

(*FAWNING LADIES* grab pom-poms and run center stage.)

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN S!

FAWNING LADIES. S!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN H!

FAWNING LADIES. H!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN E!

FAWNING LADIES. E!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN R!

FAWNING LADIES. R!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE A ... (Can't remember how to spell it, she thinks hard.) M!

FAWNING LADIES. M!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN I!

FAWNING LADIES. I!

FAWNING LADY 1. GIMMIE AN F!

FAWNING LADIES. F!

FAWNING LADY 1. WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?

FAWNING LADIES. SHERMIF! (They wave their pom-poms.) YEAAHHH!

(*LADIES* run back to places and sit.)

TOWN'S GUY (carrying a quiver and bow. Bewildered). The first shot will be taken by... the Shermif of Nottingham. (*TOWN'S GUY* hands the *SHERIFF* the bow. The *SHERIFF* takes an imaginary arrow from the quiver, places it in the bow, aims and fires it offstage.) BULL'S-EYE!

PRINCE (jumps out of his throne and yells at the top of his lungs). YOU DA MAN! (Looks at everyone, composes himself, and sits. *FAWNING LADIES* applaud.)

TOWN'S GUY. Shot number two will be taken by Dr. Scholl. (*ROBIN* takes an arrow, places it in the bow, aims and fires it offstage.) BULL'S-EYE! UNBELIEVABLE! DR. SCHOLL HAS SPLIT THE SHERIFF'S ARROW!

FAWNING LADIES (in shock). AHHHHH!

SHERIFF. WHAT! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

TOWN'S GUY. DR. SCHOLL WINS! (*TOWN'S GUY* prompts *AUDIENCE* to cheer. *ROBIN* waves in triumph.)

ROBIN (to *AUDIENCE* as he revels in the cheers). Yes, thank you. Huzzah, huzzah!

TOWN'S GUY (to the *LADY* who is sitting in a corner). Lady in Waiting! Alert Lady Marian that a winner has been declared!

LADY. Oh sure, it'll be my pleasure. (As she crosses to exit.) I'm sorry. Was I sitting down for five minutes? (Exits.)

TOWN'S GUY. Congratulations, Doctor! I name you champion of the tournament. First, allow me to reward your victory with one thousand gold pieces!

(*TOWN'S GUY* hands *ROBIN* a pouch which *ROBIN* holds up in victory. The *LADY IN WAITING* and *MARIAN* enter.)

\* TOWN'S GUY. And now, may I take the pleasure of awarding you the grand prize of the day... the hand of Lady Marian in marriage! (Holds microphone to his mouth.) Lady Marian, behold the winner of the tournament! (Holds mike to her face for a reply.)

MARIAN (pushes mike away). I DON'T CARE! I SHALL NEVER MARRY HIM!

\* OR TOWN'S GAL

TOWN'S GUY (*holds mike to his mouth*). He has defeated all competitors, and receives your hand in marriage!

MARIAN (*pushes mike away*). I DON'T CARE! I SHALL NEVER MARRY HIM!

TOWN'S GUY (*holds mike to his mouth*). Lady Marian, meet your future husband, Dr. Scholl.

MARIAN (*pushes mike away*). I DON'T CARE! I SHALL NEVER... (*Grabs microphone to her mouth and smiles*). He's a doctor?

TOWN'S GUY (*places MARIAN's hand into ROBIN's*). Congratulations, to you both! (*Bows and exits*.)

ROBIN. Dear lady, I cannot deceive you any longer. There is something you must know.

MARIAN. What is it?

ROBIN. The truth is, I am not a real doctor.

MARIAN. You're a chiropractor?

ROBIN. No! I mean, my name is not Dr. Scholl.

MARIAN. It's not?

ROBIN. Not at all! My real name is (*whips off disguise from his face and proclaims*) ROBIN HOOD OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

PRINCE & SHERIFF. WHAT?!?!.

MARIAN. Do my eyes deceive me? Robin Hood, the winner of my hand in marriage?!

ROBIN. Indeed, my lady. And now I have another promise to keep. A promise to free the people of England from the hands of two men who are... VILLAINOUS and DECEITFUL!

MEN (*offstage*). NOW, ROBIN?

ROBIN (*looks offstage*). No, not yet. (*To PRINCE and SHERIFF*.) The poor will have a voice again. I'll liberate them from captors that are... CORRUPT and SINISTER!

MEN (*offstage*). NOW, ROBIN?

