

ROBIN HOOD - THE PANTOMIME

by Chris Lane

Directed for (Drama Club name)

by

Contact numbers:

Home:

Mobile:

E-mail:

This copy of the script belongs to

ROBIN HOOD - THE PANTOMIME

Chris Lane

www.pantoscripts.me.uk

THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions with or without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@familylane.plus.com .

If you like the script but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know and I will gladly tailor it to your needs at no extra cost.

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I will send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © **Chris Lane** on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as 'How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?') **I will be very delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you with just about anything!**

Happy reading! Chris Lane

ROBIN HOOD - THE PANTOMIME

Chris Lane

www.pantoscripts.me.uk

Frequently Asked Questions:

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add 'Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones' or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in 'your own' work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place, which club would be performing them, and to what size audiences. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

QUESTION: Is that all?

ANSWER: Almost - but you must put my name on all posters and programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © Chris Lane

MORE BORING BUT LEGAL SMALL PRINT

This script is the copyright of Chris Lane who reserves all rights to it, including stage, motion picture, radio, television, public reading and translation into foreign languages.

No part of this publication may lawfully be reproduced in any form or by any means – photocopying, typescript, recording (including video recording), manuscript, electronic, mechanical or otherwise – or be transmitted or stored in a retrieval system, including the internet, without prior permission.

CHRIS LANE

NZ Writers Guild

All books available from AMAZON

amazon.com/chris-lane amazon.co.uk/chris-lane

pantoscripts.me.uk

PANTO TITLES

CINDERELLA
DICK WHITTINGTON
HANSEL AND GRETEL
RED RIDING HOOD & THE THREE PIGS
ROBIN HOOD
SLEEPING BEAUTY
SNOW WHITE
THREE MEN IN A TUB

COMEDY NOVELS

ALL TOP-TEN BESTSELLING COMEDY

E-BOOKS (some No 1 best-sellers)

BLOODWRATH
MAKEOVER OF BLOOD
KILLED TO DEATH
SPLAT!
TROLLEY OF DOOM
SKY TOWER

THE 'FAIRY THE BLACKSMITH' SAGA

FAIRY & THE SHYTE WEASELS
AVALON
AT THE END OF THE WORLD
ARTHUR & MERLIN: The Idiot Years

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

AM DRAM 'HOW TO' BOOKS

HOW TO RUN A DRAMA GROUP.
CREATE AN AMATEUR SHOW.
JUNIOR DRAMA GROUPS: HOW TO
RUN THEM *and survive*
THE PERFECT PANTO SCRIPT.
COLLECTED PANTO SCRIPTS.
HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR E BOOK

THE DAFF WAR
THE SWIPERS

*I live in Auckland with my wife, Norma
(Head of Operations, St John Ambulance,
New Zealand) and family
As well as writing scripts, film screenplays
and bestselling books I direct for the stage
and actively supports new writers in many
genres.*

*From 1953 to 2013 I lived in England, with
over 30 of those years spent in teaching,
until I worked out why I woke up
screaming.*

ROBIN HOOD - THE PANTOMIME

WWW.PANTOSCRIPTS.ME.UK

Adapted & updated: Chris Lane August 18 from a script by Chris Lane & Simon Dunn 1997.

THE SCENES

SCENE ONE: Sherwood Forest, late one summer afternoon

SCENE TWO: Nottingham Castle (Half Tabs/Side Stage)

SCENE THREE: Castle Kitchens

INTERVAL

SCENE FOUR: The Castle Dungeons

SCENE FIVE: Another part of the Castle (Half Tabs/Side Stage)

SCENE SIX: The Throne Room (or Chapel if you prefer the scenery here – adjust script to fit!) (Scenes Five and Six run together without a break)

CAST OUTLINE (* indicates serious solo/duet)

MERRY MEN:

FRIAR TUCK

LITTLE JOHN (rather thick)

ALAN A'DALE (tone deaf) *

WILL SCARLET

MUCH the Miller's Son.

DEREK – a small boy, **also Very Little John, Very Very Little John** (slightly larger boys)

And **ROBIN HOOD** of course *

THE LADIES:

MAID MARION *

MAID BADLY (her 'sister' – probably Dame role)

MAID LUCY *

POTTY PAT (Scene Four: character cameo)

THE BADDIES:

SHERIFF*

SIGNOR DON QUIPAT (Spanish) (can be Welsh etc but with a new name!)

Guy de Tours & Hugo de Rongwey – lazy henchmen.

ALSO:

Giant Mouse \ Queen Mouse

Additional Merry Men

Amazon Warriors OR small Ninja warriors

Small Mice, Pageboy & Bridesmaid

ROBIN HOOD - THE PANTOMIME

Chris Lane & Simon Dunn 1997.
Adapted & updated: Chris Lane August 18
WWW.PANTOSCRIPTS.ME.UK

THE SECTIONS IN GREY ARE FOR YOU TO ADAPT
TO LOCAL OR TOPICAL NEEDS – remember to do this before you print it!

ACT ONE: SCENE ONE: SHERWOOD FOREST

*A lush glade in Sherwood Forest; the home of the outlaws. There are trees on both sides and at the rear, where there is also a view of the Sheriff's castle in the distance. There is a pot over a fire upstage and assorted logs, etc, on either side downstage, to sit on. All the **MERRY MEN** are on stage, going about their normal daily routine. Some are making arrows, sharpening swords, mending clothes, etc. There are local wenches there.*

OPENING NUMBER: ALL *During the song the stage should be filled with busy activity, but not dancing. **LITTLE JOHN** and **FRIAR TUCK** are practising with staves, banging heads, fingers. Sudden commotion. Will Scarlet rushes in.*

WILL SCARLET: Quick! Stop all the singing! Soldiers in the forest! *(runs out)*

FRIAR TUCK: Soldiers! To arms! To arms!! *(Little John kindly offers his 2 arms)* No, Little John: get your weapons! Much! Quick! Douse the fire – they'll see the smoke!

MUCH: Right! *(Grabs bucket and throws it toward fire but gets Little John, who points angrily at his wet face)*

FRIAR TUCK: Little John! Your make up is fine! Much! Get that fire out!

MUCH: Right! *(Repeat water over John who points at wet face)*

FRIAR TUCK: Little John: we can't play charades now! And Much! Get that fire out!

MUCH: Right! *(Repeat water over John who protests violently)*

DEREK: Little John's gone mad!

MUCH: Not again! I know what'll cool him down! *(Grabs bucket and throws on Little John, who stands in shocked stillness)*

Will Scarlet returns cheerfully.

WILL SCARLET: Oops – sorry everyone! My mistake! Not soldiers! It's just Robin returning!

FRIAR TUCK: Not to worry! No harm done!

LITTLE JOHN: No harm done?! No harm?!

FRIAR TUCK: Stopping flapping about, Little John. And look at that fire – is that welcoming for Robin? Get it going again, there a good chap!

WILL SCARLET: *(notices audience)* And who are this lot then, Tuck? New recruits?

FRIAR TUCK: They're guests, Will, and we're ignoring them! *(To audience)* Good company! Welcome to Sherwood Forest! Home of the fearless champion of freedom - ROBIN HOOD!! *(All cheer)*

LITTLE JOHN: Here in Sherwood Forest we live the life of OUTLAWS! We rob! *(Agreement)*

WILL SCARLET: We eat! *(Loud agreement)*

LITTLE JOHN: We fight! *(Louder cheering)*

WILL SCARLET: We drink! *(Loudest cheers)*

MUCH: And nobody makes us change our pants! *(Sporadic cheers & shuffling away)*

FRIAR TUCK: But there is one thing which spoils our life here! *(All agree)*

LITTLE JOHN: Yes, yes ...Not half! Ha!... No Wi-Fi! *(they look at him)* No? What is it then?

FRIAR TUCK: Why, you know what it is, Little John; it's the wickedest man in the land

WWW.PANTOSCRIPTS.ME.UK

MUCH: The cruellest man in the land.

WILL SCARLET The ugliest man in the land! (*General agreement*)

LITTLE JOHN: Who's that then? *SOMEONE LOCAL / TOPICAL like Donald Trump.*

FRIAR TUCK: No - that evil devil - the Sheriff of Nottingham!!

MEN blow 'raspberries'.

(SOUND OF DISTANT HORN in traditional Robin Hood manner.)

MUCH: 'Tis Robin! (*General excitement*)

FRIAR TUCK: (*to audience*) That hunting horn means that our leader, Robin Hood, is returning to camp. We must welcome him in proper fashion!

WILL SCARLET: Yes, indeed! When Robin comes into the clearing, everyone must shout - as loud as possible: 'Hello - Robin!!' (*Agreement*) (*to aud*) And you lot - will you help us shout 'Hello Robin'? (*Shield eyes & look out*) Hello? Is there anybody there? I said, WILL YOU HELP ME SHOUT, 'HELLO ROBIN'?!

FRIAR TUCK: They're not very loud tonight (*this afternoon*), are they, John? Perhaps we should have a practice?

MAN: I know! Little John can pretend to be Robin, and when he comes on they can all shout 'Hello Robin'! (*They look dubious*)

FRIAR TUCK: Great idea! Go on then, John.

LITTLE JOHN: What?

FRIAR TUCK: You go off – then come back.

LITTLE JOHN: Right. (*Goes off. Voice from wings*) What was after 'Go off'?

FRIAR TUCK: Come back!

LITTLE JOHN: (*enters*) What?

All shout 'Hello Robin'.

FRIAR TUCK: Well, that wasn't very loud. We'll try that one more time, and I want everyone to shout their loudest. Try taking your sweets out!

WILL SCARLET: (*shields eyes and looks at front row*) No, dear, he said take your SWEETS out - not your TEETH! (*Pretend to listen*) What? No we can't put the lights on now; you can look for them in the interval. Right then, off you go again, John!

LITTLE JOHN: Make your minds up: 'off – on – off – on' ... (*exits grumbling*)

Little John enters. All shout 'Hello Robin'.

FRIAR TUCK: Much better! And now, get ready to shout again, because here comes our real leader - ROBIN HOOD!!

ROBIN HOOD: Enters: all shout.

ROBIN HOOD. What a welcome! What a day!

FRIAR TUCK: You seem excited, Robin.

LITTLE JOHN: Is it good news from the forest? Something valuable heading this way?

ROBIN HOOD: Yes! The most valuable of cargoes!

MUCH: I hope it's not another wagon-load of jelly babies? (*General agreement & stomach clutching*) I still see them in my nightmares – huge red ones, striding towards me (*demonstrates briefly, frightening Derek*)

ROBIN HOOD: No: not more jelly babies!

LITTLE JOHN: Is it gold?

MUCH: Jewels?

WILL SCARLET: i-Phones? (*Strange looks from others*)

ROBIN HOOD: No. Far better than any of these! It is the most beautiful maiden!

LITTLE JOHN: Oh no! He's going to get all sloppy! Blow that; who wants to see my scars again? This big one's from my first wife. And this one's... (*All but Tuck and Robin move aside*)

FRIAR TUCK: A beautiful maiden, eh? But steady on, Robin. Don't forget - we're outlaws. No

WWW.PANTOSCRIPTS.ME.UK

decent girl is going to want anything to do with us.

ROBIN HOOD: I know all that, Tuck, but ... when I saw her face ...

OPTION FOR SONG: ROBIN HOOD, possibly Merry Men support as appropriate. Something like Monkees: 'I'm a believer' or James Blunt 'You're beautiful'.

FRIAR TUCK: Robin; was this maid travelling alone?

ROBIN HOOD: No, there were two others with her, and half a dozen soldiers, and a cart piled high with wooden chests - possibly full of (*whispers*) gold!

LITTLE JOHN: GOLD! (*All MERRY MEN leap up and gather around*)

ROBIN HOOD: Aye, Little John - gold! Well, men. What do say? Feel like a fight?!

MERRY MEN: AYE!

