



BBC TV CHILDREN'S DRAMA

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FINAL DRAFT

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50/LCK T393L

MAID MARIAN AND HER MERRY MEN

SERIES IV

BY

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3: RAINING FORKS

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THE SENDING OF THIS
SCRIPT DOES NOT
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ANY PART IN IT

301: WORKSOP EXT DAY 3

(WE SEE THE VILLAGE LOOKING LIKE A MEDIEVAL HELL. DARK FOG RISES FROM ITS FILTH. EXHAUSTED BODIES LIE ROUND GROANING. SNOOKER WALKS THROUGH THE MIRE RINGING A BELL A DOLEFUL BELL. THE SHERIFF, GARY AND GRAEME APPROACH)

SHERIFF:

English village life, eh? No wonder our tourist industry's gone down the pan.

SNOOKER: (APPROACHING)

Bring out your bed!
Bring out your bed!

SHERIFF:

Excuse me?

SNOOKER:

Well, if all the ill folk lie round indoors, everyone else'll catch it, won't they?

SHERIFF:

Catch what, tobacco face?

(WE REVEAL GLADYS PAINTING A BLACK CROSS ON THE SIDE OF THE HUT BY WHICH THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN ARE STANDING)

GLADYS:

Keep away, noble sirs! This house is ridden with the plague.

(SNOOKER IS OUTSIDE THE NEXT HUT)

SNOOKER:

So's this one, sirs, and that one, and that one. The whole village is in its cursed grip.

GLADYS:

Aye. It's swept through Worksop like the plague.

SNOOKER:

It is the plague, Gladys.

GLADYS:

I know. It's swept through Worksop like another plague that isn't the one that's just swept through Worksop.

SNOOKER:

One day you're right as rain, then suddenly you've got this terrible sore throat, and you have to have the day off work, and your wastepaper bin gets filled up with all these millions of soggy tissues, and they spill out all over the floor....
It's horrible.

SHERIFF:

Snooker, it's called a cold.

GLADYS:

No, it's the plague.

PEASANTS:

The plague! Ah!

GLADYS:

We're all going to die! We're so weak we can't even build a bonfire for tomorrow.

(THE PEASANTS MOAN BY
AFFIRMATION)

SHERIFF:

Oh good! Then you won't be
needing your forks will you!

(THE SHERIFF SNATCHES A PITCH
FORK FROM A PEASANT)

TITLES OVER SHOTS OF MOANING
PEASANTS ; SHERIFF AND GUARDS
LEAVING; AND FINALLY AN
ESTABLISHER OF THE CASTLE.
MIX THROUGH UNDER FINAL.
CAPTION TO....

TO:302 INT JOHN'S STUDY D3

John wants more forks, He
has a cold. Gary suggests
a holiday.

FROM: 301 EXT WORKSOP DAY 3

Worksop has the plague.
Sheriff pinches a pitchfork

302: KING JOHN'S STUDY INT DAY 3

(THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN ARE
STANDING WITH THEIR BACKS TO
THE CLOSED STUDY DOORS. EACH
ONE HOLDS AN OLD FORK OF SOME
DESCRIPTION. THE KING FACES THEM)

JOHN:

Is this the lot?

SHERIFF:

I'm afraid so, my lord. It's the
recession. People can't afford
luxury items like forks anymore.

JOHN:

What a miserable country! (SNIFF)
Lousy weather, stupid peasants
(SNIFF)...and I've got a
stinking cold. (HE SNEEZES
HORRIBLY) You! Get me something
to wipe my nose!

SHERIFF:

Certainly your Majesty. A few
hundred weight of kitchen towel
perhaps, or may be a vacuum
cleaner up each nostril

(GUY ENTERS AND SPOTS THE FORKS
THE GUARDS ARE STILL CLUTCHING)

GUY:

You've got some! Oh, goodoh!

(HE BENDS DOWN AND SNATCHES A
FORK)

Can I have first toss?

JOHN:

Ah! Ah! Ah!

SHERIFF:

(RUNNING ROUND LOOKING FOR TISSUES)

Not now, Guy. We've got a crisis.

JOHN:

Shoo!

(EVERYTHING ON THE BIG TABLE -
CANDLES, PLATES, CHICKENS ETC
GOES FLYING)

GARY: (CONCERNED)

You look like you need
a break, you Majesty.

SHERIFF:

Shut up, Gary.

JOHN:

You're right. I do. Somewhere
warm and sunny and exotic.
Nottingham! Take me on holiday.

SHERIFF:

Your Majesty, we can't afford
it.

JOHN:

(GRABBING THE SHERIFF'S COLLAR)

You will take me on holiday,
Nottingham, because if you don't
I will crumple you into a ball,
stuff you up my nose and sneeze
you all the way to the Outer
Hebrides, understand?

TO:303 EXT MOOR D3
Marian & Men are walking
to Skegness. They miss
the bus.

FROM: 302 INT JOHN'S STUDY D3

John wants more forks. He
Has a cold. Gary suggests
A holiday

303: THE MOOR EXT DAY 3

(IN SILHOUETTE WE SEE THE GANG
AMBLING ACROSS THE MOOR WITH
LITTLE RUCKSACKS ON THEIR BACKS,
LOOKING LIKE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN
AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS. MARIAN
IS SOME WAY IN THE LEAD. THEN
ROBIN, BARRINGTON AND RABIES
WITH LITTLE RON LAGGING BEHIND)

MARIAN: (BREEZILY)

Isn't this great, lads!
Fresh air, beautiful view.

LITTLE RON: (OOV)

Ahh!

MARIAN:

Do hurry up, Little Ron.

(LITTLE RON IS BURIED
UP TO HIS NECK)

LITTLE RON:

I can't. I've fallen down
a rabbit hole.

ROBIN:

Marian, let's catch a bus, eh?

