



Cambridge IGCSE™

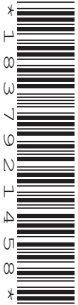
DRAMA

0411/13

Paper 1

May/June 2025

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

EXTRACT 1

Adapted from *The Sunshine Boys* by Neil Simon

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Neil Simon's play *The Sunshine Boys*, which was first performed in 1972 in New York City. The play is in two acts and the extract is adapted from the opening of Act 1.

The play explores the longstanding relationship between the two members of a successful vaudeville duo, WILLIE CLARK and AL LEWIS, who performed together for 43 years. The relationship broke down eleven years before the start of the play when AL LEWIS suddenly announced, at the end of a show, that he was retiring from show business. This meant that WILLIE CLARK struggled to make a go of it as a solo artist, which led to the end of the working relationship between the two men.

At the start of the play, WILLIE CLARK is now an old man and is suffering with memory loss. He has no desire at all to reunite with AL LEWIS but after considerable persuasion from his talent-agent nephew, BEN SILVERMAN, WILLIE CLARK reluctantly accepts an offer to reunite with AL LEWIS for a CBS special on the history of comedy.

CHARACTERS

WILLIE CLARK
BEN SILVERMAN
AL LEWIS

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

[A two-room apartment in an old hotel on upper Broadway. It's rather a depressing place, with a lot of shabby furniture. There is a small kitchen to one side, a small bathroom on the other. A window looks out over Broadway. It is early afternoon, mid-winter.]

At curtain up, the TV is on, the banal dialogue of a soap opera drones on. In a leather chair sits WILLIE CLARK, in slippers, pyjamas and an old bathrobe. WILLIE is in his 70's. The set drones on and WILLIE dozes off. The tea kettle on the stove in the kitchen comes to a boil and whistles. WILLIE's head perks up at the sound, reaches over and picks up the phone.] 5

WILLIE: *[Into phone.] Hello? ... Who's this? [The whistle continues from the kettle and WILLIE looks over in that direction. He hangs up the phone and does not seem embarrassed or even aware of his own absent-mindedness. He simply crosses into kitchen and turns off the flame under the kettle.]* 15

VOICE FROM TV: ... We'll be back with 'Storm Warning' after this brief message from Lipton Tea.

WILLIE: ... Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere. *[He puts a tea bag into a mug and pours the boiling water in ... he glances over at the TV set which has just played the Lipton Tea commercial.]* 20

VOICE FROM TV: And now for Part Three of today's 'Storm Warning' ...

WILLIE: What happened to Part Two? I missed Part Two? *[WILLIE listens as he shuffles towards chair. The TV set, which is away from the wall, has an electric plug running from it, along the ground and into the wall. WILLIE, who never seems to look where he's going, comes up against the cord with his foot. Inadvertently he pulls the cord with his foot out of its socket in the wall. The TV set immediately dies. WILLIE hits the set on the top with his hand.]* What's the matter with you? *[He stares at it in disbelief. He kicks the stand on which it rests. Then he crosses to phone, and picks it up.]* ... Hello? ... Sandy? ... Let me have Sandy 25

... Sandy? My television's dead ... My television ... Is this Sandy? ... My television died ... No, not Willie. Mr. Clark to you, please ... Never mind the jokes, wise guy, it's not funny ... Send up somebody to fix my dead television ... I didn't touch nothing ... Nothing, I'm telling you ... It's a crappy set ... You live in a crappy hotel, you get a crappy television ... The what? ... The plug? ... What plug? ... Wait a minute. *[He lays phone down, crosses to behind set, bends down, picks up plug, looks at it. He crosses back to the telephone. Into phone:]* ... Hello? ... It's not the plug. It's something else, I'll fix it myself. *[He hangs up, crosses to wall plug and plugs it in. The set goes back on.]* He tells me the plug ... When he calls me Mr. Clark then I'll tell him it was the plug ... *[He sits and picks up his cup of tea.]* I'm sick of all of 'em. *[There is a knock on the door ...]* 30

BEN'S VOICE: Uncle Willie? It's me, Ben. *[WILLIE turns and looks at front door.]*

WILLIE: Who's that? 45

BEN'S VOICE: Ben.

WILLIE: Ben? Is that you?

BEN'S VOICE: Yes, Uncle Willie, it's Ben. Open the door.

WILLIE: Wait a minute. *[He is having great difficulty with it.]* ... Wait a minute.

BEN'S VOICE: Is anything wrong? 50

WILLIE: *[Still trying.]* Wait a minute. *[He tries forcing it.]*

BEN'S VOICE: What's the matter?

WILLIE:	I'm locked in ... The lock is broken, I'm locked in ... Go down and tell the boy. Sandy. Tell Sandy that Mr. Clark is locked in.	
BEN'S VOICE:	What is it, the latch?	55
WILLIE:	It's the latch. It's broken, I'm locked in. Go tell the boy Sandy, they'll get somebody.	
BEN'S VOICE:	That happened last week. Don't try to force it. Just slide it out. [WILLIE <i>stares at the latch.</i>] Uncle Willie, do you hear me? Don't force it. Slide it out.	60
WILLIE:	[<i>Hands up to the latch.</i>] Wait a minute. [<i>Carefully, he slides it out. It comes open.</i>] It's open. Never mind, I did it myself. [<i>He opens the door. BEN SILVERMAN, a well-dressed man in his early thirties, enters, carrying a shopping bag from Bloomingdale's, filled to the brim with assorted foodstuffs and a copy of the weekly Variety. BEN looks at WILLIE as he enters.</i>]	65
BEN:	You probably have to oil it.	
WILLIE:	I don't have to oil nothing. I'm done with 'em. [BEN <i>hangs up his coat in closet.</i>]	
BEN:	[<i>Crosses to table with shopping bag.</i>] You feeling alright?	70
WILLIE:	What is this, Wednesday?	
BEN:	[<i>Puzzled.</i>] Certainly. Don't I always come on Wednesdays?	
WILLIE:	But this is Wednesday today?	
BEN:	[<i>Puts bag down.</i>] Yes, of course. Haven't you been out?	
WILLIE:	When?	75
BEN:	Today. Yesterday. This week. You haven't been out all week?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Crosses to him.</i>] Sunday. I was out Sunday. I went to the park Sunday. [BEN <i>hands WILLIE the Variety. WILLIE tucks it under his arm and starts to look through the shopping bag.</i>]	
BEN:	What are you looking for?	80
WILLIE:	[<i>Going through bag.</i>] My <i>Variety</i> .	
BEN:	I just gave it to you. It's under your arm.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Looks under his arm.</i>] Why do you put it there? He puts it under my arm.	
BEN:	[<i>Starts taking items out of bag.</i>] Have you been eating properly? No corned beef sandwiches, I hope.	85
WILLIE:	[<i>Opens to back section.</i>] Is this today's?	
BEN:	Certainly it's today's. <i>Variety</i> comes out on Wednesday, doesn't it? And today is Wednesday.	
WILLIE:	I'm just asking, don't get so excited. [BEN <i>shakes head in consternation.</i>] ... Because I already read last Wednesday's.	90
BEN:	[<i>Takes more items out.</i>] I got you six different kinds of soups. All low-sodium, salt-free. All very good for you ... Are you listening?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Head in paper.</i>] I'm listening. You got six lousy tasting soups ... Did you see this?	95
BEN:	What?	
WILLIE:	What I'm looking at. Did you see this?	
BEN:	How do I know what you're looking at?	
WILLIE:	Two new musicals went into rehearsals today and I didn't even get an audition ... Why didn't I get an audition?	100
BEN:	Because there were no parts for you. One of them is a young Rock musical and the other show is all female.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Has turned page.</i>] How do you like that? Sol Burton died.	
BEN:	Who?	
WILLIE:	Sol Burton. The songwriter, 89 years old, went like that, from nothing. You know what kind of songs he wrote? ... The worst. The worst songs ever written were written by Sol Burton. [<i>He sings.</i>] 'Lady, Lady,	105

