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Product Code A0568-F

WOLVES OF SHERWOOD

by
CHELSEA FRANDSEN

Robin Hood's Legacy Lives On

To the memory of

Richard Todd, Brian Bedford and Errol Flynn, the Robin Hoods of my childhood.

And for Grandpa:

LeGrand Baker—who taught me to love stories, films, and the importance of sharing them.
I love you. I miss you.

*“The greatest thing is to have someone who loves you, and to love in return.”
~Winston Graham*

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Wolves of Sherwood

by Chelsea Frandsen

CHARACTERS

5W / 8M

ROBIN OF LOCKSLEY: 35. *Outlaw, and former Earl of Huntingdon. Sports a brand of a wolf's head on his right shoulder. Born leader, confident to the point of cockiness.*

MARION OF LOCKSLEY: 33. *Lady of Sherwood and Locksley's wife. Has a wolf's head branded on her right arm. Fiercely loyal to Locksley and protective of Cassian.*

CASSIAN OF LOCKSLEY: 17. *(Pronounced: KASH-en) Their son. Sports a wolf's head tattoo on his right shoulder identical to Locksley's. Independent and defiant; he's inherited Locksley's cockiness, and tired of living as a "hero's son" and hidden in the shadows.*

GUY OF GISBOURNE: 40. *Current Earl of Huntingdon and sworn enemy of Locksley. Possessed of a cool head and calculating, reptilian nature, he's schemed his way to the top and intends to stay there. Familiar enough with Locksley's methods to bait traps for him if need be, but more of a diplomat than a fighter. He will not do or say anything unless he has the advantage and is able to come out on top.*

TARQUIN DUBOIS/FRIAR TUCK: 25. *(Pronounced TAHR-kwin). Gisbourne's adopted son; and Locksley's ally, recruited by Cassian. He sports a sword and cross tattoo on his right forearm, which he keeps hidden most of the time. Sardonic and able to keep his own counsel, but harbors intense dislike for DeClaire and Malbête, wariness when it comes to Gisbourne, and protective affection for his sister Ravenna. When in the guise of Friar Tuck, he keeps his face hidden and disguises his voice.*

RAVENNA OF GISBOURNE: 16. *(Pronounced: Rah-VEN-ah) Gisbourne's adopted daughter, and DeClaire's fiancé. Fiery, gamine, and independent, able to hold her own in most cases, and she's only afraid of DeClaire. She has a quiet power that is only recognized if you know where to look. Her arm is eventually branded with a wolf's head as well.*

TIRZAH MASSIMO: 20. *(Pronounced: TUR-ZAH) A Romani (vagabond) healer, common law wife of Jean-Luc, and his personal spy in Nottingham. Vivacious and open-minded with a blunt tongue to match, she is the only one who can penetrate Jean-Luc's seemingly semi-emotionless facade.*

JOSSELIN DECLAIRE: 25. *Sheriff of Nottingham; he is affianced to Ravenna and Cassian's nemesis. Arrogant, ambitious, brash, and serpentine, he is incapable of feeling guilt, has a lust for power and disdain for social order. In short, he will stop at nothing to get what he wants and tends to act before thinking on more than one occasion.*

Continued

ETIENNE/SOLENE MALBÊTE: 35. Mercenary, assassin, Elodie's ex-lover and DeClaire's pet thug. Slimy, sadistic little weasel of a human, with matching tattoos on both hands. May also be played by a woman. ("Solene" if female).

WILL SCATHELOCKE: 39. Locksley's older brother, second in command, and father to Jean-Luc and Braelyn. Level-headed, occasionally sarcastic, and suspicious of everyone.

ELODIE SCATHELOCKE: 35. Will's French wife, Jean-Luc's step-mother and Braelyn's mother. A former mercenary, with tattoos that support her former profession, and a personality that does not. More trusting than Will, and usually a mediator of Locksley's band.

JEAN-LUC SCATHELOCKE: 25. Will and Elodie's son, Tirzah's common law husband. A warrior, he has inherited Will's suspicious nature, follows orders without question, regularly butts heads with his cousin Cassian, and only lets his guard down around Tirzah. He has a tattoo of a bear's paw over his heart that he lets few people outside of Locksley's band see.

BRAELYN SCATHELOCKE: 15. Will and Elodie's daughter. A fierce little firecracker, she dislikes being told what to do, and is more outgoing than Jean-Luc, as she's inherited Elodie's trusting nature.

SETTING

Nottingham and Sherwood Forest.

This is the Nottingham and Sherwood of our imagination; and as such, the stage is bare—with suggestions of location rather than an actual set. There are several "trees"—ladders and poles—with suggestions of leaves and branches scattered about the area. Stage blocks and chairs also assist in suggesting location.

PRODUCTIONS NOTES

- *Unless otherwise indicated, lights should never come to full blackout except between acts.*
- *Costuming: Just because the original story is set in Medieval England doesn't mean this one is. In other words: tights, armor, foofy dresses etc. not required, and will, in fact, be severely frowned upon.*
- *Diverse casting is highly encouraged.*

NOTES ON LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION AT END OF SCRIPT

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

WOLVES OF SHERWOOD premiered May 10, 2019 at the Brelby Theatre Company in Glendale, Arizona. Artistic Director: Shelby Maticic; Managing Director: Brian Maticic. The production was directed by John Perovich with the following cast:

ROBIN OF LOCKSLEY.....	Brian Maticic
MARION OF LOCKSLEY.....	Shelby Maticic
CASSIAN OF LOCKSLEY.....	Terrance McNulty
GUY OF GISBOURNE.....	Chris Ulbrich
TARQUIN DUBOIS/TUCK.....	Dakota Morgan
RAVENNA OF GISBOURNE.....	Ruqayyah Rashad
TIRZAH MASSIMO.....	Sarah Bary
JOSSELIN DECLAIRE.....	Jonathan Gradilla
ETIENNE MALBÊTE.....	Anabel Olguin
WILL SCATHELOCKE.....	John Noseworthy
ELODIE SCATHELOCKE.....	Rebecca Ulbrich
JEAN-LUC SCATHELOCKE.....	Tyler Miller
BRAELYN SCATHELOCKE.....	Ashley Updegraff

Stage Manager: James Beneze

Scenic Designer - Brian Maticic

Lighting Designer - John Perovich

Sound Designer - Clayton Cauffman, Ben Cleaveland, Tyler Rich

Prop Designer - Rebecca Ulbrich, James Beneze

Hair/Makeup/Costume Designer - Shelby Maticic

Fight Choreographer: Brian Maticic

Wolves of Sherwood

by Chelsea Frandsen

ACT I

AT RISE: *Sherwood Forest—deceptively quiet. Two men—DECLAIRE, Sheriff of Nottingham and MALBÊTE—come warily through the trees. DECLAIRE’s hand hovers over his sword, while MALBÊTE’s sword is fully drawn.*

MALBÊTE
Deliberately passing through Sherwood——

DECLAIRE
Only out of absolute necessity. Don’t tell me the greatest assassin in the kingdom is afraid of a forest. You wanted to know what it was you were up against. Our instructions were to bring Locksley to Nottingham, and so we shall.

MALBÊTE
Fighting off hordes of outlaws in the process.

DECLAIRE
Not hordes. Seven. There are seven of them. Locksley, the lady Marion, Will and Elodie Scathelocke, and their brats. None of whom are to be underestimated. (*His fingers move to the purse at his side*) Old habits die hard. He may no longer be King of Sherwood Forest, but he still collects a tax from those who pass through Sherwood without his consent. If the lure is strong enough—and it is—he will come.

MALBÊTE
And how can you be sure this parley won’t become an ambush?

DECLAIRE
Locksley isn’t as cocky as he once was. Progeny changes a man.

In the darkness, there is a rallying cry of a wolf, and another.

MALBÊTE
Wolves. At this hour?

DECLAIRE
That’s no wolf. Not the kind you’re thinking of.

Are you afraid of wolves, sheriff?
CASSIAN

CASSIAN emerges from the shadows, leveling one of his swords at DECLAIRE's back. JEAN-LUC follows him. MALBÊTE raises his sword.

CASSIAN, *Cont'd*
Oh, I don't think you need those. This is the part where you drop your weapons.

DECLAIRE turns to face CASSIAN, and CASSIAN freezes.

DeClaire.
CASSIAN, *Cont'd*

Not Locksley. His cub.
DECLAIRE

JEAN-LUC
Passage through Sherwood requires payment.

MALBÊTE
We'll pay no tax!

JEAN-LUC has already relieved MALBÊTE of his purse.

JEAN-LUC
Then call it a donation. (*Weighs the purse in his hand; to CASSIAN*) A surprisingly generous one. Usually the case with mercenaries. (he extends one MALBÊTE's hands, exposing the tattoos) Or Royal assassins. No one else has tattoos like that. (*Holds out his hand to DECLAIRE*) You too. Tax.

DECLAIRE rips his money belt from around his waist and flings it at CASSIAN's feet.

CASSIAN
Careful, Josselin. One would almost think this upsets you. (*As DECLAIRE moves to leave*) Ah, ah, ah. I want a word with you.

DECLAIRE

I don't speak wolf.

JEAN-LUC

Not voluntarily, no. But you can be persuaded, the same as anyone else. *(To MALBÊTE)* I shouldn't move too much if I were you. Pity to lose your head...like this. You trained Elodie Scathelocke. Elodie Scathelocke trained me.

DECLAIRE

Find this amusing, do you?

CASSIAN

Only mildly. Every sheriff before you has stayed out of Sherwood. By choice. Our newly appointed one, you, enter it willingly, with your pet thug.

JEAN-LUC

(At MALBÊTE; to CASSIAN)

Maybe we'll ask him first.

MALBÊTE

In what language will you ask, Norman French or Saxon English?

JEAN-LUC

Most of us in Nottingham speak both, as you are very well aware.

CASSIAN

Il(/Elle) est une belette.

JEAN-LUC

Il(/Elle) est Etienne/Solene Malbete. And even weasels have their uses.

MALBÊTE

So you remember me, Jean-Luc Scathelocke. *(To CASSIAN)* Et vous, Cassian Locksley. I wondered—

JEAN-LUC

Curiosity's a dangerous emotion. Gets people killed.

DECLAIRE

(To CASSIAN)

I thought wolves weren't afraid of snakes.

I'm not scared of you!

CASSIAN

Aren't you?

DECLAIRE

(*His blade is at DECLAIRE's throat*)
Why did you come through Sherwood?

CASSIAN

No response. CASSIAN presses harder with his blade.

(*To DECLAIRE*)
I'd answer the question if I were you.

JEAN-LUC

An invitation.

DECLAIRE

Wolf's Heads fetch a pretty price. And Gisbourne will not take kindly to the death of the sheriff at the hands of a wolf cub.

MALBÊTE

Gisbourne?

JEAN-LUC

Robin Hood's greatest enemy, back in Sherwood after seventeen years. Didn't know that, did you?

DECLAIRE

(*To CASSIAN*)
...Let him go.

JEAN-LUC

CASSIAN doesn't move.

Cash, he answered your question, now let them both go.

JEAN-LUC, *Cont'd*

CASSIAN releases DECLAIRE.

CASSIAN

You can keep your head, if not your purse. Stay out of Sherwood.

DECLAIRE

We came at your invitation, little cub. Pray we don't accept a second one.

He leaves with MALBÊTE.

CASSIAN

He's here.

JEAN-LUC

I saw.

CASSIAN

(Off JEAN-LUC's look)

What?

JEAN-LUC

An invitation. Why did you deliberately provoke the sheriff?

CASSIAN

I didn't know it was DeClaire! Besides, he annoys me.

JEAN-LUC

Poor excuse.

CASSIAN

I know. Do you think he's telling the truth?

JEAN-LUC

I'm not the one you should be asking.

CASSIAN

He's late.

Another howl sounds behind them. It's high-pitched, off key and—

JEAN-LUC

Is that supposed to be a wolf?

CASSIAN howls back and FRIAR TUCK emerges through the trees, dressed as one might expect a

*friar to be, but his face is masked and
there is a tattoo on his arm: a sword and
cross.*

CASSIAN

That's terrible.

FRIAR TUCK

Did they come? The sheriff and the assassin?

CASSIAN

You didn't tell me it was DeClaire and Malbete.

FRIAR TUCK

I thought you knew.

JEAN-LUC

He didn't.

CASSIAN

(To JEAN-LUC)

I can handle this bit on my own.

JEAN-LUC

I don't trust people whose faces I can't see.
(FRIAR TUCK; at the mask) I like that.
Clever.

FRIAR TUCK

Protects my face from the sun.

JEAN-LUC

It's not the sun your face needs protection from.

CASSIAN

Malbete's not here to kill Friar Tuck. Besides, we've dealt with men like that before this.

