

Characters

Robin Hood	-	The titular hero (F)
Mire Muck	-	Robin's spiritual advisor (M)
Little Joan	-	Robin's bodyguard (F)
Jester	-	One of Robin's men (M/F)
Dame Dolly Dripp	-	The Dame (M)
Marion	-	Dame Dripp's Niece (F)
Sheriff	-	The Sheriff of Nottingham (M)
Weeble	-	Sheriff's henchman, Wobble's twin (M/F)
Wobble	-	Sheriff's henchman, Weeble's twin (M/F)
Sir Pent	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)
Sir Loin	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)
Sir Cumference	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)
Sir Fur	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)
Sir Vant	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)
Sir Prise	-	One of the Sheriff's Knights (M/F)

Incidental Characters

Doctor Who	-	Doctor Who (M/F)
Butler	-	A butler (M/F)
Giant Rat	-	A giant rat (M/F)
Woodland Animals	-	Some woodland animals (M/F)
Villagers x 3	-	Three villagers (M/F)
Stagehand	-	Jeffery, the Stage Hand (M)
Humpty Dumpty	-	Humpty Dumpty (M/F)

ACT 1

Scene 1 – A forest path

(Robin Hood enters front of tabs, RHS. Lights up. He walks across the front of the stage whistling to himself. He has a quiver of arrows over his shoulder, a sword in its scabbard and is carrying a bow. As he reaches the end of the stage, he stops, turns towards the audience and speaks.)

Robin: Hello everyone, my name is Robin Hood. I live here in the Sherbet Forest in Nottingham. The Sheriff doesn't like me living here because he says I frighten all the deer! I don't *frighten* the deer, because they are my friends. I just warn them when the Sheriff's hunters are coming and get them to hide away. We don't want the Sheriff to have a deer dinner, do we? **(awaits audience reaction)** So, perhaps you could help me. Firstly, I need to know your names, so when I count up to three, I want you to shout your names out and I'll see if I can remember them. Ready? One, two, three.

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Robin: I didn't quite catch that, let's try again. One, two, three.

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Robin: No, that's not going to work, there are too many of you. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll call you *Peeps*, as in People Enjoying Excellent Pantomimes! So, Peeps, sit back, get your sweeties out and pass them all to me. Ha! Only joking! Relax, eat your sweeties and enjoy the show. **(he walks to one side of the stage)** Before I go, I would like to tell you how I met my Band of Merry-ment. Once upon a time there was a handsome man. **(Aside)** That's me, of course. And this handsome man had a love for his people, or peeps, that's you, of course! Well one day a nasty man came along, the Sheriff of Nottingham.

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

(The Sheriff pops his head through the curtains and snarls at the audience)

Robin: That's him, of course. He also has two henchmen, Weeble –

(Weeble pops his head out of the curtain below the Sheriff's)

Robin: And Wobble.

(Wobble pops his head out below Weeble's)

Robin: Well, one day I met up with a very spiritual and smelly man who offered to join me in helping my peeps. This man was called ‘Mire Muck’.

(The Sheriff disappears as if pulled backwards. Weeble and Wobble also disappear in a similar fashion. Mire Muck sticks his head through the curtains and grins)

Robin: **(Looking confused)** That’s him; he’s a good man but he has no sense of hygiene, so you have to stand down wind of him. **(he wafts a hand in front of his face)** Anyway, Mire Muck had recently bumped into an old school friend of his, ‘Little Joan’.

(Little Joan pops her head out of the curtain above Mire. She sniffs at Mire, gags and then disappears holding her nose. Mire looks confused and then disappears, following Joan.)

Robin: Joan was given that nickname when she was very little. She’s not so little now as you will find out when you meet her. So, this was the beginning of my band. I then held auditions to find out who else would be suitable to join me.

(Tabs open to reveal a table LHS angled slightly towards the audience, with three chairs. Little Joan',-a large lady dressed in medieval costume is seated at the table. Mire Muck, dressed in a Monk’s outfit, is also seated at the table. Mire is unkempt and appears very smelly. Robin takes his seat in the middle. His seat is not very far from the floor so that he can only just see over the table. He swaps chairs with Little Joan. A comedic scene ensues as they swap chairs, Robin making it clear he won’t sit anywhere Mire has been. They eventually settle with Joan in the middle and Robin in the seat Joan once sat in)

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Mire Muck: How many more do we have to find?

Robin: Just two more, then our Band of Merry-ment will be complete.

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

(Humpty Dumpty enters)

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Robin: Hush, Little Joan, give the boy a chance. So, what is your name, boy?

Humpty: Humpty, Sir.

Robin: Right, Humpty, why do you want to join our group and what can you do to help?

Humpty: Well, Mr. Robin, Sir, I want to join your group because everyone says I’m a hard nut to crack.

Mire Muck: **(Laughing)** Hard nut to crack, ha ha! You’re not a nut, you’re an egg! And from my

experience, eggs are easy to crack!

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Humpty: **(Visibly upset)** I'm sorry to waste your time, Mr. Robin, sir. I'll leave now and go back to being an eggs-ibit at the eggs-ibition centre.

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

(Humpty turns to leave, still upset and starts crying unbearably loudly. He encourages sympathy from the audience)

Robin: **(Swayed by the audience)** Wait!

(Humpty turns around and stops crying)

Humpty: Yes Mr. Robin?

Robin: **(Turning to Little Joan and Mire Muck)** Listen you two; we haven't really given Mr. Humpty here a fair crack of the whip. Let us at least give him a chance to tell us how he could help. **(To Humpty)** Right then Mr. Humpty, tell us, what can you do to stop the Sheriff's men?

Humpty: Well, I could fight them. **(He demonstrates this by wailing his arms about)** And once our enemies are knocked to the floor, I could sit on them so they can't get up. **(He sits on the ground, which he finds quite difficult to do)**

Robin: That sounds like a good idea. But, Humpty, how would you get up again?

Humpty: **(Trying in vain to try and get to his feet)** I would need all the King's Horses and all the King's men.

