

UBU TRUMP

by Alfred Jarry updated by Rainer Ganahl, 2017

ACT I, SCENE I

Trump tower

UBU TRUMP: Shit!

UBU IVANKA: Oh! such language! Papa Ubu Trump, what a pig you are!

UBU TRUMP. Watch out, I'll kill you!

UBU IVANKA. It's not me, you ought to kill, it's someone else.

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick, I don't understand.

UBU IVANKA. What! Papa Ubu, you're content with your lot?

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick. I'm content. After all, I'm Councilor to King Wenceslas, Knight of the Red Eagle of Poland, and close advisor to the US president. I am also in possession of Trump Towers, Golf courses, casinos, Trump University and a flourishing suit business. Also, I'm hosting the *Apprentice* and stage all major beauty contests, where ugly women like you don't belong! What more do you want?

UBU IVANKA.: Shut up! After being King of Aragon, you're content with parading around fifty losers armed with only cabbage-cutters, when you could put the crown of Poland on your head. And what about the American presidency after Obama had humiliated you at his correspondence gala? Don't you think grabbing pussies at the White house is sexier, you dirty old shit?

UBU TRUMP. I don't understand a word you're saying.

UBU IVANKA. You are so stupid.

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick, the king is very much alive. Hasn't he got legions of children?

UBU IVANKA. What prevents you from slaughtering the whole family and putting yourself in their place?

UBU TRUMP. Ubu Ivanka, you do me wrong. Watch out you don't end up in the soup.

UBU IVANKA. If I were in your place, I'd want to plant that ass on a throne and, as your supremacist supporters suggest, in the White House. You could make lots of money, fly Air Force One and shit on the world.

UBU TRUMP. If I were King, I'd build a big beautiful wall with Mexico, ban all Muslims and offer a fabulous big mac to the Chinese president at Mc Donalds.

UBU IVANKA. The world media would report exclusively about you the way Fox News has been doing it since you declared Obama a Kenyan.

UBU TRUMP . Ah! I yield to temptation.

UBU IVANKA. Papa Trump, now you're acting like a real man.

UBU TRUMP. No, no! Me, slaughtering the king of Poland, the president of the United States, NO - I'd sooner die!

UBU IVANKA. (*aside*). Oh, shit! – (*Aloud.*) Would you rather remain poor as a rat, Papa Ubu Trump?

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick, I'd rather beg like the hungry and the poor.

UBU IVANKA. And your walls, your News reports, your tax code, and you supreme court justices?

UBU TRUMP. And then what, Ubu Ivanka?

(He leaves)

UBU IVANKA. Fucking shit! He's slow to understand, but he's shaken. Thanks to God in eight days I may be Queen of Poland and First Lady of the United States.

Scene II

At Trump tower

UBU IVANKA. Good morning, gentlemen, we've been waiting for you impatiently. Sit down.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Good morning, Madam. Where is Ubu Trump?

UBU TRUMP. Here I am! By my green dick, I'm certainly fat enough to be noticed.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Hello, Ubu Trump.

UBU TRUMP. oof! A few more pounds and I'll break the chair.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Well, Madam Ubu Ivanka, what are you serving today?

UBU IVANKA. Polish soup, wombat cutlets, veal, Trump steaks, pate of dog, turkey rumps, dog paste Trump style, charlotte russe...

UBU TRUMP. I guess that's enough. Don't tell me there is more?

UBU IVANKA Sherbet, salad, fruits, dessert, boiled beef, Jerusalem artichokes, cauliflower a la shit.

UBU TRUMP. Hey! That costs money.

UBU IVANKA. Don't listen to him, Ubu Trump is a cheap imbecile.

UBU TRUMP. To the door, everybody! Michael Flynn, I have to speak to you.

THE OTHERS. Hey! we haven't eaten.

UBU TRUMP. How have you not eaten? To the door, everybody except Flynn.

Nobody leave

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick, Leave, I'm going to murder you with these wombat cutlets.

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Scene III

Trump tower

UBU TRUMP. Michael Flynn, I've decided to make you my national security advisor.

MICHAEL FLYNN. But how? I thought you were terribly out of favor in Washington, Ubu Trump.

UBU TRUMP. In a few days, if you please, I shall reign over the USA and the kingdom of Poland.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Are you going to kill king Wenceslas?

UBU TRUMP. He's not silly this guy.

MICHAEL FLYNN. If it's a question of killing the king, I'm in. We have Czar Putin and WikiLeaks on our side.

UBU TRUMP Oh! oh! I love you, Michael.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Hey! you stink, Ubu Trump. Don't you ever wash?

UBU TRUMP. Rarely.

UBU IVANKA. This pig never does!

UBU TRUMP. Michel Flynn, thank Czar Putin, for his help I'll build him Trump Hotel Moscow. He can have the Penthouse as long as he keeps inviting me to his orgies.

Scene IV

Trump tower

UBU TRUMP. What do you want, messenger?

THE MESSENGER. You are summoned, Sir, in the name of the king and the President of the United States of America.

UBU TRUMP. Holly Mecca shit, great balls of fire, by my green dick, I've been found out! They chop my head off, Saudi style !

