

Prestbury Youth Pantomime Association

Robin Hood & Babes in the Wood



Sheriff audition

Scene Five - The Castle Dungeons

(A dungeon setting, hung with various torture items etc. Enter Sheriff and Marion)

Sheriff: Well, this is my private little den, hidden from prying eyes. What do you think of it as a whole?

Marion: As a hole it's fine, but as a room it's awful. Please tell me you've asked Carol Smiley for help with this place. Actually, on second thoughts you'd need Changing Tombs to sort all this out.

Sheriff: Really, my dear, this is one of my favourite rooms in the castle. I've spent a long time completing my collection. **(He pats a torture device lovingly.)** And wanted the perfect setting to display them. But I didn't want to talk to you about my little hobby, fascinating though it is. I want to talk to you about the future...

Marion: Don't waste your time, I don't believe in that Astrology rubbish. None of us Virgos do.

Sheriff: Oh you're a Virgo, are you? I'm a Piscean myself.

Marion: Yes, I always thought you were a bit fishy.

Sheriff: **(Missing the barb.)** Why, thank you.

(He claps his hands and Block and Tackle come out with a flip chart and easel)

Marion: Oh Lord, it's Dumb and Dumber. What are they up to now?

Both Afternoon, Miss Marion.

Sheriff: **(Clapping his hands.)** That's enough chit chat, where's my controller?

(Block hands him a squeaky mouse)

Marion: What's all this?

Sheriff: It's the latest thing, a mouse driven presentation!

(He squeaks the mouse and Tackle folds over the first sheet of the flip chart. There is a drawing of some trees.)

Sheriff: This is Sherwood Forest as we know it today. What does it have to offer people?

Marion: It has firewood for the poor, shelter for hundreds of different animals and grazing for cows and sheep.

Sheriff: But where's the money in it for me?

Marion: Money? Is that all you think about?

Sheriff: Yes! The rich nobles want entertainment and they will be prepared to pay good money for it! What's entertaining about a lot of trees? That's the question people are asking themselves here in the castle.

Marion: I haven't heard them.

(The Sheriff squeaks his mouse again. Block steps forward and, in a heavily rehearsed tone, says)

Block: How do we get people to pay the Sheriff for the privilege of coming to Sherwood?

(The Sheriff squeaks the mouse again and Tackle shuffles forward. He opens his mouth to speak, gets a panicked look and shuts it again. The Sheriff squeaks his mouse impatiently)

Tackle: **(Thinking desperately.)** Erm, when do we eat?

(The Sheriff squeaks the mouse furiously and Tackle rushes back to turn the page again. The trees are just stumps, surrounded by a fence)

Sheriff: This is my dream of the future: Cut down the trees and level the area...

Marion: ... And what about the people who depend on the forest for their livelihoods?

Sheriff: That is the best part of my scheme. They will be there to keep the guests entertained! My friends, I give you...

(He squeaks the mouse again and Block flips over the next page.)

Sheriff: Torture Land!

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