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Robin: Sorry, Humpty, we will need the King's men fighting on our side. There won't be time to help you up. Sorry, you won't be able to join our band. Thank you for coming.

Humpty: **(Trying to get to his feet, rolling around for a moment)** A little help?

(Robin and Mire help Humpty to his feet. Humpty leaves RHS. Robin and Mire take their seats once more. A Jester pops his head out stage right.)

Jester: Hello. May I come in?

Robin: Of course. Come stand on the spot and let us take a look at you.

(The jester stands in front of the judges)

Mire Muck: What's your name?

Jester: Jester

Mire Muck: Jester what?

Jester: Jester minute and I'll tell you! Da-Da!

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Robin: Just one moment, we haven't seen what he can do. He might be of use to us. So, Jester, how can you help me and my friends in pursuing our duties.

Jester: I can make 'em laugh

Mire Muck: Make 'em laugh?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Jester: Yes, make 'em laugh.

Jester: **(Singing *Make 'em laugh from Singing in the Rain*)** Make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh. Don't you know ev'ry one wants to laugh?

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Next!

Robin: Joan, don't be so rude! Let's give the chap a go at making us laugh.

Jester: Question, what's the difference between a guitar and a fish?

Robin: I don't know. What is the difference between a guitar and a fish?

Jester: You can tune a guitar, but you can't tuna fish. Get it? Tune-a-fish!

(Robin, Mire Muck and Little Joan don't laugh)

Jester: Okay, let's try another one. Why are pirates called pirates?

Little Joan: I don't know. Why are pirates called pirates?

Jester: Because they arrr!

(Still no reaction)

Jester: Now, this is one of my favourite jokes. This will get you going. Are you ready? What do you call a laughing motorbike?

Mire Muck: I know this one. It's a HahaHonda.

Jester: No silly, it's a Yamahahaha!

(Little Joan giggles slightly then she looks over at the other two. All three of them burst out laughing and they find it difficult to stop. They are then bent double with laughter. They eventually calm down)

Jester: How about a dance?

Robin: I don't know about that, we are tired out after all that laughter.

Jester: Go on, it's good therapy to dance and sing.

Mire Muck: *You'll* need therapy if you listen to me sing!

Robin: One song, and that's all.

Jester: And a dance?

Robin: Okay, okay, and a dance.

(Jester then sings a song and does a little dance. Robin, Little Joan and Mire Muck all join in the dance. Robin, Mire Muck and Joan sit down once more.)

Robin: That was great fun wasn't it boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction. To Jester)** You will certainly be an asset to our group. Welcome aboard, Jester. Now, just one more to find.

Jester: What sort of person are you looking for?

Robin: Well, we have myself as the boss, of course, Little Joan, who is as strong as an ox, Mire Muck to give us spiritual help, and you, as the one to keep us happy. All we need now is someone who can fire arrows and we'll be well away.

Jester: I know loads of people who fire arrows, but only little ones. Do you think they will be alright for our gang?

Robin: Where can I find them?

Jester: Down the Dog and Duck every Monday night.

Robin: Thank you, Jester, but I think you are talking about a completely different type of arrows. We need people who can fire the long arrows, not darts. We won't get very far with darts. No, we need real arrows, with a bow and quiver.

(All except Robin shake their bodies)

Robin: What on earth are you doing?

Little Joan: Quivering, you said quiver and so we did.

Robin: Oh, you are silly.

(The stop quivering)

Little Joan: Oh, no we're not!

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Robin: **(encouraging audience participation)** Oh, yes you are.

Little Joan: Oh, no we're not! We only did what you asked us to do.

Robin: I didn't ask you to 'quiver'. A quiver is a bag to carry arrows in, like this. **(he shows them his quiver)**

Little Joan: Oh, why didn't you say so?

Robin: You didn't give me the chance. Anyway, Jester, do you know of anyone who is an expert with the bow and arrow?

Jester: There is one person, Robin, but I don't think you would like him on your team.

Robin: Who is he?

Jester: The Sheriff.

Robin: Who?

Jester: **(Whispering to Robin)** You know, the Sheriff of Nottingham, your biggest enemy.

Robin: Well, of course I wouldn't want him on my team. I need someone who is capable of bringing *down* the Sheriff and his men.

Little Joan: **(Standing up)** I could bring them down, and once they are down. I could do what Humpty wanted to do and sit on them. They would find it extremely difficult to get up from there.

(Robin and Mire Muck laugh)

Robin: Of course, Little Joan, we know how strong you are.

Mire Muck: Yes, I can smell her from here!

(Robin, Little Joan and Jester turn to Mire Muck)

Robin: **(together)** You can talk!

Little Joan: **(together)** You can talk!

Jester: **(together)** You can talk!

Mire Muck: I don't know what you mean.

(He sniffs his own armpits and nearly faints)

Mire Muck: Oh, maybe I do!

Robin: Enough of this triviality. Let's get back to business. We still need someone who is a great archer.

(Marion enters)

Marion: Excuse me.

(They all turn to look at Marion. Robin swoons, Little Joan scowls, Mire Muck smiles and Jester does a little dance, and then he bows)

Jester: My lady.

Marion: I don't wish to be a nuisance, but did I hear correctly that you were looking for an archer?

Robin: That is correct.

Marion: Well, I may be able to help you.

Robin: Do you know someone then, my lady?

Marion: Yes, me!

Jester: My lady, this is no place for a lady.

Little Joan: Pardon!

Jester: I said this is no place for a lady. Come on Little Joan, you are not what I would call a lady.

Little Joan: Well, what am I then?

Jester: A woman, of course, beautiful in your own way.

Little Joan: **(Embarrassed)** Oh, Jester, you tease me.

Marion: I am a lot stronger than I look.

Mire Muck: You can say that ag –

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

(Before he can finish his sentence, they all turn towards him.)

Mire Muck: Sorry!

Robin: We cannot accept you into our band until we have seen your skills for ourselves. We shall meet again tomorrow afternoon on the edge of Sherbet Forest at 2 o'clock. Don't be late.

