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Cast of Characters

HAROLD P. TRUTHINGTON
ACTOR 1
KING RICHARD
PRINCE JOHN
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
ROBIN HOOD
ORPHAN
LITTLE JOHN
MAID MARIAN
MERRIE MEN
PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN
PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC PRETEPEAU
PROFESSOR TRIASSI
KING RICH
PJ
GENERAL CORNWALLIS
KING GEORGE
HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 1
HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 2
ROB HAT GUY
SMALL JOHN
ADVISER 1
ADVISER 2
ADVISER 3
MERRIE MAN 1
MERRIE MAN 2
MARY
TREE 1
TREE 2
TREE 3
MASTER YUGIMOORA
EXECUTIONER
SHERIFF'S SOLDIERS
A SERF
GUARDS

Production Notes

Whenever a group of people speaks together, like the following...

EVERYONE. AAAH! Epic Battle! Fighting! I kill you! Fighting! AAAHHH! Epic Battle!

...each actor should pick one phrase of the line to repeat. All the actors speak simultaneously.

Casting Notes

Even though *Robin Hood* by tradition is a male-dominated play, I highly encourage gender-blind casting. This play is written broadly, and I believe casting a female as Prince John or a male as Maid Marian will only help highlight its absurdity.

HAROLD P. TRUTHINGTON PRESENTS THE ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD AKA ROB HAT GUY

by Ian McWethy

(Lights up on HAROLD P. TRUTHINGTON, sitting in a throne-like chair, reading a book, smoking a pipe. Some brass-heavy, Masterpiece Theatre knockoff plays as the lights come up.)

HAROLD. *(Laughing:)* It's funny because it's true.

(HAROLD notices the audience.)

HAROLD. Oh, sorry, didn't see you there. *(While closing the book and turning to the audience:)* Close the book and turn your torso, eehhaaaah. Hello there, I'm Harold P. Truthington, the foremost expert in detecting and deciphering the truth in stories we have all come to know and love. We travel throughout life like sheep through a blender, reading or watching classic stories like *Peter Pan* or *Alice in Wonderland* completely unaware that these fables were inspired by real events and real people. And it is my duty as a renowned fact-expert-like-person to pull back the curtain of lies and reveal what actually happened and what is hogwash. Today, I hope to shed some light on a story you all know and regard, ROBIN HOOD, or, as he was really known, ROB HAT GUY. But I'll get to that later. First, with the help of the Sheboygan Community Theatre Players...

(The Sheboygan Community Theatre troupe comes on stage, smiling, waving, etc.)

HAROLD. Ah yes, there they are, good waving, yes. Echmm. As I was saying, they will now perform for you a traditional Robin Hood story, as you have come to know it, in two minutes:

ACTOR 1. I thought we'd get ten minutes.

HAROLD. It's a one act. Make it work!

(The ACTORS frantically run around to put on costumes, get props, flail their arms for no reason, etc.)

HAROLD. Three. Two. One.

(Lights change. KING RICHARD stands before PRINCE JOHN, and THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. PRINCE JOHN stands hunched over, groveling, with a contorted leg and arm, while the SHERIFF takes out his sword and swings wildly.)

(Note to Actors: This version should be broadly acted, i.e. the Errol Flynn version of "Robin Hood." If you feel comfortable using a British accent, go for it!)

KING RICHARD. I'm King Richard and I'm off to the Crusades. John, you're in charge.

(KING RICHARD leaves the stage.)

PRINCE JOHN. Mwa-ha-ha, let's tax the people for no reason!

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Anyone who gets in my way, I'll put 'em in jail and kill their children!

PRINCE JOHN and SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. *(In unison:)*
HA-HA-HA!

(PRINCE JOHN and SHERIFF leave.)

(ROBIN HOOD, green tights, hat, bow and arrow, leaps on stage from stage right.)

ROBIN HOOD. Good Morrow! Sweet England! I've returned from the Crusades. I hope Prince John hasn't corrupted England by implementing unfair taxes and putting innocent people in jail!

(SHERIFF comes on stage with an orphan.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Hey orphan! Don't feel like paying taxes, huh? Well take this!

ORPHAN. Blimey! I'm done for I am!

(SHERIFF takes out a sword to stab the ORPHAN. ROBIN HOOD takes out his sword and stops the SHERIFF. A quick fight ensues, after which ROBIN HOOD knocks SHERIFF down to the ground and runs away, dragging the ORPHAN behind him.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Robin Hood! I'll get you for this!

(SHERIFF *follows* ROBIN.)

(ROBIN *re-enters from stage left*. LITTLE JOHN *and his* MERRIE MEN *leap on from stage right*.)

LITTLE JOHN. (*Cockney accent:*) I'm lil' John and d'ese ahr my Merrie Men!

MERRIE MEN. Huzzah!

ROBIN HOOD. How about I join you, and become your leader, so that we can steal from the rich and give to the poor?

LITTLE JOHN. But Robin, don't you have to fight me fir—

ROBIN HOOD. (*Breaking character:*) We don't have time, Carl!

LITTLE JOHN. (*Breaking character:*) Fine! Whatever!

(*They all leave stage left.*)

(PRINCE JOHN *and* SHERIFF *enter stage right*.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Robin Hood is stealing from the rich and giving to the poor!

PRINCE JOHN. BLAST!

(MAID MARIAN *comes on stage*.)

MAID MARIAN. I'm Maid Marian! I love Robin Hood!