LITTLE JOHN: Shall we hit 'em with our staffs? (*Action*)

MERRY MEN: AYE!!

LITTLE JOHN: Shall we punch 'em with our fists? (*Action*)

MERRY MEN: AYE!

LITTLE JOHN: Shall we slice 'em and dice 'em?! (*Waves knife*)

MERRY MEN: Urgh, not likely. (*Various noises & actions of disgust*)

LITTLE JOHN: And I shall lead you into battle with our Marching Song!! (*Strikes 'singing' pose. Band starts up 'Men in tights!' Or 'Give me some men who are stout hearted men'*)

ROBIN HOOD: Aah. perhaps we'll just creep up on them? Element of surprise and all that, eh, Little John? (*Little John looks very disappointed*) Oh, all right then. We'll sing - but just as far as the edge of the forest

MUSIC: part of SONG. ALL EXIT

ENTER ALAN A'DALE He is dressed VERY boldly in a minstrel's costume, with tights, pointed red shoes, large Tudor padded 'bits' around tops of his legs. He has two large pockets on the front of his jerkin, & a mandolin which he can neither tune nor play.

ALAN A'DALE: 'Oh, green sleeves, on my left and right ('twang'), (*mimes wiping nose on sleeves*) ('twang') 'I must go and buy, a new hankie tonight'

This looks like the right place - it looks lived in!

(*Wanders idly to the front of the stage where he looks up, surveys the audience, then does a 'double take' at seeing the audience and jumps back.*)

Crikey! Where did you lot come from? Creeping up on me like that!

(*Covers eyes to look at them*)

Let's have a better look! (*House lights rise slightly*) Ooo00oohH! Someone's been in here with the Ugly Stick! (*Chance to abuse any local dignitary or notable in the audience*)

Quick! Put the lights out again! That's better!

Perhaps you lot can help me? I'm the famous singer: Alan A'Dale. You might know my hit song: 'If I'd wanted an ugly girlfriend I'd have moved to (*local place*)'. No?

Anyway: I want to join Robin Hood and his merry men so I've come into the forest to find them. (*Looks around*) Is this where they live? (*Business*) Is it? Super! Nobody here: they must have gone shopping.

Never mind: while I wait for them to come back I'll sing one of my more popular songs – BUT - if you see any outlaws you must shout and tell me.

Will you shout if you see any outlaws? (*No response*) Hello?? Are you DEAD? YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOUT LOUDER THAN THAT! Will you shout if you see any outlaws? (*Response*) Great!

Here we go then. This is my version of (*A current popular song that can be easily massacred*)

SINGS. Two outlaws start to creep up behind him, very feebly disguised behind small, leafy branches as some sort of camouflage. They run off at the shouting.

ALAN A'DALE: Don't interrupt! I was just getting to the note I could play!

(Repeat action)

They don't do this for *(current singer)*!

(Repeat)

What is the matter with you people? You can't ALL be music critics! I'll give you one last chance to hear a bit of culture.

(Outlaws come on again but this time they crouch down behind their branches and stay on stage.)

What is it? What's all the noise about?

(Looks around but sees nothing. Behind his back the outlaws shuffle closer.)

What are you shouting about? Eh? What? Where?

(Has good look round but still sees nothing)

Outlaws?! I can't see any outlaws! Where are they? Where?

(Two 'shrubs' shuffle stage left)

Over here? *(Looks Stage Right)* *(Then REPEAT IN REVERSE)*

I don't think there's anybody here!

(Outlaws throw aside branches and creep right up to Alan)

No - I think you're just teasing me!

(Outlaws grab Alan and lift him up so his legs swing up and out toward the audience. He shrieks in alarm!)

ROBIN HOOD : *(ENTERS with LITTLE JOHN, FRIAR TUCK and few other men including children Very LITTLE JOHN, Very Very Little John and DEREK.)* So! You've captured something too! What is it?

ALAN A'DALE: Unhand me, ruffians! This one finger of mine can be deadly!

MERRY MEN: Oooohh! *(Drop him)*

LOCAL NAME: One finger! Deadly?

ALAN A'DALE: Yes indeed - if I stick it in the electric socket! Bam!

LITTLE JOHN: Er - why are you dressed like that?

ALAN A'DALE: I will have you know that I am a Wandering Minstrel!

FRIAR TUCK: A Wandering Minstrel?

MERRY MAN: Sounds like a lost chocolate!

LITTLE JOHN: Can you prove what you say?

ALAN A'DALE: Most definitely! Ahum! *(Clears throat; starts to sing & dance the Macarena – no choice; needed later in show!)*

MERRY MAN 2: What on earth is that noise?

ALAN A'DALE: It's the Macarena - everyone's been doing it for years!

MERRY MAN 3: Not round 'ere they aint!

ROBIN HOOD: Enough! How on earth did YOU get a job as a minstrel?!

ALAN A'DALE: I don't know really - it wasn't my first choice. I just went into the Job Centre and said 'I don't mind what job you give me I know I'll be outstanding in any field! So they gave me a job as a scarecrow! *(Adopts pose)*

LITTLE JOHN: Pah! Enough of this foolery! *(Draws dagger)* Quick now - tell us ... what brought you to Sherwood Forest?

ALAN A'DALE. A number seven bus, but I had to change at *(local town)* and...

LOCAL NAME: No, he means WHY did you come here?

LITTLE JOHN: And answer true or *(pulls finger across throat & makes horrid face)*

ALAN A'DALE: You'll take my scarf?

LITTLE JOHN: No! Just tell him!

ALAN A'DALE: Gulp! I.. I .. I've come to be an outlaw!

ROBIN HOOD: Ah! And why do you want to be an outlaw?!

ALAN A'DALE: So I can forget ... a woman!

LITTLE JOHN: Ooo00oo00ooH! (*John turns aside wistfully*)

FRIAR TUCK: Don't mind Little John. He came here came to the forest BECAUSE he forgot a woman!

LOCAL NAME: He forgot his wife's birthday! (*All pull horror faces*)

LITTLE JOHN: Do you want to see the scars?

FRIAR TUCK: Not right now, John.
Tell us; who is the maid who has driven you to this desperate step?

ALAN A'DALE: The fair Maid, **LUCY** of '*local name*'.

FRIAR TUCK: Ah, I see - and she didn't love you?

ALAN A'DALE: Oh yes - not half! But it was her Uncle. He threw me out!

LITTLE JOHN: That sounds reasonable.

ALAN A'DALE: No! He threw me out the window!

ROBIN HOOD: Who is her Uncle?

ALAN A'DALE: He's that old misery-guts: The Sheriff of Nottingham!
(*Much raspberry blowing, much to his alarm and he has to wipe himself off*)
Bleugh! All I said was 'Sheriff of Nottingham'! (*Repeat*)

FRIAR TUCK: We don't use his name in this forest!

ALAN A'DALE: (*to audience*) Urgh! You could have warned me! I must make sure I don't say Sh...
(*all start to pucker up to blow, but ...*)
Ha-ha! Fooled you! You thought I was going to say Sheriff! (*Raspberries!*) Arrr!!

ROBIN HOOD: Enough of these terrible tales. You'll soon forget your broken heart here.
I am Robin of Loxley, known in these parts as Robin Hood. And you?

ALAN A'DALE: I am Alan A'Dale. Known in these parts as 'Oy, you there!' And I recognise this fellow, (*to Very LITTLE JOHN*) you must be Little John.

ROBIN HOOD: No, that is **Very** Little John; this is **Very Very** Little John and THIS (*to tiny merry man*)

ALAN A'DALE: Let me guess. **Very Very Very LITTLE JOHN?**

ROBIN HOOD: No. **DEREK.** (*indicates John*) THIS is **LITTLE JOHN!**

ALAN A'DALE: Why do they call him **Little** John? Is it personal and embarrassing? Tee hee.

ROBIN HOOD: It's the name he was given in prison

ALAN A'DALE: Oh - so it's a 'nick' name'!

LITTLE JOHN: I heard that!!

ALAN A'DALE: My! Haven't you outlaws got big ears!

LITTLE JOHN: No. (*To aud*) Not since Noddy paid the ransom! Ba-boom! (*All stamp and extend a hand in the traditional ba-boom manner!*)

WILL SCARLET and MUCH ENTER

ROBIN HOOD: Ah! Will Scarlet. Meet our new colleague: Alan A'Dale.

WILL SCARLET: Do we call you Alan or do you prefer A'Dale?

ALAN A'DALE: Frankly, Scarlet, I don't **give** a damn!

MUCH: And I'm Much the Miller!

ALAN A'DALE: Ah, yes! I knew your twin brother - **MUCH the Same!**

ROBIN HOOD: Enough of this nonsense! Here come the prisoners!

ENTER MAID MARION and more MERRY MEN

MAID MARION: Unhand me you brute! (*Swings punch; sends man holding her flying*)

ROBIN HOOD: Woah! Stand back, men! We've caught a wild cat!

MAID MARION: Better a wild cat than a gang of APES, swinging through the trees!! (*She swings a*

punch at Robin who ducks. It hits Will, who falls spectacularly)

MAID MARION: Out of my way! *(Tries to walk away but Robin blocks her path. A moment to look into each other's eyes sloppily)* You can't keep us here like this! And where's my sister?

LITTLE JOHN: Sister?! You mean there's another one like this?!

Where is she? Robin! You must introduce me to the sister!

ROBIN HOOD: I'm not sure that's such a good...

LITTLE JOHN: Go on, Robin! Here – you can have my last jelly babies! *(Gives bag)*

ROBIN HOOD: Alright then! Bring the sister in!

ENTER MAID BADLY with last Merry Man.

MAID BADLY: OoH! A barbecue! Lovely! *(Marches up to John and grins horribly at him. He jumps away in alarm then snatches jelly babies back from Robin. Badly spots the sweets.)* Oooh! Jelly babies! I've heard about men like you. Come here and tempt me!

MAID MARION: Sister. Come away from them! You people are going to be very sorry! Do you know who we are?!

MUCH: *(a moment's thought)* You're not *Spice Girls*, on another reunion OR similar, are you?

MAID MARION: Certainly not! I am Maid Marion. *(Robin bows deeply to her)* And my sister - is Maid Badly.

LITTLE JOHN: You can say that again!

MAID BADLY: Watch it, matey!

MAID MARION: And we are on our way to stay with our Uncle who happens to be the man who is going to send all his soldiers into this forest to find us; because our Uncle is none other than the Sh...

ALAN A'DALE: Shhh....!

MAID MARION: None other than the Sh...

ALAN A'DALE: Shhhhhh.. shame about the weather today! *(hissing to Marion)* Don't say it!

MAID MARION: Don't say what?!

ALAN A'DALE: Don't say 'Sheriff'! *(Raspberries)*

ROBIN HOOD: You think that we're frightened of that old windbag?! Hah! We spit in his face!

ALAN A'DALE: *(wiping face with large hanky from breast pocket)* Well that's no idle threat!

ROBIN HOOD: Tonight you good ladies will be the guests of Robin Hood! Prepare the supper!

MAID BADLY: See, I told you it was a barbecue. What are we having?!

WILL SCARLET: Local produce - purloined steak!

MAID BADLY: You mean sirloin steak!

WILL SCARLET: No - purloined - we nicked it! *(To aud)* It's a panto, alright?!

MAID BADLY: I know what you big, strong, hairy men need! Home cooking! Where's my basket? *(From nearest wings is handed basket with cloth over top)*

A lovely cake! Made with my own bare hands! Here you are!

(She hands one slice of cake to John, who, amazed at its weight drops it with a heavy thud.)

Never mind, here's another piece! *(She hands it to Will. He struggles to hold it then hits it on the head or nearby man who collapses backwards)*

How about you? *(To Alan)* You need feeding up!

(All watch in horror as Alan is about to eat it. At the last moment he suddenly gasps in amazement at something above and behind them all, so they all turn to look up. He then - with great flourish so the audience don't miss it - places the cake carefully in his breast pocket.)