(Pausing)

I'll just say it was Ubu Ivanka and Michael Flynn.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Ah! Shit head. If you do that...

UBU IVANKA Oh, Papa Ubu! If you succeed killing him, I'll give you new golf balls, Viagra and 12 Russian hookers !

UBU TRUMP I'll just kill him.

Scene V

The Palace

UBU TRUMP *(stuttering)*. It wasn't me, you know! It was Ubu Ivanka and Michael Flynn.

THE KING. What is the matter, Ubu Trump?

MICHAEL FLYNN. He's is out of his mind. He had 10 big macs.

THE KING. Ubu Trump, I am anxious to reward you for your numerous services as captain of dragons. I also make you today Governor of Texas.

UBU TRUMP. Dear Majesty, I don't know how to thank you.

THE KING. Don't thank me, Ubu Trump. Just be there tomorrow at the big parade.

Scene VI

Trump tower

UBU TRUMP. My good friends, Let's finalize our conspiracy.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Speak, Ubu Trump

UBU TRUMP. I want to slip polonium-210 in the king's lunch, Russian style poisoning. He'll disintegrate briefly like Arafat and most of Putin's foes.

ALL. **High five, filthy pig!**

UBU TRUMP. Let Michael Flynn share his idea.

MICHAEL FLYNN. I think we should wack him with a sword ISIS style.

ALL. **Yes, it is noble and easily done.**

UBU TRUMP. Are you aware, by way, the king would award me with his postal office building in Washington if I snitch on you?

UBU IVANKA. Oh! traitor, coward, nasty servile cheapskate!

ALL. **Boo, Ubu Trump!**

UBU TRUMP. Hey! Gentlemen calm yourselves. I take the risk for you! Michael Flynn, you're in charge of slicing the king in two!

PAUL MANAFORT. Wouldn't it be better to gang up on him at once screaming and yelling? We'd have a better chance of winning over the troops.

UBU TRUMP. Ok, I'll try to step on his feet. He'll jump back, and I'll say: SHIT, and on that signal you all will jump on him and scream.

ALL. **Hurrah**

Act 2

Scene I

The king's palace

THE KING. Madam Chelsea, you were very impertinent this morning to Ubu Trump, knight of my orders and owner of countless Trump real estate. Therefore I forbid you to appear at my parade.

THE QUEEN. But who will defend you.

THE KING. Madam, You tire me with this nonsense.

CHELSEA. I submit, my king

THE QUEEN. Really, my lord, are you determined to go to this parade?

THE KING. Why not, my lady?

THE QUEEN. Have I not dreamed of Ubu Trump striking you with his many weapons and throwing you into the river, with the Polish crown and the US flag upon his head?

THE KING. What madness! Ubu Trump is a very fine gentleman who would let himself be torn apart by wild horses for my service.

THE QUEEN AND CHELSEA. What idiocy!

THE KING. Keep your opinions to yourself, young monkey. And you, my lady, to prove how little I fear Ubu Trump, I'm going to the parade without sword.

THE QUEEN. ...Fatal imprudence!... I won't see you living again.

They leave.

THE QUEEN. Chelsea, come into the chapel with me, pray for your father and your brothers.

Scene II

The parade ground.

THE KING. Noble Ubu Trump, come to inspect the troops.

UBU TRUMP Coming, Sir, coming.

Ubu's men surround the King.

THE KING. Ah! there is the regiment of Danzig horses. My word, they are very beautiful!

UBU TRUMP. Do you think so? They appear to me to be very miserable. Look at this one. *(To the soldier)*. How long has it been since you washed yourself, you worthless clown?

THE KING. But this soldier is very clean. What is the matter with you, Ubu Trump?

UBU TRUMP. This!

He stamps on the King's foot.

THE KING. Wretch!

UBU TRUMP . Shit! To me, my men!

MICHAEL FLYNN. Hurrah! Forward!

All strike the King with swords.

THE KING. Oh! help! Help, Holy Virgin, I'm gonna die!

MICHAEL FLYNN, That does it! He is dead!

UBU TRUMP Ah! I have the crown! I captured all his votes. Now for the others.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Death to the entire family!

The king's sons and entourage run away. All pursue them.

Scene III

At palace

THE QUEEN. At last I begin to feel reassured.

Chelsea. You don't have any cause to fear.

An awful clamor is heard outside.

THE QUEEN. What is that dreadful noise?

CHELSEA. Ah! What do I see !? My two brothers pursued by Ubu Trump and his men!

THE QUEEN. Oh my God! Holy Virgin. They're losing ground.

CHELSEA. The whole army is following Ubu Trump. The king is not there. Horror! Help!

THE QUEEN. Boleslas is dead! He received a bullet.

CHELSEA. Hey! (*Ladislav turns around.*) Defend yourself! Hurrah for Ladislav!

THE QUEEN. Oh! he's surrounded.

MICHAEL FLYNN. This is the end of him. Just cut him in two like a sausage.

THE QUEEN. Alas! These madmen penetrate the palace. They're coming up the stairs!

The noise increases.

THE QUEEN AND CHELSEA (*on their knees*).

My God, defend us.

CHELSEA. Oh! That Ubu Trump! The wretched rogue!

Scene IV

The palace. Ubu Trump and his men burst in.