PRINCE JOHN. BAH! I'll take her to the dungeon. You go to Sherwood forest and get Robin Hood.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. COME ON MEN! LET'S GO GET HIM!

(PRINCE JOHN *drags* MAID MARIAN *off stage*.)

(*A group of men with swords, come from stage right and join the SHERIFF.*)

(ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, *and the* MERRIE MEN *leap on stage left with swords*.)

(*They begin a very brief, very fake epic battle.*)

EVERYONE. AAAH! Epic Battle! Fighting! I kill you! Fighting! AAAHHH! Epic Battle!

(The SHERIFF'S SOLDIERS take some of the MERRIE MEN away and go off stage.)

LITTLE JOHN. Robin Hood. They've taken our men prisoner and plan to hang them. And they have Maid Marian.

ROBIN HOOD. BUT I LOVE MAID MARIAN!

HAROLD. Fifteen seconds.

ROBIN HOOD. Oh come on!

HAROLD. Fourteen...thirteen...

ROBIN HOOD. Aaahhh! Okay. We'll go to the palace. I'll dress up as a beggar, and rescue Marian.

LITTLE JOHN. Okay!

(A stage hand gives ROBIN HOOD a robe and sunglasses, he puts it on. PRINCE JOHN, SHERIFF, the captured MERRIE MEN, the SOLDIERS, and MAID MARIAN come on stage.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Who are you?!?

ROBIN HOOD. *(Cockney accent:)* A blind beggar, I am.

(He takes off his robe and stabs the SHERIFF.)

ROBIN HOOD. Sneak attack!

(ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN slay all the SHERIFF'S SOLDIERS and free their own.)

LITTLE JOHN and ROBIN HOOD. HA HA! Fighting! Heroism! Epic climaxes! Hurrah! Take that!

ROBIN HOOD. Surrender!

PRINCE JOHN. Okay!

MAID MARIAN. I love you!

(MAID MARIAN and ROBIN HOOD kiss. KING RICHARD comes on stage.)

KING RICHARD. I'm King Richard and I'm back!

HAROLD. And time!

(Everyone on stage collapses, catches their breath, etc.)

HAROLD. Thank you players! Well done.

ROBIN HOOD. *(Catching breath:)* A little warning...next time... would be great.

HAROLD. So there you have it, the Robin Hood as we have all come to know him: green tights, dashing deeds, exaggerated acting.

ROBIN HOOD. Well I wouldn't call it exaggerated. It's a stylized form of acting harkening back to—

HAROLD. Thank you, players, I'll ask your opinion when I want it, thank you! Echmm, as I was saying: while the story you know remains partially true to what happened, the facts of who and what these men did have been greatly distorted over the years thanks to shoddy historical record keeping, creative liberties taken by Hollywood movies, and the American lust for merchandise tie-ins. So in order to unravel the veracity, the verity and the verticality, of who Robin Hood really was, I'll need the help of my three esteemed colleagues of Historical Science.

(Three historical SCIENTISTS come on stage with clipboards and white coats. Each should have the appropriate exaggerated accent and funny hat/hair.)

HAROLD. Professor DIZTCHENSTEIN from GERMANY! Who is a renowned expert in Little John and the Merrie Men!

PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN. IT IZ AN HONOR TO VORK WIT YOU HEIR TRUHZINGTON!

HAROLD. Professor Jean-Luc Pretepeau from France. A renowned expert in King Richard, Prince John, historical accents and weapons throughout the middle ages!

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Echanté.

HAROLD. And finally, from the South Bronx, Professor Triassi, who received his Masters from CUNY Queens College in Robin

Hood, Maid Marian, and the effect of teenagers on thirteenth century economics!

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. A-OH! Bustin' my chops! Doin' a little history-fixin' here! What's it to you!?

HAROLD. Very well. So, my esteemed colleagues, I hand the show over to you. Professor Jean-Luc, why don't you start?

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Oui. Letz, az dey say, staart with zee characterz at zee beginning, non?

(KING RICHARD, PRINCE JOHN, SHERIFF stand on stage.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Firzt, King Richard waz not, az you say, um...a mighty trustworzzy King, and Prince John waz not a...um, znivelling, powhere 'ungry villain az he iz portrayed. In fact, it waz...quite zee opposite. Zoe, you two, switch rolez.

PRINCE JOHN. Really, cause we've been rehearsing all week...

KING RICHARD. No, I wouldn't mind switching—

PRINCE JOHN. Well, yeah, cause you have the bigger part—

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. I do not care about your petty...squib-squabblez. Just switch rolez!

(PRINCE JOHN begrudgingly switches places with KING RICHARD. From now on PRINCE JOHN will be called PJ while KING RICHARD will be called KING RICH.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. And zee Sheriff of Nottingham, did not have a sword. No one in zee thirteenth zentury had swords. Swords were not invented until...um...nearly zee sixteenth century, I believe.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. That...that can't be true.

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Who is zee professor of truthzh here and who is zee non-union community theatre actaire!?!

(SHERIFF gives his sword to JEAN-LUC.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. And finally, zee citizens of England did not speak in zee traditional English accents zey speak today. Back

then they spoke in a laxer, casual dialect, much like that of an...average American.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Really?

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Fascinating, I know. Zee tradizional English accent waz not adopted until after zee Revoluzionary War, az a way of distanzzing themselves from the colonialz. Observez!