JEAN-LUC

In Normandy, where we barely escaped with our lives.

FRIAR TUCK

Yet you survived intact. Most returned from Normandy with scars.

CASSIAN

I don't have any scars.

JEAN-LUC

That anyone can see. *(To FRIAR TUCK)* They said Gisbourne's back.

FRIAR TUCK

Not alone. He brought his daughter with him.

CASSIAN

Ravenna's here?

JEAN-LUC

Don't do anything stupid, Cash.

CASSIAN

Gisbourne is back in Nottingham with an assassin and I want to know why. *(To FRIAR TUCK)*
Let me know what you find out.

He goes.

JEAN-LUC

Can you get that information, or not?

FRIAR TUCK

I've never broken my word, you know that. Cassian wants information, so Cassian will get information. If you trusted me as much as he does—

JEAN-LUC

My cousin and I may owe you our lives, but that doesn't mean I trust you. Trust must be earned.

FRIAR TUCK

Then I'd be happy to earn it, if given half the chance. Tell Locksley if he wants information from DeClaire, he might get it the way Cassian plans to. But if he wants it from Gisbourne, he'll have to ask directly.

FRIAR TUCK leaves.

JEAN-LUC

You can come out now, Muchlyn.

A girl emerges behind him, her lips are pursed in a pout. This is JEAN-LUC's sister, BRAELYN.

BRAELYN

I think I'm old enough for you to start calling me Braelyn.

JEAN-LUC

Muchlyn fits you better. "Not much of a threat". That's you.

BRAELYN

That's not funny! I could be a better fighter if you taught me!

JEAN-LUC

Oh yeah? Show me.

He gets her in a headlock. She struggles but can't get out.

JEAN-LUC, *Cont'd*

How do you get out of this?

BRAELYN

Ow, Jean-Luc!

JEAN-LUC

How do you get out?

BRAELYN

I don't remember!

JEAN-LUC releases her.

JEAN-LUC

See? My little sister's not much of a threat. I told you not to follow me.

BRAELYN

I don't listen to you anymore than Cassian does. How am I supposed to find out anything if you won't tell me?

JEAN-LUC

There are some things you don't need to know.

BRAELYN

I wish you'd tell me some of your secrets. Like how you knew Malbete trained our mother.

JEAN-LUC

Because your mother told me.

BRAELYN

But it's more than that, isn't there? You already knew Malbete, didn't you? And Cassian knows DeClaire. *(No response)* Can you tell me about Friar Tuck?

JEAN-LUC

Cassian's secret.

BRAELYN

But you know who he is, don't you? *(Off JEAN-LUC's look)* All right, it's Cassian's secret. I'll ask him.

JEAN-LUC

You won't like the answer. Is that why you were spying on me?

BRAELYN

I wasn't spying! I was looking for you, and Cassian. Everyone is. You're both late for training.

JEAN-LUC

Another training session? Cassian's going to love that.

Lights shift to a corridor in Nottingham Castle. Two people are in the middle of a heated argument. One is a man dressed in the uniform of a king's emissary, maybe we can trust him, maybe with can't: GUY OF GISBOURNE. The girl he is speaking with stands erect and defiant, not afraid of him in the least. This is his daughter, RAVENNA.

RAVENNA

Don't tell me to be reasonable, Father! I didn't come to Nottingham as a contingency.

GISBOURNE

On the contrary. You came of your own free will, just as your brother did.

RAVENNA

Tarquin wasn't given a choice. I came because—I had my own reasons for coming, and it wasn't to please you.

GISBOURNE

This is the way alliances are formed; and more often than not, sacrifices must be made.

RAVENNA

Not this sacrifice. I'll not be groomed and sold off to any sheriff!

GISBOURNE

“Sell” is a very harsh word, my dear. If there was any other way to maintain the peace, I would do it. You needn't be afraid—

RAVENNA

I'm not afraid of DeClaire; I don't trust him.

GISBOURNE

Do you trust me?

RAVENNA

I trust there's a reason for every action--

GISBOURNE

Yes or no?

RAVENNA

I...Yes.

GISBOURNE

Then obey me. When Josselin DeClaire offers you his hand, you will accept.

And he leaves the room.

RAVENNA

I will not.

Lights shift to LOCKSLEY's Camp, Sherwood Forest. CASSIAN is engaged in a practice bout with JEAN-LUC. CASSIAN is armed with two swords, and JEAN-LUC has a single sword. They are being watched by WILL, his wife, ELODIE, and BRAELYN. For a little while, the two combatants are evenly matched. But then, CASSIAN gains the upper hand over JEAN-LUC. He stands over him, one sword leveled at JEAN-LUC's chest.

Better. That's much better.

WILL

Cassian has two.

BRAELYN

That shouldn't make a difference.

ELODIE

But it does.

BRAELYN

(*To JEAN-LUC*)
You weren't even trying.

CASSIAN

JEAN-LUC sweeps his foot under CASSIAN's, knocking him flat.

Satisfied?

JEAN-LUC

I am!

BRAELYN

(*To WILL*)
This is supposed to be difficult, you said. It's not.

CASSIAN

Les trois renards. Would that be difficult enough for you?

ELODIE

All three foxes? Will, Elodie and Jean-Luc Scathelocke? Yeah.

CASSIAN

Suit yourself.

WILL

ELODIE pulls BRAELYN back.

You watch, Braelyn.

ELODIE

BRAELYN

But Mom—

WILL

Three foxes, not four. *(To CASSIAN)* Ready?

WILL, JEAN-LUC converge on CASSIAN, pressing him back toward ELODIE, who halts CASSIAN's egress with a blade at his back.

ELODIE

(To CASSIAN)

Be aware of what's behind you.

CASSIAN twists away from ELODIE.

CASSIAN

I am aware.

CASSIAN takes out WILL, JEAN-LUC and ELODIE in succession.

CASSIAN, *Cont'd*

I'm always aware.

LOCKSLEY and MARION have been watching them. They have brands identical to the wolf's head tattoo on CASSIAN's shoulder: LOCKSLEY on his shoulder, and MARION on her arm.

LOCKSLEY

(To CASSIAN)

You're improving.

CASSIAN

Improving? I beat them; I beat all three of them.

MARION

Is that supposed to surprise us?

*WILL and ELODIE pull JEAN-LUC
aside.*

WILL

(To JEAN-LUC)

You were holding back. You didn't finish him when you had the chance.

JEAN-LUC

This is a training session.

ELODIE

Holding back puts us all at a disadvantage. Especially given the company our beloved sheriff chooses to keep. Malbete's already tried to kill you once—

JEAN-LUC

I won't give him another opportunity.

WILL

Unless you're too cautious to defend yourself. Weakness can be exploited, both yours and your enemy's. You and Cassian need to learn that.

ELODIE

Jean-Luc will learn.

WILL

He needs to learn faster.

*He moves away from JEAN-LUC to join
LOCKSLEY.*

ELODIE

You're better than this, Jean-Luc.

JEAN-LUC

I used to be.

ELODIE

You are. Normandy didn't take that away from you.

JEAN-LUC

It did. War...changes people. You wouldn't understand.

ELODIE

What does that mean?

JEAN-LUC

We all have our secrets.

ELODIE

You don't have to be proud of your past. But you should remember it, so you can be proud of who you've become, and of who you can be. Remember that, and don't hold back.

LOCKSLEY

How's your pride, Will?

WILL

Your son is twice as cocky as you ever were.

LOCKSLEY

Yours is twice as cautious.

BRAELYN

(To CASSIAN)

Will you show me how to do that?

JEAN-LUC

You have to learn how to move your feet first.

CASSIAN

It has nothing to do with the way she holds her feet. It's the weapons in your hands that make a difference.

LOCKSLEY

Do you really think having two blades gives you an advantage? What about when it doesn't? When you're beaten in spite of it?

CASSIAN

That's not going to happen.

LOCKSLEY

Would you like to prove that? *(Draws his sword)* This time, lead with your left hand.

CASSIAN attacks LOCKSLEY, but it's a cautious attack and LOCKSLEY beats him back with a single movement, once, twice, three times.

LOCKSLEY, *Cont'd*

Afraid you'll kill me?

Before CASSIAN can answer, LOCKSLEY attacks him—and LOCKSLEY's not holding back. CASSIAN retreats for an instant before responding in kind. LOCKSLEY catches CASSIAN's blade with his own, drawing a dagger and holding it to CASSIAN's throat. CASSIAN is frozen and LOCKSLEY disarms him.

CASSIAN

That wasn't fair.

LOCKSLEY

No. You didn't know where to look. Know your enemy, don't make any assumptions that skill alone brings you victory. Everyone's true intention is in their eyes. Including your cocky ones. You need more practice with your left hand.

JEAN-LUC

(To CASSIAN)
Difficult enough?

CASSIAN

What do you think?

JEAN-LUC

You don't want to me to say what I think.

CASSIAN

Petite Jean doesn't trust me?

JEAN-LUC

Cassian Locksley should exercise caution.

CASSIAN

I'd rather be cocky than overly cautious.

MARION

Caution and cockiness have their place. So find the balance.

CASSIAN

Is that why Gisbourne is here, to restore balance with the help of his assassin?

JEAN-LUC

Why don't you go to Nottingham and ask him?

CASSIAN

I could.

LOCKSLEY

No.

CASSIAN

I can get you the information we need—

LOCKSLEY

I said no, Cash. I won't have you provoking the sheriff twice in one day.

MARION

Something you've done before.

LOCKSLEY

Extenuating circumstances.

MARION

What do you call these?

CASSIAN

I won't be getting information from the sheriff. I'll get it from Friar Tuck. He can be trusted; he's never been wrong before.

LOCKSLEY

I don't want you in Nottingham, not with Gisbourne there. Stay here, Cash. Stay safe.

CASSIAN says nothing.

MARION

Cash.

CASSIAN

All right! I'll stay safe.

LOCKSLEY

In Sherwood.

CASSIAN

I said, I'll stay safe!

He goes.

WILL

(To BRAELYN and JEAN-LUC)

That goes for you, too. Neither of you should be in Nottingham, not for any reason. Do you understand?

BRAELYN

Yes.

WILL

Jean-Luc.

JEAN-LUC

...Yes. I understand.

ELODIE pulls JEAN-LUC aside.

ELODIE

Be careful who sees you.
(Off his look) I'm your
mother—

JEAN-LUC

Step-mother.

ELODIE

I still know how you think. Tell your wife to be careful as well. I'll handle your father.

JEAN-LUC

I will. Thank you, Elodie.

And he's gone too.

WILL

(To LOCKSLEY)
And you.

LOCKSLEY

What, orders for me, too?

WILL

Find out what Gisbourne wants and get out. No risks, little brother.

LOCKSLEY

Never.

WILL leaves with ELODIE and BRAELYN.

MARION

When will you allow someone else to risk his neck for once?

LOCKSLEY

I know Gisbourne.

MARION

And Gisbourne knows you. Let your son go to Nottingham; and you stay in Sherwood. Don't give me that look; I know what you're thinking. I've always known.

LOCKSLEY

You think I don't trust Cassian.

MARION

I know you don't, because he's so much like you. All he wants is to be exactly like you.

Lights shift to GISBOURNE's Quarters, Nottingham Castle. GISBOURNE, DECLAIRE, and MALBÊTE in conversation. Observing them with crossed arms and sardonic amusement is GISBOURNE's son, TARQUIN.

DECLAIRE

(To GISBOURNE)

Nowhere in Nottingham is safe. The Wolves of Sherwood plot against us; there isn't a nobleman who hasn't had his purse cut; and they are impossible to root out.

GISBOURNE

(To MALBETE)

I understand your former protegee is one of them.

MALBETE

She's tied herself to Scathelocke and adopted his cub.

DECLAIRE

No doubt she has a cub of her own, as well.

GISBOURNE

(To TARQUIN)

Have you encountered these Wolves of Sherwood?

MALBÊTE

Your son declines to accompany us outside Nottingham's walls. Afraid the bloodthirsty pack will sever his pretty neck as they do to all who trespass through their forest. They see through all of our methods, thanks to this mysterious Friar Tuck.

TARQUIN

(To GISBOURNE)

Sherwood's Fighting Friar, they call him.

GISBOURNE

(To DECLAIRE)

You went to Sherwood to find Locksley and met the cub instead.

TARQUIN

So much for your parley with the outlaws.

DECLAIRE

You may assure His Majesty that in spite of certain—setbacks, the situation will be dealt with to his full satisfaction.

TARQUIN

A situation of your making. Nottingham will be twice as strong if you pardoned its outlaws. Win the loyalty of the shire that way—

MALBÊTE

What would you know of loyalty?