UBU TRUMP. Hey! Chelsea.

CHELSEA. By God, I will defend my mother to the death! The first one to take a step dies!

UBU TRUMP. Oh, Michael Flynn, I'm scared! Let me out of here.

A SOLDIER (*advances*). Surrender, Chelsea!

CHELSEA. Hold, hooligan! Here's your punishment!

Chelsea splits open the Soldier's skull.

THE QUEEN. Hold your ground, Chelsea! Hold your ground!

MANY (*advancing*). **Chelsea, we promise to spare your life.**

CHELSEA. Scoundrels, scrotums, mercenary monkeys!

She makes a windmill with her sword, and massacres them.

UBU TRUMP. Oh! I'll finish this thing just the same.

CHELSEA. Mother, save yourself by the secret staircase.

THE QUEEN. And you, my daughter, and you?

CHELSEA. I'll follow.

UBU TRUMP. Try and catch the queen! Ah, she's gone!

Scene V

The palace.

UBU TRUMP. No! I won't do it! Do you want to ruin me with this nonsense?!

MICHAEL FLYNN. But in short, Ubu Trump, don't you see the people await a happy event.

UBU IVANKA. If you don't have meats and gold distributed, you'll be overthrown within two hours.

UBU TRUMP. Meats, yes! Gold, no! Slaughter three old horses. That's good enough for such monkeys.

UBU IVANKA. Monkey yourself!

UBU TRUMP. For the last time, I want to become richer. I won't release a single coin.

UBU IVANKA. Ubu Trump, you have in your hands all the treasures of Poland and the USA.

JARED KUSHNER. But Ubu Trump, if you don't make any distributions, the people will not want to pay their taxes.

UBU TRUMP. Is this really true?

UBU IVANKA. Yes! Jared is right. They can call the tea party on you and troll you.

UBU TRUMP. Oh, then I agree to all. Invite millions of people and cook a hundred and fifty cows and sheep.

Scene VI

The court of the palace full of people.

PEOPLE. **There's the king, the president of the United States! Long live the king-president Ubu Trump! Hurrah!**

UBU TRUMP (*throwing gold*). Catch. This is for you. It hardly amuses me to give you money. At least promise me you'll pay your taxes, stay in my hotels and buy Ivanka's clothing.

ALL. **Yes, yes!**

MICHAEL FLYNN. Look, how they squabble. What a battle over this gold!

UBU TRUMP. It's truly amazing. There's even someone with his skull cracked open. This is more exciting than Syria.

JARED KUSHNER. Let's repeat this more often.

UBU TRUMP. What a beautiful spectacle! Bring more cases of gold.

JARED KUSHNER. Let's make a race. We can also use Paul Manafort's Ukrainian gold.

UBU TRUMP. (*To the people.*) My friends, you see this cases of gold? It contains 3 Million polsky-dollarsky. We do a race. Line up.

ALL. **Yes! Long live Ubu Trump! What a good king-president! Your ratings will go through the roof!**

All the people line up at the far end of the courtyard.

UBU TRUMP. One, two, three! Are you ready?

ALL. **Yes! Yes!**

UBU TRUMP. Go!

They start running and falling over themselves. Screaming and tumult.

UBU TRUMP. A bloody stampede!

PAUL MANAFORT. They approach! They approach!

UBU TRUMP. Hey! The first one is losing ground!

UBU IVANKA No! He is regaining it.

JARED KUSHNER. Oh! He's losing, he's losing!

UBU TRUMP. Oh. Great, it's George Zimmerman who came in first.

ALL. **Long live George Zimmerman! Long live George Zimmerman! Geroge Zimmerman is allowed to enter the Palace.**

GEORGE ZIMMERMAN. My king-president, I really don't know how to thank you for helping me win this race without even running. Also, still owe you gratitude for acquitting me in the Trayvon Martin case.

UBU TRUMP. Better thank Jeff Sessions, he arranged it. And please, hide your bribe money.

UBU TRUMP. *Addressing the crowd* All you people, come in and dine. Today my palace doors are open. Please honor me.

PEOPLE. **Long live Ubu Trump! He is the best king-president!**

An orgy ensues that continues until the following day.

Act 3

Scene I

The palace.

UBU IVANKA. Papa Ubu, all is very well, but we have to economize, take money from the poor and hand it to the super-rich like us. Otherwise, we lose their support.

UBU TRUMP. By my green dick, ok, let's ride the phynance horse.

UBU IVANKA. But we still owe a great deal to Michael Flynn and need to pay him.

UBU TRUMP. Do me a favor, don't speak of that buffoon. He can kiss my ass.

UBU IVANKA. You're making a mistake, Papa Ubu. He'll turn against you, join Czar Putin, align with Chelsea.

UBU TRUMP. I am no more concerned about that small man as I am about Chelsea.

UBU IVANKA. Hey? Do you think you're done with Chelsea?

UBU TRUMP. That young monkey?

UBU IVANKA. Papa Ubu, Try to win over Chelsea with your kindness.

UBU TRUMP. More money to hand out? Oh! No! You've already made me waste millions.

UBU IVANKA. Watch out Papa Ubu, these two strangle you with Trump ties.

