

#### **NARRATOR:**

Many years ago and precisely in 1191 Richard I ascended the throne of England.

He was a generous man, of great courage and much loved by his people.

It was for this reason that he was nicknamed Lionheart.

Shortly after his departure for the Third Crusade in the Holy Land, his brother John usurped his throne with the secret hope of never seeing him return home.

Under the reign of Prince John the life of the subjects became very hard.

The weight of the taxes was very heavy and the people were reduced to the exhaustion of their forces.

Their only hope was Robin Hood, he stole from the rich to give to the poor.





**ROBIN**: A fine day to be in England, sir!

ALFRED: Well, not such a fine day to be in Nottingamshire.

**ROBIN**: Say you so?

**ALFRED**: Are you going to rob me?

**ROBIN**: Why, no.

ALFRED: Go ahead. Rob me. I don't care. I have nothing.

The greedy Sheriff of Nottingham has already taken all I had.

**ROBIN**: Has he, indeed?

**ALL**: (SOUNDS OF SYMPATHY.) Awwwww!

ALFRED: What was that? Who are these?

**ROBIN**: No need to fear. They are with me.

ALFRED: Are you Sheriff's men?



**ROBIN**: No, no. Not likely. The Sheriff is not welcome in this part of Sherwood.

**ALFRED**: The Sheriff is not welcome anywhere. Yesterday he came to our village of Thoresby to collect the taxes.

**ROBIN**: April is the usual time.

**ALFRED**: But in our village, it's not the only time!

**ROBIN**: By the Greenwood, sir, what do you mean?

**ALFRED**: The Sheriff visits Thoresby every month.

**ROBIN**: To collect taxes?!

ALFRED: To collect anything he can. In October he took our early harvest. In November he took the late harvest. In December he took our front door. In January he took the firewood. In February he took our favorite soup pot, with the soup still in it. In March he took the roof from our cottage, and yesterday he took my children's only two toys! All this in good King Richard's name.

**ROBIN**: It's an outrage!

ALFRED: We survived the winter only by means of mysterious gifts that appeared on our

doorstep over the night.

**ROBIN**: Gifts?

**ALFRED**: Sometimes food, or firewood or warm clothes.

ROBIN: I see.

ALFRED: I believe these gifts all came from Robin Hood!

**ROBIN**: Robin Hood!! The notorious robber and outlaw!?

ALFRED: Outlaw, forsooth! Only because the Sheriff says so!

It's the Sheriff who's the robber! Robin Hood is a loyal friend of the poor! He's our only friend while good King Richard is away on Crusade.

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**ROBIN**: You are indeed a true friend to Robin Hood. We are all good friends of Robin Hood. I am probably Robin Hood's best friend.

**ALFRED**: Truly? Can you take me to him? I want to beg Robin to help us.

**ROBIN**: What is your name?

ALFRED: Alfred the Saxon.

**ROBIN**: Robin Hood knows you Alfred.

**ALFRED**: Where is Robin Hood?

**ROBIN**: Here before you.

**ALFRED**: What?

**ROBIN**: I am Robin Hood!

**ALFRED**: Robin Hood? The champion of the poor?

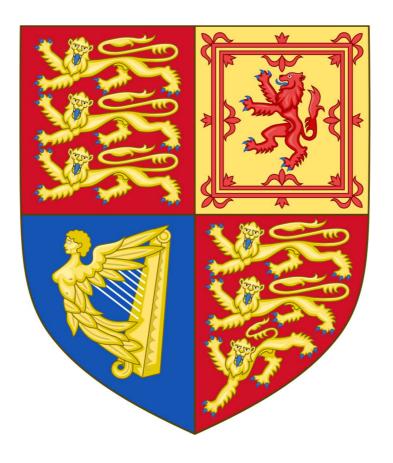
**ROBIN**: No, sir, the champion of all who are treated unfairly!

ALFRED: It's an honor, sir!

