

Robin Hood

Robin Hood:
Maid Marian:
Lady Elaine:
Little John:
Friar Tuck:
Will Scarlett:
Alan-a-Dale:
Sheriff:
Prince John:
6 Troubadours/ Soldiers/Sebastian/Merry Men:

SETTING

The world is part castle, part foliage, and entirely the feeling of a natural playground. With levels, canopies, and towers, it may feel like the secret and overgrown remains of an ancient structure. Ropes and vines descend from the ceiling. There are fabric swags that create a cloud like feel upstage.

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE:

SCENE 1: SHERWOOD FOREST
SCENE 2: KING'S CHAMBER
SCENE 3: SHERWOOD FOREST
SCENE 4: THE STREETS IN NOTTINGHAM OUTSIDE CHURCH
SCENE 5: STYLIZED SHERWOOD FOREST DREAM
SCENE 6: MARIAN'S CHAMBER
SCENE 7: A CLEARING IN SHERWOOD FOREST

ACT TWO

SCENE 1: NOTTINGHAM JAIL
SCENE 2: TUCK'S HERMITAGE
SCENE 3: MARIAN'S CHAMBER
SCENE 4: SHERWOOD FOREST
SCENE 5: KING'S SQUARE
SCENE 6: MARIAN'S CHAMBER
SCENE 7: KING'S SQUARE

**ACT I
PROLOGUE**

(A soft and beautiful hum of harmonized voices is heard, as four troubadours in May Day and fantastically fairy-like costumes with ribbon covered masks float and fly in. Drums punctuate and build a rhythm. Their song transforms into a dance as they carry streams of fabric that they attach to a wand. One of the troubadours holds the wand aloft as the others dance and ALAN-a-DALE and TROUBADOURS sing a folk song around the troubadour in the center like a May pole. FULL COMPANY joins the dance and it builds to a festive frenzy and leads to a final triumphant moment. ALAN-a-DALE enters and create a storytelling circle.)

ALAN: Alan-a-Dale's the name! Poet, minstrel, balladeer, and bard- in every culture, at each corner of the Earth, there is a chronicler of stories. To some, we are venerated as gods. To others, we are reviled as simply fools of no actual consequence. To Disney, I'm a rooster...*(TROUBADOURS laugh a little)* I breathe life into moments, whisper characters on the wind, and give flights to fancy. Today, we revellers bring you a tale of heroism and romance. *(TROUBADOURS "oo" and "ah!")* A tale of royalty and peasantry, ribaldry and chivalry...*(A low drumming begins to underscore)* a story that has been told and retold by the most powerful storytellers in all the lands...the story...of ROBIN HOOD!! *(There is a general cheering from the TROUBADOURS).*

TROUBADOR: Alan...Alan....ALLLLLLAAAANNNN? What's the point though? *(The TROUBADORS all stop cheering and look shocked as THEY turn to the speaker.)* I mean, really! What's the point of some old story about some old hero who did this and that and blah blah blah...

ALAN: What is the point? *(All eyes go to ALAN)* What's the point, you ask? Why, what is the point in dew, if not to whet the appetite of the flower. What is the point in starlight, if not to guide the weary traveller, what is the point of a man if not to hope for something more...But I ask you, where would we be if not for "once upon a time?" What would we dream of if there were no fantasies? And who would we look up to without heroes? Today, we tell the story of a man, *(ROBIN runs in with a woman behind HIM across from two SOLDIERS and a child.)* who became famous by robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. *(ROBIN, in stylized slow motion, attacks two soldiers who run off after taking a licking. The child runs to the woman.)* A man, who became legend!

SCENE 1: SHERWOOD FOREST

(All actors scatter as ROBIN steps forward. A stag runs on and begins grazing. ROBIN looks at it a moment, lines up a shot...then HE walks over to it. The stag does not run or even seem to fear ROBIN. WILL SCARLETT appears, singing. It scares the stag, and it runs off. Lights shift to mid morning, and THEY are hunting in the woods of Nottingham.)

SCARLETT: Oh Robin, there you are...what were you doing?

