

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

Characters (10): Private Balloon (MC), Sheriff of Nottingham, Guy of Gisbourne, Prince John, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John, Lady Marian, Bess, Ivana Richman

I: PRIVATE BALLOON'S INTRODUCTION

Balloon: (Sweeping) Hello! Hello there. Greetings. Private Nigel Balloon here. Just tidying up a bit for our presentation.

Prece-senting a reasonably presentable presentation presented by the Royal Players Street Character Ensemble of the Tennessee Medieval Faire! Prepared to be gob-smacked by the incredibly inept Magnificent Octopus...

Sheriff: (interrupts off stage) MAGNUM OPUS!!

Balloon: (hears him) MAGNETIC OCELOT!!

S: (interrupts off stage) **MAGNUM OPUS! MAGNUM OPUS!!**

B: (hears him, understands) MAGNUM OPUS! About to be presented to lucky you! A rollicking roller coaster of violence! Love and intrigue! Violence! Sex and violence! Violence and sex! Y'know, good old family fun!

S: (loud throat clearing off stage)

B: Sorry! Sorry! It's just so bloody exciting! It's all about that great hero, Robin Hood! How he, with Little John, Friar Tuck, and the rest of the merry men, thwart the evil plots of Prince John and the wicked Sheriff of Nottingham! Why, even now, they've hatched a plan to lure Robin Hood and his men into town with the promise of amnesty. If I were Master Robin, I'd....

S: (bursts in) You'd what, you talking turnip!? What in Beelzebub's back side are you doing babbling about my incredibly brilliant plans and machinations out loud like this? Art you daft? What if someone were to hear?

B: (points to audience) Whoops. Oh. You mean like that lot?

S: (notices audience) GAAHH!!! WHAT...?!! (hides face) ER-HA-AH! --EH -- another one of your little japes, eh Balloon? [I'll get you, Balloon!] Well, uh, carry on! (slinks off)

B: As you might well have guessed, that was the charming Sheriff of Nottingham, himself. What he lacks in charisma and Christian charity, he more than makes up for in vindictive mindless brutality. Me and the boys prefer to think of him as a bit high strung... Preferably from a very tall oak tree. Anyway, we hope you enjoy the following from the Royal Players of the Tennessee Medieval Faire.

B: We first visit Robin as he has returned from the Crusades and finds things have gone badly awry in his absence. He addresses the people driven to live in Sherwood Forest...

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

II: ROBIN HOOD EXHORTS THE MASSES

RH: Good people of Nottingham! Not long past, I was known as Robin of Locksley. But now am known as Robin Hood. Perhaps you've heard of me...

CROWD: *(Good natured laughter)*

RH: Like you, I have lost loved ones, properties, and my home. Like you, I barely recognize the Nottingham of today from the prosperous, peaceful Nottingham of a few short years ago. Like you, I have no faith in justice when the Sheriff does as he will under "The King's Justice!"

And what King is this? Surely not Good King Richard, who even now fights at the Holy Crusades! King Richard, of whom I had the great honor to fight alongside in the Holy Lands until just recently!

Hearing that Locksley Hall was under siege, I begged King Richard's leave. Having also heard disquieting news from home, Good Richard granted my request.

Upon return, I discovered things worse than I thought possible. Locksley Hall in ruins and my family driven to the four winds, or perhaps dead. But my troubles are not unique. Alas, all here have had their farms burned or confiscated, livestock taken, taxed to starvation.

And who do we have to thank for this jolly state of affairs? Of course, Prince John, pretender to the throne springs to mind. He's rapacious, repugnant, repellent, reprehensible, randy, and rat-faced! And that's just the R's!

But no, the architect of all this misery is the ever-industrious Sheriff of Nottingham! Appealing to the Prince's fragile ego and limited intellect, I'm afraid our good Sheriff is taking advantage of the situation to line his own pockets. We must stop them at all turns until King Richard returns and restores decency and normalcy to our lands and England!! **ARE YOU WITH ME??**

CROWD: *YAYYY!!*

RH: ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT??