	be my baby' ... Did you ever hear anything so rotten? Baby he rhymes with lady ... No wonder he's dead. [<i>He turns page.</i>]	
BEN:	This radiator is ice cold. Look, Uncle Willie, I'm not going to let you live here anymore. You've got to let me find you another place ... I've been asking you for seven years now. You're going to get sick.	110
WILLIE:	[<i>Still looking at Variety.</i>] Tom Jones is gonna get a hundred thousand dollars a week in Las Vegas. When Lewis and I were headlining at the Palace, the <i>Palace</i> didn't cost a hundred thousand dollars.	115
BEN:	That was forty years ago. And forty years ago this hotel was twenty years old. They should tear it down. They take advantage of all you people in here because they know you don't want to move.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Looking around.</i>] ... So don't come. I got Social Security.	
BEN:	You think that's funny? I don't think that's funny, Uncle Willie.	120
WILLIE:	[<i>Turns pages.</i>] If you had a sense of humour, you'd think it was funny.	
BEN:	[<i>Angrily, through gritted teeth.</i>] I have a <i>terrific</i> sense of humour.	
WILLIE:	Like your father, he laughed once in 1932.	
BEN:	I can't talk to you.	
WILLIE:	Why, they're funny today? Tell me who you think is funny today and I'll show you where he's not funny.	125
BEN:	Let's not get into that, huh? I've got to get back to the office. Just promise me you'll have a decent lunch today.	
WILLIE:	If I were to tell a joke and got a laugh from you, I'd throw it out.	
BEN:	How can I laugh when I see you like this, Uncle Willie? You sit in your pyjamas all day in a freezing apartment watching soap operas on a 35 dollar television set that doesn't have a horizontal hold. The picture just keeps rolling from top to bottom, pretty soon your eyes are gonna roll around your head ... You never eat anything, you never go out because you don't know how to work the lock on the door ... Remember when you locked yourself in the bathroom overnight ... It's a lucky thing you keep bread in there, you would have starved ... And you wonder why I worry.	130
WILLIE:	... Calvin Coolidge, that's your kind of humour.	
BEN:	Look, Uncle Willie, promise me you'll eat decently.	140
WILLIE:	I'll eat decently. I'll wear a blue suit, a white shirt and black shoes.	
BEN:	And if you're waiting for a laugh, you're not going to get one from me.	
WILLIE:	Who could live that long? Get me a job instead of a laugh.	
BEN:	[<i>Sighs, exasperatedly.</i>] You know I've been trying, Uncle Willie. It's not easy. There's not much in town.	145
WILLIE:	I heard you got a call from N.B.C.	
BEN:	C.B.S.	
WILLIE:	Whatever.	
BEN:	C.B.S. is doing a big special next month. An hour and a half variety show. They're going to have some of the biggest names in the history of show business. They're trying to get Flip Wilson to host the show.	150
WILLIE:	Him I like. He gives me a laugh. With the dress and the little giggle and the red wig ... That's a funny boy ... What's the boy's name again?	
BEN:	Flip Wilson.	
WILLIE:	What's the theme of the show?	155
BEN:	<i>The theme of the show</i> is the history of comedy dating from the early Greek times, through the days of Vaudeville right up to today's stars.	
WILLIE:	Why couldn't you get me on this show?	
BEN:	I got you on the show.	
WILLIE:	Alone?	160
BEN:	With Lewis.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Turns away.</i>] You ain't got me on the show.	
BEN:	Let me finish.	

WILLIE: You're finished. It's no.
 BEN: Can't you wait until I'm through before you say 'No'? Can't we discuss it for a minute? 165

WILLIE: I'm busy.
 BEN: Doing what?
 WILLIE: Saying 'no'.
 BEN: You can have the courtesy of hearing me out. They begged me at C.B.S. *Begged* me. 170

WILLIE: Talk faster because you're coming up to another 'No'.
 BEN: They said to me the history of comedy in the United States would not be complete unless they included one of the greatest teams ever to come out of Vaudeville, Lewis and Clark, the Sunshine Boys. The Vice-President of C.B.S. said this to me on the phone. 175

WILLIE: The Vice-President said this?
 BEN: Yes. He is the greatest Lewis and Clark fan in this country. He knows by heart every one of your old routines.

WILLIE: Then let *him* go on with that good-for-nothing. 180
 BEN: It's one shot. You would just have to do it one night, one of the old sketches. They'll pay ten thousand dollars for the team. That's top money for these shows, I promise you. Five thousand apiece. And that's more money than you've earned in two years.

WILLIE: I don't need money. I live alone. I got two nice suits, I don't have a pussycat, I'm very happy. 185
 BEN: You're *not* happy. You're miserable.
 WILLIE: *I'm happy!* I just *look* miserable!
 BEN: [*Falls into chair, exhausted.*] ... Do you really hate Al Lewis that much?
 WILLIE: [*Looks away.*] I don't discuss Al Lewis anymore. 190
 BEN: [*Gets up.*] We *have* to discuss him because C.B.S. is waiting for an answer today and if we turn them down, I want to have a pretty good reason why ... You haven't seen him in, what, ten years now.

