The UWA Pantomime Society Presents:
Robin Hood: How King Grinchard Stole Nottingham

PROLOGUE: The Plot of Tonight (Or, In The Event That The Show Is A Matinee, This Afternoon)

Curtain rises! The stage is mostly set for Scene 1, but it is all in darkness except for NARRATOR #1, who enters into the spotlight or whatever. He’s a rad guy. He should have a cool prop book to read from.

NARRATOR #1:
Oh it’s finally here! Yes, it’s that time again!
So run! Tell your family! Tell all of your friends!
The season is merry! The season is jolly!
And all of the doors are all covered in holly!

It’s Christmas! Yes, Christmas! I’m so glad you’re all here!
We can share in this time of great laughs and great cheer!
So let’s all gather round, listen well, yes you should!
To the tale of a rogue who we’ll call ROBIN HOOD!

But before we begin, here’s some tips, so you know:
Here is tip number one: try and silence your phones!
After tip number one comes our tip number two:
Absolutely don’t let strangers sneak behind you!

If they do, here’s some words that will scare them anew:
Simply shout at the top of your lungs: (Encourage kids to shout ‘HE’S BEHIND YOU!’ as NARRATOR #2 sneaks up behind)

NARRATOR #2: Oof. All that rhyming must be tough – why don’t you let me introduce the rest of the story?

NARRATOR #1 takes a breather, sitting down and picking up a magazine.

NARRATOR #2: Welcome, boys and girls, to the shire of Nottingham, England. We do have one very important rule in these parts:
sometimes, when we need a little quiet, we’ll do this symbol (holds hands above head, NARRATOR #1 does it too). So sometimes we’ll ask you to help us out by SHOUTING! (Encourage audience to shout) and then when we need a little quiet time, we’ll do this! (Do the symbol. Make sure they get it, but be smiley and happy coz you ain’t their teacher you are a LORD OF FUN). Wonderful! Now, who’s heard of Robin Hood before? Well, Robin’s been having some adventures since last time – he’s married to Maid Marian, and he’s really enjoying living peacefully at home in Sherwood Forest!

ROBIN and MARIAN arrive in a tableau of idyllic domesticity. ROBIN’s in an apron.

NARRATOR #2: He’s been trying out his new culinary skills on the Merry Men! Here they come now - there’s Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet and Little John!

THE MERRY MEN enter and greet ROBIN and MARIAN.

NARRATOR #2: And Marian’s friends join in on the good times too! Here’s her old Nurse from her childhood, and Scarlet Whill, and Big Ol’ Jane!

THE MERRY FEMMES enter also.

NARRATOR #1: (gesturing to his magazine) Some people are saying that Robin’s lost his touch since married life- he’s retired, and more interested in keeping his house in order than in running off on adventures. And Marian isn’t happy about it! She married Robin hoping to be part of his adventures, not to end them!

NARRATOR #2: Tabloid nonsense! Well, I guess we’ll never know – the Shire of Nottingham has been peaceful under the rule of King Richard, with no problems that would require our friend Robin to come out of Sherwood, even if he still wanted to.

NARRATOR #1: Ahem. (He hands his magazine to NARRATOR #2)
NARRATOR #2: Oh pish posh – you don’t expect me to believe this? (To audience) This article is going on about that old rumour about King Richard having a secret brother hidden away in the castle! They say he’s GREEN, with HAIRY HANDS! It’s definitely all made up!

Behind them, GRINCHARD creeps onto the scene. Kids will do their thing. NARRATOR #2 is freaked out.

NARRATOR #2: He’s real! It’s him! I’m outta here! #2 flees. NARRATOR #1 picks up his book again and reads to audience.

NARRATOR #1:
Everyone down in Nottingham liked Christmas a lot,
But the ol’ Grinch, locked up in the castle, did not!
The Grinch hated Christmas! The whole Christmas season!
And if you listen closely, you might learn the reason...

NARRATOR #1 exits, leading into Scene 1.

SCENE 1: The Grinchard Administration

King Richard’s Throne Room. There is a large Christmas tree in the centre of the stage, with a great pile of presents sitting beneath it. GRINCHARD enters from offstage, looking green and glum, before chancing to look at the Christmas tree and all the presents under it and brightening considerably. He rushes to the presents and starts inspecting them one by one.

GRINCHARD: Oh boy oh boy, look at all these presents! Here’s one for Richard, and look, another one for Richard, and (more dejectedly) another for Richard. (to the audience) Oh, do you know Richard? King Richard the Lionheart! He’s my brother, and the King of all England! The people all love him, but they don’t know him like I do - he’s a goody two shoes! I mean, there isn’t a single present for me under this Tree! Boo hoo!

He starts fake crying, in a (hopefully vain) attempt to gain the audience’s affection, peeking through his fingers and stuff. He looks at the presents and moves as if to steal one, but before he can the SHERIFF enters in all her pompous glamour. She approaches GRINCHARD.

SHERIFF: Well hullo there, Grinch! Have you been crying? Can I make you a taco? Cheer up, it’s almost Christmas! Look at all these presents!

GRINCHARD: (throwing a tantrum) THEY’RE ALL FOR RICHARD AND THERE’S NONE FOR ME!

SHERIFF: Is that what this is about? Now, come on, Grinch, look here, look, I’m sure your presents are coming- people have probably just been trying to get through the crowd at Myer, or they’ve ordered online!

GRINCHARD: Yeah, right. There’s never any presents for me and you know it.
SHERIFF: Ah, maybe so, but you've got to live with hope, you know? I've faced adversity- I still hear the snickers of the people of Nottingham since I became the first woman Sheriff but you know what I tell them? You can’t spell sheriff without “she”! And then they say you can’t spell it without “he”, either, and then they steal my socks. Leave the shoes. Just take the socks. Don't know why.

Enter KING RICHARD. He is fancy, but a little tired.

RICHARD: Good afternoon Sheriff, Grinch!

He gives Grinch a noogie. (I just googled 'noogie' to make sure that was the word I wanted. Nothing bad happened and this is a bad story)

SHERIFF: How goes the court today, Sire?

RICHARD: Exhausting! I had to deal with two little boys who were both arguing over a juice box. They both said they owned the juice box, and neither would admit they were lying.

SHERIFF: What did you do, Sire?

RICHARD: Well, I simply told them I would cut the juice box in half, and they could have half each.

SHERIFF: And?

RICHARD: So I did. Unfortunately, and entirely unforeseeably, it made quite a mess, and the juice spilled everywhere. So no-one got any juice. I got all wet and sticky, so I sent them both to time out. A lesson, Sheriff: Cutting things in half is not a good solution.

SHERIFF: Wise words, my liege.

RICHARD: Well then, Grinchy! I hope you are enjoying the beautifully decorated Christmas tree?

GRINCHARD: Does this look like someone enjoying the tree? (he makes a series of ugly faces for the amusement of the audience.) Look at all these presents I- OH WAIT THERE AREN'T ANY!

RICHARD: Brother, I know you’re upset. Must I remind you that everything the palace buys must be declared on our public tax return? We can’t have the people seeing that we’ve been buying presents for you, when your whole existence has been a fun little secret that we’ve kept from them all this time.

GRINCHARD: I get it. You’re a very good and noble king, Richard. Ruling comes so naturally to you.

RICHARD: Oh, Grinch, thank you, but you don’t know what it takes! It’s a very taxing business, what with...well, taxing businesses, for a start, not to mention all the responsibilities and the duties and the rules and regulations like always looking glamorous when you go outside, and people doing whatever you say! I'm tired of it! Gosh, I really am tired of it. All I want for Christmas this year is a vacation. Somewhere tropical, away from here.

SHERIFF: But sire, what about your Christmas duties?

RICHARD: Well, you know there’s only one thing I have to do at Christmas, and that’s the Christmas Eve speech! It’s very easy! I do the same one every year, just change a few words around here and there. Why nobody has noticed it, I’ll never know. One year I just said ‘Christmas a happy everyone have!’ No-one batted an eyelid.