CROWD: *YAYYY!!*

RH: ARE YO READY TO DO THIS IN THE MOST COMICALLY ENTERTAINING WAY POSSIBLE? SURPASSING EVEN THE COMEDY GENIUS OF MEL BROOKS OR CARL REINER??

CROWD: *YEAHHHHHHHHH!!!* (RH exits, Balloon enters)

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

Balloon: Well, that certainly got me aroused... Oh... Eh.... Anyway, meantime we now join the evil Sheriff of Nottingham and his hapless henchmen (air quotes) “Sir” Guy of Gisbourne... (Balloon exits, Sheriff and Guy enter)

III: SHERIFF AND (Sir) GUY OF GISBOURNE

SH: AH GISBOURNE! There you are. I trust you have made the necessary arrangements for my little plan?

GG: **OUR** Little Plan! And it’s “Sir” Guy of Gisbourne! I’ll not brook your discourteous...

SH: HUSH, PUPPY! King Richard stripped you of all titles for, let’s just say, “indiscretions!”

GG: LIES! LIES! TOLD BY MY ENEMIES TO DEFAME MY STERLING REUPUATION! Why, I was known as a “Lion on the Battlefield.”

SH: HA HA HA! Please stop! My corset can’t take the strain! HA HA HA! More like a pussycat hiding in a tree! HA HA!

GG: NO! IT’S TRUE! And besides, when Prince John ascends the throne, well, the “worm will turn!”

SH: UGH. Thanks for the visual.

GG: And a grateful John will restore my station and holdings! And I will...

SH: Oh God. Hope springs eternal.

GG: BUT IT’S TRUE! I’ll...

SH: HUSH!

GG: BUT!...

SH: SHUSH!

GG: I...

SH: SHUT IT.

(Repeat and rinse)

(SH escorts GG off stage and is joined by Prince John)

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

IV: SHERIFF AND PRINCE JOHN

PJ: 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. (Pause) 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 jail! 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! Yes. Yes. Brilliant! Well, see to it, Sheriff! CHOP CHOP!! See you at the hanging! (turns to leave)

S: Yes, my Liege. Right away, My Liege. (thumbs nose at PJ's back, waggles thumbs in ears, lets out a raspberry)

PJ: (turns) What was that, my good Sheriff?!?!

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

S: (feigns a fart, waving away at his backside) A thousand pardons, My Liege.

(PJ & S exit separately, Balloon enters)

Balloon: HMMM. Something tells me that none of that lot are very active in their church. But Hold! We shall now join Robin Hood as he discusses matters with the good Friar Tuck!

(Balloon exits, RH and FT enter)

V: ROBIN HOOD AND FRIAR TUCK

RH: THERE YOU ARE, GOOD FRIAR. I feel apologies are in order. I have been so busy vexing our good Sheriff that I failed to ask how you fare with your new congregation! I own they are a rag-tag lot. Like herding cats, I imagine. But stout-hearted good Englishmen all.

FT: **I'D RATHER HERD CATS!!!** (pauses, chuckles). No, No, good Robin. They are a trial to be sure, but your good works makes it all worthwhile. At least they're not actors.

RH: HA HA, GOOD TUCK! HA HA! SO TRUE! My goodness. ACTORS! Hee Hee! – But pray tell, with whom are you having the most trouble? If I may pry?

FT: Well... I guess it's not like violating the confessional. All right. John Little or Little John. I know he's one of your favorites, and I love him like a brother. A big, dumb, strong as a baboon, graceful as a pig on ice, brother. Yestermorn at breakfast, he accidentally dumped half a pot of boiling porridge in my lap!

RH: YOWW!

FT. THAT'S WHAT I SAID! Recovering some, all I heard was a loud boisterous full-throated LAUGH! Followed by a hard, good-natured slap on the back, which almost sent me into the fire pit!

