

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BORROWED GOLD

A Short Comedy

by **Michael Forbes**

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BORROWED GOLD
[retitled from ROBIN HOOD AND THE JEWISH GOLD, 2002]

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE JEWISH GOLD

A forgotten adventure of the World Famous Outlaw

by Michael Forbes

SCENES

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Scene 1</i> | In the Forest |
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| <i>Scene 3</i> | In Nottingham outside the Castle Gate |
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| <i>Scene 6</i> | The Sheriff's Privy Chamber |
| <i>Scene 7</i> | The Great Hall |
| <i>Scene 8</i> | Back in the Forest |

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ROBIN HOOD	<i>World Famous Outlaw</i>	
LITTLE JOHN	<i>with little up top</i>	
MUCH, the Miller's son	<i>not of a name</i>	
WILL SCARLET	<i>who would wear red tights in</i>	<i>a green</i>
	<i>forest?</i>	
FRIAR TUCK	<i>Vicar of Sherwood Forest</i>	
ALAN-ER-DALE	<i>Who?</i>	
MAID MARIAN	<i>Girlfriend to World Famous</i>	<i>Outlaw</i>
Two JEWISH MERCHANTS	<i>who thought they would never</i>	<i>get</i>
	<i>robbed in Sherwood Forest and</i>	
	<i>weren't</i>	
Their HORSE	<i>a non-speaking part</i>	
PEDLAR	<i>in holy relics</i>	
BAKER	<i>by appointment to the Sheriff</i>	<i>of</i>
	<i>Nottingham</i>	
TWO TRADERS	<i>Dealers in magnificent material from</i>	
	<i>somewhere east of</i>	<i>Norwich</i>
SHERIFF of NOTTINGHAM	<i>Historians have been unkind</i>	<i>to him</i>
GUY of GISBORNE	<i>Captain of the Guard</i>	
DEREK the CLERIC	<i>Secretary to the Sheriff</i>	
STEWARD	<i>Nottingham's Entertainment</i>	<i>Officer</i>
JESTER	<i>His part should have been non-</i>	
	<i>speaking</i>	
BEAR-TAMER	<i>But where's his bear?</i>	
GUARDS	<i>4 needed, more if possible</i>	
CITIZENS	<i>5 needed</i>	
NARRATOR (S)	<i>One needed; more if desired</i>	

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SCENE 1. IN THE FOREST. EARLY MORNING.

(The OUTLAWS [MUCH, WILL SCARLET, FRIAR TUCK, ROBIN HOOD] are asleep. LITTLE JOHN is doing his exercises.)

Little John: *(prods MUCH)* Hey, Will, wake up!

Much: Go away!

Little John: Wake up, Will. It's your turn to fetch the water and make the breakfast.

Much: Look, you hulking idiot, I'm not Will. I'm Much. Will's on the other end.

Little John: Oh, sorry. *(Prods WILL)* Wake up, Will!

Will: Uh?

Little John: Wake up! It's your turn to make the breakfast and fetch the water.

Will: No it isn't, it's Tuck's.

Friar Tuck: I did it yesterday.

Much: No, you didn't, I did. *(They all slowly rise).*

Will: Robin, you're leader, you tell us.

Robin: Tell you what? Tell you that it's a wonderful day for doing wonderful deeds and winning everlasting fame. How I long for fame!

Will: Well, all I long for is breakfast. You made us camp here - a mile from the nearest stream, so you fetch the water.

Narrator: Deep in the dark forest of Sherwood,
Where ancient trees long ages have stood,
A famous band of outlaws lived
Under their noble leader, Robin Hood.

Strong in mind and strong in hand,
With a firm grip he led his band.
Keenly, loyally they followed his lead
In every daring deed he planned.

(ROBIN HOOD dismisses WILL'S suggestion with a wave of his hand. THE OUTLAWS argue about who is to fetch the water).

Little John: Maid Marian's coming.

(They all fight for the bucket).

Robin Hood: Much, fetch the water.

(Exit MUCH smugly).

Maid Marian: Good morning, everybody. Good morning, Little John. Good morning, Friar Tuck. Good morning, Will Scarlet. *(As she greets them she slaps them on the back, pinches their cheeks etc. in "friendly" greeting)* And for you, Robin, a good morning kiss.

Robin Hood: Oh, not yet, Marian. I haven't shaved.

