



"The Sheriff of Naughtyham"

#022-2
(script)

Written
by
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WWWILD BBBRAIN

Cast of Characters



Melissa

Mr. Baby

Mr. Smarmy

"THE SHERIFF OF NAUGHTYHAM"

FADE IN:

ON AN OLD LEATHER-BOUND BOOK

with the words **Robin Hood** gold-embossed on its cover. As the CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN...

NARRATOR

(elderly British accent)

For nearly a thousand years
storytellers have told, retold,
re-retold and re-re-re-re-retold
the legendary story of Robin Hood.
So we're not going to bore you by
telling it again.

A hand enters shot and sweeps the book away, replacing it with large format children's book with the title **Mr. Baby Hood** on it, scrawled in childish printing.

NARRATOR

This is the story of Baby Hood,
which has never been told before,
because the script was only
finished last night.

The hand opens the cover, revealing a double-page map of the medieval countryside. In the middle is a small castle, standing on a little domed hill with a moat around it. At the foot of the hill to the left, 10 yards away from the castle, is a peasant village comprised of a village square with a half-dozen huts clustered together as tightly as possible. Ten yards to the right of the castle hill is a small meadow, in the middle of which stands a single big tree. At the top of the tree, in plain view, is a child's tree house, AKA the hideout of Baby Hood and his merry monkey and lady.

NARRATOR

Our story takes place in the
County of Naughttyham.

The hand points at the castle.

NARRATOR

This is Naughtyham Castle, home of the very handsome, very rich and very *naughty* Sheriff of Naughtyham.

SFX: BOOING & HISSING.

NARRATOR

Please hold your hissing till the end of the story.

The BOOING & HISSING stops.

NARRATOR

Thank you.

The hand points at the peasant village.

NARRATOR

This is the Village of Naughtyham, home of the poor peasants, woefully oppressed by the Sheriff of Naughtyham.

More BOOING & HISSING.

NARRATOR

I thought we had an agreement.

The BOOING & HISSING stops. The hand points at the tree house.

NARRATOR

And finally, this...

(cooing)

...adorable little tree house is the hideout of cute Mr. Baby Hood and his merry band.

SFX: CHEERING & WHISTLING.

NARRATOR

YAY! HOORAY!

WIDEN to reveal the narrator, who looks like John Gielgud in a suit and tie, standing over the book on a movie stage, jumping and shouting and waving like a cheerleader. He puts his fingers in his mouth and WHISTLES.

NARRATOR

GO, MR. BABY HOOD! YOU'RE THE
MAN!

The narrator looks into camera, realizes he's being watched.
He stops suddenly, contains his emotions.

NARRATOR

Uh...I think it's time we got to
the story.

BACK TO CLOSE SHOT ON MAP

NARRATOR

It all began in the Village of
Naughtyham...

As the CAMERA PUSHES IN on the village, the scene transforms
from a line drawing to full-color animation. The peasants,
including the LITTLE OLD LADY in a wooden Zimmer frame, rake
mud, toss garbage into the street, etc. One peasant family
cheerfully lives in a pigsty along with their pigs. Suddenly
a luxuriously appointed carriage enters, pulled by two white
stallions, with a royal driver atop. The carriage is flanked
by two soldiers on horses, the bigger of whom we'll call
DEPUTY. The carriage and soldiers stop.

DEPUTY

(to peasants)

Grovel before your master, the
Sheriff of Naughtyham!

The peasants prostrate themselves in the mud as MR. SMARMY
steps out, wearing luxurious clothing with a sheriff's badge
on his breast and a cowboy hat.

MR. SMARMY

Good morning, my dear peasants.
I'm here for my daily "naughty"
workout.

Smarmy starts to do jumping jacks, speaking in time with his
exercise.

MR. SMARMY

*Give me all your money! Give me
all your livestock! Give me all
the clothing off your backs!*

Smarmy thrusts his arms straight out and starts to do some deep knee bends. The peasants rush around, gathering their things. They toss coins, chickens, sheep and the clothes off their backs into a pile before Smarmy.

MR. SMARMY

Thank you...very much.

He bends down, touches his toes.

MR. SMARMY

And have a...nice day!

Smarmy stands up, takes a deep breath and smiles.

MR. SMARMY

(deep breath)

Ah! What an invigorating workout.

(to his deputy)

Deputy! Put this loot in the carriage!