WILLIE: [*Takes a long time before answering.*] ... Eleven years!
 BEN: [*Amazed.*] You mean to tell me you haven't spoken to him in eleven years? 195

WILLIE: I haven't *seen* him in eleven years. I haven't *spoken* to him in twelve years.
 BEN: You mean you saw him for a whole year that you didn't speak to him?
 WILLIE: It wasn't easy. I had to sneak around backstage a lot. 200
 BEN: But you spoke to him on stage.
 WILLIE: Not to *him*. If he played a gypsy, I spoke to the gypsy. If he played a fool, I spoke to the fool. But that good-for-nothing I didn't speak to.

BEN: I can't believe that.
 WILLIE: You don't believe it? I can show you witnesses who *saw* me never speaking to him. 205
 BEN: Then will you answer me one question? If it was all that bad, why did you stick together for forty-three years?

WILLIE: [*Turns, looks at him.*] ... Because he was terrific ... There'll never be another one like him ... Nobody could time a joke the way he could time a joke ... Nobody could say a line the way he said it ... I knew what he was thinking, he knew what I was thinking ... One person, that's what we were ... No, no. Al Lewis was the best. The *best!* ... You understand? 210

BEN: I understand. 215
 WILLIE: As an actor, no one could touch him ... As a human being, no one *wanted* to touch him.

BEN: [*Sighs.*] ... So what do I tell C.B.S.? No deal because Al Lewis spits?
 WILLIE: You know when the last time was we worked together?

BEN:	Eleven years ago on the Ed Sullivan Show.	220
WILLIE:	Eleven years ago on the Ed Sullivan Show ... July 27th ... He wouldn't put us on in the winter when people were watching, but never mind ... We did the Doctor and the Tax Examination ... You never saw that did you?	
BEN:	No, but I heard it's wonderful.	225
WILLIE:	What about a 'classic'? A <i>classic!</i> ... A <i>dead</i> person watching that sketch would laugh ... We did it maybe eight thousand times, it never missed ... <i>That</i> night it missed ... Something was wrong with him, he was rushing, his timing was off, his mind was someplace else ... I thought he was sick ... Still we got terrific applause ... Five times Ed Sullivan said, 'How about that?' ... We got back into the dressing room, he took off his make-up, put on his clothes and said to me, 'Willie, if it's all the same to you, I'm retiring' ... I said, 'What do you mean, retiring? It's not even nine o'clock. Let's have something to eat' ... He said, 'I'm not retiring for the night. I'm retiring for what's left of my life' ... And he puts on his hat, walks out of the theatre, becomes a stockbroker and I'm left with an act where I ask questions and there's no one there to answer ... Never saw the man again to this day ... Oh, he called me, I wouldn't answer ... He wrote me, I tore it up ... He sent me telegrams, they're probably still under the door.	230 235
BEN:	Well, Uncle Willie, with all due respect, you really weren't getting that much work anymore. Maybe he was getting tired of doing the same thing for 43 years ... I mean a man has a right to retire when he wants, doesn't he?	240
WILLIE:	I don't even want to discuss it ... And in the second place, I would definitely not do it without a rehearsal.	245
BEN:	Alright, then will you agree to this? Just rehearse with him one day. If it doesn't work out, we'll call it off.	
WILLIE:	I don't trust him. I think he's been planning this for eleven years. We rehearse all week and then he walks out on me just before the show.	250
BEN:	Let me call him on the phone. [<i>Crossing to phone.</i>] Let me set up a rehearsal time for Monday.	
WILLIE:	WAIT A MINUTE! I got to think about this.	
BEN:	We don't have that much time. C.B.S. is waiting to hear.	
WILLIE:	What's their rush? What are they, going out of business?	255
BEN:	[<i>Picks up phone.</i>] I'm dialing, I'm dialing him, Uncle Willie, okay?	
WILLIE:	60-40 ... I get six thousand, he gets four thousand ... What on earth can he buy in New Jersey anyway?	
BEN:	[<i>Holding phone.</i>] I can't do that, Uncle Willie. I hope this works out. [<i>Into phone.</i>] Hello? ... Mr Lewis? Ben Silverman ... Yes, fine, thanks ... I'm here with him now.	260
WILLIE:	Willie Clark. The one he left on the Ed Sullivan Show. Ask him if he remembers.	
BEN:	It's okay, Mr. Lewis ... Uncle Willie said yes.	
WILLIE:	With an 'against it'. Don't forget the 'against it'.	265
BEN:	No, he's very anxious to do it.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Jumping up in anger.</i>] WHO'S ANXIOUS?? ... I'M AGAINST IT! ... TELL HIM, you lousy nephew.	
BEN:	Can you come here for rehearsal on Monday? ... Oh, that'll be swell ... In the morning. [<i>To WILLIE.</i>] About eleven o'clock? How long is the drive. About two hours?	270
WILLIE:	Make it nine o'clock.	
BEN:	Be reasonable, Willie. [<i>Into phone.</i>] Eleven o'clock is fine, Mr. Lewis ...	

[CURTAIN]

ACT ONE SCENE TWO

[The following Monday. A few minutes before eleven. The stage is empty. Suddenly the bathroom door opens and WILLIE emerges. He is still wearing his slippers and the same pyjamas, but instead of his bathrobe, he has made a concession to the occasion. He is wearing a double-breasted blue suit jacket, buttoned, and he is putting a handkerchief in his pocket. He looks in the mirror, brushes back his hair. He shuffles over to the window and looks out. There is a knock on the door. WILLIE turns and stares at it. He doesn't move. There is another knock and then we hear BEN's voice.]

BEN'S VOICE: Uncle Willie. It's Ben.
 WILLIE: Ben? Is that you? 285
 BEN'S VOICE: Yes. Open up, *[WILLIE starts to door, then stops.]*
 WILLIE: ... You're alone or he's with you?
 BEN: I'm alone.
 WILLIE: *[Nods.]* Wait a minute. *[The latch is locked again and again he has trouble getting it open.]* Wait a minute. 290
 BEN: Slide it, don't push it.
 WILLIE: Wait a minute. I'll push it.
 BEN: DON'T PUSH IT! SLIDE IT!
 WILLIE: Wait a minute. *[He gets it open and opens door, BEN walks in.]* You're supposed to slide it. 295
 BEN: I rushed like crazy. I didn't want him getting here before me. Did he call or anything?
 WILLIE: Where's the *Variety*?
 BEN: *[Taking off his coat.]* It's Monday, not Wednesday ... Didn't you know it was Monday? 300
 WILLIE: I remembered but I forgot.
 BEN: What are you wearing? What is that? You look half-dressed.
 WILLIE: Why, for him I should get *all* dressed?
 BEN: Are you alright? Are you nervous or anything?
 WILLIE: Why should *I* be nervous? *He* should be nervous. I don't get nervous. 305
 BEN: Good.
 WILLIE: Listen, I changed my mind. I'm not doing it.
 BEN: *What?*
 WILLIE: Don't get so upset. Everything is the same as before except I'm not doing it. 310
 BEN: When did you decide this?
 WILLIE: I decided it when you asked me.
 BEN: No, you didn't. You told me you *would* do it.
 WILLIE: Well, it was a bad decision. This time I made a good one.
 BEN: Well, I'm sorry, you have to do it. I've already told C.B.S. that you would be rehearsing this week and more important, that man is on his way over here now and I'm not going to tell him that you called it off. 315
 WILLIE: We'll leave him a note outside the door.
 BEN: We're not leaving any notes ... That's why I came here this morning, I was afraid you would try something like this ... I'm going to stay until I think you're both acting like civilised human beings ... and then when you're ready to rehearse, I'm going to leave you alone. Is that understood? 320
[BEN looks at him exasperated, a knock on the door and Ben crosses to it and opens it. AL LEWIS stands there. He is about 70 years old and is dressed in his best blue suit, hat, scarf and carries a walking stick. Time has slowed him down somewhat ... Our first impression is