TARQUIN

A great deal more than a mercenary assassin. Loyalty is the end goal. Pardoning the outlaws is the way to accomplish this.

DECLAIRE

Are you Sheriff of Nottingham or am I?

TARQUIN

I'm the Earl of Huntingdon's son, on equal ground with you. And that won't change no matter how loud you shout.

GISBOURNE

You may be my son, Tarquin, but DeClaire is the law of this shire; and as such, in this shire, in this castle, DeClaire outranks you. And I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head.

DECLAIRE

Forging alliances with outlaws never guarantees fortuitous results.

GISBOURNE

If you believe Ravenna can be encouraged to accept you, then I suggest you do so.

DECLAIRE

She will accept me. You will have your alliance, Gisbourne, one way or another. You have my word.

MALBÊTE

What about the Wolf's Head?

GISBOURNE

Softly, softly, catchee monkey. You want the Wolf and his pack, then bait the trap with the right incentive. I trust you're intelligent enough to know exactly what that means. Find Locksley and bring him to me, alive.

MALBÊTE

As you command, Gisbourne. As you command.

Lights shift to Nottingham. JEAN-LUC moves stealthily through the shadows. TIRZAH dogs his steps, her face concealed beneath a hood. She comes up behind him.

JEAN-LUC

Dangerous to be out alone, my lady.

TIRZAH

I could say the same thing about you, outlaw. Unwise to travel anywhere alone. Especially in Nottingham.

JEAN-LUC

I carry nothing of value.

TIRZAH

But you do carry something. Something I am in great need of, *mon Petite Jean*.

JEAN-LUC

Your Little John, am I?

TIRZAH

I'm told you require donations from those who pass through your forest. As you are passing through Nottingham, I require a donation in kind.

JEAN-LUC

Nottingham belongs to you, does it?

TIRZAH

I am one of its greatest assets.

JEAN-LUC

Confident little minx, aren't you?

TIRZAH

There's no need to be sarcastic, *mon rendardeau*. My donation is more easily obtained than any required in Sherwood.

JEAN-LUC

Perfectly tailored to the donor, or course.

TIRZAH

One kiss is all I require from you. Easy enough, wouldn't you agree?

She is standing very close to him. He kisses her full on the mouth, pulling down her hood in the process. TIRZAH jerks back, breaking the kiss.

JEAN-LUC

Is that really all, Tirzah?

TIRZAH

Cheap.

JEAN-LUC

I paid my dues, just as you requested. What would you have done if I was someone other than your fox cub, cut his purse?

TIRZAH

You know I've abandoned my vagabond ways.

JEAN-LUC

Jamais la tigresse.

TIRZAH

Ever the suspicious one. I'll have you know this tigress puts her healing arts to good use when she's not gathering information for you.

JEAN-LUC

Where, under the sheriff's roof?

TIRZAH

Among other places. A woman of my skill must go where she is summoned.

JEAN-LUC

Like DeClaire's bed.

TIRZAH

If need be. Amazing how quickly that snake's tongue is loosened under a tigress' ministrations.

JEAN-LUC

How long before DeClaire catches on to your scheme?

TIRZAH

Your scheme, if I recall correctly.

JEAN-LUC

Not like this.

TIRZAH

A second pair of eyes and ears in Nottingham in case claims need to be corroborated. Those were your words. I carried them out in the simplest way possible.

JEAN-LUC

It's not simple. It was never simple; and that was before our circumstances changed.

TIRZAH

Before Tuck? I was the one who told your friar about the assassin, the least you can do is be grateful.

JEAN-LUC

You didn't tell the friar his name was Malbete. You know that weasel's fluent in treason. Thrives on it. He'll tear you apart and string you up as soon as look at you.

TIRZAH

I haven't the smallest intention of being strung up by anyone. Least of all, the sheriff's new thug. I've always thought "bad beast" was an appropriate name for an assassin. What are you smirking at?

JEAN-LUC

You sound like Cassian.

TIRZAH

Maybe you should learn a thing or two from him.

JEAN-LUC

I have. Do the opposite of whatever he does.

TIRZAH

Being cautious isn't what kept you alive, you know that.

JEAN-LUC

It's keeping me alive now.

TIRZAH

You can't protect the people you love if you don't take a risk.

JEAN-LUC

And the wrong risk could lead to the wrong consequences.

TIRZAH

Possibly, possibly not. You've taken risks already. Coming to Nottingham. Seeing me.

JEAN-LUC

That's different. You're my wife.

TIRZAH

I know. And I need you to trust me, because I am more than capable of looking after myself.

JEAN-LUC

I do trust you.

TIRZAH

Terrible liar.

He kisses her.

JEAN-LUC

I know.

BRAELYN has been watching.

BRAELYN

Tirzah's one thing you've a right to be overly cautious about.

JEAN-LUC

You found that amusing?

BRAELYN

Interesting's a better word. Why do you have to meet Tirzah here, and not in Sherwood? She used to come, and now she doesn't.

TIRZAH

Too many from Nottingham entering Sherwood raises questions.

BRAELYN

My father would like you if he got to know you. Maybe if he knew you were Jean-Luc's wife—

TIRZAH

(To JEAN-LUC)

You haven't told him?

JEAN-LUC

I will.

TIRZAH

Oh, really? When?

JEAN-LUC

(To BRAELYN)

What happened to staying safe in Sherwood?

BRAELYN

I could ask you the same thing, but I already know the answer. Nice to know sometimes you don't follow orders any more than Cassian does.

TIRZAH

Quite surprising, isn't it?

JEAN-LUC

Is Cassian in Nottingham?

BRAELYN

Not...exactly. He told me to wait for him, only I got tired of waiting, so—

JEAN-LUC

Where is he? *(No response)* Muchlyn. Where's Cassian?

BRAELYN

...In the castle. And yes, he's going to ask Friar Tuck about Gisbourne.

*Lights shift to Nottingham Castle, where
GISBOURNE is with TARQUIN.*

GISBOURNE

I thought I taught you greater civility.

TARQUIN

Snakes like DeClaire don't deserve respect; and Ravenna and I aren't pawns for you to use to further your own ends.

GISBOURNE

There's more than one way to tame a snake.

TARQUIN

Do you always speak in riddles and aphorisms?

GISBOURNE

I don't question your methods, Tarquin. You shouldn't question mine.

TARQUIN

I'm not leaving my sister in this snake pit.

GISBOURNE

You know perfectly well there is only one way to get her out. Use your intelligence and find our quarry before Malbete does.

*TARQUIN goes. A voice sounds in the
darkness:*

LOCKSLEY

He shouldn't have to look too hard. I'm right here.

*GISBOURNE draws his weapon and is met by
LOCKSLEY's. The fight is short, sharp and
GISBOURNE is easily disarmed.*

LOCKSLEY, *Cont'd*

You used to be lighter on your feet, Gisbourne.

GISBOURNE

Are you going to kill me?

LOCKSLEY

I don't have a reason to; you still have your uses.

GISBOURNE

Once I've served my purpose and you dispose of me, what then? Circumstances are not what they once were.

LOCKSLEY

You expect me to believe that?

GISBOURNE

One thing you can be sure of, Locksley. I have never, and will never, lie to you.

LOCKSLEY

No, but you will withhold certain facts.

GISBOURNE

Only if advantageous to all parties concerned. I didn't come for your head, Locksley, or the heads of any members of – what did DeClaire call it? – your wolf pack. Of that you may be sure.

LOCKSLEY

Why did you come?

GISBOURNE

You want a civilized answer, don't ask like a criminal.

LOCKSLEY sheaths his sword and steps away from GISBOURNE.

LOCKSLEY

If the King doesn't want my head, then what does he want?

GISBOURNE

John Lackland doesn't like dissention in any part of his kingdom. Nor does he like to lose. Yet he lost Normandy and his mother within a month.

LOCKSLEY

Doubtless the loss of half his kingdom leaves Lackland scrambling for allies.

GISBOURNE

You would ally yourself with a king the people despise?

LOCKSLEY

I'd do anything if it meant bringing peace to those I love, you know that.

GISBOURNE

Even at the cost of your life?

LOCKSLEY

It'll take more than an assassin to rid Nottingham of Locksley of Sherwood. There will always be more than one of us; and where the Wolves of Sherwood lead, Nottingham is sure to follow.

GISBOURNE

I believe you.

LOCKSLEY

Reinstate our pardon and John will have his allies.

GISBOURNE

I will consider your proposal, Locksley. I suggest you be satisfied with that, and return to Sherwood if you wish to keep your head intact.

Lights shift to a corridor in the castle down which CASSIAN is moving. JEAN-LUC joins him.

JEAN-LUC

You shouldn't be in here. Not alone.

CASSIAN

I'm not alone, not anymore.

JEAN-LUC

You need to get out of here, Cash.

CASSIAN

This won't take long.

BRAELYN comes down behind them.

CASSIAN, *Cont'd*

If I can see, then I can breathe. I'll find Friar Tuck, get my information and get out.

BRAELYN

Will this be different information than what he gave you before?

JEAN-LUC

Much! I told you to wait outside.

BRAELYN

You're meeting Tuck; why would I miss that? Cassian, you're shaking—

CASSIAN

I'm cold.

BRAELYN

No, you're not! It's the middle of summer—

JEAN-LUC

Keep your voice down.

RAVENNA appears behind him, her sword against his back.

RAVENNA

Intruders aren't held in good standing here.

CASSIAN

Intruder? I'm a guest of our beloved sheriff.

CASSIAN tries to turn around, but is prevented by RAVENNA's blade.

RAVENNA

That remains to be seen.

BRAELYN

It's true, we just took a wrong turn and—

JEAN-LUC

Be quiet, Muchlyn.

RAVENNA

What's your business here?

CASSIAN

My business has nothing to do with you. Yet. Now get out of my way.

RAVENNA

You're not going anywhere until you answer my question.

CASSIAN

I don't think you can stop me.

RAVENNA

The daughter of an earl is entitled to the same instruction given to a common thief.

CASSIAN

Common thief?

BRAELYN

Can we please go?

But CASSIAN has drawn his sword, taking the same en garde stance as RAVENNA, and he lashes at her—more a playful bout rather than intent to harm, and RAVENNA holds her own remarkably well, so much so that she sends CASSIAN onto his back, his own sword inches from his chest. BRAELYN rushes forward, but is held back by JEAN-LUC.

BRAELYN

Cassian!

JEAN-LUC

No, wait!

FRIAR TUCK has stepped from the shadows, the sword in his hand crossed with RAVENNA's over CASSIAN's fallen form, preventing RAVENNA from running CASSIAN through.

CASSIAN

(To RAVENNA)

You've been practicing.

FRIAR TUCK

Not your best entrance.

CASSIAN
This is amusing to you?

JEAN-LUC
Not just to him.

BRAELYN
Does she try to kill all of your friends?

FRIAR TUCK
Ravenna only attacks common thieves. But the Wolves of Sherwood aren't—

BRAELYN
Thieves?

FRIAR TUCK
Common.

*RAVENNA lowers her weapon, allowing
CASSIAN to get to his feet.*

RAVENNA
Are you out of your mind? What are you doing here?

CASSIAN
Would you believe me if I said I came to see you?

RAVENNA
Even if I did, don't you understand the risks you're taking?

CASSIAN
I've taken worse and survived. Don't tell me you'd care if I got caught.

RAVENNA
You know I would.

(To JEAN-LUC)
Who is she?

JEAN-LUC
Her name's Ravenna. She's Cassian's—

CASSIAN
Fiancée.

JEAN-LUC
Friend. She's Cassian's friend.

RAVENNA

(To CASSIAN)

You didn't answer my question. What are you doing here?

CASSIAN

Getting information about why your father's back in Nottingham. Now it's your turn. Same question.

FRIAR TUCK

Gisbourne's sold her to Josselin DeClaire. He wants an alliance.

RAVENNA

I haven't accepted DeClaire's proposal.

CASSIAN

That isn't going to stop a snake like him.

RAVENNA

Snakes don't scare me.

CASSIAN

My father wouldn't speak to Gisbourne if his life depended on it.

FRIAR TUCK

What if it does? Tell Locksley about Gisbourne's alliance plans, both of them. He knows Gisbourne always has more than one solution to a problem.

JEAN-LUC

So does DeClaire, but his solutions are less diplomatic.

BRAELYN

What if Malbete sees us leaving the castle?

JEAN-LUC

So does DeClaire, but his solutions are less diplomatic.

BRAELYN

What if Malbete sees us leaving the castle?

FRIAR TUCK

I'll make sure he has other things on his mind.

*Lights shift to GISBOURNE's Quarters,
Nottingham Castle. GISBOURNE, DECLAIRE,
and MALBÊTE all present.*

DECLAIRE

He was here! Locksley was here and you let him go!