MARIAN:

Don't be stupid, Robin. Where
are we going to find a bus stop
in the middle of Skegness moor?

(BARRINGTON IS LEANING
AGAINST SOMETHING WE HAVE NOT
NOTICED BEFORE. HE WHISTLES,
THEN LOOKS UP. WE REVEAL IT
IS A MEDIEVAL BUS STOP)

MARIAN:

Yeah, but you know what these
country bus services are like -
one bus a week, and when it comes
it's a fortnight late.

(AS SHE FINISHES THE SENTENCE
A PEASANT COMES TO A STOP IN
FRONT OF HER, PULLING A
WHEELBARROW. HE IS STONY-FACED
AND STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HIM)

PEASANT: (DOLEFULLY)

Ding! Ding!

(ROBIN NOTICES A SIGN THAT SAYS 'SKEGNESS' ON THE BACK OF THE BARROW)

ROBIN:

Hey! Wow! It'll take us all the way.

MERRY MEN:

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Brilliant!

Let's get on board!

(THEY START TO CLIMB IN THE PAINFULLY SMALL BARROW)

LITTLE RON:

(STILL UP TO HIS NECK)

Oi! What about me!

(HE JERK UP AND DOWN)

(ROBIN, BARRINGTON AND RABIES RUSH OVER TO HIM)

RABIES:

Blimey, you are stuck. Can't you get the rabbit to give you a shove?

LITTLE RON:

(WITH OCCASIONAL JERKING)

He's doing his best. He's got half a dozen of his mates helping him. Not to mention a badger with extremely sharp claws (BIG JERK) Oi! Put some gloves on.

ROBIN: (TURNING ROUND)

Hey, where's the bus gone?

(THE MEN SPRINT BACK TO THE BUS STOP AND LOOK ROUND. THE PEASANT HAS DISAPPEARED)

MARIAN:

Drove off.

ROBIN:

Bus drivers, eh! They're power mad.

BARRINGTON:

We'll just have to wait for the next one.

(BARRINGTON AND ROBIN PERUSE THE TIMETABLE ON THE SIDE OF THE BUS STOP)

BARRINGTON:

When's it due, man?

ROBIN: (READING)

April 3rd, 1342 – that's a hundred and fifty years' time!

MARIAN:

Right lads – shall we wait, or shall we walk?

(WE SEE THE MEN'S GLUM FACES)

TO:304, 304A, 304B
WORKSOP/TORTURE CHAMBER/MOOR
Peasants are still ill. Sheriff
sings Vacation song to
cheer them up

FROM:303 EXT MOOR D3
Marian & Men are walking
to Skegness. They miss

the buss

304: WORKSOP EXT DAY 3

(THE VILLAGERS ARE LYING
OUTSIDE THEIR GLOOMY
DISEASED-WRACKED HUTS,
MOANING AND GROANING,
MUSIC, DRIVING PETER
GABRIEL-STYLE)

GLADYS:

What are we going to do?
What are we going to do?

(FROM BEHIND A PILE OF BARRELS
THE SHERIFF AND GUARDS OBSERVE
THEM IN A TIGHT 3-SHOT. THEY
TALK IN WHISPERS)

GARY:

I don't understand, sire.
We'll end up with even more
people to take on holiday.

SHERIFF:

(PRODUCING A LARGE CARRIER BAG)

Shut up and put these on.

(THE PEASANTS ARE STILL
GROANING AS THE SHERIFF
LEAPS OUT DRESSED IN A
HAWAIIAN SHIRT AND
ADDRESSES THEM)

SHERIFF:

Never fear, good people!
Doctor Nottingham's gonna put you
back on your feet again.
(SINGS) I know your heads are aching

(HE PULLS OPEN THE FRONT OF
SNOOKER'S TROUSERS AND PULLS

OUT A DEAD MOUSE)

And your pants are full of ants
and infestation!

SNOOKER:

(TAKES THE MOUSE AND SAYS)

Ooh! Thank you!

(SNOOKER POPS IT IN HIS MOUTH!)

SHERIFF: (SINGS)

But shake away your pains
and take a listen to this royal
proclamation.

(THE GUARDS, WHO WE NOW REVEAL
ARE DRESSED IN HAWAIIAN SHIRTS
AND MEDIEVAL RAYBANS, TOOT ON
TRUMPETS WITH LITTLE FLAGS
HANGING FROM THEM. THEY PLAY TWO
FUNKY MEMPHIS HORNS-TYPE CHORDS)

SHERIFF: (CONTINUED)

You can drop your grumpy faces

(THE SHERIFF IS NOW SURROUNDED
BY MISERABLE LOOKING PEASANTS)

Dust off your best suitcases
We're going on vacation.

(HAPPILY THE PEASANTS SING)

PEASANTS:

Oooh! Oooh!

GUARDS:

Yes, we're going on vacation.

PEASANTS:

Vacation!

304A TORTURE CHAMBER

(WE CUT TO THE CASTLE WHERE
JOHN IS IN HOLIDAY CLOTHES
IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER)

JOHN:

It's a bore always taxing the poor.
And mistreating the 'nation.

(THE PRISONERS ARE HANGING
FROM THE WALLS DRESSED IN
BRIGHT SHIRTS AND RAYBANS)

PRISONERS:

Oooh! Oooh!

JOHN:

(PACKING HOLIDAY THINGS INTO A
SUITCASE)

Gonna pack a pack of factor four
and hurry down to the station.

PRISONERS:

Whooh! Whooh!

JOHN:

Rub myself with Ambre Solaire
and lie in the sun completely bare

PRISONERS:

Vacation!

JOHN:

I'm going on vacation
leave town – get brown.

304B THE MOOR

(WE CUT TO THE WINDSWEPT
MOORS, CLOSE UP OF ROBIN)

ROBIN:

Some folk hang out by the pool
looking laid-back and cool –
all day!