**ROBIN**: I thank you.

LITTLE JOHN: Excuse us, Alfred the Saxon, but urgent business calls us away.

ALFRED: Take care, Robin.



ROBIN: Aha! Greedy, rich traveler! I am Robin Hood! Aren't you impressed with me?

RICH MAN: Make way, I take gold to the sheriff.

**ROBIN**: Friend, I see that you are wealthy!

RICH MAN: Wealthy, yes! And healthy!

**ROBIN**: Won't you share this with the poor?

RICH MAN: Share? Who me? Ha-ha! Oh, sure!

**SHERIFF**: Stop it! I said, stop it!

ROBIN: Ha, ha, ha!



SHERIFF: I warn you Robin! All the gold is for me. Go away!

I do not fear the outlaws in the woods, for there are soldiers to protect me!

**ROBIN**: Give me your money sack! All the gold is for the poor now!

**ROBIN'S FRIENDS**: Hit the scheriff with your arrows!!

SHERIFF: I will catch you Robin! I promise!

And so Robin Hood defied the sheriff and gave all the gold back to the poor.

LITTLE JOHN: Robin, you take too many risks...

**ROBIN**: Are you kidding me? I haven't had this much fun in my life.

LITTLE JOHN: You know what Robin, I had a doubt, we are good people or criminals? You

know, the fact of robbing the rich to feed the poor....

**ROBIN**: Did you say rob? No, no, no.... but what an ugly word.... we do not steal, we borrow something superfluous from the rich!.

**LITTLE JOHN**: Then is it our right to take what for the rich is superfluous?!

**ROBIN**: It's not exactly what you say, but anyway...

(THERE IS A TRUMPET RINGING)

ROBIN: Oh, oh... I think we'll have another collection for the poor today.....

LITTLE JOHN: I think so too... I see Prince John arriving here with a chest full of gold coins....

**ROBIN**: Coins extorted with the excuse of taxes to poor people. Let's get ready then....

(THEY HIDE IN THE FOREST).



Prince John and Counsellor Sir Pente are carrying a chest full of gold coins.

PRINCE JOHN: Taxes, taxes, beautiful and adorable taxes.... ah ah ah...

To coin a sentence, my dear councilman..." I steal from the poor to feed the rich"... ah... ah... this is good...

**SIR PENTE**: Sssi!!! Magnificent Sssire!!!

PRINCE JOHN: Tell me, what is the next stage, Sir Pente...?

SIR PENTE: So... let's see...(SEE A MAP) Ah, yes, the next stop is Nottingham, Sssire....

PRINCE JOHN: Ah, Nottingham.... what a pleasure... I already hear the gold coins clinking in

my coffers... what sweet music!

SIR PENTE: Musssssica d'orata.... Prince...

PRINCE JOHN: Prince for a little while, I feel the royal crown on my head. This crown

gives me the sense of power... power.

**SIR PENTE**: The crown of King Richard on your

noble front.... Sssire!!

PRINCE JOHN: It's true!... King Richard? I warned

you never to mention my brother's name!

Shut up silly councilman!



Robin and Little John disguised as female fortune tellers.

ROBIN: Chiromancy... chiromancy...

LITTLE JOHN: Predictions of the future... Let me read your horoscope...

**ROBIN**: Give us your hand and we will make you discover amazing things...

PRINCE JOHN: Of the diviners? Funny...let's read our hand...

**SIR PENTE**: They may be bandits...

PRINCE JOHN: Oh, fools...female bandits...ah, ah... Call them and make them come...

**SIR PENTE**: Beautiful girls, do you want to predict the future to my Sssire?

**ROBIN**: But certainly, with great pleasure...

LITTLE JOHN: It will be an honor for us...

PRINCE JOHN: My dear ladies, you are allowed to kiss my royal hands... Take your time...

**ROBIN**: Oh...oh...what kindness and generosity....

Robin gives a kiss on the prince's hand and takes away his rings full of precious stones.