Maid Marian: Well, Robin, I'm ready. Lead me to some nasty Normans, those tax collecting swine. I'll knock 'em on the head. I'll kick 'em in the teeth. I'll pulverise 'em till every bone in their bodies is like jelly.

Narrator: Dwelling with this band of heroes,
Was Maid Marian, a beautiful rose.
Gentle in nature and soft in speech,
She softened and gentled those rough fellows.

(Enter ALAN-ER-DALE).

Alan: Robin!

Robin Hood: Oh, hello er

Alan: I've seen some merchants entering the forest with horses laden down. They look rich.

Robin Hood: Let's go, men. Lead us to them.

Will: Wait a moment. Now tell us er how many merchants, how many horses, how many guards?

(Enter MUCH).

Alan: *(starts to count. Gives up)* You know I can't count much.

Much: I didn't know that.

Friar Tuck: There, there. Never mind er It was very good of you to sit in that tree all night on guard. Have some breakfast.

Robin Hood: No time for breakfast.

Will: But, Robin, we must make a plan.

Robin Hood: I plan to find fame and fortune.

Friar Tuck: But, Robin, we might fail.

Robin Hood: Then we can die a glorious death.

Much: Death's death, glorious or not.

Maid Marian: Well spoken, Robin. I will remember your words for ever.

Robin Hood: Lead on er

Alan: I wish someone would remember my name.

(They exit).

Narrator: Listen, do you hear a leaf rustle?
A twig crack, a slight bustle
In the bushes as the leaves move apart?
Sit quite still and don't move a muscle.

You may, if you're sharp, hear Robin's men
Creeping stealthily through the glen.
And if your eyes can sight the flight of a dart,
You may glimpse a flash of Lincoln green now and then.

The tracks through Sherwood are narrow and winding,
Giving outlaws plenty of places for hiding.
So travellers through Sherwood number but few,
The foolish, the foolhardy, a beggar or two,
Or else, maybe, soldiers, armed, brave and bold,
Guarding merchants, guarding their gold.

SCENE 2. Another part of the Forest.

(Enter two JEWISH MERCHANTS and two GUARDS leading a horse).

Merchant 1: We'll rest here.

Guard 1: Where, here?

Guard 2: We're here? What do you mean, we're here? We're not anywhere,
except in the middle of a horribly large forest full of

Guard 1: Sir, we don't want to rest. We'd rather keep going. We might get lost and it will be dark in....

Merchant 1: Eight hours. Now don't worry my boys. Would a clever fellow like me bring you all the way into the forest to get lost? Trust my Jewish nose to lead you safely to Nottingham.

Guard 2: But there are outlaws and witches and trolls out there.

Merchant 2: Fairy tales, told by your mothers to keep you out of the woods.

Guard 2: I don't know. I'm scared.

Merchant 1: I am paying you not to be scared. If you're scared I won't pay you.

Guard 1: He's not scared.

Guard 2: I'm not scared.

Merchant 1: Good. I've travelled this road to Nottingham a dozen times and I've never seen a trace of a troll, an outline of an outlaw or a whisper of a witch.

Merchant 2: Listen, I'm telling you. These woods are safe. You have less chance of being robbed here than you have on the streets of Nottingham. And what's more, my son, these woods are deserted. You won't even see anyone, let alone be robbed by them. (*Enter OUTLAWS*) Oh, good day, good sirs.

Robin Hood: Stand fast, sirrah. I am Robin Hood.

Merchant 1: I am Master Hezekiah Cohen, Merchant of Leeds, and this is my assistant and son, Joshua.

Will: Hand over your money.

Merchant 1: No.

Merchant 2: What did he say, Father?

Merchant 1: He told us to hand over our money.

Merchant 2: We can't. It isn't ours. It belongs to the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Merchant 1: No, Joshua, not yet. It's ours until we get to Nottingham.

Merchant 2: But he's contracted to borrow it and so it's his really.

Much: If you don't give it to us now we'll kill you.

Merchant 1: (*to MERCHANT 2*) No. Until the money is in the Sheriff's pocket it is ours to look after.

Merchant 2: It wouldn't fit in his pocket. There's too much.

Maid Marian: Robin, do something. Knock their heads in.

Merchant 1: All right. I'll make you an offer. A shilling to guide us out of the forest.

Little John: A whole shilling. Thank you. This is the way.

Friar Tuck: Come back, Little John,

Alan: We want a little more than a shilling, sir. (*The OUTLAWS advance threateningly on the MERCHANTS. ROBIN HOOD stands apart.*)

Robin Hood: I accept, but tell me more about this money.