RH: (Hiding smile) GOODNESS! That's no way to treat a man of the cloth. I'll speak with him. Bear in mind, we all know Little John is a bit rough around the edges.

FT: ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES! ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES?! In Dr. Samuel Johnson's new dictionary, under "Rough Around the Edges" there's a picture of a porcupine, a spiny sea urchin, and John Little!

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

RH: Well, good Friar, as I said, I'll speak with him. Perhaps we should introduce him to a good woman to help knock off some rough edges!!

F'T: (Claps hands together, gleefully) HA HA! YES! That might fix that jolly lout! Serve him right!

FH: I trust some other troublesome children vex the good Friar?

F'T: Well, good Robin, I loathe burdening you with my problems... May I bust Alan O'Dale's lute over his thick noggin? The insufferable twerp adds flourishes and trills throughout mass. Especially hymns! All the while beaming at me with that stupid grin on his face! It makes me want to grab something heavy and ...

RH: WHOA, WHOA, MY FRIEND! Remember the Sermon on the Mount! Perhaps Alan thinks he's being of help. But henceforth, we'll lock his lute away during your mass. Anyone else?

F'T: Well, this one is a bit.... dodgy. You see... Well... There's something peculiar about your.... cousin.

RH: You mean Will Scarlett?

F'T: Yes, Yes! I can't put my finger on it, but there's something "funny" about the way he walks....

RH: Oh?

F'T: And talks and he smells..... pleasant.

RH: GADZOOKS! Tsk Tsk Tsk! I'll have to talk to her immediately. We'll have none of this.

F'T: Thank you, Rob – Wait! What?? You said "Her!"

RH: Yes. Willow Scarlett is my cousin. She wanted to join our band so donned the guise of a man. But you, my clever duck, saw right through!

F'T: Ha Ha Ha! BLESS MY SOUL! Yes, of course, I – ODDS BODKINS! OH SHAME! In front of a woman! Oh shame!

RH: Heavens, Friar! What ails thee?

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

FT: Well, last night's late snack of goose pie seemed a little off. When I awoke, my belly was in high rebellion. I thought to walk it off. I just came upon Master – er – Mistress Scarlett placidly sitting under a tree, when the unthinkable...

RH: You don't mean...!

FT: YEP! Blew out my sails with force 10 gales! Let loose with that rancid goose! Bellowed my flap with a thunderous clap!

RH: Good Heavens, good Friar! Calm yourself. I'm sure Willow took no offense. She was always a bit of a Tom Boy.

FT: Yet still, I'm somewhat mortified! Oh shame! In front of a lady!

RH: Fear not, good Tuck, as with your goose, this too shall pass. (Tuck exits, Little John enters)

VI: ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

RH: AH! Little John! There you are, my gregarious fellow! I need to speak with thee.

LJ: Uh Oh. I know that tone. Look, Robin, I didn't know she was in that old outhouse when I pushed it into the creek, you see....

RH: No, No, it's not... WAIT! WHAT? WHO DI....

LJ: Oh... Oh! NOTHING! Pray, what's on your mind, good Robin?

RH: Well, I.... She? Um well, I need to speak to you about Friar Tuck.

LJ: Haw Haw! Isn't he a hoot! Look now! He's' over there across the glade, glaring at us like an angry little chubby chipmunk! He's adorable!

RH: (Hiding smile) HAHA! Mmm... Yes, good John, but he IS a man of the cloth and deserves a measure of respect. Elsewise, his authority in spiritual matters means nothing. Understand, my friend?

LJ: (Begrudgingly) Ah, wise Robin. I see your point.... But I heard that he calls me a baboon! I think I'd be mad, if I knew what a "baboon" was!

RH: Oh John! A baboon is a noble animal! King of the jungle! And known for cunning and intelligence!

LJ: Really? Well, that's different.... Henceforth I shall proclaim to one and all, proudly, that "I am a Baboon!"