**SIR PENTE** (IN THE EAR OF JOHN): Sssire, have you seen what they have done?

PRINCE JOHN: Stop whistling in my ear!!!

**ROBIN**: Magnificent blow excellence, magnificent, magnificent...now close your eyes

and concentrate...

**PRINCE JOHN:** I closed my eyes, what should I do now?

**LITTLE JOHN**: Give us the palm of your hand, and we will reveal your future...

PRINCE JOHN: Yes, yes, I want to know when I will become King.

**ROBIN**: According to this line of the hand you will become it very soon.

#### Little John takes the crown off his head and puts it in a bag.

**LITTLE JOHN**: Don't you feel lighter now?

PRINCE JOHN: It's true, I already feel my head weightless...

LITTLE JOHN: And we are not that at the beginning, you will see that you will feel even lighter...

**PRINCE JOHN**: Yes, free me from all unnecessary burdens.

**ROBIN**: This other line shows that you will be able to see the stars even during the day, the midday stars.

PRINCE JOHN: That is beautiful...and when...tell me when this great fortune will come true...

ROBIN: Even if you turn prince...

**PRINCE JOHN**: But of course, immediately, immediately... I want to see the stars by day now, I command you...

LITTLE JOHN: Well, then count to three...and we'll show you the stars...

PRINCE JOHN: One...two...three...

Robin and Little John strip him then run into the woods laughing to death.

**SIR PENTE**: Sire, you have been robbed!

**PRINCE JOHN:** You good-for-nothings, it's all your fault!

**SIR PENTE**: But, sire, I warned you...

PRINCE JOHN: Go away, you fool, and useless councilman!



**SHERIFF**: Look who's here, Friar Tuck, the old benefactor again... Let's see if this time he can do some charity for me too... Good day Friar Tuck, I see you have bags of gold...

FRIAR TUCK: These are for the poor people who need it so much...

**SHERIFF**: But poor people have to pay taxes... So why do all this vicious circle... you do charity to the people... the people must pay taxes to me... You might as well give the money directly to me, you lose less time...

FRIAR TUCK: Thief, thief, sneaky... you are an ugly torturer without heart...

**SHERIFF**: But I do my duty.... It is my duty to demand taxes, so wants the prince John...

FRIAR TUCK: Prince John is an usurper, we'll see when King Richard arrives that will happen...

SHERIFF: Be careful, Friar Tuck, watch your head... I would be so sorry if instead of Friar Tuck you became Friar Zac!



MARIAN: Nurse, I'm so sad today!

LADY COCCA: What's wrong my dear child?

MARIAN: Prince John wants to marry me, but my heart belongs to another ...

LADY COCCA: To Robin Hood! I know. But Robin Hood, my dear Marian is banished from the Kingdom. Prince John has put a large bounty on his head ... You are king's Richard niece, dear. You can't marry an outlaw.

MARIAN: My wish is to marry Robin Hood, He is a hero for the poor. He is strong and intelligent. He is the brave and daring Robin.

LADY COCCA: I believe that one day your uncle King Richard will have an outlaw for his niece!

MARIAN: Do you think my wish will come true?

LADY COCCA: I don't know, but I have a feeling....

MARIAN: Oh, COCCA ... but when, when?

**LADY COCCA**: Patience my dear ... patience ....

and remember that distance strengthens love.



The prince announces an archery competition. The winner will marry Lady Marian.

Of course Robin participates because his desire is to marry her.

And finally the big day arrives.

**ROBIN**: I'm very excited. I can't wait to meet Lady Marian: the most beautiful and sweet creature in the world!

LITTLE JOHN: Ssshh..., do you want us to be discovered? First think about winning the tournament.

ROBIN: Holy words! I have to concentrate at the maximum ...

Prince John enters followed by Lady Marian, Lady Cocca and Sir Pente.

MARIAN: Oh! Cocca, I am so excited, how will I recognize him!