Marion: I will be there, don't you worry.

Robin: Until tomorrow.

(As Marion walks off, Robin looks dreamily in her direction.)

Little Joan: Well it looks like we have our band of Merry-ment. What do you think, Robin?

(Robin does not reply)

Little Joan: Robin, Robin, I asked you a question.

(Robin gazes off into the distance, dreamily. Little Joan goes behind Robin and gets close to his ear)

Little Joan: **(Shouting)** Robin!!

(Robin jumps and quickly gets an arrow out ready to fire)

Mire Muck: **(Shouting)** Stop!

Robin: Wow! That was close Joan. Don't ever creep up on me again.

Little Joan: I'm sorry Robin, but you weren't listening to a word I was saying.

Robin: Yes, Joan, I'm sorry. My mind was focused on other things.

Jester: One other thing, you mean. Your mind was focused on that lovely lady.

Robin: Yes, Jester, you are right. But, enough is enough. We have the beginnings of a band. We must go find others who are willing to fight on our side against the ravages of the Sheriff. I know the Nottingham villagers will be against the Sheriff because of the taxes he has increased, and I hear they will keep increasing (**aside**) much like the present day, eh? Come my Merry-ment friends, we must head back to camp.

(They all file off one by one, leaving Robin as the last to exit. As he exits, he shouts out to the audience)

Robin: What were your names again?

(Awaits audience reaction)

Robin: (Confused) Never mind. Bye Peeps, we'll be seeing you soon.

(Robin Exits. Tabs close. Lights off.)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Scene 2 – The Sheriff’s Castle

(Sheriff enters front of tabs)

Sheriff: **(To audience)** Ha! Ha! Ha! It won’t be long before my greatest wish is fulfilled. The lovely Marion is soon to be my wife, and I hope you all will come to the party. It will be an extravaganza filled with the most exotic animals from far off lands, the most succulent of food, and the most superior of champagne. There will be guests from all around the globe watching me, Percival Ogden Owen, marry the beautiful Marion. There is still one obstacle I must overcome, and that is Robin Hood. I’ve just heard that Marion has asked to join Robin’s Band of Merry-ment, but if I have anything to do with it, his Band of Merry-ment will soon crumble and fall, and it will just be Robin himself who will have to dispense of my many guards. Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh, here come my guards now.

(Weeble and Wobble enter, followed by Sir Pent, Sir Loin, Sir Cumference, Sir Fur and Sir Vant.)

Sheriff: Welcome you lovely Lords. **(Pointing at the audience)** Do you see all of these people here? Let me introduce you to them. Sir Pent, take a bow.

(Sir Pent walks upstage and takes a bow)

Sheriff: Be afraid, be very afraid; Sir Pent is a snake in the grass. Sir Loin, you next.

(Sir Pent steps back. Sir Loin walks upstage and takes a bow)

Sheriff: Sir Loin can be quite tender if treated right. Sir Cumference, come here.

(Sir Loin steps back. Sir Cumference walks over to the sheriff.)

Sheriff: This knight has been around the world. And eaten many exotic foods, as you can tell. **(The Sheriff rubs Sir Cumference’s belly. Pointing at Sir Fur)** Sir Fur, who loves the water,

(Sir Fur imitates a surfer)

Sheriff: And Sir Vant, who will do anything you ask him to. **(He turns to Sir Vant)**, Knight, tie my shoe laces.

(Sir Vant bends down to tie the Sheriff’s shoe laces, which are actually boots with no laces.)

Sir Vant: Sheriff, you have no laces.

Sheriff: No, Sir Vant, I haven't. But you tried, dear knight, you tried.

(He pats Sir Vant on the head. Sir Vant steps back into line)

Sheriff: And last but not least Sir Prise. Do you have anything to say to these lovely people, Sir Prise? **(He looks around to find Sir Prise, who isn't on stage)** Where is my last Knight?

Sir Prise: **(leaps onstage from the wings. Shouting)** 'Surprise! That's me!' **(he jumps back into the wings)**

Sheriff: That's one Knight who surprises everyone, even me! Now then my friendly guards, there is something I must warn you about. These people here are probably going to boo you every time you come onto the stage, but do not be alarmed, just boo back!

Weeble: What about us, boss? Are you going to introduce us?

Sheriff: **(dismissively)** Oh, I forgot about you two. Here's Weeble and Wobble, my henchmen.

(The Sheriff and the Knights huddle, ignoring Weeble and Wobble)

Wobble: Hello everybody.

Weeble: Hello everybody.

(A stagehand holds up a big sign with 'Boo' written on it. They await audience reaction)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Wobble: Did you hear that, Weeble, I don't think the audience like us very much.

Weeble: Well, let's do what the Sheriff wanted us to do, and boo back.

Wobble: What a good idea.

(Weeble and Wobble boo to the audience. The Sheriff walks over to them)

Sheriff: What on earth are you two doing?

Weeble: We're booing like you told us to.

Sheriff: You haven't got time for that! Here is a list of my new taxes.

(Sheriff gives Weeble a list)

Sheriff: Make sure everyone in the village knows about them, I want no excuses. Well, what are you waiting for? Get going!

(Weeble and Wobble exit quickly)

Sheriff: Now my Knights of the Dressing Table, we must head back to the castle and plan some more evil doings! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(All exit. Lights off.)

Scene 3 - Outside Dame Dripp's Cottage

(Tabs open. Lights up. Dame Dripp and Marion are talking in the village square)

Dame Dripp: So, my dear, do try to be a little patient with the Sheriff. I know deep down he has a heart of gold.

Marion: I have absolutely no idea where you get your information from, Dame Dripp, but the Sheriff has caused nothing but trouble since he became responsible for the crown.

Dame Dripp: Maybe his approach to some of the laws has been a little harsh, but he is *rather* good looking.

Marion: Dame Dripp, you have a crush on him.

Dame Dripp: Oh, no I haven't.

Marion: (Encourages audience participation) Oh, yes you have.

