

# Hairy Godmother

**HAIRY G** Once upon a time is where our story starts  
We don't meddle with tradition here at Putney Arts.  
So who am I, I hear you cry. Does this not give a clue?  
I'm the Hairy Godmother, can't you tell. Bibbity Bobbity Boo.

I travel far, I travel wide, I'm now in Sherwood Forest  
Where fallow deer and wild boar and dangerous outlaws flourish.  
An evil Sheriff rules this land, and if you know the fable,  
You'll know that he's a wicked man who claims he's strong and stable.

He travels round the county, demanding lots of tax  
He says it's for King Richard but he spends it all on snacks.  
King Richard's in the Holy Land, he hasn't got a clue  
No really, he's got no idea, of what the Sheriff's been up to.

*(Stage whisper)*

If you see the evil Sheriff, you have to hiss and boo.  
Let him know we won't put up with what he's trying to do.  
Well what'ya waiting for? Come on now, let's shout and all join in.  
Let me hear how loud you are. It's time to make a din!

*Practice hissing and booing*

Just one more thing you need to know, there is a bit of hope.  
A man named Robin may save the day, though he is a bit of a dope.  
I think I've said enough for now, let's get on with the show.  
Open up the curtains please – to Nottingham we go!

## SHERIFF, SNATCH & GRAB

*SHERIFF sits at a table piled up with snacks, diet coke, stacks of notes and coins and empty money bags. Some scenery should make it clear he still believes he is in a western. Two or three bars of the Good, the Bad and the Ugly as a single piece of tumbleweed drifts across the stage. Scrooge-like, SHERIFF is puzzling over a huge ledger and trying to make the figures add up. SNATCH and GRAB stand watching him, looking increasingly worried.*

**SHERIFF** Forty-three thousand, two hundred and four groats plus thirty-seven thousand one hundred groats equals...?

**SNATCH** *(Totally clueless)* Equals?

**GRAB** *(explaining patiently)* Equals, as in amounts to totals, adds up to, balances...

**SHERIFF** *(firing water pistol at Grab)* Stop! How much does it all come to?

**SNATCH** *(Clueless)* Quite a lot?

**GRAB** More than last time.

**SHERIFF** You *(points at child in audience)* – how much did that come to? Argh, Putney schools these days, don't even teach the 3 Rs. *(To Grab & Snatch)* Of course it's more than last time. We've raised interest rates since last time. But we're missing many, many groats. About forty thousand I'd say.

**SNATCH** That is quite a lot.

**GRAB** A whole bag's worth, I'd say.

**SHERIFF** My point exactly. Count the bags!

*SHERIFF stuffs his face with Pringles while GRAB & SNATCH pass the bags to each other, counting in a disorganised way so they keep losing count and have to start again.*

**SNATCH** The Sheriff's collected a lot of groats. I hope he's investing them wisely

**GRAB** You're so money supermarket....

**SNATCH** Enough to fund a lavish lifestyle

**GRAB** Fund the health service for a week

**SNATCH** Buy a Picasso

**GRAB** Pay teachers a decent wage

**SNATCH** Refurbish the royal palaces

**GRAB** Solve the housing crisis

**SHERIFF** *(firing pistols)* Aargh! It's patently clear, you imbeciles, one bag is missing.

**SNATCH** Missing?

**GRAB** *(explaining)* Missing, as in absent, unaccounted for, nowhere to be found.

**SHERIFF** *(firing at Grab)* We all know what missing means! The point is, where is it?

*SNATCH & GRAB turn around in circles, pulling out their pockets, looking under the table for the missing bag. Eventually SNATCH starts to frisk SHERIFF who shrugs him off angrily.*

**SHERIFF** Get off me, you buffoon! The bag isn't here. It's been stolen!

**SNATCH** Stolen?

**GRAB** Stolen, as in taken, thieved, purloined, looted, pilfered.....

**SHERIFF** *(firing water pistol at Grab)* Well I'll be a monkey's uncle! I know what happened. This morning, in the market square. Someone, somehow, managed to extricate a bag from right under your noses.