GRINCHARD: (aside) This could be my chance! If Richard really goes away for Christmas, maybe he’ll let me secretly rule the Kingdom in his place - and finally, FINALLY I can get some of my own presents under the tree!

GRINCHARD runs over to a wing, extracts NARRATOR #1 and swipes a piece of paper and pen from them, ripping the paper and quickly
screwing on it then stuffing it in his pocket, before shoving NARRATOR #1 back offstage.

GRINCHARD: Heeeeey, brother, guess what I’ve got in my pocket!

RICHARD: A duck?

GRINCHARD: No, a-

RICHARD: A sandwich?

GRINCHARD: No, it’s-

RICHARD: A SECOND DUCK?!

GRINCHARD: (Annoyed) No, stupid! (Calmer) It’s two tickets to Bali! I must have forgotten to give them to you! Better hurry though, the plane leaves in twenty minutes!

RICHARD: Wow, Grinch, that’s so thoughtful - but I couldn’t accept those, it’s too much! And I have a country to run!

GRINCHARD: Of course you can! Consider this my Christmas present to you and Queenie. And don’t worry about the country, I can take your place - I’ll wear a mask of your face, nobody will know!

RICHARD: I knew we’d find a purpose for those masks some day! (to the audience) What do you think, boys and girls? Should I leave Grinch in charge? (GRINCH laughs evilly in the background) Oh, I’m sure he’ll be fine! I trust him! He’s my brother, and if it weren’t for his kind gesture, I’d be stuck in Nottingham doing another repetitive Christmas Eve speech! (to GRINCH) All right then, Grinchy, I’ll take up your offer! I (he removes his crown and places it on Grinch’s head) I hereby temporarily crown you- King...GRINCHard! Haha.

GRINCHARD: Haha! Grinchard! It’s based off our names.

SHERIFF: Very clever, sire. Perhaps best he just goes by King Richard, though, given he is pretending to be you.

RICHARD: Oh, good point.

GRINCHARD: Oh, good point.

RICHARD: DARLING!

Enter Queen QUEENIE.

QUEENIE: My love? What is it?

RICHARD: My dear brother has given us two tickets to Bali, and the plane leaves in fifteen minutes!

QUEENIE: Thank goodness, this will be a much better vacation than that time you took me to Rottnest. Not one quokka would take a selfie with us.

She snaps her fingers and TAX COPS LENNY and CARL run on, slapping straw hats and flowery garlands on the royals, and handing them their suitcases.

QUEENIE: We’re ready!

RICHARD: Let’s go! Thanks Grinch!

GRINCHARD: No, thank YOU!

RICHARD: What?

GRINCHARD: Nothing! Merry Christmas!

ROYALS leave. Before anyone can speak, RICHARD re-enters, grabs all his presents from under the tree, and departs. Airplane sound effect. GRINCH watches them go, grinning with malicious triumph.
GRINCHARD: Now then!

SHERIFF throws a kingly velvet cape over GRINCH, puts a sceptre in his hand, and attaches a King Richard mask to his face. He then puts a mirror in front of GRINCH, who looks at his reflection rather narcissistically.

GRINCHARD: Well well well! Briefly reign King Grinchard!

SHERIFF: Uh-

GRINCHARD: I mean Richard.

SHERIFF: Very good, sire. This is exciting! (playfully, not expecting a legitimate response) O King “Richard”, what is your command?

GRINCHARD: Oh, I've got a plan. I've got a brilliant plan, but there is one person that could stop me. Tell me, Sheriff, what do you know of Robin Hood?

SHERIFF: What don’t I know about him? He’s a mere thief! He steals things, he’s a stealer! But he’s pretty darn good with a bow and for some reason always turns up at archery contests. We can’t explain it, he just does. It’s like he’s a bug that’s attracted to fire.

GRINCHARD: Good. Sheriff, create a new Facebook event: we're going to hold an archery contest.

Dramatic end scene music.

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SCENE 2: Gifter Refuted

A festive marketplace with people shopping and all. Next to the butcher’s is a big banner advertising the annual archery contest. Citizens of Nottingham are mulling, damnit. Shoppers MADISON and JEFFERSON come to the front.

MADISON: I can’t believe it’s already Christmas! It feels like just yesterday we were celebrating Rock Day- that one day of the year when you can throw one rock at whoever you like.

JEFFERSON: It seems to come sooner every year. Global warming, I'm telling you.

ROBIN enters, whistling.

ROBIN: Ah, the Christmas markets. The smell of roasting chestnuts in the air, children’s laughter ringing in my ears, and aggressive merchants in my personal space.

ROBIN is hassled by the merchants as he passes.

STEVE SOCKMAN: Socks here! Surprise your loved ones by socking them in the face this Christmas! (He hits ROBIN with a sock, then holds up a giant sock) One sock fits all!

ROBIN: What could I possibly do with a single sock?

STEVE SOCKMAN: What could you do? What COULDN’T you do?! (to AUDIENCE) Tell him what you can do with a sock!

ROBIN is not interested. Next please.

POPPY PUPPYMAN: Puppies! Get your puppies! All produce is ethically sourced from the finest puppy farms.

ROBIN: Puppy farms?
POPPY PUPPYMAN: Why yes! (holding up a puppy doll) See? This piñata is full of them.

ROBIN: Do you mean poppies?

POPPY PUPPYMAN: Poppies? (he has a realisation) That explains so much... what is your name, good sir?

ROBIN: The name's Hood. Robin Hood.

MADISON (overhearing): Robin Hood? You're the famous archer outlaw! The one who takes from the rich and gives to the poor.

JEFFERSON: I can't believe it's you! Are you going to enter this year's archery competition?

ROBIN: No, my friends, not this year. My time in the spotlight is over. I'm going to spend Christmas with my new wife, Marian, and our many, merry friends. Now, can either of you tell me where I can buy a Christmas ham?

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: Ham for sale! Ham for sale!

MADISON and JEFFERSON return to their shopping.

ROBIN: Ah! Perfect timing, my good butcher. I would like to buy a ham.

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: Well it's a good thing we're meating here. How much ham would you like?

ROBIN: Well, let's see. (Counting on his fingers) There's Marian, the Merry Men and Women, Marian's parents...

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: The Outlaw's in-laws!

ROBIN: Right. I'll just take the largest ham you have.

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: Of course, sir, that will be beef-teen pounds.

ROBIN: Stop doing that.

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: Sorry, sir. Fifteen pounds, sir. Planning on serving this to your friends?

ROBIN fiddles around for coins.

ROBIN: Yes, actually. I've been studying the best recipes for Christmas ham and I'm so excited to make it - it will be the perfect present for them!

TAX COPS LENNY and CARL pop out from their hiding spot nearby, immediately getting in ROBIN'S grill.

LENNY: FREEZE!

CARL: STOP RIGHT THERE!

BRETT BUTCHERMAN: Oh no! It's a hambush!

LENNY: Sir, is this ham definitely for someone other than yourself?

ROBIN: Oh, yes, definitely all for them. I'm vegan! But I respect culinary traditions, you know-

CARL: So you're declaring this as a present?

ROBIN: Well, it's for my wife and friends-

LENNY: Sorry, pal, but we're going to have to take that away from you!
CARL grabs the ham out of Robin’s hands. It is slippery and LENNY and CARL struggle to keep hold of it, throwing it about in the air to each other before they eventually catch it together.

ROBIN: What’s the meaning of this?! I bought that ham fair and square!

CARL (pulling out and reading from a comically long scroll): “BY ORDER OF THE KING: All citizens of Nottingham are now subject to a 100% present tax. All Christmas presents are to be taken by the Tax Cops.” That’s us!

They pose.

CARL: “and given to King Grinchuhhhhh- I mean, King Richard. This includes, but is not limited to: clothing, manchester and sleepware, hardware, software, firmware, Warioware, underwear-”

LENNY: Just skip to the end, Carl.

CARL: Alright Lenny. “-And donuts. Yours royally, King Grinch-nope-Richard.”