UBU TRUMP. Well, you will be with me in the grave.

UBU IVANKA. Listen, Chelsea has justice on her side and now you even alienate your security advisor, with his Russian connection and his fake media empire.

UBU TRUMP. Ah, dirt! Isn't truth as worthy as untruth? Stop harassing me, Ubu Ivanka.

Ubu Ivanka runs away

Scene II

The great hall of the White palace.

UBU TRUMP. Bring in the caskets and the Kalashnikovs! --- Now, bring in the senators! Let's drain the swamp.

The senators are brutally shoved in.

UBU IVANKA. Restrain yourself, Ubu Trump.

UBU TRUMP. I order to enrich the kingdom, Washington and the Trump dynasty, I'm going to kill all you senators and take your possessions.

ALL SENATORS. Horror! To us, people, soldiers, voters and the media, Horror!

UBU TRUMP. Bring the first senator and pass me my Kalashnikov. Those condemned to death go to my debraining machine. (*To the 1st Senator.*) Who are you, buffoon?

FIRST SENATOR. Vitepsk, Senator of Alaska.

UBU TRUMP. What's your income?

FIRST SENATOR. 500,000 polsky-dollarsky a year.

UBU TRUMP. Condemned!

He shoots the Senator and puts him down the hole.

UBU IVANKA. What ferocity!

UBU TRUMP. Second Senator, who are you?

(*The Senator says nothing.*)

UBU TRUMP. You are going to answer, dirtbag?

SECOND SENATOR. Posen, Senator of Massachusetts.

UBU TRUMP. Excellent! An east coaster, that's all I want to know. A bullet in the brain, like we do in black neighborhoods! Third Senator, who are you? You have a dirty head.

THIRD SENATOR. Roy Moore, Senator of Alabama.

UBU TRUMP. Oh, the pedophile?

THIRD SENATOR. Ubu Trump, have pity, I'm just like you..

UBU TRUMP. Ok, get out of here, but organize a party for us. (***Trump to Michael Flynn whispering***), After the party, spray some bullets in his head like we did with Philando Castile. – (*loud*) Fourth Senator, who are you?

FOURTH SENATOR. Antony Weiner, Senator of New York.

UBU TRUMP. I love all these child molesters in the senate, what's your income?

FOURTH SENATOR. I'm fucking broke for paying so many settlements.

UBU TRUMP. I shoot you for foul language and for not granting me favorable building permits. Next, who are you?

GOVERNOR: Chris Christy, Governor of New Jersey.

UBU TRUMP. I recognize you. You should have closed the bridge in both directions forever and flooded the tunnels to keep your junkies and opioid addicts out of New York City. What kind of shit are you sniffing? OK, I strangle you to death like Eric Garner for selling loosies!

UBU IVANKA. You are too ferocious, Ubu Trump.

UBU TRUMP. Hey! I'm becoming richer. New Jersey, Texas and Massachusetts are rich states and they enter exclusively into my personal portfolio. I'm going to litter these states with Trump properties, Casinos, and Trump factories filled with illegals. -- Senator Herald. I know you, Remind me of your state?

SENATOR HERALD. California.

UBU TRUMP. You only won California because of Mexican voter fraud. Bullets in your head. But don't dare to run away unarmed like Walter Scott. --- Let's go fast. I have to go tweet. All senators in the mobile van. Drive them to death.

The Senators are driven to death in multiple van.

UBU TRUMP. Hurray, I drained the swamp. Now, let's make new laws. I make putrid laws.

SEVERAL ELECTED OFFICIALS. This we've got to see.

UBU TRUMP. I'm going to first reform justice: I need only one supreme judge and that is me. Clarence Thomas can stay and organize a new department for the propagation of misogyny and sexual assault. Now, let's proceed the executive branch of government and budgeting.

SEVERAL ELECTED OFFICIALS. We oppose all change.

UBU TRUMP. Shut up! From now on, all elected officials will no longer be paid.

ALL ELECTED OFFICIALS. And what will we live on? We are poor.

UBU TRUMP. You can pocket all fines you impose and keep all possessions of those you sentence to death.

FIRST SECRETARY OF STATE. Horror!

SECOND. Infamy!

THIRD. Scandal!

FOURTH. Indignity!

UBU IVANKA. Hey, what are you doing, Papa Ubu Trump? Who's to render justice now?

UBU TRUMP. Me! You'll see how well things will go.

ALL. We refuse to work under those circumstances.

UBU TRUMP. Shut up, you brainless tarts. Otherwise, I'll have you debrained like special counsel Robert Mueller ! --- And now, gentlemen, we proceed to matters of taxes.

FINANCIERS. There's nothing that needs change.

UBU TRUMP. But I want everything changed! I want to keep half of the taxes for myself.

FINANCIERS. How excessive and unlawful.

UBU TRUMP. Gentlemen, we'll quadruple the taxes on property, double those on trade and industry, and put new taxes on those who marry.

FIRST FINANCIER. But that's unrealistic, Ubu Trump.

SECOND FINANCIER. It's absurd and unlawful.

UBU TRUMP You dare argue with me, you shit phynanciers! Let's decapitate them for a change.

They stuff the financiers in the hole and cut off their heads.