**SNATCH** Extricate?

**GRAB** *(explaining patiently)* Extricate, as in remove, liberate.....

*SHERIFF puts one of the empty money bags over GRAB's head to shut him up.*

**SHERIFF** I've had enough of this. We need to get that missing money back. With King Richard away at the crusades.....

**SNATCH** *(and muffled from GRAB):* All hail King Richard!

**SHERIFF** With Dicky boy away, I can do anything I like. In fact I've already stockpiled enough tax money to begin executing my grand plan.

**SNATCH** Grand plan?

*Muffled sounds from GRAB trying to explain the meaning of 'grand plan'. The others ignore him. SHERIFF puts his arm around SNATCH as he explains his plan.*

**SHERIFF** Listen up. Things are gonna change around here. I'm gonna make Nottingham Great Again.

**SNATCH** You are?

**SHERIFF** You, my friend, are a prime example of the kinda down trodden, poorly educated bigot who's been overlooked and taken advantage of by the King and his posse of liberal elite noblemen.

**SNATCH** That's right. I am!

## HAIRY GODMOTHER & MARIAN

*Enter MARIAN. HAIRY GODMOTHER picks up an old fashioned doctors bag, ready to go on her rounds. Marian holds a very fluffy white cat who she strokes a lot.*

**MARIAN** Off on your rounds, are you?

**HAIRY G** That's right. So good of your wise and honourable father to give me a couple of afternoons a week to tend to the sick and poor for Virgin Healthcare.

**MARIAN** How you, of all people, can work for an outfit called Virgin.....

**HAIRY G** *(Blushing and coy)* I don't know what you mean!

**MARIAN** And everyone knows about your new boss. Sir Branston Pickle, billionaire entrepreneur, privatising every public service in sight.

**HAIRY G** For heaven's sake, Marian, what century are you living in? It's 1192. There's no such thing as a free national health service. Most of the doctors have gone to the crusades, and the poor and destitute couldn't afford a doctor even if there was one.

**MARIAN** That's the sheriff's fault. Do you know how many times he's raised taxes on the poor this year, while introducing tax breaks for the rich?

**HAIRY G** You do worry so.

**Marian:** Can't help it. Here's me, with all my advantages; castles, stately homes, designer dresses, diamonds, a luxurious lifestyle.....

**HAIRY G** astounding beauty, massive ..... *(Hairy G makes an expansive gesture with her arms)* dowry.

**MARIAN** Not everyone's so lucky. And I can't help thinking things would be different if Daddy was here. So I feel sort of, responsible and should do something to help.

**HAIRY G** Well if you want to help, you can give me a hand checking I've got all my lotions and potions.

**MARIAN** That wasn't quite what I meant, but OK.

*Marian puts her cat aside as HAIRY GODMOTHER tips out the contents of the bag – some traditional medicine bottles and phials but also a selection of unlikely cures (tomato ketchup, garlic cloves, dandelions, half dead pot plants, a horseshoe, other good luck charms etc) an oversized syringe and large rusty instruments (forceps, garden shears etc).*

**HAIRY G** Check each one's still got something in and if it's not empty pass it to me.

*As the two women speak, MARIAN picks up each cure in turn, scrutinises it, then passes it to HAIRY GODMOTHER who ticks it off her list and puts it back into the bag.*

**MARIAN** Have you heard about the new heart throb in town? *(Slightly distracted as she picks up and looks at a bottle of tomato ketchup before passing it to Hairy G)* Robert, Ruben, Rufus, something like that?

**HAIRY G** A real Romeo, so I've heard.

**MARIAN** *(Passing over a welsh love spoon)* No, that's not his name.

**HAIRY G** I meant .....

**MARIAN** *(avoiding the question and looking into another small bottle)* I hope no-one turns up with arthritis today. You've run out of bee venom.

**HAIRY G** I'll just pop out to the hives and collect some. Pass that jam jar.

**MARIAN** *(Passing a jam jar)* Bit big isn't it?

**HAIRY G** For venom yes. But I'll just fill it with actual bees, stick the patient in a cupboard and let them loose.

**MARIAN** *(Passing Hairy G the jam jar and a horseshoe.)* Good luck with that.

## Robin & Will

*Curtain up on ROBIN and DOBBIN. ROBIN is plaiting DOBBIN's mane whilst whistling a cheery tune. WILL enters looking glum.*

