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SF PERUSALS

# The Babes in the Wood

A pantomime

Norman Robbins

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## CHARACTERS

(*in order of appearance*)

The **Bailiff** of Nottingham
The **Sheriff** of Nottingham
**Jill** and **Jack,** the Babes
**Nurse Glucose,** their Nanny
**Robin Hood**
**Toyle** and **Trubble,** two would-be villains
**Maid Marion,** the Sheriff's Ward
The Woodland **Fairy**
**Friar Tuck**
**Will Scarlett**
**Much,** the Miller's son
**Alan a-Dale**
A **Ghost**

Chorus of Citizens, Merry Men, Toys, etc.
Junior Chorus of Children, Toys, Birds, etc.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Although I've appeared professionally in several versions of *Babes in the Wood*, it's never been one of my favourites, so I had no particular urge to write a version of my own. To begin with, it's really two pantomimes rolled into one: the original "Babes in the Wood" (based on the true-life murder of two children in Norfolk's Wayland Wood by their wicked uncle about five hundred years ago), and the pantomime "Robin Hood", which were joined together around 1795 and, to my mind, have rested uneasily together ever since. Also I have painful memories of a production in the late 1960s which left me bruised and limping for several weeks.

However, in 1993 I was approached by Newton Abbot Young Farmers to write them a forty-minute version of "Babes" for their National Pantomime Competition, which promptly carried them past 363 rival teams and into the Finals at Blackpool Opera House, collecting several awards on the way. One member of the judging panel was so impressed with their effort, she asked me to expand the version to full length which would enable her local amateur group to perform it. In 1994, this played with outstanding success and prompted a flurry of enquiries as to its availability for other groups. Having now deleted the specific requests of the Society concerned for this version, I offer it for your appreciation. As usual, staging should cause little problem. Each full-set scene is followed by a lane-cloth scene, lighting is simple and props minimal. Just keep the music bright and the pace lively, and a good time should be had by all.

Norman Robbins

For John and Carole
(As a reminder of those Babes on Hook Moor)

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

| | |
|---|---|
| SCENE 1 | Old Nottingham |
| SCENE 2 | A quiet street |
| SCENE 3 | The old schoolroom |
| SCENE 4 | A path in Sherwood Forest |
| SCENE 5 | The Babes' bedroom in Nottingham Castle |

ACT II

| | |
|---|---|
| SCENE 1 | Nottingham Goose Fair |
| SCENE 2 | A quiet street |
| SCENE 3 | A clearing in Sherwood Forest |
| SCENE 4 | A path in Sherwood Forest |
| SCENE 5 | Deep in Sherwood Forest |
| SCENE 6 | Back in Nottingham |
| SCENE 7 | Lockesley Hall and Finale |

## MUSIC

The choice of songs is left to the individual director. However, Norman Robbins has prepared a list of suggested songs, which is available upon request from Samuel French Ltd.

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# ACT I

## SCENE 1

*Old Nottingham. A bright sunny morning*

*The backdrop is a typical pantomime setting of half-timbered and thatched cottages, with thick forest in the background. A glimpse of Nottingham Castle could perhaps be seen* UL. *A bakery or inn stands* L *and a sweetshop is* R. *These mask entrances and exits*

*When the* CURTAIN *rises the Citizens and their Children are singing and dancing happily*

**Song 1: Citizens and Children**

*At the end of the song the Bailiff enters* UL, *rudely pushing his way through the Crowd*

**Bailiff** (*loudly*) Make way for the Sheriff. The Sheriff of Nottingham.

*He continues* DR *to stand as the Crowd reluctantly move aside to leave a clear entrance for the Sheriff*

*The Sheriff enters* UL *and moves* DC. *He is more of a would-be villain than an actual one, full of bluster, but quite cowardly when faced with someone who will hit back. He carries a rolled scroll and has a self-satisfied sneer on his face*

**Sheriff** (*grandly*) Three cheers for me. Hip, hip ...
**Crowd** (*loudly*) Boo.
**Sheriff** (*annoyed*) Silence, you nuciferous numbskulls. How dare you raise your voices to me? (*Importantly*) I bring a message from His Royal Highness, Prince John — Ruler of all England.
**Citizen 1** (*loudly*) Rubbish. Richard the Lionheart rules England. Prince John's nothing but a coward who stays at home in safety whilst our real King fights in the Holy Crusades.

