

ROBIN HOOD: ORIGINS

by

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INT. LOXLEY MANOR - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

The SHADOW of a THIEF.

The shadow inching across the walls of an ENGLISH MANOR. A gluttony of 12th century tapestries and fineries on display.

Until the shadow STOPS. Hearing the sound of WHISPERS ahead. As we see a man beneath a CROSS. The EARL OF LOXLEY (40's).

EARL OF LOXLEY

... I can do all things through Him
who strengthens me.

The shadow steals past, SILENT, arriving at a WOODEN CABINET. A FIGURE now stepping into the LIGHT, revealing the face of --

A SIX YEAR OLD BOY.

This LITTLE THIEF reaching for the cabinet door, opening it to reveal a YEW WOOD LONGBOW inside. Pay dirt.

The boy SMILING. Admiring the mighty weapon. Grabbing a quiver of ARROWS --

EXT. LOXLEY ESTATE - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

A miniature WOODEN FIGURINE. A two-inch wooden ARCHER carved out of oak. Ready for the fight.

A beautiful, red-headed YOUNG GIRL plays with the figurine, no more than six herself, lost in her imagination until --

The Young Boy comes running out of the Manor. BOW IN HAND. The girl SMILING. Her EYES ALIVE with the possibilities.

As she pulls him away towards a DENSE GREEN FOREST in the distance. Its hallowed name a promise of things to come.

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - HILL - LATER - *FLASHBACK*

The girl leads the boy to a HOLLOWED-OUT TREE on a HILL. She places the wooden figurine on her head. A TARGET. A dare.

The boy retreating TWENTY FEET, threading an ARROW. Pulling back the FLAX STRING. Eyes locked with the smiling girl.

A child aiming an arrow at a little girl's head.

As the boy's fingers slowly release the string and --

A FIRM HAND suddenly GRABS THE BOW. The Earl of Loxley snatching back his weapon. Too late. The arrow UNLEASHED.

The IRON ARROWHEAD spinning through the air until --

THUD. The girl SCREAMS. SLUMPING to the ground. Reaching for her head. Breathless.

Only to find TWO HALVES of the figure in her hands. A smile escaping her lips. As the Earl GRABS his son. Furious.

EARL OF LOXLEY
... Your time will come, Robin.

The sound of SCREAMING suddenly intruding, YELLING as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT CAVE - DAY

ROBIN OF LOXLEY opens his eyes to find himself in a DESERT CAVE. The boy grown up. 20'S, bearded, sun ravaged skin.

VOICE (O.S.)
ARCHERS FRONT.

He is surrounded by a regiment of FILTHY BEARDED ARCHERS. Dust covered, fly-ridden men. A MUSCLED SOLDIER leans over them. This is GUY OF GISBOURNE (30s, fire and brimstone).

GISBOURNE
LINE'S THINNING OUT, NEED STICKS ON
THE TOWER, ON YOUR FEET.
(impatient)
... C'MON, GOD'S WAITING.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - SYRIA - DAY

The ARCHERS follow Gisbourne through a SYRIAN DESERT VALLEY lined with WOUNDED SOLDIERS. Triage. Doctors at work.

GISBOURNE
Here --

Robin sees Gisbourne hand him some HOT BEESWAX.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Keeps the string soft in the dust.
You out Messina? First action?

Robin NODDING. As they arrive at the MOUTH OF THE VALLEY.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
 If you die, try and get your sticks
 to someone else, okay?

The sound of WAR growing louder. Almost upon them.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
 -- Hate to see them go to waste.

EXT. DESERT BATTLEFIELD - SYRIA - DAY

The CRUSADES. Europe's CHRISTIAN FORCES against their MUSLIM "SARACEN" FOES. A HOLY WAR. RED CROSS-laden armor. Field commander BISHOPS reciting LATIN PRAYER mid-battle.

As we see a massive CASTLE SIEGE is in progress. The Christian armies attacking a sandstone castle with SIXTY FOOT HIGH CATAPULTS and TREBUCHETS. Miracles of medieval engineering, covered in SOLDIERS. Hurling enormous ROCKS.