**WILL** Good sorrow, Robin.

*DOBBIN taps once.*

**ROBIN** What's the matter Will? You look a bit glum.

**WILL** Oh Robin, I feel like I'm being swallowed by a large dark cloud.

**ROBIN** Dobbin have you farted?

*DOBBIN taps twice and shakes his head*

**ROBIN** Has the evil Sherriff been hassling you again?

**WILL** I've been sent this *(produces a parchment that he hands to ROBIN)*

**ROBIN** *(Reading)* Dear Mr Scarlett, It has come to our attention that you have missed multiple payments of your Common Citizen's Tax. *(Looking up)* Bit harsh. Calling you common. *(Reading)* We're all very angry about it here at Tax Office H.Q. so we have instigated a repayment plan to take force with immediate effect. *(Looking up)* Oh dear.

**WILL** It gets worse.

**ROBIN** *(Reading)* You will be visited on Tuesday next by Mr S.O.

**WILL** Sherriff Of

**ROBIN** Nottingham, who will collect the money. If you do not cough up, you will be arrested on the spot and taken to the Castle's chamber. So pay up or else! Love and kisses, The Tax Office.

*WILL sobs. DOBBIN puts a leg around his shoulders to comfort him.*

**ROBIN** This is awful!

**WILL** Half the village has received similar letters. That money bag Dobbin found didn't go far. And now none of us has a goat to rub between us. It wouldn't be so bad if we could see our taxes being put to good use. Like In King Richard's day ....

**ROBIN** All hail King Richard!

**WILL** But with the Sheriff in charge, everything's gone pong. If only we could find a magic money tree. Take money from the rich and give it to the poor!

**ROBIN** I've got it! What we need's a magic money tree. Take money from the rich and give it to the poor!

**WILL** Oh, Robin. You're so good at this sort of thing.

**ROBIN** I am, aren't I? Come along, we have work to do.

**WILL** But how can we pull it off when there's just the two of us?

*DOBBIN makes a fuss, stamping both his feet several times*

**WILL** And Dobbin of course.

**ROBIN** We need a gang. But where can we find people as talented and clever as me?

**WILL** We could hold auditions. Like a talent show?

**ROBIN** *(Lightbulb moment)* I've got it, Will! We'll hold auditions. Like a talent show. The world is full of desperate wannabes. And we're adding a new twist, auditions to join a criminal gang, so it's bound to be a success. Let's do it!

*ROBIN pulls a paintbrush out of his back pocket and finds a handily discarded piece of sign-sized board which he picks up and paints on, then brings it to the front of the stage to show the audience. On it he has written: "MERRY MEN: Audition today!" WILL reads it out loud.*

**WILL** Why are we the Merry Men?

**ROBIN** Because we've got to make it sound like we have a good time. And it's nearly Christmas.

*WILL finds a handily discarded piece of wood that acts as a post for the sign. They attach the post to the sign and stand it in the ground.*

**WILL** Perfect! Now what? Do we just wait?

**ROBIN** Now, we just wait.

*WILL and ROBIN stand arms folded and wait for a few seconds, looking around and checking their watches until suddenly a group of TOWNSPEOPLE (including MARIAN, HAIRY G, VIRGINIA, DICK, JOHNNY & FREYA) enter and form a queue.*

**ROBIN** What did I tell you! People will audition for any old rubbish!

## Virginia, Freya, Dick, Jonny, Robin & Will

**VIRGINIA** *(Some way back in the queue)* Just one moment.

**ROBIN** Sorry, is there a problem?

**VIRGINIA** You could say that.

**ROBIN** And you are?

**VIRGINIA** Tight Virginia. Tight lipped, tight fist, tight.....

**ROBIN** Ok, we get the idea. What's wrong?

**VIRGINIA** What's wrong? The name of this group for a start. 'Merry Men'! The makeup of your judging panel, two men, not a woman in sight. Where's the gender balance? Do you even have an equalities policy?

**WILL** Well, no, but then we don't actually know many women....

**ROBIN** We don't. But she's right. And as a result, I'd like to ask you, Tight Virginia, to come and join us on the panel.