*All agree noisily*

**Sheriff** (*stung*) Enough. One more word and I'll have you all thrown into the castle dungeons.

*The Crowd fall silent*

(*Growling*) So ... this is what I get for being gentle and kind-hearted, is it? Very well. From this moment on, things are going to change. (*Firmly*) I am revolting. (*He strikes an attitude*)

**Citizen 2** (*disdainfully*) We already know that.

*The Crowd laugh*

**Sheriff** (*annoyed*) Who said that? Who said that? (*He glares at them*)

*No-one speaks*

(*Snapping*) Bailiff!

*The Bailiff approaches him*

Read this proclamation.(*He hands the scroll to the Bailiff*)

**Bailiff** (*unrolling the scroll and reading loudly*) By permission of His Royal Highness, Prince John ... any person giving information leading to the arrest of the outlaw Robin Hood and his band of Merry Men, shall be given fifty pieces of gold. Signed, Cedric Spindleshanks, Sheriff of Nottingham. (*He rolls up the scroll again*)

**Sheriff** (*sneering*) Now then. Who wants to claim the reward, eh? Don't all speak at once.

**Citizen 3** (*disgustedly*) If you think we'll betray Robin Hood, my Lord Sheriff, then you'd better think again. You can keep your measly reward.

*All agree and turn away*

**Sheriff** (*spluttering*) But it's a Royal Decree.

**Citizen 1** (*turning back*) Royal Decree, my foot. It's not Prince John who wants Robin Hood out of the way. It's you. You'd do anything to keep him away from Lady Marion.

*All agree*

**Sheriff** (*defensively*) And why shouldn't I? No ward of mine is going to marry a common outlaw. She's far too beautiful for the likes of him. (*Harshly*) Now clear off, you scrofulous scraps of scorbutic sarcoid. And remember this. If I catch any of you helping Robin Hood, it's the gallows for everyone.

*The Crowd jeer derisively and exit variously*

(*Glowering*) I'll show those pusillanimous peasants who's boss around here. Whether they like it or not, Robin Hood and his gang will soon be hanging from the highest oak in Sherwood Forest.

*He exits* DL, *followed by the Bailiff. As he does so, Jack and Jill enter* UR. *Jill is seven years old and Jack is nine. Both are dressed neatly for travelling*

**Jill** (*running* DC) Wheeeeeeeee. We're here. We're here. (*She twirls around*)
**Jack** (*following her down*) Look at all the funny houses. It's not a bit like Lincoln, is it?
**Jill** (*gazing around*) Oh, Jack! There's a stables ... and a baker's ... and a toyshop and ... look ... a sweetshop. (*She hurries to it*)
**Jack** It's no use looking in there, Jill. You know Nursie won't let us have any more. We had a whole bagful of humbugs on the journey.
**Jill** (*disappointedly*) I know. (*She turns to him*) But I'm still hungry, aren't you?
**Jack** Starving.
**Jill** And where is Nursie, anyway?
**Nurse** (*off* R) Yoo-hoo. Children? Are you there, dears?
**Jack** (*looking* UR) Here she comes now.

*Nurse Glucose enters* UR *in full travelling outfit and laden down with assorted bags, suitcases, packages and umbrella, etc. She totters* DC, *gasping for breath*

**Nurse** Oooooh. Somebody give me a hand. I think I've pulled a trunion.

*The Babes help her lower the bags, etc.*

Thank goodness for that. Another minute and I'd have had a mid-life crisis and a sagging undercarriage. (*Crossly*) What did you want to go running off like that for, you naughty children? I nearly had a conniption.