- that he is soft-spoken and pleasant ... and a little nervous.*] Mr. Lewis, how do you do, I'm Ben Silverman. [BEN, *nervous, extends hand.*]
- AL: How are you. Hello. It's nice to see you. [*His eyes dart around looking for WILLIE. He doesn't see him yet.*] How do you do? ... Hello ... Hello ... How are you? 330
- BEN: We met before, a long time ago. My father took me backstage, I forget the theatre ... It must have been fifteen, twenty years ago.
- AL: I remember ... Certainly ... It was backstage ... Maybe fifteen, twenty years ago ... I forget the theatre. 335
- BEN: That's right.
- AL: Sure, I remember.
- BEN: Well, if either of you think of anything, just call me. [*Looks at watch again.*] I've got to go. [*He gets up.*] Uncle Willie, I'm going. [*He crosses to LEWIS and extends hand.*] Mr. Lewis, I can't express to you enough how happy I am and speaking for the millions of young people in this country who never had the opportunity of seeing Lewis and Clark work, I just want to say 'thank you'. To both of you. [*Calls out.*] To *both of you*, Uncle Willie. 340
- AL: [*Nods in his seat.*] I hope they won't be disappointed. 345
- BEN: Oh, they won't.
- AL: I know they won't. I'm just saying it.
- BEN: [*Crosses to kitchen.*] Goodbye, Uncle Willie. I'm going.
- WILLIE: [*Finally.*] Sooo ... what do you think? ... You want to do the doctor sketch? 350
- AL: [*Thinks.*] Well, listen, it's very good money ... It's only a few days' work, I can be back in New Jersey. If you feel you'd like to do it, then my feeling is I'm agreeable.
- WILLIE: And my feeling they told you. 355
- AL: What?
- WILLIE: They didn't tell you? My feeling is I'm against it.
- AL: You're against it?
- WILLIE: Right. But I'll do it if you want to.
- AL: I don't want to do it if you're against it. If you're against it, don't do it. 360
- WILLIE: What do you care if I'm against it as long as we're doing it? I just want you to know *why* I'm doing it.
- AL: Don't do me any favours.
- WILLIE: Who's doing you a favour? I'm doing my nephew a favour. It'd be good for him in the business if we do it. 365
- AL: You're sure?
- WILLIE: Certainly I'm sure. It's a big break for a kid like that to get big stars like us.
- AL: That's different. In that case, I'm against it too but I'll do it.
- WILLIE: [*Nods.*] As long as we understand each other. 370
- AL: And I want to be sure you know I'm not doing it for the money. The money goes to my grandchildren.
- WILLIE: The whole thing?
- AL: The whole thing. But not now. Only if I die. If I don't die, it'll be for my old age. 375
- WILLIE: The same with me.
- AL: You don't have grandchildren.
- WILLIE: My *nephew's* children. Sidney and Marvin.
- AL: [*Nods.*] Very good.
- WILLIE: Okay ... So, you wanna rehearse? 380
- AL: You're not against rehearsing?
- WILLIE: Why should I be against rehearsing? I'm only against doing the show. Rehearsing is important.

AL: Alright, let's rehearse. Why don't we move the furniture and we'll make the set. 385

WILLIE: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What are we doing here?

AL: I'm fixing up the set, I don't know what you're doing.

WILLIE: Are you fixing up for the doctor sketch or are you redecorating my apartment?

AL: I'm fixing up for the doctor sketch. If you'd leave what I'm doing alone, we'd be finished. 390

WILLIE: We'd be finished but we'd be wrong.

AL: Not for the doctor sketch. I know what I'm doing. I did this sketch for 43 years.

WILLIE: And where was I all that time, taking a smoke? Who did you think did it with you for 43 years? That was *me*, Mister. 395

AL: Don't call me Mister, you know my name. I never liked it when you called me Mister.

WILLIE: It's not a dirty word.

AL: It is when you say it. 400

WILLIE: Forgive me, *sir*.

AL: Let's please, for Pete's sakes, fix up for the doctor sketch. Alright. We'll start from where I come in.

WILLIE: Alright, from where you come in. First go out.

AL: [*Glares at him.*] Alright, I'm going out. I'll be right back in. [*He crosses to door, opens it, stops and turns.*] If I'm outside and my daughter calls, tell her to pick me up in an hour. [*He goes out and closes the door behind him.*]

WILLIE: [*Mumbles half to himself.*] She can pick you up now for all I care. [*He puts his hands behind his back, clasps them and paces back and forth. He calls out:*] Alright! Knock knock knock! 410

AL: [*From outside.*] Knock knock knock!

WILLIE: [*Screams.*] *Don't say it, do it!* [*To himself.*] ... He probably went crazy in the country.

AL: [*From outside.*] You ready? 415

WILLIE: [*Yells.*] I'm ready. Knock, knock, knock. [*AL knocks three times on the door.*] ... Come in. [*We see and hear the doorknob jiggle but it doesn't open ... This is repeated.*] Alright, come in alright.

AL: [*From outside.*] It doesn't open ... it's stuck.

WILLIE: [*Wearily.*] Alright, wait a minute. [*He shuffles over to the door and puts hand on knob and pulls. It doesn't open.*] ... Wait a minute. [*He tries again, to no avail.*]

AL: [*From outside.*] What's the matter?

WILLIE: Wait a minute. [*He pulls harder, to no avail.*]

AL: Is it locked? 425

WILLIE: It's not locked. Wait a minute. [*He tries again, it doesn't open.*] It's locked. You better get somebody. Call the boy downstairs. Sandy. Tell him it's locked.

AL: [*From outside.*] Let me try it again.

WILLIE: What are you wasting time? Call the boy. Tell him it's locked, [*AL tries it again turning it in the other direction and the door opens. They stand there, face to face.*]

AL: I fixed it.