Merchant 1: Very well ... er ... what did you say your name was? We are lending

this money to the Sheriff of Nottingham because he is to entertain King John in Nottingham Castle this Christmas.

Robin Hood: I see. Thank you. Little John will guide you out. (*LITTLE JOHN, the MERCHANTS and the GUARDS exit*)

Friar Tuck: Robin, you've let a fortune walk off to Nottingham.

Robin Hood: But I have a better idea. We let the merchants deliver the money to the Sheriff and then we rob the Sheriff. In that way we hurt the hated Sheriff as well.

Maid Marian: Oh, Robin, you are clever.

Will: But that means getting into the Castle to steal it.

Robin Hood: Yes, it does. This is a chance to make my name known throughout the land. All will hear of how Robin Hood, ON HIS OWN, stole....

Will:or failed to steal....

Robin Hood:the Sheriff's gold from under his nose.

Friar Tuck: Robin, how will you get into the Castle and....

Maid Marian:how will you get out? Let me come with you to bash in a guard or two.

Robin Hood: No, Marian, I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you.

Maid Marian: Oh, Robin!

Robin Hood: This is a job I must do, ALONE. (*He begins a speech*) At times such as these....er....

Narrator: (*grandly*) At times such as these it is the duty of the true leader to be an example to his men: to show courage, daring and bravery in a task, which he does ON HIS OWN and which may well be the last one he does. If he wins through by his own efforts, he will encourage his men to accomplish similar tasks in the future. If he dies in the attempt his memory will live on in the grieving hearts of his followers.

Robin Hood: So, I go. Farewell.

Maid Marian: Take care, Robin. (*ROBIN HOOD begins to leave the stage*)

Robin Hood: Oh, Much, come with me will you. (*after a pause MUCH reluctantly leaves with ROBIN*)

Will: He won't succeed, will he?

Maid Marian: Won't he?

Friar Tuck: They'll get caught, won't they?

Maid Marian: Will they?

Alan: We should follow them to Nottingham and rescue them when they do get caught, shouldn't we?

Will: Should we? Yes, we should. Come on then. (*exit*)

Narrator: Nottingham, a fair and pleasant town,
Where graceful buildings do abound:

Mansions displaying men's wealth and grandeur,
Their gates and their doors carved with such splendour:
Churches and chapels proclaiming God's glory,
Their stained-glass windows telling God's story.

But towering o'er all, a dread sight to behold -
Nottingham Castle, grim, grey and cold,
Proclaiming not glory nor wealth but sheer power,
Displaying its strength in every turret and tower.

SCENE 3. IN NOTTINGHAM OUTSIDE THE CASTLE GATE.

(A crowd of people is milling around; some guards are amongst them. Traders are crying their wares.)

Citizen 1: Good day, Mistress Smith. What do you hope to buy at the market?

Citizen 2: A nice piece of fish is what I want. My man likes a nice piece of fish.

Citizen 3: Your man looks like a nice piece of fish.

Citizen 2: What did you say?

Citizen 4: She said: "What a beautiful dress Mistress Smith is wearing and how well its colour matches her eyes."

Citizen 2: Oh ... er ... thank you.

Citizen 4: Come along, dear, let us buy some bread.

Citizen 2: Oh yes, my man likes a nice piece of bread.

Citizen 3: Your man looks like

Citizen 1: *(interrupting)* We'll go and see what the pedlar is selling.

Pedlar: Come, buy your holy relics here! Sand from Mount Sinai, tuppence a bag.
Water from the River Jordan, only a penny a pint! Guaranteed to bring you
long life, good luck and good health!

Baker: Bread, fresh bread! Buy it here! Baked today from the finest flour. Try
my dumplings, delicious dumplings! Go on, Missus, delight your family,
have one of my dumplings!

Trader: Gather round, good people. Come, see what I have to sell. At enormous
cost... *(enter ROBIN HOOD and MUCH)*

Citizen 1: Whose cost? Ours, no doubt!

Trader: At enormous cost to myself, I have managed to obtain this magnificent
material all the way from the fabulous East.

Citizen 2: Ooh, does he mean London?

Citizen 3: No, London's north, isn't it? He must mean Norwich.

Citizen 4: Norwich isn't fabulous. I know. I went there. *(crowd turns to him,
interested)*

Trader: No, no! East of England, east of Rome, from the shores of Arabia, where dusky-eyed, dark-skinned beauties sit in the sun, spinning and weaving this lovely cloth under the shade of orange trees.

