***Jungle Village***

*King Robert: Curly, wig-like hair with crown on top; wrinkles; fat head*

(Bob is dazed from bouncing – eyes whirling)

**Bob:** Where…where am I?

**King Robert (Narrator):** Feeling a bit discom**bob**ulated? Welcome to the –

**Bob:** Do you always have to make pun of me?

**King Robert:** Nice one!

**Bob (shakes out head, eyes return to normal):** I meant fun…where’s your son **head**ing?

**King Robert:** Ho, ho! You’re on a **roll** today! But as I was saying, welcome to the Jungle. We have fun and games. Many robbed Roberts are here – just try and learn their names!

**Bob (looks around):** Hey…they’re just like me!

**King Robert:** One and all became a ball when through the trees Rob came. This is a curse you must reverse or forever you’ll be maimed! These other folk will have some treats if you do them a job. These items are pretty sweet, I call them thingama**bob**s!

**Bob:** …why is everything named after me?

**King Robert:** Silence, little Bob – I don’t need your flack – I’m the king! The branches will help you bounce and you can use the vines to swing.

*Bob the Builder:* construction hat; hammer in mouth

**Bob:** Hey there, mister. I’m Bob.

**Bob the Builder:** You see this hammer? I could bust your **balls** with it.

**Bob:** Not-uh.

**Bob the Builder:** Yeah-huh.

**Bob:** I don’t have any **balls**.

**Bob the Builder:** Yeah you do, throwing my name around like that.

**Bob:** Wait, so *you’re* Bob, too?

*Bobbus:* sideways cap, dollar chain

***Treetop Village***

*Chieftain: ovular, tall head with headdress of feathers coming down on one side*

**Little Big Feather:** Ahoy, comrade Bob! Welcome to our treetop retreat! What can I do for ya today?

**Bob:** *A.* …why is everyone up here?

*B.* Isn’t your name a little…contradictory?

**Little Big Feather:** *A.* When Rob raided the coast, he chased all of us good folk up here! He’s still down there somewhere...but things are working out pretty nifty for us, so why go back?

*B.* Excuuuuuuuse me?

**Bob:** *A.* Isn’t anyone left down there?

*B.* Little big…that doesn’t make any sense. What are you, a famous warrior of some sort?

**Little Big Feather:** *A.* Only one crazy old fisherman and that thrice-danged parrot of his! It’s real **ball**sy of ‘em, I’m telling ya. You’re not **heading** on down there, are ya?

*B. You* don’t make any sense. And sense doesn’t make any you, either, ya hear? You sure got some **balls**, talking to me like that. Now bring me that feather, kid!

**Bob:** *A.* I need my body back! Of course I am!

*B.* Make me! You **warhead**!

**Little Big Feather:** *A.* Who said you could? Huh? Huh? I’m still chief ‘**round** here, aren’t I?

*B.* [careening into Bob, sending the latter rolling back a bit] Pick! [careening into Bob again] It! [careening into Bob one more time] Up!

**Bob:** *A.* King Robert said I could!

*B.* [player must go and pick up feather] Here. Another for your **headdress**.

**Little Big Feather:** *A.* Ah, well in that case, go right **ahead**.

*B.* Ah, she’s a beauty! And a **warhead’s** a bomb, little Bob, not a warrior with only a head.

*Robin: head surrounded by outline of hood, perhaps a little of hood draping over forehead; bow and arrow diagonally behind head*

**Robin:** RAWWWR!

**Bob:** AHHH!

**Robin:** State your name and purpose, voyager!

**Bob:** Your head! Your head! What happened?

**Robin:** Name and purpose! [bow and arrow come out of head and are directed horizontally at Bob]

**Bob:** AHHHHHHH!

**Robin:** Calm down – it wasn’t in my head. It was on my back. Ah, the nuisances of 2D….Now, NAME AND PURPOSE!

**Bob:** [teardrop relief emote] Phew! I’m Bob. I’ve come to defeat Rob and regain my body.

**Robin:** Are you **rolling** in the dough, Bob?

**Bob:** I’m **rolling** on these…leaves? Stop being discom**bob**ulating!

**Robin:** Watch your tongue if you want to keep it, you conniving **ball** of quips! Now are you a **nabob** or not?

**Bob:** *A.* Bloody **balls**, what are you *talking* about?

*B.* Yes, I am a high-ranking Muslim who reports to my Mogul overlord.

**Robin:** *A.* You posh trash! Of course you don’t understand the dialect of your “social inferiors!”

*B.* I knew you were a wealthy little runt! You have the **balls** to rob the people of their wealth? [shoots Bob, who respawns at the beginning of the treetop village]

**Bob:** *A:* Wait, wait, I get it now, Mr. Hood! I’m not rich! I’m poor; look, no body! I’m just trying to **bounce** that evil Rob!

**Robin:** *A.* HAR HAR HAR! Your humor is **ballistic**! Just for that, I’ll give you this bow. You’re not exactly poorer than the rest of us, but it might come in handy. Well, maybe not **hand**y…but you get what I mean.

*Mother and Baby NPC*

**Mother:** Why hel –

**Baby:** WAAA! WAAAAAAAA!!

**Mother:** How a –

**Baby:** WAAAAAA!

**Mother:** – ing today?

**Bob:** *A.* Pretty good, thanks.

*B.* Pretty well, thanks.

*C.* Can you shut that thing up?

*D.* **Ballin’**.

**Mother:** *A.* You mean “pretty *well*, thanks.”

*B.* WAAAAA! WAAAA! How you like me now, son?

*C.* Well that was **ballsy**!

*D.* No…just no.

***Dock***

*Fisherman and Parrot*

**Bob:** How’s it going, mister?

**Parrot:** How’s it going, mister?

**Bob:** Pretty well, thanks.

**Parrot:** Pretty well, thanks.

**Bob:** Hey, wait a second…

**Parrot:** Hey, wait a –

**Bob:** *A.* Can I speak to your owner?

*B.* C’mere you rascal…

**Fisherman:** *A.* Whattaya think y’are, **head** honcho over here or somethin’?

*B.* Whattaya think y’are, some kind of **bouncer** or somethin’? Parrot! Use Peck! [Parrot pecks Bob to death]

**Bob:** *A.* Please, I just need a boat.

*AA.* Yeah, I think I’m better than you, son.

**Fisherman:** *A.* Naw.

*AA.* Oh yeah, whippersnapper? It’s my move now. Parrot! Use Growl! [Parrot makes obnoxious squawk and Bob dies]

**Bob:** *A.* But pleeeeasee!

**Parrot:** Pleeeeasee!

**Fisherman:** Naw. You need some manners. But I’ll tell ya what.

**Bob:** What?

**Parrot:** What?