



PantoScripts Perusal

Babes in the Woods

by Stephen Duckham

2026

Licensed by



Panto Scripts

pantoscripts.org.uk

This script is published by

NODA LTD
 15 The Metro Centre
 Peterborough PE2 7UH
 Telephone: 01733 374790
 Fax: 01733 237286
 Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

To whom all enquiries regarding purchase of further scripts and current royalty rates should be addressed.

CONDITIONS

1. A Licence, obtainable only from NODA Ltd, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a NODA script and the appropriate royalty paid : if extra performances are arranged after a Licence has already been issued, it is essential that NODA Ltd be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended Licence will be issued.
2. The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and NODA Ltd reserve the right to refuse to issue a Licence to Perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a Licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.
3. All NODA scripts are fully protected by copyright acts. Under no circumstances may they be reproduced by photocopying or any other means, either in whole or in part, without the written permission of the publishers
4. The Licence referred to above only relates to live performances of this script. A separate Licence is required for videotaping or sound recording of a NODA script, which will be issued on receipt of the appropriate fee.
5. NODA works must be played in accordance with the script and no alterations, additions or cuts should be made without the prior consent from NODA Ltd. This restriction does not apply to minor changes in dialogue, strictly local or topical gags and, where permitted in the script, musical and dancing numbers.
6. The name of the author shall be stated on all publicity, programmes etc. The programme credits shall state 'Script provided by NODA Ltd, Peterborough PE2 7UH'

NODA LIMITED is the trading arm of the NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, a registered charity devoted to the encouragement of amateur theatre.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.
www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

BABES IN THE WOOD

CAST (in order of appearance)

FLOGGEM)	
WHIPPEM)	The Sheriff's Henchmen
SIR SILAS SKINFLINT		The Sheriff of Nottingham
ROBIN HOOD		
MAID MARION		
JACK)	
JILL)	The Babes
NURSE JEMIMA JOLLOP		The Dame
NELL NIGHTSHADE		The Witch of Sherwood Forest
GREENWILLOW		A Woodland Sprite

A GHOST
A SKELETON
HEADLESS

FRIAR TUCK)	
WILL SCARLET)	Men of
ALAN-A-DALE)	Sherwood
LITTLE JOHN)	

KING RICHARD THE FIRST

CHORUS AND DANCERS: TOWNSPEOPLE OF NOTTINGHAM, ROBIN'S GANG and BALLET CHARACTERS.

PantoScripts Perusal

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

- SCENE 1 NOTTINGHAM TOWN
- SCENE 2 THE LONG CORRIDOR IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE
- SCENE 3 THE HAUNTED WEST WING
- SCENE 4 THE LONG CORRIDOR IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE
- SCENE 5 DEEP IN SHERWOOD FOREST (Into Transformation.)

ACT TWO

- SCENE 1 NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR
- SCENE 2 THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN
- SCENE 3 ROBIN HOOD'S HIDE-OUT IN SHERWOOD FOREST
- SCENE 4 ON THE WAY HOME
- SCENE 5 THE GREAT HALL AT LOCKSLEY CASTLE

PantoScripts Perusal

PRODUCTION NOTES

SCENERY

ACT ONE

SCENE 1 NOTTINGHAM TOWN

A full stage set with medieval buildings, R & L, including a pub and a house with a practical door. The backcloth shows other parts of town.

SCENES 2&4 THE LONG CORRIDOR IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

Front cloth

SCENE 3 THE HAUNTED WEST WING

A half-stage bedroom set with practical doors R & L and one UC with a trick panel to one side. The NURSE should open the UC door wide, covering the trick panel so the actor playing HEADLESS can slip through it and be revealed when the door is shut.

The wall behind the bed head should have an opening to enable a stagehand to pull the sheets through.

The trunk at the foot of the bed should be hollow so the actor playing the SKELETON/GHOST can exit under the bed and through the back of the set.

SCENE 5 DEEP IN THE FOREST

A Two-part scene. The first part is a set with trees, etc. As the Ballet starts, the backcloth flies away to reveal the ballet setting. If possible, a star cloth to back this scene would be most effective. The use of dry ice or smoke will add to the transformation effect.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1 NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR

Same as Act 1 Scene 1, with bunting and stalls added for the fair.

SCENE 2&4 OUTSKIRT OF NOTTINGHAM/ON THE WAY HOME

Front cloth.

SCENE 3 ROBIN HOOD'S HIDE-OUT

Basic setting can be the same as Act 1 Scene 5, with the addition of bushes and a fire.

SCENE 5 THE GREAT HALL AT LOCKSLEY CASTLE

Walk down. This scene can be as impressive as possible with heraldic banners showing various 'Coat of Arms', etc.

