*Ubu Roi* by Alfred Jarry

Papa Turd *(The King – a parody of* Macbeth *and pieces of* Hamlet *and* King Lear*)*

Bring in the first Noble, and me my Noble-hook. Those that are condemned to death I’ll put through the trapdoor and they’ll tumble into the sub-cellars of Pinchpork and Moneybag, where their brains will be removed by a printing-press. *(A beat, then Quickly)* Who are you? What’s your income? Condemned! *(He pushes the Noble down a hole)* Second Noble, who are you?! (pause) You going to answer, stupid? (beat) Fine! Fine! That’s all I want to know. In the trap! Third Noble, who are you? And what an ugly mug you’ve got. What’s your income? Bankrupt?! For that dirty word you go into the trap! Seeing that it’s taking so long to get rich, just have the whole bunch of Nobles killed. Into the TRAP! Come on, hurry up. Now I want to make laws. First we’ll reform justice. From now on the magistrates don’t get paid. You can simply have the fines you levy, and the property of whoever you condemn to death. What say you, magistrates? No? Then *(thinking)* INTO THE TRAP!