ALAN A'DALE: Delicious!

MAID MARION: You ate it?! *(Looks of respect from everyone)*

(Lookout rushes in)

LOOKOUT: Soldiers! Soldiers coming!

MAID MARION: What did I tell you! Soon you gorillas will be swinging from the battlements of Nottingham Castle!

ROBIN HOOD: They have to catch us first! Arm yourselves, men! Good Friar: you and our new friend (*Alan*) stay here to keep an eye on our guests. We don't want them wandering off and 'getting lost'!

LITTLE JOHN: Let's go! (*Starts to sing again*)

ROBIN HOOD: Er ...on second thoughts, John - perhaps you'd better stay too.

All EXIT except a disappointed LITTLE JOHN, ALAN A'DALE, MAID MARION, MAID BADLY, FRIAR TUCK. Derek is nearby.

MAID MARION: Great ape.

MAID BADLY: I think he's rather cute.

MAID MARION: Well, he's still a thief and an outlaw!

FRIAR TUCK: It depends who you talk to. If you ask the ordinary people around here what they think of Robin Hood...

ALAN A'DALE: That's right. Everyone knows the famous song about Robin Hood!

LITTLE JOHN: Yeah! (*Goes to sing but can't*) Which one is that then?

FRIAR TUCK: I know the one he means -

Robin Hood - Robin Hood - Riding through the glen.

Robin Hood - Robin -

LITTLE JOHN: What's he riding through?

FRIAR TUCK: A glen! It's a Scottish valley! Let's try again -

Robin Hood - Robin -

LITTLE JOHN: What's he doing in Scotland?

FRIAR TUCK: I don't know - it's just a song. Now are we going to sing it or not?

ALAN A'DALE: Let's try again:

Robin Hood - Robin Hood - Riding through the glen.

Robin Hood - Robin - with his band of men, feared ...

LITTLE JOHN: What a cheek! No we're not!

ALAN A'DALE: No you're not what?

LITTLE JOHN: We're not bandy men. Look at my legs, they're not bandy!

(*DEREK peeps through his bandy legs*)

DEREK: Peep-oh!

MAID MARION: Good grief. What a shower!

FRIAR TUCK: Now stop this messing about. (*To aud*) I bet you lot know the song, don't you?!

ALAN A'DALE: If they were born before 1960 they will! (*they look out*)

LITTLE JOHN: Born before 1900 that one!

(*option of screen with words here*)

FRIAR TUCK: OK: it goes:

Robin Hood - Robin Hood - Riding through the glen.

Robin Hood - Robin Hood- with his band of men,

Feared by the bad, loved by the good,

Robin Hood - Robin Hood - Robin Hood.

ALAN A'DALE: Easy! Right. Then you can all to help with the chorus. Here we go. Music please!

They sing the song, taking turns with the verses. SONG AND COMIC DANCE

ROBIN HOOD: (*ENTERS QUICKLY*) Quick everyone! The Sheriff is coming!!

(*Bustles them offstage, all BLOWING RASPBERRIES.*)

Fanfare. Sound of horses. ENTER SHERIFF, HUGO FIRST and GUY De TOURS. SHERIFF is being

carried on a wooden horse (on wheels), supported like a litter by the soldiers. Behind comes QUIPAT, providing sound effects with two coconut halves.

SHERIFF: Gently! Gently! You're shaking my noble personage! One more bump and I'll have you both hung up by the... *(Deliberate bump by men)* Argh! *(Pats horse)* Whoah there, Camilla! *(He dismounts and turns on the men.)* I told you what would happen if you broke the speed limit in Nottingham again!

GUY De TOURS: We weren't going that fast!

SHERIFF: Fast?! QUIPAT! How fast were they going?

QUIPAT: Eh? Aaah... Un moment! *(Spanish accent)* *(taps coconuts, faster and faster, jogging in time, until satisfied he has the right tempo)* *(With suitable accent!)* About twelve leagues an hour!

SHERIFF: Exactly! Two leagues an hour over the speed limit!

HUGO FIRST: I appeal!

SHERIFF: Not to ME you don't! QUIPAT! Check the sat-nav!

QUIPAT: Eh?

SHERIFF: You know – the sat nav!

QUIPAT: Oh yes! *(Lifts horse's tail and puts in hand OR taps imaginary buttons.)* *(here a voice could say 'Please make a U-turn now')* *(Looks in)* It's here - twelve leagues an hour!

SHERIFF: You know what this means, don't you!

Men: NO! Not...!

SHERIFF: Yes! Two weeks, trying to collect taxes in 'local place'. HaHaHa!!

SHERIFF: Now, where are we? *(Looks around)* At that speed we should have met Marion and her hideous sister ages ago!

QUIPAT: *(nervously, seeing that they are in the outlaws' camp)* Perhaps they have been captured by by outlaws!

GUY DeTOURS: Outlaws! Har! *(draws sword and stamps about)* Come on then outlaws! Who wants a taste of cold steel?!

HUGO FIRST: Ooh! I'll have a taste! *(Bites end off Guy's sword)*

GUY DeTOURS: *(stares at sword, bursts into tears)* My mummy gave me that!

SHERIFF: Stop your wailing, you dismal dung-beetles! *(Strides across the stage thoughtfully.)* I hope that nothing unpleasant has happened to the Maid Marion!

QUIPAT: So do I - she's very nice! *(could hold the coconuts to chest rather rudely?)*

SHERIFF: Idiot! I care nothing for the girl! I have a pernicious plot!

QUIPAT: Oh dear; I am sorry to hear that. A what?

SHERIFF: A pernicious plot! Listen. I plan to kidnap Maid Marion, and then write a letter to her rich father, pretending to be that villain, Robin Hood!

QUIPAT: Her father is pretending to be Robin Hood?

SHERIFF: No, you fool! I will pretend to be Robin Hood - and I will say that I have captured Marion, and I will not let her go until he sends me a thousand gold coins. Then, when her father has sent the money, we *(makes the double finger "quote" gesture)* 'dispose of her' forever! Teehee!

QUIPAT: 'Dispose of her'? *(Makes the quote gesture but upside down, which looks rather rude. Sheriff corrects him rather embarrassed)* What about her sister - MAID BADLY? How many duck eggs will Robin Hood want for her?

SHERIFF: Badly?! I should think her father would pay to get rid of her! She poisoned him once with her cooking. They had to send for the doctor!

QUIPAT: What did he say?

SHERIFF: He said it was a severe case of 'Culinary Thrombosis'!

QUIPAT: And what's that then?

SHERIFF: A clot in the kitchen!

QUIPAT: So do we (*Makes the quote gesture sideways*) 'dispose' of her too?

SHERIFF: Silence! Here comes my niece - she must know nothing of this plot!

ENTER LUCY looking exhausted.

LUCY: Good grief, Uncle; how am I supposed to keep up with you! You know there's a speed-limit here! (*Sherriff glares at men*) (*Lucy looks around*) So why have we stopped here?

QUIPAT: Ha! Your Uncle was just telling me he has a persistent spot about him kidnapping the Maid M

SHERIFF: (*Stamps on foot.*) We were waiting for you to catch up, my dear child!

LUCY: Hmmm. (*Does not believe him.*) Really.

QUIPAT: She is still cross with you. (*goes closer*) I think she has guessed you threw her boyfriend out of the window.

SHERIFF: She's just over-sensitive. I did open the window first!

LUCY: But isn't this forest a bit dangerous for you? Isn't this is where those outlaws hang about?

SHERIFF: Outlaws? Dangerous? Pah! (*Strolls casually to one side and stands next to a tree*) My dear child, there isn't an outlaw within fifty leagues of here!

(Sound of flying arrow. Arrow lands with a solid thud beside ear. On a spring!)

ROBIN HOOD: (*ENTERS with bow in hand. It has been done by swinging in with one foot in a loop on the end of a rope!*) Not so. As you can see, we are far closer than fifty leagues!

SHERIFF: (*jumping behind soldiers*) Don't just stand there like a queue at (*local establishment like Tescoes*) Seize him! (*As they step forward reluctantly LITTLE JOHN, FRIAR TUCK & WILL SCARLET enter. Soldiers step backwards and bump into Sheriff.*)

ROBIN HOOD. It would seem we are equally matched - at least in numbers, Sheriff! (*Loud raspberries from MERRY MEN.*)

SHERIFF: I wish you wouldn't do that! And it's Mr Sheriff to you!

ROBIN HOOD: Whatever: but at least we have spoiled yet another of your evil plans!

QUIPAT: Ah! He heard you!

SHERIFF: (*Shushing QUIPAT then crossing to Robin.*) My evil plan? What can you be talking about? (*quieter once close enough not to be heard by LUCY*) What a rotten trick - listening to a chap's secret plots from behind a tree!

ROBIN HOOD: Not as rotten as your plan to blame me for your own foul crime! But I forgive you - because the girls will be staying here, in the safety of Sherwood Forest!

ENTER MAID MARION, MAID BADLY.

MAID BADLY: Look! It's Grotty Notty and his little chums!

MAID MARION: Now we'll see who has the last laugh! (*Starts toward Sheriff but Robin stops her*) Let go of me!

ROBIN HOOD. But you heard what the Sheriff was saying! You heard what he planned to do!

MAID MARION: I heard nothing! Did you hear anything, sister?

MAID BADLY: All I could hear was this fat oaf's tummy rumbling! (*Hits Tuck*)

MAID MARION: This is just some feeble trick to avoid the punishment you deserve! Look at this man (*Indicates Sherriff who looks innocent*) - does he LOOK like a kidnapper?!

MERRY MEN: Yes!

SHERIFF: Oh no I don't!

MERRY MEN AND AUDIENCE repeat business THREE times.

ALAN A'DALE: Enters rapidly

ALAN A'DALE: More soldiers coming! Dozens of them! (*Sees LUCY*)

ALAN & LUCY: You!

ROBIN HOOD: This isn't the end of this!

SHERIFF: No, there are another five scenes to go yet! (*Nose to nose*)

ROBIN HOOD: We'll be meeting again - very soon!

SHERIFF: (*snarling*) I can hardly wait! (*Loud*) Back to Nottingham! (*To aud*) I have an important letter to write! Hahahaha...*sneer, hiss, etc* EXITS

EVERYONE EXITS (Sherriff & Marion etc one way. Merry Men another), EXCEPT ALAN A'DALE AND LUCY.

LUCY: Alan! What IS going on?! I don't see you for days then you turn up here - with these cut-throats!

ALAN A'DALE: They're not cut-throats; they're the only honest people I've met since I came to Nottingham! Except you of course.

LUCY: I waited hours for you the other evening and you never bothered to show up.

ALAN A'DALE: That's because your Uncle threw me out the window!!!

LUCY: What is this? Be rude to my Uncle week? All these terrible stories about him.

ALAN A'DALE: Come off it! You know what he's like! Don't you remember the time he found that rude poem about him on the toilet wall? He changed all the loo-paper for sand-paper, and said 'That'll wipe the smile off their faces!'

LUCY: Oh, yes. I remember that!

ALAN A'DALE: Anyone who could stoop that low wouldn't think twice about kidnapping!

LUCY: But, if you're right Marion and Badly are in terrible danger!

ALAN A'DALE: Robin Hood will have a plan to save them! But it might be (*gulp*) dangerous!

Suitable intro into DUET.

ENTER ALL THE MERRY MEN, ROBIN HOOD, ETC.

ROBIN HOOD: Yes! There he is! Oh! And the Maid LUCY! No offence - but can we trust her?

ALAN A'DALE: LUCY? I would trust her with *something local/topical (Brexit?)*.

ROBIN HOOD: Good, because she is vital to my plan! With Lucy's help, YOU are about to lead our attack on Nottingham Castle to rescue Maid Marion!

ALAN A'DALE: Me?! I'm just a minstrel!

