

Robin Hood

The title 'Robin Hood' is rendered in a large, stylized, 3D font with a yellow-to-orange gradient and a bright yellow outline. The letters are set against a dark green background with a subtle pattern of light green dots. A black bow with orange and yellow fletching is positioned diagonally across the letters, with the arrow pointing towards the right.

The Pantomime by Nigel Holmes

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ROBIN HOOD - CAST LIST

ROBIN HOOD: Principle Boy.

LADY MARION: Principle girl.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM: The evil villain.

OFFICER ODDIE: The Sheriff's right hand woman. Just as evil.

FRIAR TUCK: Excitable when there is food to be found.

TITANIA TUCK: Dame. Mother of Friar Tuck. Camp cook.

CONKERS: Half of the comedy duo.

BONKERS: Half of the comedy duo.

VELDEARA: A mystical witch.

ALAN-A-DALE: Musician? Needs to be able to play one single chord on a guitar or lute.

LITTLE JOHN: A very small and young child actor.

ACT I SCENE 1: SHERWOOD FOREST.

THE SCENE OPENS WITH LOTS OF DANCING AND SINGING. THE WHOLE STAGE IS FULL OF MOVEMENT AND COLOUR.

MUSICAL NUMBER: The merry men and women.

SUGGESTION: The Theme Song to "The Adventures of Robin Hood" - Carl Sigman.

AT THE END OF THE SONG ROBIN HOOD AND FRIAR TUCK STEP FORWARD. THEY SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

ROBIN HOOD: (BOLDLY.) Welcome one and all. Welcome to Sherwood forest. My name is Robin Hood and I am the leader of...

FRIAR TUCK: Hang on! (LOOKING EXCITEDLY INTO AUDIENCE.) Has anyone got any snacks? We haven't eaten for at least...

ROBIN HOOD: ... five minutes. I just saw you eat one of your mum's parsnip and frogspawn pies.

FRIAR TUCK: Yes, obviously my mum's cooking is fantastic (GLANCING SIDEWAYS), but parsnip and frogspawn takes some getting used to.

ROBIN HOOD: She cooks what she finds in the forest.

FRIAR TUCK: And that's the problem. Yet look at this lot. They must have some snacks. Something extra tucked away. Chocolate? A bag of crisps? Perhaps a doughnut with pink icing and those rainbow coloured sugar sprinkles? Or, or, wait, wait... Did someone bring a secret Victoria sponge with them? Or, oooo oooo, has anyone got a Colin the Caterpillar cake?

Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

ROBIN HOOD: Give over Tuck. We're outlaws. We don't eat Colin the Caterpillar cakes.

FRIAR TUCK: I know we shouldn't. But after months of all that deep fried fungus and slug slime fritters, a Colin the Caterpillar cake would taste like stars exploding on your tongue. Like unicorns farting in your face. Like that big lady from the TV doing your ironing.

ROBIN HOOD: Sometimes I worry that we've been living in the forest far too long.

FRIAR TUCK: You might be right. I'm starting to see trees around every corner.

ROBIN HOOD: Anyway... (TO AUDIENCE.) Welcome one and all. Welcome to Sherwood forest. My name is Robin Hood and I am the leader of a ragged band of renegades. We were all respectable people at one time, but the authorities, well actually the Sheriff of Nottingham, started to take too much in taxes. So we decided to fight back.

FRIAR TUCK: We remove money and trinkets from the *well to do*, and return it to where it originated.

ROBIN HOOD: In other words. We take from the rich and give to the poor.

FRIAR TUCK: And I'm hoping that you rich people out there might be able to give me a chocolate hobnob so that I can give it to my poor belly. Who's got snacks? Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Hang on, I'm coming down there to see.

ROBIN HOOD: Leave them alone Tuck. Think of something else for a moment.

FRIAR TUCK: Right, I've stopped thinking about a chocolate hobnobs.

ROBIN HOOD: Great!

FRIAR TUCK: Yes, but now I'm thinking about a huge deep crust pepperoni pizza with mushrooms, onions, sweetcorn and tomatoes, covered in stringy cheese, still warm from the oven. With cheesy chips.

ROBIN'S PHONE RINGS AND HE PULLS IT OUT OF HIS POCKET/POUCH.

ROBIN HOOD: It's a text. From Will Scarlet. He's our lookout.

FRIAR TUCK: Isn't a lookout supposed to wrap messages around an arrow, then whizz it through the air so it goes "zap, donk, boing" into a tree just next to our heads?

ROBIN HOOD: In days of old, yes. Not any more. Health and safety. That's far too dangerous. And anyway, his phone is on a free data plan, so it's actually cheaper than using one of those expensive wooden pointy arrow things.

FRIAR TUCK: Ah, but can he email a text via skype while sending it into the nimbus cloud? Then download it as a qwerty file, to save it's jpeg pixels to the wi-fi hub in the pub?

ROBIN HOOD: Have you any idea what you've just said?

FRIAR TUCK: Not a clue.

ROBIN HOOD: I bet you don't even know how to get the internet in a forest. You log on. Get it? Forest, log.

FRIAR TUCK: Was that a joke? Hmm! Moving swiftly along. What's Will Scarlet saying in his text?

ROBIN HOOD: He's spotted the Sheriff of Nottingham approaching. Ah! It might be best for us to go.

FRIAR TUCK: Wait! (TO AUDIENCE.) One last check. Has anyone got a spare wagon wheel? Or some of those pink wafer biscuits that you only get in Christmas assortments? What about a sponge finger?

Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes you have. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Not even a Mr Kipling Battenberg?

ROBIN HOOD: Come on everyone. Back to camp.

THE STAGE CLEARS AS THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM ENTERS FOLLOWED BY OFFICER ODDIE WHO IS DRAGGING A LARGE SACK OF SILVERWARE AND MONEY ETC.

SHERIFF: Put it down there Officer Oddie. There.

OFFICER ODDIE: You can't tell me what to do.

SHERIFF: What! I am the Sheriff of Nottingham. I tell everyone what to do.

OFFICER ODDIE: Not me matey. I'm the officer in charge of your soldiers. One word from me and they'd re-scabbard their swords, stop poking their pikes, and quiver them quivery things.

SHERIFF: You wouldn't.

OFFICER ODDIE: I would. Ask that lot. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.)

SHERIFF: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no she wouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no she wouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

OFFICER ODDIE: See! They know. And they've never met me before.

SHERIFF: But I am the evil and extremely nasty Sheriff. I go - Ahh haa ha haa! - and they boo me.

OFFICER ODDIE: You don't know that matey. They might not. Give it a try.

SHERIFF: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oi you lot! I am the evil nasty Sheriff of Nottingham and I deserve to be booed. Ahh ha ha haa! Come on, let me have it. (ENCOURAGING BOO.)

OFFICER ODDIE: Hmmm! Not bad. But I bet I could do better. Come on, boo me. (ENCOURAGING BOO.) See! Us girls have got the lot. Beauty, sophistication and control.

SHERIFF: You control nothing! Watch this. You want scary. I'll scare them. (TO AUDIENCE.) Look! If you don't boo me every time I come on, I'll... I'll... Do something nasty. Very nasty.

OFFICER ODDIE: I'm not sure they look too scared.

SHERIFF: Never mind that. What's in the sack?

OFFICER ODDIE: Our plunder. Money, silver and gold. Plus a Dyson Airwrap Multi Styler. Well a girls gotta look her best when she's out on the rampage.

SHERIFF: Okay, right Officer Oddie. I command you to...

OFFICER ODDIE: Careful.

SHERIFF: I, yes me, I want you to...

OFFICER ODDIE: Wait. Less demanding please

SHERIFF: Excuse me Officer Oddie, excuse me. Would you please be good enough to take this plunder that you have kindly collected from the ever willing peasants, up to the castle?

OFFICER ODDIE: Yes of course I will Mr Sheriff. It will be a pleasure to do this for such a wonderful person as yourself.

SHERIFF: Actually that's good. But probably a bit too much grovel.

THE SHERIFF AND OFFICER ODDIE EXIT WITH THE PLUNDER.

TITANIA TUCK ENTERS.

TITANIA TUCK: (TO AUDIENCE.) Yoo hoo everyone. Was that the Sheriff? Nasty piece of work. You wouldn't want to meet him on a dark night coming back from Bingo at the (NAME OF LOCAL HALL). Certainly not if you'd just won the national joint full-house cash prize and that giant sized bottle of Babycham.

Right darlings. It must be quite a shock for you lot to find a stunning woman such as myself in the middle of all this wet and damp forestation. Don't let my beauty make you feel inadequate. Whoever you are, there is always someone with more poise and grace than yourself. This time it just happens to be me.

My reason for being in this here woodish place is that I am the top cook and sometimes stunning saucy minks for Robin Hood's gang of hunky outlaws.

I haven't always been a cook you know. I use to be the body double for Margot Robbie during that Barbie film. That was before I re-trained as a ballerina.