But as the deputy reaches for the loot, MISS MELISSA, in a Robin Hood style outfit, swings into shot and lands dramatically before Smarmy.

MISS MELISSA

Return those things to their rightful owners or you'll be sorry, Sheriff!

MR. SMARMY

(arrogant)

Oh, really? And who's going to make me sorry? You?

MISS MELISSA

No!

MR. CHUCKLES, wearing a monks habit with hood, swings into shot and lands beside Melissa.

MR. SMARMY

Him?

MISS MELISSA

No.

Smarmy reacts to an o.s. GIGGLING, then MR. BABY HOOD drops

into shot, butt first, flattening Smarmy. Mr. Baby wears a cute green hood and green diaper.

MISS MELISSA

Him!

Baby Hood gets up, looks at Smarmy who's flattened in the mud.

MR. BABY HOOD

Boo-boo?

Mr. Baby Hood picks up Smarmy.

MR. SMARMY

Unhand me, you outrageously
outsized outlaw!

Mr. Baby Hood makes a pout, then releases Smarmy, who falls back into the mud, face first. SPLAT! Smarmy stands, covered with mud, seething.

MR. SMARMY

You'll wish you never trifled with
the Sheriff of Naughtyham once we
run you through with our swords.

Smarmy and his two deputies place their hands on their hilts, ready to draw their swords when:

MISS MELISSA

(Gasps!) You can't use a real
sword.

Smarmy and his men freeze.

MR. SMARMY

Why not?

Melissa looks into camera, gestures at us.

MISS MELISSA

Because there are children
watching. And kid's cartoons
aren't allowed to have violence.

MR. SMARMY

Oh. Then what can we use to
thrash and hack at each other?

Miss Melissa and Mr. Chuckles reach for their scabbards, yank out ordinary bed pillows.

MISS MELISSA

Pillows!

They start swinging them like swords, beating back Smarmy and his men. Feathers fly!

MR. SMARMY

Ah! Ugh! Oof!

(to his soldier)

Deputy! My royal pillow! Hurry!

As Melissa and Chuckles continue to beat him, the deputy reaches into the carriage, withdraws a purple pillow with golden trim and tassels. He tosses it to Smarmy, who starts to beat back Melissa and Chuckles. The soldiers draw their own pillows, get into the fray. Then cut...

CLOSER ON SMARMY & MELISSA

as Smarmy comically puts his hand behind his back and does several perfect thrusts and parries with his pillow, advancing on Melissa, who defends herself admirably. They finally "cross" pillows, staring at one another face to face.

MR. SMARMY

You're quite skilled with a pillow.

MISS MELISSA

You should see me with water balloons!

They push apart, continue to bat each other.

WIDER ANGLE

Mr. Baby Hood takes out a huge pillow and starts to bash Smarmy with it, GIGGLING. Smarmy staggers.

MR. SMARMY

Hit me while I'm not looking, will you? Take this!

Smarmy throws his pillow, hitting Mr. Baby Hood in the nose. Mr. Baby Hood reacts with surprise. Then goes through his routine, lip quivering, nose sniffing, eyes welling. Then he

bursts into tears and CRIES. Smarmy's soldiers instantly stop dueling, frown at Smarmy.

DEPUTY

Shame on you, sire! Throwing pillows is for bullies!

MR. SMARMY

Sorry.

Smarmy turns to Mr. Baby Hood, lowers his head.

MR. SMARMY

I apologize.

Mr. Baby Hood suddenly smiles, then lifts his big pillow and drives Smarmy into the mud. WHAM! A huge cloud of feathers explodes and rains down as the deputies continue their pillow fight with Melissa and Mr. Chuckles. Smarmy gets out of the mud, looking tarred and feathered, starts whacking Mr. Baby Hood. And in a moment, he and his deputies have the upper hand, forcing Melissa and Mr. Chuckles back. Then they take their pillow cases and pull them down over Melissa and Mr. Chuckles' heads.

MR. SMARMY

Well done, deputies! Seize Mr. Baby Hood and take him to my castle!

DEPUTY

Sorry, sire, but we cannot.

MR. SMARMY

What do you mean you cannot? Why cannot you?

They look up at Mr. Baby Hood and swoon.

DEPUTY

(cooing)

Because he's soooooo cuuuuuute!

Mr. Baby Hood smiles and drools on them. They love it. But Smarmy hates it!

MR. SMARMY

OOOooooh! I'll fix that!