(KING GEORGE comes on stage and sits on a throne. GENERAL CORNWALLIS quickly follows.)

KING GEORGE. *(In an American accent:)* General Cornwallis, you're back from the war in the colonies. I trust you showed that uppity George Washington who's boss.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS. *(In an American accent:)* Yeah, about that your highness...uh...we kinda lost.

KING GEORGE. Ah, come on, Corney! How did that even happen? We outnumbered them!

GENERAL CORNWALLIS. I know man, it's my bad.

KING GEORGE. Well, you know what this means: we have to change our accent.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS. We do?

KING GEORGE. Rules of War, man. The loser of any war has to change their accent as a sign of defeat. So, from now on, instead of saying, "Hey, get me some of the tea will ya?" We now have to say *(In an British accent:)* "Would you mind fetching me a spot of tea, young squire."

GENERAL CORNWALLIS. *(American accent:)* Oh, really. That sounds so weird.

KING GEORGE. *(American accent:)* Them's the rules. Now go and tell everybody else. *(Switching to British:)* Come now! Hop to it! Pip Pip!

GENERAL CORNWALLIS. *(British accent:)* Cheerio and all that!

(They leave.)

(The ACTORS look at each other, and shrug.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. With dhiz in mind, I give you, Zene 1!
Ov Rob zee Hat Guy.

KING RICH. What?

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. I'll get to zat lataire. Zene 1!

(JEAN-LUC, PJ, and SHERIFF leave. KING RICH, now snarling with a limp leg and arm, paces around stage.)

KING RICH. John! Sheriff! GET IN HERE!

(PJ and SHERIFF enter.)

KING RICH. John, Sheriff. There are crusades happening and I want to get in on it. Sure, many people will die, and it will cripple our economy without really accomplishing anything, but, you know, I love...wars. I do, I do, sue me, I love them. John, you're in charge, don't do anything to anger the masses. If the general population figures out they grossly outnumber us, we might have a revolt on our hands.

PJ. Alright, well, be safe, I'll keep things humming along 'til you get back.

(KING RICH stomps off stage.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Um, okay, any ideas on how to run a country?

PJ. I think we should keep quiet, stick to Rich's policies. You know, nothing too different or drastic.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Probably smart, he's very popular for some reason.

PJ. Yeah people don't seem to mind the random massacres and beheadings for some reason. Anyway, see you at lunch.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. I hear they're making pig on a spit.

PJ. Ooooh, I love spitted pig this time of year.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Totally. See you then.

(They begin to exit.)

PJ. Hey, quick thought.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Huh?

PJ. You know how the orphanage in North Nottingham has been really overcrowded?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Yeah.

PJ. How hard would it be to build another one on the South end? I mean with the crusades and plague...the overflow is starting to be a problem.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Nope, don't even think about it. No room in the budget.

PJ. What about a small tax raise?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Are you crazy, you know how much the people hate paying taxes.

PJ. I know, I know, but...it wouldn't take much. What about a... half-pence raise? That should get us half way there, then I can do fund-raising, get the lords to throw in some money, take out some loans, I think I could make it work.

(The SHERIFF thinks.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Half-pence. Yeah, I could sell that. I'll get to work on that tomorrow.

PJ. You don't mind?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. I mean, I'll get some flack for doing it but...it's for a good cause, right? Alright man, see you at the spit.

PJ. Hey, not if I see you first!

(The two exit, happy with themselves.)

(A scenery change.)

(ROBIN HOOD leaps onto the scene from stage left.)

ROBIN HOOD. Good Morrow! Sweet England! I've returned from the crusades. I hope Prince John hasn't corrupted England—

(PROFESSOR TRIASSI comes on stage.)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Woah, hold it! Tons of inaccuracies here. First of all, do you see a hood? At all? No, of course not! He's got a hat, right? So why would he be named "Robin Hood?" He wasn't, his name was actually Rob Hat Guy, plain and simple. Some jerky Hollywood executive changed his name to help sell that Errol Flynn movie.

(Two HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVES come on stage.)

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 1. He steals from the rich, and gives to the poor! It's gold I tells ya, gold!

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 2. This guy got a name?!?!

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 1. And how! Rob Hat Guy!

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 2. That's no name. We need something with pizzaz! Something with Moxy! Something with chutzpah!

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 1. How about Robin Hood?

HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE 2. Hizzah! Now that's a name I sink my teeth into. Cigar?!?!

(The two HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVES take out their cigars and bite.)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Yeah, just like that. Hollywood blood-suckers! Anyway, there's a lot about Robin Hood that's complete Fuubah. For instance, he wasn't this tall handsome, spandexy guy. He was an angsty pain-in-the-butt fifteen-year-old.

ROBIN HOOD. But I've rehearsed, for months. My interpretation is flawless.

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Yeah, and now you'll get to be a flawless Soldier Number 3, beat it.

(ROBIN HOOD huffs off stage.)

(A new Robin Hood comes on stage, this one an angst-ridden fifteen-year-old. And now he's called ROB HAT GUY.)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Now this is more like it.

ROB HAT GUY. Whatever man.

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Alright, so with all this information in mind, the play continues!

(PROFESSOR TRIASSI exits. SHERIFF enters from stage right.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Hey, Rob, that's a weird hat. When did you start wearing that hat?

ROB HAT GUY. Man, come on. I...I'm trying something new.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. New nickname. Rob Hat Guy. That's what I'm calling you from now on.