Then after my arabesque broke down I became a cook and general skivvy. I try to satisfy their every need. Has anyone in the audience got any needs that I could satisfy? Well you never know your luck do you?

Have you met Friar Tuck? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Don't be shy darlings. Speak to me. Have you met Friar Tuck? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Better. At least you're trying.

Well you see, little Tuckie, he's my son. I know it's hard to believe that someone so young, graceful and feminine as myself, could have spawned a slob like that. But he did indeed pop out of my personal persona. Indeed. Anyway...

Oh yes, where were we? My name is Titania Tuck. Yes darlings, Titania. I was called Titania after the Queen of the fairies. (DEEP VOICE.) And if anyone is brave enough to comment on that, then meet me outside the stage door after the panto and I'll show you my Oberon.

Did I mention that I was going to sing you a song? (BEAT.) Who said "Oh no"? That's not nice. I have the voice of an angel. The pretty angel next to the hideous gargoyle on the church roof. Okay, pin your lug-holes back, I'm coming at yer.

Musical number by Titania Tuck.

Suggested song: Slow Hands - Niall Horan.

FRIAR TUCK ENTERS.

FRIAR TUCK: Mother you're back. It's been almost a lifetime.

TITANIA TUCK: I've only been down to (NAME OF LOCAL SHOP) for a bag of bon-bons and a cheese souffle.

FRIAR TUCK: Ooooh ooooh, can I have the bon-bons?

TITANIA TUCK: Too late. I've already licked them with my own tongue.

FRIAR TUCK: You shouldn't talk about that sort of stuff. That man in the third row has started to get all exited.

TITANIA TUCK: You can have the ones I put back in my pocket after the licking. Although I have to warn you that they might be mixed with some five day old hamster fluff.

ROBIN HOOD ENTERS.

ROBIN HOOD: Ah there you are. We've got to do something.

FRIAR TUCK: Have we?

TITANIA TUCK: Are you sure?

FRIAR TUCK: We've never done anything before.

ROBIN HOOD: This is different. Someone has told me that there's going to be a wedding. Someone's getting married.

TITANIA TUCK: Someone?

ROBIN HOOD: Yes. That's them.

TITANIA TUCK: Far from me to pick holes in that last statement, but let's run though it. This someone?

FRIAR TUCK: Getting married?

ROBIN HOOD: Correct.

TITANIA TUCK: And this "someone" has told you that this other "someone" is the person getting married?

ROBIN HOOD: Correct. And apparently outlaws like us won't like it because it's two rich families getting together. This means it will make them even more powerful. We've got to stop it.

FRIAR TUCK: Have we?

TITANIA TUCK: And you've got this information from a "someone"?

ROBIN HOOD: Veldeara. She's my witch.

TITANIA TUCK: A witch? You really believe in witches? That's like saying that I could be an elephant.

FRIAR TUCK: Yes, but that wouldn't be so hard to believe would it?

TITANIA TUCK: Pardon? Oh dear. Perhaps I should do my own witch'ie magic. Yes, right, my little son. Zim zom zabam! Oh dear! That family bag of turkey burgers I promised you has suddenly magically disappeared.

ROBIN HOOD: No, you don't understand. Veldeara is a real witch.

FRIAR TUCK: Like Harry Potter?

ROBIN HOOD: That's right.

TITANIA TUCK: And you actually believe in witches and wizards?

ROBIN HOOD: Doesn't everyone?

TITANIA TUCK: But witches and wizards don't exist. Hang on. To be sure, let's do a quick question and answer session with these folk down here. (TO AUDIENCE.) Do any of you believe Harry Potter is real? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

FRIAR TUCK: Really?

TITANIA TUCK: You don't think he might have been made up?

FRIAR TUCK: Really?

TITANIA TUCK: A bit of a mixed bag there. It looks like the people from (LOCAL TOWN NAME) do, but the day trippers from up the way in (RIVAL TOWN) don't seem so sure.

ROBIN HOOD: Veldeara my witch is real. Just a moment. (USING HIS HANDS, HE MAKES A NOISE LIKE AN UNIDENTIFIABLE BIRD.) Coo, coo, crook a doodle doodle coo.

THEY LOOK AT ROBIN HOOD IN SURPRISE.

FRIAR TUCK: What on earth was that?

TITANIA TUCK: I think he's just laid an Easter egg.

FRIAR TUCK: Oh, I love those Cadbury's Buttons ones. Actually I love the Kit-Kat Easter eggs as well. Although, now I come to think about it, I love any type of Easter egg. Oh, oh, and if we are thinking of Easter, can I have a hot cross bun?

ROBIN HOOD: This is the call I make when I want to contact Veldeara. (LOUDLY.) Coo, coo, cook a doodle doodle coo.

THEY LOOK AT ROBIN AMAZED, THEN VELDEARA ENTERS WEARING A LARGE HOODED CLOAK.

TITANIA TUCK: Goodness me, it's Claudia Winkleman from Traitors.

VELDEARA: Hello, hello, hello, hello. You called din't yer? I come to offer help to all those who respect the circle of growth and decay that be around us in all living things.

FRIAR TUCK: Growth and decay? She means you Mother.

VELDEARA: I be using the power of the forest that be running through me veins. (REMOVING HOOD.) How can I be helping you Robin?

ROBIN HOOD: You told me that there is to be a wedding. A marriage that is not good for the forest or the people that we support.

VELDEARA: This be true.

FRIAR TUCK: Who's getting married?

VELDEARA: Someone beautiful. Full of goodness.

TITANIA TUCK: Oh, it's not me is it? Everyone knows I have lots of men throwing themselves at my feet.

FRIAR TUCK: Yes but once they get down there, they feint from the pong.

VELDEARA: It be someone in a high up place.

ROBIN HOOD: Do I know this person?

VELDEARA: Not yet I say. But a meeting be shortly.

ROBIN HOOD: And this betrothal?

VELDEARA: She be marrying someone in control of an army.

ROBIN HOOD: Got it! The Sheriff.

TITANIA TUCK: I shall refuse to marry him. Rumour says that he's got a pimple on the end of his...

FRIAR TUCK: Mother, I don't think it's you.

TITANIA TUCK: You have no proof of that statement.

VELDEARA: It be according to ancient medieval science. The fifth element of quintessence be filling the region of the universe beyond your terrestrial sphere.

TITANIA TUCK: Exactly! See. It is me. I've got those two quinty-sphere things. Although I'm not sure I want my beauty and goodness exposed or discussed by everyone.

ROBIN HOOD: It's not you.

TITANIA TUCK: You're just saying that.

FRIAR TUCK: Mother it's not you.

TITANIA TUCK: It could be.

VELDEARA: Listen you to my words. I know all things. It not be you. She be someone of Royal blood.

TITANIA TUCK: Couldn't we just discuss my quinty-spheres a little longer?

ROBIN, FRIAR, TITANIA AND VELDEARA EXIT ARGUING.

CONKERS AND BONKERS ENTER.

CONKERS: Here we are.

BONKERS: Is this the place?

BONKERS: You said you wanted somewhere outside camp where we can have fun.

BONKERS: No one will see us.

CONKERS: No one.

BONKERS: Well what about that lot there. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.)

CONKERS: (SEEING AUDIENCE AND LOOKING SHOCKED.) Woah! What are they doing in our forest?

BONKERS: Some people will turn up for anything.
CONKERS: Yes, but to see us?
BONKERS: When they shelled out the cash, they probably weren't exactly expecting someone like you.
CONKERS: Are they alive?
BONKERS: Who knows?
CONKERS: Shall we find out?
BONKERS: What! You mean...?

CONKERS AND BONKERS RUN OFF AND QUICKLY RETURN WITH HUGE WATER PISTOLS, WHICH THEY SPRAY ALL OVER THE AUDIENCE.

CONKERS: You were right. Some of them are alive.
BONKERS: They're certainly awake now. (POINTING.) He's not.
CONKERS: Give him a squirt.
BONKERS: Hello boys and girls. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)
CONKERS: You can speak to us you know.
BONKERS: Hello boys and girls. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)
CONKERS: My name is Conkers.
BONKERS: And my name is Bonkers. I was given the name Bonkers because my Dad was a total idiot.
CONKERS: And I was given the name Conkers because my Dad had some really big ones.
BONKERS: Did your dad play a lot?
CONKERS: Yes he was bonkers about conkers. But Mum says that he mainly played away.
BONKERS: And, did you receive his endowment?
CONKERS: I did. Look. (TURNING AWAY AND SHOWING BONKERS SOME CONKERS.)
BONKERS: Nice! Moving swiftly on.

SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE.

CONKERS: We are a branch of Robin Hood's gang. The new spriggy twiggy type kids branch. The young gang.
BONKERS: As opposed to the really old thick trunk type people. Like your parents.
CONKERS: We also tell jokes. Like... Why are trees like dogs?
BONKERS: They both have barks.
CONKERS: So yes, we are the up and coming outlaws in this forest.
BONKERS: Hey! And we're looking for new people to join our junior gang. Does anyone fancy it?