CHARACTERS

Robin Hood	Can be played by either a man or a woman, but must always have that strong, determined character. Must possess a good singing voice.
The Sheriff	The villain of the piece, who always leaves himself open to ridicule by Robin. His reaction to the audience must always be in character when receiving boos and jeers.
Floggem & Whippem	Knockabout comedy characters who, although at first in the employ of the Sheriff, should always have the audience on their side. Whippem usually has the upper hand with Floggem getting most of the knocks!
Nurse Jemima Jollop	The comical, larger-than-life Dame, and should always be played by a man. A big character in every sense of the word, and always played for laughs. Must be a good, agile mover and be able to put a number over well.
Marian	A spirited Principal Girl – please don't play her too demure or wet. She must have a good singing voice.
Nell Nightshade	An old crone – warts and all! She has a cackle-like laugh and dreadful halitosis. Another character who will no doubt have to cope with audience boos.
Greenwillow	The <i>Good Fairy</i> of the piece – a loveable character who gives the impression she always likes a good gossip!
Jack and Jill	The Babes of the title, should be around the age of ten or eleven. Fun-loving and adventurous.
King Richard	A cameo role, so can be part of the male Chorus. When he loses his disguise, he should have the bearing of a distinguished and commanding character.
The Merry Men	Each of them should fit the description of the character and have an appropriate costume. Cloaks and old coats, etc., should be added to help disguise them when mingling with the Townsfolk.

The other cameo roles can be played by members of the company.

The Ensemble can be as large as you like, with as much individuality as possible.

ACT ONE

OVERTURESCENE 1 NOTTINGHAM TOWN

[A typical Medieval Town Centre with various buildings, including a pub called 'The King's Arms'. In the distance, on the backcloth, can be seen Nottingham Castle. There is a large pot by the pros. down right. This contains a trick tree that is required to grow and has leaves resembling ears. The CHORUS of TOWNSFOLK sing the opening song depicting life in Nottingham.]

OPENING NUMBER – CHORUS

[At the end of the number, FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM are heard shouting off.]

- BOTH** Make way, make way. *[THEY enter and cross through the crowd, ending C.]*
- FLOGGEM** Clear a way there.
- WHIPPEM** Come on, you lot, shift!
- FLOGGEM** Messers. Floggem and Whippem here.
- WHIPPEM** He's Floggem.....
- FLOGGEM**and he's Whippet!
- WHIPPEM** Whippem!
- FLOGGEM** And we are the Sheriff's henchmen.
- WHIPPEM** I'm his right-hand man.
- FLOGGEM** And I'm his left one!
- WHIPPEM** No, no. You're a right one.
- MAN** You can say that again! *[ALL laugh.]*
- WHIPPEM** All right, all right. That's enough from you peasants. *[HE starts to make an announcement.]* Hear ye all. Draw near and give full attention, for here comes his most malicious mountainship –
- FLOGGEM** His awesome awfulness –

- WHIPPEM** His noble nastiness –
- FLOGGEM** His deep down, dirty double-crossing, disgusting, dastardly...*[WHIPPEM hits him, and he falls. ALL laugh.]*
- WHIPPEM** Get up! *[FLOGGEM stands and they announce:]*
- BOTH** His *warship*, Sir Silas Skinflint, the Sheriff of Nottingham. *[ALL boo as the SHERIFF enters.]*
- SHERIFF** Greetings, you pathetic populace. I'm sure you all know why I'm here and what today is. *[ALL moan.]* Yes, that's right. You've got it in one. It's tax-collecting time!
- MAN** But you've taken taxes twice this year. You're nearly as bad as – *[Name of Chancellor of the Exchequer.]*
- SHERIFF** True – but I'm much better looking! *[HE licks a finger and brushes his eyebrows.]*
- WOMAN** It's just not fair.
- SHERIFF** I know, I know. But life isn't fair, is it? You see, with our dear King Richard away at the Crusades, his brother, Prince John, must keep the country going. And what with the cost of living, inflation, the upkeep of two or three castles, the chateau in the South of France... er, I mean – times *is* hard, dear people, times *is* hard!
- 2nd WOMAN** Yes, and they'll be even harder for us.
- 3rd WOMAN** With hungry kids to feed.
- 2nd MAN** And hardly any work around. *[ALL moan.]*
- SHERIFF** Oh, do stop all this whinging and empty your pockets. *[Boos from the CHORUS. They encourage the audience to boo, also. The SHERIFF comes to the edge of the stage and addresses the audience.]* And you can shut up as well, or I'll double the tax on a new – *[HE names the latest children's electronic game. FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM push the CROWD back.]* But to show I'm not the heartless meany you all think I am, I've devised a little sporting entertainment for you all. Men, read the announcement.
- WHIPPEM** Oh yez, oh yez.
- FLOGGEM** Oh no! Oh no!
- WHIPPEM** What's the matter?

