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*Dramatic Publishing*



# **The Outlaw Robin Hood**

**By  
Moses Goldberg**

# The Outlaw Robin Hood

Originally produced by the University of Minnesota Theatre.

*“I plan to stand by non-violence because I have found it to be a philosophy of life that regulates not only my dealings in the struggle for racial justice but also my dealings with people, with my own self. I will still be faithful to non-violence.”*

—Dr. Martin Luther King

**Drama.** By Moses Goldberg. *Cast: 16m., 4w.* Here is a challenging and action-filled play about law and order in Medieval England with contemporary “nerve-endings.” This version of the well-known tale of *Robin Hood* emphasizes the social problems which led to his career in Sherwood Forest. The heroic deeds are seen anew in Robin bedeviled with a dilemma: obey the law and see people suffer the worst evils of the feudal system or break the law and cause violence, anarchy and injury to people. There is strong action, dramatic clash and vigorous confrontation as Robin makes his choices in a solution that is imperfect, but aims to avoid future violence. *The Outlaw Robin Hood* is a modern play of ageless appeal, recommended for ages 9 and older. *Unit set with five locales. Costumes of the 13th century. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: O83.*

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The Outlaw Robin Hood



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# The Outlaw Robin Hood

By

MOSES GOLDBERG



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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“I plan to stand by non-violence because I have found it to be a philosophy of life that regulates not only my dealings in the struggle for racial justice but also my dealings with people, with my own self. I will still be faithful to non-violence.”

—*Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*

**THE OUTLAW ROBIN HOOD** was originally performed under the direction of the author, with sets by Janece Mamches, costumes by Judy Cooper, and lighting by Richard Seifert, at the University of Minnesota Theatre's Scott Hall in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on May 18, 1968. The cast for that production was as follows:

Midge.....	Steven Herrmann
Alice.....	Lorraine V. Prezalar
Adam.....	Thomas Wick
Grace.....	Katherine Johnson
Arthur.....	Frederick Gordon Young III
Eadom.....	Paul Mickelsen
Eleanor.....	Carey Connell
Polly.....	Charla Karioth
Other Townspeople....	Teresa Campbell, Timothy A. Olson Elise Ann Ortman, James R. Million
Robin Hood.....	Ivar Brogger
Little John.....	Christian Mulkey II
David.....	Del Van Sickle
Scarlet.....	Haimanot Alemu Duki
Stutely.....	Gregg Almquist
Bishop.....	Jeffrey B. McLaughlin
Sheriff.....	George Muschamp
Captain.....	Barry Lee Bergie
Guards.....	Don L. Day, Ric Watson, Mike Wagner
Sir Guy.....	George G. Finley
The King.....	Michael Harvey
Stage Manager.....	Robert Gunderson
Ass't. Director.....	Sandra Sholtec
Properties.....	Gary Dartt
Sound.....	Robert Scales
Fights.....	Kenneth Albers



# CAST

## TOWNSPEOPLE

Midge, the Miller; aged 40, strong, charismatic man.  
Alice, his wife; a strong plain woman.  
Adam, his son, aged 18; handsome, but bookish.  
Authur-a-Bland, the Tanner. 30's, impulsive, loud.  
Grace, his wife. A thin blond woman, somewhat shy.  
Eadom, the innkeeper. 60, lean and peppery.  
Eleanor, 17, his daughter. Practical and pretty.  
Polly, 13, his other daughter, plump and excitable.

## OUTLAWS

Robin Hood, aged about 30.  
Little John, the same age, very big, very angry.  
Will Scarlet, also 30'ish, Robin's treasurer and wiser head.  
Will Stutely, 20's, slow of wit, but good natured.  
David of Doncaster, early 20's or younger. A small, powerful man.

## COURT

Bishop of Hereford, 40's, proud, not too clever.  
Sheriff of Nottingham, very clever, late 30's, greedy.  
Captain of Guards, big, rough man.  
Two Guards, in their 20's.  
The King, majestic and powerful  
Sir Guy of Gieborne, a wiry, evil man. (*Could be doubled with Eadom, or even the King or Bishop*)

## THE TIME

The mid-Thirteenth Century. It should be noted that this play is about the Medieval outlaw, Robin Hood—a violent and strong man; not about the Romantic folk-hero who grew up in tales of the 15th and 16th Centuries, and who was popularized in modern times by Howard Pyle. Late Renaissance costumes should by all means be avoided, especially for the townspeople and outlaws, in favor of more sturdy garb.