**VIRGINIA** *(Nonplussed)* Oh, well, right, ok then.

*VIRGINIA joins the panel. All 3 have score cards with numbers 1-10. VIRGINIA is the Craig Revel Horwood, putting everyone down, giving low scores and being booed for her efforts.*

**ROBIN** Ok, who's next? Aah, a man of the cloth

**FREYA** I'm not a man, I'm a woman. Friar Freya Tuck. And for my audition piece I would like to show you a rope trick

*Freya removes the cord of her Friar's outfit and twists it into a spectacular knot, muttering the moves under her breath (left over right, loop under, right over left, pull tightly etc)*

**FREYA** Da-da! Very useful for creating rope ladders to break into castles, tying evil henchmen up in knots and ...err, catching rabbits.

**WILL** Amazing! *(Putting up 10 points score card.)* It's a hen from me!

**ROBIN** I'm sorry, Freya, I didn't like it..... I loved it! Ten points!

**VIRGINIA** Honestly, darling, you need to do better than that if you're going to beat the competition. Poorly executed, nowhere near tight enough, 3 points! *(People in the queue boo)*

**ROBIN** Who's next? *(DICK steps forward. ROBIN mimics Cilla Black's Liverpool accent)*  
Hello, chuck, what's your name and where d'you come from?

**DICK** Good afternoon, My name is Richard.

**ALL** All Hail King Richard

**DICK** Wrong Richard. Compared to the King I'm very ordinary. Middling height, middling intellect, middling performance in all areas actually.

**ROBIN** Well to avoid any further confusion with the King, henceforth you will be known as Average Dick. What's an average sized Dick like you got to show us you're right for the part?

**DICK** I'm here with my friend, Big Johnny (*BIG JOHNNY, who's very small, steps forward. He fires his bow and arrow and the arrow again lands at his feet*)

**VIRGINIA** Why's he called Big Johnny when he's not?

**DICK** He's big where it counts. (*Pause*). Big hearted, big tipper, big .....

**ROBIN** Okay, we get the picture. What are you and Big Johnny going to do for us today?

**JOHNNY** I'm going to help Average Dick disappear. (*Dick runs offstage*)

**ROBIN** Is that it?

**JOHNNY** No, no! Just watch. Dick are you ready for me?

**DICK** (from offstage) Yes Big Johnny, I'm ready for you.

*DICK enters, holding a pole which has fake hands put on top of it, with a cloth hanging down from it. He looks at the audience intensely, raises up the pole above his head, someone offstage holds the pole, and then drops it, and as Johnny says his lines, Dick runs around backstage ready to enter from the other side. Johnny says his reveal line, and Dick has disappeared. ALL clap politely. Dick then enters from other side of stage to big applause.*

**JOHNNY** Ladies and gentleman, unlike Dick, this magic trick is by no means average. I'm going to count down from 5 and as soon as I reach zero he'll have vanished before your very eyes. Five, Three, Two, oh no I need to start again, can you help? Five, Four, Three, Two, One, Zero.

*Sheet drops*

**ROBIN** That was amazing, where did he go?

**DICK** I'm behind you

**WILL** Oh my bird, I've never seen anything like it. 10 points

**ROBIN** And it's a ten from me too.

**VIRGINIA** I'm speechless (*Cheers from crowd*) But not in a good way. You may have a big name, Big Johnny, but I'd say both performance and stamina were distinctly average, just like Dick. 5 Points. (*Crowd boos*).

## ROBIN & MARIAN 1

**MARIAN** *(Pointing towards the key)* Robin, I think maybe you kicked...

**ROBIN** What? Where?

*ROBIN marches off in the opposite direction to the key his back to MARIAN. MARIAN goes straight to it, picks it up, shows it to the audience, then watches ROBIN on his fruitless search which she finds endearingly amusing.*

**MARIAN** Oh Robin, look what I've found! *(MARIAN drops the key over his shoulder so it lands at his feet and he picks it up and brandishes it in the air).*

**MERRY MEN** Hurrah. Hurrah for Robin Hood!

**ROBIN** *(To Marian, as he unlocks the Merry Men)* Thank you. Great teamwork! Now we need to find the key to the key to the bank vault. Where do you think that could be?

**MARIAN** Well, I think it's probably the key with the huge giant label that says 'the key to the key to the bank vault'?

**ROBIN** O look! Here's a key with a huge giant label that says 'the key to the key to the bank vault'. *(To MARIAN)* We really do make a great team. Now where's the case for the key to the bank vault that this is the key for?

