

## JENNY PENBERTHY / *Le crise: un opera d'Ubu Moi et Toi*

Music: Jacqueline Leggatt

The original performers, on the evening of September 22nd, 2012, were:  
Marianna Valdes, soprano; Madeline Lucy Smith, soprano; Melanie Adams, mezzo; Lee Plested, bass; Janna Sailor, violin; Alana Lopez, violin; Marcus Takizawa, viola; Thomas Weideman, cello; Al Cannon, conductor.

Characters:           THE PEOPLE (two members of the indignant public)  
                              UBU MOI (vain, pompous, self-promoting, above the fray)  
                              UBU TOI (practical, aware of the severity of the crisis,  
                              ruthless, managerial)

Setting: All four characters are in the same boat, adrift on an ocean that both lulls them to sleep and surprises them with unexpected waves.

*The singers are asleep on the boat. A wave strikes, waking Ubu Moi and The People—Ubu Toi sleeps. They put their arms out sideways to steady themselves.*

The People:       Whoa! What was that?  
                          We're sinking! We're sinking!  
                          Help, this boat is sinking!

Ubu Moi:           Oh noise, noise. *Adjusting his suit and tie as if for the cameras*  
                          Moi, je suis Ubu Moi  
                          I'm in the money game . . .

The People:       Windbag! Scumbag!

Ubu Moi:           I think outside the box  
                          Connect the dots  
                          Downsize . . . when I can . . .

The People:       What a scumbag!

Ubu Moi:           I can . . .

The People:      What a windbag!

Ubu Moi:          I can . . .

Ubu Moi:          Competitive advantage  
At the cutting edge  
It's a win-win  
A win-win . . .

*Ubu Toi's cell phone rings, waking her up. She talks into the phone throughout, hearing bad news.*

Ubu Toi:          Ubu Toi ici.  
Have you seen the numbers?  
Oh my fat wallet!  
Don't panic  
It's business as usual  
Give them more credit  
Let them spend, let them spend

The People:      There you go again!  
We are people, not products.  
We are people, not products.  
We will not pay for your crisis!

Ubu Moi:          Throw them overboard! (*in a lordly manner*)  
Do we need them?  
Are they worth anything?

*Adjusting as if for the cameras*

I'm the chief executive officer  
Number One  
Worth a lot  
A lot, a lot . . .

The People:      Listen to him!  
Windbag! Scumbag!

Ubu Moi: I'm a team player  
A game-changer  
A no-nonsense type . . .

All singers: Whoa! Where did that come from? (*putting their arms out to their sides to steady themselves—another big wave is passing*)

Ubu Moi: Give me your money  
I'll grow your money  
Moi, je suis Ubu Moi

Ubu Toi: Oh holy globe! (*still on the phone*)  
We need bailouts  
Hedge your bets

The People: We want jobs!

Ubu Toi: Have you seen the polls?

Ubu Moi: Moi, I'm captain of the ship  
We have the wind behind us  
We're driven by results  
By positive momentum  
Going forward  
Moi, je suis Ubu Moi

The People: We want pensions!

Ubu Toi: They want to retire?

The People: We are people, not products.  
We are people, not products.

Ubu Toi: They're chattering again!  
Can we shut them up?

The People: Oooh, they're drowning us!  
They're drowning us!

Ubu Toi:           By my bonus!  
                       Are we capsizing?

The People:       We'll have to swim for it! Swim for it!

Ubu Moi & Toi:   Where is our team?  
                       Where are the Ubuists?  
                       The middle-menagists?  
                       The consult-physicians?  
                       The memo-factotums?  
                       Come on, quick march  
                       To the rescue  
                       Financial gentlemen!  
                       We're in a tearing hurry  
                       Do you hear!

*Ubu Moi & Toi, hands on brows, looking into the distance*

Ubu Moi:           There goes Greece, farewell!

Ubu Toi:           And Egypt, a lost opportunity!

Ubu Moi:           Italy, adieu!

Ubu Toi:           Spain up ahead!

Ubu Moi & Toi:   Can't see it  
                       Can't see it

Ubu Moi:           We've got Libya in the bag.

Ubu Moi & Toi:   Where are we going?  
                       Where are we going?  
                       We should have arrived by now!