WILLIE: [*Glares at him.*] You didn't fix it. You just don't know how to open a door. 435

AL: ... Did my daughter call?

WILLIE: You know I think you went crazy in the country.

AL: You want to stand here and insult me or do you wanna rehearse the sketch?

WILLIE:	I would like to do <i>both</i> but we ain't got the time ... Let's forget the door. Stand in here and say 'knock knock knock.'	440
AL:	[<i>Comes in and closes the door. Sarcastically.</i>] I hope I can get out again.	
WILLIE:	I hope so too ... [<i>He places hands behind back and paces.</i>] Alright, 'Knock knock knock.'	445
AL:	[<i>Pantomimes with fist.</i>] Knock knock knock.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Sing-song.</i>] Enter!	
AL:	[<i>Stops, looks at him.</i>] What do you mean 'Enter'? [<i>He does it in same sing-song way.</i>] What happened to 'come-in'?	
WILLIE:	It's the same thing, isn't it? Enter or come-in. What's the difference, as long as you're in.	450
AL:	The difference is we've done this sketch 12,000 times and you've always said 'Come-in' and suddenly today it's 'Enter'. Why today, after all these years do you suddenly change it to 'Enter'?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Shrugs.</i>] I'm trying to freshen up the act.	455
AL:	Who asked you to freshen up the act? They asked for the Doctor Sketch, didn't they? The Doctor Sketch starts with 'Come-in', not 'Enter'. You wanna freshen up something, put some flowers in here.	
WILLIE:	It's a new generation today. This is not 1934, you know.	
AL:	No kidding? I didn't get today's paper.	460
WILLIE:	What's bad about 'enter' instead of 'come-in'?	
AL:	Because it's different. You know why we've been doing it the same way for 43 years? Because it's good.	
WILLIE:	And you know why we don't do it anymore? Because we've been doing it the same way for 43 years.	465
AL:	So, if we're not doing it anymore, why are we changing it? If you say 'Enter' after 'Knock knock knock' ... I'm coming in alright. But not alone, I'm bringing a lawyer with me.	
WILLIE:	Where? From New Jersey? You're lucky if a cow comes with you.	
AL:	Against <i>you</i> in court, I could <i>win</i> with a cow. Listen, I got a terrific idea. Instead of working together again, let's never work together again. You're crazy.	470
WILLIE:	I'm crazy, heh? I'M CRAZY!!	
AL:	Keep saying it until you believe it.	
WILLIE:	I may be crazy, but you're <i>senile!</i> You know what that is?	475
AL:	I'm not giving you any straight lines.	
WILLIE:	Crazy is when you got a couple of parts that go wrong. Senile is when you went out of business. That's you, Mister. [<i>The phone rings. AL moves towards phone.</i>] Get away from that phone. [<i>Picks up phone.</i>] Hello?	480
AL:	Is that my daughter?	
WILLIE:	Hello. How are you?	
AL:	Is that my daughter? Is that her?	
WILLIE:	[<i>To AL.</i>] Will you shut up? Will you be quiet? Can't you see I'm talking? Don't you see me on the phone with a person? ... WILL YOU BEHAVE FOR FIVE SECONDS LIKE A HUMAN BEING??? [<i>Into phone.</i>] Hello? ... Yes ... Just a minute, [<i>To AL.</i>] It's your daughter. [<i>He sits, opens up Variety.</i>]	485
AL:	[<i>Takes the phone, turns his back to WILLIE, speaks low.</i>] Hello ... Hello, sweetheart ... No ... No ... I can't talk now ... I said I can't talk now ... Because he's a crazy bedbug, that's why.	490
WILLIE	[<i>Jumps up.</i>]: Mister is no good but bedbug is alright?? [<i>Yells into phone.</i>] Your father is sick! Come and get your sick father!!	
AL:	[<i>Turns to him.</i>] Don't you see me on the phone with a person? Will you please be quiet. [<i>Back into phone.</i>] Listen, I want you to pick me	495

up now ... I don't want to discuss it, pick me up now. In front of the hotel. Don't park too close, it's filthy here ... I *know* what I promised. Don't argue with me. I'm putting on my coat, I'll wait in the street, I'll probably get mugged ... Alright, just a minute. [*He hands phone to WILLIE.*] She'd like to talk to you for a second. 500

WILLIE: Who is it?

AL: [*Glares at him.*] Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt ... What do you mean, who is it? Didn't you just say it's your daughter?

WILLIE: I know it's your daughter. I forgot her name.

AL: Doris. 505

WILLIE: What does she want?

AL: [*Yells.*] Am I Doris? She'll tell you.

WILLIE: [*Takes phone.*] Hello? ... Hello, dear, this is Willie Clark ... Unpleasantness? There was no unpleasantness ... There was stupidity maybe but no unpleasantness ... 510

AL: Tell her I'm getting into my coat. [*He is putting coat on.*] Tell her I got one sleeve on.

WILLIE: [*Into phone.*] I was hoping it would work out too ... I bent over backwards and forwards. He didn't even bend sideways ...

AL: I got the other sleeve on ... Tell her I'm up to my hat and then I'm out the door. 515

WILLIE: It's a question of one word, darling. Enter! ... Enter, that's all it comes down to.

AL: [*Puts his hat on.*] The hat is on. I'm bundled up, tell her.

WILLIE: [*Into phone.*] Yes ... Yes, I will ... I'll tell him myself. I promise ... Goodbye, Dorothy. [*He hangs up.*] I told her we'll give it one more chance. 520

AL: Not if you say enter. 'Come in' I'll stay, 'enter', I go.

WILLIE: Ask me 'Knock knock knock'.

AL: Don't fool around with me. I got enough pains in my neck. Are you going to say 'Come in'?

WILLIE: Ask me 'Knock knock knock'!

AL: I know you, you good-for-nothing!

WILLIE: ASK ME 'KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK'!

AL: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! 530

WILLIE: [*Grinding it in.*] EN-TERRR!

AL: BEDBUG!!! CRAZY BEDBUG!!! [*Running out.*]

WILLIE: [*Big smile.*] ENNN-TERRRRR! [*The curtain starts down.*]

AL: [*Heading for the door.*] CONTEMPTIBLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING!!

WILLIE: ENNN-TERRRR! 535

[CURTAIN]

TURN OVER FOR EXTRACT 2.

EXTRACT 2

Adapted from *The Adventures of Robin Hood* by Oliver Emanuel

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The Adventures of Robin Hood was written by contemporary playwright Oliver Emanuel and was first performed at the Eastwood Park Theatre, Glasgow, UK, in March 2014. The play is in twenty-one scenes, which run continuously. The extract consists of a selection of scenes from the opening of the play as far as the end of Scene Fifteen.

