

ROB IN THE HOOD

by

Chris and Ryan Wilkins



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AUTHORS' NOTE

Feel free to censor any of the language you feel is too inappropriate for the performance.

Charles should be played with a beautiful British accent! If this is not achievable, please feel free to play him however you like.

In the end of the play, Rob believes he hasn't learned how to play Robin Hood. However, he has learned his lesson. In that sense, though he thinks otherwise, he does know the best way to play Robin Hood.

Charles has a ladle that he uses to stir the soup with. He keeps it latched at his side as if it were a sword in a sheath. When he pulls his ladle out from his side, he initially holds it like it was a sword or knife. A cartoonish sword sound effect should be used when he pulls out his ladle.

Because of the various and often changing settings, it is suggested that simpler sets are used to suggest where the characters are.

The nature of this play is somewhat inappropriate, but please do not make choices that would be overly offensive.

The stage directions are merely suggestions.

Have fun!

CHARACTERS

DAVE: A big time Hollywood movie director.

ROBERT: A selfish, ignorant, stupid, award-winning actor who has been cast as Robin Hood in the summer's next big blockbuster.

EBGERT: Has a funny name. Hates Rob and wants his role in the movie.

WINSTON: The loyal butler of Robert.

LITTLE KID: The son of Marcus. Gets into all sorts of shenanigans.

MARCUS: A normal guy from the south side just trying to get by. Despite first appearances, he is quite smart.

OFFICER P-BOMB: A timid, white, British rapper who somehow always manages to rhyme the same word. Think Murray the band manager from Flight of the Concorde.

CHARLES: Constantly quotes Charles Dickens.

MUGGER: Gots kids to feed.

SETTING

The play starts off in a movie studio, but ranges everywhere from Robert's house, a soup kitchen, to an apartment building. The majority of the play takes place in "The South Side," the "ghetto" part of an undisclosed town.

TIME

The play is set in present day.

ROB IN THE HOOD

SCENE ONE

(Lights up. As the curtain opens, we are at a movie studio filming the first scene of a new rendition of Robin Hood. Everyone is frustrated, as ROB continues to screw up his lines.)

DAVE: Quiet on the set! Places everybody! We're going to do the scene again.

Don't screw anything up, okay? All right! Roll 'em!

ROB: Behold! It is I, Robin Hood of Nottingham!

EGBERT: Robin Hood! Help! The British are raising the taxes too high, and I have no money with which to pay them! Please help me!

ROB: *(ROB gags as the smell of EGBERT hits his nose)* Of course poor old man! I will steal from the rich and give it to the poor! Because the poor deserve all the money! Not the rich who earned it with their jobs and salaries!

EGBERT: Oh no! Dear Robin Hood, the Sherriff of Nottingham is coming! What ever shall we do?

ROB: Fear not, smelly poor person! *(pulls out a bow and arrow)* I will use my bow and arrow to shoot him in the face. Then you can loot his dead body and split up his money amongst your poor friends.

DAVE: *(Speaking through a mega-phone)* Quit improvising, Rob, those aren't your lines.

EGBERT: Oh Robin! How will us English-folk ever repay you!

ROB: If you could just wash your entire body in bleach I think we can call it even.

DAVE: Cut! Robert, that's not the line! And what's with the faces?

ROB: All right, Dave, everybody's thinking it, I'll be the one to say it. Egbert over here stinks! He smells like he's actually poor!

DAVE: Rob, we're going for a lot of realism here. We want you to feel like you're actually in Nottingham.

ROB: Well, we're not, Dave! We're shooting in a studio in California! If I wanted I could walk across set and get sliced bagels and papaya juice. There's nothing Nottingham about sliced bagels and papayas!

EGBERT: Now I don't want to cause any trouble here, but all the other actors are trying really hard to do this whole realism thing. Rob is the only actor holding us back.

ROB: *(Taking EGBERT's suggestion as a threat to his acting)* Those are fighting words.

EGBERT: I just said I don't want to cause any trouble.

ROB: Which is usually the first thing someone says before I break their kneecaps!

DAVE: Cool it, Rob! Okay, everyone, that's a wrap! We'll meet back here tomorrow at seven.

(The various workers of the film exit. ROB glares at EGBERT until he starts to exit. Before EGBERT gets completely off, he glares at ROB as if to suggest he is plotting against him. He laughs menacingly. ROB begins to exit. DAVE stops him.)

DAVE: Rob, could you come over here? We need to have a talk.