## THE PLACE

Nottingham, England, and the Forests of Nottinghamshire. The scenes should be indicated selectively, and changed before the audience in Shakespearian style. Lighting, costumes and movement should play the major role in setting locale, with the set providing an essence of the place. The scenes are:

- 1: The Village Square of Nottingham, morning
- 2: Sherwood Forest, afternoon
- 3: The Miller's House, night
- 4: The Dungeon of the Sheriff's Castle, the same night
- 5: The Forest, the same night
- 6: The Miller's House, the next dawn
- 7: The Square, morning
- 8: The Courtroom in the Castle, one week later.

# THE OUTLAW ROBIN HOOD

*(SCENE ONE: The Village Square. The inn is on one side, the tannery on the other. In front of the inn there is perhaps a table and bench for the occasional outdoor ale drinker. The signs above the shops are, of course, all graphics — a tankard and pig for the inn, a skin for the tannery — since this is the Thirteenth Century, and only the rare citizen can read. It is a Springtime morning and the townspeople are beginning their day. A cock crows. A bell rings. ARTHUR-A-BLAND, the tanner, opens the door to his shop and peers into the bright day. He yawns and stretches. He wears his tools on a belt which, after several sleepy attempts, he finally manages to fasten around himself. His wife's voice from inside the shop breaks his reverie.)*

GRACE: Arthur! Breakfast!

ARTHUR: What? Oh! *(he calls to her)* Coming! *(he turns to go just as EADOM, the peppery innkeeper, comes in from his stable with an empty pail. He has been feeding and currying the horses.)* Morning! You're early this morning.

EADOM: I'm early every morning. *(he taps briskly at his own window and sits at the bench.)*

ARTHUR: Say, "Good morning," Eadom.

EADOM: Good morning, Arthur—sorry. *(a pause)* Not enough sleep for a man my age. One man can't run an inn by himself.

ELEANOR: *(entering from the inn with a platter of bread and cheese for EADOM'S breakfast, and a small tankard of ale.)* You make it sound like Polly and I do nothing all day, Father. *(she kisses him and gives him the food.)*

EADOM: No. You work hard, too. But we used to have a stable boy.

ARTHUR: Aye. And I used to have two apprentices! Now they're both soldiers in the Holy War, God help them! *(he crosses himself, and ELEANOR does likewise)*

ELEANOR: Amen!

EADOM: At least you know where your lads are. My stable boy turned outlaw. Who knows where he is now? Living in a cave somewhere? Or caught and hung, most likely!

ELEANOR: He's probably living better than we are. I heard he joined the band of outlaws in Sherwood.

EADOM: That's gossip! Stories to scare children! Outlaws living in Sherwood Forest—a few old hermits and scared boys!

GRACE: *(enters from the tannery)* Arthur, are you going to eat breakfast?

ELEANOR: Good morning, Grace.

GRACE: Morning, Eleanor; Eadom. What's keeping you, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Ah, the innkeeper's daughter is about to spin a tale of brave outlaws hiding from the cruel Sheriff in the dark of the woods. A good story is worth two breakfasts.

POLLY: *(enters from the inn)* Don't tell any stories till I'm there!

EADOM: Morning, Polly. *(a kiss)* There aren't any stories to tell.

ELEANOR: There are, too. Sybil told me that there are over thirty men living in Sherwood—most of them declared outlaws for failure to pay taxes or join the army. And their leader is a man called Robin Hood. He's an outlaw, too—because he refused to sign his lands over to the Sheriff for taxes.

POLLY: I know it! And I heard our stable boy, Alan, had joined them!

EADOM: Gossip!

*(At this point, the Miller, MIDGE, enters with his wife, ALICE, and son, ADAM. ADAM wears the robes of a student)*

MIDGE: Good morning, friends!

ARTHUR: Midge, good morning!

MIDGE: Look who's home!

EADOM: Your son! Well, Adam, welcome home!

ADAM: Master Innkeeper! Master Tanner! Grace! *(to Polly)* You're not Eleanor?

POLLY: No, silly; you haven't been gone that long.

ADAM: Ah, Polly! Then where is Eleanor?

ALICE: Enough teasing, Adam! You'll embarrass her to tears.

ADAM: Forgive me. Hello, Eleanor.