Smarmy looks up at Mr. Baby Hood, gestures with his finger.

MR. SMARMY

Come down here, you...you...

NARRATOR

May I suggest "newborn knave"?

MR. SMARMY

(looks to camera)

Thank you.

(to Mr. Baby)

Come down here, you newborn knave!

Mr. Baby Hood curiously lowers his head to Smarmy, who takes out a big, black crayon and draws an ugly mustache and some wrinkles on Mr. Baby Hood's face.

MR. SMARMY

There! He's ugly! Now take him away!

The deputies fold their arms.

DEPUTY

Nope! We won't touch him!

(cooing)

'Cause he's still a cutey-wooty.

Smarmy stomps his feet with rage.

MR. SMARMY

Oh, yeah!

Smarmy grabs his deputies' two pillow cases, pulls them over their heads. Then Smarmy points up at Mr. Baby Hood.

MR. SMARMY

(feigning horror)

Oh, look! An ugly, horrible fiend! Grab him and drag him back to the castle at once!

DEPUTY

Yes, sire!

The two deputies grab Smarmy and drag him away.

MR. SMARMY

Yaggh! Hey! Lemme gooooo!

And as Miss Melissa and Mr. Chuckles pull the pillow cases off their heads, the peasants gather round and let out a CHEER. And as Mr. Baby Hood smiles and drools...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WIDE ON COUNTRYSIDE DAY

...including peasant village, castle and Mr. Baby Hood's tree house hideout. PUSH IN on the tree house and cut...

CLOSER ON TREE HOUSE

which looks like it's made of colorful, hollow plastic LITTLE TYKES playground toys, with slide, swings, etc. Mr. Baby Hood, Melissa and Mr. Chuckles sit inside it. Mr. Baby Hood playfully spins the big tic-tac-toe cubes.

NARRATOR

Later that afternoon, at Mr. Baby Hood's secret hideout...

MISS MELISSA

We've got to figure out a way to help the poor peasants, Friar Chuckles.

MR. CHUCKLES

Ooot-ooot-ooot!

MISS MELISSA

Take from the rich and give to the poor? Why that's a lovely idea! But how can we do it?

As Mr. Baby Hood gives the tic-tac-toe cubes a final haphazard spin, they stop with a horizontal X-X-X through the middle. As he lets out a GIGGLE, Melissa reacts.

MISS MELISSA

(cooing)

Uh! What's that? Have you come up with a little plan of your own, Mr. Baby Hood? Let's see what it is...

She first points to the X on the right, then the X in the middle, then the X on the left, while saying:

MISS MELISSA

*We start from our cute little
hideout, here, and take all the
money from the nasty Sheriff's
castle, here, and give it back to
the nice poor peasants, here.*

Melissa and Chuckles make wide-eyed-open-mouth faces at Mr. Baby Hood, CLAPPING at his plan.

MELISSA & CHUCKLES

*What a special little plan! Yes
it is! We'll do it just as soon
as you're done with your nap.*

Melissa hands Mr. Baby Hood his bottle. And as he sucks on it and his eyes slowly close, we cut...

FULL ON TREE HOUSE HIDEOUT

Then PULL BACK through a castle window to reveal we are now INT. SMARMY'S ROYAL CASTLE CHAMBER, where Smarmy is standing by the window, through which we can see the tree house, where Mr. Baby Hood and the others are clearly visible.

MR. SMARMY

I've got to find Mr. Baby Hood's
hideout so I can get rid of him
and his merry band. But how will
I find it?

(brightens with idea)

I know!

(looks up)

Yoohoo! Mr. Narrator!

NARRATOR

What is it?

MR. SMARMY

Tell me where Mr. Baby Hood's
hideout is.

NARRATOR

Oh, I couldn't do that. It's
against the rules.

Smarmy looks at the bottom of the screen, waves his hand and out flows subtitles of the following line in Japanese:

MR. SMARMY

Tell me, or I'll replace you with subtitles!

NARRATOR

Very well! They're in the tree house.

The subtitles disappear. Smarmy looks out the window, sees the tree house, rubs his hands with glee.

MR. SMARMY

The tree house! How clever!

WIPE TO:

MR. BABY HOOD

sleeping in the tree house with Melissa and Mr. Chuckles. A beat, then a pink, furry rabbit rises into shot. It "looks" around cautiously, then rises higher, revealing Smarmy is wearing it on his head.

MR. SMARMY

(sotto)

Pssst! Mr. Baby Hood! Yoohoo!