MALBÊTE

I'll find him and kill him for you.

GISBOURNE

Patience is a virtue you would do well to learn, DeClaire. A clever man knows how to turn circumstances in his favor. Locksley has a son.

DECLAIRE

The right incentive. Draw out the Cub, you draw out the Wolf's Head.

GISBOURNE

Provided the Cub comes. Otherwise your trap could prove...rather disappointing. For all of us.

GISBOURNE leaves the room.

MALBÊTE

We don't have to draw out the Cub. We have an incentive already, here in Nottingham—

DECLAIRE

The Romani healer is not to be harmed.

MALBÊTE

She's an ally of the wolf pack—

DECLAIRE

Tirzah Massimo is not to be harmed.

MALBÊTE

There is another way. One that doesn't involve the wolves. Only the foxes. The Scathelockes. Elodie and I share something—very precious. My daughter. The youngest *renardeau*.

DECLAIRE

And how can you be certain that Locksley will come after her?

MALBÊTE

Why not take them both? The fox cub and the wolf cub. Double incentive. You get Locksley, and I get to show Elodie what it's like to lose a daughter.

DECLAIRE

Get me Locksley and you may have whoever you would like.

And DECLAIRE leaves as well. A shadow detaches itself from the wall: FRIAR TUCK. MALBÊTE sees him and draws his sword.

BRAELYN

Cassian's the one you should be telling that to. If DeClaire catches him, he'll put Cassian's head on a pike.

MALBÊTE

Hold, Friar.

FRIAR TUCK freezes, but doesn't turn.

MALBÊTE, (*Cont'd*)

A masked friar, that's something I haven't encountered often. Gathering information for the Wolf's Head and his pack.

He attacks FRIAR TUCK, who also has his sword drawn. The FRIAR meets MALBÊTE's attacks, hindered by his robes. MALBÊTE drives his sword into FRIAR TUCK's shoulder and knocks him off his feet.

Before FRIAR TUCK can recover, MALBÊTE places a foot on FRIAR TUCK's chest, and seizes his injured arm, exposing the tattoo of the sword and cross.

MALBÊTE, *Cont'd*

So it is you. The famous Friar Tuck.

FRIAR TUCK knocks the wind out of *MALBÊTE* with a swift kick and flees. Lights shift to the borders of Sherwood and Nottingham. *JEAN-LUC* and *CASSIAN* are in conversation.

JEAN-LUC

You can stop holding your breath now.

CASSIAN

I wasn't— (*Off JEAN-LUC's look*) How could you tell?

JEAN-LUC

I know the look. The one you get any time you're in a small space.

CASSIAN

Thank you. For not saying anything about Ravenna or—anything else.

JEAN-LUC

Not my secret to tell.

BRAELYN joins them.

BRAELYN

You both keep too many secrets. (*To CASSIAN*) Did you go to Nottingham to get information or to see Ravenna? Is she one of your secrets? I've never heard you talk about her before.

JEAN-LUC

Ravenna got us out of— (*CASSIAN's look changes his mind*) —a bad situation.

BRAELYN

When you were fighting in Normandy? (*No response*) Did you teach her to fight like that? Could you teach me?

CASSIAN

That's a question to ask your brother.

JEAN-LUC

Fighting's something she doesn't need to know.

BRAELYN

I do! What if I can't defend myself?

JEAN-LUC

Use the tricks I taught you.

BRAELYN

What good are tricks against Malbete?

JEAN-LUC

Malbete won't come after you. Stay away from the sheriff, stay out of Nottingham, and you'll have nothing to worry about.

CASSIAN

He'll have to catch me first.

JEAN-LUC

DeClaire could catch you easily enough if he used the right bait.

CASSIAN

I could say the same thing about you.

BRAELYN

But we wouldn't have to worry about DeClaire if Locksley would just talk to Gisbourne.

JEAN-LUC

It isn't that simple.

BRAELYN

Well, it should be. If we don't know what Gisbourne wants, then we ask him.

JEAN-LUC

Locksley asks him, not us.

CASSIAN

It'd help if there was someone to corroborate Gisbourne's claims.

JEAN-LUC

You're not going back alone. (*To BRAELYN*) You tell Father and Locksley what Friar Tuck said. Just about the alliance, nothing else.

Lights shift to Nottingham Castle, where RAVENNA is with DECLAIRE.

DECLAIRE

I'm glad I've caught you alone.

RAVENNA

You haven't caught me. Who else would I be with?

DECLAIRE

Have you given any further thought to my offer? Alliances can be easily accomplished. *(Reaches out to her; she recoils)* Are you afraid of me? I understand. You need protection, *mon corbeau*—

RAVENNA

Ravens are more than capable of looking after themselves; and I have Tarquin.

DECLAIRE

For now. I can offer better protection than your brother can give. No one would dare harm the wife of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

He moves toward her, and RAVENNA draws her dagger, preventing him from coming closer.

RAVENNA

You may be Sheriff of Nottingham, Josselin, but I am not your wife. *(Lowers the dagger so that it points at a crucial part of his anatomy)* If you touch me, I'll remove that part of you men hold so dear. Do we understand each other?

DECLAIRE

Perfectly.

But he doesn't move away from her. Instead, he grasps her hand, squeezing until she drops the dagger. RAVENNA raises her free hand to strike him, and he grabs that too.

DECLAIRE, *Cont'd*

Now allow me to make my position clear. True, I am the sheriff of Nottingham, and I do not take kindly to those who cross me. Your father seeks an alliance which I will uphold. You're mine, Ravenna. You always will be.

TARQUIN has caught the tail end of this exchange.

TARQUIN

Take your hands off my sister, snake.

DECLAIRE

Or you'll what? (*But he releases RAVENNA and turns on TARQUIN*) You'll what? Your sister claims you protect her, but I have yet to see it.

TARQUIN

Go near Ravenna again, and I'll castrate you myself.

DECLAIRE

That is something I should like to see.

DECLAIRE goes.

RAVENNA

You shouldn't provoke him.

TARQUIN

It's amusing. Did he hurt you?

RAVENNA

No, he didn't. Honestly, it isn't the first time I've had to deal with—well, it isn't the first.

TARQUIN

DeClaire's done this more than once?

RAVENNA

He didn't hurt me, Tarquin. He's hasn't even touched me; I can look after myself, so don't—

TARQUIN

I need you to deliver a message for me, to Cassian, from—a mutual friend. Ravenna, this is important.

RAVENNA

Tell me what to say.

Lights shift to Nottingham. JEAN-LUC, TIRZAH and CASSIAN in conversation.

JEAN-LUC

This is not a good idea. It's reckless; it's dangerous; you're going to get us all killed.

CASSIAN

Tirzah's helping us. Besides, once in a while, you should take a risk. This could be your first.

TIRZAH

Quite an achievement for you.

CASSIAN

(To JEAN-LUC)

Ravenna got us out of Normandy at great personal risk, have you forgotten that?

JEAN-LUC

She's also the daughter of Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Have you forgotten that?

TIRZAH

You think you can recruit her as easily as you did Tuck, do you?

CASSIAN

No. I wouldn't have as much trouble with Ravenna as I did with the friar.

TIRZAH

Oh, and why is that?

CASSIAN

The same reason Jean-Luc was able to recruit you. *(Off their looks)* It worked, didn't it?

TIRZAH

Provided both parties speak the same language. Fluent in treason, is she?

RAVENNA approaches them.

RAVENNA

Most of us are, one way or another. *(to CASSIAN)* I need to talk to you. I have a message from a mutual friend. My father's ordered DeClaire to seek an incentive to bring Locksley out of Sherwood. *(To JEAN-LUC)* He also said Malbete knows about your sister, but I don't know what that means.

JEAN-LUC

I do.

CASSIAN

What does Malbete know about Braelyn?

JEAN-LUC

Not my secret to tell.

TIRZAH

(To CASSIAN)

DeClaire is going to use leverage to get Locksley into Nottingham. That means you.

CASSIAN

Then we get leverage on DeClaire first. *(To RAVENNA)* You're betrothed to him. Not by choice, I know, but he'll do anything to get you back. So if you come to Sherwood, then DeClaire will send Malbete after you, or come himself; and we can use them to bargain with Gisbourne.

TIRZAH

Unless one or all of you are killed first. Is that a risk you're willing to take?

CASSIAN

No one is going to die! *(To RAVENNA)* You're the perfect bait.

RAVENNA

And bait has the most to lose.

CASSIAN

I won't let anything happen to you, Ravenna. I promise.

Lights shift to Nottingham Castle. DECLAIRE and MALBÊTE are in conference with GISBOURNE. TARQUIN is also present.

MALBÊTE

Your daughter was seen leaving the castle and has not returned. No doubt we'll find her corpse in Sherwood by morning.

TARQUIN

The Wolves of Sherwood aren't bloodthirsty killers.

DECLAIRE

You know that from experience, I suppose. Gisbourne, Locksley will use your daughter against you, just as you would use his son against him. He knows your hand; he's showing you his.

TARQUIN scoffs.

TARQUIN

By kidnapping Ravenna? That sounds more like something you would do.

GISBOURNE

(To DECLAIRE)

My daughter is in Sherwood. You're sure of this?

DECLAIRE

Unequivocally. How will you answer him, Gisbourne?

GISBOURNE

Locksley took my daughter. I'll take his son. The right incentive, don't you agree? Bring me the cub.

MALBÊTE

By any means necessary?

GISBOURNE

Bring me the cub, alive and unharmed. Locksley will not come for a corpse.

He leaves with DECLAIRE. MALBÊTE's voice stops TARQUIN from following:

MALBÊTE

Convenient, isn't it? All of this.

TARQUIN

Locksley has eyes and ears in more than one place. But everyone hears rumor; and rumor is based upon fact.

MALBETE

You agree with me, then. That there are traitors in your father's household.

TARQUIN

Exactly whom do you suspect?

MALBÊTE

I see what no one else does; and my benefactor has never questioned my integrity.

TARQUIN

Integrity. That's an interesting word for a mercenary to use.

He moves to leave, but MALBÊTE stops him.

MALBÊTE

There is more than one "Locksley ally" in this castle. Traitors must pay for their crimes, no matter who they are. Even your father knows this.

He releases TARQUIN. There is blood on TARQUIN's shoulder and on MALBÊTE's hand.

MALBÊTE, *Cont'd*

Where did you get that? (*No response*) It would appear there is indeed a traitor in Gisbourne's household. What would Gisbourne think if he knew his own son was plotting against him? Softly, softly—

TARQUIN clubs MALBÊTE into insensitivity.

TARQUIN

Catchee monkey.

*Lights shift to Sherwood, LOCKSLEY's camp.
MARION, WILL, ELODIE and LOCKSLEY in
conference.*

WILL

We're not going to make an alliance with Gisbourne. Every trick, every disguise, every weakness we have, Gisbourne knows; and he will use it against us, if he hasn't begun to already.

ELODIE

You think Cassian would provoke him into doing so?

LOCKSLEY

Cassian has more intelligence than that.

WILL

And enough cockiness to boot.

MARION

Robin, are you going to accept Gisbourne's alliance?

LOCKSLEY

I'm going to consider it.

A howl sounds in the shadows.

LOCKSLEY, *Cont'd*

They're early.

*CASSIAN comes into view, with RAVENNA,
and JEAN-LUC.*

MARION

And not alone.

JEAN-LUC

We have a new ally.

ELODIE

I'm assuming our new ally has a name?

RAVENNA

Ravenna. Ravenna of Gisbourne. And you're Marion, aren't you? Marion Locksley, the She-Wolf of Sherwood.

LOCKSLEY

(To MARION)

It seems I'm not the only one who has more than one name.

RAVENNA

Which means you're Robin of Locksley.

WILL

What do you want, Ravenna of Gisbourne?

RAVENNA

You've no reason to trust me, I know that. I don't expect you to, given who my father is. I have valuable information—

WILL

And how can we be certain this information is the truth?

RAVENNA

My word isn't good enough for you?

ELODIE

That depends on a great many things.

JEAN-LUC

If I gave you my word? And Cassian's? Would you trust that?

MARION

(To CASSIAN)

You trust her.

CASSIAN

With my life, which is what I owe her.

*ELODIE and WILL pull JEAN-LUC
aside.*

ELODIE

Were you seen?

JEAN-LUC

Not by Gisbourne.

WILL

Only by the fiancé of Josselin DeClaire.

JEAN-LUC

To whom we owe our lives in more ways than one. I know Ravenna almost as well as Cassian does, and I trust her. She wouldn't betray any of us, especially not Cassian.

WILL

How do we know this isn't some sort of trap?

ELODIE

We don't. But if Cassian and Jean-Luc trust her, then perhaps we should as well.