UBU IVANKA. But really. Papa Ubu, what kind of a king-president are you? You slaughter everybody.

UBU TRUMP. No worries, my daughter, I keep the most loyal like you and your husband Jared.

UBU IVANKA. No more justice, no more phynance.

UBU TRUMP. Wrong, it's now Trump-Justice and Trump-Phynance, my sweet child. I'll go from city to city, from state to state and collect the taxes in person.

Scene III

house of peasant.

A PEASANT (*coming in*). Did you hear the big news? King Wenceslas is dead, all nobles killed, and young Chelsea ran away to the mountains. Most senators were cold-bloodedly assassinated the same way blacks are shot by police. Funeral homes spill over with debrained bodies. Ubu Trump has seized the throne and stolen all US votes with the help of Czar Putin, WikiLeaks and James Comey.

ANOTHER PEASANT. I come from Krakow-Chicago where I saw them carry away the bodies of more than 300 congressmen. They also killed 500 local and state officials, and it appears they are going to collect taxes twice. Ubu Trump does it even himself.

ALL. **God! What will become of us?**

PEASANT. Ubu Trump is awful and his family abominable. He hates Harlem in particular and tweeted how he wants to flood morgues with bodies.

ANOTHER PEASANT: He also introduced a new legal tender, we have now Trump dollars at an exchange rate 10 to 1.

ALL: **Decrepit bastard, we're gonna starve to death.**

A knock at the door.

A PEASANT. Listen! Is that not someone knocking at the door?

THE VOICE OF UBU TRUMP (*outside*). Horn-belly! Open! Gimme your taxes! We take credit cards, stocks, bonds as well as Trump-dollars!

The door is demolished. Ubu Trump enters followed by his legion of money-snatchers.

Scene IV
house of peasant.

UBU TRUMP. Which of you is the oldest? (*A peasant citizen advances.*) What's your name?

IBRAHIM MUSTAFA. Ibrahim Mustafa.

UBU TRUMP. Well then, horn-belly, listen to me well, otherwise I cut off your head.

IBRAHIM MUSTAFA. Your Excellency has yet to say anything.

UBU TRUMP. Produce your money immediately. Also, your polsky dollarsky debt stays at the Trump dollar exchange rate.

IBRAHIM MUSTAFA. My lord, we were only supposed to be taxed 152 polsky dollarskis, now you ask for 152 Trump Dollars which is 10 times more. We paid our taxes already six weeks ago.

UBU TRUMP. It is very possible but I've changed the government. Now, you have to pay all existing taxes twice and the second time in Trump dollars. Only Trump dollars and double taxation will guarantee me a fortune quickly. Don't worry, we will debrain everybody anyway, so what does it matter. Give me all your money.

PEASANTS. **Terrible, unfair!**

UBU TRUMP. Mustafa, you also didn't obey my Muslim ban, therefore pay my taxes four times albeit that your grand father served already in WWII.

PEASANTS. **Ubu Trump! Have mercy on us. We are poor people.**

UBU TRUMP. I don't give a shit. Pay or perish.

PEASANTS. **We are not able to. We have already paid.**

UBU TRUMP. Pay! Or I'll break you with torture! Horn-belly.

ALL. **Enough, Revolt! To arms! Long live Chelsea, by God's grace the future Queen and president of Poland and the USA!**

UBU TRUMP (*to his tax collectors*). Kill them all and take everything. You can keep 10 %.

A fight ensues. The house is destroyed, and Mustafa and all others who make it run away. Ubu Trump remains to collect all money and valuables.

Scene V

On a black site, a Secret CIA detention facility.

UBU TRUMP. Michael Flynn, you dare to ask me for something. You did a great job killing the king, stealing the Democrats' emails, colluding with Putin, organizing Russian money for my business and more. But why did you snitch on me.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Ubu Trump, in the 15 days you've been king-president you've committed more murders than people died in all wars in the middle east. This blood cries for vengeance.

(he turns away and runs)

UBU TRUMP. Hey! my friend, watch your mouth. Don't run away.

Scene VI

The palace at Moscow.

CZAR PUTIN. ***(Putin read by Yvanka reader)*** Was it not you, infamous adventurer, who conspired in the death of my cousin Wenceslas?

MICHAEL FLYNN. My lord, forgive me. I was forced by Ubu Trump.

CZAR PUTIN. That awful liar and imbecil! Anyway, what do you want?

MICHAEL FLYNN. Ubu Trump trumped up conspiracy and collusion charges against me. I barely escaped with my life, riding on horseback for five days and five nights across the steppes to come and implore your gracious mercy.

CZAR PUTIN. What did you bring me as a token of your submission?

MICHAEL FLYNN. King Wenceslas' sword and a detailed plan of all Black Sites, the secret CIA jails. I also got tapes with Ubu Trump contracting syphilis with prostitutes in Moscow.

CZAR PUTIN. I'll take the sword. Please, burn the plans of the Black Sites because it is us building them and maintaining them for the USA. Also, I don't want to owe my victory to treason.

MICHAEL FLYNN. One of the daughters of the former king, young Chelsea, is still alive. We should do anything to restore her to the throne.

CZAR PUTIN. What rank did you hold in the Polish army?