**Jill** (*contrite*) Sorry, Nurse Glucose. (*Eagerly*) But is this where we're going to live? Really and truly?

**Nurse** (*mollified*) That's right, dear. In a great big castle with your nice kind Uncle Cedric.

**Jack** (*unhappily*) Do we have to?

**Nurse** (*surprised*) Well, of course you do, dear. Now your poor father's dead, where else can you go?

**Jack** (*protesting*) But we've never even met Uncle Cedric. What if we don't like him?

**Nurse** Oh, you don't want to worry about that. If he's anything like your father was, he'll be debonair, suave, tall, dark ... and hands. (*She remembers herself*) I mean handsome. (*She clears her throat*) Now come along. We don't want to be late, do we?

**Jack** But are you sure he's expecting us?

**Nurse** Well, of course he is. Your father sent him a letter just before he died. All in joined up writing. (*To the audience*) It's a wonderful thing, isn't it? Education. (*To the Babes*) And I posted it myself with a first-class stamp on it. Seventy-five pence. (*She looks pleased*)

**Jill** But a first-class stamp is only (*she names the cost*), Nurse Glucose.

**Nurse** (*startled*) Is it? (*Stricken*) Oh, no. That means it'll have gone too far. (*Brightening*) Still ... never mind. I'm sure he'll be pleased to see us.

**Jack** (*dolefully*) Which way do we go, then?

**Nurse** (*stumped*) I haven't a clue. But never mind. Leave everything to dear old Nursie. She'll find out. You go look at the ducks on the pond over there (*she indicates off* DL) while I have a chat with this lot down here in the sewer ... (*quickly*) I mean the auditorium. (*She beams at the audience*) One of them's bound to know the way.

**Jack** All right. But please don't be too long, Nursie. We're absolutely starving. (*To Jill*) Come on, Jill.

*Jack and Jill exit* DL

**Nurse** (*to the audience*) Now then. Let's have a look at you. (*She peers at them*) Oooh, I say. Aren't you a bonny looking lot? (*She hesitates*) Well all except that woman over there. (*She indicates vaguely*) She's got ever such a funny look on her face. (*To her*) Excuse me, love ... Are you sure you're sitting the right way up? (*She chuckles*) Well, I'd better introduce meself, hadn't I? Glucose is the name. Nurse Glucose ... and I look after those two charming children you saw just a minute ago. Mind you ... what a time I've had getting them here. We had to come all the way from Lincoln on the bus. And talk about crowded. It was so

full even the men were standing. I thought, "Oh, dear. I can't stand all the way to Nottingham. Me feet are killing me. Whatever can I do to get a seat?" And then I thought, "I know. I'll use a bit of sex appeal." So I looked at this feller sitting nearest to me (*she indicates*) over here ... ever so good-looking, he was ... and I gave him a wink. Like this. (*She demonstrates*) Well he didn't take a blind bit of notice, but the feller next to him started to get to his feet. Well I didn't want his seat. He had a face like a bottle of warts. So I pushed him back down and said, "It's all right, love. I'm a liberated woman. I can stand." But talk about persistent! Two seconds later he's on his feet again and trying to get out. I thought "Honestly. Some people. They just can't take a hint, can they?", and I shoved him down again. "It's all right," I said. "I've already told you. I don't mind standing." Well ... I think he was a bit peculiar, because the minute I'd turned me back, he was up again. So I turned round and I said, "Listen, mush. I've already told you twice. I don't want your seat. Now sit down and stop embarrassing me." Well ... he went red as a beetroot and said, "I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to let me get up. I've already gone ten stops past my getting-off place." (*She chuckles*) Mind you ... you meet some funny people on buses, don't you? Well, I do. There was a feller sitting at the back and ——