ELEANOR: Hello, Adam. It's been four years.

ADAM: Aye. Four years of Irish food; and study, study, study. I've forgotten what a pretty English girl looks like.

ELEANOR: (*hastily exiting with the platter and mumbling*) I better get the kitchen cleaned.

POLLY: What's the matter with her?

EADOM: Help your sister, Polly. (*she shrugs and goes*)

GRACE: The rest of us have work to do, as well. Your breakfast, Arthur?

ARTHUR: In a minute—I'll be right there. (*Grace exits*) First some news of the world—from our young scholar. Say something in Latin.

ALICE: Get him to talk English. "What did you learn at school," I ask. "Oh, nothing," he says. Four years to learn nothing!

ADAM: It's not that interesting, Mother. I learned to read; I learned some theology and law. Nothing much.

ALICE: Then why are you interested in going back?

ADAM: Because I've only started.

ALICE: He's only started to learn nothing! (*She swats him lovingly*).

ARTHUR: Let him be a student, Alice. It's better than a soldier or an outlaw.

ALICE: Well, that's true.

EADOM: (*looking offstage*) Look out—the guard's coming. (*There is an instant mood change as the CAPTAIN enters with two guards and a scroll*)

MIDGE: (*taking command*) What can we do for you, Captain?

ARTHUR: Like maybe soften your hide? *(he takes a piece of leather from his wall, where it has been drying, and starts to work it with a softening tool)*

CAPTAIN: You'd like to try? *(he signals GUARD #1, who belts ARTHUR in the stomach with his staff ARTHUR goes down.)*

MIDGE: There's no need of that, Captain! We're law abiding citizens here. *(he helps Arthur up.)*

CAPTAIN: I'll decide the need! But I'm glad to know you're law-abiding. It'll make it easier for you. New proclamation! *(he gloats)*

ARTHUR: You animals . . .

EADOM: *(cutting him off)* What proclamation, Captain? We've had no news of it. *GRACE and ELEANOR come to their respective doors to listen, and POLLY also tries to watch.)*

CAPTAIN: You'll have news soon enough. You peasants make me sick with your "law-abiding". You'd like to run this county, wouldn't you? *(focusing on Arthur)* I know you, boy! You'd like to soften my hide—well make sure I don't remove yours first. *(laughs, along with the guards)*

MIDGE: *(cutting off Arthur)* We beg the Captain's pardon if we have done anything to offend. We're peaceful yeoman—not serfs or peasants; and we cooperate in every way with the law. There's no reason for you to . . .

CAPTAIN: Be quiet! You're the worst of all—"Peaceful yeoman"—I think I'll . . .

GUARD #2: Shh! The Sheriff. *(THE SHERIFF enters and the guards come to a loose "attention.")*

SHERIFF: *(reading a scroll)* Collect the taxes, Captain; don't kill the taxpayers.

ALL: Taxes?

GRACE: The taxes aren't due till Midsummer's Day! That's three full months away.

MIDGE: What taxes, Sheriff?

**SHERIFF:** The guard will inform you of the new tax. It's due immediately. A special levy! The war, you know.

**ARTHUR:** But you can't change the tax date. The law guarantees . . .

**SHERIFF:** Don't worry, the old tax will still be collected on Midsummer's Day. This one's a special tax.

**EADOM:** How much? (*under his breath*) Robbers!

**SHERIFF:** Don't whisper, Innkeeper. It's rude. I can't remember details like, "how much," Don't worry, you can all afford it. I know you've had a good year! Look at you all; loafing in the middle of the morning. And drinking ale! (*He points to Eadom's tankard*) Perhaps the Midsummer tax should be raised, also. (*he smiles and exits*). Good day.

**EADOM:** How much, Captain?

**CAPTAIN:** Eight pounds a family.

**ARTHUR:** You're crazy, man! We haven't got eight pounds! This is robbery! (*Guard #1 threatens him again*). Kill me if you want to; but it won't get you eight pounds—I haven't got it!