Citizen 4: Definitely not Norwich.

Trader: Brave crusaders have fought a path to the Holy City and have littered the roadside with dead heathens so that you can have the opportunity to buy the goods of the East. Here, dear, try this on. (*ASSISTANT places a shawl on the shoulders of a girl*) Think, as you wear it, of those strong, brave men and the great risks they took to bring it to you.

Citizen 5: If you go round wearing that, you'll be taking a great risk, too.

Trader: And now to business. What am I offered for a length of this fine cloth? (*ROBIN HOOD has shoplifted an item from a nearby stall*)

Baker: Stop that man! He's stolen a dumpling! (*ROBIN HOOD is quickly caught*) Short of money are you? Or is the queue so long you can't afford to wait?

Robin Hood: You accuse me falsely. I demand to see the Sheriff.

Baker: Oh, you'll see the Sheriff all right. In fact he'll see you - strung up on the wall of your cell by your thieving thumbs. Soldier! Arrest this man!

Robin Hood: (*to MUCH as he is led away*) Our plan's going well, Much.

Much: What plan? (*All follow ROBIN HOOD, BAKER and SOLDIER off stage, leaving TRADER and his ASSISTANT alone*)

Trader: We travel through dust and dirt, mud and mire all the way from....

Assistant: Derby.

Trader:for nothing. Where shall we go next?

Assistant: Norwich? (*TRADER throws something at ASSISTANT*)

Narrator: See them pass under the Castle gate and cross the Castle yard.
Follow them with your eyes as they enter the towering keep,
Until the gloom closes over them.

They mount steps lit by lamps whose flames leap
Flickering upwards.
They walk past guards, motionless and as rough
Hewn as the stones that eternally sleep
Behind them in the shadows dark and deep.

They tread forth warily into the Great Hall,
Where work those who have absolute power over all
Who dwell in Nottingham. There is the Sheriff,
Flanked by flunkies at his beck and call.
There is Guy of Gisborne, a glance from his
Hawk-like features makes the flesh creep and crawl.

SCENE 4. THE GREAT HALL, NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

(On stage: SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, GUY of GISBORNE, DEREK the CLERIC)

Sheriff: Well, Derek, how many more of these villeins do I have to see? They smell so.

Derek: Villains, my Lord. Villeins are peasants.

Sheriff: Pheasants. Oh I don't mind seeing more of those. What is for lunch anyway? *(enter ROBIN HOOD, BAKER and two GUARDS, MUCH)*

Guy: Ah, another felon, and a saucy one by the look of 'im.

Sheriff: A saucy felon. That sounds delicious. What sort of sauce?

Derek: What's the charge?

Sheriff: Charge? I thought my meals were free.

Baker: This man pinched one of my dumplings.

Guard 3: He must have powerful fingers. Those dumplings are as hard as nails.

Derek: What is the evidence against him?

Guard 4: You can see the bruises on his fingers.

Sheriff: Pinching dumplings, eh? What kind?

Robin Hood: My Lord?

Baker: Those extra special ones, my Lord. Your favourite type with little bits of...

Guy: Master Baker, do you dare waste the Sheriff's time with such trifles?

Sheriff: Dumplings not trifles! Have a care, Guy de Gisboon, pinching dumplings is no trifling matter.

Guy: Gisborne.

Sheriff: Now then, who is this fellow? Come forward, man, but not too far forward.

Derek: What is your name?

Robin Hood: Robin Hood.

Derek: Did you steal this baker's dumpling?

Robin Hood: Y..

Much: *(interrupting)* My master is very absent-minded. He probably picked up the dumpling without thinking about it.

Sheriff: How can anyone pick up a dumpling without thinking about it?

Derek: Who are you, fellow?

Much: Much, Reverend. *(pause)*

Guy: What is your name? Answer the cleric.

Much: I have. Much.

Guy: Much! You haven't even answered a little.

Much: My name is Much.

Guy: Go on.

Much: Much!

Guy: Much what? Much better than mine do you mean?

Much: No, Sir. I am Much, the Miller's son.

Guy: Oh I see. His name is Much, my Lord. What do you think of that as a name?

Guard 3: Not much. *(all glare at him)*

Sheriff: Well, Much, speak less or you will be in....trouble. Now then, Richard Hood, this thieving has got to stop.

Robin Hood: Robin, my Lord.

