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# **PREVIEW**

# ROBIN HOOD

## IN THE WILD WEST



BY GEORGE HALTZKA

# PREVIEW

**PREVIEW**

# **Robin Hood in the Wild West**

**PREVIEW**

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# PREVIEW

# **Robin Hood in the Wild West**

*Retold by George Halitzka*

## **Cast of Characters**

RUTH, *a farm girl who sells fresh produce in the town of Sherwood*  
MARTHA, *Ruth's friend and business partner*  
ANNA, *Ruth's friend and business partner (who's new in town)*  
MITCH ARCHER, *co-owner of Archer's General Store*  
GERTRUDE ARCHER, *Mitch's wife and co-owner of the general store*  
SHERIFF DANIELLE NOTTINGHAM, *a crooked lawwoman*  
FANNY, *the Sheriff's chief deputy*  
STU, *another deputy*  
BETSY, *another deputy*  
DOROTHY, *another deputy*  
ROBIN HOOD, *a cowgirl who just arrived in Sherwood*  
JOAN LITTLE, *Robin's best friend and bunkie*  
MARION ARCHER, *Mitch and Gertrude's son and Robin's love interest*

## **Setting**

The Old West town of Sherwood.

# PREVIEW

# Robin Hood in the Wild West

*(There is a pile of crates and boxes on one side of an otherwise bare stage. RUTH, MARTHA, and ANNA are standing at center, holding baskets of merchandise as they call out to passersby to sell their wares. Some of the DEPUTIES enter and look over the FARM GIRLS' products.)*

**RUTH:** Fresh from the farm, get your grapes here . . . grapes for eatin' or wine-makin'!

**MARTHA:** Bread and baked goods, low prices . . . white loaves for your Sunday table!

**ANNA:** Apples fresh from the orchard! Sweet, crunchy apples, just one nickel . . .

*(Suddenly, GERTRUDE enters at a run, looking behind her. MITCH follows behind.)*

**GERTRUDE:** Help! Somebody, HELP!

**MITCH:** Gertrude, stop runnin'! It's time to stand and fight!

**GERTRUDE** *(ignoring MITCH):* The sheriff's comin', girls!

**RUTH** *(horrified):* Are you sure, Miz Archer?

**GERTRUDE:** Sure as shootin', Ruthie — and she's *mad!*

**ANNA** *(confused):* Don't the sheriff help folks in need?

*(MITCH, GERTRUDE, RUTH, and MARTHA look at her incredulously.)*

**GERTRUDE:** Not in this town, stranger! *(She starts to flee offstage again.)* Somebody, HEEELP!

**MITCH:** Gertrude!

*(MITCH, still frustrated, follows his wife offstage.)*

**MARTHA:** I reckon we better git!

**RUTH:** But we paid ol' Nottingham Monday!

# PREVIEW

**ANNA:** Paid for what?

**MARTHA** (to RUTH, ignoring ANNA'S question): Like it matters? Let's go!

*(RUTH shrugs her agreement and prepares to leave with MARTHA. ANNA is still confused but follows the others. They're almost offstage when the SHERIFF and DEPUTIES charge onstage. The FARM GIRLS freeze in fear.)*

**SHERIFF:** Mitch and Gertrude Archer, get back here in the name of the law! *(seeing the FARM GIRLS)* Well, looky here . . . where you ladies goin' in such a hurry?

**RUTH** *(a nervous laugh)*: We ain't in a hurry, Sheriff. Just headin' home to lunch . . .

**FANNY:** The Archers are gettin' away!

**SHERIFF:** Head 'em off at the corral. *(FANNY trots offstage with all of the other DEPUTIES except DOROTHY.)* Did somebody warn you girls it's Tax Day?

**ANNA:** Tax Day? It ain't the sheriff's job to collect taxes!

*(The FARM GIRLS try to shush ANNA, but she doesn't get the message in time.)*

**RUTH:** Anna's new in town, Sheriff.. How much?

**SHERIFF:** Two dollars a person.

*(RUTH and MARTHA quickly hand over two dollars each to the SHERIFF.)*

**ANNA:** We ain't made that much all day! Why —

**SHERIFF:** Pleasure doin' business with you. Go eat your lunch, girls. *(RUTH and MARTHA exit hastily.)* Miz Anna, you're new here, Let me explain why folks pay taxes to the sheriff.