WHOOMPF. WHOOMPF. WHOOMPF. As Gisbourne leads the Archers past these wooden giants towards a huge SIEGE TOWER...

A SEVEN STORY HIGH TOWER on wheels. Covered in mule and oxen rawhide. A series of LADDERS and PLATFORMS within.

GISBOURNE
 TO YOUR WINDOWS --

INT. SIEGE TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Robin and the others CLIMB LADDERS to a series of PLATFORMS. Peering through FIRING WINDOWS at the castle ahead --

The horrifying THUD, THUD THUD of enemy arrows peppering the tower like METAL RAIN. Flying in through every window --

Robin sees ARCHERS DROPPING all around him. As the tower is PUSHED FORWARDS from below. The might of a HUNDRED MEN rolling them towards the castle. Closer to the violence.

Gisbourne threads his bow. The others following suit.

GISBOURNE
 -- AWAY.

As they all FIRE in unison. Attacking the enemy battlements. SARACEN ARCHERS in the distance falling to their deaths.

Robin the LAST TO FIRE. As he aims through his window. Finding a SARACEN in his SIGHTS. Hesitating. And then --

WHOOSH. He releases his arrow. Watching as it spins through the air. Arcing across a desert sky until --

THUD. It hits a far off Saracen in the head. Blood spilled. Robin's EYES WIDE. Robin of Loxley making his first kill...

EXT. SARACEN CASTLE - SYRIA - DAY

The tower rolls ever closer. The same height as the castle BATTLEMENTS. VOLLEYS OF ARROWS exchanged. As the Christian soldiers rally behind the leviathan. The tip of the spear.

INT. SIEGE TOWER - LATER

Robin sees the tower is almost to the castle. The battlements all but UNGUARDED. SOLDIERS joining from below.

The soldiers preparing to lower a TOWER DRAWBRIDGE down onto the battlements to begin the attack when --

GISBOURNE

Wait...

Gisbourne surveys the battlements ahead. Suddenly seeing a GLIMPSE of something. Almost like a DARK HOOD.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

No, THEY'RE PULLING US IN --

THUD. A GIANT 12 FOOT CROSSBOW BOLT slams against the other side of the drawbridge. Followed by two more. THUD, THUD.

Robin looks out to see the giant bolts attached to ROPES on COUNTERWEIGHTS. The weights being dropped as --

The DRAWBRIDGE is suddenly RIPPED OPEN. The tower EXPOSED.

As an IMPOSSIBLE FLURRY of DEADLY ARROWS riddles through their ranks. SHADOWS approaching from the castle.

TERRIFIED VOICE (O.S.)

... HOODS --

A FLOOD of SARACEN "HOOD" ARCHERS suddenly pouring into the tower like an Islamic SPECIAL FORCES UNIT. All wearing COWL HOODS. Like nothing we have ever seen before. Their RECURVE BOWS like machine guns compared to the single-fire longbows.

Robin seeing the wave of VIOLENCE turn towards him as he tries to raise his CUMBERSOME LONGBOW and --

He is suddenly KNOCKED BACK in the melee. Sent flying,
PLUMMETING DOWNWARDS off the exposed back of the tower...

EXT. DESERT BATTLEFIELD - SYRIA - CONTINUOUS

Robin lands in a HEAP of bodies below. Looking up to see the
Hoods like ants on the tower above. POURING DOWN into the
soldiers all around him. A devastating COUNTER ATTACK.

GISBOURNE (O.S.)
HOLD THE LINE.

Robin sees Gisbourne next to him, swinging his RAPIER SWORD.
Holding them back. His fellow warriors RUNNING IN RETREAT.

Robin hesitates. Swallowing his fear...

And then he joins Gisbourne's side. The two of them alone.
Two against HUNDREDS. A final stand. ARROWS DEPLETING.

Until he sees a HOOD closing in for the kill. Robin trying
to fight back. KNOCKED TO THE GROUND by his assailant...

Seeing his enemy's FACE beneath the hood, only to find a
BLACK MOOR (50's) standing over him. Filled with RAGE as --

The Moor is suddenly KNOCKED OUT from behind. A wave of
CHRISTIAN REINFORCEMENTS arriving to thwart the counter
attack. The cavalry coming just in time...

GISBOURNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... Guess you get to live another
day after all.

As Gisbourne sheathes his rapier, helping Robin up.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Guy. Of Gisbourne.

ROBIN
... Robin of Loxley.

Robin seeing the surviving Hoods being captured. Bodies
everywhere. Fields of blood.

GISBOURNE
Welcome to the Crusades.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERWOOD VILLAGE - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

ROBIN (19) RUNS through SHERWOOD VILLAGE. Filled with CHERRY BLOSSOM and EXCITED CROWDS. An idyllic, 12th century heaven.

VOICE (O.S.)

... A holy war is upon us.

A figurehead of a man is speaking before them. Statue like. As if his proud posture were a monument to God himself. This is the SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM (40's, evangelical charm).

NOTTINGHAM

A war not just for Jerusalem... But for Christendom itself.

An ARCH DEACON (50s, pasty) next to him NODS in reverence.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Your God speaks. His whispers have reached us all. Even as we stand here your King leads the fight to the heart of the Pagan scourge. And now he asks that we follow...

A RED-HEADED TEENAGER arrives next to Robin. The girl from earlier now older. Stunning. This is MARIAN (19, light).

MARIAN

What's going on --

Robin puts a finger to his lips. Ssshhh.

NOTTINGHAM

... You all know me. We grew up on the same streets. Prayed in these same churches. There is a reason the King's brother placed your care in my hands... Because he knows we are of one God. And he knows that our Nottingham is a land every bit as holy as Jerusalem.

Young Marian sees ROBIN'S FACE. As entranced as the crowd.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

He knows this city is the heart of England. The heart of this great church. And he knows we will not falter when the call comes.

The crowd AGITATED now. Like a baptist church on Sunday.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
 This is Nottingham. Without our
 swords, without our purses, without
 our blood, our God will fall.
 (off their looks)
 ... Let him see how we fight.

The crowd CHEERING. Marian seeing Robin swept up in it all --

EARL OF LOXLEY (V.O.)
 I cannot permit it, I am sorry.

INT. LOXLEY MANOR - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

Robin is following his father, the EARL OF LOXLEY. The Earl
 older now, in his FIFTIES. He has an unease about him.

ROBIN
 I leave tomorrow, we take port to
 Messina. Then through Italy --

EARL OF LOXLEY
 I will not gift you to their war.

ROBIN
 I'm not yours to gift, Father, what
 happens to the East --

EARL OF LOXLEY
 What happens to the East is not
 your concern --

ROBIN
 It's all of our concern.

The Earl grabs a SHEPHERD'S CROOK, walking out.

EARL OF LOXLEY
 Then your ears are too easily
 turned by the words of others.

EXT. FIELD - LOXLEY MANOR - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

With CROOK in hand, the Earl enters a field of SHEEP.
 Tending to the herd. Robin following him into the field.

ROBIN
 They soil our churches, burn our
 brothers in their beds --

EARL OF LOXLEY
The sheriff is not to be trusted,
Robin, he speaks for Prince John --

ROBIN
He speaks for God.

EARL OF LOXLEY
You really believe that?

ROBIN
The true Christian glories in the
death of the pagan, because thereby
Christ himself is glorified.

The Earl seeing the church's fingerprints on his son.

EARL OF LOXLEY
You will learn to think for
yourself.

ROBIN
Do not dismiss my faith as belief --

EARL OF LOXLEY
I pray to the same God you do, son,
it is not your faith I doubt. It
is your church. These are not your
Grandfather's crusades.

The Earl of Loxley returns to his sheep, seeing MARIAN
watching on. Waiting for Robin...

Marian listening in. NEVER MORE BEAUTIFUL.

EARL OF LOXLEY (CONT'D)
Remember what you have here, Robin.
(off his look)
... There are two sides to every
war. Not all of our enemies lie to
the East. Be vigilant.

ROBIN
It is God's will.

EARL OF LOXLEY
You are a Loxley, son. You are
born to lead, not to follow.

The Earl raising his Crook, turning the herd.

