

## PRINCE JOHN & SHERIFF

PJ: AH!! AH. AH. AH. There you are, my dear Sheriff. There you ARE! MY! DEAR! SHERIFF!!

S: UH. Yes. Here I am, your Royal Highness. As requested.

PJ: As REQUIRED!! ...Are we comfy? Care for a pastry, Humm! A scone? Hmm! A footy massage? Hummmm!

S: Well, my goodness! A foot massage sounds...

PJ: QUIET! YOU IDIOT!! Why are you here when you should be scouring the woods for that traitorous villain, Robin Hood???

S: YOU called ME here, your Most Magnanimous Highness. By the way, kudos to your tailor. The cut of that surcoat really brings out the majesty of your physique.

PJ: YES! I thought "If you got it, flaunt it!" And Isabella was most please.... HOLD IT!! WAIT!! Why is that horrible Robin Hood not in my goal! What have you been doing?

S: Well, your Most Exalted Highness. I set a trap. You see...

PJ: A TRAP? A TRAP? WHAT KIND OF TRAP? A big snare like country folk use? Spring loaded metal jaws like....

S: HA HA. Your Highness has an exhausting mind and imagination to be sure.

PJ: WHY THANK YOU!

S: You're welcome. This trap is the city walls of Nottingham itself. We shall lure the villain, Robin, and his adherents into the city and close in.

PJ: HA HA. HA HA HA. HAHAHAHA! My dear Sheriff... Might I inquire... Have you recently suffer-ed a severe blow to the head? Lure him in how??

S: OH. HA HA! SURELY YOU JEST! Your brilliant plan to assure Robin Hood and his men amnesty to enter Nottingham to enjoy your birthday celebrations? Your brilliant masterstroke?? Sheer Genius!!

PJ: UHHH.... HA HA!! YES. YES!! That WAS one of mine, wasn't it? JOLLY GOOD! Well, see to it, Sheriff! CHOP CHOP!! See you at the hanging!

S: (sigh) I know there's something about "beware the gratitude of Princes and Kings," but I can't seem to remember it....