, I'll have yur skin, for y've hurt me, so ya have! Y'big shite! With yur rifle that doesn't work.

The Macedonian - We'll see about that! (*He fires a shot at him.*)

Mister Gubu - Ooh, good Saint Money, I'm wounded! I've a hole in me! A hole right through me I have! I'm done for! I'm finished! Buried! But, how or never! I've got ya now! (*He runs the soldier through.*) There y'are - ya won't be startin' agin now, will ya, after that?

General Scrapies - Forward! A good, strong push, men! Get them over the ditch! We're winning!

Mister Gubu - D'ya think so? I've more lumps on me face than ya'd

find on a tinker's bottom! How could we be winning?

Macedonian Cavalry - Hurray! Make way for our King!

(King Garret arrives, accompanied by Muckface, in disguise.)

A Gobshite - Ah, holy Jeesus! Run away! Here's King Garret!

Another - Good Christ, he's over the ditch!

Another - Look at that! That big fecker of a lieutenant's just killed four of our men!

Muckface - Ah, are yis not dead yet? Here y'are Paddy Power, what ya deserve! *(He kills him.)* Now for the rest of yis! *(He kills loads of Gobshites.)*

Mister Gubu - Forwards, lads! Catch me dat bollix! We'll make jam out of the feckin' lot of dem! Victory is ours! Gubu abu! Abu Gubu Abu! Ubu ubu ubu! Long live Gobshiteland!

All - Forward! Hurray! Gubu Abu! Ubu ubu ubu! Get that bugger!

Mister Gubu, recognising him - Ah, it's yurself, Muckface! Ah, friend! I'm so happy to see ya here, you and yur feckin' army. I'm goin' to roast ya over a slow flame, ya little fecker. Mister Money soldiers, light the fire. Ooh, ooh, Jeesus, I'm killed. It must have been a cannon that hit me! Ah, Christ, forgive me me sins, sure I never meant any of dem. Oh, it had to be a cannon!

Muckface - It was my pistol, gobshite.

Mister Gubu - Ah, now yur makin' fun of me! I won't have it! Into me dungeeon with him! *(He runs at Muckface and runs him through with his sword.)* I'll deefeckin' brain ya, so I will!

General Scrapies - Mister Gubu, we're advancing everywhere.

Mister Gubu - I see, Scrapies. But I can do nothin' for yis, I'm

crippled with kicks. Let me sit down on the ground here. Oh, me Money bottle is broke!

General Scrapies - C'mon now, Mister Gubu, you'll soon have the King of Macedonia's Money bottle.

Mister Gubu - Ay, that's what I'll do! C'mon now me Money sword, do yur business, and you too Money horse, don't slouch! You too, me Money stick, you can do as good as dem and better, we'll give ya the honour of piercing the King of Macedonia's eardrums, and massacreein' and excavatin' the little Macedonian bollix!

Onwards! C'mon me Money horse! (*He attacks King Garret.*)

A Macedonian Officer - Watch out, your Majesty!

Mister Gubu - Hey, you! Oh, ah! Ah, c'mon now! Ah, mister, leave me quiet, will ya? I didn't do it on purpose! I promise! (*He runs away. King Garret after him.*)

Mister Gubu - Holy mother of God, the mad fecker is after me! Jeesus, what did I do? Ah, feck, I've a ditch in front of me! Him behind and the ditch in front! C'mon now, Money horse, shut yur eyes! (*He jumps across the ditch. King Garret falls in.*)

King Garret - Damn it, I've fallen in.

Gobshites - Hurray! The King is down.

Mister Gubu - I'm nearly afraid to look back? Ah Jeesus, look at him in the ditch, the eejit! That's a good one, and they're beatin' the shite out of him too! Go on, ye Gobshites, hit him as hard as ya can, lay into him, he's a strong back, the little bollix! Me, I'm nearly afraid to look at him! But, how or never, it went better than I thought, the Money stick did marvellous

work and I'd have nearly massacred him meself if a strange terror hadn't come over me from nowhere stealin' and cancelled out me courage. I suddenly turned yellah and only for me skillful horsemanship and me stolid Money horse, whose fleet of flight and foot is famed, and only for that ditch there poppin' up under the feet of the enemy of the here present Minister for Money, I was rightly fecked! That's fine talk for yis, but sure no one's listenin' to me. Saint Jeesus Money, look at that, they're off again!

(The Macedonian cavalry charge and free King Garret.)