*(The SHERIFF nods to DOROTHY, who grabs ANNA from behind and holds her.)*

**ANNA:** Hey! What're you doin'?

*(The SHERIFF punches ANNA in the stomach. DOROTHY drops ANNA to the ground.)*

**DOROTHY:** That's why people pay their taxes!

# PREVIEW



*(The SHERIFF and DOROTHY laugh as they exit. A moment later, ROBIN and JOAN enter calmly ROBIN is taking deep breaths.)*

**ROBIN:** Will you smell that? *(JOAN shakes her head – she doesn't understand.)* Fresh air!

**JOAN:** Yeah! After three months on the trail with five thousand head of cattle, doin' what cattle do . . .

**ROBIN:** It's good to be back in town!

*(ROBIN almost trips over ANNA, who's lying on the ground holding her stomach.)*

**ROBIN:** Sorry, miss . . . are you all right? Can I give you a hand?

*(ROBIN reaches down and helps ANNA to her feet.)*

**ANNA:** Just my stomach.

**JOAN:** Should we fetch a doctor?

**ANNA:** I'm fine. Just keep that sheriff away!

*(ANNA runs offstage, still holding her stomach.)*

**JOAN:** Now, what was that all about?

**ROBIN:** I hope she's all right . . .

*(ROBIN stares offstage after ANNA. Meanwhile, MARION enters from the opposite side of the stage, clearly looking for someone. JOAN speaks to interrupt ROBIN'S reverie.)*

**JOAN:** Well, I'm ready for some dancin'! Ain't we goin' to the saloon?

**ROBIN:** Sure as shootin'! *(noticing MARION)* And maybe we can take a handsome hombre. *(approaching MARION and tipping her hat)* Afternoon, sir – Robin Hood at your service. What might your name be?

**MARION:** Marion. I have to find Mama and Papa

*(He starts to exit.)*

**ROBIN:** Don't hurry, Mr. Marion. We were goin' to the saloon, but if a

gentleman needs help . . .

**MARION:** I don't need *girls'* help.

**ROBIN:** But it would be an honor.

**MARION:** You ladies have fun dancin'. Let men handle the problems. *(He tries to exit. Suddenly, GERTRUDE screams offstage.)* Mama? Is that you?

*(ROBIN sees the crates and motions JOAN and MARION behind them.)*

**ROBIN:** Back here!

**MARION:** Cowgirls, you shouldn't hide from—

**ROBIN:** Shhh! Don't you know trouble when you hear it?

*(Just as ROBIN and the OTHERS get out of sight, the SHERIFF and her DEPUTIES drag MITCH and GERTRUDE onstage, struggling.)*

**GERTRUDE:** Please, Sheriff Nottingham—our store's all we have to feed ourselves and our boy! That ain't easy at the best of times, but without our store—

**MITCH:** Don't beg that doggone sheriff! *(to the SHERIFF)* Nottingham, if you don't let us go—

**SHERIFF:** Deputies, shut their mouths already! *(DOROTHY and BETSY clamp hands over MITCH and GERTRUDE'S mouths.)* Tell 'em what you found.

**FANNY:** The Archers were makin' moonshine in their storeroom, sheriff.

*(FANNY holds up empty bottles. MITCH wrenches his mouth free to talk.)*

**MITCH:** Moonshine? But we ain't never—

*(DOROTHY quickly clamps down on MITCH'S mouth again.)*

**FANNY:** That's a mite hard to believe. Every one of these bottles was in the back of Archer's General Store.

**STU** *(aside, to the SHERIFF):* Right where you told us to put 'em.

**SHERIFF:** Fanny, what's the law about moonshine in Sherwood?

**FANNY:** You need a permit from the sheriff, or you lose your store.

*(MITCH and GERTRUDE are horrified.)*

**SHERIFF:** Sad day, Archers. This hurts me, it truly does. *(The SHERIFF walks over to MITCH and removes keys from the helpless man's belt.)* But remember, I don't make the laws—I just enforce 'em.