*From the darkness a howl sounds—slightly off
pitch, hesitant.*

JEAN-LUC

(To CASSIAN)

Did you make sure we weren't followed?

CASSIAN

I—didn't think we would be.

JEAN-LUC

You didn't think at all.

*TARQUIN stumbles out of the trees. He has an
unconscious MALBETE slung over his shoulder.*

CASSIAN

You've been hunting.

TARQUIN

I only hunt rats. He was sent after you. I just made sure he got here.

And he dumps MALBÊTE in front of them.

JEAN-LUC

That's no rat; it's a weasel.

LOCKSLEY

And what makes you think we'd be interested in that particular—specimen?

MARION

Gisbourne has a price on more than one head; and more than one way of luring out his enemies.

TARQUIN

I'm no spy, if that's what you're thinking. Not for DeClaire, anyway. Or my father either.

WILL

How do we know this is true?

TARQUIN

Will this help to convince you?

He holds up his arm, displaying the sword and cross tattoo for all to see.

WILL

Tuck.

TARQUIN

“Tuck”, “Tarquin”, I'll answer to either one. (Lowers his arm, wincing aloud) Weasels bite.

ELODIE

Bites can be easily attended to. I'll send for Tirzah.

JEAN-LUC

No, I'll go. (*Pulls ELODIE aside so only she can hear*) Malbete knows.

ELODIE

About Braelyn?

JEAN-LUC

He knows who her father is. Tuck—Tarquin told me. I don't know how Malbete found out—

ELODIE

That *couillon belette* capable of finding out anything he puts his mind to. If Malbete knows Braelyn's his daughter, he'll take her—

JEAN-LUC

He won't find her. I'll get her out.

ELODIE

And take her where, to Nottingham?

JEAN-LUC

Tirzah can hide her. Elodie, Braelyn is and always has been my sister. I won't ever let anything happen to her. I promise.

He goes.

CASSIAN

(At MALBÊTE)

What do we do about that?

LOCKSLEY

Rats go to the rat catcher. I should think Elodie would like to renew an old acquaintance.

ELODIE

And if he has nothing to say?

LOCKSLEY

Don't ask nicely.

*RAVENNA and TARQUIN go with MARION as
WILL and ELODIE drag MALBÊTE out.*

LOCKSLEY

You went to Nottingham.

CASSIAN

Yes.

LOCKSLEY

More than once?

CASSIAN

...Yes. I know, I took a risk—

LOCKSLEY

I told you to stay in Sherwood and you deliberately disobeyed me. You brought an assassin into our midst—

CASSIAN

Tarquin brought Malbete here, not me. I took the same risks you do. You got information, but I did better than that; I got us a bargaining chip, and allies. Everything Tarquin and his sister have said is the truth.

LOCKSLEY

I believe you. Trust is a very difficult thing to come by, especially here. There are some who don't trust too easily, but you're not one of them; that's to your credit. Until you get caught. There's always a first time. Be on your guard, Cash. Know who to trust. You've got an ally to look after.

Lights shift to another part of LOCKSLEY's camp. TARQUIN is having his shoulder wound attended to by TIRZAH, while BRAELYN watches.

TIRZAH

It's cleaner than it was. You'll live.

TARQUIN

Malbête will be disappointed. He'd rather see me dead.

TIRZAH

A man like him experiences his share of disappointments.

TARQUIN

That's certainly true of everyone.

TIRZAH

Including your father?

TARQUIN

My father taught us to speak in riddles and aphorisms. A pity he couldn't teach us trust as well.

TIRZAH

Yes, a great pity—when a child doesn't trust his father, or a father his son. Trust is something that must be earned. You've earned it here; see you don't violate it.

She goes.

BRAELYN

You survived. Tirzah didn't quite bite your head off.

TARQUIN

Does she make a habit of that?

BRAELYN

Not often. She bites Jean-Luc's head off sometimes, but that's because she likes him. (*At his tattoo*) Did you choose that yourself?

TARQUIN

More or less. Gisbourne gave it to me, and then I improved it.

BRAELYN

My mother gave me mine.

She pulls her hair back, revealing a tattoo of a flock of birds down one side of her neck.

BRAELYN, *Cont'd*

Birds. Jean-Luc says I got birds because they don't know when to stop talking and neither do I, but my mother said they reminded her of me--independent, valiant and joyful.

TARQUIN

I can see that.

BRAELYN

She taught me what other tattoos mean, too. The cross in yours is for faith, I know that. And the sword--that's courage, isn't it?

TARQUIN

That's right.

BRAELYN

My mother says that only the best warriors have tattoos like that, and the fiercest fighters. Cassian said he taught Ravenna to fight. Did he teach you?

TARQUIN

My father did. Didn't your father or brother teach you?

BRAELYN

Jean-Luc's my half-brother. We've all learned how to fight; some of us are just—better at it than others. I have trouble with my feet. Jean-Luc says I watch them too much, or I don't watch them enough.

TARQUIN

Maybe it's not just your feet that are the problem. Come here. *(He gets to his feet and she goes to him)* You're standing wrong. First, fix your stance. Your feet are too close together. And the smaller the target, the more difficult it is to hit. *(he puts a hand on her spine)* You feel that? Now take a step. Any direction you like. *(She does, and TARQUIN moves with her)* Try again.

BRAELYN

You're always behind me.

TARQUIN

I know which way you're turning. So don't turn. And move faster.

He lunges and she moves in the opposite direction—only to end up face to face with him, one of her arms pinned behind her back.

TARQUIN

Not quite fast enough.

BRAELYN

Oh, no?

TARQUIN looks down to see his own dagger against his gut. TIRZAH has returned with JEAN-LUC.

TARQUIN

How did you—

JEAN-LUC

Distraction works both ways. Her brother taught her that.

BRAELYN hands TARQUIN back his dagger.

BRAELYN

(To TARQUIN)

I do have a problem with my feet, though.

JEAN-LUC

(To TARQUIN)

Why call yourself “friar”?

TARQUIN

I prefer your sister's form of interrogation.

TIRZAH

That didn't look like interrogation. Are you going to answer Jean-Luc's question?

TARQUIN

What does a friar do?

JEAN-LUC

Take confession.

TIRZAH

Cynical people would call that keeping secrets.

TARQUIN

If I was going to betray you, any of you, I already would have. Many times. Easily. You want DeClaire gone, and my father, and anyone else who poses a threat? Then take your head out of the sand, and do something about it. Start with the assassin. If you really want to weaken DeClaire then get rid of his thug. Permanently. Unless you have any objections?

JEAN-LUC

None whatsoever.

TIRZAH

(To TARQUIN)

Locksley can easily keep Malbete here. You and your sister should return to Nottingham before anyone else knows you're missing.

BRAELYN

You take Tarquin. I'll find Ravenna, and she can meet you in Nottingham.

JEAN-LUC

And you stay there.

BRAELYN

Stay in Nottingham, why?

JEAN-LUC

With Tirzah. Don't come back here—not until it's safe.

BRAELYN

I'm supposed to be safer in Nottingham than I am here?

JEAN-LUC

We need as many eyes and ears in Nottingham as we can possibly get. You get into Nottingham, and you stay there. *(No response)* Muchlyn.

BRAELYN

I'll be careful.

*And she's gone before he can say anything else.
Lights shift to another part of Sherwood.
CASSIAN and RAVENNA are alone.*

RAVENNA

This is where you grew up?

CASSIAN

Well, not just here. But yes, for the most part. Only half the stories people tell are true.

RAVENNA

(Her fingers trace his tattoo)

Including tales about this?

CASSIAN

A gift from Gisbourne to my father the day he was declared an outlaw. My mother branded herself the same day.

RAVENNA

And yours?

CASSIAN

When the Lionheart came home, he pardoned all of us in Sherwood and made my father his Royal Emissary. My mother and I stayed here, and my father went with the king. He stayed loyal to Richard until the day he died. Three times King John ordered my father to stay at Court; three times my father refused, so the King revoked our Royal Pardon and made us outlaws again. *(Indicating his tattoo)* My father gave this to me when he returned to Sherwood. To remember who I am, he said.

RAVENNA

The son of a Wolf's Head. Cocky, and reckless, and— *(She pronounces it in French "ey-rho-gah")* arrogant—

CASSIAN

“Arrogant”? You think I’m arrogant?

RAVENNA

And kind, and brave, *et mignon*—

CASSIAN

You think I’m cute?

He’s standing very close to her.

RAVENNA

I’m beginning to see why you would want to come back here.

CASSIAN

I came home. This is where I belong, Ravenna. Sherwood knows me as well as I know Sherwood, better even.

RAVENNA

I’d like to belong somewhere.

CASSIAN

You could belong here. All you have to do is trust Sherwood, and let Sherwood trust you.

RAVENNA

Make an entire forest trust me?

CASSIAN

Close your eyes. Humor me.

She does and he slides up behind her, his arms around her, his mouth at her ear.

CASSIAN, *Cont’d*

You’ve seen Sherwood’s face; now listen to its voice. The call of every bird, the hum of every insect add to its language. Hear its breath in the trees; and let its heartbeat sync with yours. Sherwood will tell you all of its secrets, if you let it. But you have to earn its trust.

RAVENNA

And when I’ve earned Sherwood’s trust, what does that feel like?

I'll show you.

CASSIAN

He kisses her.

It's not Sherwood's trust I really want.

RAVENNA

I know.

CASSIAN

Lights shift to another part of the forest, near LOCKSLEY's camp. MALBÊTE is bound to a tree as WILL, ELODIE and MARION interrogate him.

He's coming around.

WILL

Does the fox really believe I'll answer any of his questions?

MALBÊTE

He isn't the one asking.

ELODIE

Breeding agrees with you, Elodie. You've become quite *la renarde*.

MALBETE

And you're still *la balette*.

ELODIE

How's our cub? Braelyn, is that her name? I'd forgotten.

MALBÊTE

Doubtful. And she's not your cub.

WILL

Isn't she? Quite the little spitfire, I've heard.

MALBÊTE

What else have you heard?

ELODIE

MALBÊTE

I don't speak wolf and I don't speak treason.
(*At ELODIE*) Certainly not to a traitorous
Norman catin—

WILL

Watch your tongue.

MALBÊTE

Or you'll what? Cut it out?

ELODIE

I'll make you swallow it; and you of all people know I can.

She draws her dagger and approaches him.

MARION

No, don't. We're not like him.

WILL

Let Elodie dispose of him. He'll tell us nothing.

MARION

He knows nothing; he wouldn't taunt us otherwise.

MALBÊTE

Clever little she-wolf.

WILL

(*To MARION*)

What do you propose we do, then?

MALBÊTE

Taking orders from a woman—

ELODIE shuts him up by stuffing a gag in his mouth.

ELODIE

We can't send him back to Nottingham any more than keep him here.

LOCKSLEY, CASSIAN, and JEAN-LUC join them.

CASSIAN

Did you get the weasel to talk?

MARION

Isn't there someone else you should be looking after?

JEAN-LUC

(So MALBÊTE can't hear)

Braelyn's taking them back to Nottingham. Malbête knows about one ally; he doesn't need to know about—the other one.

LOCKSLEY

(To MARION)

What's he said?

MARION

Nothing we didn't already know.

CASSIAN

Maybe you're not asking him the right questions.

WILL

You think you can get something out of him that we haven't?

MARION and LOCKSLEY pulls CASSIAN aside.

MARION

Only ask what is necessary. Not everything comes with an easy answer, or without a price.

LOCKSLEY

At the very least, think before you speak. Remember what I said about trust.

CASSIAN

I don't trust him.

LOCKSLEY

What he says may still be partially true. Don't underestimate him.

CASSIAN goes to MALBÊTE and removes his gag.

MALBÊTE

An entourage. I'm honored.

CASSIAN

They aren't asking the questions, I am; and you're going to answer them. *Tout cela, comprenez-vous?*

MALBÊTE

I understand perfectly, ask away. Will you ask about your beloved friar? I know about him already. Your beautiful Nottingham ally? I know every inch of that healer's face, and when I meet her, I know just where I'll start—

JEAN-LUC

Don't you go near her—

MALBÊTE

Or maybe your question has to do with the littlest of your band. (*To ELODIE*) Does she know our secret?

JEAN-LUC

I'll kill you!

MALBÊTE

You have the opportunity, *renardeau*. Take it. (*No response*) Pity. I've heard you're very good at following orders.

LOCKSLEY crosses to MALBÊTE, leaving MARION standing alone, apart from the rest.

LOCKSLEY, *Cont'd*

(*To MALBÊTE*)

You like to play this game, so we'll play this game. We know Gisbourne sent for you; we know your intent is to annihilate me and all of my allies as soon as they can be identified. We know you'll report any and all of your findings to Gisbourne; and you'll not stop until all of us are dead. Which gives us no reason to allow you to continue to breathe. Did I leave anything out?