- FLOGGEM** I've lost the scroll!
- WHIPPEM** Oh you idiot. You must have dropped it. *[THEY run around looking for the scroll, which is tucked into the back of FLOGGEM'S breeches.]*
- ALL** It's behind you!
- WHIPPEM** Come on, we're not falling for that old gag!
- SHERIFF** You pair of bungling buffoons! *[HE pulls out the scroll.]*
- FLOGGEM** Ooooh! That really hurt!
- [The SHERIFF hits him, and he falls. SHERIFF gives the scroll to WHIPPEM. ROBIN HOOD, disguised as an OLD WOMAN, appears in the crowd.]*
- SHERIFF** Here, read it out.
- WHIPPEM** Oh yez, oh yez. In keeping with your noble Sheriff's kind and considerate nature – *[CROWD reacts.]* – he is holding a grand archery contest to celebrate the opening of the Nottingham Goose fair this Saturday. The winner of the contest will receive a prize of 100 crowns. *[Big reaction.]*
- OLD WOMAN** And where's the prize money coming from? Our taxes?
- SHERIFF** What are you talking about, old woman?
- OLD WOMAN** You'll just take the money you collect and give it back to us as the prize! *[ALL react.]*
- SHERIFF** Listen, you lot, it's not me who takes other people's money. That honour goes to your friend Robin Hood, that unscrupulous outlaw. And just remember, there is a price on his head, so anyone found consorting with him will hang from the gibbet next to him when he is caught!
- MAN** You'll never catch Robin Hood.
- WOMAN** He's always one step ahead of you.
- SHERIFF** He may be a master of disguise, but never fear, I'll catch him one day – and when I do... *[HE mimes a noose around his neck, his head to one side and tongue hanging out.]* Ha ha ha! *[HE turns to leave and bumps into FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM.]* Come on, you nauseating numbskulls!

[SHERIFF, FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM exit.]

- WOMAN** If only Robin were here. He'd win that archery contest with ease.
- MAN** But he wouldn't dare come into town while he knows the Sheriff and his men are on the lookout for him.
- ROBIN** *[Throwing off Old Woman disguise.]* That's where you're wrong, my friends!
- [ALL gather around ROBIN and welcome him.]*
- 2nd MAN** Robin, you should be careful. The Sheriff will be coming back soon to collect the taxes.
- ROBIN** Don't worry about him. He hasn't managed to catch me yet, and I don't intend to let him.
- 2nd WOMAN** It's good to see you again, Robin.
- ROBIN** And it's good to see all of you.
- MAN** But where have you been these past few days?
- ROBIN** Well, I heard a rumour that the Bishop of Nottingham has been making collections after the Sunday service that somehow end up in his vaults instead of being distributed amongst the poor. So, when he made his annual visit to London yesterday, laden down with moneybags, my gallant band of men and I decided to lighten his load! *[HE takes out money bags from inside his cloak and throws them to the CROWD.]* Here, my friends. Now you do not need to worry about buying food or paying taxes!
- 3rd WOMAN** Oh Robin, how can we ever repay you?
- ROBIN** Well, I didn't come into town just to bring you this good fortune. I was hoping to see the fair Maid Marion. *[MARION enters up stage unseen by ROBIN. SHE "Shh's" the CROWD.]* I don't suppose any of you have seen her today?
- WOMAN** And what would such a high-born lady be doing with the likes of you?
- ROBIN** Well, she has shown some interest...
- MAN** Besides, she's the Sheriff's ward, and you know what would happen if he found her walking and talking to an outlaw.
- ROBIN** Outlaw indeed! Why, everyone knows he stole my lands and title after my father was killed fighting alongside King Richard in the Holy Land.

2nd MAN That's all very well, but how does Marion feel about you?

2nd WOMAN Does she think you are brave?

ROBIN Yes.

3rd WOMAN And bold?

ROBIN Yes.

3rd MAN And fearless?

ROBIN Yes.

4th MAN And trustworthy?

ROBIN Yes.

4th WOMAN And handsome?

ROBIN Yes.

MARION And just a little bit conceited?

ROBIN Yes! No! *[HE turns and sees MARION.]* Marion! *[ALL laugh.]* How long have you been there?

MARION Long enough, my brave, fearless, handsome outlaw.

ROBIN Marion, it is good to see you.

MARION But Robin, you shouldn't come into town in broad daylight, you know how dangerous it is.

ROBIN How can I stay away if it means not seeing you? Besides, the good people of Nottingham are always looking out for me.

CROWD Of course we are, Robin. You can always count on us. Etc.

ROBIN I've also been hatching a plan not only to get your taxes back, but also to win that archery contest on Saturday.

MARION But Robin, I heard the Sheriff telling his henchmen that he has rigged the match so that he will win.

ROBIN Has he indeed? Well, I'll just have to make sure his plans come to nought. Never fear, my friends; with your help – and yours, Marion, we will put an end to all this tyranny and injustice. *[ALL cheer.]*

SONG – ROBIN, MARION & CHORUS

[At the end of the number, they ALL exit as the BABES – JACK and JILL – run on.]

JACK Oh Jill, look, we're finally in Nottingham.

JILL But where's nurse Jemima? I knew we shouldn't have run on so fast. We've lost her.

JACK *[Looking around.]* She'll be here in a minute. I heard her say she needed something to settle her stomach after that long coach ride from Lincoln. She's just popped into that chemist called 'The King's Arms'!