**FANNY:** Actually, you kinda *do* make . . .

*(The SHERIFF glares at FANNY, silencing her.)*

**SHERIFF:** Looks like we can put a new sign up . . . on *Nottingham's* General Store!

*(The DEPUTIES whoop and holler. STU pulls the SHERIFF aside.)*

**STU:** Now that you own a store, Sheriff, are we gonna get some money? We ain't seen payday in a month!

**SHERIFF:** Stu, you know I take care of my deputies. Just hold your horses.

*Suddenly, ROBIN steps out from her hiding place and approaches the SHERIFF.)*

**ROBIN:** Oo-wee! We was wrong, Joan—it *ain't* good to be in town. Something smells rotten in these parts.

**DOROTHY:** Got a problem, Cowgirl?

**ROBIN:** Same as every good person who sees an outlaw.

**DOROTHY:** You know who you're talking to? This here's Sheriff Nottingham!

**ROBIN:** *Sheriff?* You're joking.

**DOROTHY:** You best move on 'fore we teach you to dance to the tune of bullets.

**ROBIN** *(ignoring DOROTHY):* Are you a gambler, Sheriff? *(The SHERIFF shrugs modestly. ROBIN picks up a small rock from the ground)* Let's make a wager. You hit one of those hitching posts by the saloon, I

leave town. I hit it, these nice folks keep their store.

**FANNY:** You think you can beat Sheriff Nottingham?

**BETSY:** Whoop it up while you can, cowgirl. I can't wait to run you outta town!

**SHERIFF:** Them hitching posts are too small to hit, and you know it. How about one of the cows in the railyard?

**ROBIN:** Sheriff, I don't wanna hurt nobody's cattle . . .

**SHERIFF:** So you can't do it? Are you a cowgirl . . . or a yellow-bellied coward?

**ROBIN** (*grimacing*): Fine then . . . the longhorn bull?

**SHERIFF:** Way down yonder? The devil himself can't throw that far!

**ROBIN:** We'll never know unless you try.

*(The DEPUTIES mutter and gasp in response to the insult.)*

**SHERIFF:** You're on, cowgirl. And when you lose, I'll teach you some manners. *(The SHERIFF picks up a rock and aims carefully, then throws. She misses by a mile.)* Practice throw.

**ROBIN:** Take your time. I give you two more.

*(The SHERIFF throws again.)*

**JOAN:** That cactus sure was askin' for it.

*(The SHERIFF glares and tosses her last rock.)*

**ROBIN:** And that's three. You're finished.

**SHERIFF:** I ain't even started, cowgirl. *(She motions to the DEPUTIES.)* What'sa matter with you? Hit that bull!

*(The DEPUTIES send a shower of rocks flying offstage, but it's clear from their faces that they all miss.)*

**ROBIN:** Don't you worry, deputies – I'll take care of this.

**BETSY** (*disbelieving*): Sure you will.

*(Barely even pausing to aim, ROBIN throws her rock. A cow bellows offstage. The jaws of the SHERIFF and DEPUTIES drop. ROBIN walks over to the SHERIFF, takes the keys from her hand, and returns them to MITCH.)*

**ROBIN:** Looks like I beat you fair and square, Sheriff. The Archers get to keep their store.

**FANNY:** Now, wait just a minute . . . Sheriff, what're we gonna do?

*(The SHERIFF reluctantly waves her hand in a signal not to bother MITCH and GERTRUDE. MITCH pumps ROBIN'S hand.)*

**MITCH:** Thank you kindly, miss. I can never repay you . . .

**ROBIN:** My pleasure, Mr. Archer. I'll be helping my new sweetheart find his mama and papa if you need me.

*(ROBIN tips her hat. MARION scrambles out from behind the crates.)*

**MARION:** Mama, Papa – are you all right?

**ROBIN:** Well, that was easy.

**GERTRUDE:** Marion? It ain't safe here! Get on home now.

**SHERIFF:** Marion! Are you takin' up with this no-good Robin Hood?

*(MARION turns to the SHERIFF as though he didn't notice her before.)*

**MARION:** Why, Danielle Nottingham! I didn't see you there . . .

**GERTRUDE:** Come on home, son . . .

**SHERIFF:** Marion, stay right there! Mitch, Gertrude – you move along before you get hurt.

**MARION:** I'll be fine.

**MITCH** *(to the SHERIFF):* If you do anything to Marion –

**MARION** *(putting an arm around each parent):* I'm all right. Don't make trouble with the Sheriff. *(MITCH and GERTRUDE exit warily. MARION remains, looking nervous.)* Now Danielle, you know you're my best girl. *(under his breath)* At least so long as you got a gun . . .