MICHAEL FLYNN. I commanded the 5th regiment of dragoons at Wilna. I was also promised Puerto Rico and a US state.

CZAR PUTIN. Good. I name you sub-lieutenant in the 10th Cossack regiment, and beware if you turn traitor! If you fight well, you will be rewarded.

MICHAEL FLYNN. I do not lack courage, my czar.

He goes.

Scene VII

At Trump tower

UBU TRUMP. Gentlemen, the meeting is now open. First we're going to examine our phynances, then we'll talk about a little system I've invented to control the weather. Also, the Trump-dollar conversion has been a tremendous success.

A COUNCILLOR. Oh, very good indeed, Mister Ubu Trump. We are enchanted by your portraits on each side of the coin.

UBU IVANKA. My image is on the back side, not his. But what a silly man, Ubu Trump is!

UBU TRUMP. Lady of my shit, watch your tongue. Well then, gentlemen, I have informed you that the phynances are going fairly well. On all sides one sees only burning houses, and people bending under the weight of our taxes. What an entertaining chaos.

UBU IVANKA. Also, we are forcing people to wearing my clothing line.

UBU TRUMP: We have now obligatory Trump-care with 100% copayments

A COUNCILLOR. Yes, that works very well with kickbacks from insurance companies and hospitals on top of it.

UBU TRUMP: A tremendous success. And are my new taxes working?

UBU IVANKA. Unfortunately, not. The tax on marriage has produced only 110 Trump-dollars.

A messenger is dropping off a letter.

UBU TRUMP. Ah! He left this letter, buffoonette, I'm afraid. It must be from Michael Flynn.

UBU IVANKA. Precisely. Czar Putin welcomed him very well, he's going to invade our lands to re-establish Chelsea. He swears you will be killed.

UBU TRUMP. I am afraid! I think I'm dying. Oh, poor man that I am. All saints, protect me! I will give you money.

He weeps and sobs.

UBU IVANKA. There's only one way out, Papa Ubu.

UBU TRUMP. Which is what, my love?

UBU IVANKA. War!

ALL. War, Praise God! War, Praise the Tea Party! War is noble! War it is, use your nukes!

UBU TUMP. Yes, but do you have an idea how expensive an army is? Airplanes, rockets, bombs, and nuclear arms cost even more so. The Trump family business is not yet invested in the military industrial complex. So far we've made money only with hospitality services. War

is expensive. I already hated to send a single soldier to rescue people in Puerto Rico. By the way, I want hurricane Maria be renamed Hurricane Trump. For that naming problem my weather controlling power wasn't able to reroute the storm to Mexico.

COUNCILLOR. Ubu Trump, there is no choice. Let's organize the army and invade Mexico on our way home.

UBU TRUMP: I'll pay for the war only if we win!

COUNCILLOR. We need to centralize all finances for war.

UBU TRUMP. No, no! I'm going to kill you. I don't want to spend money. Go collect all money you can get from the poor.

ALL. Long live war!

Scene VIII

The encampment before Warsaw Washington.

SOLDIERS. Long live Poland and the USA! Long live Ubu Trump and all his brand names!

UBU TRUMP Hey, Ubu Ivanka, give me my breastplate, my swagger and my AK47. But I need somebody to carry all this it for me.

UBU IVANKA. Hear the coward!

UBU TRUMP. Remember, the Russians advance and they're out to kill me and you.

UBU IVAKA. You're looking like an armed pumpkin.

UBU TRUMP. Bring me also the Horse of Phynance.

UBU IVANKA. Your horse won't be able to carry you. It hasn't eaten anything for five days and is nearly dead.

UBU TRUMP. Possibly, but they wanted me to pay 12 coins a day for this horse . .

(Ubu Ivanka blushes, and lowers her eyes.)

All right, bring me another beast, but I won't go on foot. Horn-belly!

Henchman Lap leads in an enormous horse.

UBU IVANKA. He is indeed an imbecile. He can't even climb a horse by himself.

UBU TRUMP. Fizzihorn, I'm off to war and I will kill everybody.

UBU IVANKA. Good luck, Papa Ubu! Kill Czar Putin and Chelsea.

UBU TRUMP. For sure twisting off their noses and teeths, extracting their tongues and water boarding.

The army moves off to the sound of fanfares.

Act 4

Scene I

The town square in Warsaw-Washington.

CHELSEA. Forward, my friends! Long live the king of Poland, President Washington and the USA! That old rogue Ubu Trump will soon be gone. We also will get the old witch, Ubu Ivanka, and all the other bastards. I will lead the march to re-establish the dynasty of my family.

ALL. Long live Chelsea!

CHELSEA. I'll revoke all Ubu Trump taxes and get rid of the Ubu Trump dollars.

ALL. Hurrah! Forward! Let's run to the palace and slaughter the whole brood.

The crowd launches stones.

FIRST GUARD. All the windows are broken.

Ubu Ivanka runs away pursued by all the Poles. Shots and hail of stones.

Scene II

The Polish army on the march in the Ukraine-Pennsylvania

UBU TRUMP Ham of God! Head of a cow! We are going to perish because we die of thirst and tiredness. Soldier, have the kindness to carry my phynance box, and you, Scaramucci, take charge of the shit-chisel and physics-stick to relieve our person, because, I repeat, we are tired.