JILL Jack, do you think we'll be all right living here in Nottingham with our uncle Silas? I feel rather afraid. He is the Sheriff, you know.

JACK I'm sure he'll be fine. After all, he's the only family we've got.

[NURSE JEMIMA JOLLOP is heard talking off.]

NURSE *[Off.]* Oh, you are saucy! You really know how to flatter a girl!

JILL Look, here comes nurse.

JACK Quick, let's hide and surprise her.

DAME JEMIMA JOLLOP'S ENTRANCE

[THEY hide up stage as NURSE JEMIMA JOLLOP backs out of the pub carrying a crate of beer. She is a typical Dame, wearing an outrageous costume and sporting a large bosom.]

- NURSE** *[Talking to someone in the pub.]* Thank you for this. It'll do wonders for my equilibrium! I'll pop in tomorrow for a repeat prescription! *[SHE turns and looks round.]* Now, where are those two Babes? Jack – Jill. *[SHE sees the audience.]* Oh hello. Have you come here specially to welcome me to Nottingham? How nice. *[SHE puts the crate down centre.]* Well, let me introduce myself. I'm Nurse Jemima Jollop, and I've just arrived here from Lincoln with my two charges, Jack and Jill. *[SHE sits on the crate.]* Mind you, I don't know where they've got to. They're always running off. You haven't seen them, have you? *[Audience reacts.]* What? Where are they? *[JACK and JILL creep down to R of the NURSE.]* Over here? *[SHE looks left.]* No, they're not. *[BABES move to L of her, as SHE looks right.]* They're not over here, either. *[The BABES jump down either side of her. She falls back over the crate with her legs in the air. THEY help her up.]* Oh, you two! Fancy giving me a scare like that. You know I get palpitations! I shall have to have one of my tonics. *[SHE takes a bottle out of the crate, knocks the top off, and downs it in one. Sound effect of "glugging" noise. SHE then staggers L & R and finally back C. A sound effect accompanies this.]* That's better. I've fortified my follicles and bolstered my bu... *[SHE goes to adjust her bust, then starts some exercises.]* ... er, constitution! Now, you two, have you found the castle and your uncle Silas yet?
- JACK** No, we've been waiting for you.
- JILL** It must be around here somewhere.
- NURSE** Well, why don't you go and look for it while I wait here? The journey has quite worn me out.
- JACK** All right, nurse. Shall we take your medicine with us?
- NURSE** Oh, that is kind of you, dear. *[BABES pick up crate.]* But I'd better have another dose first, just to be on the safe side! *[SHE downs another bottle. Same effect.]* That's revitalised my varicose veins! *[BABES exit with crate.]* Mind you, I haven't felt right since we left home yesterday. As I said, we had a terrible journey. We were reducing our carbon footprint, you see. The Babes came on the local donkey, while I travelled by ass! It looked comfy on the donkey, but it certainly wasn't comfy on my a..... *[SHE claps her hand to her mouth.]* Mind you, we girls have to keep ourselves looking our best, don't we? You never know when the man of your dreams is going to pop into your life. *[SHE starts to exit as the SHERIFF enters and they bump into each other.]* Oh, girls look – it's – *[SHE says the name of a current pop or film star.]*
- SHERIFF** Out of my way, you old hag!
- NURSE** Oh, you do have a way with words!
- SHERIFF** Remove yourself from my presence, you fossilised old relic!

NURSE Here, who are you calling old?

SHERIFF Do you know who I am?

NURSE No, but if you have a lie down, I'm sure you'll remember.

SHERIFF Who are you?

NURSE I am Nurse Jemima Jollop, BBC, ITV, TSB and RAC! And spinster of this parish!

SHERIFF Well, I am Sir Silas Skinflint, The Sheriff of Nottingham.

NURSE The Sheriff? Well, what a co-in-ci-dence! I've been looking for you.

SHERIFF *[Suspiciously.]* You have? Why?

NURSE Well, until recently, I was in the employ of your dear departed brother, Sir Bertram the Benevolent.

SHERIFF Departed? Do you mean the old swine... er... my brother is no longer with us?

NURSE That's right, dear. Popped his clogs a month ago. And as you are his only living relative, naturally, he wanted his two children to come and live with you.

SHERIFF Children??

NURSE Yes. Such sweet little terrors... er, treasures they both are.