**MARIAN** Robin...*(Points to case)*

**ROBIN** Thanks!

*ROBIN unlocks the vault key and puts it in his pocket / round his neck. ROBIN and MARIAN sing a song. ROBIN sings very loudly while MARIAN sings very quietly. MERRY MEN sing hearty 'Hurrahs' and 'boos' at appropriate points.*

### SONG – ROBIN & MARIAN

*The sound of many heavy boots above the dungeon.*

**MARIAN** Robin, much as I admire your singing voice, I really think we should be going now if we don't want to get caught.

**ROBIN** You're so lovely. Always thinking about others.

*Sound of boots and clanking keys coming closer*

**MARIAN** Come on Robin, let's get out of here. We've got a bank vault to unlock!

**ROBIN** Come on everyone, let's get out of here! *(Holding up key)* We've got a bank vault to unlock!

**MERRY MEN** Hooray!

*ROBIN runs out followed by the MERRY MEN and DOBBIN. MARIAN doesn't move so ROBIN pushes his way back through MERRY MEN into the dungeon towards her*

**ROBIN** Come along, there's no time to waste. *(to MARIAN)* The Sheriff could be here any minute, and I certainly don't want him getting his hands on you!

**MARIAN** But Robin, what about my friend?

**ROBIN** You're so sweet to be worried about her, but there's nothing we can do for her now. I'll come back for her,

**MARIAN** Do you promise?

**ROBIN** Promise. You must know, Marian, that I'd do anything for you. *(tender moment, with sound of violin)* Now come on! Let's get out of here.

*ROBIN runs out after MERRY MEN. MARIAN, left alone in the dungeon, looks in the opposite direction, to where HAIRY GODMOTHER left with GRAB. She pauses a minute then turns to follow the others. But as she does so, SNATCH returns and grabs her.*

*Blackout.*

## **ROBIN & MARIAN - 2**

**ROBIN** Well it looks like everything's back to normal now then

**MARIAN** Yes, I suppose you'll have to go back to paying your taxes on time, and leaving the adventures to everyone else

**ROBIN** Well I was hoping you might like to go on a little adventure with me sometime

**MARIAN** Its 1192, Robin. So I really hope you're not suggesting we go off and get married?

**ROBIN** No, no, I was just wondering if you wanted to go out for a date sometime? Maybe go and help out at the local food bank?

**MARIAN** Really... *(whispers to him)* you know this is a Pantomime? And they all expect you to propose to me...?

**ROBIN** Yes... But I thought that it might be nice to take things a bit slower than normal this time. Get to know each other a bit rather than just jumping straight in like I normally do.

**MARIAN** Robin, my hero! *(she kisses him)*

## MARIAN & SHERIFF

**SHERIFF** I'm gonna give it my best shot. Show my sensitive side. Right...

*SHERIFF wipes the leftover grease through his hair, gets Grab to smell his breath (it's bad...), gives Snatch the French fries, then gets MARIAN's attention*

**SHERIFF** Hey there! Mary-Ann!

**MARIAN** *(startled)* Yes?

**SHERIFF** You're looking particularly lovely today, have you been to the beauty parlour?

**MARIAN** No, I've been stuck in here. You locked me in remember?

**SHERIFF** Well, yes, Mary-Ann, a silly little misunderstanding. I detained you briefly, it's true. But for your own safety and protection. And heavens to Betsy, you really do look absolutely wonderful today. Like a cow... carcass after it's been picked clean by vultures in the sun

**MARIAN** Right... well I wouldn't know. I haven't actually seen the sun since you locked me in this chamber, against my will. *(to audience)* What's he up to?

**SHERIFF** I think you doubt mah sincerity, mah motives. But you don't wanna believe all you hear or read about me.

**SNATCH** There was no collusion.

**SHERIFF** I've been slandered, libelled, misrepresented, defamed. I have been the victim of fake news! *(raising his arm in victory, Marian gags and he pulls away)*

*SHERIFF sniffs under his armpits and gags as well, SNATCH hands him some Lynx deodorant that he sprays under his pits.*

*SHERIFF goes over to MARIAN and wafts his newly sprayed scent in her face.*

**MARIAN** Urgh, bleurgh! What's that? Eau de actual toilet?

**SHERIFF** It's my new deodorant. Stagnant Pond. Aren't you impressed?

**MARIAN** It'll take a lot more than that.

**SHERIFF** Of course. I know the type you royal socialites go for: a metrosexual, neoliberal, new man who cares about feelings and all that fluffy stuff. Well, Mary-Ann, I am that man!