Dame Dripp: (Loudly to audience) Oh no I haven't!

Marion: (With audience) Oh, yes you have!

(Three villagers run on stage yelling and screaming)

Dame Dripp: What on earth is the matter with you?

Villager 1: The Sheriff's carriage is coming this way.

Dame Dripp: The Sheriff's carriage did you say?

Villager 1: Yes, it's just on the outskirts of town heading this way.

Dame Dripp: Oh my, what am I going to do? I must look a mess. Marion, do I look alright? My mascara hasn't run, has it? My hair, what am I going to do with my hair? I must go and tidy myself up if the Sheriff's carriage is coming. (She exits into the cottage)

Villager 2: What's the matter with Dame Dripp? She seems all of a fluster.

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Marion: It's nothing.

Villager 3: I think she's got a crush. Who do you think she's in love with? Weeble or Wobble?

Marion: You don't know what you are talking about. She's just a little tired, that's all. Now, how long do you think it will take the Sheriff's carriage to get here?

Villager 1: Not too long. It looks like they are in a hurry.

Marion: Well, we don't want them to come here and see us doing nothing. So, get to work everyone.

(The villagers fetch brushes to sweep the floor, cloths to wipe the windows, and feather dusters to wipe down the buildings. They pretend they are cleaning the village square. SFX. Horses' hooves made by coconut shells. Weeble and Wobble enter on hobby horses. They pull up sharply and get off and dismount, handing the horses to a villager. All the villagers exit.)

Wobble: Ah, the delightful Marion, I see. Pray tell me, is the mistress of the cottage at home?

Marion: She might be. Or, she might not be. That is the question.

Wobble: No, dear Marion, the question was, is Dame Dripp at home?

Marion: Well, why don't you knock on the door and find out?

Wobble: What a good idea. Weeble, knock on Dame Dripp's door to see if she is at home.

Weeble: Why me? The last time I knocked on her door, she gave me a piece of her mind and I'm still getting over it.

Wobble: Oh, don't be such a cry baby!

Weeble: I'm not a cry baby, I just want things to be equal between us, and as I did the deed last time, you can do it this time.

Wobble: Don't be cheeky to your elders.

Weeble: There's only three minutes between us.

Wobble: Yes, but it still makes me the elder, and you must respect that and do what I ask.

Weeble: Three minutes, that's all it was, three measly minutes, and you won't let me forget it. I think you are being cruel and unjust.

Marion: Yes, Mr. Wobble, you are being cruel and unjust. **(Turning to the audience.)** You agree, don't you? You think he's being cruel and unjust. Let's give him a big BOO!

(Awaits audience reaction)

Wobble: Alright, alright, I'll do it!

(Wobble walks towards the cottage door. SFX. Loud knocking on door. Nothing

happens. He tries again. SFX. Loud knocking on door. Still no answer. He turns back to Weeble.)

Wobble: Well, there you go, nobody is in.

(While he has his back to the door Dame Dripp comes out of the cottage with her eyes closed. She puts out her arms and cuddles Wobble and peppers his face with kisses.)

Dame Dripp: Oh, my darling Percy.

(She realises quite quickly that she is not cuddling the Sheriff, and on opening her eyes she jumps back in surprise.)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Dame Dripp: Oh, get off of me you beast.

Wobble: Gladly Madam.

(Wobble walks away from Dame Dripp trying to rub all traces of her from his clothing. Weeble and Marion are laughing loudly.)

Weeble: Serves you right.

Wobble: Oh, get away from me all of you.

(He starts to walk off and then realises he still has the tax notice in his hands and he turns back to Dame Dripp.)

Wobble: Ah, Dame Dripp, I have something for you.

(He hands her the new tax notice.)

Dame Dripp: What is it?

Wobble: The new taxes imposed by the Sheriff.

Dame Dripp: No, surely the Sheriff doesn't mean you have to implement these taxes at *my* house?

Weeble: All houses, Dame Dripp, all houses, including yours.

Dame Dripp: Well, this is a disgrace! Are you sure you don't work for the Tory government?

Wobble: Positive Dame Dripp. These taxes have come from the Sheriff himself.

Dame Dripp: So, what *are* these taxes?

Wobble: There are four new taxes; one for windows.

Weeble: One for beds.

Wobble: One for teleportation systems.

Weeble: And one for beards.

Marion: What is a teleportation system?

Wobble: It's something used by the new doctor.

Dame Dripp: Doctor who?

Weeble: Yes, that's correct. Oh, here he comes now.

(Doctor Who enters and looks around the stage)

Doctor: Will somebody help me please?

Marion: What is wrong? Have you lost something, Sir?

Doctor: Oh, it's terrible!

Marion: What are you looking for?

Doctor: The key to my TARDIS. Now the Sheriff has imposed a tax on teleportation systems I must get out of here quickly, and I can't find the key. No key, no escape and I will have to pay a large amount of money to that miserable tyrant. I will give a reward to anyone who finds the key.

(Dame Dripp exits into her cottage)

Wobble: A reward, eh?

Doctor: Yes, a substantial reward. Please look for it.

(He turns to the audience)

Doctor: Will you all help me? Take a look around you and see if you can find my key.

(After a short while of searching, Dame Dripp shouts from inside the cottage.)

Dame Dripp: **(Shouting)** Eureka!

(Marion moves to the cottage and opens the door. She shouts into the cottage.)

Marion: What is it, Dame Dripp? Are you alright?

Dame Dripp: I've found the Doctor's key. Can you come and give me a hand? It is stuck behind the cabinet. Oh, can you bring those two henchmen with you?

Marion: But if it's only a key?

Dame Dripp: It's stuck I tell you.

(Marion, Wobble and Weeble enter the cottage. SFX. The sound of crashing ornaments and furniture)

Doctor: What on earth is happening in there?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

(The four exit the cottage carrying a huge key)

Doctor: Oh, my key, you found it!

Dame Dripp: Well, I've no idea how you managed to lose this, it is so big.