ROB: But I was going to get some papaya juice?

DAVE: Robert, this is the third movie we've done together, but something about this one just isn't clicking.

ROB: What do you mean, "isn't clicking?"

DAVE: Well, remember our first movie together? When you played Toby the world's greatest tennis player? Or when you won your first Oscar playing that yacht captain in Sunny Beaches Nine! Why do you think you played those roles so well?

ROB: Probably because I'm awesome at acting.

DAVE: Rob, it was easy for you to play a tennis champion because you actually play tennis. It was easy being a yacht captain because you actually own a yacht.

ROB: So, you're saying I should pick up archery?

DAVE: I'm saying you'll never be able to play Robin Hood as well as your other roles until you understand what it's like to have no money.

ROB: I don't like where you're going with this. If you're asking me to give away all my money, then I quit. I'm sure Egbert would love to replace me as Robin Hood.

EGBERT: *(Running back on stage, bursting into the conversation)* Actually, I would love to replace him as Robin Hood!

ROB: *(To EGBERT, rekindling the former fight)* Shut up or I 'll punch your esophagus!

DAVE: Egbert, leave! *(EGBERT exits)* And, Rob, I'm not saying you should give up all your money. I just think if you spend two days on the South Side without any money, you might better understand what it's like to be Robin Hood.

ROB: Dave! The South Side? I could get killed!

DAVE: Don't you think Robin Hood could have been killed in Nottingham? *(ROB tries to come up with an answer, but DAVE is clearly right. DAVE tries to again encourage ROB to do it)* Think of it as a vacation.

ROB: A vacation without money? That sucks! What's next? I'm going to eat dinner without food. Is that what you want, Dave? Me to starve myself? Cause I won't do it!

DAVE: *(Finally spelling it out for ROB)* Rob, let me break this down for you. Our studio has invested a lot of money into this movie: hundreds of millions of dollars.

And if you don't give an Oscar worthy performance, then the film will be a boring action filled special effects piece of crap. We need real acting or else this film will be a flop. And if this film flops, they're going to fire me. If they fire me, I'll make sure you never get a job in Hollywood again. Comprendé?

ROB: Yeah... I compadré.

DAVE: Good. Was that so hard? I'll send a taxi over to your house tomorrow evening. Now go home, you've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow!

(DAVE exits. For just a second ROB stares out into the audience with pure fear. Lights down.)

SCENE TWO

(We are now in ROBERT's mansion. He is packing with the assistance of his butler WINSTON. Lights up.)

WINSTON: Sir, do you really feel you need to pack this much? You'll only be there two days!

ROB: *(ROB frantically moves back and forth with suitcases full of unnecessary items)* Always be prepared, Winston, that's what my nanny told me! I don't know what it's like in the South Side.

WINSTON: I think you might be exaggerating a little bit, sir.

ROB: Winston, look me in the eyes and tell me you could do it. Tell me you could survive two days on the South Side.

WINSTON: I believe I could, sir. In fact, I grew up on the South Side.

ROB: *(Shocked and repulsed by this)* You did? What's it like?

WINSTON: Sir, the South Side is actually rather normal. I'd say it's like our neighborhood, except there aren't any mansions.

ROB: Oh my god. It's worse than I thought.

WINSTON: Perhaps you're more likely to get robbed as well. No worries though! As long as you don't go walking around after dark you should be fine! I'm sure you'll do swimmingly! Maybe you'll even learn something.

ROB: Don't be stupid! I'm only doing this to appease the will of my director! He says I'll never truly be able to understand what it's like to be Robin Hood until I've lived without money! Preposterous!

WINSTON: That sounds rather reasonable to me.

ROB: The trials us actors must go through, Winston. I don't think you'll ever understand.

WINSTON: No sir, I don't believe I ever will. (*Off stage there is sounds of a car engine and a honk*) Ah! Here's the taxi. Oh, and, sir? You're going to need to give me your wallet.

ROB: Winston! If you take my wallet, I won't you pay this month.

WINSTON: Sir, I have children to feed.

ROB: Do your children like food? Think long and hard before you answer that question.

WINSTON: The wallet, sir.

ROB: (*Surrendering, he gives his wallet to WINSTON. Not letting him have the last word*) I'll have you know, should an emergency arise I'm blaming you, Winston.

WINSTON: That's what you pay me for, sir. A taxi will pick you up in the very same spot you've been dropped off in two days times. Now load the suitcases you need while I pay the taxi driver.