CONKERS: Anyone can join, as long as you are under the age of those people who keep saying "we never did that sort of thing when I was young".

BONKERS: Sing "Fa la la la laaaaaa!" if you want to join.

CONKERS: Come on. "Fa la la la laaaaaa!".

BONKERS: "Fa la la la laaaaaa! See. A few of them want to join.

CONKERS: In that case... This next bit is very official. If you get it wrong we might have to cover you in green slime and stick leaves all over your naughty bits. So take care.

BONKERS: Anyone who recites our secret initiation words will instantly a member. So get it right. Only shout this if you want to join.

CONKERS: Warning! If you shout it and don't join, you'll explode.

BONKERS: Okay, ready? Repeat after me. I will follow Robin's hoodie. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Be a baddie not a goodie. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

CONKERS: Yea! That means you are all part of Robin Hood's junior gang. Give yourself a big cheer.

BONKERS: Got any more forest jokes?

CONKERS: I once had a car made totally of wood. It looked lovely but it "wooden" go.

BONKERS: Hmmm! Now that some of you are members of our gang, we have a secret that you need to keep.

CONKERS: This secret is only known to official gang members so if you didn't join us, please look away now.

BONKERS: Tell them.

CONKERS: We have managed to get hold of a Pink Pong Bomb.

BONKERS: That's easy for you to say.

BONKERS EXITS AND RETURNS WITH THE PINK PONG BOMB. CONKERS BACKS AWAY.

BONKERS: Do you want to have a look?

CONKERS: No, keep it away from me.

BONKERS: It doesn't stink until you set it off.

CONKERS: Still, I'm happy over here.

BONKERS CHASES CONKERS AROUND THE STAGE A LITTLE BY WAVING THE BOMB AT CONKERS.

BONKERS: (CHASING.) Whooooo!

CONKERS: What bonkers has is a Pink Pong Bomb. It's pink, and it stinks.

BONKERS: We need to look after is carefully as we don't want it to explode.

CONKERS: It'll be safe over there.

THEY PLACE THE BOMB TOWARDS THE FRONT OR SIDE OF THE STAGE IN AN AREA WHERE IT CAN STILL BE SEEN, BUT NOT INTERFERE WITH THE ACTION.

BONKERS: What you all need to know is that the Pink Pong Bomb's innards are made up of a gas that is like old mouldy mushrooms dipped in Brussels sprout juice, added to that is the smell that gets left behind when grandad has exploded in the loo.

CONKERS: It's been stewing inside the bomb for weeks. Yuck!

BONKERS: Yuck indeed. If it explodes the whole place will be filled with this totally evil smell like... Yuuuukkkkkk, errrrrr, phuuuuuuw and pwhaaaah!

CONKERS: More like... Whoaaaaaaap, smogggggggg, shammieeeeeee.

BONKERS: And your job as gang members is to stop anyone setting it off.

CONKERS: If anyone touches it, it will fizz and pop until it finally shoots everything into the air and this room will be filled with... Yuuuukkkkkk, errrrrr, phuuuuuuw and pwhaaaah!

BONKERS: And... Whoaaaaaaap, smogggggggg, shammieeeeeee.

CONKERS: So if you see anyone even looking at it.

BONKERS: Please give us a shout.

CONKERS: Shout "Conkers".

BONKERS: Or "Bonkers".

CONKERS: And we'll come running to stop them.

BONKERS: Shall we have a test? If someone goes near the Pink Pong Bomb, like this. (APPROACHING BOMB IN A EXAGGERATED WAY.) Shout "Conkers". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

CONKERS: You have to be louder than that. Try again. (APPROACHING BOMB IN A EXAGGERATED WAY.) Shout "Bonkers". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

BONKERS: It doesn't matter if you shout "Conkers" or "Bonkers". The main thing is to stop them setting it off the Pink Pong Bomb.

CONKERS: It's pink and it stinks. And we don't want that.

BONKERS: Quick! Someone's coming.

CONKERS: Can't we just imagine ourselves somewhere else?

BONKERS: (DREAMILY.) I'll imagine myself in a hot steamy bubble bath with one of those spotty shower caps and a little yellow duck.

CONKERS: No I meant... Never mind. Let's just be somewhere else.

BONKERS: Bye gang.

CONKERS AND BONKERS EXIT AT A RUN.

LADY MARION ENTERS WITH ALAN-A-DALE,
WHO IS CARRYING A GUITAR OR LUTE.

LADY MARION: This looks like a nice quiet place.

ALAN-A-DALE: It is. With no one around. Unless you count that lot out there who according to theatre protocol, are obviously invisible to us.

LADY MARION: This looks perfect. I can write my love song here in peace and quiet.

CONKERS AND BONKERS RUN ACROSS THE STAGE
AND SQUIRT THE AUDIENCE, THEN EXIT AT
SPEED.

LADY MARION: Yes. Total peace and quiet.

ALAN-A-DALE: So how can I help?

LADY MARION: I need to write a sweet romantic ballad.

ALAN-A-DALE: Can I ask you something? Facebook and Instagram are saying that you are betrothed to the Sheriff of Nottingham. Will this be a love song to him?

LADY MARION: I most certainly am not betrothed to that hideous Sheriff and never will be. It's just fake news. The socials can never be trusted. The Sheriff is a beast beyond all beasts and ugly beyond measure. No no. My thoughts are in a different direction.

ALAN-A-DALE: Does he have a name?

LADY MARION: Yes but you must not know it. It is someone who I have seen from afar, but who has no idea that I exist. Will you help me?

ALAN-A-DALE: It will be a delight. Let's try to do something for your unknown suitor, who we all know is going to be Robin Hood, but we'll play the pretend game with you. A love song you say?

LADY MARION: Yes. A sweet romantic love song. Soft and lyrical so that it slips from my lips in words of pure romance.

ALAN-A-DALE: How about this then.

HE STRUMS ONE LOUD CHORD TO START
HIMSELF OFF - ANY CHORD - IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE THE RIGHT CHORD.

ALAN-A-DALE: There once was a wench called Lady Marion.
Who fancied this chap and wished to carry on.
He'd run through her thoughts for many a night.
And if he's on Tinder she'd swipe him right.

LADY MARION: I'm not sure that scans very well Alan. Can we do something a bit softer and more loving.

ALAN-A-DALE: Like, more girlie you mean?

LADY MARION: Something about love and roses perhaps.

ALAN-A-DALE: How about this? (HE STRUMS THE SAME SINGLE CHORD
BEFORE SINGING.)

ALAN-A-DALE:

I love you from a distance.
Tis probably my lot.
My eyes are wet with crying.
My nose is full of snot.

LADY MARION: Hmmm! I don't really like the tune to that one.

ALAN-A-DALE: Let's try this. (HE STRUMS THE ONE CHORD AGAIN.)

Will you be my one and only?
Please don't let me be so lonely.
Come and have a cup of tea.
And let me climb right up your tree.

LADY MARION: I not really sure you have the right idea about love Alan. Perhaps you should leave me alone with my thoughts.

ALAN-A-DALE: Would you like me to give you one last marigold?

LADY MARION: A washing up glove?

ALAN-A-DALE: A marigold. It's a type of song.

LADY MARION: I think you mean a madrigal.

ALAN-A-DALE: No wonder that woman looked at me strange in Tesco's.
(OR OTHER LOCAL STORE.)

ALAN-A-DALE EXITS, PERHAPS DOING HIS ONE STRUM.

Musical Number: Lady Marion.

Suggestion: APT - Rosé and Bruno Mars. (Meet me at the apartment.)

LADY MARION: How can I tell this man I love him? I am a Lady at Court and the niece of King Richard. My love is for an outlaw. We really shouldn't be together, but when I see his picture I can't take my mind off him. One day I will meet him face to face.

ROBIN HOOD NONCHALANTLY WANDERS IN.

ROBIN HOOD: Hello.

LADY MARION: Please don't interrupt.

ROBIN HOOD: Are you lost? Do you need a guide?

LADY MARION: Come anywhere near me and I'll hit you with my shoe.

ROBIN HOOD: They're lovely shoes.

LADY MARION: Pervert.

ROBIN HOOD: We don't often get beautiful young women wandering around in the forest on their own. You should take care. This place is full of outlaws. You might be set upon and robbed.

LADY MARION: Just let them try.

ROBIN HOOD: There are bandits and thieves out here.

LADY MARION: I can look after myself. Anyway, it is said, that the Sherwood Forest outlaws would never hurt a lady.

ROBIN HOOD: And are you a lady?

LADY MARION: Yes, a real one. You should take care young man. I am Lady Marion, the niece of King Richard. Come anywhere near me and you will have the King to answer to.

ROBIN HOOD: That may be so but you should take care in this forest. The outlaws may see you as a legitimate target. They are sworn to take from the rich and give to the poor.