General Scrapies - This time, we're rightly fecked!

Mister Gubu - Here's a chance for me to look good! C'mon then, Gobshites, forwards! Or, I mean, backwards!

Gobshites - Run away!

Mister Gubu - C'mon! Get movin'. Shite Jeesus, look at the crowd, there's millions of them, like feckin' Zulus, how am I goin' to get meself out of this mess? *(He's knocked over.)* Ah, you there, will ya watch it! Or y'll find out what it's like to be boiled in oil by the Minister for Money here. He's run off, the little bollix. Quick now, I'll run off meself before Scrapies sees me.

(He leaves, soon followed by the Gobshite army with the Macedonians in hot pursuit.)

Scene Five:

A cave. Snow. Mister Gubu (crown askew, beret and sunglasses put away), Boil, Poultice.

Mister Gubu - Ah, bollix the feckin' weather! It'd freeze the balls off a Chinaman and the Minister for Money's person is nearly banjaxed from it!

Boil - Huh! So, Gubu sir, are you over your fright and the run?

Mister Gubu - Oh, the fright I'm well over, but I still have the run!

Poultice - What a pig!

Mister Gubu - And you, Sire Poultice, how is yur ear?

Poultice - As good as it could be when it's as bad as it is. I can't get the feckin' bullet out. D'ya see the way the lead has it hanging down?

Mister Gubu - Jeesus Money, that's a grand job! Ya never stopped fightin' though. But I think I was the bravest of yis, I massacred four of the enemy with me bare hands without once endangerin' meself, and I don't know how many of them I finished off that were already dead.

Poultice - Boil, do ya know at all what happened to Paddy Power?

Boil - Shot in the head so he was, the poor sad gobshite.

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, just as the poppy and the piss-in-the-bed are reaped in their prime by the pitiless reaper who pitilessly reaps their pitiful noodles, so young Paddy Power reaped like a piteous poppy, though he fought well, mind you, but sure there were too many of them feckin' Macedonians!

Boil and Poultice - Ah, Jeesus, give over!

An Echo - Rivrover!

Boil - What's that? Quick, the knives!

Mister Gubu - Ah no, I'm not able for this, more feckin' Macedonians, I bet yis! I've had enough. Anyway, it's as simple as this, if they catch me I'll frig them in me dungeons and deebrain the feckin' feckers!

Scene Six:

The same. A bear comes in.

Poultice - Look, Mister Money!

Mister Gubu - Oh, Jeesus, Money... Will yis look at that mongrel! He's a fine fellah, God bless him!

Boil - Watch out! What a big bear! Quick, my cartridges!

Mister Gubu - A bear! Jaysus, he's feckin' terrible! Poor me, I'll be eaten alive! Lord save me! He's comin' for me! No, Poultice has him. Good, I can relax. (*The bear jumps on Poultice. Boil attacks it with his knife. Gubu climbs up on a rock.*)

Poultice- Help me, Boil! Help me, mister Gubu!

Mister Gubu - Ya must be jokin'! Help yourself, can't ya, as the good Lord says! I'm sayin' me Our Father. We can take it in turns to be eaten.

Boil - I have him! I've got him!

Poultice - Hold him tight! He's starting to let go!

Mister Gubu - Our Father who Art in Heaven.

Poultice - The cowardly begger, Gubu!

Boil - Oh, Jeesus, he's biting me. Oh, Jeesus, save me, it's nearly killed I am!

Gubu - Thy Will be done.

Poultice - Ah, I've managed to stab him!

Boil - Hurray! He's bleeding. (*While the courtiers are shouting, the bear moans and Gubu continues praying.*)

Poultice - Hold him tight now, and I'll get me gun!

Mister Gubu - Give us this day our daily Bread.

Boil - Have you got it? I can't hold him off any longer.

Mister Gubu - And forgive us our Trespasses.

Poultice - I have it! (*There's a loud shot and the bear drops dead.*)

Boil and Poultice - Victory!

Mister Gubu - And deliver us from Evil. Moneymen! Are yis sure he's dead? Can I get down off the rock now?

Boil, with contempt - You can if you want.

Mister Gubu, getting down - Yis can consider yurselves fortunate that if it's still alive yis are it's thanks to the assiduous virtue of the here present Minister for Money, who strived, strained and struggled to say Our Fathers for yis, and who wielded the spiritual weapon of prayer as bravely as yuse did the here present Poultice's fire-shootin' worldly weapon. I even went so far as to climb up on that rock there so me prayers would take less time to get to Heaven. Now that's deevotion for yis!