ROBIN (*yells offstage*). NO! NOT YET!

PRINCE (*to ROBIN*). Villainous? Sinister? Such strong words you use, outlaw! Please note that the Sheriff and I would rather be referred to as "morally challenged."

SHERIFF. I agree. That has a more polite ring to it.

ROBIN. Morally challenged? Ha! How you find ways to hide the truth! The plain fact of the matter is, you Prince John and you Sheriff of Nottingham are nothing more than... (*Center, points to PRINCE and SHERIFF and as big as he can make it*.) TYRANTS AND THIEVES! (*Expecting the MERRY MEN to enter, but they don't*. ROBIN pauses a moment and looks offstage. Then, in a louder voice shouts offstage.) I SAID, the Prince and Sheriff are nothing more than TYRANTS AND THIEVES! (*Nothing. Annoyed*.) What? Doesn't anyone work for minimum wage anymore? (*Shouts to MEN offstage*.) NOW!!

(MERRY MEN enter, minus their tree garb, screaming all the way.)

MEN. AHHHHH!! (*They "draw" their spoons from the sheaths*.) AH HA!

ROBIN. BEHOLD OUR MIGHT, EVIL-DOERS! WATCH AS WE BATTLE YOU TO DEFEAT!

PRINCE. Battle us? (*Laughs to SHERIFF*.) They're going to battle us. Oh that's good...that's very good. Robin Hood, if you think you, your five Merry Men and their oh-so-dangerous spoons...

SHERIFF. Ohhhhh! Save me from the spoons!

PRINCE. ...can overpower my military forces of twelve thousand, well, what can I say but, be my guest! (*The MERRY MEN look concerned.*)

ALLAN (*to PRINCE*). Excuse me, did you say twelve thousand?

SHERIFF. Yes. And that's without the navy.

WILL. You know, as spokesman for the Merry Man Union, Local Chapter 9-0-8, may I say I'm really glad you brought that up.

ROBIN. Please, men! If freedom for England means we fight to the death, then we fight to the death!

PRINCE. If it's death you want, Robin Hood, it's death you shall have! I don't care who has won what! I AM RULER HERE! I WILL BECOME KING! I decree that Marian will marry the Sheriff today! But before she does, we will have a beheading!

SHERIFF. Your Highness, why don't we have (*gestures to include the MERRY MEN*) six beheadings! (*To MERRY MEN.*) We wouldn't want anyone to feel left out!

PRINCE. Excellent idea, Sheriff! Call the guards and the executioners! (*Points to ROBIN and the MEN.*) CUT OFF THEIR HEADS!

LITTLE (*just catching on*). CUT OFF OUR HEADS! THAT COULD BE FATAL!

WILL (*to ROBIN*). Ya know, if I get beheaded, I want a raise.

ROBIN. Knock it off! Where is your spirit, men? We must stand here and fight for what is right! (*Behind ROBIN's back the MERRY MEN are trying to "Shhhh" him and ALLAN is mouthing to the PRINCE that ROBIN is "only kidding."*) Prince, bring forth your armies! Pummel us

with your weapons! Our blood, indeed, may be spilt! But we are devoted to our cause!

PRINCE. So be it!

SHERIFF (*as he looks offstage*). Your Highness, the guards approach!

PRINCE (*shouts offstage*). GUARDS OF THE ROYAL ARMY, I COMMAND YOU TO ATTACK!

ROBIN. ALL RIGHT, MEN! SCATTER!

*(Lights dim. There should be silhouetted bedlam onstage. CAST MEMBERS running and screaming everywhere. This should last six to ten seconds, no longer. Then, heard over all the screaming...)*

TOWN'S GUY. JUST ONE MOMENT!! (*Lights up to reveal the TOWN'S GUY center stage, quite out of breath.*)

THERE WILL BE NO BATTLE TODAY!

PRINCE. Peasant! What do you think you're doing?! How dare you interrupt the battle!

*(LITTLE JOHN, still scattering, runs onstage, screaming with his arms flailing.)*

LITTLE. AHHHHHH!!

ROBIN (*to LITTLE JOHN*). STOP IT!!

TOWN'S GUY (*shouts offstage to the "army"*). Hold your attack, soldiers! (*To EVERYONE.*) I have just come from the royal campgrounds. (*Holds up a rolled-up scroll.*) I hold in my hand...A MESSAGE FROM THE KING! (*ALLAN pulls out a kazoo and plays a few regal notes in a fanfare.*)