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

RH: And I challenge anyone to disagree! Come, my friend, to the camp! I would hear about this outhouse business....! (Exit together talking, Balloon enters)

Balloon: So, the stage is set. Robin Hood and his men accept the “amnesty” ploy, knowing full well it’s a clumsy trap, and enter Nottingham. What could possibly go wrong? (Balloon exits, Robin Hood and Lady Marian enter)

VII: ROBIN HOOD AND LADY MARIAN

LM: Robin! Robin?!! You fool! What are you doing out in the open? In the middle of Nottingham?

RH: Why dear lady! Know ye not that the dear Sheriff himself has graciously granted amnesty to all for the day in honour of our much b’lov-ed Prince John’s birthday? It would seem rude to not avail myself of such an invitation!

LM: But you must know it’s a trap! Why do you tempt fate so? Care you not for those who care for you?

RH: So, you DO care for me!

LM: No! I... uh....

RH: Fret not, dear Marian, I’m not as reckless as all that. There are things afoot that I dare not divulge, even to you. Especially to you, for your own safety.

LM: What am I, then? A potted plant? To sit idle and watch things unfold around me?

RH: No! Of course not, my Lady! But this would be an inopportune time for the Sheriff to learn of our “acquaintance.” Case in point; three guards are approaching. (Quietly) Quickly! Slap me and rebuke me.

LM: (Quietly) Of course, my dear Robin. (Loudly stage slaps & knaps) SAXON LOUT! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME! I AM NOT THIS “ETHEL” PERSON OF WHOM YOU SPEAK!”

RH: (Quietly) Ow! Such – uh - gusto! (Loudly) MY SINCERE APOLOGIES, M’LADY. I MISTOOK YOU FOR A COUSIN OF WHOM I’VE NOT SEEN IN MANY YEARS! PLEASE FORGIVE MY STUPIDITY! I DEPART WELL CHASTENED.

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

LM; (To Guards) Thank you for your protections, Guardsmen. Don't concern yourself with that simple dolt. I'm sure he's just an addle-pated rustic who wandered into town, ignorant of the ways of polite society. OFF WITH YOU, NOW, SIMPLETON (Sweet smile)

RH: YES – ER – THANK YOU, M'LADY (Robin exits, Bess and Ivanna enter)

VIII: LADY MARIAN, BESS, IVANA RICHMAN

[snapping beans, winding yarn, etc.]

BESS: But Lady Marian, maybe the Sheriff isn't the most, uh... um... uh... hummm... But he's rich! With wads of cash!

LM: As I now understand, all ill-gotten. Besides, yesterday I saw him callously run over a squirrel in his carriage.

B: Well, I'm sure it was an accident! Those little....

LM: He laughed like a maniac and had the driver back up several times.

B: Well, I'm sure he didn't want it to suffer

LM: And then he poured his drink on it

[All go back to snapping beans. Marian looks off in distance, slight smile. Bess and ladies notice, and follow gaze. Bess and Ivanna, conspiratorially...]

B: Why, who is that dastardly rogue strutting about like the cock of the walk?

Iv: Yes! And such swagger! Have you ever seen the like, m'Lady? ... uh... m'Lady?? Hello?

LM: I'm sorry. What? What were you saying?

B: Oh! Well, we were just noticing yonder rascal. I think he bears a striking resemblance to ... um.... Oh, who... hummm... Robert.... er... hum... Robin...

LM: Hood! ROBIN HOOD!

B: no.... hum... well.... humm... well, maybe Robin Hood.

LM: Oh! You two will be the death of me yet! You know full well that that is Robin of Locksley! And I caught all that stuff and nonsense about swagger and strutting.

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

B: Please, m'Lady, 'twas all in jest! Whilst we both admire Master Robin's efforts, we both fear your your safety, if your mutual attraction were to be discovered by the wrong parties. But he is kind of cute.