Boil - The big ugly green shite!

Mister Gubu - That's a fine beast. Thanks to me yis can have your supper. Look at the big belly on him! Dem Greek lads in meetologee would've had more room inside of him than in that wooden horse they had! Jeesus, anymore, lads, and we'd have been

able to see for ourselves the shape of his insides!

Boil - I'm famished. What is there to eat?

Poultice - The bear!

Mister Gubu - Wha'? Yis are not thinking of eatin' him raw? We've nothin' to make a fire with.

Boil - Don't we have our flintstones?

Mister Gubu - Aye, sure enough. And I seem to remember not far from here there's a little wood where some nice dry branches might be found. Go get some, Sire Poultice. (*Poultice heads off through the snow.*)

Boil - And now, Sire Gubu, let's cut up the bear.

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, no! Maybe he's not dead. Yur all covered in bites and bruises and are half-dead anyway, so you do it! I'll light the fire while I wait for Poultice to bring the wood. (*Boil starts to cut up the bear.*)

Mister Gubu - Watch out! I saw him movin'!

Boil - But, Sire Gubu, he's already cold.

Mister Gubu - That's a pity. It would have been better to eat him warm. I'm sure eatin' him will feck the here present Minister for Money a right feckin' indigestion.

Boil, aside - The rotten louser! (*Aloud.*) Help me a little, Mister Gubu, I can't do it all by myself.

Mister Gubu - No, no, I'm not able to help ya at all! Of course, it's only because I'm tired!

Poultice, coming back in - It's rightly snowing, lads, you'd think we were at the North Pole. It's getting dark. It'll soon be

black out. Let's get the fire going so we can see where we're at.

Mister Gubu - Yes, yes, do ya hear, Boil? Get a move on. Get a move on both of yis! Put the animal on a spit, cook the feckin' beast. I'm hungry!

Boil - I can't stand him any longer! You better work or you'll have nothing! Are you listening, you big green bollix ya?

Mister Gubu - Oh, I don't care, I'd just as soon eat him raw, yuse are the ones who'll be sorry. Anyway, I'm sleepy!

Poultice - What do you say, Boil? Let's have dinner ourselves, only we'll leave him nothing. We might throw him a bone, if he's lucky.

Boil - That's too good for him. There now, the fire's caught.

Mister Gubu - Ooh, that's lovely, so it is. Oh, it's nice and warm now. But I think I can see Macedonians everywhere. Jeesus, what a fright they gave me! Ooh! (*He falls asleep.*)

Poultice - I'd like to know if what Paddy Power said was true, if Missus Gubu's really lost the throne. It could well be so.

Boil - Let's finish supper first.

Poultice - No, this is important. I think it'd be a good idea to find out if the news is true or not.

Boil - Right enough, but do we abandon Mister Gubu or stay with him?

Poultice - We'll sleep on it. Let's sleep now, tomorrow we'll see what's to be done.

Boil - No, it'd be better if we left during the night.

Poultice - Right you are, let's be off then. (*They leave.*)

Scene Seven:

Gubu, *talking in his sleep* - Ah, Sire Macedonian, watch it, don't shoot here, there's too money people. Ah, there's Muckface, the ugly fellow, a big bear he looks like. And here's Buggerly comin' for me! The bear, the feckin' bear! Ah, there he is over there! God, he's a right hardchaw! I don't want to do anything, so I don't! Off with ya, Buggerly! D'ya hear, ya eejit? Here's Paddy Power now, and the King of Macedonia! Oh, they're goin' to kick me, the feckin' bollixes! And there's me Missus Gobshite Money Gubu! Where did ya take all me money gold? You took me money gold, ya bad money bitch ya! You went searching in me Money tomb in the Money Cathedral in Money Dublin, near the Money Moon it is. I'm dead a long time now so I am, Buggerly it was who killed me, and I'm buried in Money Dublin beside Money Emmet and I'm buried too in Money Limerick beside Money Sarsfield, and I'm also buried in Money Rockall in the Money Cell with Money Muckface. There he is again. Oh, get the feck away, ya feckin' bear! You look like Muckface. Do ya not hear me, spawn of Satan? No, he can't hear, me tax-collectors cut his feckin' ears off for him, ha, ha! Pull his brains out, Money! Debrain him, Money, hammer nine-inch nails into his eardrums, Money, slice him open, Money, and drag his feckin' Money out with his entrails Money and drink his blood Money till he's dead, Money, that's the life of a tax-collector, Money, that's what makes the Minister for Money a

happy Money! That's what makes the Moneyster for Money happy!