**LADY COCCA**: Don't worry, he'll reveal himself. Control yourself Lady Marian, a few more minutes and then your dream will become reality.

**PRINCE JOHN**.: I'm very excited about today's event, Cocca. (to Sir Pente) Shut up, don't squawk like a chicken.

SIR PENTE: Yes, Sire.

MARIAN: What are you hissing?

**PRINCE JOHN**: Sir Pente, always speak out of turn. Now hold your peace until further notice.

SIR PENTE (Try to replicate)

**PRINCE JOHN:** Obey!

**LITTLE JOHN**: Can we stand here, near the most generous ladies of England?

**PRINCE JOHN**: Stand wherever you want. Let the tournament begin.

Everyone is holding their breath every time a contestant's shot is announced.

Look at the Earl of York. He's got a brand-new bow.

LADY COCCA.: But he is blind as a mole, he does not even see an elephant at a distance

of a foot.

FRIAR TUCK: Urca! Out of the center!

The Duke of Winsord is advancing.

LADY COCCA: It's so fat that it could roll all the way down the middle target.

FRIAR TUCK: Cilecca! Disqualified!

LADY COCCA: It's the Baron of Richmond's turn. How old he is!

MARIAN: He can't stand on his legs!

**LITTLE JOHN**: On the ground! Out of the game.

ROBIN: To Your Majesty all my reverence. It's an immense honor to compete for the hand of

great lady. I hope to win.

MARIAN: Thank you, archer, I wish you all the best with all my heart.

PRINCE JOHN: Excuse me sir, as you calls?

**ROBIN**: Sir of Freccialesta.

**PRINCE JOHN**: Never heard this family, sir! Move your target back 30 paces.

**LADY COCCA**: But sire, that is not correct.

PRINCE JOHN: Whoever aspires to marry Lady Marian must prove his superior skill. To you, Sir!

Robin prepares the bow and pulls. Everyone puts their hand on their forehead to look into the distance.

FRIAR TUCK: Centre!

MARIAN: Full center!

LADY COCCA: I've never seen anything like it!

MARIAN: He won!

Robin goes to bow before Prince John.

**PRINCE JOHN**: Archer, our most gracious congratulations.

**ROBIN**: Thank you very much, sire.

PRINCE JOHN: A well-deserved win.

ROBIN: Eh... thank you very much your highness... I wait for the prize with anxiety...

PRINCE JOHN: I declare you winner, or more appropriately loser... Sheriff catch him! It's Robin

Hood!

MARIAN: Oh no... please sire, please inspire his life, please have mercy...

PRINCE JOHN: My dear and emotional maiden, why should I?

MARIAN: Because I love him, Your Highness...

PRINCE JOHN: Do you love him?...and this prisoner reciprocates your love?

ROBIN - MARIAN: I love you more than my own life...

PRINCE JOHN: But the traitors of the crown must die...

**ROBIN**: Which crown? That crown belongs to King Richard... Long live King Richard....

FRIAR TUCK: Long live King Richard!

PRINCE JOHN: Stop, I am the King... I am the King... and now hang him immediately!

MARIAN and LADY COCCA: Oh, no... no...pity...

**LITTLE JOHN:** Okay buffoon, now tell him to until my partner, otherwise...

PRINCE JOHN: Sheriff until my friend... I mean sheriff until the prisoner...

SHERIFF: (LET ROBIN GO) Go on, villain...

LADY COCCA: Oh... love has won again!!

**ROBIN**: I owe you my life, my darling...

MARIAN: I couldn't live without you, Robin....

**ROBIN:** Marian love, will you marry me?

MARIAN: Oh darling, I was afraid you would never ask me... but you could choose a more

romantic moment...

The adventurous story of Robin Hood is coming to an end.

**ROBIN**: Marian, we can get married at Court.

**LADY MARIAN**: I touch the sky with my fingers (They embrace)

NARRATOR: All is well that ends well and... long live King Richard the Lionheart!