The soldiers obey.

JARRED KUSHNER It is astonishing that the Russians don't appear.

UBU TRUMP. Well, it is regrettable that the state of our phynances doesn't permit us to have an army of self-driving cars and self-fighting robots.

JARRED KUSHNER. See, there's Steve Bannon in a hurry appearing.

UBU TRUMP. What's bothering him, this boy?

STEVE BANNON. All is lost. The Poles are revolting. Ubu Ivanka has fled to the mountains.

UBU TRUMP. Bird of night, beast of misfortune, owl in legwarmers! Where do you finish with this nonsense? It's just one thing after another. And who did it? Chelsea, I bet.

STEVE BANNON. Yes, noble Ubu Trump, in Warsaw Washington she rules..

UBU TRUMP. Bannon, Boy of my shit, if I believed you I'd make the whole army go back the same way it came. But, the Russians are not far off, Czar Putin wants all our databases, phynances and physics. He already snatched Edward Snowden away from us.

GENERAL MAD DOG. Ubu Trump, don't you see the Russians coming?

UBU TRUMP. It is true! The Russians! And now I am screwed! We are on a hill and exposed on all sides. how can i get away alone – while you all fight and protect me? I'm scared, I suffer from diarrhea.

THE ARMY. The Russians! The enemy!

UBU TRUMP. You go, you go, Boutez en avant! Take up your positions. I stay on this hill and you go down and fight. Circle around me down there. Put in your rifles as many bullets as possible. A bullet must equal a dead Russian. I will stay inside the windmill and will fire with my phynance-gun through the window though I hate to be poor again. – General Mad Dog! When will they attack and what's the time now.

GENERAL MAD DOG. 11 in the morning.

UBU TRUMP. Then we shall eat lunch because these lazy Russians won't attack before noon. Esteemed Mad Dog, get everybody ready and to begin the Song of war phynances. Sing: starvation for them, fine dining for us.

Mad Dog leaves.

SOLDIERS: Long live Ubu Trump!

UBU TRUMP. Oh, all these brave people. I adore them!

A Russian cannonball arrives

UBU TRUMP. Ah! I'm scared. God, I'm dead! And yet, no – I've no injuries.

Scene IV

Battle field

A CAPTAIN. Ubu Trump, the Russians attack started ahead of time.

UBU. TRUMP What do you expect me to do about it? It wasn't me who told them to. They usually don't do shit before noon. Gentlemen of Phynances, let us fight. Let's spread fake news, bribery and attack the media.

A second cannonball. Ubu Trump is bowled over, the cannonball bouncing up and down on his belly

GENERAL MAD DOG. A second cannonball! I'm getting out of here. Not a good time for lunch.

He flees.

UBU TRUMP. Ah, I've had enough. It rains lead and iron here and it could damage my precious skin and my china. You should all descend into the war theater.

All descend quickly. The battle erupts. They disappear into torrents of smoke at the foot of the hill.

RUSSIAN SOLIEDER For God and Czar Putin!

STEVE BANNON. Ah! I'm dead!

UBU TRUMP. Good, I couldn't take you anymore. I think I have to soon become a fake democrat again.

A RUSSIAN. Ubu Trump, I'll shoot you.

He shoots him with a revolver.

UBU TRUMP. Oh no! I am wounded! I'm done for! I'm buried! Except that he missed! Ah! I got him! (***He rips him open.***) Now, we start winning! Report to Fox News, we're winning! A tremendous, beautiful victory!

GENERAL MAD DOG. Forward! Let's press home our advantage! Victory is ours!

UBU TRUMP. You think so? So far I feel on my forehead more bumps than laurels.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY. **Hurrah! Make way for Czar Putin!**

The Czar Putin enters, accompanied by Michael Flynn, disguised.

A POLE. Ah! Lord! Save what you can! There's Czar Putin!

ANOTHER. OH, My God! He's crossing the moat.

A THIRD. Biff! Boff! There's four of them stunned by that big bastard of a lieutenant.

MICHAEL FLYNN. Ah! I had enough.

UBU TRUMP. Forward, my friends! Catch this blighter! We'll make mincemeat of these Muscovites! Victory is ours! A tremendous victory!

ALL. **Forward! Hurrah! Ham of God! Get the big feller!**

MICHAEL FLYNN. I have fallen.

UBU TRUMP (*recognizing him*). Ah, it is you, Flynn! Ah, my friend, we are well happy, to see you die. I'm going to cook you slowly! Gentlemen of Phynances, light a fire.

Something hits Ubu Trump

Ah! No! Ah! I'm dead. It is at least a cannonball I received. Ah! my God, forgive me my sins. Yes, it is definitely a cannonball. Now, I believe in God as well. Rescue me!

GENERAL MAD DOG. You've been only shot with a cap-pistol, not a cannon ball. Your only slightly hurt in your butt.

UBU TRUMP. Ah! How encouraging. You get a raise, Mad Dog.

GENERAL MAD DOG. Ubu Trump, we advance on all fronts.

UBU TRUMP. Oh! Shit!

GENERAL MAD DOG. Don't sit, go take the Czar Putin instead.