Doctor: Oh, I can lose anything. People often say that I have lost my mind, and I still haven't found it, but I've searched everywhere I can think of.

Doctor: **(To Weeble and Wobble)** Would you two kind gentlemen help me take this back to the TARDIS?

Weeble: What about our reward?

Doctor: When it's back at the TARDIS I will give you your reward.

(Weeble and Wobble exit with the doctor and the key)

Dame Dripp: Come Marion, we have work to do.

(Dame and Marion enter the cottage. SFX. Hammering and sawing noises. Marion exits the cottage with planks of wood (which could be made of material giving the impression of wood) and boards up the windows, (attaching the boards with Velcro). Marion returns inside the cottage before Weeble and Wobble arrive. Wobble and Weeble enter.)

Wobble: Well, that was a miserable reward. Two lousy pounds!

Weeble: The doctor did say they would be worth more in a couple of years.

Wobble: Not with this government it won't. Well, I still don't think it's good enough. It's more important now that we get the new taxes from Dame Dripp.

(Wobble walks towards the cottage door. SFX. Knocking on door.)

Dame Dripp: **(shouting)** There's no-one home.

Wobble: Don't be silly, Dame Dripp, we can hear you, and you still owe us the Sheriff's taxes.

Dame Dripp: Oh, no I don't.

Weeble: Oh, yes you do.

Wobble: Let's not start that up again. Dame Dripp, taxes please.

Dame Dripp: What are these taxes for, again?

Weeble: Windows.

Dame Dripp: Don't have any as you can see.

Wobble: Beds.

Dame Dripp: Don't have any.

Weeble: How do you sleep?

Dame Dripp: Very well thank you.

Wobble: **(Frustrated)** He means *where* do you sleep?

Dame Dripp: We sleep on hammocks, so no taxes for that!

Weeble: Teleportation systems?

Dame Dripp: Don't have one.

Wobble: Well, that leaves only one tax.

Dame Dripp: What's that?

Weeble: Beards.

Dame Dripp: But I am a lady, I have no beard.

Wobble: Have you looked in the mirror lately?

Dame Dripp: **(Enters through the cottage door)** You are a cheeky so-and-so!

(Weeble and Wobble run from the stage, scared.)

Wobble: Let's get out of here!

(Curtains close. Lights out.)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Scene 4 - Forest

(Half tabs are drawn. Tabs open to a forest glade. Robin and Marion are on stage. Robin is teaching Marion the art of sword fighting. He has his arms around her and they are both holding the sword.)

Robin: How does that feel? Are you comfortable?

Marion: Yes, I'm very comfortable, thank you.

Robin: I'm not squeezing you too tight, am I?

Marion: Not at all. In fact, I don't think you are squeezing me tight enough.

(She turns and plants a kiss on his cheek)

Robin: **(Pulling away)** Marion, please concentrate. It is very important that you know how to defend yourself.

Marion: Sorry, Robin. I was just showing you how much I care.

Robin: Well, there's a time and a place for that and this isn't it. This lesson could save your life.

Marion: **(Walks away)** Okay, Robin, no need to get huffy. I bet the Sheriff wouldn't turn down a kiss from me.

Robin: Ugh! Marion, how can you even think of kissing the Sheriff?

Marion: The other day he asked me to go to a show with him. I said I didn't want to go, but I might have changed my mind. I may go with him now.

Robin: Oh no you don't.

Marion: Can if I want to.

Robin: Oh no you can't.

Marion: Why?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Robin: Because he's not a nice man.

Marion: He's quite nice to me, but I know he has a few problems.

Robin: Like, he smells.

Marion: Well, so does Mire Muck and you like him.

Robin: He's ugly.

Marion: So's Little Joan and you like her.

Robin: He's nasty.

Marion: Well, so are you, sometimes.

(Marion stamps her foot)

Marion: I'm going to do what I want, when I want, and with whom I want, so there!

Robin: You are acting like a spoilt child.

(Robin exits leaving Marion alone in the forest. She sits on a tree trunk and starts crying. Three woodland animals go over to comfort her. They do a silly dance to try and make her smile. The animals hear rustling in the surrounding bushes and run away. Suddenly Sir Prise jumps out from behind a tree.)

Sir Prise: **(Shouting)** Surprise!

(Marion jumps up looking shocked. All of the remaining Knights come out from hiding places around the stage and surround her. She panics and screams)

Marion: **(Shouting)** Robin! Help me! Robin, please!

(Robin enters)

Robin: **(Shouting)** Stop! Leave her alone!

(The Knights ignore Robin and they drag Marion off stage)

Robin: There were too many of them for me to handle. I must get help to rescue Marion.

Robin: **(To audience)** Hello Peeps. You will help me find Marion, won't you? **(Awaits**

audience reaction) All you have to do is boo when you see the nasty Sheriff of Knot-in-Ham. Will you do that for me? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Now let's have a practice. I'm going to pretend I am the Sheriff so when I come back, I want to hear a really loud boo. Okay?

(Robin exits. After waiting a couple of seconds, he enters once more and awaits audience reaction) Well, that's not good enough. **(He repeats the action)**. That's better. I've got to go now, but I'll be listening out for your boos. Bye!

(Robin waves to the audience and exits. Curtains Close. Lights out)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Scene 5

(Marion is brought onstage, front of tabs, by the Knights. They reach the opposite side of the stage, turn around and lead Marion to the other side. This repeats four times until, frustrated, Marion stops and puts her hands on her hips. The Knights are looking very tired)

Marion: What are you boys doing? I'm just being pushed over to that side and pulled over to this side. Do you know where we are going?

Sir Pent: Yes, of course we know. You just have to use your imagination, that's all.

Marion: My imagination?

Sir Cumf'nce: Yes. We have to make it look like this is a very long and very windy road.

Sir Loyn: So, we go from one side to the other to make it look that way.

Marion: Why?

Sir Loyn: **(Pointing at the audience)** Because of our visitors. They have to think we've been walking a long way.