(WIDEN TO REVEAL THE GANG
MINUS MARIAN WITH THEIR BOOTS
AND SOCKS OFF. THEIR FEET ARE
SWOLLEN AND RED, AND IN THE
FOREGROUND OF THE SHOT)

BARRINGTON:

But we're stuck out here on the moor
our feet are bleeding and sore!

ROBIN/BARRINGTON:

It's a nightmare holiday!

(304) WORKSOP

(CUT BACK TO WORKSOP. THE SAME
GROUPING – THE SHERIFF AND THE
VILLAGERS; ONLY NOW THE PEASANTS
ARE ALL DRESSED IN HOLIDAY GARB)

SHERIFF:

You gotta dress
in your holiday best
you're a summer sensation

FEMALE PEASANT:

We are going far away!

SHERIFF:

(URGING THE PEASANTS OUT OF WORKSOP)

Take my hand
hurry down to the sand
full of joy and elation

ANOTHER FEMALE PEASANT:

Happy! Happy! Happy!

GARY:

(RIPPING OFF SNOOKER'S CLOTHING
TO REVEAL KNEE LENGTH SURFER'S
SHORTS UNDERNEATH)

Your cold will soon be gone!

GRAEME:

(GIVES SNOOKER A SURFBOARD AS
GARY PUTS A SWEATBAND ON HIS HEAD)

You'll surf all summer long

SHERIFF:

You're going on vacation!

(THEY START DANCING OUT OF WORKSOP)

PEASANTS:

Ooh! Ooh!

GARY AND GRAEME:

You're going on vacation!

PEASANTS:

Ooh! Ooh!

We're going on vacation!

SNOOKER:

Yes we really are!

PEASANTS:

Vacation!

SHERIFF:

(SAYS AS HE TAKES HIS MEN
TO ONE SIDE)

You see boys. It's all falling
Into place rather nicely.

PEASANTS:

Vacation! Vacation! Vacation!

(THE PEASANTS DISAPPEAR
INTO THE DISTANCE)

TO:305 EXT BEACH D3

To get money for John's
accommodation, Sheriff
makes peasants build
holiday complex

FROM: 304,304A,304B

WORKSOP/TORTURECHAMBER/MOOR

Peasants are ill. Sheriff
sings Vacation song to
cheer them up

305: THE BEACH EXT DAY 3

(MIX TO LOW ANGLE WS SAND IN
FOREGROUND, AND BEAUTIFUL SEA
BEYOND. THUMP! A NORMAN HELMET
IS PLONKED IN THE SAND. A SMALL
SPADE WHACKS THE TOP OF IT A
COUPLE OF TIMES AND A HAND LIFTS
THE HELMET AWAY REVEALING A
SANDPIE IN THE SHAPE OF A HELMET.
THUMP! THE SAME THING HAPPENS
AGAIN WITH ANOTHER HELMET WHICH
HAS LANDED A FEW INCHES AWAY.
WE REVEAL THE SHERIFF
SNOOZING IN A MEDIEVAL DECKCHAIR)

SHERIFF:

This is the life eh, lads!

(GARY AND GRAEME ARE
PLAYING IN THE SAND)

GRAEME:

Yes, sire.

JOHN: (OOV)

Nottingham! Come here!

SHERIFF: (TO HIMSELF)

The Royal Beachball calls.
Why doesn't someone do us all
a favour and blow him up?

(ON ANOTHER PART OF THE BEACH
JOHN IS ABOUT TO PLAY BEACH
CRICKET WITH THE PEASANTS,
WHO ARE HAVING THE TIME OF
THEIR LIVES)

JOHN:

Right! You're all playing
cricket with me!

PEASANTS:

Hooray!!

JOHN:

Where's the stumps?

(THREE PEASANTS INCLUDING
SNOOKER ARE STANDING IN A
LINE. GUY IS STANDING NEXT TO
THEM WITH A HUGE MALLET)

GUY:

They're over here, uncle.

(HE BASHES SNOOKER ON THE
HEAD WITH THE MALLET)

This is fun, isn't it?

SNOOKER:

It's certainly clearing out
my sinuses, your worship.

GLADYS:

(ENTERING, FULL OF HAPPINESS)

This is a lark! Can I be the
bails?

(JOHN IS SOME WAY OFF OBSERVING
THEM. THE SHERIFF APPROACHES HIM)

SHERIFF:

It's great to see your subjects so
happy, isn't it, my Lord ...

JOHN:

Where am I staying tonight?

SHERIFF:

... Especially when you know
that in thirty seconds they'll
be as miserable as a pencil
sharpener with a stick of
dynamite stuck up its hole.

JOHN:

It had better be somewhere decent.

SHERIFF:

Never fear your Majesty, your
accommodation will be first
class. Allow me to demonstrate!

(HE CALLS TO PEASANTS)

Scum! Scum! Over here please.

(THE PEASANTS RUSH HAPPILY
TOWARDS HIM)

Are you having a good time?

PEASANTS:

Yes!

SHERIFF:

Colds cleared up?

PEASANTS:

Yes!

SHERIFF:

Well hand over your money then!

GLADYS:

What?

SHERIFF:

Well, you don't think a holiday
like this comes cheap, do you?
There's the fresh air tax, the
rock pool tax, the sand-flea,
sand-dune and sand-in-your-sandwich
tax

SNOOKER:

But we haven't got any money.

SHERIFF:

(SYMPATHETICALLY) Oh dear,
what a pity. Then I'll have
to kill you, won't I?

SNOOKER:

I suppose that's only fair.

SHERIFF:

Wait a minute! Wait a
life-restoring minute.

Suppose you take a little
holiday job – make
yourselves a few bob?

SNOOKER:

But where would we find one,
sir? There's only been one
job advertised in the whole
of England in the last five
years and that was to be the
man in charge of closing
down the job centres.

SHERIFF:

(MOVING TO SIDE OF FRAME AND
REVEALING A SIGN IN THE SAND)

Well, blow me down! Look at this!