MALBÊTE

Gisbourne? You truly believe my orders come from Sir Guy of Gisbourne? That's not who I answer to; never has been.

ELODIE

A man like you sells his services to the highest bidder, both in rank and the size of his purse.

DECLAIRE steps from the trees, holding MARION at daggerpoint.

DECLAIRE

A man like him makes exceptions, same as anyone else. Drop your sword, Locksley. Drop it.

LOCKSLEY drops his sword.

CASSIAN

Papa—

LOCKSLEY

Do as he says.

WILL, JEAN-LUC and ELODIE drop their weapons. CASSIAN doesn't.

DECLAIRE

Seems not all the pack follow orders. Give me my assassin. A life for a life.

LOCKSLEY

...Release Malbête.

CASSIAN

No.

LOCKSLEY

Release him.

ELODIE cuts MALBÊTE loose and pulls him upright at daggerpoint.

MALBÊTE

Still going to slice out my tongue?

ELODIE

Don't tempt me.

She takes MALBÊTE to DECLAIRE, then lowers her dagger and returns to WILL.

DECLAIRE

Now was that so difficult?

And he jams the dagger into MARION's gut.

Marion!

LOCKSLEY

MARION collapses as DECLAIRE and MALBÊTE leave.

(At DECLAIRE's retreating back)

You bastard!

CASSIAN

Cassian!

JEAN-LUC

CASSIAN runs after DECLAIRE, followed by JEAN-LUC. LOCKSLEY drops beside MARION, whose hands are still wrapped around the handle of the dagger in her gut.

Marion—

LOCKSLEY

He'll kill Cassian. DeClaire will kill—

MARION

Lie still, don't move.

LOCKSLEY

Go. We'll look after Marion. Go!

ELODIE

Lights shift to another part of Sherwood, where RAVENNA moves alone through the trees. She pauses at a rustling in the undergrowth.

Cassian?

RAVENNA

She is able to take two steps before MALBÊTE seizes her.

MALBÊTE

Wrong. I can't let the little *corbeau* escape. Gisbourne wants incentive, we'll give him one.

RAVENNA

My father will not thank you if any harm comes to me.

MALBÊTE

Beautiful and perceptive. But Gisbourne wants the *louveteau*, and the *louveteau* will come for you. Gisbourne does not take kindly to abduction. Especially of his own daughter. I hear him, can't you? Softly, softly catchee monkey.

But it's BRAELYN joins them, holding a dagger to the back of MALBÊTE's neck.

BRAELYN

Let her go!

MALBÊTE

The little fox cub to the rescue. How quaint.

BRAELYN

This fox cub isn't afraid of weasels like you. Let her go, before I gut you!

MALBÊTE releases RAVENNA.

BRAELYN, *Cont'd*

(To RAVENNA)

Your brother's waiting for you. Go!

RAVENNA runs off.

MALBÊTE

You have your mother's spirit, little one. But maybe not your father's skill.

BRAELYN

I can fight as well as any Scathelocke.

MALBÊTE

Scathelocke? Is that what you are?

BRAELYN

I'm not afraid of you!

MALBÊTE

Be careful *mon renardeau*.

MALBÊTE whirls out of BRAELYN's grasp, seizing her dagger, and guts her.

MALBÊTE. *Cont'd*

That bark could lead to something you regret.

BRAELYN stumbles back into DECLAIRE, who appears from the shadows, plunging his sword into BRAELYN's back.

DECLAIRE

(To BRAELYN)

Pity. We could have done with another bargaining chip.

And he dumps BRAELYN to the ground as JEAN-LUC and CASSIAN appear.

JEAN-LUC

No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

CASSIAN

Brae! Braelyn!

JEAN-LUC

Look at me, Muchlyn. Look at me.

BRAELYN

He was so fast...

JEAN-LUC peels BRAELYN's hand away from her gut, exposing the bloody mess.

JEAN-LUC

Muchlyn—Braelyn, look at me.

BRAELYN

I'm sorry...

JEAN-LUC

Braelyn? *(No response)* Braelyn!

Nothing. CASSIAN makes for DECLAIRE.

JEAN-LUC, *Cont'd*

(*To CASSIAN*)

Don't—!

CASSIAN attacks DECLAIRE. MALBÊTE moves to attack CASSIAN from behind, but is stopped by JEAN-LUC. CASSIAN loses one of his swords to DECLAIRE as MALBÊTE easily disarms JEAN-LUC, and slashes at CASSIAN's chest and DECLAIRE slices at CASSIAN's back, drawing blood and relieving him of his second sword in the process.

DECLAIRE

Were you going to kill me, little cub?

MALBÊTE

I'll kill him for you.

DECLAIRE

You've done enough. Take them both—a fox cub and the wolf cub.

MALBÊTE

Double incentive.

DECLAIRE

But they'll want proof of life.

DECLAIRE grabs CASSIAN's right hand. JEAN-LUC moves toward DECLAIRE, but is held back by MALBÊTE.

MALBÊTE

(*To JEAN-LUC*)

You will watch this. (*He forces JEAN-LUC's head upright so that he can see CASSIAN*) Watch.

DECLAIRE raises his sword.

DECLAIRE, *Cont'd*

One finger for theft, and one for kidnapping.

JEAN-LUC

Cassian!

DECLAIRE brings his sword down. CASSIAN cries out.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

AT RISE:

Lights rise on the cells in Nottingham Castle. One is occupied by JEAN-LUC, whose injuries have been poorly attended to. The other is occupied by an unconscious CASSIAN, whose hand is very badly wrapped.

JEAN-LUC

There's only one way to shut me up; just tell me you're alive, that's all I need to hear. Cassian, please say something. Cash, can you hear me?

TIRZAH appears outside JEAN-LUC's cell.

TIRZAH

Jean-Luc?

JEAN-LUC

Tirzah, how did you—

TIRZAH

I told you, I haven't abandoned all of my vagabond ways. The right word in the right ear — (*Holding up a key and coming into his cell*) — with the right tools, can still get me to the right place. *Jamais la tigresse*, remember? I can't stay long; DeClaire wants the keys back within the hour. You look horrible.

JEAN-LUC

How did you expect prisoners to look?

TIRZAH

And Cassian?

JEAN-LUC

See for yourself. Hasn't opened his eyes since they brought him down here.

TIRZAH

May I see what our esteemed sheriff has done to you?

JEAN-LUC allows her to unwrap his arm, and we see the slash down the length of it. She lifts his shirt and there is another wound on his side—deeper and bloodier.

TIRZAH, *Cont'd*

They didn't even bother, did they?

She starts to remove his shirt.

JEAN-LUC

No. Tirzah, don't—

TIRZAH

I need to look at it. Properly.

JEAN-LUC allows her to remove his shirt all the way, and she sees the bear's paw tattooed over his heart and numerous scars all over his torso.

JEAN-LUC

(Off TIRZAH's stare)

What? Thought I should take a leaf out of Cash's book; take my head out of the sand.

TIRZAH

I—forgot you had that; you try so hard to make sure no one sees it, not even me.

JEAN-LUC

(At his scars)

A gift from the weasel, remember? You know I don't like to talk about it.

TIRZAH

Not your scars. *(At his tattoo)* Not a fox cub after all. A bear: power, courage, confidence, and introspection.

JEAN-LUC

What's that supposed to mean?

TIRZAH begins attending to his wounds.

TIRZAH

It means you think too much. Have you ever thought that your cousin uses cockiness the same way you use caution? Different masks used for the same reason: to hide.

JEAN-LUC

And the one time I didn't hide I got my sister killed. Do you know what "Muchlyn" means? Not much of a threat. I was supposed to keep her safe; and instead I—

TIRZAH

That's not true.

JEAN-LUC

Braelyn wanted me to teach her to fight. And I didn't teach her anything. And I couldn't protect her.

TIRZAH

You taught her to be loyal, and you taught her to be brave, and you taught her to protect anyone and everyone she loves. Braelyn loved you so much, Jean-Luc. She wanted to protect you.

JEAN-LUC

Braelyn's dead because I've been too afraid—

TIRZAH

Listen to me. This is not your fault. Not Braelyn's death. (*She runs her fingers over one of his scars*) Or these scars. (*Now her fingers brush his tattoo*) Or this. You don't have to hide, *mon ourson*. There are some things you can't ever control, no matter how many precautions you take. You are one of the bravest survivors I know. And I am going to get you out of here.

JEAN-LUC

I love you.

TIRZAH

And I love you. You don't have to be afraid. I'll be back. I promise.

Lights shift to a corridor in Nottingham Castle. DECLAIRE is alone, dangling a small drawstring bag from lazy fingers. MALBÊTE joins him.

DECLAIRE

You let me kill your daughter.

MALBÊTE

I said Elodie should know what it's like to lose a daughter—death is as good as anything else. And you still got your double incentive. They're secure, and alive, for now. I don't see why you can't just kill them and have done.

DECLAIRE

To everything there is a time and a season.

MALBÊTE

(At the bag in DECLAIRE's hand)

What is that?

DECLAIRE

Proof of life. One left in Sherwood, and one here in Nottingham for—my own use.

MALBÊTE

Against your fiancée who is not all she appears? She isn't the only traitor under this roof.

DECLAIRE

You know the identity of Friar Tuck.

MALÊTE

Tarquin DuBois. And now, what are your intentions with—

DECLAIRE

Shhh! We're not alone.

MALBÊTE ducks out of sight as LOCKSLEY moves into view, sword drawn.

DECLAIRE, *Cont'd*

The lone wolf. To what do we owe this—

LOCKSLEY knocks DECLAIRE off his feet, his blade inches from DECLAIRE's chest.

LOCKSLEY

Where's my son, you son of a bitch?

MALBÊTE has his sword at LOCKSLEY's back.

MALBÊTE

On your feet, Locksley.

*LOCKSLEY is disarmed and hauled away from
DECLAIRE.*

DECLAIRE

Lock him up, and bring me the girl.

*LOCKSLEY is dragged away. TARQUIN comes
into the room.*

TARQUIN

You've caught Locksley. Did you bring him all the way from Sherwood?

DECLAIRE

Very observant of you. It's regrettable we couldn't have had your assistance as well. But then you're afraid of wolves, aren't you? And weasels? And snakes?

TARQUIN

Weasels and snakes don't scare me.

DECLAIRE

The most dangerous animals are the ones who take their time. The cunning ones. The quiet ones. Would you like to see why?

*He holds the bag out to TARQUIN. TARQUIN
takes it, opens it, recoils.*

TARQUIN

What is that?

DECLAIRE

I'd call it the claws of a wolf cub. The consequences of crossing the law. And he's not the only one in need of punishment.

MALBÊTE drags RAVENNA into view.

RAVENNA

Don't listen to him, Tarquin! Whatever he says—

TARQUIN

(To MALBÊTE)

What did you do?

MALBÊTE

Do? We rescued her from the wolf pack. She owes us her life. At least, that's what she would have us believe.

DECLAIRE

(To TARQUIN)

And you. Skulking in the shadows, refusing to leave the castle, so perfect in the role of a coward. Did you stay because you were truly afraid, or were you hoping to hear certain...confessions?
(To MALBÊTE) That is what friars do, isn't it?

*TARQUIN tries to make a break for it, but
DECLAIRE holds him fast, pulling up
TARQUIN's sleeve and exposing the tattoo.*

RAVENNA

What are you going to do to him?

MALBÊTE

Friars see and hear much. Too much. You can't report what you can't see.

*MALBÊTE draws his dagger, pinning
TARQUIN to the floor as DECLAIRE holds
RAVENNA fast.*

DECLAIRE

You will not move, my dear. You will stand and you will watch, so you may know the consequences of your actions.

*MALBÊTE brings the knife toward TARQUIN's
face, slicing down across one of TARQUIN's
eyes. TARQUIN cries out.*

RAVENNA

No! Tarquin!

She struggles against DECLAIRE, breaking away from him just as MALBÊTE raises his dagger a second time. She throws her body between TARQUIN and MALBÊTE.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

If you want to punish him, you'll have to punish me too.

DECLAIRE

Truer words were never spoken.

DECLAIRE has a branding iron in one hand, and pulls RAVENNA away from TARQUIN, who is prevented from rising by MALBÊTE's dagger hovering inches from his face. RAVENNA's wrist in the other.

TARQUIN

Ravenna!

RAVENNA

(To DECLAIRE)
You wouldn't dare!

DECLAIRE

I am the sheriff of Nottingham. And the wolf should be able to identify his allies—all his allies.

He brings the branding iron down on her arm. RAVENNA cries out. Lights shift to CASSIAN, who echoes RAVENNA's cry as he jerks into consciousness in his cell. JEAN-LUC is watching him.