ROBIN: I ham extremely upset by this.

BRETT BUTCHERMAN appreciates Robin’s new subscription to Team Meat Pun and goes for a high-five. ROBIN sadly obliges.

LENNY: Paying taxes is your civil duty. Why, without taxes, would the flowers bloom? Would the sun rise? There is literally no way of knowing.

ROBIN: I’ll have you know that I am Hood - Robin Hood! The famous archer, Robin Hood. Leader of the merry men, Robin Hood. Vanquisher of the nasty Prince John, Robin Hood! Why if this had happened a year ago I’d make you sorry about it! As it is, I am retired, so...

LENNY: Robin Hood, you say?
CARL: Robin Hood, you say?

TAX COPS huddle and whisper excitedly. They break; CARL holds the ham while LENNY attaches a banner to the archery contest banner which reads ‘SUDDENLY FEATURING BIG HAM PRIZE’.

CARL: We need to take this ham, but we like you, Robin Hood. I’d really have a think about entering that archery competition, if I were you.

ROBIN (downcast): Thanks, guys, but I’m not in the mood for archery right now.

LENNY: Suit yourself.

TAX COPS leave, ham-in-handedly. From the opposite side of stage, MARIAN, BIG OL’ JANE, NURSIE and SCARLET WHILL enter.

MARIAN: Robin! Where have you been?

NURSIE: We have terrible news! King Richard has decreed a Present Tax!

ROBIN: I have been made aware of it, yes.

BIG OL’ JANE: Something must be happening with King Richard. It’s not like him to do this.

SCARLET WHILL: She’s right - he’s usually so reasonable! Apart from his weird Christmas Eve speeches, that is.

NURSIE: Oh yeah! Like that one time he just said the word ‘snorkel’ three hundred times.

MARIAN: Maybe he’s got Christmas Madness. Regardless, Robin, I want to go and find out what’s happened to him. This is a chance for a new adventure!
BIG OL’ JANE: Come on, Robin - whaddya say? It’ll be just like the days of yore!

ROBIN: I dunno, girls... I’m just not really feeling it these days.

SCARLET WHILL: What do you mean, Robin? You love adventure!

ROBIN: I really wanted a laid back Christmas this year. Baking, crafts, shrimp on the fireplace...

MARIAN: Come on, Robin, it’ll be fun! I promise. (She spots the archery contest sign) Tell you what - if we’re going to the castle anyway; how about we stop by the archery contest? You haven’t taken your bow out for a spin in months!

ROBIN: I don’t know... (He turns to look at the sign, then speaks to himself) Ham? Ham is the first prize of the archery competition? That’s perfect!

MARIAN: What was that, honey?

ROBIN: Yes, honey-baked ham! That’s what I was going to... (He is off in his own little ham world)

MARIAN: (Coming to ROBIN and putting an arm over his shoulder) Robin, you’re starting to scare all the boys and girls - are you okay?

ROBIN: Yes, top notch, absolutely, well done, darling, I’m onboard. Let’s go win that archery contest!

MARIAN: ...and see what’s going on with King Richard!

ROBIN: Sure, yes. MERRY MEN - ASSEMBLE!

The MERRY MEN rush in - LITTLE JOHN, FRIAR TUCK and WILL SCARLET. Also a HORSE.

ROBIN: Men! We’re going to Nottingham Castle to enter the archery contest!

MARIAN: And?

ROBIN: And... we’re going to win!

MARIAN: Boys, if you haven’t already heard, King Richard has instituted a 100% present tax. It’s really out of character for him, so we’re going to investigate!

LITTLE JOHN: A present tax?

MARIAN: Right. If you give anything to anyone, Richard’s Tax Cops will take it and give it to Richard. For example:

MARIAN produces a HUMOROUS OBJECT. She attempts to give it to LITTLE JOHN.

MARIAN: Here, John, a present for you!

Instantly LENNY and CARL appear, take the HUMOROUS OBJECT, and disappear again.

TUCK: How bizarre.

WILL SCARLET: Wait, let me try! (Producing a PEN from his pocket) Here, Scarlet, a present for you!

He holds it out to SCARLET WHILL. LENNY and CARL run back on to steal the pen, then disappear.

WILL SCARLET: (Incredibly excited, producing a second pen) Here, Scarlet, a present for you!

It happens again. LENNY and CARL are a little more tired now. SCARLET WHILL rolls her eyes.
WILL SCARLET: (Gleefully producing a third pen) Here, Scarlet, a present-

He does not make it through this line, as LENNY and CARL appear, steal the pen, and then CARL points in his face and does the “Like an ‘awk” gesture before leaving. WILL deems this an appropriate time to stop. Meanwhile, LITTLE JOHN is secretly psyched.

LITTLE JOHN: So...no matter what we've planned...and we've uh definitely planned...to give to everyone...King Richard is just going to take it?

MARIAN: That's right.

LITTLE JOHN: Ohhhh....nooooo. (° J °)

NURSIE: One of you young folk should ride ahead and get a costume to blend in with King Richard’s staff. Any volunteers?

BIG OL’ JANE: Me! Me! I can dress up as... Elvis! (She dances. Badly.) Or... I have a costume of a goldfish! (She goldfishes. Badly.)

TUCK: I think she means a costume of a member of the court, Jane.

WILL SCARLET: Fear not, my lady of Sherwood Forest - I will take the horse and go in disguise to Richard's court.

SCARLET WHILL: Fear not, my lady of Sherwood Forest - I will take the horse and go in disguise to Richard's court.

They look at each other awkwardly.

WILL SCARLET: No, I will!

SCARLET WHILL: No, I will!

ROBIN: Well, only one of you can go - we only have the one horse. Which, in retrospect, now seems like a poor piece of planning.

WILL SCARLET: I will take the horse!

SCARLET WHILL: I will take the horse!

THE ONE HORSE: (flirtily) Please don’t fight over little ol’ me.

NURSIE: Alright what about- whoever can do the best, I don’t know, dance - they get to take the horse. And all the audience will be the judge!

WILL SCARLET: I knew those tap dancing lessons would pay off. You're going down, Scarlet!

Will Scarlet tap dances. He's not that bad.

WILL SCARLET: Your move.

SCARLET WHILL: I haven’t taken dance lessons - but I’ve been watching Sir Drake!

SCARLET WHILL Hotline Blings. It is awful.

MARIAN (to audience): What is the judges’ verdict? Shout if you think Scarlet Whill was the best dancer! Now shout if you think Will Scarlet was the best dancer! (Regardless of who wins in the audience Will is declared the winner.) And your winner is... Will Scarlet!

WILL SCARLET (to SCARLET): You just got TAPPED. TAPPED HARD!

MARIAN: That’s settled, then. Will, you go on ahead.

SCARLET WHILL: Wait, Whill I or Will he?

WILL SCARLET: I will.

SCARLET WHILL: Will you?

WILL SCARLET: Yes, I, Will.
SCENE 2

MARIAN: WILL SCARLET GO!

SCARLET WHILL: Yes I will! If you're telling me to!

_They can continue the 'Who's on first' routine for a bit. Eventually MARIAN forces THE ONE HORSE upon WILL SCARLET and he departs while SCARLET WHILL mopes. NURSIE comforts her._

MARIAN: The rest of us will head to Richard’s castle to investigate and take down some bad guys!

ROBIN: And let’s not forget that sweet ham!

MARIAN: What did you say, darling?

ROBIN: Oh, I said ‘Let’s not forget the Easy Off Bam!’ Wouldn’t want dirty mould stains on benches! (To self) Saved it...

_The MERRY SQUAD exit, scene ends._

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SCENE 3

**Part A: The Ten Bridge Fighting Commandments**

Enter stage left NURSIE, SCARLET WHILL, BIG OL’ JANE, FRIAR TUCK, LITTLE JOHN, MARIAN, ROBIN. TUCK is excitedly leading the group as an impromptu nature guide, ROBIN is miming practicing his archery technique, MARIAN is fighting imaginary foes with her sword. There are some bushes perhaps, at least one flower and a bridge.