(READS THE WORDS) "Jobs available
building the brand new Skegness
holiday resort and leisure complex.
Apply the Sheriff of Nottingham".
Corr! What a coincidence!

TO:306 FARTHER DOWN BEACH EXT
Barrington points out holiday
camp. The cold Men make for it

FROM:305 EXT BEACH D3

To get money for John's
accommodation, Sheriff
makes peasants build
holiday complex

306: FARTHER DOWN THE BEACH
EXT DAY 3

(MARIAN IS IN RAPTURES AT THE
MILES OF UNPOPULATED SAND)

MARIAN:

Wonderful, eh? Every summer
we used to come here – me and
the rest of the fourteenth
Scarborough South Brownie Pack.

It was fantastic – dropping jelly fish down each others knickers, burying Brown Owl in the sand - she must still be under here somewhere. It's always been a very special place for me. The emptiness, the beauty...

BARRINGTON:

The holiday camp!

MARIAN:

The what?

BARRINGTON:

Look, they're putting one up over there. (POINTS INLAND)

(WE SEE A FAIRLY LONG SHOT OF PEASANTS BEAVERING AWAY BUILDING A STOCKADE. THE SHERIFF IS FOREMAN. A HUGE BANNER IS BEING PUT UP SAYING "OPENING TODAY! BIG JOHN'S HOLIDAY COMPLEX")

MARIAN:

How pathetic! I can just imagine it- all thick shakes and tacky candy floss. Come on, race you to the sea! Last one in's as weedy as Bill and Ben's girlfriend! Careful of the tar!

(MARIAN EXITS HAPPILY. THE MEN STAND ABOUT LOOKING COLD)

ROBIN:

Anyone fancy a thick shake?

RABIES:

Me, please. I hate those really

intelligent shakes. I don't
know what to say to them.

(THEY EXIT HURRIEDLY TOWARDS
THE HOLIDAY CAMP)

TO:307 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP GATE
Sheriff drives peasants into
Camp. Men go in too

FROM:306 EXT FARTHER DOWN BEACH
Barrington points out holiday
camp. The cold Men make for it

307: OUTSIDE GATES OF THE CAMP
EXT DAY 3

(THE SHERIFF DRIVES THE
PEASANTS INSIDE. THEY ARE
CARRYING THEIR TOOLS ETC)

SHERIFF:

Right, that's finished! Hurry up!
Get inside! You two, on guard!

(AS HE DRIVES THEM INSIDE AND
SHUTS THE GATE, WE REVEAL GARY
AND GRAEME IN BUTLINS' JACKETS)

GRAEME:

Hi-de-hi, Gary!

GARY:

Hi-de-ho, Graeme!

SHERIFF:

At least his Majesty's happy now
his got his own chalet, twenty-four
hour bingo and tonight's big
event. Anyway I'm off to get some
more wood for the bonfire. This is
going to be great! I'll make a
fortune. (EXITS)

(CUT TO THE MERRY MEN
APPROACHING. BARRINGTON
IS CHECKING THE PURSE)

LITTLE RON:

I'd like a candy floss.

BARRINGTON:

I wouldn't man. It'd be like
eating your face on a stick!

GARY:

Wait! If you want to go in
you'll have to cough up first.

LITTLE RON:

Right! I'll stick me fingers
down my throat.

GARY:

One silver piece each, please!

BARRINGTON:

We can't afford that!

(SHOWING HIS MONEY) This is
all we've got for the whole
week!

GRAEME:

You get a free Big Mac!

(ROBIN SNATCHES THE MONEY
FROM BARRINGTON AND HANDS
IT TO THE GUARDS)

ROBIN:

Wow! What are we waiting for!
Come on!

TO:308,A,B,C,D,E,F D/N
CAMP/CASTLE/VILLAGE/FIRE
High Forks Night Song.
Little Ron blows up the
Castle. Forks go flying

FROM:307 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP GATES
Sheriff drives peasants into
Camp. Men go in too

308: INSIDE THE CAMP EXT DAY 3

(THREE PEASANTS REST THEIR
CHINS IN THE CUPS OF A COCONUT
SHY WHILE JOHN THROWS WOODEN
BALLS AT THEM)

JOHN:

Missed! ... Missed! I've got
him! I've won a peasant.

(WE CUT TO THE MERRY MEN
ENTERING THE CAMP. THEY ARE
ALL WEARING LARGE MACKINTOSHES.
LITTLE RON'S IS VAST)

LITTLE RON:

I think this mac's a bit too
big.

(ROBIN IS ATTRACTED TO A
CIRCULAR STALL LIKE A WIN-A-
GOLDFISH STALL AT THE FAIR)

ROBIN:

Oh, look over here. You throw
a goldfish and if you get one
in a jar, you win a ping pong ball.

(BARRINGTON HAS CROSSED
TO A BIG BONFIRE. HE PICKS
UP A PIECE OF WOOD)

BARRINGTON:

Hey, look! A bonfire!

GUY:

(OOV FROM INSIDE THE WOODPILE)

Go away!

ROBIN: (SPRINGING AWAY)

Ah! Ah! Ah! It spoke!

It's alive!

GUY: (OOV)

Push off!

RABIES:

Blimey! A bush with a squeaky
voice. Your name's not Kate,
is it?

(GUY'S HEAD POPS OUT FROM
THE TOP OF THE PILE)

GUY:

I'm not a bush. I'm me and
you're not having my bonfire,
so there!

ROBIN:

Oh, a bonfire, of course!

RABIES:

What's he want a bonfire for?

BARRINGTON:

For tonight of course!

(MUSIC BEGINS. UP TEMPO
ROLLING STONES)

RABIES:

Eh?

BARRINGTON:

Oh come on? You know what's
happening tonight, don't you?

RABIES:

Do I?

BARRINGTON:

Yeah! You must, man!