*Robin Hood enters* UR *and moves* DC. *He is a dashing young man, dressed as a forester in Lincoln green*

**Robin** (*brightly*) Good-morning!

**Nurse** (*turning to him*) Good heavens — it's (*she names a young pop star*)!

**Robin** (*amused*) I'm afraid not. Robin Hood, at your service, ma'am. (*He gives a very deep bow*)

**Nurse** (*to the audience*) Oooh, I say ... The last feller I saw with his head that low was looking for a lost contact lens. Play me cards right, and I could be in with a chance, here. (*To Robin*) Eczema Glucose ... Children's Nurse and Spinster of this Parish. (*She simpers and curtsies*)

**Robin** (*blinking*) Excuse me? Did you say ... Eczema? That's ... rather an unusual name, isn't it?

**Nurse** Well ... me real name's Mabel, but everybody calls me Eczema because once you get me on your hands, it's hard to get rid of me. (*She laughs, then remembers*) Oh. Here. I say. You don't happen to know where the castle is, do you?

**Robin** Why, yes. It's over there. (*He indicates off* UL)

**Nurse** (*looking*) Oh. Silly old me. We must have walked straight past it. That's the worst thing about being short sighted, you know. You can't see where you're going, half the time.

**Robin** (*politely*) Don't you wear glasses?

**Nurse** Ooooh, I can't afford glasses on my wages, dear.

**Robin** Then why not try carrots? Friar Tuck says they're very good for improving the sight.

**Nurse** Well, don't you believe him. I tried them once, and they don't half hurt when you stick 'em in your eyes.

**Robin** (*laughing, then changing the subject*) So you're looking for the Sheriff of Nottingham, are you?

**Nurse** That's right, dear. I've brought his little niece and nephew to live with him, and they're so anxious to meet him, you wouldn't believe it.

**Robin** Well, let's hope they won't be too disappointed when they do. He's not the nicest man you're likely to meet here. Most people wouldn't trust him as far as they could throw him.

**Nurse** (*worried*) Oh, I say. (*Anxiously*) They are going to be all right with him, aren't they? I mean ... he will take care of them?

**Robin** (*quickly*) Oh, I'm sure he will. After all ... he's looked after Marion since she was a child.

**Nurse** (*relieved*) Oh, that's all right then. (*Curiously*) Who's Marion?

**Robin** Lady Marion Fitzherbert, his ward. The most wonderful girl in the world, and hopefully, the one I'm going to marry.

**Nurse** (*archly*) Oooh, I say. It's like that, is it? Wedding bells in the air. I like a good wedding meself, you know. Oh, yes. Only last week I went to a wooden wedding.

**Robin** (*puzzled*) Wooden wedding?

**Nurse** That's right, dear. My best friend married a blockhead.

*She laughs, pushes him playfully and sends him flying*

Here ... I say. And while we're on the subject, I ... er ... I don't suppose there's any spare fellers living around this place, are there?

**Robin** Oh, I'm sure you'll find lots of admirers once you've settled in. It's a very friendly city.

**Nurse** (*delightedly*) Oooh, I can hardly wait to start fighting them off. (*She remembers*) Here ... and speaking of settling in ... I'd better get the children up to the castle. They've got to be all freshened up before I introduce them to their uncle. (*She calls* DL) Jack. Jill.

*Jack and Jill enter* DL

Come and meet our first new friend here ... Mr Robin Hood.

**Babes** Hallo.
**Robin** (*warmly*) Hallo, children.

*He shakes hands with them*

Welcome to Nottingham. And I hope you'll all be very happy here.
**Jack** Well we'll do our best, I suppose. And at least the forest looks interesting. We can't wait to explore it, (*to Jill*) can we, Jill?
**Robin** (*hastily*) Oh, I don't think that's a good idea, Jack. Not by yourselves, anyway. It's full of wolves and other wild animals.