ROB: Wish me luck, Winston. I'm never gonna make it through this.

WINSTON: Think of it as a vacation, sir.

ROB: Yeah, yeah. A vacation with no food or money. Starve. Yes, I understand... (*Looking around at the inside of his house*) Good-bye forty-five forty-five, Jefferson Street. I'll see you in two days!

(ROB picks up two suitcases, and WINSTON comes to help with the others. They head for a door. Lights down.)

SCENE THREE

(Consider playing gangster rap for transition music. We now are in the South Side just outside ROB's temporary apartment. We suggest a stoop on stage left to be outside of the apartment, with the inside of the apartment stage right. Lights up on stage left. ROB has two suitcases in hand, with two or more at his feet.)

ROB: (*To off stage*) Taxi driver! Carry my bags into this apartment! And be careful with them! They contain expensive necessities that you couldn't afford with a year's worth of your measly salary— (*Off stage sounds of the car driving off quickly*) He's not coming back. Okay. Think Robert. You don't have any money. (*LITTLE KID walks on stage.*) You, young child.

LITTLE KID: You talking ta me?

ROB: (*ROB is oblivious as to how to interact in this different culture. He assumes that if he offers them money, they will do as he asks*) Do you see this gold Rolex? You poor people like gold, right? Well I could afford a hundred of these if I wanted, but you will never be able to afford one. However, if you go get some of

your poor friends to carry all these heavy bags into my new apartment, I will give you this watch.

LITTLE KID: *(Acting innocent)* Okay! But, could ya' give me tha watch first? Otherwise my friends'll never believe me.

ROB: Of course! I always pay up front! Here ya' go!

LITTLE KID: Thank man! *(Sprints off stage with no intention of coming back)*

ROB: Be sure to tell your friends to come quick! *(Beat)* He's not coming back, is he? *(ROB stares blankly at his luggage)* I've never carried my own luggage before...*(MARCUS enters from the door of the stoop. ROB has now failed to get his luggage carried twice and bosses around who he thinks is the bellhop)* Oh! Excuse me! You must be the bellhop! Thank god! Carry my bags up to my room.

MARCUS: 'Scuse me?

ROB: You heard me bellhop! Chop chop!

MARCUS: What tha hell are you talking about!?

ROB: I'm talking about my luggage! Which you are still not carrying, and it's making me angry.

MARCUS: *(Pulls out a gun and cocks it)* Listen here, honky-tonk, cracker-ass, white bitch. You's lucky I don't shoot you in tha stomach and watch you bleed ta death on tha floor!

ROB: *(Raising hands, says to himself in disbelief)* Even the bellhops have guns on the South Side?!

MARCUS: I ain't no bellhop! Man, forget you! *(Puts gun away)* I got stuff to do... stupid white people. *(Exits stage left)*

ROB: *(Said loudly as if MARCUS would hear him)* I will definitely be complaining about him to his manager. *(Picks up his suitcases and enters through the stoop. Lights down on stage left.)*

SCENE FOUR

(Lights up on stage right, the apartment. OFFICER P-BOMB is sitting on a dirty couch rapping to himself. From outside the door we hear ROB)

ROB: Room four thirty. Here it is. *(Enters through door)*

OFFICER P-BOMB: Oh hey! You must be Rob! I'm your roommate! My name is Officer P-Bomb!

ROB: You said Roommate but I think you meant butler. Now go outside and fetch my bags!

END OF FREE PREVIEW

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Among many others, Chris and Ryan Wilkins' plays include Rob in the Hood, These Things Happen, and Thomas Brady's First Day of Kindergarten. In only their first year, these scripts have delivered forensics students to multiple final round performance opportunities.

The Wilkins brothers competed in high school forensics at Lincoln High School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where they were recently the 2011 National Champions in Duo Interpretation at the National Forensics League (NFL) Tournament. With a combined seven years of speech experience, observing all ranges of performances and scripts, the Wilkins twins have now set their eyes on coaching students and writing scripts for forensics performance. Their hope is to continue to help anyone and everyone they can in the forensics realm.

ROB IN THE HOOD

by Chris and Ryan Wilkins

GENRE: Comedy (One-Act)

CAST: 9 Male

SUMMARY:

Hot shot Hollywood director, DAVE, is filming a new version Robin Hood! But it quickly becomes clear that ROBERT, cast to play Robin, cannot truly understand the character. So, DAVE sends ROBERT on a mission: spend two days in the hood without money to truly understand what it's like to be the savior of the poor.

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