(SINGS)

A hundred years ago today on
the royal castle

ROBIN: (SINGS)

There was an angry man crept
through the silent night

308A: INT CASTLE CORRIDOR NIGHT

BARRINGTON/ROBIN:

And in his hand was a big brown
paper parcel.

(WE SEE LITTLE RON DRESSED
LIKE AN EARLY MIDDLE AGES GUY
FAWKES SNEAKING THROUGH THE
CASTLE CORRIDORS. HE RIPS THE
PAPER OFF THE PARCEL TO REVEAL
HALF A DOZEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE)

BARRINGTON/ROBIN: (V/O)

And in the parcel were some
sticks of dynamite!

308B: INT CASTLE DINING ROOM NIGHT

BARRINGTON/ROBIN: (V/O)

The royal family were wolfing
down their dinner
They were stuffing themselves
with venison and booze.

(WE SEE FORBES DRESSED AS AN EARLY
KING AND GUY AS AN EARLY QUEEN
STUFFING THEMSELVES WITH GRUB IN
THE DINING ROOM. THE SHERIFF,
DRESSED AS A MINION, IS WAITING
ON THEM. PILES OF DIRTY PLATES
AND CUTLERY SURROUND THEM)

(308)

GUY:

(SINGS FROM THE BONFIRE)

They didn't know that underneath
them was a tunnel
And a little man about to light
a fuse

308A: INT CASTLE CORRIDOR NIGHT

(QUICK SHOT OF LITTLE RON
IN THE DARKNESS LIGHTING
A FUSE AND LAUGHING)

308C: INT CASTLE KITCHEN NIGHT

ROBIN: (VO)

In the room next to the King
The royal servants
were washing up the knives and
forks and plates

(THE SHERIFF, DRESSED AS A
MINION, WALKS OUT OF THE
DINING ROOM INTO THE ROOM
NEXT DOOR CARRYING A HUGE
PILE OF DIRTY FORKS. HE TIPS
THEM INTO THE SINK WHERE THE
GUARDS, ALSO MINIONS, ARE AT WORK)

308A: INT CASTLE CORRIDOR NIGHT

BARRINGTON:

When the dynamite exploded
underneath them

(CU FUSE BURNS DOWN TO
DYNAMITE AND EXPLODES)

308C: INT CASTLE KITCHEN NIGHT

BARRINGTON:

And blew them all to heaven's
pearly gates!

(CU KITCHEN SINK WITH WATER
AND FORKS EXPLODES. WE SEE THE
BLACKENED FACES OF THE MINIONS)

(308)

ROBIN/BARRINGTON/GUY:

They call it High Forks Night.

GUY:

'Cos the forks went flying

ROBIN:

In the sky they're flying

ALL: (VO)

Call it High Forks Night hey!
Hey!

308D: PAINTBOX SHOT: CASTLE NIGHT

(SHOT OF CASTLE WITH HUNDREDS
OF FORKS FLYING OUT OF IT)

308E: EXT OUTSIDE CASTLE WALL NIGHT

ALL: (VO)

They call it High Forks Night

GUY: (VO)

See the people diving.

BARRINGTON: (VO)

See the forks arriving.

(OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALL PEASANTS
DIVE FOR COVER AS IT RAINS FORKS)

(308)

ALL:

And we celebrate, celebrate,
celebrate, High Forks Night
– To this very day!
We call it High Forks Night!

GUY: (VO)

See the bonfires blazing

BARRINGTON: (VO)

'Cos it's so amazing

308F: EXT BONFIRE NIGHT

(SHOT OF BLAZING BONFIRE
WITH HUNDREDS OF FORKS
RAINING DOWN ON IT.
NB: S/I ANIMATED FORKS LIKE
A RAIN LOOP?)

(308)

ALL:

High Forks Night! Hey! Hey!
We call it High Forks Night!

ROBIN:

And we throw out forks
like a bunch of dorks

ALL:

To celebrate, celebrate,
celebrate, celebrate High
Forks Night!
– To this very day!!!!

(SONG ENDS)

BARRINGTON:

Come on, man! It's every
27th of April.

ROBIN:

You know the poem, Rabies.
'Remember ! Remember! The
27th of April'.

GUY:

Yes, we light bonfires and throw
out forks in the air, and we all
have these tiny little sticks of
dynamite and our mummies and
daddys tell us not to hold them
and we do anyway and we all end
up in the Casualty Department
with third degree burns, it's ever
such fun! Are you going to come?

TO:309 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP D3
Gladys can't escape. To
get into the camp and
rescue the peasants Marian
ambushes a weedy
bureaucrat

FROM:308,A,B,C,D,E,F F/N
CAMP/CASTLE/VILLAGE/FIRE
High Forks Night Song.
Little Ron blows up the
castle, forks go flying

309: OUTSIDE THE HOLIDAY CAMP
EXT DAY 3

(MARIAN IS WALKING ALONG THE
WALL OF THE CAMP. GAUDY POSTERS
ARE PLASTERED ON IT ADVERTISING
WHAT A FUN PLACE IT IS. WE CAN
FAINTLY HEAR THE SOUND OF
REVELLING AND TINNY POP MUSIC
(THE INSTRUMENTAL OF "HIGH
FORKS NIGHT"?) FROM INSIDE)

MARIAN: (READING A POSTER)

'Holiday of a lifetime' –
I don't think. Anyone with any
sense would rather have a
fortnights camping holiday
on the slopes of Mount Etna.

(THE MERRY MEN ENTER FROM
THE DIRECTION OF THE CAMP,

BEARING PRIZES)

ROBIN:

Hey Marian! Can we stay here?
It's brilliant!

MERRY MEN:

Oh, please! It's great etc.

BARRINGTON:

(OFFERING HIS BAG OF CHIPS)

Have a chip!

ROBIN:

Look! We've won some fabulous
prizes.