**CAPTAIN:** You can always sign on as a serf. Or you have hides and finished leather—we'll take those.

**ADAM:** I sell leather for a living — if you take my hides, we'll starve.

**CAPTAIN:** So, starve! One less peasant! (*he grabs the piece of leather ARTHUR is working on. ARTHUR tries to get it back. GUARD #1 clouts him and he goes down again.*) Here's a surprise! Nice leather, boy! We'll settle for ten full hides, cured like this one. The rest of you peasants listen to me. Noon tomorrow is the deadline. Eight pounds apiece—or the equivalent in merchandise. And try to pay it with a smile—remember it's for our men at the War — fighting Saracens to free the Holy Land. Noon tomorrow; or else! (*the guards exit, as the Bishop enters from the other side*)

**ARTHUR:** (*not seeing the Bishop*) Unjust! Unjust! Damn the War, and damn the tax!

**BISHOP:** My son!

ARTHUR: Excuse me, Milord Bishop. I didn't see you.

BISHOP: Such language is unfit for your mouth, my son; it's not my ears I'm worried about.

ARTHUR: But the cause, Milord Bishop . . . .

BISHOP: No cause is worth profaning your spirit with, my son! Come to confession and I'll give you a penance this afternoon. All of you, my children; I have not seen you at confession for some time. (*notices Adam*) And this young man—is it young Adam? Back from school?

ADAM: (*he kneels to Bishop, and kisses his ring*) Yes, your Holiness.

BISHOP: Ah, I can see you learned respect, at least, from the Irish monks. (*he glares at Arthur, who gives him a perfunctory genuflection.*)

ADAM: Your Holiness, the tanner is upset with reason. Perhaps you could advise us.

BISHOP: (*pausing to survey them all*) What is the trouble? Tell me. I shall act as judge for you and decide upon the best course of action.

ADAM: Thank you, your Holiness. It's about the taxes.

EADOM: Our Sheriff has placed a new tax on us, your Lordship. He says it is for the War in the Holy Land. But everyone knows he keeps most of it for his own treasury.

GRACE: Our rightful tax isn't due until Midsummer, and it's high enough.

ARTHUR: His guards are animals, your Holiness. They beat us for no reason.

GRACE: They have no respect for us as human beings, Milord.

ARTHUR: No respect!

BISHOP: Children, children! Shame on you. The Devil has led you to love gold, so much you would deny the Holy Wars! What is money but a temptation to evil? As for respect—what does it matter how badly you are treated as long as your account is straight with Heaven. Our Dear Lord died upon the cross without complaining that the Roman guards had no respect!

Who are you to complain? You asked me to be judge, and I will judge fairly and honestly. You ought not let this idle talk go any further. It is a sin to deny money for the Crusade, or to defy your rightful ruler—our good Sheriff. You have all sinned; and without the help of me and my Church your souls would be in great danger, indeed. You must first of all repent of your evil talk. Then you must pay the tax in full, for it goes to free the Holy Land from the cruel Saracens. Finally, you must come to church and confess your sins. The penance will be a heavy one, I'm afraid, but you must pay it cheerfully. Only then can you be assured of a place in Heaven when our present life of sorrows is complete. This is my judgement.

ARTHUR: And it is more unjust than anything the Sheriff has done so far! We tell you we are crushed by taxes—you tell us to pay you more money as a penance for our sins! What kind of justice is that?

GRACE: Arthur, keep silent!

BISHOP: I tried to help you, my son. But you are ungrateful; and bound to the Devil. Now you will learn that you cannot speak to one of my estate that way. You will pay me a penance of ten silver pounds, or I will have you thrown out of the Church and your soul will go to Hell! And the rest of you had better guard your tongues, or the same fate will be yours.

ADAM: Your Holiness, wait! I don't think you understand . . . The law . . .

BISHOP: And if I don't understand; will *you* teach me?

ADAM: It is justice we seek, your Holiness. I know you are a man of God . . . .

BISHOP: That's right. I am. See that you remember it! God speaks through me; and only me! Don't think because you have read a book or two in school that you can speak for God! And as for you (*to Arthur*)—ten pounds—before next Sunday! (*exits*)

ADAM: Father, I can't believe it! This man is a Bishop? The monks of Ireland were humble and wore plain cloth. This man wears golden robes; and deals out penances as though they should be a bribe to Heaven!

GRACE: What will become of Arthur? His soul will go to Hell unless we pay the penance money; and we can't pay!



**MIDGE:** I can't believe a man's soul will go to Hell for speaking truth, Grace. And don't judge the Church by one proud Bishop. There is a higher power than this Bishop in the World.