LADY MARION: I am told that their leader, Robin Hood, has a camp somewhere around here. Do you know where it is?

ROBIN HOOD: No one knows. He keeps it a closely guarded secret.

LADY MARION: Have you met him?

ROBIN HOOD: Robin Hood does not show himself that easily. You have to earn his trust before he will...

LADY MARION: Have you met him?

ROBIN HOOD: Who? Robin Hood?

LADY MARION: Of course.

ROBIN HOOD: Yes I have met him a few times.

LADY MARION: Then tell me, is he as tall and handsome as everyone says?

ROBIN HOOD: (PREENING.) Oh he most certainly is.

LADY MARION: Bold and courageous?

ROBIN HOOD: (PREENING.) Indeed he is.

LADY MARION: And modest beyond measure?

ROBIN HOOD: (PREENING.) There is no one more modest-er.

LADY MARION: They say he dresses totally in Lincoln Green?

ROBIN HOOD: Even his underpants.

LADY MARION: How do you know these things?

ROBIN HOOD: Ah! Er... What a lovely day. May I say how much you brighten up the forest?

LADY MARION: Did you just change the subject?

ROBIN HOOD: Did I? Maybe. But your beauty is a subject that needs a whole sonnet devoted to it.

LADY MARION: Creep!

ROBIN HOOD: What do you want with Robin Hood?

LADY MARION: He is my hero. I love all he stands for.

ROBIN HOOD: How can you love someone you have never seen? Do you even know what Robin Hood looks like?

LADY MARION: I have his poster. On my bedroom wall.

ROBIN HOOD: A poster? You mean like one of Taylor Swift's or Ariana Grande's. Does Robin Hood have a bedroom poster?

LADY MARION: I have his wanted poster.

ROBIN HOOD: That "Dead or alive" thing?

LADY MARION: Indeed.

ROBIN HOOD: Then why don't you know what he looks like?

LADY MARION: The poster just has a drawing. A sort of artist's impression.

ROBIN HOOD: And I can tell you, he certainly doesn't look like those drawings. (PREENING.) He is much more handsome than that.

LADY MARION: In that case I will find him even more attractive.

ROBIN HOOD: (PREENING.) Yes! Get in!

LADY MARION: I am told he is extremely gorgeous in reality.

ROBIN HOOD: (PREENING.) Oh he is gorgeous alright. Impossibly gorgeous.

LADY MARION: Is he?

ROBIN HOOD: It is well known.

LADY MARION: And magnificent with his weapon.

ROBIN HOOD: He has a very big one. His bow and arrow.

LADY MARION: Robin sounds perfect.

ROBIN HOOD: I would say there was no one more perfect-er.

LADY MARION: Can you take me to him?

ROBIN HOOD: That would be impossible as no one knows where he is or what he really looks like.

FRIAR TUCK ENTERS.

FRIAR TUCK: Ah there you are Robin.

LADY MARION: Robin?

FRIAR TUCK: Yes Robin. Mother says that the food is nearly ready. Is this lady staying for dinner?

ROBIN HOOD: Ah! Er... Tuck, this is Lady Marion.

LADY MARION: Robin. Robin Hood?

FRIAR TUCK: Who else did you think he was? He didn't give you the old "I don't know anything" routine did he? He did, didn't he?

LADY MARION: Robin?

ROBIN HOOD: I might be.

LADY MARION: Robin Hood? You don't look anything like Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD: Yes, yes. Don't go on about it.

LADY MARION: But I said things that I should never have told Robin to his face.

FRIAR TUCK: Ah! Difficult. Perhaps I should find somewhere else to be. Nice to have met you Lady Marion. I don't suppose you happen to have a Jammy Dodger about your person do you? Or a packet of hobnobs? No? A chocolate finger? Oh well. The thing is, it's fungus flapjacks for tea tonight and I was hoping that... Just to take the edge off? Ah! I see. I'm a gooseberry right now then aren't I? Actually, I love a wild gooseberry. Okay, going, going, look I'm going. Here I go.

FRIAR TUCK EXITS.

LADY MARION: So YOU are Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD: It would appear so.

LADY MARION: You let me pour out my heart in front of you.

ROBIN HOOD: Yes and if I might say so, what a beautiful and sexy heart it is.

LADY MARION: Don't be crass.

ROBIN HOOD: Sorry!

LADY MARION: Suddenly my vision of this heroic figure in Lincoln green has been ripped and torn to shreds.

ROBIN HOOD: I'm still the same Robin Hood that got your heart racing only a few moments ago.

LADY MARION: Yes, but it's like wanting a soft and bouncy little puppy, then being presented with an old plodding tortoise. It's just not the same.

ROBIN HOOD: But you are lovely beyond comparer. I feel it is my duty to break into song about your total loveliness-ess. If only I had a musician handy.

ALAN-A-DALE STEPS OUT OF THE WINGS AND PLAYS THE "STRUM" ON HIS GUITAR.

ROBIN HOOD: Is that the best you can do?

ALAN-A-DALE: (SARCASTICALLY.) Sorry! The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra couldn't make it?

ROBIN HOOD: I'm going to sing a love song to this beautiful lady and all you can give me is "Twang!!!!"

ALAN-A-DALE: Please yourself.

ALAN-A-DALE EXITS.

ROBIN HOOD: Hang on. (ROBIN PULLS OUT HIS PHONE AND TOUCHES THE SCREEN.) Here it is, The karaoke version. Play.

Musical Number: Robin Hood. (Solo.)

Suggestion: Die with a smile - Bruno Mars & Lady Gaga.

LADY MARION: Thank you. But that was all a bit creepy really.

ROBIN HOOD: Do I even stand a chance?

LADY MARION: Well let's see. First you hide who you are by telling lies. Then you act like a weirdo, singing a love song to someone you've only just met. Then you expect me to drift off into the forest with you to get up to who knows what? Personally I think that if King Richard ever got to hear about this he would send his soldiers to cut off your head, pull out your gizzards, and stamp on your trinkets.

ROBIN HOOD: That's a no then?

MARION SPOTS THE PINK PONG BOMB.

LADY MARION: Wait! What's this?

SHE GOES TOWARDS IT. HOPEFULLY THE AUDIENCE WILL CALL OUT AND BONKERS AND CONKERS WILL COME RUNNING.

BONKERS: Don't touch that.

LADY MARION: What is it?

CONKERS: It's a Pink Pong Bomb.

BONKERS: It's pink and it stinks.

ROBIN HOOD: Not a dreaded Pink Pong Bomb? Whoah! I'm out of here.

ROBIN HOOD EXITS AT SPEED.

LADY MARION: I thought Robin Hood was brave. A hero?

BONKERS: It's all just P.R. And hype.

CONKERS: He has a great brand manager for his socials.

BONKERS: 15,000 followers on Instagram, more on X and still a few oldies on Facebook.

CONKERS: Mind you, he's nothing on TikTok. His dancing is rubbish.

LADY MARION: Perhaps I might have jumped too soon.

LADY MARION EXITS, AS CONKERS AND BONKERS WALK FORWARD AND THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS.

CLOSE TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: ON THE WAY TO NOTTINGHAM.

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF THE
TABS. CONKERS AND BONKERS ENTER THROUGH
THE CLOSING TABS.

CONKERS: Hi gang.

BONKERS: Thank you for saving our bomb.

CONKERS: We were on our way into Nottingham.

BONKERS: But someone has told us that the Sheriff has sent his henchman...

CONKERS: Hench-person.

BONKERS: Has sent his hench-person, to see if they can discover Robin Hood's hide out.

CONKERS: Well they're not going to find that, are they?

BONKERS: No, of course not. Even Google Earth has never found it.

CONKERS: If you look for it from a satellite picture it's never there. You can see the old Oak, but not the camp. I guess it's a bit like trying to see Santa's workshop from the sky. You just can't. It's invisible.

BONKERS: They say you can see Friar Tuck's belly from space.

CONKERS: Well that's a landmark in it's own right.

BONKERS: Hey. Another forest joke. What does a tree wear to a pool party? Trunks.

CONKERS: Is that the best you can do?

BONKERS: Probably.

OFFICER ODDIE ENTERS ONTO THE APRON AND
A FEW SOLDIERS ENTER INTO THE AUDITORIUM
FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

OFFICER ODDIE: Don't move. You're surrounded.

CONKERS: You'll never take us alive.

BONKERS: Hold on. If they don't take us alive, the opposite of alive is dead.

OFFICER ODDIE: Where were you two going?

CONKERS: Nottingham.

BONKERS: Shopping.

CONKERS: Yes! A quick swoosh around M&S for some clean pants, then a nice plate of fancy cakes in that little tea shop, run by her from (NAME OF NEARBY TOWN.)

BONKERS: And Conkers here could do with a second ball of wool for knitting those winter socks, and I need a new saddle for my pushbike.

CONKERS: It's about time you got a new saddle for that. I tried to ride it last week and didn't know about the seating arrangements until the pain shot right up my cardigan.