As Mr. Baby Hood's eyes flicker open, Smarmy ducks down so that only the rabbit is visible.

MR. BABY HOOD

Bunny?

As Mr. Baby Hood tries to pet it, it disappears. He crawls out of the tree house after it while Melissa and Mr. Chuckles continue to sleep.

ANGLE ON REEDS

Smarmy's silhouette moves through the reeds with the rabbit visible ABOVE. As Mr. Baby Hood follows we cut to...

THE PEASANT VILLAGE

to reveal a giant LITTLE TYKES stocks (with holes for head and hands). The stocks are open. Smarmy tip-toes into shot, hides behind the stocks post. He takes the bunny off his head, holds it above the open stocks, wiggles it.

MR. SMARMY

Squeak-squeak-squeak goes the bunny!

Then Mr. Baby Hood crawls into shot, stops before the stocks.

MR. BABY HOOD

Bunny!

As Mr. Baby Hood reaches to pet the bunny, Smarmy slams the stocks, locking it over Mr. Baby Hood's head and hands.

MR. SMARMY

Gotcha, you little hooded hoodlum!

WIDER ON VILLAGE

MR. SMARMY

Attention all peasants!

The Little Old Lady and other peasants come out, gathering around the stocks, holding baskets of food and garbage.

MR. SMARMY

As Sheriff of Naughtyham, I order you to pelt this naughty child with garbage!

The peasants exchange a look, then pelt Smarmy with garbage.

MR. SMARMY

Hey! *Ak!* Stop! *Ptah!*

As he's covered with a pile of reeking garbage, Miss Melissa and Mr. Chuckles swing into shot.

MISS MELISSA

There you are, Mr. Baby Hood.

Smarmy staggers to his feet, covered with garbage and vegetables. He reaches for his scabbard, draws a long fish skeleton instead of a sword.

MR. SMARMY

Stand back or I'll cut to you to ribbons.

Melissa and Mr. Chuckles draw their pillows again, start whacking Smarmy. Feathers fly, and a moment later Smarmy is covered with feathers, looking like a chicken.

MR. SMARMY

Ptew! Enough! Stop it! *Achoo!*

They stop dueling.

MR. SMARMY

There must be another way to settle our differences. My allergies are killing me.

MISS MELISSA

Very well. How about a contest?

MR. SMARMY

What kind of contest?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

It's reminiscent of a football stadium, with the peasants seated on one set of bleachers, and Smarmy's royal courtiers on the other. Lots of pomp and banners and tents and flags. Mr. Baby Hood, Melissa and Mr. Chuckles face Mr. Smarmy and his two deputies in the center of the field. Smarmy speaks into a microphone which echoes over the courtyard.

MR. SMARMY

Ladies and gentlemen...

MR. CHUCKLES

Oot-oot!

MR. SMARMY

(annoyed)

...and chimpanzees.

Several chimps in the peasant bleachers jump and SHRIEK (SFX).

MR. SMARMY

Welcome to the Naughty games. Whoever gets the most points wins the castle and all the riches of Naughtyham. Prepare for the first contest...*moving target archery.*

WIPE TO:

THE FIELD

where one of Smarmy's deputies paints a red circle on a hay target. Smarmy nocks an arrow on his royal bow.

NARRATOR

Lying cheat that he was, the Sheriff of Naughtyham was going to use an illegal magnetic arrow.

Smarmy looks into camera.

MR. SMARMY

(sotto, seething)

You don't have to tell them everything, do you?

NARRATOR

I'm the narrator. It's my job.
(under his breath)

Twit!

Smarmy scowls, then aims his bow as his deputy rolls the hay target across the field. Smarmy releases. THWAK!

DEPUTY

Bull's-eye!

Smarmy's side of the field CHEERS. He turns to Melissa.

MR. SMARMY

Beat that!

As Melissa nocks her arrow, cut to...

MR. BABY HOOD

standing behind Smarmy. He plays with the hay, then finds an open bucket of red paint. BURBLING curiously, he dips his finger in, then paints a silly "happy face" on Smarmy's butt, GIGGLING at his handiwork. It looks a lot like a bull's-eye. Smarmy turns around.

MR. SMARMY

What are you snickering at?

He looks down, sees the red circle on his butt.

MR. SMARMY

What the...?

Smarmy leans on another round disk of hay, trying to reach back and wipe the paint off. He accidentally slips, rolls out onto the field holding the disk of hay, continuing O.S.