*The Babes look disappointed*

But I'll tell you what. Whenever you feel you'd like to have a look round, just give me a call and I'll show you all the nice places.
**Jill** (*eagerly*) Honest and truly?
**Robin** Honest and truly. After all ... if we're going to be friends, then it's the very least I can do, isn't it?

**Song 2: Robin, Nurse and Babes**

*If required, the Citizens may also enter and join in the second chorus of the song*

*At the end of it, Robin exits* UR *waving. Nurse and the Babes pick up their luggage and exit* UL. *Citizens exit* L *and* R

*A moment later, Toyle and Trubble enter* UR *and move* DC. *They are dressed in grubby leather jerkins, balloon-sleeved shirts, cavalier boots and baggy trousers. Trubble also wears a battered, floppy-brimmed hat. Both are armed with pistols*

**Toyle** (*glancing around*) Here we are, Trubble. Nottingham at last. Let's hope we have better luck here than we did in (*local town or district*).
**Trubble** (*disgustedly*) Yes. You can certainly say that again, Toyle. It was the first time I'd seen a cemetery with shops and street lights. Anyway ... this looks a bit more promising. We'll soon find a job here. (*He looks around with interest*)
**Toyle** What do you mean, "We'll soon find a job here"? We've got a job.
**Trubble** (*blankly*) Have we?
**Toyle** Of course we have. (*Firmly*) We're robbers.
**Trubble** Robbers?

**Toyle** (*facing the audience*) Brigands.
**Trubble** Brigands?
**Toyle** (*proudly*) Footpads. (*He strikes an attitude*)
**Trubble** (*decisively*) Shin pads.
**Toyle** (*fiercely*) Highwaymen.
**Trubble** (*getting carried away*) Low-way men.
**Toyle** Tough and ruthless.
**Trubble** (*almost deliriously*) Rough and toothless.
**Toyle** (*realizing*) Idiot. (*He pushes him in annoyance*)
**Trubble** (*indignantly*) Here ... who are you calling an idiot? I've got an IQ of seven, I have.
**Toyle** (*amazed*) IQ of seven? But that's pathetic.
**Trubble** I know. But it's six more than anybody in the (*local Planning Department*)
**Toyle** (*exasperated*) What's the matter with you this morning? Come on. Spit it out. You've done nothing but look miserable ever since you got up.
**Trubble** (*squirming*) Well ... I'm fed up with being a robber.
**Toyle** (*amazed*) Fed up with being a ro— How can you possibly be fed up with being a robber? Look at you. You've never done an honest day's work in your life. You make your living by stealing other people's hard-earned money. You're selfish, tight-fisted and riddled with corruption. You never listen to reason, and you haven't used your brain in years. What other sort of job could you get with those qualifications?
**Trubble** (*after a moment's thought*) I could work for the Inland Revenue.
**Toyle** (*wincing*) All right. All right. Just suppose for one minute that you could find another kind of job. What is it you'd really like to do?
**Trubble** (*thinking furiously*) Er ... er ... (*he decides*) be a comedian.
**Toyle** (*incredulously*) A comedian? (*He bursts out laughing*)
**Trubble** (*blankly*) What? What?
**Toyle** You couldn't be a comedian, you fathead. It's not easy to make people laugh, you know.
**Trubble** It is if you play for (*local football or rugby team*). (*He chortles*)
**Toyle** (*annoyed*) I might have expected a stupid remark like that from you. But you don't fool me, you know. I know why you don't want to be a robber anymore. It's because you're a coward, isn't it? A low-down, yellow-livered, craven coward.
**Trubble** (*stung*) Just a minute, you. Just a minute. For your information, I come from a family of world-famous fighters, I do. One of my ancestors conquered half the world.

**Toyle** (*impressed*) Blimey. I didn't know that.
**Trubble** He'd have conquered the other half, as well, if somebody hadn't taken his conkers away. (*He chortles*)
**Toyle** (*annoyed*) Oooooh.

