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ROBIN HOOD

Adapted by Laura Dockrill

Music by Hugo White

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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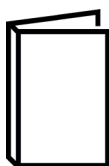
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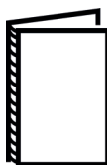


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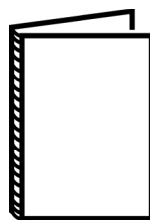
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Laura Dockrill is an award-winning performance poet and novelist whose wonderfully inventive and vibrant approach to life is reflected in the rich and vividly imagined worlds she creates. Laura grew up in Brixton and attended the Brit School. Laura has always had a vivacious spark, finding creativity in words – from poetry to novels, and scripts to song lyrics.

She is author of the Carnegie Medal nominated YA novel *Lorali, My Mum's Growing Down* (Faber and Faber) as well as the *Darcy Burdock* series (Random House) for younger readers, which was also nominated for the Carnegie Medal and shortlisted for the Waterstones Children's Book Prize in 2014. Other books include *Echoes* (HarperCollins), a collection of poems and short stories.

Laura has appeared on *Blue Peter* and *CBeebies*, and is a frequent poet performer at festivals including Glastonbury, Hay, Edinburgh, London Literary Festival and Latitude.

Children's books are at the heart of her work. She curated and wrote both *The Wondercrump World of Roald Dahl* and *Adventures in Moominland* exhibitions at the Southbank Centre, and loves to visit schools and festivals and meet young readers who are as spirited as her.

Laura lives in London and you can follow her on Twitter @LauraDockrill.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This retelling of *Robin Hood* is a family show using actor/musicians who are versatile and playful and have a sense of almost improvisation. It is right that the setting of the landscape should be a natural woodland that is wild, overgrown, magical, enchanting and pretty, yet the show has a grotesque, larger-than-life feel too. Do not be afraid to have fun with the words and music, of course it is a serious piece of work but if you by chance happen to burst into laughter whilst on stage during the performance that is absolutely fine, the atmosphere created should be warm and relaxed and the mood positively infectious. It should feel like a good time.

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SONG LIST

1. I've Always Fancied Myself
2. Robin Hood
3. Outlaws
4. Take These Coins
5. Human Being Ferry
6. Tax Song (Real Nice Guy)
7. We Were Once Friends
8. Proposal Song
9. Double Day

ROBIN HOOD

The Watermill Theatre, first preview 15 November 2018.

Cast list

ROBIN HOOD	Georgia Bruce
FRIAR TUCK/MESSENGER	Jorell Coiffic-Kamall
LITTLE JOHN	Daniel Copeland
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM/ALAN-A-DALE	Leander Deeny
MAID MARION/MISS SNOB	Stephanie Hockley
WILL SCARLET	Ned Rudkins-Stow

Creative list

Director– **Laura Keefe**
Designer – **Frankie Bradshaw**
Lighting Designer – **Ryan Joseph Stafford**
Sound Designer– **Jay Jones**
Musical Director – **Ned Rudkins-Stow**
Composer – **Hugo White**
Movement Director – **Coral Messam**
Fight Choreographer – **Dani Davies**

Production Manager – **Lawrence T. Doyle**
Assistant Production Manager – **Harry Armytage**
Trainee Production Manager – **Eden Harrhy**
Technician –**Tim Knight**
Sound Operator – **Jimmy O'Shea**
Company Stage Manager – **Kerrie Driscoll**
Stage Manager on the Book – **Sara Sandalls**
Rehearsal Deputy Stage Manager – **Alice Barber**
Assistant Stage Managers – **Claire Payton**
Ruth Hills
Natalie Toney
Wardrobe Supervisor – **Emily Barratt**
Wardrobe Assistant – **Louise Patey**
Sign Integrated Performers – **Lixi Chivas & Ana Becker**
Audio Description – **Lixi Chivas**

For Bug

CHARACTERS

MISS SNOB

DRIVER

ROBIN HOOD

LITTLE JOHN

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

MESSENGER

ALAN-A-DALE

WILL SCARLET

MERRY MANY

BUSY BODY

FRIAR TUCK

MAID MARION

GUARD

ACT ONE

*Our story, **ROBIN HOOD**, is set in a leafy landscape of greenery and shrubbery. The setting is showcasing nature at its best, stuffed with the beauty of the enchanting bewitching woodland; twinkly lights, starry canopies, birdsong, the trickle of the stream, the creaky sounds of the forest, growing and stretching.*

*All over the walls of the theatre are 'Reward' posters for **ROBIN HOOD**.*

1. A Snobbery!

Characters: MISS SNOB, DRIVER, ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN.

A covered regal carriage trip traps by, glistening under the pale onion of a moon.

LITTLE JOHN, *who is not so little, suddenly throws himself in front of the carriage, into the road. The carriage grinds to a halt as it knocks LITTLE JOHN flat down very dramatically. We wait in the dark stillness. Owls hoot.*

MISS SNOB *(from inside the carriage)* AHHHHHHHHHHH!
WATCH IT!