Marion: Okay, but if we have to do that, can we slow it down a bit. I'm running out of breath here. I'm not as young as I used to be, you know.

Sir Pent: Right you are, Miss. Boys, listen to me. This weak little girlie here can't keep up with our pace. So, let's slow it down.

(The Knights lead Marion around in slow motion)

Marion: Now you are making fun of me. **(To audience)** I'll show them.

(Marion makes a move to get away and runs in the opposite direction of the Knights, causing chaos on stage, where the Knights run into each other, knocking each other down on the way. She runs off stage either into the auditorium or backstage, accompanied by chase music and followed by the Knights. All the Knights and Marion are back on the stage as the Sheriff enters)

Sheriff: Ha! Ha! Ha! So here you are my bright little star. How are my knights treating you?

(Sir Pent grabs each of Marion's upper arms from behind, holding her tight)

Marion: Terrible. **(She struggles against Sir Pent.)**

Sheriff: Knights, be kind to this beautiful young lady. I want her undamaged. After all, she is going to be my wife.

Marion: **(Shocked)** Wife? No, sorry Sheriff, I cannot be your wife.

(Marion wriggles free from Sir Pent's grasp)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Sheriff: Why?

Marion: I don't love you. In fact, I don't even *like* you.

Sheriff: Actually, my dear, I don't love you either.

Marion: So why do you want me to be your wife?

Sheriff: Because I know that Robin Hood likes you, and I am determined to put a stop to that.

Marion: But that is *so* mean.

Sheriff: Thank you my dear.

Marion: I won't marry you.

Sheriff: Yes, you will, my dear.

Marion: **(Stamping her feet. Shouting)** No, I won't! I love someone else.

Sheriff: Well, so do I but we all have to make sacrifices.

Marion: Who do you love, apart from yourself?

Sheriff: There is a certain lady I've set my eyes on.

Marion: Well, marry her and leave me alone.

Sheriff: I'm afraid I cannot do that. I must make Robin suffer.

Marion: You are a horrible man.

Sheriff: Only sometimes, my dear, only sometimes.

(Marion stays silent)

Sheriff: You lot, find Robin Hood and get rid of him. **(Turning to Marion and grabbing her hand)** You girl are coming with me.

Marion: No! Please, no! **(To audience)** Oh, boys and girls – I really hope this pantomime has a happy ending! See you in act two – hopefully!

(Sheriff leads Marion offstage. The knights exit. Blackout. Curtains close. House lights up)

END OF ACT 1

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

ACT 2

Scene 1 – Bedroom

(Tabs open onto a luxurious bedroom in the Sheriff’s castle. There is a plush mat on the floor and a blow-up sofa. Marion is sitting on a throne-like chair, filing her nails. She is dressed in a pretty dress. There is a rusty old camp bed in the shadows upon which Marion is asleep. SFX. Knock on the door)

Marion: Enter.

(A butler enters with a tray on which there is a glass of champagne and a large chocolate cake)

Butler: Your drink and fayre, my lady. Afternoon tea will be served in the drawing room madam, in 20 minutes.

(He puts the tray on the cabinet next to Marion and exits.)

Marion: Ahh! This is the life.

(Marion picks up a magazine and scans the pages while she eats a slice of chocolate cake and drinks the champagne. SFX. A loud crash. Robin enters heroically)

Robin: **(To audience)** Hello Peeps. I’ve come to rescue Marion. Do you think she will come with us?

(Awaits audience reaction)

Robin: Well, I hope she does. Oh, there she is. **(walking towards Marion)** Marion, you are safe. I was so worried about you. What has that terrible Sheriff done to you? How dare he make you stay in a place like this?

(Robin stops to look around the room, noticing it is very comfortable)

Marion: Actually Robin, if you take a proper look, this room is very nice. Look at the fluffy rug.

Robin: **(Dismissive)** A trip hazard.

Marion: What about this bouncy sofa?

Robin: One prick and that will explode.

Marion: **(Scolding)** Robin! This is a family show!

Robin: Well, Marion, I must admit, I thought you would be in a dungeon, not in a place like this.

Marion: What do you mean, Robin? Are you saying I *should* be in a dungeon? Are you trying to tell me I don't *deserve* to be in a nice room like this? Well, I thought you were a gentle boy, but it's obvious you want to see me chained up in a dirty, dark, dank dungeon amongst the rats and spiders! Robin, you are a beast.

(Robin moves over to Marion and crouches beside her)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Robin: I'm sorry Marion. You should realise that I don't want you to be chained up in a dirty, dark, dank dungeon. I'm so pleased you are being looked after so well, but now I'm here, you can come back to our home in the forest with me.

(Marion jumps up from her chair)

Marion: If you think I'm going to put up with that smelly old tree after this luxury, you can think again. This room may belong to the Sheriff, but he's never done anything to upset me, I get everything I want here and I think I'm going to stay.

Robin: Well it looks like I'm not wanted here. Might as well go home.

Marion: Wait a minute, please, Robin.

Robin: What for? You've told me you want to stay here. I can't stay here with you.

Marion: Well you could stay, for a little while at least.

Robin: And let the Sheriff capture *me* too? No way matey, I'm heading out of here.

(As Robin exits, Marion stands looking at the place he exited for a moment. She then shrugs her shoulders and returns to her chocolate cake and champagne)

Marion: **(Sitting on the throne)** I wonder. Could this all be a dream?

(Waltz music starts playing and a large man-sized rat enters. He takes Marion's hand and dances with her)

Marion: **(Turning to the audience)** This is definitely a dream. **(sighs)** Never mind!

(Marion and the rat dance with more enthusiasm. Curtains Close. Lights out.)

Scene 2 – Forest Path

(Weeble, Wobble and the Knights enter front of tabs. Weeble reaches the other side of the stage then stops suddenly. He whistles to himself and checks his over-sized pocket watch)

Sir Vant: Why have we stopped?

Weeble: Because. (He puts his fingers to his mouth to indicate it is a secret)

Sir Pent: Because what?