*He snatches Trubble's hat and begins to beat him around the head and shoulders with it*

**Trubble** Owwwwwww.
**Toyle** (*thrusting the hat back at him*) Now stop messing about and let's find somebody to rob. If we don't get some money soon, we're going to starve to death.

*Maid Marion enters* UL, *moving slowly* DC. *She carries a large envelope and is studying the writing on it, a puzzled look on her face*

**Trubble** (*seeing her*) Cor. What a smasher. I bet she's got a penny or two.
**Toyle** Not half. Come on. Let's rob her before she gets away.

*Trubble quickly puts his hat on and they creep over and seize her*

(*Harshly*) Hand over your cash.
**Marion** (*startled*) Help! Help! (*She drops the letter*)

*Robin enters* UR

**Robin** (*seeing the struggle*) What? (*He hurries down and grabs Toyle*) Take that. (*He punches him*)

*As Toyle howls, Robin grabs Trubble and gives him the same treatment*

*With much howling, the Robbers exit* UL

Marion. Are you all right?

*He embraces her*

**Marion** Oh, Robin. Thank goodness you arrived in time. (*Dismayed*) But what are you doing here? Don't you know Prince John's put a price on your head? Fifty gold pieces to anyone who'll betray you.
**Robin** (*amused*) I don't think he'll find many takers in this city. But even if he did, I couldn't keep away. Not while you're here.

**Marion** All the same, I'd feel a lot happier if I knew you were safe in Sherwood Forest. Uncle Cedric's sworn to catch you if it's the last thing he does.

**Robin** (*lightly*) Well, I'll just have to take my chances, won't I? But don't worry, Marion. I only came into Nottingham to invite you to dine with us tonight. We'll be feasting beneath the greenwood tree and we'd be honoured if you'd care to join us. Of course ... we don't have fine chairs and tables, or even knives and forks ... but we do have the best venison you've ever tasted and the company's the merriest in England.

**Marion** (*happily*) Then what more could anyone ask for? Except the return of King Richard from the Crusades to make you a free man again.

**Robin** (*wistfully*) One day, perhaps. (*He brightens*) But until then, I don't mind being an outlaw if I know you still believe in me.

**Marion** You know I do. And I always will.

**Song 3: Robin and Marion**

*At the end of the song, Marion glances off* L *and gives a startled gasp*

Uncle Cedric. And he's heading this way.

*She tries to hurry Robin off* R

**Robin** (*remembering*) But I've got some other news for you, too. You'll never believe this, but ——

**Marion** (*still pushing him*) Tell me tonight.

**Robin** (*protesting*) But ——

**Marion** (*urgently*) Tonight. (*She pushes him off* R)

*Robin exits* R *reluctantly. As he does so, the Sheriff enters* L

**Sheriff** (*smarmily*) Ah, Marion, my dear. I've been looking for you everywhere.

**Marion** (*innocently*) And I've been looking for you. (*She picks up the letter she dropped*) This letter's just arrived at the castle. From Lincoln. (*She holds it out to him*)

**Sheriff** (*opening his eyes*) Lincoln? But the only person I know in Lincoln is that pious brother of mine. (*He snatches the letter and looks at the writing*) Yes. That's his writing. What on earth does he want? (*He opens the envelope, extracts the letter and reads aloud*) "My dear Cedric ... Alas, I am dying and my two sweet children, Jack and Jill, will soon have no-one to care for them. I beg you to shelter them, cherish them as your own ... and see that their fortune is invested wisely. Your

loving brother, Alfrick." (*Outraged*) What? Me look after children? Never. I hate children. Loathe children. Despise children. And besides ... why didn't he leave his fortune to me instead of to a pair of snivelling brats who'll spent it all on video games and other such rubbish? No wonder I always disliked him. (*Grimly*) Well if he thinks I'm going to look after them, he can jolly well think again.