(He falls silent and sleeps.)

Act Five

Scene One:

Night, Mister Gubu asleep. Missus Gubu enters without seeing him.

Total darkness.

Missus Gubu - At last, here's shelter. I'm alone here, no harm in that, what a mad rush: across Gobshiteland in four days! All me misfortunes have come on me at once. As soon as that big eejit went off I was off to the crypt to find the treasure. Next thing, I'm bein' stoned to death by that Biggerly and his band of crazy gobshites. I lost me escort, Gobwart, who was so taken with me charms that he passed out nearly every time he saw me, and even, so I was told, when he didn't see me, which was the height of affection on his part. He'd have allowed himself to be sliced in two just for me, the poor sausage. Doesn't the fact he was sliced in four by Biggerly prove it? Whif, whaf, whoom! Oh, I think I'll nearly die. After that, I ran off, with dem mad eejits chasin' me. I left the Palace and got as far as the Liffey but there was guards on all the bridges. I had to swim across the river, hoping to give the crowd after me the shake. There was Nobles comin' out of the woodwork chasin' me. I was nearly killed a thousand times, so I was, strangled by a gang of Gobshites mad to do me in.

Anyhow, I escaped their clutches and after four days of running like mad over the snow in what used to be me kingdom, I'm landed here. I've not eaten or drincken in three days. That feckin' Biggerly nearly had me in his grasp... Anyhow, I'm safe now. But I'd like to know what happened to that big green puppet of mine, I mean my most respectable husband, Mister Gubu? Was it him I took money from? Was it him I stole punts from? Was it him I fiddled, the cute fiddler that he is? And his Money horse dying from hunger: he never saw much hay, the poor Money devil. Ah, it's a fine thing, all the same. But, sadly, I lost me treasure. It's in Dublin, if any of yis wants to go get it.

Mister Gubu, *starting to wake* - Catch Missus Gubu, cut her Money ears off!

Missus Gubu - Oh Jeesus save me! Where am I? I'm goin' mad! Oh no, Heaven! Thanks be to Saint God Money, I just caught a glimpse of that Mister Gubu asleep there beside me. Let's see now. Well then, my fine fat rat, are ya havin' a good sleep for yurself?

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, it's terrible! Jeesus, that feckin' bear was as hard as nails! A right fight it was, between the voracious on the one hand and the ferocious on the other, but the voracious completely ate and devoured the ferocious as y'll soon see when it's daytime. D'yis hear me, good gintlemins?

Missus Gubu - What's he jabbering on about? He's a bigger eejit than he was before. Who's he talking to?

Mister Gubu - Poultice, Boil, answer me, yis bags of green shite yis! Where are yis? Oh, I'm frightened. Someone said somethin'. Who said somethin'? It wasn't the bear, was it? Shite! Where are

me matches? Damn, I must've lost dem in the battle!

Missus Gubu, *aside* - I can't let this opportunity slip, I'll let on I'm a divine apparition and make him promise to forgive me the stealin' I did on him.

Mister Gubu - By Saint Bernard's holy green shite, who's talkin'? Jeesus Money! Will no one answer me?

Missus Gubu, *distorting her voice* - Yes, Gubu sire, someone is speakin' and the trumpet of the Archangel callin' the dead from the ash and the dust will speak no different! Listen to this austere voice. It's the voice of Holy Saint Bernard who gives only good advice.

Mister Gubu - Oh, feck, that's all I need!

Missus Gubu - No interruptions please or I'll shut me mouth and that'll be yur goose cooked for ya, so it will!

Mister Gubu - Ah, Shite, sausage! I'll be quiet then, not another word. Go on with what yur sayin', Missus Apparition!

Missus Gubu - I was sayin', Mister Gubu sir, that yur a big feckin' eejit!

Mister Gubu - I am big, aye, that's right.

Missus Gubu - Will ya shut up, for the love of sweet feckin' Jeesus Money!

Mister Gubu - Ah, now, Missus, angels don't curse!

Missus Gubu, *aside* - Green shite! (*Continuing.*) They do sometimes do, Gubu, when roused to righteous anger! Now then! Are ya married, Gubu sir?