Sheriff: Robbing, thieving, call it what you will. It's got to stop. Derek, the Cleric, record this. The man, Hood, will be imprisoned for.... *(enter TWO GUARDS with boxes containing the JEWS' money)*

Guard 5: Two Jews are without.

Sheriff: Two?

Derek: *(writing)* Two. Two what?

Sheriff: Oh them! I've been waiting for them for half a year.

Derek: Years. Where shall we imprison him, my Lord?

Guard 6: This is the money, my Lord. Where shall we put it?

Sheriff: In my privy chamber.

Derek: Are you sure that is the best place?

Sheriff: Of course.

Derek: Usual diet, my Lord? Bread and water?

Sheriff: *(to GUARDS)* Give the Jews a good lunch. Beef, beer, trout, anything that's asked for. Come, Guy, we'll go and have our lunch too. I'm looking forward to having some of that felon you spoke of. *(They exit)*

Derek: beef, beer, trout and anything that's asked for. I suppose the Sheriff knows best. Take him away, guards. *(All exit)*

SCENE 5. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE.

(NARRATOR appears to have fallen asleep, so after a pause the OUTLAWS, including MUCH, who has rejoined them, move to centre stage. Then just as they are about to speak, the NARRATOR remembers his cue.)

Will: Hello, Much. What's happened?

Narrator: And so the Sheriff, uttering unspeakable oaths,
 And with a nod of his tyrannical head,
 Had Robin cast into....*(looks at script)*....

 This can't be right. It says he had Robin cast into his privy chamber. It doesn't even rhyme. I'll have to change it.

 Had Robin cast into the deepest cell,

To linger there until he was dead,
Leaving no trace of a story to tell.

Will: Hello, Much. What's happened?

Narrator: But Robin's friends are nothing if not loyal,
As they gather outside the Castle Gate.
They are determined the Sheriff's plans to foil,
And to rescue Robin from his fate.

Will: Hello, Much. What's happened? (*OUTLAWS glare at NARRATOR to see if he will speak further*).

Much: Robin's in prison - sort of.

Maid Marian: Did he try to steal the Sheriff's gold and was he captured after struggling fiercely against overwhelming odds?

Much: Er no. He pinched a baker's dumpling.

Friar Tuck: A baker's what?

Much: Dumpling.

Little John: Why did he do that? Why didn't he eat it?

Alan: How long will he be in prison?

Much: Two years. (*MUCH, WILL, ALAN, TUCK are gleeful*).

Maid Marian: How dreadful! We must rescue him.

Friar Tuck, Alan, Much, Will: (*together*) Why?

Maid Marian: Because if you don't, Little John and I will break every bone in your bodies. Won't we, Little John?

Little John: Oh yes, Marian. (*pause*)

Will: I have a plan. This is what we'll do.

SCENE 6. THE SHERIFF'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

(On stage two GUARDS and ROBIN HOOD eating. OUTLAWS enter and stealthily creep past the guards to ROBIN HOOD)

Guard 7: Did you hear anything?

Guard 8: No. (*ROBIN HOOD greets OUTLAWS and there is much whispered talk as ROBIN HOOD shows them the gold and tries to persuade them to take it out of the Castle*)

Will: If we get caught with that money on us we'll all be hanged.

Maid Marian: He's right, Robin.

Robin Hood: I refuse to leave without the gold.

Friar Tuck: What's that gold piece on the floor there? (*ROBIN HOOD stoops to pick it up. FRIAR TUCK knocks him out. LITTLE JOHN advances on him. MAID MARIAN stops him. MUCH and ALAN pick ROBIN HOOD up*)

Guard 8: I heard something.

Guard 7: So did I. *(they turn and see the OUTLAWS. They move towards them. LITTLE JOHN intercepts and knocks them out simultaneously)*

Alan: I hear men coming.

Maid Marian: Let's be at them!

Friar Tuck: No, no! Run!

Much: Where?

Will: Here! *(All follow him, MAID MARIAN last, off stage, into 'Garderobe', and then back on stage)*

Maid Marian: What's the matter?

Alan: That was the garderobe.

Little John: What's a garderobe?

Friar Tuck: Try this way. *(They all follow FRIAR TUCK. NARRATOR steps in their path)*

Narrator: With dazzling skill, brave Robin Hood
Led his men

Friar Tuck: Oh shut up! *(They push past NARRATOR and leave stage)*

SCENE 7. THE GREAT HALL.