ROB HAT GUY. Alright, whatever man. What are you doing here?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Oh, tax run. PJ's starting a new tax to pay for a new—

ROB HAT GUY. NO WAY! TAXES! I HATE TAXES! I'm not payin'!

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Come on, Rob, it's a half-pence raise. That's all.

ROB HAT GUY. NO! I wanna buy a wicked feather for my hat. You know, one of those cool long ones. And I can't do that if I give you half-pences whenever you want 'em!

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Come on man, don't be a jerk. You can pay the half-pence tax and still have plenty left over for your stupid feather.

ROB HAT GUY. It's not stupid, you're stupid! You're not my dad! Nooooo!

(ROB HAT GUY leaves flailing his arms and screaming. SHERIFF chases after him.)

(Various ACTORS come out and pretend to be TREES.)

TREES. I am tree...tree...I am a tree...tree tree...

(ROB HAT GUY flails into the woods.)

(LITTLE JOHN and his MERRIE MEN leap onto stage.)

LITTLE JOHN. *(Cockney accent:)* Stop! If you wanna en'er Sher'od fores', you've gots to pay deh toll, you do.

MERRIE MEN. Ha, ha, ha...pay the toll...merrie....ha, ha, ha...

ROB HAT GUY. What? No way man! I'm done with paying for stuff unless it's awesome.

LITTLE JOHN. *(Cockney accent:)* Wew, if you don' pay deh toll, then we're gonna' 'ave a lil' prob'em, we are.

(LITTLE JOHN towers over ROB HAT GUY.)

(PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN comes on stage.)

PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN. Nein! SHTOP unt RIGHT NOW! UNST! WHILE everyone azzumes Little John to be a name of irony. DIHS is in fact NOT TRUE for he was in fact VERY SMALL!

(LITTLE JOHN is replaced by a much smaller actor, SMALL JOHN. PROFESSOR TRIASSI comes on stage and whispers something to PROFESSOR DEZTCHENSTEIN, then leaves.)

PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN. GENAU! PROFESSOR TRIAZZI ALSO inFORMED ME ZAT ALL zee Merrie Men, INCLUDEINGZ zee Small John, WERE ALZO... ANGZTY... ANNOY-ING... TEENAGERZ!

(PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN claps his hands and the MERRIE MEN start acting "angsty.")

MERRIE MEN. Gah...forest...this sucks...why even try...bah...

PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN. NOW! Continue WIT ZHEE ACTING!

(PROFESSOR DIZTCHENSTEIN walks off stage.)

SMALL JOHN. So...uh, are you going to pay the toll or what?

ROB HAT GUY. NO! God! I'm so sick of this! I'm not paying anybody anything for anything! Okay, it's my money! And if I don't feel like paying it I shouldn't have to!

SMALL JOHN. Whoa, man, don't do that.

ROB HAT GUY. What!?!

SMALL JOHN. Don't make us out like we're these awful tax mongers! We hate taxes just as much you do. That's why we ran away from Nottingham. But once we ran away, we got really hungry, and realized that, you know, we had to come up with some money if we wanted to, like, eat every day. So unless you got a better idea.

(ROB HAT GUY thinks.)

ROB HAT GUY. WHOA! Okay, okay, lightening in a bottle! I just got it, sit down.

(Everyone sits down on the ground.)

ROB HAT GUY. Alright, ready: Instead of doing these lame tolls which are like exactly the same thing as taxes, instead of that WE STEAL...jewels and money and gold...from like Prince John and all his rich friends and stuff...and send him a message: you tax us, we tax you.

SMALL JOHN. Man, you know what's going to happen! We rob a couple guys, then they put out a reward for us and the poorest shmoe in Nottingham rats us out. All he has to do is put up a reward poster and bam...five guys come to collect.

ROB HAT GUY. But here's what we do. Okay, this is good, this is really good. Okay, so some of the money we steal, like a fourth or whatever...we give it to all the poor people who'd turn us in. And we promise to keep bringing them more if they keep their mouths shut.

SMALL JOHN. That way people think we're doing this for good reasons and no one rats us out!

ROB HAT GUY. Exactly!

SMALL JOHN. What do you say guys? Let's do this thing!

MERRIE MEN. Yeah... Whatever... Sounds stupid... I guess... kidney...

ROB HAT GUY. Come with me, I know a place were we could totally rob a Duke and his mistress!

(Everyone follows ROB HAT GUY off stage.)

(The TREES then get up and leave.)

TREES. Tree... I'm a tree leaving....tree...goodbye...

(A table is brought out as PJ, SHERIFF, and several ADVISERS come out carrying their own chairs and take a seat.)

PJ. Now, before we start our quarterly budget meeting, I want to start by thanking everyone for bringing their own chairs. As you know, times are tough and well, I appreciate it.

ADVISERS. Absolutely...for the King...it's what's right...of course...chairs...

PJ. Anywho, let's get started shall we? How are we looking?

ADVISER 1. Well, as expected, we have taken a hit this quarter, but it's not as bad as we were fearing. For example, we've gotten an unexpected boost from the high sales of swine, ale, and town crier bells.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Can we talk for a second about these town crier bells? They are everywhere!

ADVISER 2. My kids all want one, and I'm like, not before I get one.

ADVISER 3. I'm a little nervous to get one, I don't know, they're so loud.

ADVISER 1. I'm waiting 'til they come out with the newer version, you know, work out all the kinks.

PJ. Hey guys, check it out.