**MARIAN** You care about feelings? Whose, exactly?

**SHERIFF** I care about everyone's feelings. Don't I, Grab an' Snatch?

*GRAB looks dubious until SNATCH gives him a huge nudge*

**SHERIFF** But Mary-Ann, it's your feelings I care about more than anyone else in the whole wide world.

**MARIAN** But there's no one you care about in the whole wide world! *(aside)* Come on Robin... I don't think I can take much more of this!

**SHERIFF** Mary-Ann. Please don't judge me so harshly. I'm a reformed character and I'm gonna change, grow, and become the man you want me to be.

*SHERIFF looks at SNATCH and GRAB who give him the thumbs up then start to give him a makeover, brushing hair, moisturising, removing earwax and nasal hair, brushing dandruff off his shoulders etc.*

**MARIAN** *(to audience)* I don't believe a word he says. I know what he's up to, trying to win me round and gain my affection. I'm on to him though. There's no way I could fall for someone like that. He's mean, he stinks and he looks nothing like Ryan Reynolds. But if I tell him that he'll send me to the Tickle Chamber. And then he'll go after Nursey and Robin Hood. There's only one thing for it, I'm going to have to pretend I like him until I can figure out a way to escape.

Oh no, here he comes again!

## Robin & Hairy Godmother

*Lights up on external scene and the entrance to an isolated hill cave. ROBIN enters, wearing nowt but false beard and a loincloth, walking sideways and doing crab-claw hand movements. He moves to front centre stage.*

**ROBIN** Oh boys and girls, see what's become of me! I've been sitting on this hillside on the edge of the kingdom, ruminating on my woeful situation. Trying to come up with a plan to rescue Marian.

The only way I could be alone was to become a hermit crab. That's a special type of crab that lives alone for many years in a cave, grows a long beard and wears nothing but a loincloth. I have got the crab bit perfected though, check this out! *(ROBIN does some crab walking/movement stuff around the stage.)*

*He gets the audience on their feet and explains the movements to them.*

*Music starts*

### DO THE CRAB SONG – Robin, Dobbin and Audience

**ROBIN** Well done boys and girls, you've certainly lifted my spirits!

*Enter HAIRY GODMOTHER*

**HAIRY G** There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you, what on earth are you doing?

**ROBIN** Hello Nursey, I've been teaching these lovely people my crab dance.

**HAIRY G** Silly me. There I was, thinking you might be doing something useful. Like coming up with a plan to rescue Marian!

**ROBIN** You're disappointed in me, I can tell. And I know I'm supposed to be the hero. I've always saved the day before. But this time I'm absolutely, completely and utterly stumped. I've failed everyone.

**HAIRY G** Let me tell you little story about a gal I once knew who didn't think she had what it takes to make it in life.

**ROBIN** *(Who can't think of anything worse)* Well actually I was about to...

**HAIRY G** *(Cuts over ROBIN, Dvorjak's Hovis symphony playing underneath)* She was just a normal girl who grew up in a cheap little starter home on the edge of

Nottingham. Her background was against her but she had ambitions, hopes and dreams. She wanted to make her mark on the world. Do something magical. But back in the eighties, if you were a woman and wanted to work in the entertainment business you needed more than just your talents to get on in life. And every time she auditioned, well, they told her she was just too hairy (*encourage a sympathetic aah*). So she gave up on her theatrical dreams. But someone was looking out for her because she fell on her feet and became a nurse, which is actually much more fulfilling than prancing about on stage. (*with relish*) Because you get to deal with blood and pus and oozing body fluids, Then she landed a job in the Royal household. Where she used every opportunity to use her skills to try and put things right. Though some things, liking rescuing someone from a heavily fortified castle, are just too hard. Look, all I'm saying is – it can be difficult to see the wood for the trees, especially in Sherwood Forest. But my point is this - you should never give up.

