

ROBIN. The castle is seventy miles away. By the time we get there, bulldozers will be invented!

MEN (*disagreeing to WILL*). Yeah! (*MEN put spoons back into sheaths.*)

WILL (*to MEN*). It was just a thought!

ROBIN. Are there any other stupid suggestions?

LITTLE. Yes, I have one.

ROBIN. Then speak, oh clod.

LITTLE. Why don't we stage a fake fire drill, and when they all run out, we run in!

ALLAN. No! Better yet, let's knock on the door and say we're selling Amway.

WILL. Oh right, who's gonna let in an Amway salesman.

ALLAN. Well, it's better than your stupid tunnel idea!

WILL. Is not!

ALLAN. Is too!

WILL & LITTLE. IS NOT!

ALLAN. IS TOO!

ROBIN (*walks upstage to AUDIENCE, gestures to the MERRY MEN; to AUDIENCE*). Behold what happens when you drop out of school. ENOUGH! (*He hopelessly sits down and puts his head into his hands.*)

(*TOWN'S GUY peers out from behind a tree.*)

TOWN'S GUY. Excuse me, I don't mean to be a BOTHER, but I noticed that you're having difficulty getting out of this scene. Might I be of some assistance?

ROBIN (*still with head in his hands*). Please.

TOWN'S GUY (*sarcastically*). Oh, my pleasure. (*To AUDIENCE as lights dim.*) While Robin and his Merry Men brainstormed to rescue Lady Marian with the pet-

fect plan, the Sheriff and the Prince had been devising a plan of their own.

(*Foreboding music. The MERRY MEN turn the tree flats and make up the walls to the throne room and exit. PRINCE JOHN and the FAWNING LADIES enter, the LADIES throw rose petals in PRINCE's path during the TOWN'S GUY's next lines. Once the PRINCE is seated on the throne, the LADIES surround him. One is buffing his nails, the other fanning him, while any others stare at him adoringly.*)

TOWN'S GUY. Mr. Technical Director, sweep us to another place in this fair land! You see, the Prince took care of the situation with Marian, but he still had to deal with the problem of Robin Hood. Well, if you thought the Sheriff was nasty, just wait until you meet Prince John. Come with me, good folk, as we witness evil in the making.

(*Lights come up on the throne room.*)

PRINCE (*to SHERIFF*). ...and you mean to tell me that Robin Hood intends to lavish the undeserving poor with my royal riches!!

SHERIFF. Yes sir, that's exactly what I mean to say.

PRINCE. Doesn't he know that the poor will just waste the money on something stupid, like—food!

SHERIFF. Feeding the poor, Your Highness, is exactly Robin's intention.

PRINCE. What a fool he is! Two things happen when you feed the poor. Number one: you waste good money.

Number two: you end up with porky poor people. Money has greater purposes in life than feeding the poor!

SHERIFF. He also plans on buying them clothes as well.

PRINCE. Clothes! He wants to buy them clothes! Is the man mad? Have you ever seen a poor person's taste in clothing? They mix rags with burlap and the result is simply a fashion disaster. Do you know that the money Robin Hood stole from me was to go to something really important? *(Points to the window.)* A diamond-studded weather vane for the castle.

FAWNING LADIES *(turn to the window and in unison)*. PRETTY!

SHERIFF. How shall you ever get along without it?

PRINCE. I don't know. Thanks to Robin Hood, I shall be weather vane-less and the country will be riddled with poorly appareled, porky poor people! How disheartening. Sheriff, is there nothing to be done to stop this ruffian?

SHERIFF. He's quite hard to keep track of, Your Highness. The forest is so vast that it's impossible to try to find him.

PRINCE. Well then, maybe we could find some way to bring him out in the open to us.

SHERIFF. Impossible! Everything the man wants or needs is in that forest.

PRINCE. Oh come now, certainly there must be something Robin Hood wants that doesn't grow on a tree!

(MARIAN enters)

MARIAN. I want you to know that I have set every carrier pigeon in England aflight to send my message to the King. He will learn of your treachery and then you will

pay! *(Begins to exit, stops.)* I wish you both runny noses! *(Curtseys quickly and exits.)*

SHERIFF *(watches her leave)*. Your Highness, I don't think she grew on a tree.