**Marion** (*quickly*) Oh, but Uncle ... To have children in the castle. It's about time we had some laughter in that gloomy old place.

**Sheriff** (*firmly*) Never. Over my dead body.

*Nurse enters* DL, *as before, with luggage*

**Nurse** (*calling over her shoulder*) This way, children. This way. (*She stops and looks around*) Oh ... We must have taken a wrong turning. We're back where we started from. (*She sees the Sheriff and Marion*) I'd better ask the way again. (*She drops the baggage and taps the Sheriff's shoulder*) Excuse me.

**Sheriff** (*turning in annoyance*) Yes?

**Nurse** (*reacting*) Blimey. Is it Hallowe'en already?

**Sheriff** (*snarling*) What do you want?

**Nurse** (*recovering herself*) Well ... I'm looking for the Sheriff of Nottingham. To give him a nice surprise.

**Sheriff** (*suspiciously*) Surprise? You're not a Kiss-o-gram Granny, are you?

**Nurse** (*taken aback*) Certainly not.

**Sheriff** (*rudely*) Very well then. Hand it over and clear off. (*He extends his hand*)

**Nurse** (*indignantly*) It's not an it. It's a them. And why should I hand them over to you?

**Sheriff** Because I'm the Sheriff, you flannel-faced old faggot. Can't you tell by my deportment? (*He puffs himself up and strikes a pose*)

**Nurse** (*impressed*) Oh, I say. I knew a feller once who had deportment lessons. Had 'em for months, he did.

**Sheriff** (*snootily*) Really? And did they work?

**Nurse** Oh, yes. The day after he finished 'em, he got deported.

*She laughs and slaps the Sheriff's back, sending him flying*

*The Babes enter* DL, *carrying a large money bag*

**Jack** (*wearily*) Aren't we there yet, Nurse Glucose?

**Jill** This bag's awfully heavy.

**Nurse** (*beaming*) Never mind, dears. Just drop it there and say hallo to your nice, kind Uncle Cedric.

*The Babes put the bag down*

**Sheriff** (*astounded*) What? (*He looks at them in disbelief*)
**Marion** (*delightedly*) You mean ... this is Jack and Jill?
**Nurse** That's right, dear. And I'm Nurse Glucose. (*Puzzled*) But who are you?
**Marion** (*warmly*) Maid Marion. The Sheriff's other ward.
**Nurse** (*pleased*) Oh, I say. You're the one who's going to marry that nice Robin Hood, aren't you? Yes. Well ... it's nothing to do with me, dear ... but are you quite sure you're not making a big mistake?
**Marion** (*surprised*) Mistake?
**Nurse** (*brightly*) Well, there's not many girls would want to marry a feller who wears high-heeled shoes, fishnet tights and lipstick. (*She beams*) Still ... if somebody would like to take us to the castle, I'll get everything unpacked then we can all get to know each other before we have lunch. (*She starts collecting her baggage*)
**Sheriff** (*outraged*) Lunch?
**Nurse** (*to the Babes*) And don't forget the bag of gold, dears.
**Sheriff** (*startled*) Gold? (*Eagerly*) Did you say gold?
**Jill** That's right, Uncle Cedric.
**Jack** It's the money Father left us in his will. Fifty thousand pounds.

*The Sheriff's eyes pop and he fights to keep control*

**Sheriff** (*with false geniality*) Well, well, well. It's no wonder you're looking so tired. (*To Marion*) Marion, my dear. Take these beautiful, charming people to the castle and give them something to eat. Don't worry about the luggage. I'll attend to that.
**Marion** (*surprised*) You will? (*She recovers*) Well, in that case ... (*To the Babes and Nurse*) If you'd like to come this way?

*Marion leads them off* UL *and they exit*

*The Sheriff hurries to the money bag and picks it up gleefully*

**Sheriff** Fifty thousand pounds. Fifty thousand pounds. (*He dances around with it*)

*Nurse re-enters* UL

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