TUCK: ...The acorns from the white oak can start to take root as soon as they hit the ground. And if you look to your right, you’ll see a little flower called Aconitum Lycoctonum, more commonly known as Wolfsbane...

SCARLET WHILL: Ol’ Jane?

BIG OL’ JANE: Whattya want?

TUCK: No, not Ol’ Jane, Wolfs-bane. The flowers are exceptionally beautiful...

SCARLET WHILL bends down to pick one up.

TUCK: ...but also exceptionally poisonous.

SCARLET falls backward trying to get away from the flowers, right on her butt. LITTLE JOHN thinks this is hilarious. As she falls she rolls into a distracted ROBIN who is still “practicing”.

ROBIN: Whoa there good lady! Rolling around I see... and what a grand place for it! (He makes to join WHILL on the floor but is pulled up again by MARIAN and NURSIE).

JANE: You should watch where you’re stepping Robin. There’s a lotta poison around this forest.
MARIAN: She’s right, Robin. We wouldn’t want you to injure yourself before we’ve even arrived at the palace—there’ll probably be fighting to do! And that’s after the archery tournament...

ROBIN: *(In an explosion of grandiose gesticulation)* The Archery Tournament! I’d almost forgotten!

FRIAR TUCK: Forgotten? You haven’t stopped shooting fake arrows at fake birds since we got into the forest. You pretended to shoot that fake Erithacus rubecula just then!

ROBIN: *(shooting more fake arrows)* Yes! I’ll show my elite skills and perfected technique and win that magnificent prize that is rightfully mine! *(In his own world)* I’ll cook it up with a sweet honey glaze and the perfect side salad... *(He now begins to mime cooking)*

NURSIE: *(to Marian)* What if he doesn’t win? I feel like I haven’t seen Robin pick up a real bow in years...

LITTLE JOHN: He will win, for sure! Look at his technique! *(ROBIN is miming eating with a knife and fork, JOHN is less confident now)* I’m sure he’ll be fine.

MARIAN: Look, the archery contest is irrelevant—we’re only going by the contest so he’d come with us to investigate King Richard. We’ll cross the archery bridge when we come to it, but for now we’ve come to this bridge and we need to cross. *(Noticing the FIGHTY GUARDIANS and grinning with anticipation)* And I’ve got a feeling it won’t be easy!

They approach the bridge, where stand two FIGHTY GUARDIANS.

FG GLENN: And then I was like “That’s not a muscle - THIS is a muscle!”

The GUARDIANS notice the gang and quickly stand up to menace them. They are very imposing.

FG FRIEDA: Oi! What’s all this then wanderin’ aroun’ the forest?
there is lots of humorous fighting, ending with the MERRY CREW except ROBIN and MARIAN down and out. MARIAN, fighting both guards at once, seemingly can’t hold them both off, and calls for ROBIN.

MARIAN: Robin! I can’t keep them at bay on my own! I need you!

ROBIN’s reluctance to fight is overpowered by his instinct to protect. He throws himself into the fray and “saves” MARIAN. They begin a cool choreographed fight, working well as a team, and defeat both foes (MARIAN defeats her foe first, then watches as ROBIN dramatically beats his).

ROBIN: Aha! It looks like once again I have bested our villainous opponents. Me! Robin Hood! Who is me! (He plays up to the crowd, and then wakes up to himself, alarmed by the emergence of his pre-retirement self)

MARIAN: Is everyone alright?

LITTLE JOHN, SCARLET WHILL and BIG OL’ JANE spring to their feet.

BIG OL’ JANE: Excellent!

LITTLE JOHN: Never better! (He cracks his neck violently)

SCARLET WHILL: I could do it again! (Pauses) ...please don’t make me do it again.

ROBIN: Nursie? Friar?

NURSIE and TUCK groan simultaneously, remaining down.

SCARLET WHILL: Maybe it’d be best if you two headed off home?

NURSIE: (Sitting up alertly) Oh, thank goodness for that.

FRIAR: (Also suddenly chipper) Good luck with King Richard!

NURSIE: I’ll get a stew on for when you get back.

NURSIE and TUCK rise, then help each other off stage back in the direction they originally came.

ROBIN: (calling) Remember to season!

LITTLE JOHN: Well, what now?

MARIAN: Now we continue on to the pa-

ROBIN: (Bursting forth in all his glory) ARCHERY TOURNAMENT!

ROBIN does one more acrobatic fake arrow shot and skips across the bridge and off stage. Parkour! The others follow. Lights go down and set is cleared to make way for a hedge or some other divider to split the stage.

Part B: Just Steal From The Rich, That Would Be Enough

The stage is split. On one side there are SAD POOR URCHINS, and on the other are POMPOUS RICH FOLK. The SPU are lamenting their lack of basic food and water, while the PRF are pretty much rubbing salty ham and money all over themselves ala Scrooge McDuck, laughing at how rich and pompous they are. ROBIN, MARIAN, SCARLET WHILL, BIG OL’ JANE and LITTLE JOHN enter from the same side they exited and are struck by the scene. MARIAN spies an opportunity.

MARIAN: (To audience) Oh, perfect! I think there’s an opportunity for Robin here... (to the squad) Wait here, everyone... I need to talk to you all about... something... amazing.

ROBIN: A maze! Bah! I have no time for a tricky puzzle, Marian.

ROBIN turns on his heels and struts toward SPU and PRF, then considers them with a loud...
ROBIN: Hmmm. This seems a little odd. As if something may be wrong. A problem? That needs solving?

SPU OLIVER: We have nothing to eat! Not even bread!

SPU ANNIE: And not even a drop of water.

PRF GATSBY: Oh, we have so much food it’s glorious!

PRF RICHIE: I’m going to start throwing it on the ground for fun!

GATSBY: Hey Richie! Watch me drink all this wine at once!

RICHIE: Go! Go! Go! Go!

ROBIN: HHMMMMMM.

OLIVER: Oh, we are so very poor!

GATSBY: Aha, we are so very rich!

ROBIN: HMMMMMMMM.

RICHIE: It almost feels like stealing to be so rich!

ANNIE: What I wouldn’t give to not be poor...

ROBIN: (To audience) What should I do?

If audience doesn’t tell him to steal, MARIAN initiates it.

ROBIN: Steal? Are you sure?

Presumably yelling. Again, MARIAN, save the day please.

ROBIN: You’re right! I could steal from the rich to give to the poor! Aha! Good idea!

ROBIN makes his move to steal from the rich... perhaps sneaking up super sneaky like and then “look over there”ing the PRFs. As ROBIN and the gang hand over the Christmas bounty TAX COPS LENNY and CARL enter and the gifts are hastily hidden.

CARL: Say, you remember what that Robin Hood fella looks like, right?

LENNY: Of course, I’ve got me eyes and I’ve got me brain, so, of course.

CARL: Good, ’cause next time we see ‘im is gonna be at the archery tournament, and King Richard wants to nab ‘im THEN, when ‘e’s got all ‘is guards ‘n us ‘n such around. ’N we’re kinda the experts, ’cause we got the info about ‘im in the market ‘n such.

LENNY: Too right, too right. Well, uhhh, I remember ‘e’s got...feet, n hair.

CARL: ‘n hairy feet.

LENNY: Aaaaand...’e ‘as...three eyes, that’s how he shoots so well!

CARL: Three eyes! Yer talkin’ nonsense,... ‘e’s got three arms to pull back the bowstring.

LENNY: You’re a daft one, Carl. Maybe if you had three arms you could catch Robin Hood.

CARL: Whatever he looks like, arms, feet, the whole lot... I’ll know ‘im when I see ‘im again. (To ROBIN) Oi you!

ROBIN makes his move to steal from the rich... perhaps sneaking up super sneaky like and then “look over there”ing the PRFs. As ROBIN and the gang hand over the Christmas bounty TAX COPS LENNY and CARL enter and the gifts are hastily hidden.

ROBIN ducks behind MARIAN and uses a fake voice

ROBIN: Who, me?