The play is an adaptation of the familiar story of Robin Hood. This version may be performed by four actors, two of whom play the narrators, and two others who multi-role. This means that the drama is fast-moving as actors have to change role as the drama progresses.

CHARACTERS

NARRATOR 1
NARRATOR 2
ROBIN HOOD
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
LITTLE JOHN
NOBLEMAN
FRIAR TUCK

SCENE 1

NARRATOR 1:	The shadow is moving very slowly across the courtyard. It's too dark. That's what gives it away. Shadows aren't dark. Not really. A shadow is actually made up of different bits of light and dark, a mixture, sort of half and half.	5
NARRATOR 2:	This shadow is totally black. It creeps along the courtyard and opens the door to the barn. It's midnight. There's no moon and everyone in the city of Nottingham is asleep.	
NARRATOR 1:	Everyone except the Sheriff and his wolf. The Sheriff is the most hated man in the county. His best friend is a wolf.	10
NARRATOR 2:	Some folk say that the Sheriff and the wolf were born on the same day and raised by the wolf's mother. No one knows if this is true but they have the same pointed teeth, the same sneer. Someone has been stealing chickens. A crime punishable by the loss of an ear. No one knows who it is.	15
NARRATOR 1:	But tonight the Sheriff has set a trap. He waits in the darkness with his wolf. The wolf sniffs the air. It can smell the armpits of the soldiers lining the walls of the barn ... The delicate scent of the sleeping chickens ... The hot breath of the shadow as it tiptoes towards the chicken coop ...	20
NARRATOR 2:	The soldiers close in. Each of them carries a flaming torch, hidden beneath a cloth, ready to reveal the thief at the Sheriff's command. Three, two, one – [He clicks his fingers.]	25
ROBIN:	Bright, bright burning light.	30
NARRATOR 1:	Boo. A hooded figure, a bag of chickens in one hand and a bucket of water in the other.	
NARRATOR 2:	The hooded figure throws the water over the Sheriff, extinguishing the torch.	35
SHERIFF:	Stop, thief! After him! Don't let him get away! Get the rascal!	
NARRATOR 1:	It's mayhem. Soldiers wave their swords, the Sheriff barks orders and the wolf tries to eat a stray chicken. The shadows jump in the torchlight.	40
SHERIFF:	Where did he go? Did you see him? Grab him!	
NARRATOR 2:	And there is a thud. It's just a small thud but everyone hears it.	
SHERIFF:	What was that?	
NARRATOR 2:	The Sheriff marches up to the barn door, dripping wet.	45
SHERIFF:	Unlock this door. Do you hear? That's an order.	
NARRATOR 2:	The Sheriff bangs with his fist.	
SHERIFF:	How dare you do this to me! Who are you?	
NARRATOR 1:	And then there is a pause. And then there is a voice from behind the barn door. And the voice says:	50
ROBIN:	My name is Robin Hood.	

SCENE 2

NARRATOR 1:	Hello. I'm Martin.	
NARRATOR 2:	And I'm Billy. Hi.	55
BOTH:	Welcome. We're here to tell you a story. <i>The Adventures of Robin Hood.</i>	
NARRATOR 1:	A story of heroism, of friendship. Of corruption and murder.	60
NARRATOR 2:	There's a hero and a villain. Although sometimes it will be difficult to tell which is which.	
NARRATOR 1:	There are nobles and peasants. Beggars and thieves. There are sword fights and archery competitions. Daring rescues and impossible escapes.	65
NARRATOR 2:	It's a tale that's been told a thousand times. Although never quite like this. Set in medieval Britain. It's about the haves and have nots. The fat and the hungry.	70
NARRATOR 1:	It's about taking a stand. And hope. It's ultimately about hope.	75
NARRATOR 2:	Yes. It's about the light that shines even in the darkest of places. Like the new dawn after a dark night.	

SCENE 3

NARRATOR 1:	Dawn. Sherwood Forest. To Robin, the forest is home. He lives in the canopy of a great oak tree in the centre. And he is just on his way there now.	80
NARRATOR 2:	He reaches the River Meden, a fast-flowing, tumbling, burbling strip of water that cuts through the forest. There isn't a bridge to cross the river, only a set of stones, fallen loosely across the way. Robin jumps to the first one then the second then – He is about to step to the next stone when he senses a looming presence, blocking his path. A giant. At least seven foot tall. Dressed all in green with a staff and an amused expression.	85
LITTLE JOHN:	What have we got here then, eh? <i>[The giant snatches the bag.]</i>	90
ROBIN:	Hey!	
LITTLE JOHN:	Chickens?	
ROBIN:	Those are mine.	
LITTLE JOHN:	Yours?	
NARRATOR 1:	Robin could forget the chickens and go back to his tree but that's not the way he is.	100

ROBIN:	He is brave. And has a habit of saying stupid things. I'll fight you for them.	
	[<i>The giant laughs.</i>]	105
LITTLE JOHN:	You? Fight me? Don't be absurd. I would crush you.	
ROBIN:	We'll see about that.	
NARRATOR 1:	And Robin hops back to the riverbank, cuts a birch sapling with his dagger and marches back to face the giant.	
ROBIN:	Are you ready?	110
LITTLE JOHN:	It's not too late to give up, wee man.	
NARRATOR 2:	Robin thrusts his staff at the giant's heart but the giant parries it easily. Next Robin swings it at his head but again the giant blocks it. The giant raises his staff to bring it down on Robin's head when Robin stops and points.	115
ROBIN:	Wait – is that – it's not – is that a <i>dragon</i> ?	
NARRATOR 1:	The giant turns his head and Robin smashes his staff down on the giant's toe.	
LITTLE JOHN:	Awwww!	
NARRATOR 2:	Now the fighting becomes fierce. Where Robin hits out, the giant blocks. The giant tries to cut Robin down but Robin is smaller and faster and the giant's blows simply beat the air.	120
LITTLE JOHN:	Give up yet?	
ROBIN:	Never!	125
NARRATOR 1:	The two men fight for over an hour, neither one gaining much ground over the other.	
	[<i>Both breathe heavily.</i>]	
ROBIN:	Stop.	
LITTLE JOHN:	Stop?	130
ROBIN:	Stop.	
LITTLE JOHN:	I knew you'd give up in the end.	
NARRATOR 2:	The giant smiles a tired smile but there is something about this smile that angers Robin. Remember: they are fighting on slippery stones. In the middle of a busy river. Robin lifts his finger and jabs it into the giant's belly. The giant wobbles on the stone for a second then tumbles headfirst into the rushing water below.	135
LITTLE JOHN:	WWWAAAAAAAAAAAA!	140
NARRATOR 1:	Robin watches as the current takes hold of the massive man and sets him speeding along, round the bend and over a waterfall.	
LITTLE JOHN:	OOOOOOOOOHHHHH!	
NARRATOR 2:	He clutches at a rock but his fingers can't get a grip.	
LITTLE JOHN:	Help me! Help me!	145
	[<i>ROBIN smiles.</i>]	
ROBIN:	Can't you swim, big man?	
LITTLE JOHN:	No!	
NARRATOR 1:	The giant vanishes beneath a wave.	
ROBIN:	Oh. That's a shame.	150

[He shakes his head.]