(PJ takes out a Town Crier Bell and starts ringing it.)

ADVISER 1. You didn't!

PJ. I know. I held out as long as I could, but then I gave in. I mean, come on, what beats a little bell ringing?

(PJ rings his bell and stands on his chair.)

PJ. Here ye, Here ye! I've got news!

ADVISER 3. You sound just like one of those guys!

ADVISER 2. That does it, I'm getting one.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. You better put that away or we're not going to get anything done.

PJ. Alright, you're right. I'm putting it away "Captain No Fun."

ADVISERS. Ah man...alright...I guess...so much fun...

PJ. Come on, come on, he's right. So, any other issues?

ADVISER 2. It's all pretty good except, uh...we did have a couple of unexpected losses...in the Sherwood forest deliveries of gold and valuables, uh—

ADVISER 3. Sheriff, has there been any progress in apprehending that Rob Hat Guy?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. I'm on it. I'm totally on it. I just put out some reward posters so I'm expecting a snitch any day.

PJ. I *really* don't want this to get in the way of the orphanage.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Not gonna happen, trust me. He'll be in custody...two days, tops.

PJ. Hey, you know I trust you, you're good police. Okay, if there isn't any other pressing news I think we can end this meeting a little early and...

(PJ brings out his bell and starts ringing it.)

PJ. Come on, I got one for everybody in the Dining Hall. Bring your chairs.

ADVISERS. Sweet...ah...bells...high fives...great...

(Everyone leaves, taking their chairs with them. The table is taken.)

(The TREES come back on.)

TREES. Tree...back on stage...here we are...trees on stage...

(MAID MARIAN *strolls onto stage and is immediately stopped by two MERRIE MEN.*)

(*Note: This should be the Maid Marian from the “Errol Flynn beginning.”*)

MERRIE MAN 1. Stop right there, princess rich pants!

MERRIE MAN 2. Yeah, give us all your jewels and gold and stuff.

MAID MARIAN. And who, may I ask, demands the jewels and gold of the King’s cousin?

MERRIE MAN 1. It’s like a donation to the poor guys of Nottingham care of Rob Hat Guy.

MAID MARIAN. Rob, really. Well, I wish to speak to this Rob at once.

(*PROFESSOR TRIASSI comes on stage.*)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Woah, alright! Sorry for all these interruptions, I just had to clarify something real quick. Maid Marion was NOT a froufy la-de-da maid or whateva! Her name was Mary, just Mary, and she was a pain in the butt teenager just like Rob. Okay, so can we switch this up.

(*MAID MARIAN huffs off stage.*)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Oh! No need for that. You can be a tree or something!

(*A valley-girl-esque MARY comes on stage texting on her cell phone.*)

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Yeah, that’s more like it.

MARY. Can you get off stage already, I wanna get this over with. I’ve got like five after-parties to go to.

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Whoa, give me that, cell phones weren’t invented until the nineteenth century.

(*The MERRIE MEN look at one another.*)

MERRIE MAN 2. What? No they were invented like ten years ago—

PROFESSOR TRIASSI. Hey. Shut your trap! Do I tell you how to act and, say your stupid lines! You know what, forget it! The thanks I get! Oh!

(PROFESSOR TRIASSI leaves.)

MARY. So, like, show me Rob or I'm not gonna give you anything.

(ROB HAT GUY comes on stage, and they awkwardly begin talking.)

ROB HAT GUY. Hey.

MARY. Sup.

ROB HAT GUY. Not much, you know.

MARY. Heard you're like stealing from rich people and stuff.

ROB HAT GUY. Yeah, it's for the poor and stuff. It's like a community program.

MARY. Cool. Well you can have my tiara. It's totally last season so...

ROB HAT GUY. Cool. Yeah, you know. It all like helps.

(They stand and don't say anything for a while.)

MARY. Well, I should get home or my dad is gonna throw a total canip-fit.

ROB HAT GUY. Totally. Hey, if you see Prince Jerkface...don't tell him you saw me. He's totally got it in for me.

MARY. No way. That guy is such a jerk. One time, he caught me sneaking out of his castle...totally told my dad.

ROB HAT GUY. Eh...hate that guy.

MARY. Tell me about it. Later.

(MARY angstily leaves. The MERRIE MEN give ROB HAT GUY, high fives, etc.)

MERRIE MEN. Dude...she totally wants to...yeah Dude...so hot...make out time...

ROB HAT GUY. Guys, chill. She could still hear us.

(They go offstage. The TREES go as well.)

TREES. Trees leaving... I'm going now...make like a tree...tree...leaving...

(A table is brought out, PJ sits at his throne, talking to ADVISER 1.)

PJ. So, just make sure we have everything ready by tomorrow.

ADVISER 1. Absolutely. And once I'm done with that, I'll come by next week with some more vague business.

PJ. Excellent. See you then.

(ADVISER 1 leaves as SHERIFF comes on stage, with a tan.)

PJ. Hey there, Sheriff of Tanningham...you look great.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. You were right, a weekend at Bath was just what I needed.

PJ. Well you look very refreshed. Here, take a seat.

(SHERIFF takes a seat next to PJ.)

PJ. So, while you were away we had a few more...*hiccup*s with that Rob Hat Guy character.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Oh boy. Did he sack the shipment from Oxford?

PJ. Oxford, Blixford, Hamsford. All the fords shipments...sacked.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. I just don't get it. I doubled the reward. Why isn't anyone turning him in?