(SHERIFF is asleep. DEREK and GUY listlessly look on as the STEWARD shepherds ENTERTAINERS on and off stage)

Guy: How many more entertainers have you got for us, Steward?

Steward: Only two more, Sir Guy.

Guy: Only two. None of the ones we have seen so far have been any good at all.

Steward: I've done my best. But it is so hard to find talented actors these days. The next one is a jester. You, there, you're on. *(enter JESTER)*

Jester: Did you hear about the Irish Hangman who tried to hang a six-foot giant from a six-foot tree? And when he failed, do you know what he did?

Guy: *(wearily)* Chose a taller tree?

Jester: Oh no. He used the same tree, but he cut off the giant's legs first. *(pause)*

Steward: I think you had better go. Now the last one should be good. He's a bear-tamer. He makes his bear perform all kinds of tricks. *(Enter BEAR-TAMER pulling a chain strenuously. He is bleeding with torn clothes and bandages. STEWARD and Co. take one look at him and send him away.)*

Guy: Well, Steward, if the Sheriff uses any of those entertainers to entertain King John when he comes, he won't remain Sheriff.

Derek: And we'll all be turned out of the Castle.

Guy: And we'll have to go and live with the outlaws in Sherwood Forest.

Steward: Do they exist?

Derek: Oh yes, and so do hobgoblins. *(Enter OUTLAWS)*

Guy: (to STEWARD) I thought you had no more performers.

Steward: Er - ah - oh - I'd forgotten these. (to the OUTLAWS) Perform something please.

Derek: Now don't be shy. Show us your act.

(The OUTLAWS consult and sing) -

Christmas is here
The ivy has grown
And on the green holly
You see a red berry.
Be all of good cheer
Let sadness be gone
It's time to be jolly
It's time to be merry. (SHERIFF wakes)

Sheriff: Bravo! Bravo!

Will: Don't sing the second verse!

Little John: (singing)

We'll roast a fat deer
Our swift arrows have won (OUTLAWS drown him out)

Friar Tuck: Alms for the poor! Alms for the poor! (SHERIFF, GUY and DEREK put coins in FRIAR TUCK'S bag)

Guy: (looking at MUCH) Have I seen you before?

Robin Hood: (regaining consciousness) I refuse to leave without the gold.

Friar Tuck: We've got the gold. We've got the gold. (waves his bag)

Sheriff: And you, fellow, (looking at ROBIN HOOD) didn't I see you before?

Friar Tuck: Oh no. He's my simple-minded brother, just down from Norwich.

Will: We must be going.

Sheriff: I command you to come to our Yuletide Feast and sing your song to the King.

Alan: Yes we will. Thank you.

Derek: Where do you live, my friends?

Little John: In Sherwood Forest.

Much: The Sherwood Forest INN, he means.

Maid Marian: You know, the inn on the road into the forest.

Will: You'll find us there in the inn.

Alan: If we're in.

Friar Tuck: We must go. Good day. (exit)

SCENE 8. BACK IN THE FOREST.

(On stage: the OUTLAWS except ALAN)

Robin Hood: Well, my friends, what an adventure. We taught that Sheriff a thing or two.

Much: What?

Maid Marian: You were wonderful, Robin.

Friar Tuck: In what way?

Little John: We got some money.

Will: How much?

Friar Tuck: One shilling from the Jew and eight pence from the Sheriff and his merry men. (*Enter ALAN*)

Alan: I've just seen a party of merchants on their way to Nottingham.

Robin Hood: Good. Here's another chance, men. Let's go.

Much: It's too dangerous. There are too many of them, aren't there er ...?

Alan: Yes. There are at least er...

Friar Tuck: And they are too well-armed, aren't they ... er ...?

Alan: To the teeth.

Alan, Will, Much, Friar Tuck: (*together*) We're staying here. (*Exit ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN and MAID MARIAN*)

Much: Why do we have to put up with an idiot like him?

Alan: Why can't we have a different leader?

Will: It's the fault of those bards and story-tellers. They insist on singing about "The Adventures of Robin Hood", or "Robin Hood and his Outlaws". So he's got to be the leader.

Friar Tuck: If only it were, "The Adventures of - Will Scarlet".

Much: Or, "The Exploits of - Friar Tuck".

Will: Or, "The daring deeds of that dreaded brigand ... er ...".

Much: ... er ...

Friar Tuck: ... er ...

Alan: Oh no.

CURTAIN