**SHERIFF:** I asked you a question. Are you takin' up with this cowgirl?

**MARION:** 'Course not, I don't need no girl to defend me.

**ROBIN:** Sheriff, *you're* the yellow-bellied coward. Bullying a nice man, stealing from his folks . . .

**SHERIFF:** Deputies, arrest this no-good outlaw!

*(The DEPUTIES surround ROBIN HOOD and grab her by the arms.)*

**JOAN:** But Robin ain't done nothin' wrong!

**SHERIFF:** Is that so? 'Round these parts, we call it cattle-rustling.

**JOAN:** You mean throwing stones at the bull? But you and the deputies—

**DOROTHY:** Let me fetch my gun, Sheriff. I'll take care of her big mouth.

**SHERIFF:** Dorothy, we don't shoot cattle rustlers. We hang 'em from a cottonwood tree!

**BETSY:** We'll have us a hangin'!

*(The DEPUTIES whoop and holler.)*

**MARION:** Cattle rustler? Danielle, I saw you with those rocks—

**SHERIFF:** Deputies, we didn't throw no stones at a bull, did we?

**FANNY** *(holding her hat over her heart):* Nosirree, Sheriff!

**ROBIN:** Let me go!

**SHERIFF:** On one condition: You leave town and never comes back. *(The SHERIFF motions to her DEPUTIES. Disappointed, they release ROBIN.)* But if I ever catch you in Sherwood again, it's straight to the cottonwood grove.

**ROBIN:** Don't worry, Sheriff. I don't wanna smell you again.

*(ROBIN knocks the SHERIFF'S hat off as she exits with JOAN.)*

**SHERIFF** *(grabbing MARION by the arm):* As for you . . . You won't be takin' up with other girls, or I'll find more moonshine in your family's store!

**MARION:** I'll get you if it's the last thing I do!

**SHERIFF:** Let's celebrate running the outlaw outta town, deputies.  
Drinks are on me!

*(The DEPUTIES cheer and accompany the SHERIFF, who's still holding onto MARION'S arm, offstage. MITCH peeks back onstage and sees that it's empty.)*

**MITCH:** It's safe, cowgirls. The sheriff's gone.

*(GERTRUDE, ROBIN, and JOAN reenter.)*

**JOAN:** That daggoned sheriff. I reckon she's so crooked she can't see straight.

**ROBIN:** And the way she treated Mr. Marion . . . *(smacking a fist into her palm)* I'll get her yet.

**MITCH:** I don't mean to meddle, cowgirls, but are you serious about beating the sheriff?

**ROBIN:** Sure as shootin'!

**MITCH:** I've been makin' plans to take care of Nottingham, but Gertrude thinks we need help. If I had two brave cowgirls and meat from the butcher . . .

**ROBIN:** Meat? Are you feelin' all right, Mr. Archer?

**JOAN:** He ain't serious, Robin. Let's go to the saloon.

*(MITCH flashes a roll of cash.)*

**MITCH:** Not serious? I just raided my strongbox for this.

**JOAN** *(jaw dropping):* Is that real?

**MITCH:** It ain't counterfeit. Now, can I tell you what I have in mind?

*(ROBIN and JOAN nod. MITCH explains his plan as they exit together. Scene change music. The FARMGIRLS arrive for another market day with their merchandise to sell. DOROTHY and BETSY enter and begin haggling over prices. Meanwhile, ROBIN enters wearing a false beard. When she speaks, it's in a masculine, midwestern dialect, very unlike her usual southwestern drawl.)*

**MARTHA:** Bread and baked goods, low prices . . . white loaves for your Sunday table!

**ANNA:** Apples fresh from the orchard! Sweet, crunchy apples, just one nickel . . .

**RUTH:** Fresh from the farm, get your grapes here . . . grapes for eatin' or wine-makin'!

**ROBIN** (*stepping forward*): Step right up for top-quality beef at rock-bottom prices! What *other* folk sell for a dollar, I'll give you for fifty cents! What they sell for fifty cents is only two bits from me. Step right up, this deal won't last long!

(*DOROTHY and BETSY rush over to ROBIN.*)

**DOROTHY:** I'll take some of that beef! Here's fifty cents.

**BETSY:** Mister, be a straight shooter: what's the catch?

**ROBIN:** No catch, friend. My family just has too many cattle on our ranch.

**BETSY:** Then give me one of them steaks!

**DOROTHY:** I want all the stew meat you got!

(*The DEPUTIES take their meat and exit. The FARM GIRLS eye ROBIN suspiciously.*)