Mister Gubu - I am that, and to the very last of the Moheecans!

Missus Gubu - Ya mean to say, Gubu, to a very charming young lady.

Mister Gubu - An absolute horror of a lady! She's got claws everywhere, you wouldn't know which end to catch hauld of her!

Missus Gubu - Ya must catch hold of her through gentleness, Gubu sir, and if you do that, y'll see that she's like sweet Veenus.

Mister Gubu - A big peenis! Y're right there!

Missus Gubu - Yur not listenin', Gubu sir, be more attentive. (*Aside.*) I'll have to get a move on, it's nearly day. Gubu sir, yur wife is delicious and adorable, she hasn't a single fault.

Mister Gubu - Y're wrong there, Missus, she has every feckin' one of them!

Missus Gubu - Silence! Your wife is never unfaithful to ya!

Mister Gubu - Sure how could she be unfaithful? Who'd have the sausage?

Missus Gubu - Gubu, you must admit, she doesn't drink at all!

Mister Gubu - Not since I took the key to the wine cellar, she doesn't. Before that, she was sozzled by eight in the mornin' and eau d'alcohol was her only perfume. Mind you, with the parraffeen oil she uses now she doesn't smell any better. But, little do I care. At least, now, I'm the only one who gets drunk!

Missus Gubu - Stupid gobshite! But you must allow, Gubu, yur wife never ever took money on ya.

Mister Gubu - Well now, that's a good one!

Missus Gubu - She never even took a penny on ya!

Mister Gubu - And what about me poor Money horse, who wasn't fed

for three months, and had to be dragged half-way across Gobshiteland by meself to go and fight in the feckin' war with the Macedonians. And died in it too, so he did, the poor feckin' Money beast!

Missus Gubu - It's all lies yur sayin', Gubu. Yur wife is a model to all wives, and yur a big green feckin' eejit!

Mister Gubu - It's all true I'm sayin'. My wife is a bad feckin' bitch, and y're a big, stupid sausage!

Missus Gubu - Watch out now, Mister Gubu! Remember I'm a heavenly phenomenon!

Mister Gubu - Aye, aye, yur right. I forgot who I was talkin' to. Forget I said anything at all!

Missus Gubu - Y've been a bad man, Gubu. Have ya no reemorse? Ya killed good King Eamonn, so ya did.

Mister Gubu - It wasn't me who did it, no way. It was Missus Gubu who wanted him dead.

Missus Gubu - Ya had Dermot and Desmond killed!

Mister Gubu - Bad shite to the two of them! They wanted to kill me, so they did!

Missus Gubu - Ya didn't keep yur promise to Muckface and, later, ya killed him too, so ya did.

Mister Gubu - I'd rather me than him reignin' in Gobshiteland. Right now, neither one nor the other of us is reignin'. At least, ya can see I'm not.

Missus Gubu - There's only one way to have yur sins forgiven.

Mister Gubu - Which way? I'm ready to become a good man, so I am.

I think I'd like to be a saint and see me name in the calendar.

Missus Gubu - Ya must forgive Missus Gubu for takin' a little of yur money.

Mister Gubu - So, that's yur game! Well, I'll forgive her when she's given me back the little of me money, and when she's had a good tannin' and when she's resurrected me poor, feckin' Money horse!

Missus Gubu - Does he never stop about his feckin' horse! Jeesus, it's nearly daylight, I'm fecked!

Mister Gubu - Nonetheless, I'm happy knowin' now that me good wife did indeed steal from me. I've heard it now from a reliable source. Omnis a Deo scientia, which means: omnis, all; a Deo, seeence; scientia, comes from God. That explains the apparition. Say no more, Madame Phenomenon! What can I give you as a reward? What you said was very funny. But Jeesus, it's nearly day. Shite, by my dead feckin' Money horse, it's Missus Gubu!

Missus Gubu, *insulted* - That's a lie, Mister Gubu! I'm goin' to have ya excommuneecated.

Mister Gubu - Ya green feckin' bitch ya!

Missus Gubu - What lack of respect for religion, Mister Gubu!

Mister Gubu - Will ya give over, ya stupid bitch! Can't I see it's you, y'auld harpie ya! What the feck are ya doin' here?

Missus Gubu - The Gobshites killed Gobwart and chased me away.

Mister Gubu - And it was the Macedonians who chased me; and here we are in the same boat, two nice fellows.