SHERIFF But I hate children. I loathe and detest them. *[Audience reaction.]*

NURSE Well, dear, you're stuck with them. I have his last will and testament with me. *[From her vast apron pockets she pulls out various items, including a frying pan, a pair of bloomers and a bottle of gin. SHE gives them to the SHERIFF to hold.]* I'm sure it's here somewhere. *[SHE finds the will.]* Ah, here it is. *[SHE puts all the items back and hands the will to the SHERIFF.]*

SHERIFF *[Reading quickly.]... and so my dear brother, I give into your safe keeping my two dear Babes and their trusted nurse – [SHE beams at him, and HE shudders and crosses away to the side of the stage.] – each of the Babes will receive an annual allowance of 2,000 crowns! If anything unforeseen should happen to them, the money will automatically come to you as my only surviving relative. [HE can hardly contain his glee.] I know I am leaving the Babes in safe hands and that you will give them a good home. Your loving brother, Bertram. [Aside.] Ooooh, just think, all that money and only two rag-a-muffin brats standing between it and me. But not for long. I shall have to devise a plan to get rid of them as soon as possible. But first, I must gain the confidence of this weather-beaten old witch. [HE starts to cry loudly.] Oh Bertram, my dear, dear brother. Gone, gone, never to be seen again. Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?*

NURSE *There, there, dear. Don't upset yourself. Just come to Nurse. She'll comfort you. [SHE grabs his head and pushes it into her ample bosom.] I know how it is, but just remember you've got me to turn to in your hour of need. [HE comes up for air and SHE pulls him back.] After all, if I can't give succour to someone like you at a time like this, I would be failing in my duties as a nurse!*

SHERIFF *[Pulling away.] Madam please! I need assistance, not asphyxiation!*

NURSE *Oh, I'm sorry, I was forgetting myself. Please forgive me, your majesticals, but it has been so long since I've had a big, strong man to look after!*

DUET – NURSE & SHERIFF

[At the end of the number, NURSE exits, blowing a kiss to the SHERIFF. HE shudders and then looks around. Seeing HE is alone, HE calls.]

SHERIFF *Nell. Nell Nightshade, where are you? I know you're around here somewhere. You're always lurking in the shadows.*

NELL *[Off.] Not lurking. Never lurking!*

SHERIFF *Come here. I want to talk to you.*

[NELL enters. SHE is a cross between a witch and an old crone. Slightly wild in appearance and able to make mischief at any time. Around her neck, she wears a necklace of bones, which she often rubs her fingers over. It is a source of her power.]

NELL *Hello, my dear. What do you want with old Nell? Something underhand no doubt. [Fingering the necklace of bones.] Or so the bones of my ancestors tell me. [SHE laughs in his face and obviously has a problem with halitosis, as the SHERIFF grimaces and covers his mouth and nose.]*

- SHERIFF** Ooh, your breath could strip paint. *[Pointing to the bone necklace.]* You still wear that disgusting old thing around your neck?
- NELL** It's the source of my power. Without it, I wouldn't be able to help you with your nefarious deeds.
- SHERIFF** Hush. *[HE looks around to make sure no one is listening.]* I've just heard of the unfortunate death of my brother. But what is even more unfortunate is that I've been lumbered with his two children. The only good thing to come out of this is that they have an inheritance.
- NELL** And you want to get your hands on it.
- SHERIFF** How did you guess?
- NELL** I know you too well. They didn't call you slippery Silas for nothing at school. *[SHE laughs again in his face.]*
- SHERIFF** Ooooh! *[HE turns away, wafting the air with his hand.]* I need a plan to get rid of them – but it must look like an accident.
- NELL** *[Fingering HER necklace.]* I'm sure I could conjure up something – for the usual fee, of course.
- SHERIFF** Of course. But just remember that it was I who granted you your freedom after the death of old Locksley.
- NELL** Yes. That old goody-goody banished me for witchcraft. But I soon showed him. I put a curse on him and his family. Now he's dead, fighting alongside that other goody-goody King Richard, I'm waiting to get revenge on his son. *[SHE gets excited at the prospect of revenge on ROBIN.]*
- SHERIFF** Robin Hood! Another thorn in my side. But first things first. Think of a way to get rid of the Babes. Once that is done and I have their inheritance, then we can turn our attention to that audacious outlaw.
- NELL** Very well, Silas.
- SHERIFF** It's 'My Lord Sheriff' when we're in public.
- NELL** Anything you say, my dear.
- SHERIFF** Meet me in the castle's long corridor in two hours. And make sure no one sees you.

[HE looks one way, and SHE looks another. THEY then turn to look at each other. NELL cackles in his face. HE reels.] Have you never heard of Listerine?

NELL

Are they a new pop group? *[SHE laughs again and HE exits quickly.]* So, another dastardly deed the Sheriff wants doing. Right up my street! Since he became Sheriff, I've made sure Silas finds my assistance invaluable. And in time, we'll both put an end to Robin Hood and become the most powerful people in these parts. *[SHE cackles with laughter and exits left.]*

GREENWILLOW'S MUSIC

[Mysterious music is heard, and GREENWILLOW, the SPRITE of Sherwood Forest, enters R. SHE is a fun-loving creature who enjoys playing tricks on the SHERIFF and his men. SHE should be played as a character with a twinkle in her eye and a bit of a chatterbox.]