**MARTHA:** What do you think about a stranger giving away meat?

**RUTH:** I think it's mighty suspicious . . . especially 'cause the rest of us can't sell nothin'!

**MARTHA:** And I bet that hombre ain't paid the sheriff tax, neither.

**RUTH** (*approaching ROBIN*): Are you an outlaw who rustled an honest man's cows?

**ROBIN:** Who ever heard of a thief giving away his loot?

**ANNA:** Then you must be some rich rancher's boy, in for a whuppin' when your Daddy finds out you sold his beef.

**ROBIN:** Think what you like, friend.

# PREVIEW



*(The FARM GIRLS huddle away from ROBIN.)*

**RUTH:** Let's find the sheriff. Nottingham'll figure out what that hombre's doing in town.

**MARTHA:** And fleece him like a sheep.

*(The FARM GIRLS exit. MARION enters and approaches ROBIN.)*

**MARION:** Mister, do you have any meat left?

**ROBIN:** Wish I could help, Mari— *(catching herself)* I mean, I'm sold out, stranger.

**MARION:** Have I seen you before?

**ROBIN** *(adjusting her beard):* Seen me? No, I'm new in Sherwood . . .

*(ROBIN quickly turns away. MARION exits. Meanwhile, JOAN and MITCH enter with the DEPUTIES.)*

**STU:** Now that we know Robin Hood's back in town, I say we turn her into the sheriff! Fanny?

**MITCH:** Don't do it, Deputy. Not if you ever wanna get paid again.

**FANNY:** Why should we trust you?

**JOAN:** Just hide behind them crates for five minutes. You'll learn a few things you oughtta know.

*(FANNY hesitates, then finally motions to the other DEPUTIES to hide behind the crates.)*

**FANNY:** Five minutes.

*(The DEPUTIES disappear behind the crates. On the other side of the stage, RUTH enters with the SHERIFF.)*

**SHERIFF:** It's mighty kind of you to let me know about that butcher, Ruthie.

**RUTH:** Just remember it on tax day.

**SHERIFF:** You know I will.

*(RUTH exits. The SHERIFF approaches ROBIN.)*

**SHERIFF:** Excuse me, friend. I'm Danielle Nottingham, Sheriff.

**ROBIN:** Reynold Greenleaf, Butcher.

**SHERIFF:** What brings you to our little town of Sherwood?

**ROBIN:** Why, I'm just tryin' to put my cattle to good use. I'm a rancher with five thousand longhorns on my spread. Sad thing is, I ain't got buyers, so I butcher 'em myself.

**SHERIFF:** Why's that?

**ROBIN:** My father made enemies during the war, selling beef to the Union. We can't *give* our longhorns away.

**SHERIFF:** That's a cryin' shame, Reynold—may I call you Reynold? I reckon I could find you a buyer.

**ROBIN:** You could?

**SHERIFF:** Well, I'll come have a look-see. I'd dearly love to help you with . . . say, five dollars a head.

**ROBIN:** Five dollars? You'd take advantage of a man fallen on hard times?

**SHERIFF:** Outta the goodness of my heart, I'll double it. Ten dollars, cash money.

**ROBIN:** Longhorns are worth upwards of fifty, and you know it!

**SHERIFF:** Not if you can't sell them. Ain't my fault your Daddy put politics ahead of business.

**ROBIN:** Well . . . I need the dollars. Fine, a hundred head for a sawbuck each.

**SHERIFF:** Shake on it. *(ROBIN and the SHERIFF shake.)* I like a good deal, Reynold.

**ROBIN:** *Too* good, you crook.

**SHERIFF:** Now, don't make me change my mind.

# PREVIEW

**ROBIN:** How'd a sheriff get so much cash?

**SHERIFF:** Two things, Reynold: Collectin' taxes and stupid deputies. *(ROBIN shakes her head in confusion – what does that mean?)* I only hire folks too dumb to know they ain't been paid for a month. Try it with your ranch hands.

*(The SHERIFF laughs and elbows ROBIN, who reluctantly laughs along. STU emerges from behind the crates and heads for the SHERIFF with murder in his eyes. JOAN drags him back with difficulty.)*

**SHERIFF:** Where's your ranch, Reynold?

**ROBIN:** Just outside of Deadwood.

**SHERIFF:** But there's *outlaws* there! They say it's where Robin Hood went

**ROBIN:** Sheriff, I ain't no more afraid of Robin Hood than I am of myself. But if you're chicken . . .

**SHERIFF** *(dubiously)*: No, no . . . I reckon it's all right.

**ROBIN:** I'll have to blindfold you for the trip. I can't risk rustlers finding my ranch.

**SHERIFF:** I ain't a rustler, and I don't trust you!

**ROBIN:** That's too bad. I reckon I'll keep butchering.

*(ROBIN starts to exit.)*

**SHERIFF** *(under her breath)*: I sure could turn a profit on them longhorns . . . *(aloud)* All right, Greenleaf, you win. Let me get some cash.