CARL: Yeah, you...

He walks past MARIAN and right up to ROBIN
CARL: How many days til Christmas?

ROBIN: Uhhhh... (insert correct amount of days here: 7 for Friday, 6 for Saturday, 5 for Sunday)

CARL: You’d better not be pulling that hood over my eyes! (He pulls on ROBIN’s hood, then laughs, suddenly cheery) Thank you sir - wouldn’t want to forget to do Christmas shopping for my colleague ‘ere!

CARL and LENNY begin to saunter off stage.

LENNY: You better not forget me’ present like last year.

CARL: You know what I just realised, Lenny?

LENNY: Wassat, Carl?

CARL: Anything I’d getcha, I’d have to confiscate off meself and give it to the King, wouldn’t I?

LENNY: ...Awright, well, I guess you’re off the hook this year.

They exit.

BIG OL’ JANE: That was close!

LITTLE JOHN: Sounds like King Richard isn’t just after presents, he’s after Robin. Maybe we should give up on this here quest...

ROBIN: But my ham!

MARIAN: No! We don’t give up! If they’re after Robin, then, um...

BIG OL’ JANE: We need something to help us blend in, so the Tax Cops and King Richard won’t know it’s us. We need disguises. I’ll go get my goldfish costume!

ALL: NO!

ROBIN: How could we possibly disguise ourselves? I’m very handsome, and very recognisable. Feel free to take photos, boys and girls. (He poses)

ANNIE: We can help you, mister!

OLIVER: Here sir! Take my hat!

ANNIE: And my scarf!

OLIVER: And my moustache!

OLIVER rips the moustache from his face. Ouch. ROBIN grabs the moustache without a second thought and sticks it on his own face. The others disguise themselves with various items held by the URCHINS (who, for poor people, have a surprisingly large amount of superfluous clothing).

ROBIN: Excellent! Now they’ll never know it’s us. We’re disguised perfectly and this is a flawless plan! No one in this room has a clue who I am! (The audience will recognise erryone so ROBIN should engage in banter with them.) And now it’s time for us to go to...

ALL EXCEPT ROBIN: THE ARCHERY CONTEST!

Lights down, scene end.
SCENE 4: I Am Not Throwing Away My Shot (At That Ham)

Scene begins with an archery field being set up. Signs and targets are being carried by Whoever Is Free To Background Act In This Scene. GUARDS GARY and GREG enter, one carrying some overly large, easily droppable object.

GARY: Easy now, easy, careful.

GREG: I am being careful, you dolt.

GARY: I'm just trying to help! And don't call me a dolt! You nincompoop!

GARY: (Gasps) What did you just call me?

The two Guards begin to argue back and forth in a similar matter, calling each other more and more obscure and strange insults. Meanwhile, WILL SCARLET enters, THE ONE HORSE in tow and wearing some kind of superfluous and poorly thought out disguise. He attempts to look sneaky while also looking inconspicuous.

WILL SCARLET: Phew! Finally, I made it inside. Thank goodness there was no-one guarding the entrance! I don’t know what this Taco Tuesday business is, but it really saved my bacon.

WILL begins to scope out the area and, while looking around, accidentally stumbles into GUARDS arguing. They drop the easily droppable object. It goes everywhere.

GARY: Oooohhh jeez, oooohhh man.

GREG: Aaahh man, we've really done it now.

WILL SCARLET: What? What’s the matter?

GARY: That was the Sheriff's prized *thing*.

GREG: Her prized thing!

WILL SCARLET: Her prized thing?

GARY: Her prized thing!!!

GREG: Her prized thing!!!

GARY: And on TACO TUESDAY no less!

GREG: TACO TUESDAY!

GARY: Her favourite day of the year!

WILL SCARLET: TACO TUESDAY?

GREG: TACO TUESDAY!!!

GARY: TACO TUESDAY!!!

WILL SCARLET: Right...Well it sure seems like you’re in a bit of trouble - say, I think I can help you out. I’ll take the blame if one of you switch clothes with me.

GARY looks hesitant while GREG enthusiastically discards his Guard Accoutrements (including name tag) and grabby-handses for WILL’s. They switch.

GREG: Seeya later!

GREG grabs the HORSE and flees into the forest.

WILL SCARLET: Argh! That was my one horse...

GARY: What? You don’t have a horse, Greg!

WILL SCARLET: Oh...yes...Right you are, uh *(checks GARY’s nametag)* Gary. So, what pray tell is TACO TUESDAY?
GARY: Greg you joker! You know about TACO TUESDAY! Oh man, you better hope the Sheriff didn’t hear you say that.

SHERIFF: Hear you say what, exactly?

It is at this point that the SHERIFF is revealed to be standing right behind them. WILL hastily adjusts his disguise. The SHERIFF steps between them and surveys the mess on the floor, a troubled look on her face.

SHERIFF: What happened here?

GARY: (Whispering to WILL) Didn’t that guy say he’d take the blame?? Where’d he go???

SHERIFF (To the audience): Did you guys see what happened here?

Some interaction will occur. There’s some room for improv here between the SHERIFF, GARY & WILL and the audience. Eventually, WILL is labeled the culprit, either being blamed or confessing. The SHERIFF gives WILL the stare-down, like, the super-evils. It’s bone-chilling. For reals. Everyone thinks something TERRIBLE is going to happen. Tension.

SHERIFF: Oh, I’m sure it was an honest mistake! Besides, how can I be mad on TACO TUESDAY? Now come on, let’s get this archery contest set up! You! (Pointing at GARY) Bring that ham out and put it over there, I want everyone to see it when they come in!

GARY places the ham. The SHERIFF goes about overseeing the set-up more. WILL shuffles off to the side.

WILL SCARLET: Phew! That was a close one. Now, now to... Uuuuhhhh, uuummmm. What was I here to do again?

Hopefully the audience is helpful. Or maybe they aren’t. Who knows? Eventually WILL re-establishes his initial intent to spy.

WILL SCARLET: Now, all I need to do is wait for King Richard to show up.

GRINCHARD: (Singing to the tune of Prince Ali) Make way! For King Grinch-ness-Richard!

GRINCHARD barges into the scene, being loud and obnoxious. Maybe he kicks a nearby guard over, eats some of the food, takes someone’s hat – you know, someone not nice. The hat’s nice, though. It looks nice.

SHERIFF: Aahh! King Richard! Such a pleasure to see you. Come to check on the preparations for the contest?

GRINCHARD: Preparation for the what-now? Oh right! The trap to catch Robin Hood!

WILL: (In horror) TRAP TO CATCH ROBIN HOOD??

Everyone turns to look at WILL – who quickly covers his face and looks busy doing something important.

SHERIFF: Yes, yes, the trap. Quite an ingenious ploy of yours I might say. If overused...

GRINCHARD: Oh course it is! Everyone knows that pompous Hoody-two-shoes can’t resist an archery contest, especially with a prize specifically tailored to his deepest desire! And when he comes here and wins – that’s when we nab him! And then nobody will stand between me and my presents!

GRINCHARD begins to laugh, a bit too super-villainishly. SHERIFF, GARY and WILL join in a little bit then stop ’cause it gets weird.

WILL SCARLET: (aside) Oh no! Something’s definitely up with King Richard, but this entire contest is all a ruse! I have to go warn Robin and the others before they-
GRINCHARD: You there, strange looking person! Come with me, I need someone to fit me for my ceremonial undergarments!

WILL SCARLET: But, but I-

GRINCHARD: It’s a real tricky job you see, I can never quite get the colours looking right. And you know the real problem with…

GRINCHARD puts an arm around SHERIFF and starts walking off-stage. As they walk off stage, ROBIN, MARIAN, LITTLE JOHN, BIG OL’ JANE and SCARLET WHILL arrive from the other side of the stage, and the PARTY MC comes out, hopefully with some accompanying party music and party light show.

PARTY MC: What’s up party people! Can I get a yeah????