**EADOM:** Aye, and a higher law than that of a Sheriff who makes up new taxes faster than children make up games.

**ELEANOR:** What higher law? You mean the King?

**EADOM:** I mean God in Heaven, and the King, his destined ruler on Earth.

**ARTHUR:** That's the answer—the King! Friends, I'll to London and lay our case before the King!

**GRACE:** You can't go, Arthur. We need you here.

**ALICE:** You'll only stir up the Sheriff's anger more. Why should the King help us?

**MIDGE:** The King's the sworn protector of the people, Alice. I think your idea is good, Arthur! But my wife does have a point. How will you get to London? And how will you get to see the King—he doesn't just talk to everyone, you know.

**ARTHUR:** I'll find a way to see him when I get there—and I'll get there by the shortest route; I'll go through Sherwood Forest! Get my things. *(Grace hesitates, then runs into the tannery).*

**EADOM:** God's blessings on you, Arthur. It just might work.

**ARTHUR:** Midge, guard my wife while I'm gone.

**MIDGE:** As well as I can, Arthur.

**GRACE:** *(returns with bundle)* Here's your breakfast. It's probably stole.

**ARTHUR:** Thank you. *(he embraces her)* Take care!

**GRACE:** You're a fool! *(she cries and runs to Alice)*

**ARTHUR:** I can't just stay here and do nothing! I have to try! *(pause)* Farewell, friends—to the forest, and to London Town. *(exits)*

**MIDGE:** God be with you!

ALL: Amen! *(they watch him for a moment)*

MIDGE: We must work, neighbors. The Sheriff's tax must still be paid. I'll wager Arthur will sleep more peacefully than we tonight.

EADOM: Aye, we may not sleep at all, if eight pounds are to be found by noon. And he'll sleep light-hearted—out of the reach of the Sheriff of Nottingham at least, in Sherwood Forest. *(They all exit as the scene changes to:*

*(SCENE TWO: Sherwood Forest. It is late afternoon. Suddenly a "bird" calls. A figure in green runs lightly across the stage and swings himself up into a huge tree, center. The signal call is heard again and the figure in the tree WILL SCARLET flattens out of sight. The BISHOP of Hereford enters slowly with a sword; sensing the presence of trouble. He carries a saddle bag over his shoulder. The call is repeated and the BISHOP whirls around. WILL drops from the tree and takes the sword from the astonished BISHOP. The BISHOP shouts, "Guard!", and turns to run, but DAVID OF DONCASTER and WILL STUTELY are behind him. He turns to go the other way and runs into LITTLE JOHN. Finally, LITTLE JOHN gives the bird call twice in a row, and ROBIN HOOD, himself, steps out from nowhere in front of the tree.)*

ROBIN: Welcome to Sherwood Forest, Milord Bishop. It is a great pleasure to have you among us!

BISHOP: Guards! Help! *(the men chuckle)* What do you mean to do, you cut-throats? You would not harm a man of the Church?

LITTLE JOHN: It were best not to call us names, Milord Bishop — at least until you are safe at home.

BISHOP: Sir, I am a Bishop of the Holy Church; you dare not harm me.

ROBIN: Your Lordship! You offend my men and me. We mean no harm! We are honored to have you as our guest for dinner! We're only sorry that your guards decided not to stay. *(another chuckle)* A chair for his Lordship, Little John *(LITTLE JOHN trips the BISHOP up, and he falls under the tree.)* Pardon our simple furniture, Milord. We don't have gold plates or hand carved tables as do the men of the church. We are only honest outlaws, as you can see! Introduce yourself, men!

LITTLE JOHN: Little John, at your service.

SCARLET: Will Scarlet, Milord.

DAVID: David of Doncaster.

STUTELY: Will Stutely, your Lordship.

ROBIN: Oh, and I—men call me Robin Hood!

BISHOP: You're nothing but a gang of thieves!

ROBIN: Milord, I'll have to ask you not to talk like that. My men have sensitive feelings. We are not thieves. Does your Lordship think we mean to rob him?

BISHOP: Think it! I know it!

ROBIN: How much money does your Lordship carry?

BISHOP: Why—uh—not much, actually.

ROBIN: How much?

BISHOP: Well—uh—five pounds is all, hardly worth stealing!

ROBIN: You only have five pounds? A rich Bishop like you?

BISHOP: I'm a man of the church. I've given up gold and possessions.

ROBIN: You give me your word as a man of the church that you only have five pounds?

BISHOP: I do!