*DOBBIN has curled up and fallen asleep at some point during this speech*

**ROBIN** This woman you're talking about, it's you, isn't it?

**HAIRY G** My goodness, how did you guess?

**ROBIN** Just a hunch.

*DOBBIN wakes up*

**HAIRY G** You're smarter than you think Robin, you need to get back to the Merry Men and rouse the troops.

**ROBIN** I'm not sure.

**HAIRY G** If I can fulfil my hopes and dreams then so can you. There's no time to lose, word on the street is that the Sheriff is planning to marry Marian tomorrow.

**ROBIN** Tomorrow! I can't possibly come up with a plan by tomorrow.

**HAIRY G** Then let me tell you another little story about a gal I knew....

*DOBBIN dashes off stage at the thought of hearing yet another story about HAIRY GODMOTHER's mis spent youth.*

**ROBIN** Sorry Nursey, perhaps another time. Just need to stop Dobbin wandering off – back in a tick.

## Robin & King Richard

*This time KING RICHARD appears, having been transported mid fight from the crusades. HAIRY GODMOTHER hides herself behind a tree.*

**RICHARD** *(Still mid fight then looks around him)* One moment. These aren't the sultry climes of the East, nor does the air smell fragrant with the scent of jasmine and sandalwood. It smells more like wet dog and horse manure. Where on earth am I?

*ROBIN comes in, talking to DOBBIN and stops with a start when he sees KING RICHARD.*

**ROBIN** Excuse me. But who are you? This is my cave. My horse. My thinking space. You can't just barge in here as if you owned the place. *(DOBBIN nudges Robin)* You're as bad as the Sheriff.

**RICHARD** The Sheriff?

**ROBIN** The evil Sheriff of Nottingham who's taxing the poor to give to the rich.

**RICHARD** Am I in Nottingham?

**ROBIN** Does this look like Nottingham? You're on a hillside just outside the town. Didn't they teach you to read a map in knight school? *(DOBBIN nudges ROBIN)* Anyway, I can't stand here making small talk. I have a plan to hatch. The evil Sheriff is marrying Maid Marian tomorrow, the sweetest most wonderful girl I've ever met, and I need to rescue her.

**RICHARD** My little Marian is all grown up and getting married tomorrow?

**ROBIN** Yes. Wait, your little Marian?

**RICHARD** You may not recognise me, but I am King Richard.....

*ROBIN and DOBBIN kneel / exaggerated bow*

**ROBIN** All hail King Richard

**RICHARD** No time for that.

**ROBIN** I'm so sorry about before – you know all the “don't they teach you to read a map” just joking...

**RICHARD** What's your name?

**ROBIN** Robin, your majesty. Robin Hood.

**RICHARD** Well Robin Hood, I've got a job for you. I'm damned if I'll let my daughter marry an evil Sheriff. We need to come up with a plan to save her and there's no time to lose. Which way to Nottingham?

*ROBIN & DOBBIN indicate*

**RICHARD & ROBIN** To Nottingham!

## JOHNNY, VIRGINIA, WILL, FREYA, DICK

*MERRY MEN enter in a downcast mood, miming shooting arrows up into the air*

- JOHNNY** Still, it will be nice for her, won't it? She'll look so beautiful in white...
- ALL** No!
- VIRGINIA** Big Johnny, for the last time. Tomorrow Marian is marrying the evil Sheriff. That is not a good thing, nor a happy occasion.
- WILL** For anyone.
- DICK** Except perhaps the caterers. Plenty of money to be made there. Especially if they charge corkage.
- WILL** Oh Dick, no one cares about the caterers.
- VIRGINIA** Or corkage.
- WILL** What we need is to find a way to rescue Marian from being chained in matrimony to the evil sheriff for the rest of her life.
- FREYA** I'm all for chains, but only between consenting adults.
- JOHNNY** We could....(*shoots his little bow and the arrow lands at his feet again*)
- WILL** We'd got that far Johnny. That's how plans always start. But then we got duck.
- VIRGINIA** Reached a dead end.
- FREYA** Achieved nada
- DICK** Became an inclined plane wrapped helically round an axis.
- VIRGINIA** I hate to admit it, but we need Robin.
- WILL** Who knows what might have happened to him?
- FREYA** Maybe he got tied up with something?
- VIRGINIA** Let's put this in perspective. He's only been gone for four hours and twenty three minutes. Even Robin couldn't get into trouble in that space of time.
- WILL** Quite Tight Right Virginia.
- DICK** And Dobbin will look after him. Keep him entertained with his scintillating conversation.