Weeble: (Whispering and indicating with his arms and hands that the scenery is being changed behind the closed curtains.) Shh!

Sir Loin: (Totally confused) What?

Wobble: Don't say what, say pardon.

Sir Loin: Pardon?

Wobble: I said, don't say what, say pardon.

Sir Loin: I did.

Wobble: What?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Sir Loin: Say pardon. Now you've said what.

Wobble: Pardon.

Sir Loin: Exactly!

Sir Cumf'nce: (Singing) Why are we waiting? Why are we waiting?

Weeble: Hush.

Sir Fur: Why?

Weeble: (Looking at his watch.) Okay chaps, we can continue.

Sir Loin: What?

All: (except Sir Loin) Say Pardon.

Weeble: It's ready.

Sir Vant: What's ready?

Weeble: The next scene. **(Pointing to the drawn curtains.)** We have been waiting for the stage hands to change the scenery.

Sir Fur: Why has it taken so long?

Weeble: Because the last scene was an elaborate dream sequence. Now we are back to reality. C'mon everyone. Walk this way.

(Weeble exits with a silly walk. All follow imitating the walk. As they exit left, Jester enters right.)

Jester: **(To audience)** Hello peeps. I've just come back from Joke School and I've learned a few new jokes. Do you want to hear them?

(Awaits audience reaction)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Jester: Okay, here we go, are you ready? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Right. The first one is - What do you call a man with a seagull on his head? Cliff! What about this one - What do you call a man with a car on his head? Jack! Okay, one more. What do you call a woman with two toilets on her head? Lulu! And on that note, I bid you farewell.

(Jester exits left. Lights off.)

Scene 3 – The Dungeon

(Tabs open to Marion sitting on the floor chained to a log. All aspects of luxury have gone and she finds herself in the dirty, dark, dank dungeon. Robin and his Band of Merry-ment enter right, followed by Dame Dripp. Robin runs over to Marion.)

Robin: Oh Marion, I was so worried about you.

(Robin attempts to release her from the chains but he gets so tangled up he finds himself chained to the log as well. The rest of Robin's crew rush over to help but they too end up captured by the chains)

Marion: What's happened here? We are all chained together. There is no escape for us now.

(The Sheriff enters with his Knights.

Sheriff: What do we have here? Robin? His band of Merry-ment and **(suddenly coy)** Dame Dripp! **(he blows her a kiss and waves)** Cooee!!

(Dame Dripp swoons into the arms of Mire Muck who pushes her back into a standing position)

Sheriff: Well?

Jester: A deep hole with water in it.

(Jester is standing to the side of the entangled bodies with the chain wrapped around his foot. The Sheriff throws him a sour look and moves closer to the people caught in the chains)

Sheriff: Well, well, well.

Jester: Three deep holes with water in them.

Sheriff: **(Turning to the Jester)** Will you be quiet?

Jester: Sorry Boss, just doing my job.

Robin: He's not your boss, I am, and you can crack as many jokes as you like when we're free, but at the moment we all need to help each other.

(The Sheriff pulls a sword from his waistband and shows it to Robin)

Sheriff: I've got you all now. This is the end of you, Robin Hood.

(He walks towards Robin.)

Stagehand: **(Offstage. Shouting)** Freeze!

(All on stage freeze. The stagehand enters and walks over to the Sheriff. He takes the Sheriff's sword, the knights' swords and finally, Robin's sword.)

Stagehand: Health and Safety requirements. These swords are not allowed. As you were.

(The stagehand exits nonchalantly)

Sheriff: **(As if he was never interrupted)** I will cut you down with my mighty sword. **(he reaches for his sword but realises it is no longer in his scabbard. He starts looking for it.)** Where is my sword? **(Turning to the chained people)** Which one of you ‘orrible lot has ‘alf inched my sword?

(They all look around searching for an answer but nobody speaks)

Sheriff: C’mon, don’t be shy about it. Just tell me who it is.

(They pat themselves down looking for the Sheriff’s sword and gesture as if they have no idea where it could be)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Sheriff: I’m going to lose my temper in a minute. **(Shouting)** Who has my sword?

(Sir Prise jumps out from the wings holding birthday balloons.)

Sir Prise: **(Shouting)** Surprise!

Sheriff: Aha! Do you have my sword?

Sir Prise: No, but I have these. **(Showing the Sheriff the balloons)**

Sheriff: Well, they’re no good to me.

Sir Prise: They’re not for you.

Sheriff: Who are they for?

Sir Prise: Me!

Sheriff: And why do you have them?

Sir Prise: It’s my birthday. I’ve got some cake too. Do you want me to fetch it?

Sheriff: No, I’m too busy. Now, get rid of those balloons

Sir Prise: Meanie!

(Sir Prise kicks the balloons into the audience)

Sheriff: Now, where was I?

Robin: Your sword?

Sheriff: Yes, that's right. My sword. Where is it?

(Stagehand enters right)

Stagehand: I've got it. I've got all of your swords.

Sheriff: Who are you?

Stagehand: Jeffrey.

Sheriff: Jeffrey? Well, Jeffrey, what are you doing with my sword?

Stagehand: Health and Safety regulations.

Sheriff: Health and Safety regulations? What on earth are you talking about?

Stagehand: Section 43, page 72, paragraph 11B. No large swords are allowed on stage during performances.

Sheriff: Well, what am I going to do?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Stagehand: I don't know. **(thinks)** Why don't you use something else?

Sheriff: Like what?

Stagehand: Hang on, I'll go and find something.

(Stagehand exits for a moment and then returns with plastic picnic knives for everyone)

Stagehand: You can use these. Nothing in the health and safety handbook about these.

Sheriff: Plastic cutlery? This is useless. This won't even cut the piece of birthday cake Sir Prise is going to give me when we get off stage, let alone allow me to win in battle.

Stagehand: Sorry Boss. Rules is rules.

(Stagehand exits)

Sheriff: **(Trying to be menacing with his plastic knife)** Stay back or I'll splice you in two with my trusty sword.