ROBIN: Then I give you my word as an outlaw that you shall go home with five pounds. Exactly.

BISHOP: But . . . .

ROBIN: Now, relax. We rarely have guests of such importance. Some refreshments? Will Stutely, a tankard of our best ale for our visitor. (*STUTELY disappears and returns with a tankard and a bowl of food; meanwhile SCARLET returns the BISHOP'S sword, which he sheathes with a laugh.*)

STUTELY: Some fine venison, your Lordship? Shot only this morning. I shot it myself.

**ROBIN:** Better take some, Bishop—Will's very proud of his skill as a bowman, and he might be offended if you refuse his offer.

**BISHOP:** The King's deer! You could all be hanged for....

**STUTELY:** *(with a push)* Eat it!

**BISHOP:** Mmmm—very tasty! Ob, this is good! MMMM! More?  
*(the men laugh)*

**ROBIN:** Now, some entertainment? David and Will Stutely—a bit of wrestling for the Bishop! And to make it interesting, I'll give a silver pound to the winner. *(The men clear a space in front of the Bishop and lay down four staves in a square. Stutely and David enter the square and prepare to fight.)* Milord Bishop, will you act as judge? Splendid! Ready! Go! *(They wrestle, trying to pin their opponent or force him from the square. The Bishop, at first uneasy, gets more and more involved in the fight. Finally he is cheering them on. The other men watch the Bishop, and as soon as he gets carried away, they do, too; cheering for one or the other of the wrestlers. By the time David lifts Will from his feet and carries him from the square to win, it is hard to tell that the Bishop is not one of Robin's regular men.)*

**BISHOP:** Ho! Well, done, big fellow! A place in my personal bodyguard is yours whenever you want it! I haven't seen such wrestling for years!

**ROBIN:** *(paying David)* Well earned! *(the men ad lib congratulations, including Stutely, who shakes his hand. Little John ruffles his hair and laughs.)* Now, Milord Bishop? A quarterstaff match? An archery contest? More ale?

**BISHOP:** No thank you; I must be getting back to my church. It's getting dark and I'd rather not be in the woods after dark—robbers....

**ROBIN:** Robbers, you know! Ah yes, I do! The woods are full of nasty thieves! Your Grsce is lucky he met up with us instead of a group of bandits, isn't that right?

**MEN:** *(ad lib)* Aye! Right. Glad to have him stay with us.

**ROBIN:** Well, good day, Milord Bishop. The path on the left will take you home the fastest way; just keep the stream on your right.

**BISHOP:** Well—uh—thank you—uh—goodbye. *(he starts out)*

ROBIN: Oh, one minute, your Grace. I nearly forgot! *(a significant pause)* You didn't pay for your food and entertainment. Surely you're not the kind of man that eats without paying?

BISHOP: No! Of course not! To tell you the truth, I've enjoyed myself. Even if you hadn't asked me I'd like to give you all something. Of course, I only have that five pounds with me. How about two pounds. Is that fair? *(he offers it.)*

ROBIN: Two pounds! For that splendid venison, and the best wrestling you've seen for years! Two pounds! Take care, Bishop; you'll insult us all! *(He signals to Scarlet, who grabs the Bishop's bag and opens it.)* Count it, Will.

SCARLET: *(doing so quickly)* About two hundred pounds, Robin.

ROBIN: My goodness! And he only had five pounds when he came! Some good angel must have sent all that money to pay for the Bishop's entertainment. It's a miracle! *(pause)* Take it, Will!

SCARLET: All of it?

ROBIN: Of course not; didn't you hear me swear that he would leave with exactly five pounds!

SCARLET: *(handing the Bishop five pounds)* Your Grace. *(The Bishop sneers, then takes it angrily.)*

ROBIN: Farewell, Bishop. May we meet again someday!

BISHOP: Farewell, Robin Hood! I hope you will forgive me if my wish is that we meet again under different circumstances! *(he exits; the men laugh)*

DAVID: I'm a Bishop of the Holy Church; you dare not harm me! *(More laughs as David gets on his knees and crawls around.)*

STUTELY: Say how much money you've got!

DAVID: Five pounds... squawk... five pounds! *(hysterical laughter)*

ROBIN: *(also laughing)* Go easy, David. Have some respect for Milord Bishop!

DAVID: *(rising to his part)* Pay me ten silver pounds of penance money! Squawk! Ten silver pounds! Squawk!