

## CAMPSITE CHAOS

(**ZOE** waves to her boyfriend **PERRY** as if he is exiting downstage. **ROBIN HOOD** enters, stops next to **ZOE**, and watches **PERRY** move off in the distance.)

**ZOE.** (Calling off to **PERRY**.) Careful dear.

**ROBIN.** Careful Deer? He moves more like a “wounded moose.”

(**ZOE** glances at **ROBIN**, gives a “maybe you’re right” shrug, then looks back at **PERRY**. After a beat, she does a double take, screams, and jumps away.)

**ZOE.** Stay away from me! Perry will be right back. He’s just picking berries.

**ROBIN.** Picking berries? He’s not really a tough guy is he?

**ZOE.** He’s tough enough.

**ROBIN.** Him? Really? Look at the way he’s trotting now. He looks like a duck with thorns in his feet and a rash under both wings. (Mimics **PERRY’S** movements, hobbling delicately on his tiptoes, sticking his elbows out and bouncing them up and down like wings.)

**ZOE.** (Looks back at **PERRY**. Shrugs in part agreement. Refocuses on her visitor.) Who are you?

**ROBIN.** Forgive me? How rude. (Bows with a flourish.) I am Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves.

**ZOE.** Why are you here?

**ROBIN.** (Heroically.) I heard you screaming.

**ZOE.** I screamed *after* you got here.

**ROBIN.** I was early. A gentleman will do that sort of thing when he rescues a lady.

**ZOE.** You’re rescuing me?

**ROBIN.** Are you not a maiden in distress?

**ZOE.** Well, I’m stressed, but I wouldn’t say I’m *distressed*. In any case, I don’t need to be rescued. My boyfriend...

**ROBIN.** Aha! There lies the problem. You deserve more than a *boy*. What you need, m'lady, is a *man*! (*He pulls out a long stem daisy from his quiver, bends to a knee, and presents it to ZOE.*)

**ZOE.** What are you doing?

**ROBIN.** I'm wooing you. (*Stands, places an arm around ZOE.*) Let me give you a life of adventure! You need not settle for "Berry Boy."

**ZOE.** But I love Berry. Perry!

**ROBIN.** We shall see. (*Points to the flower.*) May I? (*He grabs the flower back without waiting for her reply. He begins plucking the petals one by one.*) You love *him*. You love *me*. You love *him*. You love *me*.

**ZOE.** (*Takes it from him.*) I love *him*!

**ROBIN.** (*Snatches it away.*) I haven't even finished yet! (*Turns his back to her and proceeds at triple-speed.*) Him. Me. Him. Me. Him. Drat! (*Turns and tosses the flower to the ground. Grabs another from his quiver.*) Best two out of three?

**ZOE.** No.

**ROBIN.** You're right. One cannot decide love with a game of chance. We shall decide it the old fashion way. In a duel! (**ROBIN** returns the flower to his quiver, grabs an arrow, places it in his bow, and aims toward **PERRY**.)

**ZOE.** (*Greatly alarmed.*) What are you doing?

**ROBIN.** Issuing a proper challenge.

**ZOE.** You're going to shoot him?

**ROBIN.** Don't be ridiculous. (*Sets bow to the side and points downstage.*) I am going to ricochet an arrow off of *that* rock at an angle so perfect that it pilfers the berries from his hand and pins them to the side of that majestic oak.

**ZOE.** And that will let him know he's been challenged?

**ROBIN.** No, but it will get him to look this way, so I can do this. (*Places his thumbs in his ears, wiggles his fingers, and makes a childish taunt.*) Neener-neener-neener. (*Reaches for his bow again.*)

**ZOE.** Stop it! This is ridiculous. I'm not looking for adventure.

**ROBIN.** Then let adventure find you! It's what makes life worth living. Duels! Disguises! Dastardly foes! (*Dramatically.*) Why there could be an unwanted intruder lurking about this campsite as we speak.

**ZOE.** (*Deadpan.*) You think? (*Looks downstage*) Will you please go? Perry's on his way back.

**ROBIN.** (*Looks.*) Ah, yes. The injured duck returns.

**ZOE.** He may not be adventurous, but I'm happy with him. I really am.

**ROBIN.** Very well, then. It seems you have made your choice. As a gentleman, I will stay until he arrives just to ensure he's not mangled by a bear on his way back. (**ROBIN** *stares off at PERRY almost willing it to happen. Quickly snaps out of it.*)

**ZOE.** (*Trying desperately to get rid of him.*) You know, if you want to capture a thief *and* get a girl, you can always go that way. (*Points up right.*) There's a little shrew in a red cape...

**ROBIN.** (*Greatly offended.*) How dare you!

**ZOE.** What's wrong?

**ROBIN.** That "shrew" is my sister!

**ZOE.** Red Riding Hood's your sister?

**ROBIN.** (*Quickly.*) Same forest. Same last name. Same fondness for garish, brightly colored outfits. You don't see the resemblance?

**ZOE.** (*To herself.*) I do now. (*A sudden idea.*) She was being pursued by a wolf!

**ROBIN.** A wolf! At last, a worthy opponent! My *thirst* for adventure will finally be quenched! (*Grabs a flower from his quiver.*) Keep this as a memento of our secret rendezvous, Farewell my "forest flower." (*He takes a step to go, returns quickly, and plucks the petals from her flower.*) Me. Him. Me. Him. Me. Him. Me. Him. Drat!

(*ROBIN exits. ZOE sighs.*)

*The End*

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