Missus Gubu - Better if ya said, Gubu, a nice fellow and a

blackguard.

Mister Gubu - Well what about, a nice fellow and this fine fellow? (*He throws the bear at her.*)

Missus Gubu, *falling under the weight of the bear* - Oh, Jeesus, Mary and Joseph, and all the saints! It's terrible! Ah, I'm bein' killed! I'm nearly smothered! He's bitin' me! He's eatin' me up! Jeesus, he'll deegest me, so he will!

Mister Gubu - Isn't it dead he is, ya grotesque lookin' sausage ya! But, oh, maybe it's dead he isn't! Let me up here! (*Climbing back on to the rock.*)

Missus Gubu, *getting out from under the bear* - Where's he got to now?

Mister Gubu - Ooh, Jeesus! There she is again! Is there no way of gettin' rid of her? Is the bear dead?

Missus Gubu - He is, ya big blackguard, he's already stiff. How did he get in here?

Mister Gubu, *confused* - I don't know. Ah yes, I know now! He wanted to eat Boil and Poultrice and I killed him with an Our Father.

Missus Gubu - Boil, Poultrice, Our Father! What the feck is he sayin'? He's gone off his head!

Mister Gubu - It's exactly as I'm saying it to ya, woman! And you, yur a big eejit, sausage!

Missus Gubu - Tell me how the war went for ya then, Mister Gubu.

Mister Gubu - No, I won't! It's too long. All I know is that, in spite of me bravery, everybody kicked the shite out of me.

Missus Gubu - Wha'! Even the Gobshites?

Mister Gubu - Especially the Gobshites! They were shoutin': Long live King Eamonn and young Biggerly! I think they wanted to hang, draw and quarter me. Oh, the mad feckers! And then they killed poor, little Paddy Power!

Missus Gubu - Little do I care! You know young Biggerly killed dear faithful Gobwart!

Mister Gubu - Little do I care! And then they killed poor, old General Scrapies!

Missus Gubu - Little do I care!

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, Jeesus, come here to me, ya vile sausage ya! Kneel in front of yur Master! (*He grabs her and throws her to her knees. He pulls a green balaclava from his jacket and pulls it over his head. He puts on the beret and sunglasses. He picks up a hurl studded with nails and whirls it over Missus Gubu's head. Music of Père Ubu*). Yur goin' to suffer yur last penance, so y'are!

Missus Gubu, terrified - No, please, Gubu kind sir! Don't hurt me!

Mister Gubu, his voice rising in intensity to reach a final roar - Oh now, oh now, are ya finished? Me, I'm only gettin' started. To begin with, I'm goin' to tar and feather ya, ya bad bitch ya! And then I'm goin' to pull your feckin' nose off, d'ya hear me now? And then I'm goin' to feckin' kneecap ya and break the rest of yur legs with builders blocks so I am! After that I'm goin' to lever yur feckin' arms out of yur shoulders with hurlin' sticks

with nails stuck in them! I'm goin' to tear yur feckin' fingernails out through yur eyeballs and then I'm goin' to hammer yur eyeballs to shite! I'm goin' to feckin' deebrain ya so I am! I'm goin' to tear yur feckin' hair out by the feckin' roots and scalp ya feckin' bald after! I'm goin' to hammer nine-inch nails into your eardrums for ya, and pull yur feckin' brains out through yur feckin' heels! D'ya hear all that? I'm goin' to lacerate yur feckin' arse for ya with blunt feckin' penknives, and drain, partially or completely, the feckin' fluid from yur spine (if it only removed some of the spine from yur spiny nature), not forgettin' after to slice yur feckin' throat as wide open as the feckin' Grand Canyon, and finally I'll administer ya the new version of the John the Baptist deecapitation, taken whole and complete from the Holy Scriptures, the Old as well as the New Testament, and brought up to date, corrected and perfected by the here present Minister for Money! And then I'm goin' to piss on ya, sausage, and shite on ya too, Missus Gubu! Y'll know y've had a visit from me so ya will! Will that do for ya, sausage, d'ya think?

(He goes to stab her.)

Missus Gubu, *she lets a scream of pure terror - Mercy, Gubu sir!*

(There is a lot of noise at the entrance to the cave.)

Scene Two:

The same. Biggerly, charging into the cave with his soldiers.

Biggerly - Forward, friends! Long live Gobshiteland!

Mister Gubu, *pulling off the balaclava - Oh now, hold on a*

minute, Mister Gobshite, sir. Wait'll I'm finished here with missus me other half, can't ya!