DRIVER WOAHH THERE!

MISS SNOB CAN'T YOU DRIVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE YOU
WART-FACED WRINKLED WALNUT?

DRIVER My apologies, stay inside miss. Are you alright?

MISS SNOB Not really... I *almost* did a hiccup! What's happened
out there anyway?

DRIVER Felt like we hit something.

MISS SNOB No, not *we*, *Darren*, YOU. You hit something because
you're a Giant Great Muffin of a Man that can't keep his
head out of a sausage roll packet for two seconds to keep
his piggy eyes on the road! Well, did we?

DRIVER Did we what?

MISS SNOB HIT SOMETHING?

DRIVER I don't know, I can't tell, it's so dark I...

MISS SNOB Oh let's not dawdle, drive on Darren.

DRIVER What if it's a person miss?

MISS SNOB MORE the reason to drive on Darren!

DRIVER Miss!

MISS SNOB I'm not going to fork out my precious money for some drunk poor peasant blindly scampering barefoot around the forest who hasn't got the social intelligence to know what a carriage looks like before it hits him flat down racoon-skin dead!

DRIVER I really think we should just check –

MISS SNOB And what about my carriage anyway? Bet that's got a nasty bruise itself. Who will pay for the damage to that then, eh? Me I suppose. Not this penniless lout I tell you that. I'm getting out.

An overly dressed ridiculously eccentric striped stocking and heel pops out of the carriage door...the leg of
MISS SNOB.

DRIVER No, no, please stay inside miss, it's very dark...and we don't want you, you know...out and about...if it...*is* a person. It won't look good.

MISS SNOB *returns her leg back inside.*

MISS SNOB You're right. For once. You Great Ton of a Toadlette. But you better get us out of this mess. It's getting late, I'm tired and my hair is *not* going to tong itself this evening.

DRIVER *ventures further, creeping in the darkness.*

DRIVER Probably just hit a rabbit. A fox at worst.

The DRIVER gingerly steps forward, closer towards the body.

MISS SNOB Well, must be a pretty fat fox then, well fed thing, felt more like a bear to me.

DRIVER A badger maybe, perhaps a deer, no bears around here, these woods are very safe.

The DRIVER realises he's hit a human and he's terrified.

MISS SNOB Knew I should have bought my net. OOoo if it *is* a bear Darren, do chop the head off for me won't you? I've always liked the idea of a bear's head on the dining room wall... You must have an axe somewhere...

LITTLE JOHN *opens one eye and looks terrified. The DRIVER bravely checks for a pulse on LITTLE JOHN...*

HA! A bear's head on the wall...oooo...lovely, lovely... And the paws, they could make mittens! How adorable. Oh and the feet too, for slippers! We could make hats! Matching ones. Darren! We could be twins!

And then LITTLE JOHN rises from 'the dead', and knocks the DRIVER out with a thump. LITTLE JOHN then drags the DRIVER's body to the side of the road where he begins to snore, deeply.

Darren? Darren?

LITTLE JOHN Errr...yes? Ma'am... M'lady...or whatever...

MISS SNOB Well IS it a bear or not? Did you get him?

LITTLE JOHN Erm...you *could* say that.

MISS SNOB Oh goody! WE GOT THE BIG BRUTE! Come along then, get going, chop off his head so that we can be on our way.

LITTLE JOHN *sits up at the front of the carriage, the carriage dips with his giant weight.*

You're even HEAVIER! Did you just EAT the thing? Come on...

A small slight figure creeps out from the woodland. It's a nimble man dressed in a fine gentleman's suit. He discreetly clambers into the carriage...

AGHHHHH! WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU?

ROBIN HOOD Have you ever been involved in a serious road accident?

MISS SNOB What the –?

ROBIN HOOD Our systems inform us that, regrettably, you were recently involved in a serious road accident that was NOT your fault.

MISS SNOB Yes, just now, but no need to make a fuss. We just hit some clumsy bear but no damage, thank you, we shall be on our way.

ROBIN HOOD Ahh, sorry to hear that...

MISS SNOB Thank you for your concern...but really we've been away, travelling, I'm awfully tired –

ROBIN HOOD It's just according to our database you could be entitled to compensation –

MISS SNOB By compensation, do you mean *free money*?

ROBIN HOOD You could see it like that, yes...

MISS SNOB How *cute*! I suppose the reality of the accident hasn't quite hit me yet. Still in shock.

ROBIN HOOD I'm sure.

MISS SNOB No, hold on...this is ridiculous, you're having me on, the bear won't have insurance!

ROBIN HOOD No but *you* are protected. There is clumsy wildlife in the woods who ignore road safety.

MISS SNOB TOO RIGHT! I *always* say this. Vehicles come first, *then* nature.

ROBIN HOOD Indeed. You said you've been travelling and I can't help but notice you're loaded with a LOT of luggage, you were putting your fortune at a serious high risk Miss Snob. And for an accident like this, you could be entitled to a rather handsome payout.