ROBIN HOOD: Exactly! And you have a stout heart - that is what counts!

SONG: repeat of marching song

ROBIN HOOD: (*holding sword high*) TO NOTTINGHAM!!

ALL WAVE THEIR WEAPONS AND CHEER AS THE CURTAIN CLOSES.

SCENE 2: SOMEWHERE IN THE CASTLE

QUIPAT, Guy and Hugo are lined up. Sheriff is pacing angrily to and fro.

SHERIFF: You cretinous creatures! You moronic maggots! When I send you out to collect taxes - I expect you to come back with that funny little round stuff called MONEY!! Not some pathetic story about 'poor peasants' and a load of old junk!! I mean - what on earth IS this?!

HUGO FIRST: (*hands him bag of sweets*) Errr...I think they're jelly babies!

SHERIFF: (*snatching bag and poking about inside*) What use are these to me?! Someone has already bitten the heads off!

QUIPAT: How Much have you collected?

(QUIPAT looks vague then suddenly remembers and produces a false leg and holds it up proudly)

What on earth is that?!

QUIPAT: It was the only thing one old peasant had left. He even threatened me - he said that if I took it, he'd take me to court!

SHERIFF: So what did you say?

QUIPAT: I told him he didn't have a leg to stand on and could hop it!! (*Laughs & hops, gradually losing enthusiasm as ...*)

SHERIFF: (*slowly and menacing*) Was that supposed to be a 'joke', QUIPAT?

QUIPAT: Oui.

SHERIFF: You know my views on 'jokes', QUIPAT.

QUIPAT: Oui.

SHERIFF: The usual punishment.

QUIPAT: Oui. (*QUIPAT hits himself on head with leg*)

SHERIFF: (*Stares at Guy.*) And what taxes have you brought me? Hmm?

Guy De Tours: Errrrr....

SHERIFF: I sent you out to get results, man! I expect results!

Guy De Tours: Nottingham Forest 3, Arsenal 4 (*or similar*). 'Local minor team' 8, Liverpool nil. (*Gratefully receives stamp on foot*) Thank you, sir.

SHERIFF: Has none of you got any money at all?!

Hugo First: I recently had a little windfall!

SHERIFF: Then you'd better open a window!

QUIPAT! I want some good news. NOW!

QUIPAT: Err... ah, oui! The new soldiers have arrived.

SHERIFF: Soldiers?

QUIPAT: Oui! You remember – from e-bay (*or similar*)

CHOICE HERE: OLDER LADIES (AMAZONS) OR VERY SMALL CHILDREN (BONSAI WARRIORS)?

CHOICE ONE: AMAZONS:

SHERIFF: What - the terrifying, bloodthirsty Amazon Warrior Women? That was ages ago! Are they here? Then send them to me!

(*QUIPAT EXITS*)

Ha - real warriors. Now Robin Hood will meet his match!

(*Smartens himself up*) Cor - WARRIOR WOMEN!

QUIPAT: (*ENTERS embarrassed*) Arr. Umm ... Here they are. Come in, er, Amazon warriors. *ENTER a string of very non-warrior ancient women in 'old lady' hats but with horns & Viking wings. They are busy knitting. The last has a walking frame, some have sticks.*

SHERIFF: What?! Who are you lot?!

Woman 1: We are ferocious - *Cough* - ferocious - *Cough* - Oh, you tell him Mable.

Mable: We are ferocious fighting Amazons.

SHERIFF: (*Drags QUIPAT to one side*) What IS this?!

QUIPAT: It's not my fault! You know what it's like buying things off e-bay!

SHERIFF: Good grief. And what - pray tell me - experience you - *Ahem* - 'fighting warriors' have had?

Woman 2: Ooh loads. There was the Battle of 'Local' Village Hall Jumble Sale.

Woman 3: Nasty business that.

Woman 4: And Phyllis here (*push her forward to show medal*) she won that for something local

Woman 5: Yes, and there was that business in the Doctor's waiting room when that fellow tried to take the last seat, you know that man with the glasses, and you said to him, or was it ...

SHERIFF: Silence! You lot aren't warriors!

Woman 6: We are. We even got a fighting song for going into battle!

Woman 7: Show him girls.

SONG (*stirring military thing, maybe changed words?*)

SHERIFF: Enough! QUIPAT! Take them away!

QUIPAT: Right you are. Come on now, you old battle-axes! Off you go!

Woman 6: Don't you push us sonny - or you'll be sorry! *Men Laugh*

CHOICE 2: JUNIOR WARRIORS

SHERIFF: What - the terrifying, bloodthirsty Banzai Ninja Warriors from Japan? That was ages ago! Are they here? Then send them to me! *(QUIPAT EXITS)* Ha - real Banzai warriors. Now Robin Hood will meet his match! Cor - Ninjas! Banzai!! *(makes karate motions)*

QUIPAT: *ENTERS:* Arr. Umm ... Here they are. Come in, er, Ninja warriors.

ENTER a string of very small Ninja-style children

SHERIFF: What?! Who are you lot?!

Very Small Child 1: We are ferocious Ninja warriors. *(sucks thumb & cuddles teddy)*

SHERIFF: What?! What?! Show me the delivery note! Quipat! I told you to order me fierce Banzai Ninja Warriors!!

QUIPAT: I did – I did! Look – it says here *(number)* Banzai Warriors!

SHERIFF: To: Sherriff of Nottingham: *(number)* Bonsai Warriors. Quipat! This says BONSAI warriors. Bonsai – like the tiny little trees!!

QUIPAT: Is that wrong? *(looks at paper both ways up)* It's not my fault - you know what it's like buying things off e-bay!

SHERIFF: Good grief. And what - pray tell me - experience you - Ahem - 'fighting warriors' have had?

Child 2: Ooh loads. There was the Battle of *(name of local playing field or infant school)*.

Child 3: I hurt my knee. Do you want to kiss it better?

SHERIFF: No I do not want Quipat!! At least that one has a medal. Mmm?

Child 4: Finger painting. It was a boat and a cloud and the sun. I can't do bunnies.

Child 5: We are genuine Bonsai Warriors. If you keep us for 15 years we will grow into ..

SHERIFF: Fifteen years! Silence! You lot aren't warriors!

Child 6: We are. We even have a fighting song for going into battle!

Child 7: Show him kids!

SONG *(stirring military thing, OR King Foo Fighting, maybe changed words?)*

SHERIFF: Enough! QUIPAT! Take them away!

QUIPAT: Right you are. Come on runny nosed brats! Off you go!

Child 8: Don't you push us, granddad - or you'll be sorry! *Men Laugh*

QUIPAT: I'll push you if I want you freckle-faced toddlers! Ha ha! *(Exits pushing them)*

SHERIFF: Now then. *(Terrible screams & crashes from wings. QUIPAT returns. He has soiled nappy on his head & a teddy in his mouth. He is limping and groaning)* Stop messing about, you useless article! *(Pulls baby bottle from Quipat's bottom)*

END OF CHOICES

BACK TO THE MAIN STORY

QUIPAT: I'm sorry but I am paid to push! I am a highly trained shover. Ha ha! *(Exits pushing them)*

SHERIFF: Now then. *(Terrible screams & crashes from wings. QUIPAT returns. He has scarves around his head. There are two knitting needles through his ears, and the walking frame or a bent walking stick is around his neck. He is limping and groaning)* Stop messing about, you useless article! Come here! Let's get back to the plot! Have you written the ransom note to Marion's father yet?

QUIPAT: Yes, yes, yes! I've got it here! *(Proudly)* I wrote it myself! *(Pulls out scroll and hands to Sheriff who reads it)*

SHERIFF: QUIPAT - was orange the only colour wax crayon you had? *(Sneers at happily nodding minion: if QUIPAT is French you can add: 'Orange, oui' with the sheriff saying 'Then you should drink more water!')* What does it say? 'Dear Marion's Dad' *(stares at QUIPAT)* 'Me

and the lads has got your 'door-turs', 'door-turs'?

QUIPAT: Non – dorturrrrs. You have to roll your R's.

SHERIFF: *(Looks at own bum confused)* Hmm, and - if you does not cough up the monkey. Monkey?!

QUIPAT: *(checking scroll)* Ah – that is a mistake. Money!

SHERIFF: ...cough up the money by next 'munff'. Idiot! There's only one 'f' in 'munf'! *(To aud)* You will never know how carefully I said that. *(Back to letter)*, blah-blah-blah, yours sincerely, 'singed'. Singed?

QUIPAT: Signed!

SHERIFF: Signed Ruben the Hod. Who's Ruben the Hod?! Sounds more like a Jewish bricklayer! Never mind, I don't suppose the real outlaws can write any better; it'll fool Marion's father. Soon we'll have cart-loads of money! Hahaha etc.

SONG: eg Money makes the world go around, or Taxman by the Beatles: SHERIFF takes main verses with other three providing 'backing' & gradually taking it over, to his anger OR QUIPAT can start to dance, getting more and more bizarre until Sherriff yells at him when he stops, merely twitching his fingers.

SHERIFF: Enough! I have horrible things to do. Quipat! Take this scroll and see that it gets delivered. *(EXITS passing scroll to QUIPAT)*

QUIPAT: Me? *(Looks around)* Deliver this! *(Passes it to Hugo)*

HUGO FIRST: Deliver this. *(Passes it to Guy)*

GUY DE TOURS: Deliver this! *(Passes it to MAID MARION who has just entered)*

BADDIES EXIT. ENTER MAID BADLY

MAID BADLY: What've you got there, Marion? Is it a love letter for me from the Sheriff?

MAID MARION: Of course not! It's addressed to Father. And it's from someone called 'Ruben the Hod'!

MAID BADLY: I recognise that orange wax crayon from somewhere! The same handwriting! It's the same as that poem on the stable wall. You know, the one that goes - 'Robin Hood needed arrows strong, so he went into town - and got 'em. *(Pause)* He saw the Sheriff bending down, And shot him in the ...'

MAID MARION: Badly! Family show!

MAID BADLY: Sorry! *(Mouths and indicates 'bottom' to aud.)* But what does the letter mean?

MAID MARION: I'm afraid that it means those outlaws were telling the truth after all. And to think what I called them!

MAID BADLY: You called them 'great, hairy ...'

MAID MARION: Yes, I can remember, thank you.

MAID BADLY: I told you they didn't look like baddies! You can always tell a baddy from his face! *(During this QUIPAT ENTERS and stands to one side, listening)* Baddies never shave properly - they look like a cross between *(unshaven pop-star)* and an old coconut! *(QUIPAT examines his own chin and agrees)* Baddies have greasy, black hair *(QUIPAT, ditto)* and little piggy eyes like two lumps of coal in a pizza! *(QUIPAT goes cross-eyed checking his own face)* And a brain - a brain SO SMALL YOU COULD GET IT INSIDE A MATCHBOX! *(QUIPAT Looks amazed, then takes a matchbox out of his pocket, takes a small, walnut like object from it, then nods in agreement.)*

QUIPAT: She's right you know!

MAID BADLY: Look out; it's the creature from the black lagoon / or topical!

MAID MARION: We must try to get a message through to Father! Badly - you stay here and keep him talking. We'll sneak down and get three horses ready!

MAID BADLY: But – but. *(but the others have already EXITED)* What am I going to do? Father won't pay a ransom for me! He still hasn't forgiven him for making him that great big bowl of 'baked bean and Brussels'-sprout surprise'!

He said he had to get out of bed twelve times in the night to put the duvet back on!

QUIPAT: *(Seeing the scroll in her hands)* What have you got there?

MAID BADLY: *(patting ample curves)* Well, if you don't know by now, Sonny, I'm certainly not going to explain it to you!

QUIPAT: No, not all that stuff! There in your hand!

MAID BADLY: *(looking at wrong hand)* Nothing!

QUIPAT: No - the other hand!

MAID BADLY: *(transferring scroll to other hand)* Nothing in that one either!