ROBIN: Dreaming, Mr. Scarlett...just dreaming.

SCARLETT: Dreams? You won't find them mucking around the King's Forest. And, besides that, these woods is crawling with the Sheriff's men. *(ROBIN observes as the stag apprehensively returns.)* We should go into the village... to the tavern specifically.... To meet a maiden or two...Robin...a maiden or two...*(ROBIN ignores HIM)* or five...and we could marry them all...or pen them together and start a farm. We could...

ROBIN: Quiet, Will...quiet!

SCARLETT: Come on, Rob, there is no game around here...we been looking for hours. The Sheriff's men are everywhere. If they catch us hunting in the King's Forest.(HE turns HIS back to ROBIN.) We should be hunting for something more...

ROBIN: Hey, you lager-headed fool...shut it... *(ROBIN takes aim.)*

SCARLETT: Don't call me fool, Robin...

ROBIN: Will...

SCARLETT: I mean it, Robin...*(HE turns around and sees the stag.)* Blimey, Rob, he's a beaut...not quite as pretty as this maiden I saw once in the village...

ROBIN: Will...

SCARLETT: Her name was Ursula, and she was -

ROBIN: Will!

SCARLETT: Right...shutting it!
(ROBIN sets up his shot...takes aim...then, suddenly, there is a rustle in the trees. WILL gives a small shriek, and the stag runs off.)

ROBIN: All your caterwauling scared it away.

SCARLETT: But but, Rob! Methinks we are not alone. I told you...

ROBIN: Will, calm yourself. We can handle a few soldiers.

SCARLETT: Yeah, what if it isn't just a few, Rob- *(The sound of voices is heard.)*

ROBIN: Will, with me...*(ROBIN and SCARLETT hide in the bushes. MARIAN and ELAINE emerge from another part of the wood. THEY look as though THEY are hunting, as well.)*

ELAINE: M'lady...we shouldn't be here...in the woods.

MARIAN: It came this way, Elaine.

ELAINE: ...And we CERTAINLY should NOT be hunting.

MARIAN: Oh hush, Elaine...you're scaring the rabbits.
(SCARLETT pokes HIS head out of hiding.)

ELAINE: It's not the rabbits I'm scared of, M'lady...

SCARLETT: Rob...it's a GIRL!

(ROBIN immediately smacks HIM on the back of the head and pulls HIM back down, as MARIAN crouches down to pick up the scent of the stag.) Oh what?! You scared of a lady in the woods. *(MARIAN and ELAINE run off in the direction of the stag.)*

ROBIN: You know what we need to do...

SCARLETT: Please Robin, not-

SCARLETT/ROBIN: "The Rescue."

SCARLETT: That old ruse, oh Robin, how old are you?

ROBIN: It works, doesn't it?

SCARLETT:...well yeah, you're right at that! Can I please be the hero this- *(ROBIN pulls down SCARLETT's hood.)* right, of course I can't. *(THEY again hide as MARIAN and ELAINE reenter.)*

ELAINE: I'll say it again, Marian. We should leave this place. I have a sixth sense about these things. There be bandits in these woods, so I hear. *(SCARLETT, with his hood down, jumps out of the woods and strikes a mean pose.)*

SCARLETT: AAARGH!! Quake and tremble, innocent doves, for I shall pluck your feathers! *(While MARIAN is completely unphased, ELAINE goes utterly insane and let's out a cry.)* Aye, you're right to scream, sweet..uh...pigeons...for you know not what terror awaits you...

MARIAN: What do you think you are doing?

ELAINE: *(throwing HERSELF in front of MARIAN)* I knew it. Oh, you beast, you. You filthy monster...you won't get away with this! Run, Marian...I'll stay and pay the price for our foolishness...Ravage me, if you must! Ravage me, and....

SCARLETT: *(dropping briefly during this rant, but picking back up the role)* That's right, you..uh...you virginal...uh..

MARIAN: Alright, enough of this...

SCARLETT: Good, you submit!

MARIAN: No, no we don't! *(MARIAN readies HER weapon.)*

SCARLETT: Ol' Jack Doncaster always gets his man...woman...