MR. SMARMY

Oooooooooohh!!

Then Melissa shoots her arrow o.s. and we hear Smarmy let out a SCREAM! Friar Chuckles and Melissa slap "five" and smile. Mr. Baby Hood CLAPS. The peasants CHEER.

NARRATOR

Fortunately, Mr. Baby Hood's team also got a *bull's-eye*.

ANGLE ON SMARMY

running back and forth over the field with an arrow in his butt.

NARRATOR

Or should I say, a *sheriff's-butt!*
The score was tied, one apiece.

WIPE TO:

THE FIELD

where a big, wacky looking catapult is set up.

DEPUTY

(into microphone)

Next contest, the ten meter catapult dive! First up for the Hood team, Friar Chuckles.

He climbs into the catapult basket, pulls on a metal crash helmet. Mr. Baby Hood happily screws the catapult handle tight. Friar Chuckles gives a "thumbs-up" to the deputy, who pulls the trigger rope. FWOOSH! He's launched into the air, doing somersaults, half-gainers, etc. He lands in the "royals" bleachers, bowling down several people.

AT THE JUDGES' TABLE

there are two "royals" and two chimps. The two royals give

him a 6 and an 7. The chimps give him 10's, and stick their tongues out at the royals. The o.s. peasants CHEER.

BACK ON THE CATAPULT

Mr. Baby Hood GIGGLES, turns the screw, lowering the catapult. Smarmy climbs into the basket.

MR. SMARMY

Now watch how a *professional* does it.

Mr. Baby Hood turns the screw some more. The catapult bends down further and CREAKS.

MR. SMARMY

That's quite enough. Let go of the handle!

Mr. Baby Hood just GIGGLES and keeps turning. CRE-E-E-EAK!

MR. SMARMY

I said, **LET GO!**

His deputy pulls the rope. SPROING! Smarmy is launched like a rocket, flying over the castle wall, and into...

ORBIT

where he circles the globe, SCREAMING. In the foreground is a flying saucer with two green aliens inside. They hold up score cards: 10.0. Then Smarmy reenters the atmosphere over England and sails back down to...

THE FIELD

where he lands like the comet from *Armageddon*...BOOM!...making a smoking crater. SFX: CHEERING.

CLOSE ON CRATER

as Smarmy rises up, charred and smoking.

MR. SMARMY

Ha! I won the event.

(into camera)

But was it really worth it?

He falls backwards to an o.s. THUD!

WIPE TO:

THE FIELD

where there is now a modern, Olympic-sized swimming pool. The contestants are at the end of the pool, standing on the starting blocks. Smarmy is next to his second deputy and Mr. Baby Hood is beside Melissa. Smarmy and his deputy wear silly suits of armor. Melissa wears an armored swimsuit. Mr. Baby Hood wears only an armored diaper with armored water-wings.

DEPUTY

Next contest, synchronized
swimming in armor. On your marks,
get set, GO!

Smarmy and his partner dive into the pool. Mr. Baby Hood just drops in butt-first. SPLASH! The bleachers are drenched. Mr. Baby Hood holds Melissa and playfully splashes her about on the surface of the water, GIGGLING. Smarmy and his partner are nowhere to be seen. As the peasant CROWD CHEERS for Melissa, cut...

UNDER THE WATER

as Smarmy and his partner sink to the bottom. CLUNK!

MR. SMARMY

(into camera, bubbly)
I should never have let them talk
me into this stupid event.

WIPE TO:

THE FIELD

Mr. Smarmy is now wearing a full suit of black armor, with his face visible in the open helmet. He's on a black horse and holds a lance with a suction cup on the end. Opposite him, Mr. Baby Hood is wearing his armored diaper and cute armored "wool baby cap". A wooden crane lowers him onto his giant wooden rocking horse. He holds a big baby bottle instead of a lance.

DEPUTY

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the
joust! Last person to stay on
their animal is the victor!

The peasant crowd CHEERS Mr. Baby Hood on.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Give it to him, Mr. Baby Hood! We
poor pathetic peasants are
counting on you!

Mr. Baby HICCUPS and GIGGLES.

CLOSER ON SMARMY

MR. SMARMY
I've got to win this final contest
or I'll lose the games.

Then WIDEN to reveal Smarmy's legs are tied together under the
belly of his horse. He looks into camera.