OFFICER ODDIE: What were you doing using someone else's transport?

CONKERS: I'm saving the planet. Changing my horse from grass to electric.

OFFICER ODDIE: Well I'm going to have to arrest you on suspicion of being outlaws.

CONKERS: Outlaws? That's an outrage.

OFFICER ODDIE: I suspect you have been down among these ugly people and pilfered from their pockets.

BONKERS: They've not got anything left after being stung for a programme and a raffle ticket.

OFFICER ODDIE: I still think you're miserable nasty outlaws.

BONKERS: These people will tell you that we're us.

CONKERS: Are we us? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

BONKERS: Oh yes we are. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

OFFICER ODDIE: That was a bit confusing.

CONKERS: They're our friends.

OFFICER ODDIE: Oh no they're not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no they're not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Shut it you lot. I also suspect that you are in cahoots with this Robin Hood and probably know his post code.

BONKERS: Oh no we don't.

OFFICER ODDIE: Don't start that again. Arrest them men.

SUDDENLY AND WITH A LOT OF NOISE AND SHOUTING, ROBIN HOOD AND HIS OUTLAWS RUSH INTO THE MAIN AUDITORIUM FROM ALL ENTRANCES AND DIRECTIONS.

ROBIN HOOD: (COMMANDINGLY.) Leave my friends alone.

OFFICER ODDIE: Not a chance.

A HANDFUL OF ARROWS ARE RANDOMLY THROWN ONTO THE STAGE FROM THE WINGS AND THEY CLATTER AT OFFICER ODDIE'S FEET. SHE BENDS DOWN AND PICKS ONE UP.

OFFICER ODDIE: Agh! Have I been shot? Hang on. These ridiculous arrows have rubber suckers on the end.

ROBIN HOOD: It's health and safety.

OFFICER ODDIE: You can't frighten me with these.

SOME OF THE OUTLAWS DRAW LARGE SWORDS.

ROBIN HOOD: Do these help?

THE OUTLAWS SUDDENLY SHOUT AND SCREAM "WAR-CRIES" AS THEY START TO RUSH THE STAGE. THERE ARE FIGHTS WITH THE SOLDIERS IN THE AUDIENCE USING STAFFS/POLES AND SWORDS BUT EVENTUALLY THE SOLDIERS EXIT. ROBIN'S MEN REACH THE STAGE AND CONTAIN OFFICER ODDIE, WHO IS TAKEN OFF STAGE.

ROBIN HOOD: Well done my people. We win the day again.

THERE IS A ROUSING CRY FROM THE OUTLAWS AS THEY GO INTO A VICTORY SONG AND DANCE.

Musical Number: Robin Hood and his band of outlaws.

Suggested song: We are the Champions - Queen.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THEY LEAVE THE STAGE.

END SCENE.

OPEN TABS.

LADY MARION: So Robin Hood wins again.

SHERIFF: What do you mean, Robin Hood wins again? Oh no he doesn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Shut it!

He will never win. It is I who has the strongest and most powerful army in England. I who promised Prince John that I would rid his lands of this pathetic little outlaw. I who will drag him down from his hideout in the trees. And I who will cut off Robin Hood's head and grind his giblets into the earth with the heel of my boot. Ahh ha ha haa!

TITANIA TUCK ENTERS.

TITANIA TUCK: Excuse me darling. Have I interrupted something?

SHERIFF: What! Who are you?

LADY MARION: I should go.

LADY MARION EXITS.

TITANIA TUCK: She seems nice.

SHERIFF: What, yes what are you doing in my castle? Who on earth are you?

TITANIA TUCK: I'm your new cook. You might remember you put that advert in the (LOCAL NEWSPAPER REFERENCE) last week? "Good cookery woman needed for cookery work cooking as a cook. Must be able to cook." Well I got the job. I come highly recommended.

SHERIFF: By whom?

TITANIA TUCK: Past employers have swooned over my soft and pert dumplings. And many have mentioned my heavenly artichoke in dispatches. In fact my references were so good that it was almost like I'd written them myself. (WINKING AT AUDIENCE.)

SHERIFF: You look very old for a cook.

TITANIA TUCK: Well that's quite rude darling. Some people say that I look like Nigella. I'm certainly just as vivacious. Would you like me to give you a touch of viv'ing?

SHERIFF: I think I'll pass on that for the moment. What sort of thing can I expect?

TITANIA TUCK: Well if your expecting any of that mummy and daddy stuff you're going to be very disappointed darling. I've read the book and I am certainty not doing those moist bits. Although someone did say you're a very handsome man, in the right light. But we need to take things slowly for a while. Then if I feel I like the hang of your jib - do you have a jib? - I might let you have a nibble of my softly floured baps.

SHERIFF: Tell me about your recommendations.

TITANIA TUCK: Oh, my recomenders go up so high that it's almost impossible to see my attributions. And my curriculum vitae is so vital that even Mr Curriculas himself was totally surprised.

TITANIA TUCK:

But I do feel that I may have to ask you not to shout and scream like you were doing when I came in. You know, that Ahh ha ha haa stuff? My lug-holes don't like it. It gets right in there and rattles all the wax about.

SHERIFF:

Right. Sorry. I'll try.

TITANIA TUCK:

Thank you darling.

SHERIFF:

(ANNOYED.) Wait a moment. What on earth am I saying? What! You're a servant. You work here. You work for me. You should be doing what I say.

TITANIA TUCK:

Well I'm not sure we're going to get along if you take that attitude. If you want suggery plums, or have a lick of my cherry truffles you're going to have to calm down.

SHERIFF:

Calm down? Calm down! While Robin Hood and his outlaws are still alive I will never be calm.

(PATHETIC.) You don't realise what I have to put up with. This audience continue to boo me whenever I appear. It's as if they don't like me. Nobody loves me.

TITANIA TUCK:

I'm sure your Mummy and Daddy love you. You could go home to them.

SHERIFF:

They've moved to (TOWN WITH OPPOSING FOOTBALL TEAM).

TITANIA TUCK:

Have you got your heart pills darling.

SHERIFF:

This is all too much. I'm going for a sit down. Cook me something.

THE SHERIFF SLUMPS OFF.

TITANIA TUCK:

He's a grumpy guts isn't he? What he doesn't know is that Robin has sent me here as his woman on the inside. Have you ever been the woman inside lovie? Probably just on the outside eh? My experiences have made me a woman on both the in and out sides. I've also been the woman on top and even underneath. Oh yes. I'm like that spy, Mata Hairy. Flirting with danger. Tickling with scary stuff. I'm a Secret Squirrel although, really more like Bond, Jane Bond, special Charlie's angel. She who dares wins Rodney.

I mustn't forget I'm here to discover the Sheriff's undercover secrets. And I intend to get right under his covers. I'll be under there examining all his crinkly little bits.

I have to say that I'm tempted to put something nasty in his food. Actually the folks back at Robin's camp say I do that for them every day. Obviously they're just kidding. My stinging nettle mash with woodlice and snail pie is the talk of the forest.

But I guess the Sheriff's larder will have more normal ingredients in it. I know the second way to a man's heart is via a cake. Don't ask about the first. So a cake it is.

I'll use my famous recipe that's made a killing all over the world.

TITANIA TUCK:

Several killings in fact, but we won't talk about those. I call it - The Cake I Can't Bake but Can Fake. My sous chef has my recipe book?

LITTLE JOHN, A SMALL CHILD ACTOR, BRINGS IN A HUGE RECIPE BOOK.

TITANIA TUCK: This is John.

LITTLE JOHN: Little John.

TITANIA TUCK: Never trust those fairy tales. They give the impression that Little John is a seven foot tall giant with big bits. Are you seven feet tall Little John?

LITTLE JOHN: Not quite.

TITANIA TUCK: See. Never trust a fairy tale.

Right Little John. Do you know how to bake a cake?

LITTLE JOHN: No, but I have a recipe book.

TITANIA TUCK: Do you know how to read?

LITTLE JOHN: Do I look like an idiot?

TITANIA TUCK: Fair point.

A TABLE IS EITHER BROUGHT ON, OR IS ALREADY IN PLACE. IT HAS THE INGREDIENTS AVAILABLE.

TITANIA TUCK: What's first.

LITTLE JOHN: (READING FROM BOOK.) Flour. Sifted from a height to add air.

TITANIA TUCK: Add air? Sifted from a height? I can certainly do the height bit.

TITANIA GETS A STEPLADDER AND CLIMBS IT. SHE POURS FLOUR FROM A GREAT HEIGHT INTO A MIXING BOWL (LOTS OF IT.) MAKING A CLOUD.

TITANIA TUCK: Where's everyone gone. Are you all still there my people? If you're still there, shout "yooo hooo". What's next?

LITTLE JOHN: Sugar.

TITANIA TUCK: Sugar. We've only got cubes.