MISS SNOB Oh *really*? I suppose I could *try* and relive the incident for the purposes of insurance...

ROBIN HOOD Only if you think you're up to it.

MISS SNOB I'll try my best though I can't make any promises.

ROBIN HOOD I appreciate this must be difficult for you. So...
if you could just give me your name...

MISS SNOB Miss Horaina Sabbatical Nuisance Abacus Snob.

ROBIN HOOD Nuisance with an S or a C?

MISS SNOB With an N you Twit!

ROBIN HOOD Oh sorry, am I troubling you? I can always write
this accident off and leave you to be –

MISS SNOB Oh no, my apologies, I just get angry when I'm
hungry. Hangry. I call it. Do continue...

ROBIN HOOD We will need to take some items, just as *evidence*
of the accident, for our files. I can see here some scratches on
your *gold* and *emerald diamond* watch from the crash. Looks
like some stains on your *velvet* throw here from perhaps a
minor spilling of some tea?

ROBIN *begins to pass items out of the carriage door to*
LITTLE JOHN *who collects them up in a loot bag.*

Some damage to your rather *expensive* and *rare vintage*
snakeskin purse and even these *gold* coins inside the purse
look like they've taken a bashing. And your pearls! I should
really grab those too. Probably best to take them for evidence
too.

MISS SNOB Goodness Grief! It really was far worse than I
thought. I'm lucky to be alive.

ROBIN HOOD Yes, but you are in safe hands now.

ROBIN *now pops more of MISS SNOB's items out of the*
trap door at the bottom of the carriage, to LITTLE JOHN.
A cape, a hat, a handbag – LITTLE JOHN models the
winnings.

MISS SNOB I'm so disorientated... *Where am I? Where am*
I? Excuse my frazzled nerves. I'm so tender from the
experience... I'm really not myself...

ROBIN HOOD I understand Miss Snob. But if you could just try and relay the events...the more detailed, the bigger the compensation. At this stage, with trauma, try *closing your eyes*, that can help the brain to summon up any memories, flashbacks of the crime scene.

MISS SNOB Yes of course. You're quite right. We do this in meditation you see. *Hmm. Maaahhh. Hm* –

ROBIN HOOD Very good, keep the humming going and your eyes *closed*...very nice, very nice.

Objects become more ridiculous with size and opulence, like they couldn't possibly appear from the carriage – in a Mary Poppins' handbag illusion we see umbrellas, rugs, lamps. LITTLE JOHN continues to stuff the bags with loot, whistling with joy, gleefully filling up the sacks.

MISS SNOB It's all flooding back, it was a dark evening, the owls were hooting, the crickets chirping, the river trickling, the moon...shining...menacing almost with tension...

ROBIN HOOD You might say a night very much like tonight?

MISS SNOB Well of course you might because it *was* tonight you Spot Picking Trout-Faced *Treasure*... I'm sorry, it's my heart, I'm finding it hard to trust anybody... I'm still so delicate... from the crash...see my hand...trembling...?

ROBIN HOOD Not quite, perhaps the shakes are internal?

MISS SNOB *Tonight, doomsday, when my beloved driver Darren, with whom as an employer I take excellent first class care of and ensure holiday pay and an ample lunch break, and I, went from citizens to...a whole new species altogether... Victims.*

ROBIN HOOD That's very brave of you to admit. So now with your eyes *very tightly shut and perhaps with your back turned* do continue...

MISS SNOB I was just simply minding my own innocent business, coming homeward bound from my travels, I've been on a shopping vacation you see...

ROBIN HOOD Hence the heavy load...

MISS SNOB Well yes...these are not *all* for me of course, most are presents. For the erm...*needy* – when Darren and I were suddenly struck down by what can only be a VIOLENT act of terror!

ROBIN HOOD Keep your eyes closed please Miss Snob, you're doing so well.

MISS SNOB Oh, I'm not sure I can go on. I might need the promise of a new frock or something to comfort me from the trauma, as compensation, to settle my nerves –

ROBIN HOOD Of course Miss Snob.

LITTLE JOHN poking his head into the trap door underneath the carriage notices some delicious plump cakes he likes the look of, from what we can see he is trying to get ROBIN's attention, nipping at her heels, pointing towards the treats. ROBIN is batting him away...

MISS SNOB And some shoes...they wouldn't hurt...

ROBIN HOOD (to LITTLE JOHN) No, you don't need t – STOP being so greedy!

MISS SNOB I beg your pardon? I NEARLY JUST died!

ROBIN HOOD 'STOP BEING SO GREEDY!' *Some other* insurance companies might say, but not me, no. But, still, probably best I take a *few* more bits as evidence.

Although we can't see inside the carriage we know that ROBIN HOOD kicks LITTLE JOHN's hand away, stamping on it. We see LITTLE JOHN fall out of the trap door, silently wailing. He then stubs his toe, grunts and it sounds like a fart.

MISS SNOB Excuse you!

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