PRINCE. Sheriff, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

PRINCE & SHERIFF *(big evil laughs)*. HA, HA, HA, HA!

* FAWNING LADIES *(in high-pitched voices, trailing the end of the PRINCE and the SHERIFF's laughs)*. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! *(One LADY throws a handful of petals in the air.)*

SHERIFF. Yes, but how? How shall we do this?

PRINCE *(takes a moment to think)*. I've got it! We will hold an archery tournament!

FAWNING LADIES *(in delight)*. OH!

PRINCE. The winner will receive the hand of Lady Marian in marriage and one thousand gold pieces!

FAWNING LADIES *(in delight)*. OH!

PRINCE. No doubt Robin Hood will enter! He can win the woman he loves and help the porky poor people at the same time! He won't be able to resist! I'll have all my messengers spread news of the tournament to every inch of the country! Word will be sure to reach the outlaw and his men! And the best part is, we don't have to worry about him winning! As we all know, you are the best archer in all the land. You have a perfect record, never to have been beaten by anyone!

SHERIFF *(modestly)*. It's a gift.

PRINCE. This is perfect! This is brilliant! Oh, I love me! *(FAWNING LADIES applaud. The PRINCE blows them a kiss.)*

FAWNING LADIES *(as they "catch" the imaginary kiss)*. OH!

* FAWNING THEYDIES - ANY GENDER

SHERIFF. Your Highness, I just ask one thing of you as reward for my actions.

PRINCE. Name it, oh faithful Sheriff.

SHERIFF. I want Robin Hood present at the wedding. I want him in chains, watching me marry his love, completely helpless to stop it. Then, after we cut the cake...

FAWNING LADIES (*big smiles*). CAKE!

SHERIFF. I want Robin Hood beheaded. You might say it's a surprise wedding gift for the bride. Wish me a runny nose, will she?

PRINCE. Oh, Sheriff, how absolutely ghastly. A beheading! I like it! Oh, you and I are a fine team. (*Shakes SHERIFF's hand.*) Robin will come out of hiding, he will be captured, you will marry Marian, I will dethrone my brother Richard, become king AND ENGLAND WILL BE OURS! We will rule this country as we please! The people of England will do as we command or die! What a fun place to live this shall be! Oh, joy! Oh, elation! Oh, goodie!

(*The PRINCE and SHERIFF laugh as FAWNING LADIES throw rose petals. PRINCE, SHERIFF and LADIES exit. Lights come up on the TOWN'S GUY as MERRY MEN turn the flats to change back to Sherwood Forest.*)

TOWN'S GUY. Pretty dramatic, huh? I do say, those are two nasty people! Prince John spread word throughout the land about the archery tournament. As news reached the forest, Robin and his men were still figuring out a plan to rescue Marian.

(*Lights come up in Sherwood Forest. ROBIN is sitting with his head in his hands as the MERRY MEN keep trying to think of plans.*)

ALLAN. No, wait...and then...get this, this is really good...and then we show up with champagne, balloons and this big fake check for a million dollars, and we tell him he's just won the Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes and...

ROBIN (*can take it no longer*). STOP IT! JUST STOP IT! (*As FRIAR TUCK enters.*) Don't think of a plan! I'll think of a plan! Just...don't think of a plan.

TUCK. Robin! I've just come from the kingdom! Men... (*Holds up a large box of Yodels—a brand of cake.*)

MEN (*see the box; in unison to AUDIENCE*). YODELS!! (*They run to FRIAR, grabbing box.*)

ROBIN. Have you news for me, Friar?

TUCK. Have I ever! Look! (*Hands ROBIN a parchment announcement. Joins MEN.*)

ROBIN. Men, listen! (*Reads.*) "His Royal Highness hereby decrees an archery tournament shall take place one week from this Saturday. The winner shall receive one thousand pieces of gold and the hand of Lady Marian in marriage. Entries must be postmarked by Sunday, void where prohibited by law." Merry Men, I have a plan! I shall enter this archery tournament! No doubt I shall win, for as we all know, I am the best archer in the land! I shall win the tournament, marry Lady Marian and give the gold to the poor people!

MEN (*with their mouths full of Yodels*). GEE, ROBIN! WHAT A GREAT PLAN!