Audience will hopefully yeah. This can go on for a bit, “Can I get a hey?” “Can I got a ho?” “Lemme hear ya say woooohh!!” “Who’s excited about TACO TUESDAY?” etc.

PARTY MC: Alright now, we’re about to kick this archery contest up into 12th gear – so let’s hear it for our contestants!

The MC will then introduce each of the contestants in turn, giving their name and a small tagline for each and then asking for a response from the audience while the contestant does a little dance or parade or something before shooting their arrow. The music is still going in the background.

PARTY MC: First up, hot from her latest film shoot – the girl on fire, Katniss Everdeen!

KATNISS comes in, she is on fire. Literally. It has to be real. She attempts to shoot an arrow but is distracted from being on fire. She does the “Thank you for your consideration” bow anyway.

PARTY MC: Woah now, looks like things are heating up in here! Haha, alright next up, coming all the way from the fields of Scotland, that great mate who could change her fate – Merida!

MERIDA enters, pursued by a bear.

MERIDA: I am Merida, and I’ll be shooting for my own hand!

PARTY MC: Oops! Think you misunderstood something there lass, the prize is a ham, not a hand.

MERIDA: Well, yeh’ve gone and changed my fate. Even so-

Fires an arrow – it does alright.

PARTY MC: Hey alright, not bad, not bad at all! But who’s this coming now? Son of Thranduil and Prince of the Woodland Realm; with a keen eye and a keener sense of fashion – it’s Legolas!

LEGOLAS enters, looking suave af. He fires an arrow, it hits almost centre. He looks smug af.

PARTY MC: Wow, with a stunning shot, Legolas takes the lead! It’ll take an amazing shot to top that one off, but I think I know just the man to do it! Undoubtedly the best Avenger there is, the one, the only, Hawkeye!

HAWKEYE backflips down from the rafters, shooting an arrow at the same time. It goes perfectly in the center. Everyone cheers.

PARTY MC: Haha okay let’s keep this party going with - Uh oh (the music changes to something sinister), looks like we’ve got trouble approaching – the two bad dudes with even badder attitudes, the outlaw bandits – Bow-nie Parker and Clyde B-arrow!

BOW-NIE and CLYDE come out, the other characters booing them and encouraging the audience to do the same. As BOW-NIE goes to shoot,
CLYDE runs up to the target and kicks all the existing arrows off it. BOW-NIE shoots, misses, and CLYDE sticks it right in the center anyway. They then hype up the crowd, classic wrestler style.

PARTY MC: Ooohhh noo! Looks like the terrible two-some have done it again! Is there anyone who can save this archery contest?

The lights go down, heroic music starts to play. Spotlight appears, on no-one. Music stops. Awkward pause. MARIAN then shoves ROBIN into spotlight, before handing him a bow.

MARIAN: Go on, show them what you got!

ROBIN looks around nervously, before fumbling with the bow a bit. It takes him a bit, but he manages to draw and loose an arrow. It is going horrendously off target – but somehow manages to curve/ricochet all around the stage to land directly in the center, hopefully splitting the previous arrow in half (budget permitting). Crowd goes wild. PARTY MC hands ROBIN his ham.

PARTY MC: Your prize, mysterious champion!

ROBIN begins tearing up with joy, cuddling his ham.

PARTY MC: Aww. Okay this is getting undignified, somebody help this fellow.

KATNISS, extinguished of flames, runs forward.

KATNISS: I VOLUNTEER!

KATNISS's helping actually entails removing ROBIN's items of disguise. HE IS EXPOSED. Suddenly, GRINCHARD appears in his fresh new undergarments! WILL SCARLET is right behind him, looking traumatised and eager to tell the squad his Important Discovery.

GRINCHARD: HA HA! Found you! my dear Robin. You've fallen right into my trap – just as I planned! Guards, take him away. Him and his merry people!

They all get fuckin’ handcuffed and dragged off to PRISON. FOR LIFE.

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE
SCENE 5: The Cell Where It Happens

Lights up on a Prison. ROBIN, MARIAN, SCARLET WHILL, LITTLE JOHN, BIG OL’ JANE are spread around one cell. ROBIN is looking dejected, MARIAN is punching, kicking and otherwise bodily assaulting the prison walls, while the other Merry Peeps frantically plan escape.

SCARLET WHILL: Alright guys, we’ve gotta bust out of here - what have we got to work with?

LITTLE JOHN: All we’ve got is this piece of string, half a brick, and this key that I managed to swipe off the guard!

BIG OL’ JANE: I see. Well this requires some serious thought. None of them seem very useful. A string, half a brick, and an old key...

Everyone thinks about this seriously, there is much scratching of heads and stroking of facial hair. The audience will probably yell about the key. Prepare for this. Something like “Yes you’re right! We need to find the KEY to UNLOCK this PROBLEM”

BIG OL’ JANE: I’ve got it! The answer is staring us right in the face! We take the half a brick, and offer to trade it to a passing salesman for a chisel, which we then trade to the kitchen staff for a couple of tin cans, which we use with the STRING to make a tin can phone and call Friar Tuck and Nursie to bail us out!

SCARLET WHILL: Well I have an idea that doesn’t require any of these items, but ought to secure our freedom with haste! Now let me find something to write on. (Seeing something off stage) Ah! Yes! This will do!

SCARLET brings on a whiteboard, on which is written a map of the cell and how to leave it, along with the location of several essential escape components hidden around the cell.

SCARLET WHILL: Ah yes, this will do nicely! Oh, but it’s got all this writing on it already. It’s a list of all the secret entrances and exits from this cell, and the routine of the guards, and the passwords for the guard at the gate! (She looks intently at it.) Well how inconsiderate! There’s no room for me to write here! Let’s just wipe this away.

She does so, and looks very satisfied at his handiwork, much to the chagrin of her cellmates.

SCARLET WHILL: (writing a series of nonsensical statements and strange diagrams as she speaks) Now my plan, in its most basic essence, to be perfectly frank, is to, and stop me if I’m going too fast, ask the guards if they’d let us out. But we’d need to be really, really polite about it.

LITTLE JOHN: I’m not sure I can be polite, Scarlet, especially not to a guard.

BIG OL’ JANE: And I still think my string-trade idea would work.

LITTLE JOHN: Oh my gosh! The answer is right here in front of us! Using this key... We tunnel our way out!

BIG OL’ JANE and SCARLET WHILL applaud, impressed. LITTLE JOHN begins tunnelling. Then quickly stops.

LITTLE JOHN: I seem to have broken the key.

MARIAN yelps as her wall-attacking causes her injury.

BIG OL’ JANE: Marian! What are you doing?

MARIAN: I’m getting us out of here! (wailing) I just want to be a hero for once! This quest was my big chance!

ROBIN: (dispassionately, as if by rote) Heroes don’t solve every problem with violence. Sometimes, they must be clever, and use their minds rather than their muscles.
SCARLET WHILL: Yeah, that’s right! You should use thinking, like we’ve been!

ROBIN: Oh, what’s the point? Look chaps, we’ve really given it all we’ve got, but let’s face facts. Whatever’s up with King Richard, he’s won. Nobody’s getting ham for Christmas. Or, you know, anything else.

MARIAN: Oh, Robin. I know you really wanted that ham. It must have been awful to have it for a moment of pure joy and then get it taken away from you again.

ROBIN: You know, even when I won the ham, I wasn’t as fulfilled as I thought I’d be... there was something missing. (The bleedingly obvious dawns) Maybe... maybe the ham’s not all I really wanted anymore! I mean don’t get me wrong, I really want that ham, but... if everyone else in Nottingham is having their presents stolen too, then that’s not fair! And you guys were all so committed to stopping the King! Well, I want to help! I’m Robin Hood, and I am BACK, baby!

ROBIN poses for the crowd. Make them cheer and all that.

MARIAN: (A little downheartedly) Well, that’s good to hear, honey. I know you’ll be able to stop King Richard somehow.

ROBIN: What are you talking about, my love?