SUGAR CUBES CAN BE JUGGLED, CAUGHT IN THE MOUTH, FLIPPED OR BATTED INTO THE BOWL FROM A DISTANCE, EVEN A COUPLE THROWN INTO THE AUDIENCE.

LITTLE JOHN: Six eggs.

SIX EGGS ARE PUT ON THE TABLE STILL IN THEIR OPEN BOX.

TITANIA TUCK: Does is say what to do with them?

LITTLE JOHN: Crack them into the bowl.

TITANIA TAKES A WOODEN SPOON AND SMASHES THE EGGS HARD WHILE THEY ARE STILL IN THE EGG BOX, THEN GATHERS IT UP AND DUMPS THE WHOLE MESS INTO THE BOWL.

TITANIA TUCK: Next.

LITTLE JOHN: Milk.

A WATER PISTOL IS USED TO SHOOT MILK INTO THE BOWL. PERHAPS SOME INTO THE AUDIENCE (OR ON LITTLE JOHN.)

TITANIA TUCK: What next?

LITTLE JOHN: Beat it.

TITANIA TUCK: This is where some cheap old pantomimes would play "Beat it" by Michael Jackson. But (NAME OF THEATRE GROUP) are far too sophisticated for that sort of thing aren't we?. (LOOKING OFF TO WINGS.) Oh! We're obviously *not* that sophisticated.

A SNATCH OF "BEAT IT" IS HEARD. TITANIA DANCES A LITTLE WHILE BEATING THE INGREDIENTS, LIKE SLAPPING IT HARD WITH THE WOODEN SPOON TO SPLASH IT AROUND.

TITANIA TUCK: Next.

LITTLE JOHN: Cook in the oven until done.

TITANIA TUCK: What? We don't have an oven. Isn't this where someone should say "Here's one I made earlier"?

LITTLE JOHN: Here's one I made earlier.

LITTLE JOHN EXITS AND IMMEDIATELY RETURNS WITH A VERY LARGE FANTASTIC FULLY FINISHED CAKE (CARDBOARD?). IT IS ALREADY ICED AND DECORATED. LITTLE JOHN STANDS NEXT TO THE TABLE LOOKING OUT AT THE AUDIENCE.

TITANIA TUCK: Did you cook that? Wow! All it needs now is some squirty cream.

TITANIA TUCK PICKS UP A CAN OF CREAM AND WAVES IT OVER LITTLE JOHN.

TITANIA TUCK: (TO AUDIENCE.) Shall I? That would be cruel wouldn't it? Shall I?

AFTER A LITTLE BANTER/BUSINESS WITH THE AUDIENCE "WILL I, WONT I?", TITANIA FINALLY SQUIRTS LOTS OF CREAM ALL OVER THE SMALL CHILD ACTOR.

TITANIA TUCK: Ladies and gentlemen, please give a big round of applause to Little John.

CLOSE TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: ON THE ROAD TO THE FOREST

PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TABS. VELDEARA
THE WITCH ENTERS WEARING A CLOAK WITH A
HOOD. THE HOOD IS UP AND COVERING HER
HEAD.

Possibly: The Traitors Main Theme - Sam Watts.

VELDEARA: What does yer think? A Traitor or a Faithful?
(LOWERS HOOD.) I be a good witch, so my job be to
help and look after the people from forest.

(TO AUDIENCE.) Does yee know that us witches be all
around everyone. There may even be a witch sitting
on the seat next to you. Has a sneaky look at 'em.
Go on, has a look. Slightly scary ain't it to think
that yee might be sitting next to a real live witch?

Most of us be nice witches. Like them Harry Potter
and Hermione Granger people. Good witches.

Musical Number: Veldeara.

Suggestion: Don't Stop Believing - Journey.

VELDEARA: As a good witch, even Robin Hood comes to me fer
advice. Stop! I feels him close at the moment.

ROBIN HOOD ENTERS.

ROBIN HOOD: Ah Veldeara. I'm please I've found you. I need your
help.

VELDEARA: Yes, I can be fixing that for yers. (MAKING MAGIC
PASSES.)

ROBIN HOOD: Wait a moment. I haven't even told you what the
problem is.

VELDEARA: No need young Robin. Witches know everything.

ROBIN HOOD: Everything? You don't know about that thing I do
with the plastic duck in the bath do you?

VELDEARA: Of course. I has put the video on TikTok.

ROBIN HOOD: But this time I have a new problem.

VELDEARA: Us knows. Can read it in yer aura. Shows in yer
very being.

ROBIN HOOD: I'm in love.

VELDEARA: I knows.

ROBIN HOOD: But I think it's real love. Like all the twiddly,
funny, wobbly bits are going twiddly, funny and
wobbly.

VELDEARA: I knows.

ROBIN HOOD: Can you fix it?

VELDEARA: Yers wants me to stop them twiddly, funny, wobbly
bits twiddling and wobbling?

ROBIN HOOD: If you can.

VELDEARA: Does Friar Tuck knows how yer feel?
ROBIN HOOD: Why would Tuck need to know?
VELDEARA: See, if yer love someone it be best that them knows.
ROBIN HOOD: Tuck! It's not Tuck I love.
VELDEARA: Be yer sure?
ROBIN HOOD: I've never been surer in my life.
VELDEARA: We cans make it happen be you wann it.
ROBIN HOOD: No I don't want it.
VELDEARA: But yer aura?
ROBIN HOOD: Someone must have swapped mine.
VELDEARA: Then... a moment. Stand you still.

VELDEARA MAKES MAGIC PULLING MOTIONS ALL
AROUND ROBIN.

VELDEARA: There. We has it now. It be Will Scarlet.
ROBIN HOOD: No.
VELDEARA: Alan-A-Dale?
ROBIN HOOD: No!
VELDEARA: Surely not that man who be in front row?
ROBIN HOOD: No. It's Lady Marion.
VELDEARA: I knews that. Yer want me to make Lady Marion falls
in loves with yer?
ROBIN HOOD: That's what I've been saying all along.
VELDEARA: I knews that.
ROBIN HOOD: Can you create a spell that makes her go all gooey
every time we meet?
VELDEARA: Gooey?
ROBIN HOOD: You know. Kind of, like, Ooooooo, Arrrrrrr, Hmmmmmm,
Yes yes yeeeeees lover boy. Something like that.
VELDEARA: Does yer want her making them sound effects?
ROBIN HOOD: Doesn't every man wants girls to make those sound
effects?
VELDEARA: I think yer might be stuck in 1970's
ROBIN HOOD: Perhaps just one little Oooo then.
VELDEARA: Stand there.

TINKLY MUSIC PLAYS AND VELDEARA MAKES
MAGICAL PASSES OVER ROBIN. SHE PULLS
HER HOOD OVER HER HEAD AS SEVERAL OTHER
"WITCHES" ENTER. THEY ARE ALL DRESSED
IN IDENTICAL ROBES WITH HOODS THAT COVER
THEIR HEADS AND DARKEN THEIR FACES.

ROBIN IS HANDED A SIMILAR ROBE WITH A HOOD WHICH HE PUTS ON. EVERYONE LOOKS ALIKE. THEY NOW DO A MYSTICAL DANCE AROUND ROBIN AND HE MIXES IN AS EVERYONE MOVES ABOUT THE STAGE. UNOBSERVED, ROBIN SECRETLY LEAVES THE STAGE. AT THE END OF THE ROUTINE THE MAGICAL DANCERS DROP THEIR HOODS AND WE SEE THAT ROBIN IS NOT ONE OF THEM.

VELDEARA: The spell be cast Lady Marion be now in love with Robin Hood. (LOOKING FOR HIM AMONG THE OTHER WITCHES.) How do it feels Robin? Robin? Robin? Oh no! I must'a used me wrong spell. I've probably sent him to some horrific splattery end in (OTHER TOWN NAME). What a terrible way ter go. No one wants to be sent somewhere like that without warning.

ROBIN ENTERS THE AUDITORIUM FROM THE BACK THE ROOM. THE OTHERS EXIT.

ROBIN HOOD: (FROM THE AUDITORIUM.) It's alright Veldeara. I'm here!

VELDEARA: Hello, hello, hello, hello, that be quick. I didn't know buses be still running.

ROBIN HOOD: No, I just materialised. Over there.

VELDEARA: Be not ridiculous. That be a spell I bought online from them Amazon people. It only cost £12.99, plus yer postage and packing. They must have sent the extra wizzy materialisation spell by mistake.

ROBIN HOOD: Well I was over there, and then I was over here. It felt like I was a flake in a 99. My feet were shoved in the cold ice cream and my top was covered in sprinkles. Then it went sort of whoosh with a green zingy zap, then a purple swirl at the end. Plus those red stars.

VELDEARA: As yer passed "Go", did yer collect £200? And the love potion?

ROBIN HOOD: I was given this. (SHOWING AN ATOMIZER.) What is it?

VELDEARA: That be a secret magic zaffaponic infusion from the bark of the wing wang tree, which only be growing on the underside of the wiff waff mountain.