PJ. Well I think what he's done, which is actually brilliant in a "evil genius" kind of way, is gotten everyone to believe he's stealing *for* the poor, even though he only gives them a tiny fraction of what he takes.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. How is this going to affect the orphanage?

PJ. It's on hold until this whole "Rob Hat" thing is taken care of.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Oh man.

PJ. I didn't have a choice. He stole the loan from France that I asked for to cover us until we were able to raise matching funds.

(SHERIFF scratches his head.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. I just don't get why people hate taxes so much! I mean, don't people realize that taxes help pay for schools, hospitals, educational programs on witch-burning? They need these things.

PJ. Of course they do, and that's why we need to take care of this before it gets out of hand.

(SHERIFF nods his head.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. So what's the plan?

PJ. I've sent some scouts out to the abandoned forests. Once we figure out where Rob Hat Guy is, bring him in and let's see if we can't talk some sense into him.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Alright, I'll get on it.

(SHERIFF turns to leave, but stops.)

PJ. And Sheriff, when you find him, don't be too rough with him, he's just a kid, you know?

(SHERIFF nods his head, and leaves. PJ leaves too.)

(The TREES come back on.)

TREES. Trees...trees...trees...trees...

(ROB HAT GUY, SMALL JOHN, and the MERRIE MEN come on stage laughing, punching each other, etc.)

ALL. *(Singing, in unison this time:)* Money, money, money, money... Moooney! Money, money, money, money... Moooney!

MERRIE MAN 1. GOLD COIN FIGHT!

(Everyone partakes in a brief gold coin fight, until ROB HAT GUY stops them.)

ROB HAT GUY. Okay, okay, settle down. So I got this brain storm last night about what to do with all our money since food isn't a problem anymore. Small John, remember how we were talking about elephants yesterday?

SMALL JOHN. Yeah, how they're cool because they're so big but lame because they don't do anything.

ROB HAT GUY. Right! But then I got this idea. They wouldn't be lame if they were forced to race each other! We could make a HUGE race track around here, buy some elephants, and then, you know, we could place bets and stuff. It'll be totally awesome!

MERRIE MEN. Ah snap...no Way...that's amazing...I would be so good at that...

SMALL JOHN. Three words for you my friend: Best. Idea. Ever.

(SMALL JOHN and ROB HAT GUY bump chests and scream.)

(Just then SHERIFF jumps on stage with his SOLDIERS.)

SOLDIER 3. *(Who was supposed to be Robin Hood.)* HALT! In the name of King Richard and his brother Prince John! Rulers of this fair country under God Almighty! Put down your swords or face a death worse than any—

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Alright, that's a enough! Thank you...Soldier Number Three.

(SOLDIER 3 steps down.)

SOLDIER 3. Bloody amateur.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. As he was saying, we have you surrounded, just come peacefully so we can talk about this.

SMALL JOHN. They're everywhere Rob, what should we do?

ROB HAT GUY. I've got a brain that says surrender, but then I've got a sword that says "take some heads." What do you say guys, feel like doing something stupid?

(The MERRIE MEN take out their swords.)

MERRIE MEN. Yeah...swords...fighting...foot pain...

(The SOLDIERS take out their swords and are about to fight when...)

(PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC comes out in between them.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Arretez! No, no, no, no, no. What iz theez? Eh? Did I not tell you ahready, no zwordz in the zihrtteenz zentury? Give zhem to me.

MERRIE MAN 1. Actually, uh...I did a Wikipedia search while I was back stage...that's not true...at all. In fact swords have been around since the Bronze Age, roughly 2 Millennia B.C. To say that swords weren't invented in—

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Why don't yooou...go?

MERRIE MAN 1. What, no, I just thought you should know—

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. If you ahre not willing to reezpect me and zee rezeahrch I 'ave done az a... "truth-like fact perzon"... perhaps yoo should leave diz stage...raight now.

(MERRIE MAN 1 looks for support, but no one helps him. He walks off stage.)

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. Now, everee-one give me your zwordz and continue zhee battle.

MERRIE MAN 2. If they didn't use swords, what did they do then?

PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC. They slapped each other...like...sissy gairlz.

(PROFESSOR JEAN-LUC leaves. Everyone looks at each other, shrugs, then commences in an epic "sissy girl" slap fight.)

EVERYONE. Ow...take that...ouch, don't really slap...take that...slap attack...that was my neck, Craig!...

(Eventually SHERIFF and his SOLDIERS take most of the MERRIE MEN away off stage, leaving ROB HAT GUY, SMALL JOHN, and MERRIE MAN 2.)

SMALL JOHN. Okay Rob, this has gone too far. I've got red hand prints...all over my back and torso. We've gotta call it quits.

MERRIE MAN 2. Small John's right, I mean, look at the back of my neck. It really, kind a hurts. Like, really kinda a lot.

(ROB HAT GUY thinks.)

ROB HAT GUY. I admit. I've got some mildly painful welts on my arms, but consider this: We give up now, and our dream of having an elephant racetrack may never happen. And having elephants that race, well that could be the coolest thing...I've ever done. So what do you say? Wanna break the Merrie Men out of jail so we can keep stealing stuff!

(ROB HAT GUY puts his hand out. SMALL JOHN puts his hand on top of ROB's.)

MERRIE MAN 2. Is the elephant race track really that important to us? I mean, didn't you just think of that like five minutes ago?