RABIES:

Yeah, Little Ron's got a gonk.

LITTLE RON:

It's not a gonk. It's a life-
sized model of my Uncle Jack!

BARRINGTON:

And I've got this brand new
pack of fifty-one playing cards!

MARIAN:

Yeah, great prizes! How
Many goes did it take you
to win that?

LITTLE RON:

There's someone coming!

(THEY DIVE BEHIND AN ADJACENT
DUNE. WE SEE THE GUARDS
RACING OUT THE CAMP WITH
SWORDS DRAWN)

GARY:

Oi, stop you!

GRAEME:

Come back here!

(WE SEE GLADYS A LITTLE WAY
AHEAD, SHE STAGGERS
BREATHLESSY ONWARDS)

GLADYS:

I've got to get away! Got
to get away! Aaagh!

SHERIFF:

(APPEARING FROM NOWHERE
WITH A BUNDLE OF FIREWOOD.
HE GRABS GLADYS)

Gotcha, you revolting old bag
of stoat droppings. Now get
back inside!

GLADYS:

I can't! I've got to get to
the chiropodist by half past four.
I've got a wart on my instep as
big and furry as a three month
old kitten.

SHERIFF:

Don't pussy-foot with me, you
old hag. Get back inside before
I remove your wart from the
knee downwards. You work for
me now, and you stay working for
me 'till you're old and grey.

GLADYS:

But I'm old and grey already.

SHERIFF:

In that case, 'till you're old
and dead – come on!

(THE GUARDS AND SHERIFF DRAG
GLADYS BACK TOWARDS THE CAMP.
MARIAN AND THE MEN REAPPEAR)

MARIAN:

Did you hear that – how
absolutely unspeakably foul.

ROBIN:

I know – those warts can be
contagious.

MARIAN:

I'm going after her, boys.
Barrington, how much is the
entrance fee?

BARRINGTON:

Er....

MARIAN:

Come on, cough up!

BARRINGTON:

We've spent it all.

MARIAN:

Oh great! So how on earth
am I supposed to get in?

(OUT OF NOWHERE APPEARS AN
OFFICIOUS WEEDY, LOCAL
BUREAUCRAT WITH A DROPPY
MOUSTACHE. HE TAKES A CHIP
FROM BARRINGTON'S BAG)

WEEDY BUREAUCRAT:

Excuse me, young man. Can
I measure that chip, please?

(PRODUCES A MEASURE AND
MEASURES IT)

Just as I thought! Three
millimetres too long. They'll
have to go, I'm afraid.

(SNATCHES THE BAG OF CHIPS AND
FLINGS THEM OVER HIS SHOULDER)

MARIAN:

Who are you?

WEEDY BUREAUCRAT:

(PRODUCING A SCROLL)

Here's my identification.

MARIAN: (READING)

"The Chief Inspector for the
Ministry of Food, Skegness
Branch." Well, you've turned
up at just the right moment, hasn't
he, boys!

(BEHIND WEEDYS BACK LITTLE
RON RAISES HIS CUDGEL AND
LAUGHES HORRIBLY)

TO:310 EXT INSIDE CAMP D3

Sheriff makes peasants
build a bonfire. Marian
is a food inspector. She
tells Snooker her plan
for their escape

FROM:309 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP D3

Gladys can't escape. To get
into the camp and rescue

the peasants Marian ambushes
a weedy bureaucrat

310: INSIDE THE HOLIDAY CAMP
EXT DAY 3

(PEASANTS ARE SLOWLY PILING
MORE WOOD ON THE BONFIRE.
THE SHERIFF MARCHES THROUGH
HIS WORKERS OFFICIOUSLY)

SHERIFF:

Oi! Old bag! Do hurry up!
Watching you work's about as
exciting as being stuck in a
lift with a model railway
enthusiast.

SNOOKER:

Please sire, can we have a
bonfire, too?

(SNOOKER HAS A LARGE BUNDLE OF
BRANCHES STRAPPED TO HIS BACK)

SHERIFF: (MAGNANIMOUSLY)

Certainly you can, Snooker.

(HE BREAKS A TINY TWIG OFF
ONE OF SNOOKER'S FAGGOTS
AND PRESENTS IT TO HIM)

Here, take this twig and,
when the forks start flying,
set fire to it and warm
yourselves by its friendly glow.

(HE SNATCHES A HOT DOG FROM
THE ADJACENT HOT DOG STALL)

Thank you!

SNOOKER:

No, thank you, sire. Thank
you from the bottom of my
beard. Some people say you're

a selfish swine...

SHERIFF:

Yes?

SNOOKER:

Nothing, I was just telling you.

MARIAN:

(MARIAN POPS INTO SHOT WEARING THE WEEDY BUREAUCRAT'S CLOTHES AND A DROOPY MOUSTACHE AND SPEAKS IN A PASSABLE IMITATION OF THE WEEDY BUREAUCRAT)

Excuse me, young man. Can I measure your sausage, please?

(SHE PRODUCES THE MEASURE AND MEASURES IT)

Just as I thought. Seven centimetres too short. It'll have to go, I'm afraid.

(SHE FLINGS THE SAUSAGE OVER HER SHOULDER)

SHERIFF:

Who are you?

MARIAN:

(PRODUCING THE SCROLL)

Here's my identification.

SHERIFF: (READING)

"The Chief Inspector of the Ministry of Food, Skegness Branch." Go away!

MARIAN:

Is this your holiday camp?

SHERIFF:

Yes.

MARIAN:

Then you'll be needing a licence.

SHERIFF:

A licence? I'm not some
stupid dog.

SNOOKER:

Some people say you are, sire.

SHERIFF:

Shut up!

MARIAN:

I'll have to be checking your
food preparation, your
toiletries, make sure all your
comestibles are being stored
in a totally disease-free
environment.....