ROBIN HOOD: It's wing wang from the wiff waff?

VELDEARA: Try not ter be spilling none. Yer'll burn a hole in floor.

ROBIN HOOD: Hang on. Should I be wearing high viz?

VELDEARA: Probably. It's be an extremely toxic love potion. Anyone who be getting a whiff of the wing wang will fall madly in love with user. Spray it on Lady Marion and she not be able to resist.

ROBIN HOOD: What, this? It's just seems like a normal spray. Look!

ROBIN "ACCIDENTALLY" SPRAYS THE ATOMIZER OVER A FEW OF THE AUDIENCE, WAFTING IT AROUND.

VELDEARA: (PANICKING.) No no no, don't yer be doing that.
Take care.

ROBIN HOOD: I think the nozzle's blocked.

ROBIN RANDOMLY SPRAYS A BIT MORE OVER
THE AUDIENCE.

VELDEARA: Stop. That be too much. You'll have them mobbing
yer. You be getting a stalker.

HE SPRAYS MORE.

ROBIN HOOD: The nozzle's clearing now.

HE SPRAYS AGAIN.

VELDEARA: Stop yer now. Don't yers realise that all them
people now be hopeless in love with yer?

ROBIN HOOD: Surely not the fellas?

VELDEARA: Especially them fellas. Be looking at that one over
there. He can't take his eyes of yer.

ROBIN HOOD: It's this stuff is it?

VELDEARA: I did warn yer. Just don't be looking them in the
eyes.

ROBIN HOOD: I think it's too late. There's one here who's
starting to glaze over.

ROBIN RUNS ONTO THE STAGE.

THE TABS OPEN FOR THE NEXT SCENE AND
THEY BOTH WALK INTO IT.

OPEN TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5: SHERWOOD FOREST.

ALL OF ROBIN HOOD'S OUTLAWS (CHORUS)
ARE ON STAGE. AS THE TABS OPEN THEY ARE
ALL SINGING AND DANCING. ROBIN HOOD AND
VELDEARA JOIN THEM BUT EXIT TOWARDS THE
END OF THE SONG.

Musical number: The outlaws.

Suggestion: The Greatest Show - from The Greatest Show.

AT THE END OF THE SONG CONKERS AND
BONKERS COME FORWARD, WHILE EVERYBODY
ELSE DRIFTS AWAY.

CONKERS: Hi Gang.

FRIAR TUCK COMES IN WITH A POSTER.

FRIAR TUCK: Have you seen this poster? There's going to be a
county fayre. And you know what that means?

BONKERS: Yes, swings, roundabouts.

CONKERS: Coconut shies, bran tubs, dipping for the wet
hedgehog.

FRIAR TUCK: The wet hedgehog?

CONKERS: Well, the last time there was going to be bobbing for
apples. But over night a hedgehog family broke into
the store shed and ate all the apples. So the
hedgehogs had to pay a forfeit.

BONKERS: I always liked that stall where you flick the cat's
balls.

FRIAR TUCK: Wait a moment. Flick the cat's balls?

BONKERS: You flick and waft the cat's fur balls down a course.
What on earth were you thinking?

CONKERS: Right. Did you have any more animal related games in
your youth?

BONKERS: There was the one we played with my ass?

CONKERS: Oh! You mean pin the tail on the donkey?

FRIAR TUCK: Can we get back to the good stuff? Hot dogs,
burgers, toffee apples, popcorn, and the modern
version of pigs in blankets. Squeakers in duvets.

BONKERS: Is food all you ever think about?

FRIAR TUCK: Of course not. I think about my mummy a lot.
Especially about what she's making for tea.

CONKERS: Hey look at this. (POINTING TO POSTER.) There's going
to be an archery contest. We could enter. What are
the prizes?

BONKERS: Get a load of these.

*Note: I might be funny to play "At the Sign of the Swinging Cymbal" by
Brass Incorporated, behind the list of prizes.*

BONKERS: At number five, prize pickers, comes - A two hour all inclusive car parking space in a National Health Hospital of your choice.

CONKERS: Standing at number four this week. - A ten year old bottle of Scotch Whiskey that may or may not have already passed through (LOCAL PUBLICAN OR POLITICIAN NAME).

BONKERS: And at number three - Kindly donated by the (LOCAL QUOTE) charity shop, a copy of Barry Manilow's "Cocacabana". On cassette tape.

CONKERS: Right now at number two - Knitted by Granny Smith, (OR LOCAL NAME) a man sized crochet cucumber warmer.

BONKERS: And currently in the number one slot, prize pickers. A voucher for six months Tinder.

CONKERS: Six month's Tinder. Wood to light your fire?

BONKERS: No. Tinder is a dating app for your phone.

CONKERS: Why would my phone want to go on a date?

CONKERS: We could get Robin to enter this archery competition. He would win all the prizes.

FRIAR TUCK: He's the best shot we've got.

OFFICER ODDIE ENTERS.

OFFICER ODDIE: Who's the best shot you've got?

BONKERS: Rob...

CONKERS: Shush!

OFFICER ODDIE: Rob?

BONKERS: Robinson...

CONKERS: Crusoe.

BONKERS: Robbie...

CONKERS: Williams.

OFFICER ODDIE: Robin... Hood?

BONKERS: Never heard of him. Or her.

OFFICER ODDIE: Well I have. And I've seen his likeness on the poster. So if Robin Hood should enter this archery contest, I will put on my extremely evil look, like this, and have him arrested on the spot. Ahh ha ha haa.

CONKERS: On what trumped up charge?

OFFICER ODDIE: Oh don't worry. I'll think of something.

BONKERS: (STAGE WHISPER.) We need to get out of here. Create a diversion.

CONKERS: What?

BONKERS: (NORMAL.) I said we need to get out of... (STAGE WHISPER.) A diversion.

FRIAR TUCK: (STAGE WHISPER.) Leave it with me. (NORMAL.) I'm sorry, but I think I can smell a Jam Doughnut?

OFFICER ODDIE: What's that got to do with anything?

FRIAR TUCK: Ah, you see I haven't had a snack for several minutes and I'm starting to get withdrawal symptoms. My sugar levels drop to such an extent that I lose control. Look at my tongue. It's wobbling.

OFFICER ODDIE: You're not going to put that back in your mouth are you?

FRIAR TUCK: There is definitely a jam doughnut in the vicinity. And as today's designated forest food ranger, I'm going to have to search anyone I suspect of carrying contraband.

BONKERS: Well it's not me.

CONKERS: And I've not seen a pick-and-mix selection since 2009 when they closed our local Woolworth's.

OFFICER ODDIE: Don't look at me like that. I have nothing to declare.

FRIAR TUCK: A fairy cake? A chocolate shortcake? Even an extremely fruity nib knob?

OFFICER ODDIE: Nothing.

FRIAR TUCK: We will need to do a full body search. Face that way and stick out your arms.

OFFICER ODDIE FACES AWAY FROM THE REST AND HOLDS OUT HER ARMS.

FRIAR TUCK: Hold that pose while I give you a quick frisking.

FRIAR TUCK NODS TO THE OTHERS AND ALL THREE OF THEM DASH OFF LEAVING OFFICER ODDIE STANDING ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE.

OFFICER ODDIE: Hello! Anyone there? Have I been done? I didn't feel a thing. Are you sure you did it right?

THE SHERIFF ENTERS AND SEES OFFICER ODDIE STANDING WITH HER ARMS OUT. HE COMES UP BEHIND HER.

SHERIFF: What on earth are you doing Oddie?

OFFICER ODDIE: (JUMPING.) Sheriff! Is it you?

SHERIFF: Yes of course it's me. Who else would it be?

OFFICER ODDIE: I was being frisked by some woodland folk.

SHERIFF: Don't be ridiculous.

OFFICER ODDIE: (TO AUDIENCE.) I was wasn't I?

SHERIFF: Oh no you weren't.

OFFICER ODDIE: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes I was.

SHERIFF: (TO AUDIENCE.) Shut it. All of you. And you can boo me as much as you like, it makes no difference. I am the Sheriff and what I say goes.

OFFICER ODDIE: Oh no it doesn't.

SHERIFF: What? Who said that?

OFFICER ODDIE: It was them. Definitely them. I wouldn't have been me, would it? I'm an your obedient servant and do everything you say. As if.

SHERIFF: Right! Moving on. I've asked you here in secret Oddie, because I want you to organise a special little competition at the county fair. I want you to invent a section that I can win.

OFFICER ODDIE: You! Win something? You're no good at anything.

SHERIFF: Try to think of something I can do.

OFFICER ODDIE: Strip snap? Although...! A Barbie look-alike contest? What about Pooh sticks with real poo?

SHERIFF: We need something difficult.

OFFICER ODDIE: With your level of intelligence it's certainly is going to be difficult.

SHERIFF: (PREENING.) Yes obviously, with my level of intelligence. I need something manly. Something that makes me look hunky and funky.