G/WILLOW

Hello there. I thought it was about time I popped along and introduced myself. I'm Greenwillow, and I live nearby in Sherwood Forest. I suppose you could call me a sort of woodland sprite. I keep a watchful eye over all the inhabitants of these parts and make sure life doesn't get too hard for them. Mind you, since the Sheriff came to power, it's been an uphill struggle. He's so mean, taking so much in taxes, the poor people of Nottingham have hardly enough to feed and clothe themselves. That's where Robin Hood comes in. He's such a good fellow with a kind heart. I make sure he knows when the rich landowners are travelling through the forest so he and his merry men can relieve them of some of their excess wealth. Well, if charity doesn't begin at home, I make sure it begins in the forest! Oh, and it does make the Sheriff mad! *[SHE giggles.]* The landowners blame him for not doing enough to catch Robin. And now those two Babes have arrived. Did you just hear him plotting with that old Nell Nightshade, the witch of Sherwood Forest? I'm really going to have my work cut out, keeping an eye on things. *[SHE thinks.]* Wait a minute. You're going to be here for a while, aren't you? Would you like to help me? *[Reaction.]* OK then. Now watch this. *[SHE makes a magic pass at the pot down right. A tree with leaves in the shape of ears grows up the pros.]* There, what do you think of that? This is my very special magic listening tree. I'll tell you how it works. Whenever the Sheriff or Nell or even those two bumbling henchmen start planning anything evil, the tree hears them and starts to shake. When you see that happening, call out my name. Will you do that? *[Reaction.]* Just call out "Greenwillow", and I'll come running. Shall we have a practice? *[To the tree.]* Now, tree, when I go off, pretend you've heard something terrible. *[SHE exits. The tree shakes, and the audience reacts. SHE re-enters.]* Did anything happen? *[Audience reacts again.]* You'll have to shout much louder. I could be the other side of Sherwood Forest. Let's try again. *[The business is repeated.]* Oh, that's great. Now I must be off, so I'll leave you to keep watch. Bye. *[SHE exits with a wave. FLOGGEM and WHIPPEN enter with a trick tax-collecting box.]*

- WHIPPEM** Now we've got to collect the taxes for the Sheriff. Go and knock on that door over there.
- FLOGGEM** Right. *[HE knocks on a door and crosses back to WHIPPEM.]*
- WHIPPEM** What are you doing?
- FLOGGEM** I knocked on the door like you said.
- WHIPPEM** But you're supposed to collect the tax. Now do it properly. *[FLOGGEM crosses to the door, knocks, and a WOMAN opens it.]*
- WOMAN** Yes?
- FLOGGEM** I've come for the tax.
- WOMAN** Here you are. *[SHE hands him a box of tacks.]*
- FLOGGEM** Thank you very much. *[WOMAN shuts the door. FLOGGEM crosses back to WHIPPEM.]* That was easy.
- WHIPPEM** What have you got there?
- FLOGGEM** The tax!
- WHIPPEM** Oooh! You're the next thing to an idiot!
- FLOGGEM** In that case, I'll move! *[HE takes a step away. WHIPPEM hits him, and he falls.]*
- WHIPPEM** How did I end up with you as a partner?
- FLOGGEM** *[Getting up.]* I answered the ad in the newspaper!
- WHIPPEM** I'll show you how it's done. *[HE goes around the stage banging on doors and calling.]* Come on, you lot, it's tax-collecting time. Anyone who does not pay up will spend a delightful few weeks as a guest of the Sheriff in the master dungeon with rack and en suite thumbscrew facilities! *[Groans all round as TOWNSPEOPLE enter.]* Come on, come on. Line up there and hand over your dosh! *[During the following, ROBIN enters wearing a cloak, followed by MARION and the BABES. ROBIN crawls under the tax box and makes a hole in the bottom with his knife.]*
- MAN** This is an outrage.
- WOMAN** We're going to starve to death. *[General moans.]*

- WHIPPEM** *[To first MAN.]* Come on, pay up.
- MAN** This is my life savings. *[HE gives a bag of money to WHIPPEM, who throws it to FLOGGEM. FLOGGEM puts it in the box, and it falls out of the bottom. ROBIN passes it to MARION, and it gets passed back to the MAN. This is repeated with each bag.]*
- WHIPPEM** Next.
- WOMAN** It's all I'd put by for a rainy day.
- WHIPPEM** Well, look at it this way – with global warming, you won't be needing it! *[Grabs money.]* Next. *[More groans as the taxes are collected.]* Come on, come on. Cough up! *[After the final bag has been collected and returned.]* And that's the lot. *[HE crosses back to FLOGGEM, who slams the lid down.]* Now that wasn't too painful, was it? *[The SHERIFF enters.]*
- SHERIFF** Has all the money been collected?
- FLOGGEM** Yes, your warship.
- WHIPPEM** All present and accounted for, your battleship!
- SHERIFF** Good. Now I'll be able to get the new *[Latest pop group album title.]* er, I mean Prince John will be eternally grateful for your contribution to the treasury.
- FLOGGEM** Not to mention *[Chancellor's name.]*
- SHERIFF** Now let me see how much there is. *[HE opens the box and peers in, smiling.]* Just look at that. It's empty. *[HE does a double-take.]* EMPTY!! Ahgg! Where's all the money? *[FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM look inside the box.]*
- WHIPPEM** But it was there.
- FLOGGEM** We collected it ourselves.
- CROWD** Yes, they did. We saw them. Etc.
- SHERIFF** Collected it *for* yourselves, you mean. Did you put it in the box or in your own pockets? *[HE searches them.]*
- FLOGGEM** Oh don't. You're tickling me! *[HE giggles.]*
- WHIPPEM** But your honour, we did collect it. From everyone.