QUIPAT: Are you trying to make a fool out of me?

MAID BADLY: I couldn't improve on nature!

QUIPAT: Ah, gracias!

Hey! *(Snatching scroll from her)* Give it to me!

SHERIFF: *(ENTERS)* What's going on here? *(Sees scroll)* Haven't you sent that yet?! You must have a brain the size of a pea!!

QUIPAT: No, actually it's about the size of ... *(Takes out matchbox but is booted off - EXITS)*

MAID BADLY: *(to audience)* This is my chance is to get in the Sheriff's good books! I'll use all my feminine charms on the old buzzard! *(Vamps over to him)* Hey, there, Big Fellow. Feel like a little female company?

SHERIFF: Why yes! Who's coming?

MAID BADLY: Don't be silly; wouldn't you like to go out with a girl like me?

SHERIFF: I suppose it would be better than staying IN with you!

MAID BADLY: Saucy! People say I have the skin of an eighteen-year-old.

SHERIFF: Well give it back: you're making it all baggy!

MAID BADLY: Oh now. What would it take, for you to give me a teensy weensy littley kissey?

SHERIFF: Chloroform'y'. HAHA!

MAID BADLY: Haven't you even got one good word for me?

SHERIFF: Oh yes, I've got a very good word for you, it's...

QUIPAT: *(ENTERS quickly)* There's something in the stables!

SHERIFF: Well, that's not the word I was thinking of, but it is quite good!

QUIPAT: No - in the stables! They're taking the horses! The girls are trying to escape!

SHERIFF: So! No more Mister Nice-Guy! Raise the drawbridge! Lower the portcullis! Those girls won't leave this castle - at least, not alive! Hahahahaha!!

(ALL EXIT, TWO OF THEM LAUGHING HORRIBLY)

SCENE 3 THE KITCHEN OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

A very old kitchen with stone walls and tapestries. Doors up Left & Up Right. At the back of the stage (Up Right) is a sturdy kitchen table containing cooking utensils which include a heavy-looking frying-pan, a bag of flour and a large box of matches. Up Left is an oven, either a real one stripped down for lightness or a dummy one. Either directly behind, or in the top of, the cooker is a 'thunder flash' pyro (or improvise with sound effects, smoke and things falling over). Inside the oven, fixed to its floor, is a large sponge liberally coated in black powder. Down Left and Down Right are cupboard doors. OR just have one door, for the cupboard, and use the wings as other entrances)

Inside the cupboard are three large packets of macaroni and a pie.

The curtain opens to reveal MAID MARION and MAID BADLY running across the room, looking for a way out. They try Stage Left.

MAID MARION: No - this door's locked. Can you see a key anywhere?

MAID BADLY: Nothing! What are we going to do? The drawbridge is up and this is the only other way out of the castle!

MAID MARION: There must be a key to this door somewhere!

MAID BADLY: Well, find it QUICK, the Sheriff's coming this way!

MAID MARION: Then YOU must keep him busy until we can find the key!

MAID BADLY: Me again? Perhaps I could cook him something - that would slow him down!

MAID MARION: Experience actually suggests the opposite.

SHERIFF: (*OFFSTAGE*) You look down there, QUIPAT - I'll look in the kitchen!

Marion dives behind Badly who holds her skirts out as if dancing. When the Sheriff enters: Right, Badly turns, keeping Marion out of sight as he crosses Left. They she dives out Right, unseen. Badly continues to dance - not knowing they are gone)

SHERIFF: What's going on in here? What are you doing dancing around at a time like this? Are you as daft as you are ugly?!

(Eyes her suspiciously and tries to see behind her but she keeps turning)

I've no time for this! I - er - I'll look in the dungeons!

(Pretends to EXIT RIGHT but reappears, spying)

MAID BADLY: Phew! He's gone - you can come out now!

(She turns but Marion has gone. In confusion she lifts her skirts and examines her petticoats, eventually revealing her vivid bloomers.)

What are you lot staring at?! Oh dear, I'm all of a fluster. I know, I'll cook something; that always makes me feel better. Let's see - what have we got here?

(Goes behind table)

FLOUR! Splendid.

(Lifts the frying-pan and starts to flour the table. The Sheriff sneaks up behind her to peer over her shoulder)

Whoops! Spilt some! Never mind - over the shoulder for luck!

(Throws a handful of flour over her shoulder into the Sheriff's face. He shrieks and dives down Left. Badly whirls Right to see what the noise was.)

What was that noise?! Sounded like a GHOST!

(Turns back as Sheriff straightens up with white face)

Waaah!! A ghost!

SHERIFF: Grrrrrr...! I'm not a ghost, you silly old fossil!

MAID BADLY: I know that! Now stop messing about and fetch me some milk. In that cupboard - over THERE. *(Gestures with the frying pan, smacking the Sheriff in the face with a good loud 'CLANG!')*

SHERIFF: AA!! *(Staggers forwards, to knees.)*

MAID BADLY: Well if you're just going to play about I'll get it myself!

(Marches forwards, dangling the frying pan so it catches the Sheriff on the back of the head. He falls forwards, slowly recovering himself in time to be hit on the way back.)

SHERIFF: Bleugh... *(Sheriff crawls round to the Left of the table and tries to pull himself up with one hand on the table just in time for Badly to slam the pan down on the table and his fingers)*

Wah!!

(In rage the Sheriff shakes his bruised fingers, sucks them, then - straightens up onto his

knees in time for Badly to sweep all the flour off the table into his face)

MAID BADLY: Don't you find cooking wonderfully relaxing?

SHERIFF: Grrr! *(snatches rolling pin and hides it behind his back)* The kitchen is no place for one as delicate as you, my dear. Why don't you go and take all that enormous weight off your feet?

(Badly turns away from him, he raises the rolling pin above her head, only to whirl it out of sight again as she turns back to him)

MAID BADLY: But what about dinner?

SHERIFF: I'll cook you something, my little blossom. *(repeat action)*

MAID BADLY: Why are you being so nice all of a sudden?

SHERIFF: I'm only bad until ... *(Checks theatre clock/watch and says real time)* then I'm just adorable! *(Repeat action)* Shall we dance? *(Grabs her)*

SONG: COMEDY DUET

SOUND: HIDEOUS GURGLING SCREAM AND GIANT TOILET FLUSHING

MAID BADLY: What on earth was that?! *(Runs off in fright)*

SHERIFF: It's just the front door bell! *(ENTER QUIPAT)* What is it, QUIPAT?

QUIPAT: It is the front door bell!

SHERIFF: Yes, I know. We've just done that joke. I mean - who is AT the door?

QUIPAT: It is very strange. There are two wandering minstrels asking to come in and entertain us!

SHERIFF: TWO wandering minstrels? Hmm. This sounds rather suspicious. Let me take a look at them. Quipat, you stay here and clear up this mess - I don't buy good food just to feed the MICE! *(EXITS)*

QUIPAT: I TOLD YOU - THERE ARE NO MICES IN THIS CASTLE! *(TO AUD.)* I got rid of all the mices here myself personally! There are no mice!

(As he talks he clears up and throws stuff into wings. As he turns a baby mouse tacks on straight behind him and follows him across the stage to the other side, etc. This goes on, to and fro, gathering more mice)

I made noise like the pussy cat and frighten them all away. .miaow .. see? That soon got rid of them, I can tell you. There aren't many castles round here that are free of mices like this one! Here!

(Stops and mice stop in line behind)

What you all looking at? What is it? Eh? Mices? No - I just tell you! There are no mice here!

Oh no there aren't! *(etc)* Where are they then, these mices?

(As he turns right they all scuttle round behind him)

Nothing! You pulling my legs, eh? Where are these mices now then? *(Repeat left)* Nothing!

You should all go to the Specky-Savers *(or local opticians)*, I think! *(Turns to see mice)*

Aaah!!

(Mice squeak to scare him)

And squeaky-squeak to you to! I am not frightened by mices!

(He crouches low. GIANT MOUSE ENTERS and stands behind QUIPAT. It squeaks or taps him on the shoulder.)

Another one of you mice! Well, *(turns, then slowly rises from crouch)* Oooh miaow?

(Mouse squeaks) Arrr! **EXITS!**

MICE DANCE. AFTER THIS THEY EXIT

SHERIFF: QUIPAT! *(ENTERS)* QUIPAT! Pah! Where is that idiot? *Turns and shouts into QUIPAT's face)* QUIPAT!!

QUIPAT: Errrrrr *(looks around nervously)* Has it gone?

SHERIFF: Has what gone?

QUIPAT: The m.m.m.m. mouse!

SHERIFF: Mouse? A grown man afraid of a tiny little mouse?!

QUIPAT: Non! It was not a petite little mouse! It was GIGANORMANTIC! (*Holds hand as high as possible*)

SHERIFF: Nonsense! (*Draws QUIPAT Down Centre*) You don't get mice that big!

(Giant Mouse casually saunters across behind them, watched open mouthed by QUIPAT who points in despairing horror)

What are you doing, Quipat?

(If the audience shout 'look behind you' QUIPAT can say 'What he/she/they said')

And ... listen carefully. Did you recognise those two minstrels we just let into the castle?
(QUIPAT is still staring after the giant mouse)

Are you listening to me? Those two minstrels - did you see through their pathetic disguise?

QUIPAT: Minstrels? (*Very vague*) Disguise?

SHERIFF: Can I have a LITTLE intelligence please, QUIPAT? (*Looks at him and QUIPAT shrugs & shakes head*) This isn't (*TV show with stupid people*). (*Looks around*) Those two minstrels were none other than my niece, Lucy, and that idiot minstrel, Alan A'Dale!

QUIPAT: Minstrel?

SHERIFF: Good grief. Pay attention now and I will tell you my plan!

(Giant mouse crosses back again, into cupboard, seen only by QUIPAT who is speechless in hysterics and claws at Sheriff to turn and look)

Stop pulling my arm! What is the matter with you? Now then - my plan is to DISPOSE OF THE MINSTREL ALAN A'DALE ONCE AND FOR ALL!

(He goes to the cupboard the mouse has just exited into)

In this cupboard ... what on earth is the matter with you? Why are you looking like that?
(Opens cupboard but with door between himself and the mouse who is standing in there. QUIPAT screams, runs & slams it shut)

Quipat?! Control yourself! (*QUIPAT grabs crotch with both hands*)

(Sheriff opens it again. Takes pie from mouse and closes door, not noticing it)

You see this pie. Well... (*Stops - thinks - looks back in cupboard that is now empty - shakes head*).

Now then. Next ...

(QUIPAT angrily marches to empty cupboard, yanks open door. Mouse is now there. Screams, slams door and shakes, holding it shut.)

Quipat! Come back here and take this pie. My plan is to place this pie in this gas cooker.
(Goes to it and puts pie in)

Then... we turn on the gas. Like this. (*Sniffs*) Then we tell that minstrel there is a LOVELY pie for his supper - IF he will just light the gas for us! And as soon as he sticks his head in the oven - and lights the gas -

(during this QUIPAT has been nervously listening at the cupboard door; he slowly creeps next to the Sheriff in time for...)

KABOOM!! MINCED MINSTREL!! Have you got that? Never mind - here they come now!

Quick! Look normal!

(QUIPAT scratches bum and looks stupid. Sheriff hits him then spends time adjusting the gas, during which :)

ENTER ALAN A'DALE and LUCY both badly disguised.

ANOTHER CHOICE HERE:

In our 2010 production the director changed this to Strictly Come Dancing, with pairs of dancers and the Sheriff & QUIPAT making comments and holding numbered paddles. Equally you could

adapt some other program. Or just stick to this one ...)

LUCY: *(whispering)* This will never work! He's bound to recognise us!

ALAN A'DALE: But it's the only way. All we have to do is to get the keys off the Sheriff's belt. Look! These keys! *(Gets them off Sheriff's belt, shows her, then puts them back)* Then, we take the keys over to the kitchen door, open it, and Robin and all his men will run in and rescue everyone!