MARIAN: Well, if the old Robin is back, then I don’t think I’ll be of too much help. When I met you I wanted nothing more than to team up and fight injustice and I thought this was finally the adventure to do it. But you’re the perfect well-rounded hero and I’m doing it all wrong and getting us nowhere.

ROBIN: Marian, listen. Back in the forest, when you were fighting the bridge guardians, you didn’t really need my help, but you got me to remember how much I do love to be on adventures! And when you left me to rediscover stealing from the rich and giving to the poor back in the forest, you did it on purpose so I’d remember my true self! Those were your ideas, and if you hadn’t thought of them, I’d still be moping about a ham, for ham’s sake! Your brains and cleverness are a big part of what makes us a great team!

MARIAN: Oh, Robin - you’re right, you’re perfect, thankyou! (Alternatively, she says some other romantic garbage. I don’t really know how married people talk. -Adam)

THEY EMBRACE IT’S TOTALLY GROSS. SCARLET WHILL coughs, reminding them of their situation.

SCARLET WHILL: Hate to ruin the love-in, guys, but could we maybe save that for the last scene?

ROBIN and MARIAN separate, straightening themselves out and fidgeting a bit.

ROBIN: Yes, sorry, of course. Now, I might have been retired, but there are still wrongs to be righted, and it’s our job to right them! The people of Nottingham need us! What are we waiting for?

ROBIN grabs his hat off a nearby post as he goes to leave. It reveals what was previously hidden underneath: A big red button with the word ‘ESCAPE’ written above. Not noticing, ROBIN triumphantly marches toward the door and smacks into it.

ROBIN: Oh, right, locked in a prison.

SCARLET WHILL: (Noticing the ESCAPE button) What’s that!?

MARIAN: It says escape!

LITTLE JOHN: Well then, let’s press it!

ROBIN grabs LITTLE JOHN.

ROBIN: Wait, John! That’s just what they expect us to do.
Everyone looks around shiftily. ‘They’ aren’t gonna catch them this time around.

BIG OL’ JANE: All right then Robin, what won’t they expect from us?

ROBIN: Simple - a human pyramid!

Everybody agrees enthusiastically, then tries to form one. Maybe they succeed or fail. Literally any way this goes, it will work on stage. Roll with it. Just as they reach the climax of this latest thrilling action, WILL SCARLET opens the door.

WILL SCARLET: Robin! Guys!

MARIAN: Robin! It’s a guard!

ROBIN: Blast! I guess they did expect this.

WILL SCARLET: No, it’s me! Will Scarlet!

LITTLE JOHN: Will! Thank goodness! We need a sixth person so our escape pyramid can have a point!

SCARLET WHILL: No, John! The pyramid’s not necessary anymore - we’re freed! (She catches herself being too enthusiastic about Will’s success) ...which is, you know, fine, I guess.

Pyramid falls apart at this point, if it hasn’t already, ROBIN goes up to embrace WILL SCARLET.

ROBIN: However did you open the door? We’ve been trying to escape all afternoon!

WILL SCARLET: Well, it wasn’t locked. Gary, the guard who was supposed to lock it, couldn’t because someone swiped his keys.

MARIAN: Excellent! Now we just need to find King Richard and take him down! (She pauses) ...cleverly!

ROBIN: Oh, what a struggle! What a morally ambiguous battle awaits! My loyal King whom I have fought for, now my greatest enemy! Oh what I wouldn’t give...

WILL SCARLET: Oh, right. Guys, I have some CRAZY new information from all the spying I managed to do! King Richard is actually NOT King Richard, he’s Richard’s brother, THE GRINCH!

BIG OL’ JANE: Wait - that long-rumoured secret green furry brother of his? I thought he was a myth!

WILL SCARLET: Well, he’s REAL, and he’s taken over for King Richard, who I think is on vacation or MAYBE kidnapped.

SCARLET WHILL: Wow, that’s actually very impressive spy work, Will. How did you find that out?

WILL SCARLET: (Trying to sound impressive) I changed his undies.

Everyone “eeuuyyyyyyyyyy”s.

ROBIN: … So he’s not King Richard.

WILL SCARLET: That’s right.

ROBIN: He’s just assumed Richard’s identity and is stealing presents because he can with no legal justification.

WILL SCARLET: Yep.

ROBIN: I see. Well then. LET’S GET EM, BOYS!

All exit, scene ends.
Scene 6: Who Lives, Who Dies, Who Opens All Your Presents

The Nottingham Plaza. All the town’s presents are sitting under the Royal Tree, and the town has been ordered to attend. They all look miserable. **GRINCHARD** is in the center, flanked by the **SHERIFF. NURSIE, TUCK, the NARRATORS and OTHER TOWNSFOLK** populate the plaza, they are generally unhappy. The NARRATORS are front and center.

Narrator #1:
It’s one day till Christmas! It’s now Christmas Eve!
It’s a time for young boys and young girls to believe!
But all the good news ends with that, I’m afraid –
Coz’ the king picked a game and us townsfolk got played!

Narrator #2:
All our presents! They’re gone! They’re all under his tree!
He took everyone’s presents, even stole one from me!
And so now, with an awful and terrible screech
Our mean king launches into his Christmas Eve speech...

**GRINCHARD:**
Cease your rhymes! Stop them now! They are far too absurd!
I hate them, I hate them, I can’t stand a word!

**SHERIFF:**
But my liege, I must say, despite my bad timing:
All your words, oh my King, ev’ry one of them’s rhyming!

The NARRATORS slink away.

**GRINCHARD:**
Oh my gosh! I can’t stop! Will it end if I clap?
If I jump? If I sing? It might end if you-

**SLAP. The SHERIFF hits GRINCHARD across the face, knocking him out of his rhyming trap.**

**GRINCHARD:** Thankyou, Sheriff.

**SHERIFF:** No problem.

**GRINCHARD:** Ahem. (Formally, to the audience/crowd) Greetings, fellow Nottinggreeneggsandhamfolk! It is I, your beloved ruler, King Grinchaaaaaahmeanrichard. Kiisiing Richard, that’s me. I have gathered you here on this happy Christmas Eve to thank you all for your kind, kind gifts. To me. AND NOW I’M GONNA OPEN THEM ALL AND YOU HAVE TO WATCH.

At this point, the MERRY SQUAD have snuck on and are mingling with the crowd.

**ROBIN:** (doing a voice) Boy, King Richard sure is being really mean taking all our presents!

**WILL SCARLET:** (also doing a voice) Since King Richard is being so mean, maybe we should replace him with his brother, the Grinch! I hear he’s much nicer!

**GRINCHARD:** How DARE you, I... oh... wait, what?

**MARIAN:** (catching on) Uh, oh, yeah, yeah, the Grinch is WAY more handsome, and fun to be around!

**SCARLET WHILL:** AND he dresses really sharp, and his hairstyles are a cut above the rest, and I heard one time he ate entire packet of Tim Tams by himself in one sitting and if that’s not impressive I don’t know what is.

**GRINCHARD:** Well if you all like the Grinch so much, boy do I have a surprise for you! You see, I am actually... THE GRINCH!

He takes off his Richard Mask. The townspeople scream and scatter.
JEFFERSON: Help! Someone has eaten King Richard and stolen his identity!

MADISON: And he’s going to eat us next! Aaaaah!

*Only the MERRY SQUAD is left, including NURSIE and TUCK, as well as TAX COPS LENNY & CARL and the SHERIFF.*

GRINCHARD: Wait, no, I mean, uhh, I’m just kidding actually, I’m just... aaaaand you’re all gone, great.

ROBIN: Ha HA! You can’t pull the wool over the eyes of ol’ Robin Hood, no sir!

GRINCHARD: ROBIN HOOD?! I thought I’d put you in jail already. UGH, you ruin EVERYTHING. Sheriff! Seize them!

SHERIFF: Right you are, sire! Guards! Seize them!

GUARDS GARY and GREG enter to seize them. Squad goes to draw their weapons, only to realise they don’t have them since they got confiscated in prison. They’re tied up. Booooo.