- SHERIFF** Then there is only one explanation. I've been robbed! And there is only one person audacious enough to do such a thing in broad daylight. The outlaw Robin Hood. He must be around here somewhere. *[HE draws his sword.]* Search everywhere until he is found.
- ROBIN** *[Still with his disguise on.]* I think I saw someone running down that street.
- SHERIFF** Quick men, after him. He must not escape this time. *[ALL THREE run for the exit and get trapped. The SHERIFF pulls FLOGGEM and WHIPPEN back and runs off. FLOGGEM and WHIPPEN fall over each other, then run off. ALL laugh.]*
- ROBIN** *[Taking off his disguise.]* Well, the Sheriff seems to have a few more problems to keep him busy.
- MAN** All thanks to you, Robin. *[ALL agree.]*
- MARION** Oh Robin, how I hate being in the castle with him.
- ROBIN** Don't worry, Marion. One day, all this will change, you'll see. *[HE sees the BABES.]* But who have you got with you?
- MARION** Two new friends. We just met at the castle. This is Jack and Jill. They've come all the way from Lincoln. *[To BABES.]* Jack, Jill. This is Robin Hood.
- JACK** Wow! I've heard all about you. Can I be in your gang? *[ALL laugh. NURSE is heard calling off.]*
- NURSE** Jack. Jill. Where are you? *[SHE enters and crosses down.]* Oh, there you are. *[Looking at ROBIN.]* What are you doing with this strange man?
- MARION** There's nothing strange about Robin.
- NURSE** You're not standing where I'm standing.
- JILL** This is Robin Hood.
- NURSE** Oh really? Pleased to meet.....Robin Hood? The outlaw? Oh, we'll all be murdered in our beds! Help! Police! *[SHE runs around the stage shouting.]* Call out the army! Send for the Marines!
- JACK** It's all right, Nurse. He's a good man, and I'm going to be in his gang.
- NURSE** What?? *[SHE faints into the arms of a MAN.]*

MARION Nurse, there's nothing to worry about. Robin wouldn't harm anyone. He's a friend to us all. *[ALL agree.]*

NURSE *[Coming round.]* Oh well, if you're sure. *[SHE curtseys.]* Pleased to meet you.

ROBIN *[With a bow and kisses her hand.]* Likewise, I'm sure. *[NURSE looks up and swoons.]*

NURSE Oh, I've come over all unnecessary. I think I need another tonic! *[SHE takes out a bottle from her apron pocket and downs it.]*

ROBIN Now, good people, let's give our new friends a real Nottingham welcome.

[ALL cheer.]

COMPANY NUMBER – PART REPRISE OF OPENING CHORUS

[At the end of the number, the lights fade, and the scene changes to.....

SCENE CHANGE 1 – 2

PantoScripts Perusal

SCENE 2 THE LONG CORRIDOR IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

[Front cloth. NELL enters left.]

NELL I've consulted my spirits. Checked the alignment of the stars and called on all the mystic powers and black arts – *[SHE rubs her fingers over the necklace.]* – of my ancestors to help me. And I've got it! I know how to help Silas achieve his aims. Oh I'm good. I should be writing the horoscopes for – *[SHE names the local paper then throws HER head back and cackles just as the SHERIFF enters. HE gets another blast of HER bad breath.]*

SHERIFF Oooh! It's like living next to the sewage works! *[HE moves away.]* Well? What have you come up with?

NELL A plan. A wonderful plan.

SHERIFF What is it?

NELL You'll never guess. Never in a million years.

SHERIFF I don't want to guess. I want you to tell me.

NELL *[Giggling.]* It's brilliant.

SHERIFF *[Shouting.]* Tell me!!!

NELL *[Finger to mouth.]* Shhhh! You don't want everyone to hear.

SHERIFF *[Whispering.]* What's the plan?

NELL Put them in the West Wing.

SHERIFF Is that it? *[SHE Nods.]* What good will putting them in the West Wing do?

NELL *[SHE looks around, then puts HER face near HIS.]* It's haunted! *[SHE emphasises the 'H'.]* They'll be frightened to death by a horrible haunting!

SHERIFF *[Pulling back. Mulling over the idea.]* That's not bad. Not bad at all. *[HE begins to smile to himself.]* Will there be spirits?

NELL *[With gestures.]* Spectacular spirits.

SHERIFF Will there be ghosties?