Buggerly, *hitting him* - Take that, coward, beggar, recreant, miscreant, infidel, rat!

Mister Gubu, *returning the blows* - Take this! Gobshite! Drunkard! Bastard! Villian! Ruffian! Bigamist! Racist! Sexist! Anarchist! Trade Unionist! Communist!

Missus Gubu, *hitting him as well* - Take that, ya Evil Wrong-doin', sodomising Wife-swopper ya, ya self-indulging Whore-monger ya! Ya vile Child-Molesting, introverted homosexual Queer ya! Ya feckin' disrespectful Cur ya! Ya insinuous feckin' Robber! Ya stupid green-lookin' feckin' Cucumber ya!

(The soldiers rush on the Gubus who resist them as best they can.)

Mister Gubu - Jeesus, Money and feck it! Will yis stop pushin'!

Missus Gubu - We can kick too, Mister Gobshites!

Mister Gubu - Shite, where will it end, at all, at all? Another kick! Ah, if only I had me Money horse with me!

Buggerly - Hit them, keep hitting them!

A Voice, *outside* - Long live Mister Gubu! Long live our great Money man!

Mister Gubu - Here they come! Hurray! Here come the Mister Gubus! Forward, c'mon, in here we need yis, me Gubu Money men!

(Boil and Poultrice rush in and throw themselves into the melee.)

Poultrice - Out you go, Gobshites!

Boil - We meet again, Mister Money, sir! Forward, a big push now,

let's get to the door, once we're out we can make a run for it!

Mister Gubu - Jeesus, I'm not able for any more! Ooh, will you look at him hittin' me, the feckin' bollix!

Buggerly - Oh God, I'm wounded.

A Soldier - It's only a scratch, Sire.

Buggerly - Oh, I'm only half-killed, I suppose.

Another Soldier - Keep hitting, keep hitting, they're nearly at the door, the rats.

Poultice - Nearly there, push them back. I can see daylight.

Boil - Be brave, Sire Gubu!

Mister Gubu - Ah, Jeesus! I'm shittin' me feckin' trousers! Forward, sausage! Scalp dem, bleed dem, skin dem, massacree dem, deebrain dem! Gubu abu! Abu Gubu abu! Ubu, ubu, ubu! (*He shits himself*). Ah, that's better!

Poultice - There's only two left guarding the door.

Mister Gubu, *hitting them with the bear* - And one, and two! Ouf! I'm out! Let's run for it! Follow me, the rest of yis, and quick!

Scene Three:

The stage shows an expanse of land covered with snow.

Mister Gubu - I think they've given up tryin' to catch us.

Missus Gubu - Indeed, Buggerly's gone off to have himself crowned.

Mister Gubu - I don't envy him. He can keep his feckin' crown for all I care.

Missus Gubu - And right y'are too, Mister Gubu, right y'are.

(They disappear in the distance.)

Scene Four:

The deck of a ship somewhere in the Atlantic. Mister Gubu, dressed as a pirate with gold spiral on pirate's hat, and all his band are on the bridge.

The Captain - Ah, what a lovely breeze!

Mister Gubu - True it is, we're sailin' prodeegiously quickly. We must be makin' at least a million knots, and the good thing about these knots is that once they're made they stay made.

Boil - What a gobshite!

Mister Gubu - Ooh, ooh, Jeesus, what's happenin'? We'll be sunk! Yur feckin' boat is goin' all over the place, it'll go down.

Captain - Everyone move leeward! Over by the mainsail!

Mister Gubu - Noo, noo! No way! Yis're not all goin' on the same side! It's a bad idea, that. What if the wind changes direction: the fishes'll be havin' us for their supper, so they will.

Captain - Don't moove, hold hard!

Mister Gubu - Yes! Yes! Moove, Jeesus! I'm in a hurry, so I am! We should be nearly arrived by now! I'm goin' to take over the feckin' ship! Change tack! Green Jeesus Money! Drop anchor, face the wind, back to the wind! Raise the sails, draw in the sails, helm up, helm down! Ya see, it's goin' fine now! Cut across the waves and it'll be perfect!

(All twisting and turning, the breeze getting stronger.)

Captain - Tight the halyard, watch the spanker.

Mister Gubu - This isn't bad at all, it's even good! D'yis hear the captain, Gubu Crewmembers sirs? Tie the bastard, catch the wanker!