LM, B, Iv: (all strike same pose, legs crosses, hand(s) on chins smiling)
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

Iv: (sign) If only you could talk him into wearing tights.

B: (dreamily) If he did, I'd be trying to talk him out of those tights. (bug-eyed, looks around) OH DEAR! That wasn't out loud, was it?

LM: Yes it was!! (LM and IV start whacking Bess with fans, start laughing, EXIT, Balloon enters)

Balloon: OH, love is so wonderful! People don't realize what a hopeless romantic I am. I love walks in the moonlight Quiet picnics under a tree. Reading poetry by a stream. I hope someday there's actually a woman with me... But I digress. Now, the moment you've all been waiting for... Robin Hood and our loathsome (Sheriff enters)... LOVLEY Sheriff of Nottingham meet (Balloon exits as Robin Hood enters)

IX: ROBIN HOOD AND SHERIFF

SH: AH! GOD STIKE ME BLIND! THE SCOUNDREL ROBIN HOOD!

RH: And felicitous greetings to you, Good Sheriff! And may the Almighty grant your wish. How farest thou on this lovely day?

SH: Swimmingly, until 5 seconds ago. Having to endure you and your men's unfetter-ed presence in Nottingham – MY Nottingham! – Galls me no end! All because of this ridiculous temporary amnesty!!

RH: Ha Ha! Bravo! Encore! I know full well you are the architect of this contrivance to lure us in. "Prince John grants amnesty to all for a day in celebration of his birthday!" HA! Quite clever and subtle. Especially for you!

SH: And yet, here you are, my cocky friend! Inside the city walls with over 500 guards at my disposal. I could take you and your men with a snap of my fingers!

RH: Or your garters. Those are smashing, by the way.

SH: Oh, you like them? I got them at Jared's. Wait!!

RH: Know this, dear Sheriff. There are 30 to 40 of my men inside the wall and each are worth 5 of yours.

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

SH: Even if your boast were true, you're still vastly out-number-ed.

RH: AH! You forget the thousands of Saxons living within these walls. Most, if not all, are sympathetic to our cause. You would have a riot on your hands. A demonstration of such perfidy would swell our rank an hundred fold. You do the math. Pray, take off your boots, so that you may count that high.

SH: (Fuming) Why you insufferable arrogant burr under my saddle! You cretinous dog! I'll see to it that you are well hung!!

RH: WHY SHERIFF! I HAD NO IDEA!!

SH: (Confused, eyes widen) THAT'S, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! YOU – YOU – GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! BEFORE I ...!

RH: Quite Right! We're both busy men. As always, a great pleasure to see you. Let's do lunch. TAH!!

SH: Not so fast, my worthy adversary. I've put up with your insolence for the last time! I challenge you to meet me on the Field of Combat Chess this very afternoon. Bring your rag-tag bunch of miscreants with you. I will enjoy picking them off, one by one!

RH: Well, HA HA, my dear Sheriff. With such an irresistibly charming invitation who could possibly refuse! Tell you what, you bring the focaccia and brie; I'll bring the merlot!

SH: Mock me while you can, Robin of the Hood. But you'll be laughing out of the other side of your codpiece by the end of the day!!

RH: Wait. Am I to infer from that statement that you yourself laugh out of your codpiece?

SH: WHAT??! NO!! SHUT UP!

RH: But it's a fair questi....

SH: SHUT UP! SHUP UP! SHUP UP! SEE YOU AT THE CHESS MATCH!
(Robin Hood and Sheriff exit. Balloon enters)

ROBIN HOOD – STAGE SHOW

X: BALLOON FINISH

Balloon: So, that's our little Tour de Farce Magnum Opus Spectacular. But the story doesn't end here? If you want to see this tale's conclusion, you must go to the Field of Honour at __:__ or __:__! Grab some food and drink, settle back and watch a bunch of idiots try to kill each other with swords, whips, and rubber chickens. Y'know, good old family fun! HUZZAH!