(Sheriff walks to the wings and talks to the stagehand who is offstage)

Sheriff: This isn't going to work. This is ridiculous. How am I supposed to fight with this measly looking thing?

Stagehand: **(Offstage)** Sorry, Boss. Rules is rules! You can speak to my supervisor if you like.

Sheriff: Never mind. **(returns to his position on stage and throws the knife to the floor)** I am a master in unarmed combat. I need no trusty sword. If any of you think you are brave enough to take me on, come and have a try.

Robin: We are all tangled up.

Sheriff: Well, if I untangle you, will you play fair?

Robin: Of course.

(The Sheriff indicates to his Knights that he wants them to free Robin and his crew. They do so.)

Sheriff: Okay, you are free, but I still have my trusty Knights, so don't try anything silly. They are armed and dangerous.

(The Knights show their plastic picnic knives to Robin)

Sheriff: So, unarmed combat, eh? Robin, fancy a bout, or what about you, Dame Dripp? **(He winks at her and she swoons again.)**

Little Joan: I know unarmed combat. I will take you on.

(Joan moves towards the Sheriff and they get ready to wrestle. They wrestle awkwardly for a moment until Joan grabs the Sheriff's ear and he submits, clearly in a lot of pain. The Knights look at each other with terrified expressions and exit quickly)

Sheriff: Ow! Ow! Ow! Okay, I surrender.

(Little Joan lets him go)

Robin: **(Moving towards the Sheriff.)** Now, it is your turn to be shackled.

(Stagehand enters holding up a sign which reads 'UFO' downstage)

Sheriff: **(Pointing downstage)** Look. A UFO.

(Everyone looks downstage at the sign. The Sheriff exits followed closely by Dame Dripp)

Dame Dripp: Wait for me, Percival. Wait for me.

(All on stage turn back to the audience)

Marion: He's made his escape.

Robin: Do you really think he has escaped? Did you not see Dame Dripp go running after him? He has escaped nothing. In fact, I think he has been captured by Dame Dripp's heart, so there's no hope for him now.

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

(Marion laughs and grabs hold of Robin's hand.)

Robin: Come on, let's get out of here. Back to Sherbet Forest!

(Robin and Marion exit followed by everyone else. Curtains Close. Lights out.)

Scene 4 - Forest glade

(Weeble and Wobble enter front of tabs)

- Weeble:** I don't know how we managed to lose those Knights. One minute they were behind us, the next they were gone.
- Wobble:** Perhaps they were captured by a UFO?
- Weeble:** A what?
- Wobble:** A UFO.
- Weeble:** What's that?
- Wobble:** An unidentified flying object.
- Weeble:** How do you know?
- Wobble:** How do I know what?
- Weeble:** How do you know it's a flying object if it's unidentified?
- Wobble:** Because it was flying?
- Weeble:** How do you know it was an object?
- Wobble:** Because there is no other name for it. Should we call it a UFT as in an unidentified flying thingamajig? Or what about a UFW, an unidentified flying whatchamacalit?
- Weeble:** No, I think we'll stick to object. Do you really think the Knights were captured by a UFO?
- Wobble:** No.
- Weeble:** Why not?
- Wobble:** Because they don't exist.
- Weeble:** Bah! You're so full of hot air. I wouldn't be surprised if you took flight one of these days and you were called an unidentified flying object. Ha! Ha!
- Wobble:** Right that's enough of that. I think it is time for a little sing-a-long. **(To audience)** Do you all agree? **(Awaits audience reaction)**
- Weeble:** You lot don't sound very happy? Are you happy?
- Wobble:** Well, we don't know if you're happy. Perhaps you'd like to tell us. What do you think, Weeble?
- Weeble:** I think that's a wonderful idea.

(They sing *If you're happy and you know it.*)

Wobble: Have you seen the time? We are going to be late for the Sheriff's wedding. Bye everybody.

(They run off stage. Lights out.)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Scene 5 - The Wedding

(Tabs open. Lights up to reveal the Sheriff and Dame Dripp standing in front of Mire Muck who is officiating their wedding. Around the stage stands Robin, Marion, Little Joan, Jester, Weeble, Wobble, the knights and the villagers)

Mire Muck: I now pronounce you husband and wife, **(aside)** or more likely, dogsbody and wife!
(SFX. Bells ringing. Everybody is congratulating the couple.)

Robin: No hard feelings, eh?

Sheriff: Absolutely not! But there is one thing.

Robin: What's that?

Sheriff: **(Pointing to the audience)** Who invited that lot?

Robin: That lot? They are my friends the Peeps.

Sheriff: The Peeps?

Robin: Yes. People enjoying excellent pantomimes.

Sheriff: But it's nearly over now. Do you think they are *still* Peeps?

Robin: I don't know, let's ask them.

Robin: **(To audience)** Are you still Peeps? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Are you still having a good time? **(Awaits audience reaction)**

Robin: By the way, Sheriff, welcome to the family.

Sheriff: What family?

Robin: Our family. Ever since Dame Dripp was booted out of her home by your two tax inspectors, she's been living with us in the forest. I understand you will be joining her.

Sheriff: And give up my castle?

Robin: Well, there's only one other alternative.

Sheriff: What's that?

Robin: We all come and live with you.

Sheriff: Well that is an idea but I really don't think it will work –

Robin: **(Interrupting the Sheriff and turning to the rest of the cast)** Listen everyone, the Sheriff has said we can all live in his castle – rent free.

Sheriff: I never said –

Dame Dripp: Oh, Percy, I always knew you had a kind heart. Won't it be fun all of us living together in the castle?

Robin: And what about the Peeps, can they come?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/robin-hood-performance/>

Sheriff: You are pushing it too far now, Robin.

Robin: Oh, okay. **(Turning to the audience)** Sorry Peeps, there's no room for you at the castle. But thanks for coming along tonight and watching the show. See you all next year.

(All exit. Music begins for a song which encourages audience participation. The cast perform a dance and walkdown. Curtains close. Lights out. House Lights up.)

THE END