MR. SMARMY
(sotto snicker)
That's why I had my deputies tie
my legs together so I can't fall
off. Heh, heh, heh!

Mr. Smarmy whips his reins and his horse gallops off, but...

MR. BABY HOOD

just sits there on his rocking horse, BURBLING mindlessly.
Melissa and Friar Chuckles react with worry.

MISS MELISSA
Don't just sit there, Mr. Baby
Hood! Go!

But he ignores them. Smarmy gallops toward him, kicking up
the dust. He lowers his lance. But before he gets there...

MR. BABY
(sneezes)
ACCCHHOOOOOOO!!

...blasting Smarmy, who falls to one side, going all the way
under his horse and back over, completing a full 360 until
he's upright again.

MR. SMARMY
Whooooaaaaaaaaahhh!!

The CROWD GASPS. Smarmy steadies himself, circles around,

then gallops toward Mr. Baby Hood again. He lowers his lance, gets Mr. Baby Hood right in the belly with his suction cup. PWOP! But Mr. Baby Hood doesn't budge. He just GIGGLES as if it tickled, while Smarmy almost falls off. The CROWD GASPS. Then Mr. Baby Hood grabs Smarmy's lance and holds it up. Because Smarmy is tied to his horse, his horse is lifted up with him.

MR. BABY HOOD

Horsy!

Mr. Baby Hood shakes the lance, causing Smarmy and his horse to spin around in circles like a New Year's noisemaker.

MR. SMARMY

Yah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!!

More GASPS from the crowd. Then cut...

CLOSE ON THE LEGS OF BABY HOOD'S ROCKING HORSE

Smarmy is lowered in shot, jarred to a stop, dangling from the lance in Mr. Baby Hood's hand. He takes out a chain saw and starts cutting through one of the rocking horse legs. Then he looks into camera with an sinister smile.

MR. SMARMY

They don't call this place
Naughtyham for nothing. Heh, heh.

WIDER ANGLE

as the leg collapses under Mr. Baby Hood's horse. He starts to lean like a slowly falling redwood.

MISS MELISSA

(Gasp!) Mr. Baby Hood! Look out!

Mr. Baby Hood falls sideways, crashing to the grass. Smarmy falls beside him, remaining on his horse. Mr. Baby Hood starts to CRY.

MR. SMARMY

I won! I won!

NARRATOR

No you didn't!

Everyone in the courtyard, including Smarmy, looks to camera.

Smarmy puts his finger to his lips, shakes his head.

MR. SMARMY

Shhh! You're not supposed to speak to the characters in the story. You're supposed to narrate to the audience.

NARRATOR

That's just what I'm doing! You should be ashamed of yourself! A grown man cheating a baby.

Everyone looks at Smarmy in shock, lets out a collective GASP!
As the CAMERA FINDS Mr. Baby Hood still CRYING:

NARRATOR

(cooing)

Aw, you poor thing. Did that pathetic excuse for a classical storybook villain make you cry?

Mr. Baby Hood stops crying, looks into camera, smiles.

NARRATOR

That's better.

Miss Melissa turns to Smarmy, looking terribly serious.

MISS MELISSA

Cheating a baby! How could you?
Do you know what this means?

MR. SMARMY

What?

Melissa grabs Friar Chuckles with one hand, Mr. Baby Hood's hand with her other. She dances up and down with glee.

MISS MELISSA

WE WON! WE WON! ...

As Mr. Baby Hood starts to GIGGLE, and the peasants CHEER...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NAUGHTYHAM CASTLE BALLROOM DAY

Melissa, Chuckles, Mr. Baby Hood and the peasants (who are now

dressed like kings and queens) are inside the castle dining room, dancing and enjoying a feast to MEDIEVAL MUSIC.

MISS MELISSA (CONT.)
... THE CASTLE AND RICHES BELONG
TO THE PEASANTS!! HOORAY!!

And as Mr. Baby Hood CLAPS and GIGGLES we cut to...

EXT. FRONT OF CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Smarmy is on a horse, wearing shabby peasant's clothes, with his badge on his chest and cowboy hat on his head.

MR. SMARMY
Oh, well. At least they let me
remain the Sheriff of Naughtyham.

Smarmy walks his horse to another horse which is tied to a parking meter. The meter clicks RED indicating its time has expired.

MR. SMARMY
(to tied up horse)
Ha! You're busted.

And as Smarmy takes out a citation book and starts writing we...

FADE OUT

THE END