(ROB HAT GUY and SMALL JOHN give MERRIE MAN 2 a dirty look.)

MERRIE MAN 2. No, I'm in. I was just curious.

ROB HAT GUY. To Nottingham square!

(They leave.)

(The TREES leave as the Nottingham square peasants and set comes on.)

TREES. Trees...leaving, I'm a tree...bye...tree goin' away...

TREE 1. No, you know what, I'm tired of this. Every production we do here, no matter how hard we try, we keep getting cast as trees, or benches, or road signs.

TREE 2. Can we just get through this?

TREE 1. No, I think everyone here needs to know the amount of time and effort and heart we put into these parts. Do you think that guy even cares that we spent four months training with Kabuki master Yugimooro to find our inner stillness?

(MASTER YUGIMOORA *comes out.*)

MASTER YUGIMOORA. Your tree work is as beautiful as it as serene.

TREES. (*In unison and bowing:*) Konichiwa.

TREE 2. Look, we know you've been frustrated, having been with *The Sheboygan Community Theatre Players* for six years and never getting a speaking part. So Alice gave up her two lines in the next scene so that you could have a crack at speaking.

TREE 1. Really? Alice, you did that, for me?

TREE 3. You've earned it. Here, go show the world what kind of a generic Executioner you can be.

(*TREE 3 gives TREE 1 the Executioner's hood. The rest of the stage has been assembled as PJ taps his foot anxiously.*)

PRINCE JOHN. Are you guys done? Cause we're kind of running behind.

TREES. Oh sorry...right...sorry...sorry...

(*The TREES finish changing and get into place.*)

(*Note: The actors on stage now have switched back to the ORIGINAL CASTING and the original Errol Flynn-style of acting.*)

PRINCE JOHN. Now, with the town assembled and his friends about to be hanged, Rob Hat Guy will be here any minute. And when he does...

(*PRINCE JOHN makes a cutting-his-throat motion.*)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. And if he doesn't show?

PRINCE JOHN. Oh he will. If his friends aren't reason enough to show his cowardly face, then his beloved Marian certainly is.

(*Two SOLDIERS come out holding a feisty MAID MARIAN.*)

MAID MARIAN. Let go of me at once!

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Let's see your Robin save you now.

(ROBIN HOOD, not Rob Hat Guy comes out, wearing a robe and sunglasses, pretending to be blind.)

ROBIN HOOD. Alms, alms. Alms for the poor. Alms.

PRINCE JOHN. Get that poor pathetic beggar out of here will you?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. With pleasure.

(The SHERIFF grabs ROBIN HOOD, but he throws his robe off and takes out his sword.)

ROBIN HOOD. Not so fast.

MAID MARIAN. Robin Hood...I mean, Rob Hat Guy!

ROBIN HOOD. Marian, my love, I'll be with you in a second. First I have some unfinished business to take care of. Prince John, your sword.

EXECUTIONER. Prince John, I will defend you—

(HAROLD comes barreling on stage, followed by the three PROFESSORS.)

HAROLD. Stop, Stop! What is this!?

EXECUTIONER. This is so unfair, I quit, I quit, I quit...

(EXECUTIONER storms off stage.)

HAROLD. How many times do we have to tell you? There were no “swords” back then, Prince John wasn't a tyrant, and Rob Hat Guy was not clever enough to dress up as a blind beggar. He disguised himself as half a horse.

SERF. Half a horse? Why would anyone disguise themselves as half a horse?

HAROLD. Because! He's a stupid teenager. Why do teenagers do anything? Who switched the scripts? And what are you two doing here?

(ROB HAT GUY and MARY meander back on stage.)

ROBIN HOOD. It's just that, and we all agreed on this backstage, the ending...the “real ending” of Robin...Rob Hat Guy. It's kind of

a downer, and we thought, since the play is almost over anyway, we'd do the "normal" ending. You know, go out with a bang.

ROB HAT GUY. We just thought the people who actually paid money for this would feel gypped otherwise.

MARY. Yeah they seem pretty annoyed as is.

HAROLD. Annoyed? But, why? I've given them the real story of Robin Hood! I've opened their eyes to the truth behind one of the world's greatest stories. Why wouldn't they be grateful?

MAID MARIAN. I think it's more that they were expecting and paid to see "Robin Hood" not, "Rob Hat Guy the snotty kid who stole from a nice king."

ROB HAT GUY. And if we don't give them at least the ending they're expecting...they might demand refunds.

(HAROLD considers this. He huddles with the PROFESSORS and they murmur and argue for a bit. They then break, and HAROLD addresses the audience.)

HAROLD. Very well. For your viewing pleasure tonight you will see not one but two endings. The first, will be the ending as it actually happened, based on hours and hours of research and studious note-taking. The latter, will be some version of the ending of Robin Hood that you are more familiar with, be it the animated version where all the characters are animals or that terrible one where Kevin Costner couldn't do an English accent. Enjoy!

(The PROFESSORS clear the stage.)

(The ACTORS reset the stage, going back to the "real" version, with actors using casual American dialects, ROB HAT GUY being a teenager, etc.)

(PJ and the SHERIFF stand in front of the MERRIE MEN who have been captured.)

PJ. Now we don't want to hurt you. Hopefully, Rob will show up, and we'll sort this whole thing out and get you guys home by dinner.

MERRIE MEN. Aah...I guess...whatever...dinner...bah...

(Just then ROB HAT GUY enters dressed as half a horse.)