SHERIFF: Ah! Good minstrels! *(Looks suspicious.)* And what are you called?

ALAN A'DALE: Ah - we're called -*umm.*

LUCY: The Spice Girls! You must have heard of us! We are having another reunion!

SHERIFF: Yes - but I thought there were five of you!

ALAN A'DALE: We've been ill. I mean - I ... ooh ...errr We're in trouble now, **LUCY!**

ENTER MAID MARION dressed as Spice Girls, with wigs.

MAID MARION: Ah, there you are. I thought we'd lost you.

SHERIFF: Hmm .. but let me see, 1, 2, 3,...?

ENTER MAID BADLY - dressed as another one.

MAID BADLY: Well you know what I want, what I really, really want. *(To Aud.)* Do you like it - can you guess which one I am?

SHERIFF: Old Spice?!

MAID BADLY: Cheek! As it's Xmas you can call me Min.

SHERIFF: Min?

MAID BADLY: Yes - Min-Spice. Gettit?

SHERIFF: Bah! Go on then!

ALAN A'DALE: What?

SHERIFF: If you're Spice Girls - SING something!

SONG OR DANCE

END OF OPTIONAL BIT

SHERIFF: Enough! I have decided what I am going to do with you!

LUCY: I don't like the sound of that.

SHERIFF: You will need to freshen up after your long journey. But perhaps if ONE of you could stay here and help prepare supper?

(During this he bends forwards to stare closely into LUCY's disguise. Behind him Alan tries to get at the bunch of keys on his belt. Sherriff turns his head round to see Alan with both hands reaching for his bum. Alan realises he has been seen and embarrassedly pretends to be warming his hands by the Sheriff's seat.)

Perhaps YOU would help cook supper?!

ALAN A'DALE: But I need to clean up too and ...

SHERIFF: No you don't! Now, you ladies run along to the Guest Rooms - I'm sure you will know where they are. Off you go. *(Ushers them off)*

ALAN A'DALE: I'll be alright. Don't worry!

SHERIFF: Now then, QUIPAT; what food do we have to offer our guest?

QUIPAT: *(no idea)* How about a nice - hot - plate - of -- pasta?!

SHERIFF: Yes..pie. Eh? What?! Pasta?! You idiot! *(Hits him)* I'm so sorry - he means 'A nice hot piece of pie'!

ALAN A'DALE: Actually I do quite fancy some pasta!

SHERIFF: Well we don't even HAVE any pasta! It'll have to be pie!

QUIPAT: Oh yes we do! *(Takes large bag of macaroni from cupboard)* Look!

SHERIFF: What?!

QUIPAT: Here - look! A bag of MACARONI!

MUSIC: ENTER VERY SMALL MOUSE DOING MACARENA

The mouse dances right up to the Sheriff then stops and look up at him. Squeak!

SHERIFF: Not Macarena, you miniscule rodent! MACARONI!!! *(Mouse tries one more dance)* OUT!
(Mouse squeaks pitifully) OUT!! *(Mouse turns and leaves sadly)*

QUIPAT: Ahh – isn't he cute.

SHERIFF: You blithering idiot! *(Grabs Quipat's throat)* Remember - we make him light the oven to cook the pie!

(While he talks the giant mouse strolls on, takes the macaroni out of QUIPAT's hand and strolls off. Nobody notices)

So just get rid of that bag of pasta and ... where's it gone?

QUIPAT: What?

SHERIFF: That bag - *(almost speechless in confusion)* - that bag of macaroni!

(MUSIC: ENTER 2 MORE MICE DANCING MACARENA twice around stage.)

SHERIFF: STOP THAT DANCING!! *(General sighs of disappointment and they wander off)*

Anyway, *(struggles to regain composure)* we DO have a pie ready in the oven, just waiting for you to light the gas.... *(leads Alan to the oven)*

QUIPAT: *(In cupboard)* Well, what a piece of luck! Here's another bag of pasta!

ALAN A'DALE: Lovely!

SHERIFF: *(To Quipat)* You! You!! If they'd invented the microscope I'd get your brain examined!

QUIPAT: Gracias! *(Repeat action with big mouse stealing bag)*

SHERIFF: Now get rid of that ... IT'S GONE AGAIN!!

QUIPAT: What's gone again?

SHERIFF: That bag of maca No - you don't get me to say that word again.

ALAN A'DALE: What word?

SHERIFF: Macaroni.

(MUSIC: more mice dance on. Alan and QUIPAT join in.)

SHERIFF: Aargh!! OFF! OFF!! OFF!!! *(MICE exit. Sheriff grabs Alan)* Now just take this box of matches, open the oven door and light the gas! Go on!

QUIPAT: Well - would you believe it?! *(Pause)* Here's ANOTHER bag of pasta! Isn't it funny - weeks with nothing to eat and this was in the cupboard all the time!! Isn't that fun - fun -fun
(clearly the Sheriff does not find it amusing.)

SHERIFF: Grr!! *(Snatches bag, holds it away but while the giant mouse is taking it from him he, turns, snatches it back from the Giant Mouse. Sheriff turns to QUIPAT, slowly realises what he has just seen, then jumps.)* Erk! *(Giant Mouse exits without pasta)*

ALAN A'DALE: That was a biggun!

SHERIFF: Right - no more interruptions!! Now then:

ENTER 'Amazon Women' or Bonsai warriors

Number 1: Ooh, hello again!

SHERIFF: Argh! Now what?!

EITHER:

Amazon Woman 2: Now don't be like that. I don't suppose you've got any Valium? Corn-pads.

Amazon Woman 3: Dotty's is having a bit of a problem.

SHERIFF: Bit of a problem!! I'll show you bit of a problem!!

Amazon Woman 4: Don't you speak to us like that, young man.

Amazon Woman 5: Invite us here and then don't even have the politeness to feed us!

OR

Child 1: Have you got any ice cream and jelly?

Very Small Child 2: I don't really like jelly. It makes me burp.

THEN, FOR EITHER:

SHERIFF: You want me to feed you! Even if I had some food I'd rather stick it...

SOMEBODY: Well you've got some food right there - in your hand.

SOMEBODY ELSE: Yes! You've got a whole packet of maca...

SHERIFF: Stop! Don't say it! DON'T SAY THAT WORD!! Go on then - take the whole packet! I don't even LIKE macaroni! AARGH!

MUSIC. MICE & HUGO & GUY ENTER DANCING.

Everyone on stage joins in, even dragging in the Sheriff.

SHERIFF: STOP!!!! OUT!!!! THROW THEM ALL IN THE DUNGEONS!!!

(all exit except Sheriff, Alan, Quipat)

Now - what was I doing? Oh yes! The cooker!

Listen! You take the matches, open the oven door, look inside - light the gas!

Off you go!

ALAN A'DALE: O.K. *(goes to oven and looks in. Meanwhile Sheriff & QUIPAT scuttle downstage and crouch with fingers in ears. Alan looks puzzled then walks to the men, peers at them, and then taps them on shoulder.)*

Hey! *(They leap in alarm)*

Where do I light the oven?

SHERIFF: You light it inside, at the back. Go on; look very closely. Try again! *(REPEAT ACTION)*
Waaah!! Now what's wrong now?!

ALAN A'DALE: What temperature do I need it?

SHERIFF: Don't worry about that - just light the gas! *(REPEAT ACTION except SHERIFF & QUIPAT giggle excitedly)*

ALAN A'DALE: I still don't see how you light it!

SHERIFF: You moronic minstrel! Look! You take the matches ... *(He does it himself.)* You open the oven door.

(Here QUIPAT realises what is going to happen, drags Alan behind the table and dives down with his hands on his head.)

Then you light the match...

KABOOM!! COOKER EXPLODES. *After a second for the smoke to lift the Sheriff pulls himself out of the oven, staggers toward the audience backwards then turns to show a very black face and staggers to the front of the stage. While he wobbles from side to side Alan grabs the keys off his belt and, waving them to show the audience, runs to the door.*

ENTER MAID MARION, MAID BADLY and LUCY

MAID MARION: What was that noise?

MAID BADLY: What's happened?

ENTER ROBIN HOOD and all the MERRY MEN.

ROBIN HOOD: *(Sees Sheriff's black face)* Wo! Haven't seen anyone do that in a panto since 1978 - and even then it was *(Name of unpleasant place)*

MAID MARION: Robin! You were right! *(Runs across to Robin but is grabbed from behind by the Sheriff who has a knife/sword)*

SHERIFF: Not so fast! Drop your weapons - or I run her through!

LUCY: *(jumping behind Sheriff and doing same)* Drop YOUR weapon, Sheriff - or I run you through!

QUIPAT: *(behind LUCY the same)* Drop YOUR knife or I run YOU through!

MAID BADLY: *(using spoon in place of knife)* Drop your knife or I run YOU through!!

HUGO FIRST: *(ENTERING)* Right then! Everyone drop their weapons or I run YOU through!!

ALAN A'DALE: *(joining seventh onto the line)* OK then everyone; that's enough. Release the girl -

or I run through you!
HUGO FIRST: Run through me?!
ALAN A'DALE: Run over you?
ALL: Run over me?
ALAN A'DALE: (*wandering off in confusion*) Run under you? Run ...er ...?

GUY DeTOURS ENTERS

ALAN A'DALE: What's the phrase I'm looking for?
(*Absent-mindedly he gives his knife to GUY. The baddies gather the knives & spoons of the confused outlaws.*)
SHERIFF: So, Robin Hood! Once again the game is mine! Take them ALL to the dungeons. No more messing about! It's the axe for them! They're all on tomorrow's 'chopping' list!!
Hahahahahahahahahahahah!!!!

ACT 2

SCENE FOUR: THE DUNGEON OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

The dungeon is a dark, dirty cellar. At the back are a flight of stone steps up to a strong wooden door and, high up is a barred window. Part of the rear wall is either a large movable panel or gauze with the front camouflaged as part of the wall and the rear (unseen at present) a moonlit landscape.

All around the edge of the stage are piles of old rags for bedding. Beneath one pile is hidden Potty Pat. The Amazon Women/Bonsai warriors are hiding in the shadows out of sight.

*Lighting is low, but will need to get even lower later. There could be 'torches' flickering, but when the curtain opens light is coming through the open doorway, where the **SHERIFF** is standing.*

***QUIPAT** is onstage, pushing people farther into the dungeon. **ROBIN HOOD** and all the **MERRY MEN** plus **MAID MARION**, **MAID BADLY**, **LUCY**, are spreading out, as if they have just come through the door.*

LITTLE JOHN: Stop your shoving!

QUIPAT: I am sorry but this is what I am paid to do.

MAID MARION: You can't hope to get away with this!

SHERIFF: But I already have! Ha ha ha!

ROBIN HOOD: We're not finished yet!

SHERIFF: Maybe not, but you WILL be at dawn! Sweet dreams! (*EXIT laughing*)

QUIPAT: Hahahaha! (*Backs to steps laughing, then realises he is locked in too and starts to pound on door*) Hey?! Help!! (*Door opens and Sheriff grabs him by the neck and yanks him out just before John can throttle him*)

FRIAR TUCK: Well, Robin; we've been in some pickles before, but this looks serious!

ROBIN HOOD: That just makes it more interesting! Now let's look around and see if there is any way out of here! (*They do this*)

MUCH: We don't appear to be alone in here! **CHOICE HERE** (*Amazons/Ninjas come out of shadows*)

ROBIN HOOD: Good evening ladies! [OR] You are the smallest prisoners I have ever seen.

Prisoner 1: If you're looking for a way out - don't bother.

Prisoner 2: We've searched every corner of this place and found nothing but bones!

ROBIN HOOD: Have no fear. My MERRY MEN and I have escaped from worse than this. And you shall all come with us.