(Some struggle to contain their laughter. A wave crashes on the deck.)

Mister Gubu - Jeesus, we're drowneded! This is the result of me orders.

Missus Gubu and Boil - It's a lovely thing, sailin', isn't it?

(Another wave crashes on board.)

Boil, soaked - Beware of Satan and all his pumps!

Mister Gubu - Boy, bring us some drink!

(They sit down to drink.)

Missus Gubu - Ooh, how delightful it'll be to be able to sneak back into Gobshiteland, where we have our friends and our lovely fort!

Mister Gubu - We'll soon be there. In a minute we'll be passin' near to Bloody Fooreland.

Boil - Jeesus, me spirits are lifting already at the thought of bein' home.

Poultice - Aye, and we'll amaze all our friends telling all the marvellous things that've happened to us.

Mister Gubu - Amaze them yis will! And I'll make meself Minister for Money in Dublin again, if I can! *(He farts, rocking the boat)*

Missus Gubu - If you can! Ooh Jeesus, what was that!

Poultice - It's nothing, it was only a little wind.

Boil - And now noble vessel, go fast as you can over the dark

waves of this vast Atlantic.

Mister Gubu, *sententious* - A wild, inhospitable sea it is that washes the shores of this island of Ireland, so called because its inhabitants are often filled with Ire.

Missus Gubu - Ah, can't ya hear the nostalgia for it in his voice already! But it's a lovely country all the same when the weather's right.

Mister Gubu - Ah, friends, lovely and all as it is, this Ireland, it's not a patch on our Gobshiteland. For don't yis know, if there was no Gobshiteland, there'd be no Gobshites (*The boat sweeps forward over the waves and leaves the stage with all on board*).

*Characters appear on stage to take bows. Loud music of Père Ubu as before start of play. Gubu appears with his pantomime Money horse in his Irish leprechaun outfit as at start of play. He points into the audience shouting: "Deebrain him! Moneey! Taxes! Moneey Audience! Money People! I'll have yur brains if not yur taxes!" He unrolls a series of scrolled parchments hanging round his neck. Each one reveals a face. Gubu hangs each one on the back of the stage, from left to right, first Pearse, next DeValera, next Haughey, next Adams, before finally unrolling his own green pinstriped image with gold crown and green umbrella, under a shower of banknotes, clutching a fistful of them, placing this parchment in the middle of the others. He mounts his pantomime horse and leaves the stage, singing his **Deebraining***

Song.

The End

**Dedicated to the Irish Republic: Founded by
Gunmen, Run by Thieves!**

Thank you Jarry!

Bonus Poem:A Historical Vignette

The Countess with a Gun

I'm the Countess with a Gun
Watch me now, I make the Brits run
It's thanks to me the fucking war is won
Spilling blood is the greatest fun
Watch me now, I'll make your blood run,
I'm the Countess, the Countess
The fucking Countess with a Gun.

Sacrifice yourselves you sons of bitches
Your Whore of Country wants you Dead!

Alfred Jarry (1873 - 1907) was only fifteen when he wrote Ubu Roi, which would create an important place for him in the Theatre of the Absurd, influencing Beckett and Ionesco, and as a precursor of surrealism. He wrote Ubu Roi as a satire on one of his schoolteachers, creating a rollicking pantomime style, with a

uniquely scatological linguistic style, and borrowing heavily from Punch and Judy and from Macbeth. The play is funny, anarchic, but also violent and cruel. Its vision of tyranny informed by cowardice, greed, oppression and murder prefigured the rise of 20th century dictatorships and destruction. The play had its first real performance in 1896, with sets and costumes designed by Jarry (Ubu in a white robe with white peaked hat covering his face and a spiralling symbol on his belly!) The play caused a riot, indeed the first word ("merdre" in French - "shite" in English) created uproar. WB Yeats was in attendance and later lamented the passing of "classical art" and the coming of the "Savage God" (Ubu!) Ubu's influence has been enormous, even the rock group Père Ubu have taken their name and vision (funny/dark) from him. This translation places Ubu in a recognisably Irish setting, in the style of Dermot Morgan's political satire on Haughey's Ireland etc (thus GUBU!), Father Ted, Blackadder etc. The Abbey have described it as an "accomplished translation", and David Blake Knox as "one of the best translations of Ubu" he has read. Many of Gubu's sayings could undoubtedly be used to generate attention and publicity for a production of KING GUBU.