ROB HAT GUY. Neigh...horse here, comin' through. Neigh.

PJ. Alright, Sheriff, could you...

(The SHERIFF takes off the horse costume and sits ROB HAT GUY down in a chair.)

ROB HAT GUY. Ow, get off of me! What's your problem?

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Just sit down, okay? Half a horse?

ROB HAT GUY. I thought J-Small was right behind me. God, I'm gonna kill that guy.

PJ. Look, we're not mad. Okay, we just want to talk and help you realize what all your stealing has done to us.

(MARY comes on stage.)

MARY. Hey! Why didn't you pigeon message me? I've been waiting like...all day.

ROB HAT GUY. Dude, I'm a little busy here, okay.

MARY. Don't call me dude. I'm not like, one of your stupid Merrie Men, okay?

ROB HAT GUY. I didn't say you were, geez! What's with all the attitude?

PJ. Okay, Mary, can this wait until later?

MARY. No! I was totally in love with him but now I'm like...not...at all.

PJ. Mary, please! I just need five minutes then...

(KING RICH limps on stage, a team of GUARDS following.)

KING RICH. Is it true!?!

PJ. Your highness.

(Everyone kneels.)

KING RICH. Is it true!? I leave for six months and you try and divert funds to pay for an orphanage?!?!

PJ. I can explain. I instated a small tax to pay for it and everything was going well until—

KING RICH. Enough, I can't have my people thinking I'm just going to put up orphanages willy-nilly. I declare you've committed treason to the crown. Take him and his men away to the gallows to be hung, right away.

(King Rich's GUARDS take PJ, SHERIFF, and a few other of his SOLDIERS away.)

KING RICH. You! Hat Guy. Are you that idiot that's been stealing from me?

ROB HAT GUY. Kinda...yeah.

KING RICH. Guards!

(The GUARDS return.)

KING RICH. Kill these guys too. In fact everybody in this room, hang 'em. I wanna clean slate before I start ruling again. Kill 'em all.

(The GUARDS take everyone and usher them off stage.)

MARY. But I'm like, your cousin or something.

KING RICH. Them's the breaks kid. Them's the breaks.

(Everyone is now gone. KING RICH surveys the scene.)

KING RICH. God...I love killing people.

(Lights out.)

(Black out for a few seconds. Then lights up.)

Actor 1. Okay, let's reset for the original ending.

(Everyone comes back on stage, and frantically re-sets the staging to where ROBIN HOOD took off his robe.)

ALL. Wow...really dark...okay, am I supposed to be here...no, that's my sword, yeah it... Union rules...very strange...

(Note: We are now going back to ERROL FLYNN style acting, with the original Robin Hood, Maid Marian, etc.)

(Everyone is now in the right place, the original actors once again in their roles.)

(ROBIN HOOD throws off his robe.)

ROBIN HOOD. Not so fast.

MAID MARIAN. Robin Hood!

ROBIN HOOD. Marian, my love, I'll be with you in a moment. First I have some unfinished business to take care of. Prince John, your sword.

EXECUTIONER. *(Terrible:)* Prince John, I will...ehhh...Sorry. Prince John, I will defend my axe, NO! With my axe! I will defend me, JOHN! WITH MY AXE I will defend PRINCE JOHN!

(ROBIN HOOD is baffled then, stabs the EXECUTIONER. He dies.)

(PRINCE JOHN takes out his sword.)

PRINCE JOHN. I'll end this once and for all!

(They start fighting until ROBIN HOOD knocks the sword out of PRINCE JOHN's hand.)

PRINCE JOHN. Oh, God, please don't kill me, please, please!

ROBIN HOOD. I'll spare your pathetic meager little life, if you promise to return all the money you STOLE from the good people of Nottingham—

PRINCE JOHN. Yes, yes, anything—

ROBIN HOOD. And then you have to leave...leave Nottingham and never come back.

PRINCE JOHN. Yes, of course, thank you, thank you.

(MAID MARIAN runs to ROBIN HOOD and embraces him.)

MAID MARIAN. Marian, there's something very important I'd like to ask you—

(PRINCE JOHN reaches in his boot and grabs his dagger. He lunges at ROBIN HOOD.)

MAID MARIAN. Robin, watch out!

(ROBIN HOOD turns quickly and kills PRINCE JOHN before he gets to him.)

(ROBIN HOOD then takes a minute, looks around, and stabs the SHERIFF.)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. What did I do?

ROBIN HOOD. Just to be safe.

(The SHERIFF dies.)

MAID MARIAN. That's what I call "Killing two lords with one stone."

EVERYONE. HA HA HA... GOOD TIMES... TWO LORDS... HA HA HA...

ROBIN HOOD. What?

MAID MARIAN. Oh Robin Hood. Now we can finally be together.

ROBIN HOOD. Forever. *(Kneeling:)* Marian, will you marry me?

MAID MARIAN. Oh Robin, I thought you'd never ask. When?

ROBIN HOOD. Now. Friar Tuck, think you could do us a favor?

(Everyone looks around, where is Friar Tuck?)

MERRIE MAN 2. I don't think there is a Friar Tuck in this version.

ROBIN HOOD. Just put on a robe.

(MERRIE MAN 2 sighs, puts on a robe.)

MERRIE MAN 2. Har, Har, I'm Friar Tuck! A-ha...right, any-who, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?

KING RICHARD. *(Off stage:)* I object.

(The original KING RICHARD trots on stage.)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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