OFFICER ODDIE: Or a monkey?

SHERIFF: What?

OFFICER ODDIE: Nothing. Okay, something to make you look manly. That's going to be hard.

SHERIFF: What about an evil laugh contest?

OFFICER ODDIE: How would that work?

SHERIFF: My evil laugh and cackle is the best in the land. I could beat anybody. Listen. (EXTREME OVER THE TOP CACKLE.) Ahh ha ha haa. Ahh ha ha haa.

OFFICER ODDIE: Not bad, but mine is better. (MORE EXTREME.) Ahh ha ha haa. Ahh ha ha haa.

SHERIFF: Pathetic! Ahh ha ha haa.

OFFICER ODDIE: You sound like Peppa Pig after a bad night out. (OR LOCAL CELEBRITY.)

Musical Number: The Sheriff and Officer Oddie.

Suggestion: Bad Guys - From Bugsy Malone

SHERIFF: We have to choose a contest that only I can win.

OFFICER ODDIE: Oh I love this. We're cheating?

SHERIFF: No no, not exactly cheating. I shall win it fair and square. Simply because you will organise it so that I am the only contestant.

OFFICER ODDIE: Oh, only you can win? That's clever. And if I might say so, very devious.

SHERIFF: It is, isn't it? Ahh ha ha haa!

OFFICER ODDIE: It's probably best to stick with archery then. No one would suspect you could cheat at that.

SHERIFF: Fix up an extra archery section. Make it seem so difficult that people will think twice about entering. Then make me win.

OFFICER ODDIE: Will there be a prize?

SHERIFF: Oh yes. Indeed there will be Officer Oddie. A very special prize. Whoever comes out top in this new section of the contest will win the hand of the soft and delightfully lick-able Lady Marion.

OFFICER ODDIE: I think there might be an error in the script there. Lick-able? You mean likeable.

SHERIFF: I know what I mean. Ahh ha ha haa!

OFFICER ODDIE: Let me get this straight. This is a contest that only you will enter. And you win Lady Marion?

SHERIFF: I do. The wonderful thing is, it will be open to anyone.

OFFICER ODDIE: But you want me to discourage others?

SHERIFF: Yes. By force if necessary. Kill anyone who stands against me.

OFFICER ODDIE: Kill them? I'm starting to like this. So you will win, because I have killed all the opposition? You will score highest.

SHERIFF: Yes. Obviously. I *will* be the best. Ahh ha ha haa!

OFFICER ODDIE: Wait! Isn't Lady Marion related to the King.

SHERIFF: She is indeed. My marriage to Lady Marion will mean that I, yes I, me, will become related to the King. Once related, no one will be able to stop me on my insane rise to power. Ahh ha ha haa.

OFFICER ODDIE: Insane?

SHERIFF: Who is? Ahh ha ha haa!

THE SHERIFF SWEEPS OUT WHILE CACKLING.
HE ALMOST BOUNCES BACK FROM THE WINGS
AND SHOUTS AT THE AUDIENCE.

SHERIFF: Who booed? Who was it? Who? I know who you are. You! Don't dare drink anything in the interval. It might be poisoned. Ahh ha ha haa!

THE SHERIFF EXITS.

OFFICER ODDIE: This is what I have to put up with every day. It's a nightmare. Speaking of nightmares, they tell me there are ghosts in this forest. Has anyone seen one? You would tell me if you saw one wouldn't you?

A GHOST (SOMEONE COVERED IN A SHEET)
ENTERS AND STANDS BEHIND OFFICER ODDIE.

OFFICER ODDIE: No don't tell me yet. Wait until you see an actual ghost. (HOPEFULLY THE AUDIENCE WILL BE SHOUTING "BEHIND YOU".) Don't be silly. Where? How can it be behind me? What, behind me? Shall I go and look?

OFFICER ODDIE WALKS IN A CIRCLE TO THE LEFT, AND THE GHOST FOLLOWS IN HER FOOTSTEPS UNTIL THEY REACH THE FRONT AGAIN.

OFFICER ODDIE: See. That proves it. There is no ghost. What, you want me to look again? Okay.

SHE WALKS IN A CIRCLE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION AND THE GHOST FOLLOWS IN HER FOOTSTEPS UNTIL THEY ARE AT THE FRONT AGAIN.

OFFICER ODDIE: What did I say? No ghost. What do you mean, it's still there. Right I will turn around very quickly, and if what you have been telling me is wrong, you will all be in big, big trouble.

OFFICER ODDIE JUMPS ROUND TO FACE THE GHOST AND AFTER A PAUSE, SCREAMS AND RUNS OFF THE STAGE. THE GHOST STAYS IN PLACE AND "HAUNTS" THE AUDIENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS.

THE GHOST REMOVES THE SHEET AND WE SEE THAT IT IS ACTUALLY ROBIN HOOD.

ROBIN HOOD: Ha ha! In a spooky forest like this, it's a good way to get rid of people you don't like.

TITANIA TUCK ENTERS.

TITANIA TUCK: Did I just see the Sheriff's enforcer running like they were being chased by a ghost?

ROBIN HOOD: Did you? I wonder how that happened?

TITANIA TUCK: Could it be something to do with that bedsheet you have in your hand darling?

ROBIN HOOD: What this old thing?

TITANIA TUCK: It may sound odd, but I've found that some people actually like dressing up in strange outfits.

ROBIN HOOD: How did it go up at the Sheriff's place?

TITANIA TUCK: You mean the undercover cookery espionage thing? Well. I was deep under the Sheriff's covers like you said. And you'll never guess what popped up.

ROBIN HOOD: It's probably best we don't ask.

TITANIA TUCK: Suddenly there it was. Right in front of me. Well a girl doesn't expect it to happen so blatantly does she? No she doesn't.

Pop! There was his dastardly scheme. To get a young woman like me to do his bidding. Well! You could have knocked me down my Uncle Charlie's coal hole.

ROBIN HOOD: What exactly is he up to?

TITANIA TUCK: You won't believe it.

ROBIN HOOD: Won't I?

TITANIA TUCK: No you certainly won't believe it.

ROBIN HOOD: Would you like to tell me?

TITANIA TUCK: I am telling you. But you still won't believe it.

ROBIN HOOD: What is it?

TITANIA TUCK: I hardly want to tell you. I mean...

ROBIN HOOD: Because I won't believe it?

TITANIA TUCK: Exactly. Wait a minute. Let me get a second opinion. (TO AUDIENCE.) He won't believe it will he? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no he won't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) There. I told you.

ROBIN HOOD: But you haven't.

TITANIA TUCK: I will. You won't believe it though. The Sheriff is going to run an archery contest that only he can win.

ROBIN HOOD: We all know that he can't fire an arrow even half straight. He'll never win.

TITANIA TUCK: Ah well, you really won't believe this bit.

ROBIN HOOD: Don't start that again.

TITANIA TUCK: He's going to be the only person taking part in the contest.

ROBIN HOOD: He can't do that.

TITANIA TUCK: He can. And he's going to kill anyone else who tries to enter.

ROBIN HOOD: Kill them?

TITANIA TUCK: Kill them dead. Probably even worse than dead. Oh no, I can't believe it.

FRIAR TUCK ENTERS CARRYING A SUPERMARKET BAG.

FRIAR TUCK: Hi Robin. Hello mother.

TITANIA TUCK: What have you got in the bag?

FRIAR TUCK: Nothing much to interest you. I've just been buying some lovely healthy organic fruit and vegetables.

TITANIA TUCK: Let me see. (LOOKING IN BAG.)

FRIAR TUCK: Oh no! The checkout girl must have put some doughnuts in the bag by mistake.

TITANIA TUCK: I'll take those.

FRIAR TUCK: Have you got any normal snacks? I've not eaten anything delicious for at least, well, you won't believe this...

TITANIA TUCK: Don't you start.

ROBIN HOOD: Listen Tuck. The Sheriff is going to kill anyone who enters his contest.

ROBIN HOOD: But if I enter at the last moment it should be possible to have a go without him having time to do anything. I'll need a disguise. A costume. Do you have anything I can borrow?

FRIAR TUCK: I think I could probably find you one of my old cassocks.

ROBIN HOOD: Great! Then I'll enter at the last minute. Dressed as you.

FRIAR TUCK: This is all a bit scary isn't it. If I think about it too much it could put me off my dinner.

ROBIN HOOD: In that case, can I suggest that we sing a song. It will make us all feel better. All we need is a little music.

ALAN-A-DALE ENTERS.

ALAN-A-DALE: You called? I know a happy song. Do you want me to start?

ALAN-A-DALE STRUMS HIS SINGLE CHORD.

TITANIA TUCK: I don't think I know that one.

ALL THE MERRY MEN (CHORUS) ENTER AND JOIN IN WITH THE SONG.

Musical number: The cast.

Suggested song: Texas Hold'Em - Beyonce.

END SCENE.

INTERVAL.

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