NARRATOR 2: Robin likes to win a fight but not like this.
He never meant to kill the giant.

LITTLE JOHN: Help ...! Help!

NARRATOR 1: Robin doesn't hesitate but dives straight into the icy river. 155

LITTLE JOHN: Thank ... you ... thank you.

ROBIN: Pleasure.

LITTLE JOHN: You saved my life.

ROBIN: Ah well ... think nothing of it.

NARRATOR 2: The giant lays a big hand on Robin's shoulder. 160

LITTLE JOHN: Could you use a friend?

ROBIN: What's your name?

LITTLE JOHN: John Little.

ROBIN: Little?

LITTLE JOHN: But most folk call me Little John. 165

ROBIN: Good to meet you, Little John. I'm Robin Hood.

[They shake hands.]

LITTLE JOHN: Well Robin Hood. After all that, I'm starving.
What about some breakfast?

NARRATOR 1: So off they go to the great oak and have the best breakfast that anyone has ever had. 170
The Great North Way, the main road from London to York, runs through Sherwood Forest.
Anyone wishing to travel through the forest knows there is a chance that they will be met by thieves. 175
But Robin and Little John are not thieves,
A carriage appears around the bend and the driver pulls the reins to stop just in front of them.
Inside is an enormous nobleman dressed in blue velvet with a black cap that is set to a slant on his big head. 180
He is holding a duck leg in one hand and waves it at Robin.

NOBLEMAN: Oi! You!

NARRATOR 2: Robin doesn't like being called 'oi'.
But he is very hungry so smiles his most charming smile.

ROBIN: Can we help you, sir? 185

NOBLEMAN: Yes you can help me. You can help me by wiping that smug grin off your face.

ROBIN: *[Stops smiling.]* ...

NOBLEMAN: Is this the road to Nottingham?

NARRATOR 1: This is where Robin should bow his head and point south. 190
Instead he says something stupid.

ROBIN: What's it worth?

NOBLEMAN: Worth?

ROBIN: A penny perhaps? Or maybe the rest of that fine duck leg? My friend here is particularly partial to duck. 195

NARRATOR 2: The nobleman splutters with rage.

NOBLEMAN: How dare you talk to me like that! I'll beat you for such insolence.

NARRATOR 1: And then it happens.
An arrow. 200
Straight through the duck leg in the nobleman's hand.

NOBLEMAN: Please – please don't kill me!

NARRATOR 2: Robin is holding a bow and there is an arrow pointed at the nobleman's heart.

Robin reaches into the carriage and takes the fat purse that hangs from the nobleman's belt. And the duck leg for good measure. 205

ROBIN: Thank you, kind sir. It is so good of you to help those less fortunate than yourself. And Nottingham is that way. I should hurry if I were you, sir. There are rogues and thieves in this forest.

SCENE 6

NARRATOR 1: Robin Hood and Little John open the nobleman's purse.
NARRATOR 2: Inside they discover enough gold to feed a village. 210
For a year.
BOTH: Wow ...
ROBIN: What should we do with it all?
NARRATOR 1: Even after they take a few gold coins for themselves there is still far too much. 215
ROBIN: We could buy a house. Or a couple of horses.
Or a really great pair of trousers.
NARRATOR 2: Robin Hood has always had an active imagination.
[LITTLE JOHN *shakes his head.*]

LITTLE JOHN: I know what we should do. 220
Follow me ...

SCENE 7

NARRATOR 1: They arrive at the edge of a village to the north of the forest.
It is dusk and the sun has almost set on the dozen or so small cottages that line the road.

ROBIN: Where are we? 225
LITTLE JOHN: Home.
NARRATOR 2: Little John wipes a tear from his eye before taking the purse of gold from Robin.
ROBIN: Hey! What are you doing? That's mine.
LITTLE JOHN: Yours? 230
ROBIN: Ours.
LITTLE JOHN: We can't use it all, Robin.
ROBIN: But – but –
LITTLE JOHN: Isn't it better to share it with those who need it most ...?
NARRATOR 1: Robin has never been very good at sharing. 235
He's never had very much to share.
ROBIN: [*Nods.*] Go ahead.
NARRATOR 2: Little John walks along the high street, placing a single gold coin on each doorstep.
When they get to the end of the village, they still have half the gold left. 240
So they go on to the next village and the village after that too, leaving a small gift of gold to the poor folk of Nottingham.
An old man comes out of his house.
He cries for joy and asks them what kind of lords they are to give away such a fortune. 245
By the next morning the names of Little John and Robin Hood are legend across the county.

SCENE 8

NARRATOR 1:	Meanwhile ... In Nottingham Castle. Nottingham is one of the greatest and grandest castles in the kingdom. And whilst the King is away, it is in the stewardship of the Sheriff.	250
NARRATOR 2:	He loves the castle. Every inch of it. And, of course, the dungeons. The Sheriff knows that the castle doesn't actually belong to him but the King has been away that long he often imagines that it does.	255
NARRATOR 1:	His favourite thing is to sit and eat breakfast in the north tower and look out over the city, towards the forest. But this morning, the Sheriff's breakfast was rudely interrupted by a gang of nobles. They were complaining about a hooded man and his giant friend who had apparently robbed them on the Great North Way. One of them had even introduced himself ...	260
SHERIFF:	Robin Hood ... that name again.	265
NARRATOR 2:	The Sheriff's wolf sits and growls at his feet.	
WOLF:	Grrr.	
SHERIFF:	While the King is away, I am the law. It is my duty to protect his property and his nobles. God knows I try to be fair but if word ever reached His Majesty that I let a thief go freely about the forest, I would be for the chop.	270
NARRATOR 2:	Robin Hood must be stopped.	
WOLF:	Grrr.	
SHERIFF:	Yes I agree. I'll put a bounty on his head. Is £20 enough do you think?	275
WOLF:	Grrr?	
SHERIFF:	No you're right £10 is fine. No point wasting good money, is there? I need a quill. <i>[He finds a quill and writes on a piece of paper.]</i>	
SHERIFF:	That should do it. <i>[He holds it up.]</i>	280
SHERIFF:	ROBIN HOOD: WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE.	