JEAN-LUC

Don't move.

CASSIAN

Jean-Luc? I can't see—

JEAN-LUC

It's dark. There's nothing to see.

CASSIAN

My hand—

JEAN-LUC

Your fingers. DeClaire took them. Don't sit up—

CASSIAN already has, wincing aloud and pressing his bad hand over his chest.

JEAN-LUC, *Cont'd*

Or do, it's your injuries, not mine. (*As CASSIAN reaches out*) That's a barred wall; I'm on the other side. The other three walls are stone and there's no one else in these cells but the two of us. Just stay put and don't move.

CASSIAN

I got Braelyn killed. I didn't mean—

JEAN-LUC

Yes, we did. We never mean to do anything, or say anything; but it happens, doesn't it? Reckless or not, following orders or not—

CASSIAN

I reacted, and I got caught; and I dragged you into it with me. Perfect bait, that's what we are. The pair of us.

JEAN-LUC

Yes.

TIRZAH has been listening.

TIRZAH

Not for long, you're not. (*To JEAN-LUC; holding up two keys*) I told you I'd come back. As promised, the key to your cell, and the key to his.

JEAN-LUC

I'm surprised our beloved sheriff entrusted them to you.

TIRZAH

Only with the understanding that I return them, and that I do so alone. Otherwise, I'll be in the next cell, and no help to you at all. DeClaire wants you alive, something about "no one comes for a corpse".

Tirzah?
CASSIAN

(*To CASSIAN*)
TIRZAH
I'm not a hallucination. You're awake.

She comes into CASSIAN's cell and examines him.

TIRZAH, *Cont'd*
Your head's bleeding. Did that happen when they brought you down here? (*No response*)
It doesn't look too bad.

JEAN-LUC
He's got another on his chest and one on his back.

CASSIAN
It's nothing; I'm fine.

TIRZAH
Your hand's not fine. (*Off CASSIAN's look*) They covered it, that's something. Will you at least let me look at it?

CASSIAN
Jean-Luc has worse. In more ways than one.

He moves away from her.

TIRZAH
Cassian—

CASSIAN
Just leave me alone.

TIRZAH
Locksley's here in the cell above yours. And DeClaire's taken his revenge on Tarquin and Ravenna as well.

JEAN-LUC
That's two more to get out of Nottingham.

TIRZAH

Leave Tarquin and Ravenna to me.

CASSIAN

Jean-Luc.

He's been moving around the cell, found the walls and discovered just how small his cell actually is. JEAN-LUC notices.

JEAN-LUC

I told you don't move around.

CASSIAN

Jean-Luc. The walls are—very, very, close together. Very small, it's very small.

JEAN-LUC

Cassian, listen—

CASSIAN

(His voice rises in panic)

Jean-Luc! I can't see! The walls are too close together, I can't—I can't breathe!

TIRZAH

(To JEAN-LUC)

What's wrong with him?

JEAN-LUC

He doesn't like enclosed spaces. If he doesn't know how small a space is, he's fine; that's why I told him to stay put. You'd think he'd listen for once—

CASSIAN

I can't breathe! I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

TIRZAH pulls CASSIAN out of his cell.

TIRZAH

Cassian. Cassian, look at me, look right at me, nowhere else. That's it. I'm going to help you, but you have to listen to me. Can you see me?

CASSIAN

I can see you.

TIRZAH

Very good. Now breathe. Yes, you can breathe. Very, very slowly. Breathe in through your nose, that's it. Now out, through your mouth. Very good. And again. Keep breathing, just like that. That's much better. I promise you won't be in here for long—

CASSIAN

No, I can't go back in—

TIRZAH

Cassian. Do you trust me?

CASSIAN

...Yes. I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

TIRZAH

(To JEAN-LUC)

How long has he—

JEAN-LUC

Normandy. When I was taken prisoner, Cash was caught trying to help me escape.

TIRZAH

I remember. You told me Malbête tortured you. What happened to Cassian?

JEAN-LUC

DeClaire locked him in an oubliette—Cash was held underground in the dark for days. The sooner he's back in Sherwood, the better.

TIRZAH

Does anyone else know about Cassian's—

JEAN-LUC

No.

TIRZAH

Not even Locksley and Marion?

JEAN-LUC

We don't talk about Normandy. Not to anyone. Tirzah, you have to promise me you won't say anything.

TIRZAH

...I'll free Tarquin and Ravenna and come back for you.

JEAN-LUC

Tirzah.

TIRZAH

I won't say anything. I promise.

She goes. MALBÊTE comes in opposite.

MALBÊTE

Louveteau. *(No response)* Don't you speak anymore? You had plenty to say the last time we spoke. Did you know you were an incentive? You know what that word means? Bait, a means to an end. Do you know what happens to bait once it's been used? It is disposed of, quickly, silently. No one comes for a corpse.

He draws his dagger and advances on CASSIAN.

CASSIAN

Depends on the corpse.

And he dives at MALBÊTE, knocking the dagger out of MALBÊTE's hand. Both MALBÊTE and CASSIAN dive for it. CASSIAN gets to the dagger first, but MALBÊTE pinions him to the floor, trapping CASSIAN's good hand, and squeezing his bad one.

MALBÊTE

Did I get it right? *(He squeezes harder)* Are these the fingers DeClaire took from you? Poor crippled louveteau—

JEAN-LUC hauls MALBÊTE off CASSIAN as TIRZAH returns with RAVENNA.

JEAN-LUC

(To MALBÊTE)

Touch him again, and I'll carve out your insides.

MALBETE moves to attack JEAN-LUC, but is stopped by TIRZAH's blade.

TIRZAH

I'd drop your dagger if I were you.

MALBÊTE drops his dagger, unsheathes his sword and JEAN-LUC takes it. RAVENNA goes over to CASSIAN.

CASSIAN

If DeClaire catches you—

RAVENNA

I've already been caught.

CASSIAN sees her branded arm.

CASSIAN

How did you...DeClaire. He did this to you—

RAVENNA

Yes, he did this to me; he knows where my loyalties lie, so I might as well live up to them.

CASSIAN picks up MALBÊTE's sword.

CASSIAN

Go back to Sherwood; we'll meet you there. *(To JEAN-LUC)* The weasel comes with us. He'll make a better bargaining chip, after he shows me where my father is.

Lights shift to LOCKSLEY's cell. DECLAIRE is with LOCKSLEY, sword drawn.

DECLAIRE

This is not the first time I've been alone with a wolf.

He draws his sword across LOCKSLEY's chest. LOCKSLEY cries out.

DECLAIRE, *Cont'd*

But there is a difference. I broke your son's mind—

He rakes his sword across LOCKSLEY a second time, drawing another cry from LOCKSLEY.

DECLAIRE, *Cont'd*

And I'll break your body.

DECLAIRE slices his sword once more across LOCKSLEY's chest. TARQUIN is behind DECLAIRE, his sword at DECLAIRE's back, and one side of his face is bandaged. WILL is behind him.

TARQUIN

Intelligent reptiles should know better than to play with their prey.

WILL frees LOCKSLEY.

LOCKSLEY

You're late.

WILL

I thought a little waiting would do you good.

LOCKSLEY

Where's Cassian?

TARQUIN

He'll meet us in Sherwood.
(*To DECLAIRE*) Drop your weapons.

DECLAIRE

Not likely. You've already lost your mate, Locksley, and your son. Who else do you want to lose?

CASSIAN appears with MALBÊTE held at swordpoint. JEAN-LUC is with him.

CASSIAN

I could ask you the same question.

LOCKSLEY

(*To CASSIAN*)
You got caught.

Stupid?
CASSIAN

Reckless.
LOCKSLEY

CASSIAN
Like my father. *(To DECLAIRE)* You like bargains, Josselin, so I'll make you one. Give me my friar, and I'll give you your thug.

JEAN-LUC
I'd take that bargain if I were you.

DECLAIRE
The wolf pack, all in one place.

But TARQUIN twists away from DECLAIRE, pushing the blade away enough to free himself. DECLAIRE turns his attention to CASSIAN, but LOCKSLEY gets between them.

WILL
Robin, don't—!

LOCKSLEY
Back to Sherwood!

DECLAIRE
(To MALBÊTE)
Kill the cub!

MALBÊTE has already begun his attack on CASSIAN as LOCKSLEY fights DECLAIRE. CASSIAN is beaten back by MALBÊTE and nearly disarmed until JEAN-LUC knocks MALBÊTE off his feet. DECLAIRE draws LOCKSLEY closer, ever closer. LOCKSLEY is weakening, and DECLAIRE knows it.

LOCKSLEY
Locksleys are not easily broken.

Aren't they? (At CASSIAN) Louveteau!

DECLAIRE

DECLAIRE shoves LOCKSLEY, throwing him off balance toward CASSIAN just as CASSIAN turns...and CASSIAN's sword enters LOCKSLEY's back.

Robin!

WILL

(To WILL)

Get him back to Sherwood.

TARQUIN

WILL and TARQUIN carry LOCKSLEY off. CASSIAN moves toward DECLAIRE.

Leave him. We have to go. Cash, we have to go, now!

JEAN-LUC

CASSIAN and JEAN-LUC run off. MALBÊTE gets to his feet to follow, but:

Leave them. Let them go. A reprieve to lick their wounds; I can grant them that much.

DECLAIRE

Au revoir tête de loup.

MALBÊTE

Lights shift to the borders of Sherwood. TIRZAH examines CASSIAN's hand, TARQUIN keeps watch. RAVENNA is beside CASSIAN, but CASSIAN's eyes are fixed on LOCKSLEY, who lies nearby, with MARION, ELODIE and WILL beside him. JEAN-LUC joins them.

(To JEAN-LUC)
Were we followed? (No Response) Were we followed?

TARQUIN

JEAN-LUC

I don't know! (*Quieter*) I don't know. DeClaire could have his guards and that thug scouring Sherwood as we speak.

RAVENNA

We can't stay here—

CASSIAN

No one's leaving. Not yet.

TIRZAH has finished with CASSIAN's hand.

TIRZAH

You'll have to keep this covered. (*No response*) Cassian.

She raises a hand to his head, to check his temperature, and he shakes her off.

CASSIAN

Leave it, it's fine. I'm fine.

But his eyes are still on LOCKSLEY.

TARQUIN

For now, maybe.

JEAN-LUC

You didn't do that.

CASSIAN

He came to Nottingham because of me.

JEAN-LUC

DeClaire pushed him, and it was Malbête's blade—

CASSIAN

In my hand. Mine.

Marion—

LOCKSLEY

I'm here, Robin. I'm right here.

MARION

I had time to think about Gisbourne's alliance. Tell Cash—

LOCKSLEY

Tell Cassian yourself.

MARION

Marion, you must make sure—

LOCKSLEY

Don't tell me what to do. You know how much I hate that.

MARION

Cassian.

WILL

Is he...?

CASSIAN

Not yet. But soon. (*So only CASSIAN can hear*) This was not done by your hand. Your mother knows this, and so should you.

ELODIE

WILL and ELODIE leave, followed by JEAN-LUC, RAVENNA, TARQUIN, and TIRZAH. CASSIAN joins LOCKSLEY and MARION.

I'm sorry. Papa, I'm so sorry.

CASSIAN

You have nothing to be sorry for.

LOCKSLEY

DeClaire will pay for this, and Gisbourne—

CASSIAN

Cassian, listen to me.

LOCKSLEY

Papa—

CASSIAN

Listen to me.

LOCKSLEY

...I'm listening.

CASSIAN

Go back to Nottingham. Find Gisbourne. He made me an offer you must accept.

LOCKSLEY

Why me?

CASSIAN

Because the bargain was made with Locksley—with you.

MARION

I can't—

CASSIAN

Yes, you can. You can. For once in your life, do as you're told. Trust Gisbourne. Reckless little cub, that's what you are. I'm so proud of you, Cassian.

LOCKSLEY

I love you, papa.

CASSIAN

(To LOCKSLEY)
Why does it always have to be you? Why did you have to be the Robin everyone sings about?

MARION

Because you are the Marion they should sing about. The stories they tell, they also belong to you. The She-Wolf, the Green Lady, Queen of Sherwood. My Marion.

LOCKSLEY

I love you, Robin. My Locksley of Sherwood.

MARION

There will always...be more...than...one...

LOCKSLEY

LOCKSLEY dies.

CASSIAN

Papa...Papa...

MARION lets out a long mournful howl, which is echoed by CASSIAN. We sit in darkness for a minute, as the howls are echoed again, and again--the howl of death. Lights come up again inside Nottingham Castle. GISBOURNE is alone, listening to the chorus of grieving howls. DECLAIRE and MALBÊTE come in, watching for a minute before:

DECLAIRE

You hear that? The death howl. No Wolf's Head, no pack. Locksley has been released...from this mortal coil. The Wolf's Head is dead; the pack will scatter; and all of your enemies are identified.