UBU TRUMP. You do it for me! Take this shit- sword, do your duty, and you, money-crook, don't remain behind. Physics-stick, emulate them. Slaughter, abuse and torture the Muscovites and their czar. Forward, my Horse of Phynance must survive!

General Mad Dog charges at the Czar.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER. Watch out, Your Majesty!

The Czar evades a shot and pursues Ubu Trump.

UBU TRUMP. Holy Virgin, this fanatic pursues me! I've got to escape, great God!

He jumps the moat. The Czar falls in.

THE CZAR PUTIN. Oh, I've fallen in.

POLES. Hurrah! Czar Putin is down!

UBU TRUMP. I hardly dare turn around!. My physics-stick and bravery worked marvels. There's no doubt that I would have completely killed him if an inexplicable terror had not come upon me and annulled in us the effects of our courage. But we had to suddenly turn around, and owe our preservation only to the solidity of our Horse of Phynances.

The Russian dragoons charge their Kalashinkows, and rescue the Czar Putin.

UBU TRUMP. Ah! We were so close to finish the bastard off. But now, that's our cue to get out of here. backward!

POLES. Every man for himself!

UBU TRUMP. Let's go! What mess.! How am I going to get out of this mess? (***He is attacked and knocked over by Russians.***) Hey you! Don't kill me!, Wait! Taste the wrath of Mister Phynance. I write you a check. You can cash right away.

Ubu Trump writes some checks bribing the Russians who attack him .

Now they are gone. Let's save ourselves – and quick! – while Mad Dog isn't looking.

He runs off, Czar Putin and the Russian army pursue the Poles.

Scene V

A cave in Lithuania. It snows.

UBU TRUMP. Ah! What a wretched time. It's freezing enough to split a rock and my horse of Phynance is badly hurt.

SCARAMUCCI. Hey! Ubu Trump, are you done with your terror and your flight?

UBU TRUMP. Yes. I'm not afraid any more, but I must flee again.

PREIBUS (*aside*). What a swine!

UBU TRUMP. Hey, Preibus, How is it going ?

PREIBUS. Sir, As well as it can and it could be worse. I can't extract the bullet.

UBU TRUMP. That's good. You were always wanting to strike others. Me, I displayed the greatest courage and slaughtered four enemies by my own hands, not counting those that had already died.

PREIBUS. Do you know, what became of little boy Bannon?

SCARAMUCCI. He received a friendly bullet in the head.

UBU TRUMP. I regret but it was mine by mistake.

PREIBUS. The Trump presidency is over.

UBU TRUMP. You wish. You horny bastard.

SCARAMUCCI. I'm dying of hunger.

UBU TRUMP. I'm hungry, me!. But I see Russians everywhere. My God! oh!

Ubu Trump falls asleep.

PREIBUS. I wish I knew if what Bannon said is true, whether Ubu Ivanka is indeed dethroned. It's not impossible.

SCARAMUCCI. You're right. So it s now really time to abandon Ubu Trump. He is useless, he will never really deliver white supremacism!

Scene VII

Harlem morgue.

Ubu Trump speaking while delirious in his terminal sleep.

Oh! Lord Pussy Putin. I'm a holy man. I am a bishop, a pussy bishop, I'm now Ubu Trump Bishop, the holly trumpet for small hands, delivering a Muslim ban, Ubu Trump care, Ubu Trump money, Ubu Trump law, long beautiful walls, and tax cuts, cuts, cuts, cuts.

(suddenly he is terrified) Czar Putin, don't cut, don't cut me into pieces, I'm already dead, I was shoot by Michael Flynn who is now fucking Chelsea. This deplorable, traitor, rapist. Czar Putin, you plagiarized my precious script and defeated my horse of Phynance! You are so sad! And I'm dead, I can't breath, I can't breath. I swallowed all my gold, gold and blue, as you taught me Vladimir, I am blue, in Russia the true color of queerness, i m like you blue, and blue live matters, blue life matters. Therefore, I'm wretched, I'm wretched off the earth! Czar Putin, we are too close to the sharp Muslim moon, to improvised explosive devises. I've been dead a long time, It's Chelsea who killed me. I am buried at Arlington cathedral, next to presidents and king Wenscelav. Next to my native sons I hated so much. Vladimir, let me confess i loved when you fucked my ass blue in Moscow and recently in Hamburg, i love our anal collusions and you know thus I'm truly a Fox News sent beast of Satan willing to slaughter people of skin color! I'm an O'Reilley solider and took all people's money, minds, education, healthcare and health. I dope them to death! I used fentanyl myself as my lubrication through the election hell, to get a ride on the pope mobile, on air force one to heaven, protected from cabbage throwers and pink pussy-parade lovers who yell urbi et orbi for climate change. Shit fake newsers. By your blue green dick, Give it to me again. Let me die again a small death, a gentrified death in this Harlem morgue. If you don t rush, Czar Putin, you ll be fired. I need reunion, Trump-Putin. We both grabbed the pussy of the Russian Queen. Now, my last lease expires. I'm fired, Trumpputin, please, penetrate my ass one last time, deeper ,deeper, ... oh.. oh oh..

Ubu Trump climaxes, and collapses into terminal silence and dies.