- NELL** *[Bigger gestures,]* Gargantuan ghosties.
- SHERIFF** Will there be ghoulies?
- NELL** *[Very straight.]* No dear!
- SHERIFF** I must say this is one of your more inventive ideas!
- NELL** I'll go and wake up the spirits and ghosts who have been lingering in limbo for centuries. They can have a spectre's ball tonight and scare the life out of the little dears!
- SHERIFF** *[Rubbing his hands.]* In the morning, they will be found – frightened to death, and no blood on my hands. Their inheritance will be mine! *[HE starts to laugh, and so does SHE. HE gets it in the face again as SHE exits.]* I really must get the blacksmith to extract those mouldy teeth of hers. But first, I must inform the Babes of their wonderful new apartment! *[HE laughs evilly and exits. From the other side of the stage, FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM enter out of breath.]*
- WHIPPEM** Oh it's no good. You've let Robin Hood escape again.
- FLOGGEM** What do you mean, "I let him escape"? You were chasing him, too.
- WHIPPEM** Yes, but if you hadn't stopped to buy that lottery ticket, we'd have caught him.
- FLOGGEM** I didn't want to miss out on a chance of winning. It's a double rollover. Then I could tell the Sheriff what to do with his rotten job.
- WHIPPEM** I suppose you've got a point. But if you did win millions, what would you do about the begging letters?
- FLOGGEM** I'd keep sending them.
- WHIPPEM** If you don't like your job, why don't you get another one?
- FLOGGEM** Oh, I had a different job once. I was a gravedigger.
- WHIPPEM** Really?
- FLOGGEM** Yes, but it was a bit of a dead-end job!
- WHIPPEM** Ooooh!
- FLOGGEM** 'ere, I thought of applying for a job I saw advertised in the *[Name of local newspaper.]* It was for *[Name of local butcher.]*

- WHIPPEM** Oh?
- FLOGGEM** Yes, they wanted a 'chop' assistant! [*HE falls about laughing as the SHERIFF enters.*] A 'chop' assistant! [*Still laughing, HE clings to the SHERIFF, who just stands there. Bit by bit, FLOGGEM realises, stops laughing and moves away.*]
- SHERIFF** So this is what you do all day long, is it? No wonder that blackguard Robin Hood can roam around free, robbing me of every last gold piece while you two sit around doing nothing.
- FLOGGEM** We don't always sit around. Sometimes we lie down!
- SHERIFF** Silence! You puny pair of pipsqueaks! [*HE has been spitting the words out at them. THEY wipe their faces.*]
- WHIPPEM** Well, that saves us washing again this week.
- SHERIFF** Now listen. I've been devising a dastardly plan to get rid of those two Babes. But it must look like an accident, so this is what I want you to do. You know that dark room at the end of the West Wing. [*THEY nod.*] Well, I want you to clean it up and prepare it for the Babes to sleep in.
- FLOGGEM** But isn't that room supposed to be – [*Big swallow.*] – haunted?
- SHERIFF** Precisely! The headless ghost of Sir Wilfred the Woebegone wanders about wailing all night. [*FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM cling to each other.*] It's bound to scare them to death, and then all their lovely money will be mine.
- FLOGGEM** But what about us? What if it scares us to death?
- SHERIFF** Oh, don't be ridiculous. Two big strapping lads like you can't be afraid of a headless ghost.
- FLOGGEM** Do you wanna bet?
- SHERIFF** Oh tosh.
- WHIPPEM** Well, in that case, why don't *you* get the room ready?
- SHERIFF** Me? Are you mad? Er, I mean, I've got more important things to do around the castle. Affairs of state, you know.
- FLOGGEM** You don't think you're the teensiest, weensiest bit scared that it might pop out?
- SHERIFF** Of course not.

WHIPPEM No, of course not. You're the Sheriff, and nothing could possibly frighten you.

SHERIFF Quite right. [*NURSE enters behind the SHERIFF.*]

NURSE Hello, boys!

SHERIFF [*Scared.*] Ahhh! [*HE falls into the arms of FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM.*]

NURSE You see – I always have the same effect on men.

SHERIFF [*Standing.*] Ah dear lady. I didn't see you there.

FLOGGEM You can't really miss her in that outfit!

NURSE You ought to try carrots. They're good for the eyes.

WHIPPEM I tried carrots once, but they didn't work.

NURSE Oh?

WHIPPEM No. I nearly poked my eye out!

FLOGGEM Oh do shut up!

SHERIFF Right now, you two have your orders. [*HE crosses to the other side of the stage and calls them.*] I want those two Babes out of the way before tomorrow dawns. Don't make any mistakes and make sure – [*HE says the name of an unpopular female personality as HE points to the NURSE.*] – doesn't know what you're up to.

FLOGGEM Right, boss. [*FLOGGEM and WHIPPEM cross to the exit.*]

NURSE Where are you two going?

WHIPPEM We have to go and prepare rooms for the Babes and your good self.

NURSE In that case, I'll come along with you. I want to make sure the accommodation is what I'm accustomed to.

FLOGGEM Oh, you'll love it. It's *frightfully* well-appointed.

WHIPPEM Yes, there isn't a *ghost* of a chance of you being disturbed!

NURSE It sounds delightful. Where in the castle is it?

FLOGGEM The haunted West Wing!