

Prestbury Youth Pantomime Association

Robin Hood & Babes in the Wood



Block and Tackle audition

(Enter Block and Tackle. Block is leading with Tackle struggling to move a cart laden down with paraphernalia)

Block: Come on Tackle, get a move on will you? We don't want to be late for our appointment with the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Tackle: Sorry Block, I'm going as fast as I can, if you would only give me a hand...

Block: **(Starts as he hears something.)** Sssshhhhh! I thought I heard something!

Tackle: Nah! It must have been the wind!

Block: Oh yes, lay off those curried eggs and beans in future! And keep an ear out, these woods are the haunt of a desperate band...

Tackle: You don't mean (insert topical pop band here!), I'd heard they were not doing too well recently...

Block: No you fool, I'm talking about the legendary, the infamous, Robin Hood!

Tackle: Oh!

Block: **(Seeing the Audience for the first time.)** Ah, greetings good people, I didn't realise we had company! Make yourself presentable Tackle! Let me introduce ourselves. We are Block and Tackle of "Block and Tackle Enterprising Enterprises". **(Confiding in the Audience.)** To tell the truth, business is a bit slow, but this meeting with the Sheriff sounds promising! We need the cash! We're down to our last farthings, broke and penniless. How did I fall this low! My family was in the iron and steel business you know...

Scene Two - On the edge of Sherwood Forest

(Block and Tackle enter. They are busy bickering together)

Block: ... and if you hadn't got so worked up over a flipping rabbit then we'd still have both of the kids so it's your fault!

Tackle: It doesn't matter whose fault it is. What are we going to tell Rottingham when we get back to the castle?

Block: You're right. And when you're right, you're right. And you, you're right! Right?

Tackle: Right.

Block: I'm sorry I shouted at you, Tackle. Friends like us should never need to argue.

Tackle: We'll sort this problem out. We've been in worse trouble before, haven't we?

Tackle: Right! So what DO we tell the Sheriff?

Block: Mmmmm... We could say...

Tackle: Yes? Yes?

Block: No. Wouldn't work

Tackle: Couldn't we just say...?

Block: What? What?

Tackle: No. Wouldn't work either!

Block: Ah, but how about...?

Tackle: Yes? Yes?

Block: Nope, sorry!

Tackle: **(Inspiration strikes apparently.)** Ahaaaa!

Block: What? What?

Tackle: Cramp. In my brain! I've been over thinking!

Block: Fair enough, it's an unfamiliar feeling for you! **(He starts to give Tackle a head massage.)** Look, do we actually have to tell the Sheriff anything?

Tackle: What do you mean?