Prisoner 3: Oh what a nice man. How charming. [OR] Even teddy? (*Robin nods*)

Prisoner 4: You wouldn't happen to have any wool with you? I want to get this finished for my niece's baby and its due soon so I... [OR] Have you seen my cuddle cloth?

ROBIN HOOD: Let's see what we can find.

MAID MARION: Oh, I feel so guilty. I should have believed your warning about the Sheriff, then none of you would be here now!

ROBIN HOOD: There's only one person to blame for this - and that's the Sheriff.

LUCY: He is an evil man. Even if your father sends the ransom, the Sheriff will never let you go.

ALAN A'DALE: The worse thing is that we're all going to be parted so soon.

WILL SCARLET: *(to Aud.)* Kids. There's a sippy bit now, so if you're easily upset this would be a good time to go for a pee or something. *(Ninja may attempt to do this against his leg causing him some alarm. Hey!)*

MAID MARION: Yes; just when we were getting to know each other.

Suitable intro into SONG

ROBIN HOOD: We must try to get some rest. We'll need all our strength in the morning.

MAID MARION: I suppose you're right; but who could sleep in here?

ALAN A'DALE: First, find somewhere dry.

LUCY: This looks like a good place. *(Pokes at rags)*

POTTY PAT sits up angrily.

POTTY PAT: Eh!! What's going on?! Find your own spot!

LUCY: I'm sorry: we thought you were a pile of old rags!

POTTY PAT: Charming, I'm sure! Just because you don't wear this year's fashions people think you're something to sit on!

LITTLE JOHN: *(everyone gathers round the tatty old woman)* How long have you been here?

POTTY PAT: Longer than you - so don't go saying you picked this place first - 'cos you didn't, see!

ROBIN HOOD: No, he meant how long have you been a prisoner here? We wouldn't dream of taking your place.

POTTY PAT: *(regaining her dignity and straightening her rag clothes)* Oh well, that's different then. Let's think-I've been here for well, since... something local or topical that happened several years ago so

LITTLE JOHN: That was years ago! What do you do for food?

POTTY PAT: Oh, food's no problem. *(Pulls bowls from under rags)* Here, try this.

LITTLE JOHN: Hmm, not bad. What is it?

POTTY PAT: Minced slug. *(Reaction from John)* Or you could try one of these - a rat on a stick.

MAID BADLY: You don't really eat that, do you?

POTTY PAT: Oh yes - bats, rats, anything!

ROBIN HOOD: Lovely. So why were you put in the dungeons?

POTTY PAT: Oh, that's a tragic tale. *(Summons them around her)* I used to be the Sheriff's chamber maid!

MAID BADLY: You used to clean his bedroom?

POTTY PAT: No - I used to warm up his CHAMBER POT for him! Potty Pat they call me! First thing every morning I had to see that his chamber potty was nice and warm before he sat on it. Especially in the winter!

LITTLE JOHN: You mean you actually...! *(Makes squatting motion!)*

POTTY PAT: Bless you, no! I used to warm it in the oven! Two minutes at Gas Mark Two. *(Looks sad)* Except the morning I got a bit confused.

MAID MARION: What happened?

POTTY PAT: Well, instead of two minutes at Gas Mark Two - I gave the potty TEN minutes at Gas

Mark TEN! (*Shrugs shoulders sadly*) You should have heard the noise when the Sheriff sat on it! They say he still bears the mark to this day! (*Draws potty-sized circle in the air*)

MAID MARION: So what crime did they charge you with?

POTTY PAT: (*looks at audience sadly, pauses ...*) Arson.

LUCY: Oh dear, so they locked you in here, all alone, for all those years?!

POTTY PAT: Ooh, no dear! Not alone. Once, this place was FULL of people. There was even one fellow dressed entirely in dead leaves!

MAID BADLY: What was he in jail for?

POTTY PAT: Rustling.

ROBIN HOOD: So where are all these people now?

LITTLE JOHN: (*holding up a bone*) Argh! She said she'd eat anything!!

POTTY PAT: Nah! I was never that desperate! Plenty of worms down here! No - they all escaped!

MERRY MEN: Escaped?! Where? How? (*Start to look around*)

ROBIN HOOD: Tell us! How did they escape?!

POTTY PAT: Oh, don't ask me, dear. I was always asleep when they went. They always seemed to go in the middle of the night!

MAID MARION: So you've no idea at all how they got out?

POTTY PAT: Well... (*Slowly moves centre. Lights start to dim; mystic music?*) There were stories... stories of something strange happening when the moon rises! It's said, that whenever a full moon rises above the walls of the castle, then the Queen of all the Mice dances, following an ancient and magical track that runs through this very spot from a time even before the castle was built 'ere! And that when the Queen Mouse dances - the very walls of the castle open before her! (*General sounds of awe*) But- there might be one small problem...

MAID MARION: What's that?

POTTY PAT: I think I ate her five years ago!

MERRY MEN: Groan.

MAID MARION: But can you be sure? What if it's true? When's the next full moon?

ROBIN HOOD: Does anyone know?

ROBIN HOOD: Where's Friar Tuck? He knows about these things. Tuck!

FRIAR TUCK: (*dragged over*) Bleaugh! This is a disgusting place! I just saw a horrible creature with five legs!

ALAN A'DALE: Bet his trousers fit like a glove! (*Tuck glares at him*)

ROBIN HOOD: Tuck - you must tell us when the next full moon is!

FRIAR TUCK: Why?

MERRY MAN: Because the Queen Mouse dances then!

FRIAR TUCK: Have you been those mushrooms again?

MAID MARION: This is important! Our only chance to escape is if tonight there is a full moon!

FRIAR TUCK: Well then, it must be tonight!

MAID MARION: Why?

FRIAR TUCK: Well if it wasn't this would be the end of the story, and we've got loads to go yet!

ROBIN HOOD: So there IS a chance! All we have to do is to stay awake until the moon rises!

LITTLE JOHN: Well I don't know about this. 'Queen Mouse' dancing. Pah! (*Yawns*)

ROBIN HOOD: But we must believe! (*Others are going off to sleep*)

MAID MARION: They're all going to sleep! What can we do to persuade them to stay awake?!

LUCY: (*tugging at Alan's sleeve*) Stay awake, Alan! You must sing to them - nobody could sleep

through that!

ALAN A'DALE: Cruel but true, though it's not singing you need - it's convincing! Nobody here believes that story about a 'Queen Mouse'!

ROBIN HOOD: Well I do! We have to believe it!

Or suitable intro into SONG: like I BELIEVE I CAN FLY. Or similar

POTTY PAT: LOOK! THE MOON! *(The full moon has just risen behind the bars of the window)*

ROBIN HOOD: Quick, everyone! Out with the lights! Hide - but be ready to move!

Lights go down and everyone dives into the wings, though some can be seen watching. (Dry Ice/smoke?). Music starts. From the darkness appears the Queen Mouse, wearing a small crown and a cape. She dances magically. At the end the back wall of the dungeon 'opens' to reveal a moonlit landscape with stars twinkling and a path. The mouse dances out.

ROBIN HOOD: This is it! Everyone! Follow that mouse! Quickly- before the wall closes!

Everyone rushes out except for LUCY, who has caught her dress. Alan stays to help her.

ALAN A'DALE: Lucy! Come on! We'll be left behind!

LUCY: I'm can't! I'm caught on something!

Suddenly the dungeon door is thrown open by the Sheriff in his nightgown & cap.

SHERIFF: What on earth have you lot got to sing about at this time of... AARGH! They've all gone! *(Comes half way down steps)* Ah-ha! Not all gone!

ALAN A'DALE: Oo-er! Come on, Lucy!

SHERIFF: So! It's you – *(topical unpopular singer)*. Well, at least one outlaw shall die before this night is done! *(Draws sword and advances)*

ALAN A'DALE: Stand clear, Lucy *(Grabs bone. Short duel, Alan outmatched)*

SHERIFF: Enough of this! I want to get back to my beauty sleep; not that I need it of course. *(Sneer. He stabs Alan in the chest. Alan staggers backwards then falls to the stage, 'dead'. Lucy rushes to him.)*

SHERIFF: And you ... you can spend the rest of the night here to teach you a lesson! Hahahahahah! *EXITS*

LUCY: Oh no! Alan; you weren't a fighter. If you hadn't stayed behind to help me....

ROBIN HOOD: *(off)* They were right behind us! *(ENTERS)* What...?! No!

LUCY: The... the Sheriff! *(Sob sniff)*

ROBIN HOOD: This time he shall pay!

LUCY: My poor Alan. So brave, so gentle. *(She supports him in her lap. He opens one eye and looks at the audience, smiles, then closes it again)*

So patient, so kind (he opens both eyes and smiles at audience, then pretends to be dead again)

So willing to help, so generous, so.., so..

ALAN A'DALE: So good at singing.

LUCY: So good at s....What?! *(Throws him off her lap angrily)* Hey! You're not dead!

ROBIN HOOD: What's going on here?

ALAN A'DALE: *(Sitting up and reaching into breast pocket)* The Sheriff's sword hit this! *(Produces slice of cake left there since Scene One)*

MAID BADLY: Ooh! That's a slice of my sponge cake!

ALAN A'DALE: That's right! Nothing could get through that!

MAID BADLY: Cheeky devil!

WILL SCARLET: Robin! The wall is closed again!

LITTLE JOHN: But look! The Sheriff didn't bother to lock the door behind him!

ROBIN HOOD: That mistake will be his last!

FRIAR TUCK: What shall we do to him?

LITTLE JOHN: String him up!

MUCH: Draw and quarter him!

LITTLE JOHN: Stretch him on the rack!

LOCAL NAME: Tell him he looks a bit like. *(Someone horrid or who does look like the actor)*

ROBIN HOOD: Aye - all of these things! But one thing is certain - it is his turn to pay the price!

RUSH OFF DRAMATICALLY OR SONG: CHORUS NUMBER: such as 'He shall die' (Emilio the Toreador song? One chorus?) (The song takes time and is often omitted but give it serious consideration)

CURTAIN

**SCENE FIVE (half tabs with front tabs a quarter closed for entrances):
ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE**

SHERIFF: *(RUNS ON) (If there is booing:)* Silence, you dogs!

If there is no booing, then use this time to get the booing going; either way use the time to play with the audience. Suggestions: insult their booing; compare it unfavourably with your granny; split them in two to see who boos loudest; use the 'Hands up' hands down' 'volume control' idea controlling them. Why? So the stage crew have time to change the scene!

SHERIFF: So, those obnoxious outlaws have escaped from my dungeon, have they? No matter; this castle is a maze of secret tunnels! They will never find me in my special hiding-place, in the THRONE ROOM! *(He suddenly remembers the audience)*

Curses! I forgot you lot were there, sitting in the dark, crunching your sweets! I just hope for your sakes you didn't hear me say I was hiding in the Throne Room! Rats! Said it again! Grrrr! Well - if Robin Hood or any of those bone-headed outlaws ask you where I've gone DON'T YOU DARE TELL THEM I'VE GONE TO THE THRONE ROOM! Or I'll come down there - and SORT YOU OUT! Grr! *(EXITS ANGRILY)*

ROBIN HOOD: *(running from other side)* There's no sign of him here!

MAID MARION: *(ENTER)* Well, he can't be far away; the castle is surrounded and we've searched almost everywhere!

ROBIN HOOD: Perhaps these good people can help us? Excuse me; I don't want to interrupt, but do you know where the Sheriff is? Where? The Throne Room?! So, we have him trapped! Marion, you wait here until its safe.

MAID MARION: No way! I'm not going to miss a good punch-up!