SHERIFF:

Yes! Yes! All right!
Bureaucrats, eh! There's
more red tape in this place
than in a Chinese video shop.

MARIAN: (TO SNOOKER)

You, come with me. I'll be
needing a look at your U-bends.

(THEY BEGIN TO EXIT)

SNOOKER:

They're not very good, sir.
I slipped a disc playing

football for the over
seventy-fives.

(BY NOW THEY ARE ROUND
THE SIDE OF A HUT)

MARIAN: (QUIETLY)

Now Snooker, don't be alarmed,
but I've got something to
show you which I think you'll
find rather interesting. Look!

(MARIAN WHIPS OFF HER MOUSTACHE)

SNOOKER:

That is interesting, sir. It
must make things like snogging
and drinking minestrone soup
so much easier.

MARIAN:

No. It's me – Marian!

SNOOKER:

My name's not Marian!

MARIAN:

Listen and listen carefully.
In a few hours it'll be time
for High Forks Night and if
you want to escape, this is
what you'll have to do....

TO:311 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP N3
Night. Camp is quite.
Torches flicker

FROM:310 EXT INSIDE CAMP D3

Sheriff makes peasants
build a bonfire. Marian
is a food inspector. She
tells Snooker her plan
for their escape

311:EXTERIOR OF CAMP EXT NIGHT 3

(THE SUN HAS SET. THE
CAMP IS STILL AND QUITE.
FLICKERING OF TORCHES)

TO:312 EXT INSIDE CAMP N3

John is about to open
camp. Peasants are covered
in spots. Marian closes
camp. Spots are fake.
Sheriff sets camp alight

FROM:311 EXT OUTSIDE CAMP N3

Night. Camp is quite.
Torches flicker

312:INSIDE THE CAMP EXT NIGHT 3

(START ON TORCHES AND DEVELOP
TO SEE HALF A HUNDREDWEIGHT OF
FORKS TIPPED OUT OF A BIG SACK
ONTO A TABLE. WE REVEAL IT IS
THE SHERIFF WHO HAS TIPPED THEM)

SHERIFF:

I hate these stupid rituals.
Look at all these forks going
to waste. I could have tortured
six dungeons full of prisoners
with that little lot.

(GARY AND THE SHERIFF START
TO SET UP SOME LARGE DYNAMITE
STICKS WHICH THEY TAKE FROM
A BIG CRATE BY THE TABLE)

GARY:

Didn't you think that food
inspector was a bit fishy, sire?

SHERIFF:

Not particularly – probably
been up to his armpits in
halibut all day.

GARY:

No, it was his moustache.

SHERIFF:

What, droopy, you mean?

GARY:

Sleepy, more like.

SHERIFF:

What?

GARY:

Well, when he got out the front
gate, he took it off and tucked
it up for the night in a
matchbox, bless its little heart!

SHERIFF:

Did he? Did he indeed?

GRAEME:

(ENTERING WITH A HUGE BOX OF
TINY STICKS OF DYNAMITE
LOOKING LIKE MEDIEVAL FIREWORKS
WITH BLUE FUSES ETC)

Here's the little dynamite
sticks, sire. Aren't they tidgy
and sweet?

SHERIFF:

For goodness' sake, keep them
away from these torches. One
spark in the wrong place and
you'll be blasted so high
they'll be picking up your
bits and pieces in Rio de

Janeiro... a false moustache, eh?

GARY:

Here's the Royal party, sire –
all ready for the fork tossing.

(JOHN AND GUY ENTER IN
FULL HIGHLAND REGALIA,
COMPLETE WITH SPORRAN)

JOHN:

Yes, come on, Nottingham. I
haven't had a good toss since
we chucked the Duchess of
Norfolk's garden furniture
in her ornamental lake.

SHERIFF:

Certainly, my Lord. All
ready, my Lord.

(THE CAMP IS NOW COMPLETELY
ILLUMINATED. IT LOOKS AS
THOUGH AN ARCANE ROYAL
CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE)

Your Royal Highness, gentlemen.....
His Majesty King John the
First will now open the
proceedings with the
traditional tossing of the
garden fork.

(THE SHERIFF PRESENTS JOHN
WITH A BIG GARDEN FORK
SUITABLY BERIBBONED)

GRAEME:

I like this but. Last year
it went through the greenhouse,
didn't it?

GARY:

Yeah. Pity about the gardener.

(THE SHERIFF COUNTS AS JOHN
SPINS ROUND LIKE A HAMMER THROWER)

SHERIFF:

One – two – three – and....

SNOOKER: (OOV)

Aaaaaagghh!

JOHN:

(STOPPING IN MID TOSS)

What was that?

(THE PEASANTS ARE IN A TIGHT
CLUSTER. THEIR FACES ARE DOTTED
IN BRIGHTLY COLOURED BOILS)

SNOOKER:

Aaagh! The plague! The plague!
Look! Great red pustules with
swollen yellow bits in the middle.

GLADYS:

And look at me! Great green
pustules with swollen mauve
bits in the middle.

JOHN:

Yuk, it's disgusting. Let's
get out of here quick.

SHERIFF:

No – please wait, my Lord.
It's probably just a little
allergy. Just something
they ate!

(MARIAN STILL DRESSED AS THE
WEEDY BUREACRAT IS STANDING
SOME WAY OFF LOOKING
THREATENING AND TRIUMPHANT)

MARIAN:

Something they ate?

(TO SNOOKER)

Excuse me, young man. Can I measure you pimples, please?

(MARIAN MEASURES ONE)

Just as I thought. Exactly the right size. This holiday camp is infected with multi-coloured pimple plague. My assistants will have to close it down!

(FOR THE FIRST TIME WE REVEAL ROBIN AND THE MERRY MEN IN A GROUP WEARING WHITE COATS. THEY GIVE A CLENCHED FIST SALUTE)

MERRY MEN:

Yo!

MARIAN:

You're all free to go home!