GISBOURNE

And to which enemies would you be referring? Ones of your own choosing?

MALBÊTE

Our enemies are yours, are they not, Gisbourne? No matter who they are?

DECLAIRE

Yet His Majesty still asks for an alliance, which I am more than willing to give. There's no need to consort with outlaws. Gisbourne, your position—

GISBOURNE

It isn't just my position that's at stake, DeClaire. And it isn't just my reputation. You were given simple orders, and yet you defy the law—

DECLAIRE

I make the laws. I decide who is worthy of trust and who is not; who is an outlaw and who is not—

GISBOURNE

Did I or did I not say no one comes for a corpse?

DECLAIRE

How very true. Which means no one will come for yours. You told your son once that I outranked him. It appears I also outrank you. I am Sheriff of Nottingham, and you have no power here. The king is in London and you are here—in my domain. *(To MALBÊTE)* Put him in the cells.

GISBOURNE is dragged away. Lights shift to Sherwood, near LOCKSLEY's camp. CASSIAN sits alone, not moving, not speaking. JEAN-LUC watches him. ELODIE approaches JEAN-LUC. JEAN-LUC addresses ELODIE, but his eyes are on CASSIAN.

JEAN-LUC

I'm sorry I couldn't keep my promise.

ELODIE

You made what you thought was the best decision, and the consequences were beyond your control. I don't blame you for Braelyn's death, and nor should you. She was so very proud to call you her brother.

JEAN-LUC

Tirzah said something like that.

ELODIE

Your wife is a very wise woman. And a very skilled healer. *(With a look at CASSIAN)* At least when it comes to the physical injuries.

JEAN-LUC

He hasn't moved. And he's not speaking, not even to me.

ELODIE

Sometimes words aren't enough.

JEAN-LUC

He has to do something.

ELODIE

Perhaps this is one time you can't help him.

JEAN-LUC

I know someone who can.

They leave. After a moment, MARION approaches CASSIAN.

MARION

Cassian. *(No response)* Cash.

CASSIAN

Keep my head down. That's what he told me; that's what you told me. Over and over and over, he told me. I didn't listen—I don't know—I don't—really know anything anymore.

MARION

Yes, you do.

CASSIAN

Mother...I don't know what to do.

MARION

Yes, you do. Go back to Nottingham. Go back, and find Gisbourne. You will tell him you accept his terms but you have terms of your own.

CASSIAN

He won't listen to me.

MARION

Yes, he will.

CASSIAN

I don't trust him.

MARION

Did you trust your father? And me? We chose to trust Gisbourne. Sometimes, there isn't a clear good or bad choice. And at those times, you have to decide for yourself which you think is the least bad, and hope you are right.

CASSIAN

What if I make the wrong choice?

MARION

That's a risk you'll have to take. Something I know you're very good at.

MARION touches his tattoo.

MARION, *Cont'd*

Do you remember when your father gave you this? This is a reminder of what you are. Given as a mark of shame—to paint Robin of Locksley as cruel, cunning and greedy, a savage threat.

CASSIAN

A Wolf's Head.

MARION

Wolves are to be respected as much as feared, perhaps more. They have courage, strength, intelligence. They are steadfast; their loyalty is unyielding; they protect those they love, no matter what the cost to themselves. And they have uncanny instincts. That's what this means, Cassian. You are a wolf, just as I am, just as your father was. We are guardians of Sherwood; protectors of Nottingham; ally to those in need, be they noble or peasant. We belong here—that is what being a Locksley is. Your father loved you so much, Cassian. He was so proud of you, because you are so much like him.

CASSIAN

I can't be like him.

MARION sees RAVENNA watching them.

MARION

(To CASSIAN)

Then be better.

She goes. CASSIAN looks at RAVENNA.

CASSIAN

There's blood on my hands.

RAVENNA

Yes.

CASSIAN

Braelyn's blood. And my father's.

RAVENNA

Yes. But you're not as useless as you think.

CASSIAN

I am. I'm reckless, I'm dangerous, I get people killed.

RAVENNA

That isn't you talking.

CASSIAN

But it's the truth. I might as well face it.

RAVENNA

What are you afraid of?

CASSIAN

I don't know.

RAVENNA

Don't lie, not to me. You know exactly what you have to do and you won't do it because you're afraid of something. I can't help you if you don't tell me what it is.

CASSIAN

Everything, is that better? I'm afraid of everything; what I saw, what I said, what I did, all of it. I provoked DeClaire; I brought Malbete into Sherwood. That brand on your arm is there because of me; Tirzah could have lost Jean-Luc because of me; Tarquin was almost blinded because of me; my mother was nearly killed because of me; Braelyn...Braelyn and my father are dead because of me. Because I didn't listen, because I didn't think, because I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I was always in the wrong place, at the wrong time, doing the wrong thing. Is that what you wanted to hear?

RAVENNA

Was I one of those "wrong things"? Was Tarquin? Or Jean-Luc? Or Tirzah?

CASSIAN

You don't understand.

RAVENNA

Help me understand.

CASSIAN

Locksley thinks. Locksley takes calculated risks. Locksley fights to protect those he loves. I can't do any of that.

RAVENNA

Because you're afraid to try.

RAVENNA draws her sword.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

Get up.

No movement from CASSIAN. Her sword tip is leveled at his face.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

I said, get up.

CASSIAN pushes the sword away.

CASSIAN

Don't.

RAVENNA flicks it back. CASSIAN pushes the sword away with more force.

CASSIAN

I'm warning you, Ravenna, get that thing out of my face.

RAVENNA

Stop me. You have no use of your right hand, so use your left.

And this time, the sword is so close to CASSIAN's face, he ducks.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

Do you really think it was for nothing? Your fingers, your father, all for nothing?

CASSIAN

Don't talk about my father.

RAVENNA

If you want someone to pay, then get on your feet and do something about it. Fight back!

And this time, CASSIAN stands, only to have RAVENNA attack, forcing CASSIAN to defend himself. RAVENNA is knocked to the ground CASSIAN bears down on her, his sword at RAVENNA's throat.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

You see? Not totally useless, still just as good with one blade. Are you going to let me up now, Locksley?

CASSIAN

Don't call me that. I'm not my father.

But he allows RAVENNA to get to her feet.

RAVENNA

You don't have to be. No one expects you to. But you are Locksley; and DeClaire does need to pay for what he's done; to you, to me, and to Nottingham. Why do you think I came here? Not for a betrothal, or to oblige my father.

She brushes her fingers over his tattoo, and turns his face toward her.

RAVENNA, *Cont'd*

I came because I believe in you. Because I love you.

CASSIAN

I love you, too. I don't want to lose you.

RAVENNA

You won't. Not ever. I'm not going anywhere. Not until you tell me to.

CASSIAN

That isn't funny.

RAVENNA

Wherever you are, that's where I want to be. That's where I'll always be.

His fingers brush the brand on her arm.

CASSIAN, *Cont'd*

There's only one other thing I'm afraid of. I hate small enclosed spaces.

RAVENNA smiles at him.

RAVENNA

Then I will make sure you are never in one. You are not alone.

She puts her arms tight around him, and he returns her embrace.

They are interrupted by JEAN-LUC, and TIRZAH.

JEAN-LUC

Did you talk some sense into him?

RAVENNA

I beat some sense into him.

JEAN-LUC

That works?

CASSIAN

Only when done by certain parties.

JEAN-LUC

Does this mean you're going to meet Gisbourne in Nottingham?

CASSIAN

No. If Gisbourne wants a parley, it'll be on my terms, not his.

RAVENNA

Then do it on neutral ground. Not in Sherwood, not in Nottingham, but in between.
(*To JEAN-LUC*) And if you don't trust my father, then bring yours.

TARQUIN comes in. He watches them.

TIRZAH

That may not be easily accomplished. DeClaire arrested him. Put him in the same cell where Locksley—was.

CASSIAN

Can you get him out?

TIRZAH

I had an easier time with you.

TARQUIN

I'll go. Tirzah can show me how she gets in, I can get my father out, and bring him to you. You'll have your parley.

CASSIAN

Be careful.

JEAN-LUC

You sure this will work?

CASSIAN

No.

Lights shift to a cell in Nottingham Castle, occupied by Gisbourne. DECLAIRE stands over him.

DECLAIRE

The former occupant of this cell was dead within forty-eight hours of his imprisonment. Ironic that you should suffer the same fate—though not, perhaps, as quickly as Locksley. His Majesty will be very grieved indeed to hear of your death at the hands of the outlaws as retribution for your disposing of the Wolf’s Head in defiance of your king’s orders.

GISBOURNE

Don't you feel any guilt for betraying your king?

DECLAIRE

Betrayal is in the eye of the beholder. News of Locksley’s death — and your subsequent demise — will spread and corroborate my claims, which will be accepted as fact. Enjoy your solitude, Gisbourne. Perhaps I’ll allow your daughter one last look at you. A wedding present before I send your head to London.

DECLAIRE goes. For a moment there is no sound. Then:

TARQUIN

A cell is the last place I expected to find an emissary of the king.

GISBOURNE

It’s a perfect place for enemies of the sheriff, as you are well aware. You still distrust me?

TARQUIN

I’m trying very hard not to.

GISBOURNE

I was given a task by my king, and I will do whatever it takes to accomplish it. No matter the cost.

TARQUIN

Peace in Nottingham. But, you taught me there’s always more than one way to accomplish something. There’s more than one way to clear a snake pit; and there’s more than one Locksley.

CASSIAN

Petite Jean isn't afraid anymore.

JEAN-LUC

Cassian Locksley isn't as reckless.

TIRZAH and RAVENNA join them.

TIRZAH

(To JEAN-LUC)

Putting your father and Guy of Gisbourne in the same place is a good idea?

RAVENNA

If you want to know what my father's up to, then ask him in person.

JEAN-LUC

And hope we'll get a straight answer.

RAVENNA

You will. We've met on neutral ground—

WILL, ELODIE and MARION have joined them.

WILL

Out in the open and unarmed.

MARION

Gisbourne will be the same.

WILL

How do you know?

RAVENNA

You have Tarquin's word. He's never broken that.

There is a whistle in the darkness.

ELODIE

No howl this time.

CASSIAN

Dead wolves don't howl, which is what we're supposed to be.

He whistles back. TARQUIN and GISBOURNE emerge from the trees.

GISBOURNE

The pack survives.

WILL

No thanks to certain parties. You're alone?

GISBOURNE

You come to parley en masse and I'm not allowed the same courtesy? If I'd wanted to kill any of you, I'd have already done so.

CASSIAN

(To GISBOURNE)

I understand you made a bargain with me.

GISBOURNE

My bargain was with Locksley.

CASSIAN

As I said.

GISBOURNE

Do you know what I asked for?

CASSIAN

DeClaire's head.

GISBOURNE

In exchange for?

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes

CONTINUE TO NEXT PAGE FOR NOTES
ON LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION

NOTES ON LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION

There are several French-speaking and/or French characters in the play. Those words, names and their pronunciation and meanings(if applicable) are as follows:

à(ah): to

Au revoir(oh-re-voi-rr): farewell

Belette(buh-let[rhymes with “bullet”]): weasel

Baiseuse(bay-soos): filthy

Catin(cah-ta): whore

Comprenez-vous(cohm-preh-nay voo): do you understand

Couillon(coo-yo-n): pillock

De(deh): of

Elle(ell): she

Et(ey): and

Etienne(Eh-TYEN)

Il est une(eel ey tuyn)-he is a

Jamais la tigresse-ever the tigress

Jean-Luc(ZHAW-LUYK)

Josselin(ZHO-SE-LEN)

Le(leh)/La(lah)/Les(lay): the

L'ennemi de mon ennemi est mon ami(len-ah-me-deh-mohn-enemy-ey-mo-na-me): the enemy of my enemy is my friend

Les vrais intentions de chaque'un sont dans leurs yeux(lay vray en-tahn-sion deh shaq uh sohn dahn lure syuh[“yeux” rhymes with “dieu”]): the real intentions of someone are in their eyes

Loup(Loo): wolf

Louveteau(Loove-toe): wolf cub

Malbête(Mal-bet)

Corbeau(cor-bow): raven

Mignon(mee-nyoh): cute

Mon/Ma(moh/mah): my

Ourson(oar-so): bear cub

Renards(rhe-nar): foxes

Renarde(rhe-nar-de): vixen

Renardeau(rhe-nar-doe): fox cub

Solene(soul-enn)

Tête de loup(tet deh loo): wolf's head

Tois(twa): three

Tout cela(toot seh-la): all of it

Vous(voo): you