*(The SHERIFF exits to get her money. ROBIN motions offstage. MARION, GERTRUDE, and the FARM GIRLS enter and hide behind the crates with the DEPUTIES. The SHERIFF returns carrying a purse. She resolutely squeezes her eyes shut, and ROBIN ties a bandanna over them. ROBIN leads the SHERIFF in wide circle around the stage, but since she's blindfolded, the SHERIFF doesn't realize she isn't going anywhere. MARION follows behind ROBIN and helps by performing the actions described in the stage directions.)*

**ROBIN:** Now look out, Sheriff – it can be dangerous walkin' to Deadwood.

**SHERIFF:** Dangerous? Whatta you mean?

**ROBIN:** Well, there's all kinds of — *(a sudden shout)* DUCK! Low-flyin' buzzards! *(MARION makes loud bird sounds right by the SHERIFF'S ear. The SHERIFF ducks, terrified.)* And there's a cliff — don't fall! *(MARION scream as though falling over the cliff.)* ROBBERS! It's ROBBERS!

**MARION** *(jabbing an imaginary gun into the SHERIFF'S back):* Stick 'em up and show me all your money!

**ROBIN:** Back off, you dirty outlaw — I'm a butcher!

**MARION:** So what? *(ROBIN gestures to MARION — this isn't how it's supposed to go!)* I mean . . . sorry, pardner, we don't rob butchers. Only . . . bakers and candlestick makers.

**ROBIN:** It's a good thing you brought me along, Sheriff. It's dangerous goin' to Deadwood!

**SHERIFF:** Ain't we there yet?

**ROBIN:** Almost, Sheriff . . . just over the next hill. *(ROBIN squats as though he's walking through a dip in the road. Then she rises up again as though climbing a hill, forcing the SHERIFF to do the same. Finally, ROBIN removes the blindfold.)* What do you think?

**SHERIFF:** Oo-wee! Look at them cattle. There must be five thousand head! *(she looks around, disoriented)* Wait just a minute . . . ain't this the Sherwood railyard?

**ROBIN** *(in her natural voice, taking off the beard):* How do you like my longhorns, Sheriff?

**SHERIFF:** Robin Hood? Where's Reynold Greenleaf?

**ROBIN** *(holding up her beard, in her disguised voice):* Do you miss that hombre?

**SHERIFF:** That's it, I warned you . . . DEPUTIES! Deputies, Robin Hood's back in town — bring a noose! *(The DEPUTIES emerge from behind the crates, but stand away from the SHERIFF.)* Don't stand there: Arrest this no-good outlaw!

**FANNY:** I'm real sorry, Sheriff, but we can't do that.

# PREVIEW

**SHERIFF:** Fanny, are you fixin' to lose your job?

**FANNY:** You ain't paid us in a month.

**STU:** 'Cause we're too dumb to notice.

**SHERIFF:** You heard . . .? Deputies, can't you tell when I'm jokin'?

**STU:** Then why'd Mr. Archer pay us instead of you?

**SHERIFF:** I have the money, I just —

**STU:** —Was gonna spend it on yourself?

**SHERIFF:** Of course not!

**FANNY:** You believe him, Deputies?

*(The DEPUTIES all shake their heads grimly.)*

**SHERIFF:** Well, I was a mite selfish . . . but I was confused! I was stupid! I was downright loco!

**MITCH:** I'm glad it was a mistake, Sheriff. Because my friend the governor just built a new prison in the capital.

**SHERIFF:** Prison? I ain't no outlaw!

**MITCH:** What do you think, Miss Hood? Is Nottingham an outlaw?

**ROBIN:** She's a bit mean sometimes, but we all make mistakes.

**SHERIFF:** Thank you, Robin. Deep down, I knew we were friends.

**ROBIN** *(holding out her hand):* And because we're friends, I know you'll trust me to take good care of your cattle money.

**SHERIFF** *(pulling her purse away from ROBIN):* But they ain't your cows; they belong to the railroad!

**ROBIN:** Mr. and Mrs. Archer, how much money did you spend paying these deputies?

**GERTRUDE:** Seven hundred dollars.

**ROBIN** *(to the FARM GIRLS):* Girls, how much have you lost in "taxes"?



## **END OF FREE PREVIEW**

The ending of the play has been omitted from this preview. Purchase a full copy of the script and license performance rights at [dramabygeorge.com/store](http://dramabygeorge.com/store).

# **PREVIEW**