SCENE 9

NARRATOR 1:	Hang on.	
NARRATOR 2:	What?	
NARRATOR 1:	Is there something we're missing?	285
NARRATOR 2:	The Merry Men.	
NARRATOR 1:	Of course! How could we forget? It wouldn't be Robin Hood without the Merry Men, would it?	
NARRATOR 2:	Absolutely not.	
NARRATOR 1:	As Robin's fame spreads across the land, he and Little John are joined by others.	290
NARRATOR 2:	There's Much the Millar's Son. A youth with a quick temper and even quicker fingers.	
NARRATOR 1:	And Will Scarlet.	

NARRATOR 2:	A pretty lad who accidentally killed the husband of one of his numerous lovers. And Allan A Dale. A minstrel who wrote a rude song about the Sheriff. And lastly there is Friar Tuck.	295
	[FRIAR TUCK <i>enters, holding a beer.</i> [FRIAR TUCK <i>sings Everything I Do by Bryan Adams.</i>	300
NARRATOR 1:	The most honest man you will ever meet. Or the rudest. Sometimes it's difficult to tell whether he is being extremely honest or extremely rude.	
	[<i>He continues to sing.</i> [<i>He falls over.</i>	305
NARRATOR 2:	These are all wanted men, criminals and outlaws. Yet to Robin they are the best friends in the world. He calls them his 'Merry Men'. Together they rob from the rich and give to the poor.	310
BOTH:	The code of the Merry Men is very simple. 1. Always be polite. 2. Never take more than a person can afford. 3. Don't kill anyone. Not unless you absolutely have to.	
NARRATOR 1:	And so it isn't long before Robin Hood is so famous and loved by the poor folk of Nottingham that he is known as the 'King of the forest'.	315

SCENE 10

SHERIFF:	King of the forest? Is this a joke? I wanted Robin Hood hanging from the nearest tree by now. I wanted his heart cut out with a spoon. What is wrong with everyone? A thief. Nothing but a common thief. And the people love him. How does that happen?	320
WOLF:	Grrr ...	
SHERIFF:	No one understands what it's like being a sheriff. The long hours. The pressure. [<i>He brandishes a letter.</i>	325
SHERIFF:	See this? Another letter from the King, demanding money for his war. What am I to do? I send as much as I can but the more successful I am at gathering taxes, the more the King expects. It's very hard.	330
WOLF:	Grrr grrr.	
SHERIFF:	Thank you. I appreciate it. [<i>He shakes his head.</i>	
SHERIFF:	I need a new plan. If the people won't bring me Robin Hood then <i>logically</i> I need Robin Hood to bring himself to me. So ... how do you trap a wolf?	335
WOLF:	Grrr?	
SHERIFF:	No I know you wouldn't but hypothetically.	
WOLF:	Grrr.	

SHERIFF: Yes exactly. You put out bait. You put out bait and set a trap. Then you wait for the wolf to walk straight in. 340
All I have to do is think of the right kind of bait for Robin Hood ...

[He thinks ...]

SCENE 15

NARRATOR 1: It's the Sheriff's birthday. 345
His favourite day of the year.
All the nobles from far and wide are invited to a special feast and the Sheriff gets to boast about how many taxes he has squeezed from the people.

NARRATOR 2: Oh and if they get bored, they might hang a peasant or two. 350
It's tremendous fun.
The great hall has been decorated.
Great mountains of food and a lake of wine.
The wolf has a bow around its neck.
Everything is perfect.

SHERIFF: Let's get this party started! 355

[The SHERIFF dances.]

NARRATOR 1: The Sheriff is drunk. 360
SHERIFF: No I'm not. Who said that? Off with your head!
NARRATOR 2: Well, he's a little bit drunk.
He's drunk enough that he starts telling anyone who will listen about how brilliant he is.

SHERIFF: Don't you see? There's no one in the county to touch me. I collect more taxes than anyone. 365
I'm the best.

NARRATOR 1: It's always the same at the Sheriff's birthday. 365
The only thing to do is nod and smile and stuff as much party food into your pockets as you can.
But then someone asks a question.

GUEST: What about Robin Hood? 370
[Music stops.]

NARRATOR 2: The Sheriff can't make out the face of the questioner. 375
SHERIFF: Robin Hood? Pah. Not scared of him. Didn't even show up for the archery competition and he's meant to be the greatest archer around.
Whatever. I'll tell you what Robin Hood is ... he's a coward.

NARRATOR 1: An arrow. 380
Cuts through the hubbub and the jollity and imbeds itself at the Sheriff's feet.
He is suddenly sober.

SHERIFF: Who did that? 385
NARRATOR 2: A shadow,
Too dark and too quick.
Flits through the crowd and out of the door.

SHERIFF: There! There! After him!
NARRATOR 1: The guests choke on their food, the soldiers grab their swords and the Sheriff chases after the shadow. 385
Along corridors, down staircases and out into the courtyard.
He spots the shadow running over to the gate.

SHERIFF:	Stop!	
NARRATOR 2:	And to his surprise, the shadow does exactly that. The shadow stops, turns and smiles.	390
ROBIN:	Happy birthday, Sheriff. I'm sorry but I forgot to get you a present.	
SHERIFF:	Ha! Your neck in a noose will be gift enough for me, Robin Hood.	
ROBIN:	Not this time,	
SHERIFF:	Eh?	
NARRATOR 1:	And that is when the moon comes out from behind a cloud and the Sheriff sees them all for the first time. Men and women and children. Lining the battlements. Each a bow and an arrow pointed straight at the Sheriff.	395
SHERIFF:	What – what is this?	400
ROBIN:	These are my Merry Men. And Women. My Merry People.	
SHERIFF:	What do they want?	
ROBIN:	Don't you feel bad that while the poorest of the county starve you and your friends stuff their faces?	
SHERIFF:	I – I'm sorry?	405
ROBIN:	Then you won't mind if we take our fair share will you?	
NARRATOR 2:	Before the Sheriff can think of something to say, ten or so children disappear into the castle to emerge a few moments later with bundles of fine food and wine. They go back and forth until the Sheriff's banquet has completely gone.	410
	[ROBIN <i>eats something.</i>]	
ROBIN:	Oh. What is this? Hmm. Tastes a bit like frog.	
	[<i>He wipes his hands on the SHERIFF's shirt.</i>]	
ROBIN:	Thanks so much, Sheriff. Yum yum. That was delicious. And again, many happy returns.	415
NARRATOR 1:	Robin clicks his fingers and as if by magic the Merry People disappear into the dark night. The Sheriff stamps his foot and shouts.	
SHERIFF:	This ... means ... war.	420

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