GRINCHARD: Well, I guess everyone knows who I really am now, but who cares? It’s TOO LATE. I’ve already got all your presents, so take THAT! I’m gonna open every last one of them and you can’t stop me!

*He begins opening presents, ripping wrapping paper with great fervor. Inside is a bunch of amusing things, possibly including a rubber duck, a Bionicle, a violin, and a framed photo of a suitably famous but no longer relevant celebrity. GRINCHARD is delighted in opening all of these gifts, and finds some for SQUAD.*

GRINCHARD: Oh look! These ones appear to be for you lot! Well thanks very much, I wonder what you got me! HAHAHAHA oh me.

GRINCHARD: “Friar. Since you keep breaking your habits, here’s a new one. Love Nursie.” Well that’s... that’s very nice. If anyone has a monk-themed costume party, then... I’ll be ready.

*This continues. Presents are getting more and more specific.*

GRINCHARD: Ugh, these are all BORING. What about this one?

*He opens another present. It’s a pair of taco socks. Awesome!*

GRINCHARD: SOCKS with TACOS on them?! Why, these are just perfect! The perfect gift! Sheriff!

SHERIFF: (looking longingly at socks) Yes, sire?

GRINCHARD: You’re lacking socks, correct?

SHERIFF: Indeed, what with the stealing of them.

GRINCHARD: Well, look at these socks! Aren’t they astounding?!

SHERIFF: Yes, sire. Truly, a modern work of art. Anyone would consider it an honor for these to cover their feet!

GRINCHARD: Well, go on then! Try them on!

SHERIFF: ... Sire?

GRINCHARD: You love tacos! And you need socks! These make the perfect gift, for you!

*SHERIFF is touched, sire.*
SHERIFF: I am touched, sire.

_She starts to try on the socks. MARIAN looks pensive, then gasps softly._

ROBIN: What is it?

MARIAN: (hesitantly) I...think... (she whispers to ROBIN)

ROBIN: Genius! My wife's a genius! Yes, Marian, tell him!

_MARIAN clears her throat._

MARIAN: Wait a moment! I'm sorry, Sheriff, but as there is a 100% present tax in place, you're going to have to give those socks back to the Grinch!

SHERIFF looks sad, and returns the socks. GRINCHARD gives them back to her. SHERIFF looks happy for a moment, then MARIAN clears her throat, and SHERIFF gives the socks back. Repeat ad nauseam.

GRINCHARD: Oh but this just isn’t FAIR! I want to give these socks to my dear Sheriff, but because of my own present tax, I just can’t do it! What should I do?!

Please god someone in the audience say “cut the present tax!” or something. If not, Squad says it.

GRINCHARD: But... but then I’d have to give back all these other presents! Like these throwing knives, or this framed picture of Celebrity, or... or... this friar... thing. Huh. I uh. I guess I actually don’t really want any of these presents anyway. It’s almost as if... (GASP) What if Christmas isn’t about getting presents after all? What if Christmas is really about the joy of giving?!

The NARRATORS appear from either side of the stage.

NARRATOR #1: And what happened then? Well... in Nottingham, they say The Grinch's small heart grew three sizes that day.

NARRATOR #2: And the minute his heart didn't feel quite so tight He whizzed with his load through the bright Christmas night!

NARRATOR #1: And he brought back the toys! And the-

GRINCHARD: (Interrupting) Uh, well, actually. See, I'd love to give all these back, but they're all opened and mixed up! I don't know who should get what! How will I sort all this out in time for Christmas morning?!

ROBIN: Don't worry! I'm sure we can think of something! We just need some keen young minds to help us out! What do you guys think? Any ideas?

_Audience do a thing. All their ideas are terrible._

ROBIN: If only there was an expert in present sorting and delivering on Christmas Eve!

If the kids let you down in the answer, the show ends here. Otherwise, a voice comes out from side stage...

SANTA: Perhaps I can be of assistance! (He says this while walking on)

EVERYONE: (gasp!) SANTA!

SANTA: Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas one and all! I see you've gotten yourselves into quite the Christmas pickle! Come on, we can use my sleigh to drop all the presents off to their rightful owners!

EVERYONE: Hooray!
They load stuff up into Santa’s sleigh. Santa looks a little concerned.

TUCK: That’s the last of them, Santa!

SANTA: We may have a small problem.

NURSIE: What’s wrong? Did you forget your sleigh keys, love?

SANTA: No, no… the presents are so heavy that the sleigh won’t run on the fuel it has left!

LITTLE JOHN: Is there anything we can do?

SANTA: Well, there’s another way of powering it - (to audience) boys and girls, we don’t have much time left to get all the presents back. Do you think you can help us?

YEEEEEESSSSSSSSS

SANTA: Wonderful! Now, my sleigh runs on singing - if you can sing Jingle Bells with us, the sleigh should fly! Let’s give it a shot! And-a-one, and-a-two, and-a-one-two-three-four...

SANTA leads the SQUAD and audience in a chorus of Jingle Bells. As they repeat the line, the sleigh begins to ‘hover’ and fly offstage as a recorded version comes over the PA to end the scene.

Scene 7: What’d I Miss

The Palace. GRINCHARD, SHERIFF (happily be-tacosocked), MARIAN, NURSIE, TUCK, WILL, SCARLET, JANE & JOHN are sitting around a large dining table. ROBIN makes a fanfare noise from offstage and pushes TAX COPS LENNY AND CARL onto the stage, holding a scroll between them. They read:

LENNY: Ladies and gentlemen! We are gathered here to celebrate together this very special Christmas Day, under the kind invitation of Temporary King Grinchard!

GRINCHARD beams.

CARL: A Merry Christmas to all! And now! Presenting! The present whose presence brings all our dreams to the present, carried by Nottingham’s finest culinary wizard outlaw-

LENNY: ROBIN HOOD’S CHRISTMAS HAM!

CARL: ROBIN HOOD’S CHRISTMAS HAM!

ROBIN enters, ceremoniously carrying his glorious ham, which he places on the table to applause and appreciation.

ROBIN: You’re welcome! You’re all very welcome! But I do have one more gift before we get into our feast. Marian?

MARIAN: Yes, my love?

ROBIN: My gift to you today is a Promise.

MARIAN: Oh, okay?

ROBIN: In the future, any opportunity we get to go on an adventure, we’re doing it - you and me. And probably these guys!

MERRY SQUAD: Yeah!
NURSIE & TUCK: Probably!

MARIAN: Oh! You mean it?

ROBIN: For the rest of our lives! Or until we get very tired.

It’s pleasant.

LENNY: Oi I just realised, Carl, since the tax is off, you’re free to give me my present after all! I’m expecting something pretty great to make up for last year!

CARL: Oh right! Of course! I gotcha somethin! Ummmm……

CARL goes in for an awkward embrace of LENNY.

CARL: There ya go, mate. Merry Christmas.

LENNY is touched and touched.

ROBIN: And now - I’m about to go HAM!

As he picks up his utensils to begin serving the ham, KING RICHARD bursts in, luggage in tow.

KING RICHARD: Surprise, brother! Gosh I had a great trip. Weird thing though, I showed those tickets you gave me to the ticket checker and he said they seemed FORGED, so I said of course they’re not, my brother gave them to me, and he said “Okay!” and then he said “Aren’t you the King? You don’t have a brother…” and I said “Nope!” and he said “Okay!”. And then I went to Bali and it was VERY relaxing but then I realised that Christmas should be spent with FAMILY, so I came back. And I bought you a present! (He digs into one of his bags and pulls out something Balinese (a ripped DVD!) and hands it to GRINCHARD before pulling up a chair at the table, finally noticing all the guests) Oh. Hello! Anyway, what’d I miss?

A “Should we tell him????” awkwardness. Freeze frame. NARRATORS appear.

NARRATOR #1: Well no-one told Richard what ol’ Grinchy had done, They ate, drank, were merry, and each one had good fun.

NARRATOR #2: And though the food made them all burpy and farty, They ended the night with …A Christmas Dance Party!

Lights down.

Lights back up for Dance Partyyyyy.

Fin.