ROBIN HOOD: I think it best that you miss this one. The Sheriff could use any cowardly trick - and, well, I don't think I could concentrate properly if you were in the room.
(To aud) If I leave Marion here with you, will you warn her if there's any danger? Will you warn her? You will? You stay here then, Marion.
Remember - warn her if there's any trouble! *(EXITS)*

MAID MARION: Don't you worry about me! You just take care of yourself, Robin!
(SHERIFF appears behind her and starts to creep up horribly. He shakes his fist and retreats if there is a lot of shouting)

I wish I'd gone with him. I hope he's safe. *(Repeat action)*

I'd show that miserable Sheriff a few tricks! *(Repeat. This time he grabs her)*

SHERIFF: What sort of tricks, eh, girl?!

MAID MARION: You cowardly devil! How could you draw your sword on a woman!

SHERIFF: That's nothing! *(To aud)* At school I drew the teacher on the board!
But enough of this pleasant chit-chat! I knew these sweet-crunching yokels would give away my secret hiding place! But this time YOU are coming with me and NOBODY, not even these brainless bozos, will know that we've gone to the STABLES! Hahaha!
(BOTH EXIT)

QUIPAT: *(ENTERS followed by ALAN & LUCY)* Alright! Alright! Keep your tights on! I am a goody now! But how am I supposing to know where the Sheriff is hiding? He could be anywhere!

ALAN A'DALE: Well somebody must have seen him! *(To aud)* Hey, you lot! Which way did the Sheriff go? This way? *(Points wrong way)* This way? *(Right way)* Thanks - then we'll go THIS way! *(Faces wrong way)* I'm not giving him another chance to make ME a kebab!

OPTIONAL BIT WITH KIDS (CAN MISS THIS OUT)

QUIPAT: But I'd be with you this time!

ALAN A'DALE: YOU?! What use would you be in a crisis?

QUIPAT: *(THINKS)* I can make a noise like a pussy cat!

LUCY: Oh anyone can do that!

QUIPAT: No they can't!

ALAN A'DALE: They can too. They can make all sorts of animal noises - like dogs and sheep and - Hey! Let's find out. Are there any children out there who can make different animal noises? Come up and show us! *BUSINESS WITH CHILDREN asking the usual questions. Animal noises. Maybe a short song?*

ALAN A'DALE: A big hand to all the children who helped us!

BACK TO THE PLOT

SHERIFF *ENTERS with MARION in tow*

QUIPAT: *(diving behind Alan)* Erk! It's old cod-piece!

ALAN A'DALE: Release the girl at once!

SHERIFF: *(jumping back in alarm)* What?! What magic is this? Are you a ghost? I ran you through with this very sword! Stand back, ghost of Alan A'Dale!

ALAN A'DALE: Not this time, Matey. Now you're trapped!

LUCY: That's it - you tell him!

MAID MARION: You'd better give in; you bully! You'll not escape now!

SHERIFF: Moron!

QUIPAT: Ci?!

SHERIFF: You think YOU can beat ME? Why, this castle is riddled with escape tunnels! It's got as many holes in it as ...er..

ALAN A'DALE: As your old pants?

SHERIFF: As my old ...grr! Fools! If you block one way then I just go another! *(Indicates audience)*

QUIPAT: Boss! You can't go down there! There are creatures down there! You can see the glistening of their beady little eyes! *(If you can identify one then single them out: 'there's a green stripy one!')*

LUCY: He's right! You can hear the crunching of their sweets!

ALAN A'DALE: You can smell that little boy we frightened with the exploding cooker!

SHERIFF: Pah! They don't scare me! *(He goes down into the audience IF SAFE!!)*

ALAN A'DALE: There's no escape that way!

QUIPAT: Come on, let's get help!
They exit calling for help.

SHERIFF: Stop your booing! I'll have the last laugh! Hahah...erk!

ROBIN HOOD: *(appears blocking his path)* That wasn't a very long last laugh, my dear Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Hood! Rats! Time to make a speedy exit, I think! GANGWAY!!

ROBIN HOOD: Stand and fight like a man!

SHERIFF: Not likely! I'd rather run like..., er, something that runs really fast!

Marion EXITS.

Sheriff & Robin back on stage. Sheriff is stopped by the Curtains.

ROBIN HOOD: Nowhere left to run to now, eh, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Nonsense! A real baddy always has a devious trick up his sleeve! One click of my fingers and these curtains will magically open! *(CLICK!! Nothing happens. CLICK! CLICK! Eventually he stabs his sword into the wings, there is a surprised shriek from Stage Manager, and the curtains open)*

SCENE SIX: THE THRONE ROOM OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

The Throne Room must be a spectacular set, with rich drapes or tapestries and vivid stained-glass windows at the back. Following the gloom of the dungeon scene this scene must not be too pale or wishy-washy. At either side are trick candles.

SHERIFF: Hood; I shall beat you if it's the last thing I do!

ROBIN HOOD: My dear Sheriff – I will be happy to make sure that it IS the last thing you do!!

SHERIFF: I could fight you with one hand behind my back! *(Puts hand with sword behind back and tries to fight with empty hand & finger but gets very confused)*

ROBIN HOOD: Fighting with one hand eh? *(Picks up tankard, drinks and fights)*

SHERIFF: Pah! Anyone can do that!

(Picks up sword and second tankard and copies, but Robin taps his own sword against his tankard while the Sheriff flails wildly in front of him drinking. Robin then circles behind the Sheriff, and - after much conspiring with the audience - pokes the Sheriff in the seat, making him splurt drink everywhere.)

ROBIN HOOD: Nothing has happened yet, Sheriff. Perhaps your blade needs sharpening?

SHERIFF: Ha! Just watch this! *(Swipes at large candle but appears to miss)*

ROBIN HOOD: Ha! Missed!

SHERIFF: Ha ha! *(Goes to candle and lifts/pushes top off, showing it sliced in two)*

ROBIN HOOD: Easy! *(Swipes at large candle but appears to miss)*

SHERIFF: Ha missed!

(Repeat but this time the candle stick-holder has been sliced in two OR similar depending on your technical team, such as paper chain of dollies, candle falls apart to reveal sculpture, etc. Fight continues. Robin's sword is knocked from hands. Sheriff gloats.)

SHERIFF: Now you have nothing to fight with. Victory is mine!

ROBIN HOOD: Don't gloat too soon, Nottingham!

SHERIFF: Why not? The only way I could lose now is if I was complete idiot and threw away my sword! *(Does this)* Whoops!

As he runs to get it Robin gets his and is ready when the Sherriff turns back. The Sheriff is forced to his knees

ENTER EVERYONE EXCEPT MAID BADLY.

FRIAR TUCK: Bravo, Robin! Well fought!

ROBIN HOOD: It was no contest; you know that evil will always be defeated in a fair fight!

LITTLE JOHN: And what shall we do with this miserable worm, eh, Robin? Shall I find a nice, long rope?!

SHERIFF: Oh no! Mercy, I beg you! I know I've been a bit naughty. .

MAID MARION: 'Naughty'?!

SHERIFF: Unkind?

Potty Pat: How about 'cruel'?

SHERIFF: Alright, cruel.

ALAN A'DALE: And mean.

SHERIFF: And mean.

MAID BADLY: And treacherous!

SHERIFF: Yes, and treacherous.

QUIPAT: (*appears from side or trap-door*) And hideously ugly!

SHERIFF: And hideous...Here! Whose side are you on?!

MAID MARION: But you promise to be a good boy now?

SHERIFF: Oh yes!

ROBIN HOOD: And you'll cut the taxes?

SHERIFF: Yes - I'll cut taxes to twenty percent! Er... fifteen? Alright! Ten percent, but that's my last ... (*gulp as John produces rope*) Five! I mean five percent!

ALAN A'DALE: And you'll let the villagers hunt in Sherwood Forest whenever they're hungry?

SHERIFF: Yes!!

Amazon Woman: And you'll do the teas for the Women's Institute?

Bonsai warrior: You'll sing us to sleep every night?

SHERIFF: Yes, anything!

FRIAR TUCK: And you give your permission for your nieces Maid Marion and the Maid Lucy to marry whoever they wish!

SHERIFF: What?! Married?! DO they wish?

MAID MARION and LUCY: (*taking the arms of Robin & Alan*) Oh yes!

Merry Men: Good grief.

SHERIFF: Yes, yes, yes, yes anything.

FRIAR TUCK: Then I think that's everything! You may get up.

LITTLE JOHN: But he must have SOME punishment for the things he's done!

ROBIN HOOD: Then what do you suggest?

LITTLE JOHN: Something awful!

WILL SCARLET: Something really terrible!

MUCH: The most dreadful thing we can think of! (*All think hard*)

ENTER MAID BADLY: *in awfully tasteless costume.*

MAID BADLY: Coee! Sheripoos!

MERRY MEN: 'Sheripoos'?

MAID BADLY: (*hugging Sheriff*) Take no notice of them, my Naughty Nottie Nightcap! They don't know there's something between us!

MAID MARION: Sister - you mean you actually LIKE this villain?!

MAID BADLY: Well, just between you and me, he's not exactly Prince Charming, but I think he's probably better than nothing. And anyway - it's somebody to PRACTICE MY COOKING ON!!

SHERIFF: AARGH! NO!! WHERE'S THE ROPE?!

ROBIN HOOD: That settles it! Tuck, good friar - we must away; Nottingham will see THREE

weddings this happy day! (*THREE COUPLES AND TUCK EXIT*)

LITTLE JOHN: (To **QUIPAT**, **HUGO** & **GUY** who are trying to tip-toe away) And what about these miserable wretches? What about their punishment? I hear that some people actually ENJOY it on the rack! (*Advances on them*)

QUIPAT: Well some people will go to any lengths for a joke! Errr...Why not enjoy the relaxurious facilities here in the castle?! It will make a nice change to the middle of the forest! I can show you where everything is!

MUSICAL NUMBER: *possibly part of 'consider yourself' or similar.*

Music changes to 'SWAN LAKE' and all the men form the classic ballet line with interlinked arms. (Left hand across in front of the person on your left to hold onto the right hand of the next person. This will take more co-ordination and practice than the whole of the rest of the panto and may well end in violence.)

QUIPAT, Guy & Hugh may need to leave early to change. One variation is to get QUIPAT to vanish off the end into one wing to reappear joined on to the other end in the opposite wing (it has been done).

LAST CHORUS - ALL BOW AND PULL BACK TO EDGES OF STAGE. ENTER:

MICE

AMAZON WOMEN / BONSAI WARRIORS,

UN-NAMED MERRY MEN

POTTY PAT

HUGO FIRST and GUY De TOURS

WILL SCARLET, GORDON and MUCH

LITTLE JOHN,

QUIPAT (*with Giant Mouse creeping behind him*)

FANFARE IN **ROBIN HOOD** TRADITION

LITTLE JOHN: And here they come, let's wish them luck! First: newly promoted Bishop Tuck!

FRIAR TUCK: (*ENTERS in splendid bishop's robes and mitre*)

Happy endings? We've not forgotten 'em,

Here's another – set in Nottingham.

The first to end our comic tale

The lovely Lucy with Alan A'Dale.

ALAN A'DALE and LUCY ENTER AND BOW.

FRIAR TUCK: And now Maid Badly – though rather grotty,

Not half as bad as her husband Nottie!

BADLY: *ENTERS in outrageous wedding gown.*

SHERIFF: *dragged on*

BADLY: Do you like the wedding dress? Would you like to see my train?! (*Whirls round to show large face of Thomas the Tank Engine on her rear.*)

FRIAR TUCK: And now three cheers would be quite good

For our hero Robin - and Mrs Hood!

ROBIN HOOD and MAID MARION ENTER (*small page carrying sword; small bridesmaid carrying flowers in front of them.*)

ROBIN HOOD: This tale has found its happy end, & I have found a bride and friend.

MAID MARION: With taxes cut and forest free,

LUCY: The countryside lives happily.

ALAN A'DALE: No more will evil rule this land,

QUIPAT: But work together - hand in hand;

SHERIFF: (after nudge) Supporting right and fighting wrong!

LITTLE JOHN: Enough! It's time for feast and song!

FINALE NUMBER

CHRIS LANE 2018