

Little Red Robinson Hood extracts – Bigbad, Alan O'Dale, Ellen, Lydia) and Baroness

Little Red Robinson Hood extracts plus song

[Enter, a wolf] (All 'boo', 'hissss')

BIGBAD

Hello, Ladies and Gentleman, Boys and Girls. Every pantomime should have a pantomime animal and in this, our Millennium panto, it is my honour to play that part. And aren't you all lucky. No ordinary pantomime cow or horse for you - yes, you've got a fully grown wolf. Not only that, I'm big and I'm bad. In fact, I'm known to my friends as Bigbad. Not that I've got any friends. Whenever I call on anyone and knock, all I ever hear is, *(Offstage)* "**Keep the wolf from the door!**"

I'm not all that bad really.

(Offstage) **Oh yes you are!**

Oh no I'm not! *[Get audience involved.]* I suppose I did put the wind up the three little pigs - losing their homes must have been a bit of a blow for two of them. Mind you, that third one was built like a brick pig-house. Fair took my breath away.

I thought I might have had a crack at playing the dame. After all, I do have a bit of a reputation for dressing up in women's clothing - Red Riding Hood's granny and all that. I should have just gobbled that little girl up when I first saw her - well, I'm always wolfing my food - instead of which everyone now thinks I'm a cross dresser. What with that and sheep's clothing. But that doesn't make me all bad.

Panto after panto, what do you see - two people prancing about inside a sweaty old animal costume doing a poorly synchronised tap dance and not even being given a line to speak. Well, that's not for me. I told the guy who wrote this load of old tat that if I didn't get a meaty role I'd be the wolfsbane of his life. Mind you, now that I've read the script, I wouldn't exactly call it a meaty role, more of a ham sandwich. With the emphasis on **ham**, if you know what I mean, luvvies.

ROBINSON HOOD SCENE TWO THE GARDENS OF THE CASTLE SHALLOT

[Enter Alan O'Dale]

ALAN Hello everyone, I'm Alan O'Dale.
Exercise your minds to imagine the garden
Of a gentrified family, and, begging your pardon,
They're not very nice folk. Their servant's my daughter,
Ellen O'Dale, who wants Robinson to court her.
But Robinson loves Lydia, Lydia Shallot –
A girl who knows her onions. Now on with the plot.

[Enter Lydia and Baroness Shallot, her mother, with Ellen in attendance]

LYDIA I can't believe what you're telling me, mother. You mean to say that for all these years when I believed you found me as a baby in the onion patch that, really, during all that time, I had a father.

BARONESS Yes, my lovely Lydia, it's true.

LYDIA But that's disgusting. Yuk! I hate men. So do you have any idea who my father was?

BARONESS It is customary to have some idea. In your case, I know precisely. It was the man who gave us the castle, and gardens, in which we now live and conferred upon me the title of Baroness Shallot as compensation for getting me with child.

LYDIA So, if I wasn't found in the onion patch, why the name Shallot?

BARONESS Because, my dear Lydia, at the very moment of your conception, your father, recovering his breath, pronounced these very words: *"That's shallot, baby!"*

LYDIA Gross! No wonder I hate men. So who is he, then?

BARONESS Your father was one of the most wicked men that ever lived. He was miserly and cruel-hearted and made everyone's life a misery.

LYDIA Oh, goody!

BARONESS He was none other than the Sheriff of Nottingham.

LYDIA How thrilling! I knew I couldn't have got all of my nastiness just from you. So why did you never marry him? You could have been Sheriffess.

BARONESS Why, a twerp like him as Sheriff would never tie the Nott-ingham. I don't think I was sufficiently calculating and scheming - unlike you. You can twist men around your little finger, like that foolish youth, Robinson Hood, who pesters you so much.

ELLEN Ah! Robinson!

BARONESS Ellen! What was that you said?

ELLEN Would you like some barley water, Baroness?

BARONESS Certainly not, you stupid girl. Speak when you're spoken to. Now, Lydia, evil as you are, you still possess a certain naivety which men

find thrilling. Once you know the facts of life, however, they'll find you ever so much more exciting.

LYDIA Facts? What do you mean?

BARONESS It's an electronic machine that will be invented in about eight hundred years' time.

LYDIA What I do know is that when I even begin to peel off my layers it can bring tears to men's eyes. I'm not called Shallot for nothing.

BARONESS You really are a vicious vixen. And I love you for it.

[SFX There is a heavy knocking at the garden door, offstage]

Ellen, go and see who it is that's knocking heavily on our garden gate - and tell them to knock it off. The knocking, not the gate.

ELLEN But what if they take offence, Ma'am?

BARONESS Then we'll just have to get a new one, won't we? Now go, you silly girl!

ELLEN At once, Baroness. *[She exits]*

LYDIA Are you expecting anyone, mother? Not one of your fancy men?

BARONESS I don't fancy it is. Are you sure it isn't your foolish friend Robinson.

LYDIA Quite sure. He hasn't learnt what knockers are for.

[Ellen re-enters]

ELLEN My lady, it's King John, travelling incognito.

LYDIA Then how do you know it's King John?

ELLEN He showed me his orb and sceptre

LYDIA Show him in you silly girl. Tell the king the ladies are in, waiting.

[Ellen exits briefly]

BARONESS Lydia, this is your big chance. If King John takes a shine to you, he could divorce his wife, or behead her, or get her to live in Ilkley. You could even be the next Queen. So don't rub him up the wrong way.

LYDIA Don't worry. I know very well that the only way he'll take a shine to me is if I let him rub me up the right way. I think that's what I mean. The pity is, I simply hate men. *[Cue for song]*

“What is it about men?” Lydia’s Song

What is it about men that I really cannot stand?
They think you’re their possession if you let them hold your hand.
They bilge beer, then they leer.
They think the ones that don’t, they must be queer.
But the thing about men that I really, really hate
Is the fact that they believe they’re all so blooming great!

What is about men that really gets my goat?
They think that I’m theirs if they help me take off my coat.
They like toys, they’re just boys.
They’ll compete to make the rudest noise.
But the thing about men that I really, really hate
Is they think they’ll get all the way on each and every date.

What is it about men that makes them feel they ought
To spend all their time playing idiotic sport?
Hole in one, oh what fun,
They never, ever get things done!
But the thing about men that I really, really hate
Is collectively their mental age is little more than eight.