PEASANTS:

Hooray!

SHERIFF:

Wait a minute! Wait a highly
suspicious minute! Let me
have a look at one of those
pimples

SNOOKER:

Certainly, sir.

(SNOOKER PULLS A PIMPLE OFF HIS
FACE AND GIVES IT TO THE SHERIFF)

SHERIFF:

Just as I thought! Fake spots!
Playdough if I'm not mistaken,
with a soft centre manufactured
from... (LICKS HIS FINGER)
Birds Custard! (TURNING TO
MARIAN) So who exactly are you?

(THE GUARDS DRAW THEIR SWORDS)

MARIAN:

(NERVOUSLY PASSING OVER THE
PARCHMENT)

Here's my identification!

SHERIFF:

Identification! Do you think
I'm a complete thicky?

GLADYS:

Some folk do, sire.

SHERIFF:

This identification isn't
worth the parchment it's
illuminated on! This is
what I think of your
identification!

(THE SHERIFF GRABS A TORCH AND

SETS FIRE TO THE PARCHMENT)

Now let's see who you really are!

(THE SHERIFF DROPS THE FLAMING PARCHMENT INTO THE DYNAMITE BOX AND RIPS OFF MARIAN'S MOUSTACHE)

Marian! Guards!

GRAEME:

Sire, I don't think that was a very good idea, I think...

(BOOM! THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES AS THE SHERIFF, GUY AND JOHN GO FLYING)

... you set off the dynamite.

(LITTLE JUMPING JACKS OF DYNAMITE HOP ALL OVER THE PLACE. A TRAIL OF FIRE LEADS TO THE BONFIRE – SUDDENLY IT IS ABLAZE)

GARY:

Lummy! That fire works!

GRAEME:

What a brilliant name.

(GRAEME HOLDS UP TWO LITTLE DYNAMITE STICKS)

From now on we'll call these lummies!

(CUT TO BONFIRE. SPARKS ARE FLYING INTO THE AIR. CUT TO OPEN CRATE OF LARGE DYNAMITE STICKS. SPARKS ARE DROPPING INTO IT)

MARIAN:

Look out boys! The forks are
going to go up any minute!
Dive for cover!

(THE MERRY MEN HURL THEMSELVES
OUT OF THE WAY. SO DO THE
PEASANTS AND THE GUARDS. BOOM!
THE FORKS EXPLODE. THE SKY IS
RAINING METAL. WE CUT TO JOHN
AND THE SHERIFF. THEY ARE
COVERED IN LITTLE FORKS,
THEIR PRONGS STICKING IN ALL
OVER THEM. MORE FORKS
CONTINUE TO RAIN DOWN)

JOHN:

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Nottingham! Do you call this
a holiday? It's raining forks!

SHERIFF:

It's only a little shower, your
Majesty. It'll ease off soon.

(BY NOW THE WHOLE CAMP IS ABLAZE)

JOHN:

Oh good! Because I want to toss
my fork. (GRABS THE GARDEN FORK)
Can you guess where I want to
toss it?

SHERIFF:

I think so, your Majesty.

(THE SHERIFF BREAKS INTO RUN,
FOLLOWED BY A FURIOUS JOHN)

JOHN:

Come back here! You come back here!

(CUTS TO GUY AND ROBIN UNDER
AN UMBRELLA. THE FORKS RAIN
DOWN ON THEM)

GUY:

This is the best High Forks
Night I've ever had.

ROBIN:

Me too.

TO:313 EXT BEACH DAWN 4

Sun is rising. Marian &
Men don't feel well.
Robin is covered in spots

FROM: 312 EXT INSIDE CAMP N3

John is about to open camp.
Peasants are covered in
spots. Marian closes camp.
Spots are fake. Sheriff
sets camp alight

313: THE BEACH EXT DAWN DAY 4

(MARIAN, LITTLE RON, RABIES
AND BARRINGTON SIT
WATCHING THE SUN RISE)

MARIAN:

Beautiful, isn't it? Skegness
at dawn. Peasants scouring the
beach for flotsam and jetsam...

(CUT TO A FEW PEASANTS IN ONES
AND TWOS ON THE SHORE LINE,
LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A
ROMANTIC PAINTING. SNOOKER HAS
A HUGE NET OVER HIS SHOULDER
CONTAINING ABOUT A THOUSAND
FORKS. HIS CHUM HAS THE GARDEN
FORK – NOW BENT AND TWISTED AS
THOUGH IT HAS BEEN PUT TO GOOD USE)

SNOOKER:

These'll do ever so nice for
my dinner parties.

MARIAN:

An old woman fishing in a
rockpool....

(CUT TO GLADYS PRODUCING
PRODUCING A SOGGY, BURNT
SPORRAN FROM A POOL)

GLADYS:

Look! A sporrán. That'll cook
up lovely with some chips!

MARIAN:

The fading embers of King
John's holiday camp.

(WE REVEAL THAT BEHIND THEM ARE
THE REMNANTS OF THE CAMP LOOKING
LIKE COVENTRY IN THE BLITZ)

LITTLE RON:

Yeah! Great, innit!
Let's have a party!

MARIAN:

Well I would, but quite honestly,
I'm not feeling all that great.

BARRINGTON:

Neither am I. I'm sweating
buckets – look.

(BARRINGTON HOLDS UP A LARGE
PAIL FULL OF LIQUID)

RABIES:

And I'm sweating washing-up
bowls and this rather nice
warming pan.

(RABIES IS SURROUNDED BY UTENSILS)

LITTLE RON:

(SCRATCHING HIMSELF)

'Ere, you don't think there
really is such a thing as
multi-coloured pimple plague,
do you?

ALL:

Naahh!

ROBIN:

(ENTERING TOTALL COVERED IN
DIFFERENT COLOURED SPOTS)

Hi! Did I hear the word
'party'?

ALL:

Aaaaggghh!

End