EARL OF LOXLEY (CONT'D)
Will you be shepherd?
(off his look)
... Or sheep?

As the sound of HORRIFIC SCREAMS intrude once again and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUSADE ENCAMPMENT - SYRIAN DESERT - DUSK

The Saracen HOODS' HANDS are being CUT OFF. A TENT ENCAMPMENT behind the front line surrounding. Robin arriving to see Gisbourne CAUTERIZING a Saracen stump.

GISBOURNE
... Hoods. Saracen bowman, front line. Not many live to see 'em.

The MOOR that almost killed Robin is dragged up. The Moor SWALLOWING THE PAIN as his hand is CUT OFF. Robin wincing.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Can't string a stick without a hand. You'd rather we killed 'em?

ROBIN
There must be another way --

GISBOURNE
They weren't going for us, they were going through us, for the water supply. Can replace a soldier. Can't replace water.
(off his look)
They'd have killed everyone here. Still think there's another way?

Gisbourne grabs a SKIN OF SARACEN WINE, handing it to him.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
... Where you from?

ROBIN
North country, off the Trent.

GISBOURNE
Nottingham born? I'm Stoke. Not that far West. We're practically brothers. How long you been out?

ROBIN
Year and a half, two... Came
through Constantinople.

GISBOURNE
Well, don't worry, be back on the
dale in no time --
(re: wine)
You gonna drink that thing or what?

Robin GRINNING. Taking a BIG SWIG.

As Gisbourne leads Robin past the HUGE FIRING CATAPULTS and
TREBUCHETS. The massive weapons of war unrelenting.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Shoulders of giants.

Robin sees one of the catapults launching DISEASED ANIMAL
CARCASSES. Medieval biological warfare in effect.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Not what you expected?

ROBIN
Grandfather was a pikeman in the
second crusades.

GISBOURNE
That castle contains enough Saracen
steel to arm half the country.
... Worry not, your grandfather
will be proud.

As a SOLDIER arrives, WHISPERING in Gisbourne's ear.

SOLDIER
They ran for the hills.
(off his look)
... We're inside.

EXT. COURTYARD - SARACEN CASTLE - SYRIA - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Robin follows Gisbourne into the CASTLE.
Like entering another world. Surreal, ritualistic SARACEN
PAINTINGS on the walls. Like a PAGAN NIGHTMARE.

A CHRISTIAN GARRISON fills the courtyard. The HOOD PRISONERS
being made to show them the bounty. As a GATE is opened and
a mass of WOMEN AND CHILDREN are revealed instead. FAMILIES.

ROBIN
... Where's the steel --

GISBOURNE
Bring 'em out one at a time.

He pulls his SWORD as the families are brought forward.

ROBIN
What are you doing?

GISBOURNE
Sometimes difficult decisions must
be made for the greater good.

Robin starting to realize what he's in the middle of here.

ROBIN
... They were just protecting their
families. You knew there were no
weapons here --

GISBOURNE
Messages must be sent.

Robin sees SOLDIERS ransacking the castle, stealing. The far
off SCREAMS OF WOMEN. As Gisbourne hands him a SWORD.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Perhaps the honor should be yours.

A TEENAGE MOOR BOY is brought up first. Robin sees the ONE-
HANDED MOOR that almost killed him being HELD BACK.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
This is the way we serve our home,
remember? Our church.

Robin looks at the teenage boy in front of him. Sickened.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
An example must be made.
(a threat)
I would hate for it to be you.

Robin now aware of Gisbourne's SOLDIERS circling around him.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Let them see God's strength.

Robin's sickening understanding of the war he's fighting in.

ROBIN
There's no God here.

As he CASTS THE SWORD ASIDE. Defiant. A moment. Until --

GISBOURNE

... Then who guides my hand?

Gisbourne suddenly pulling his RAPIER SWORD and KILLING THE BOY in front of Robin. The MOOR SCREAMING, behind held back.

As Robin BREAKS FREE, reaching for the sword and --

PPFFTT. The first arrow HITS ROBIN IN THE CHEST. The second in the STOMACH. The third sending him down to the GROUND.

As the AMUSED GISBOURNE takes Robin's ARROW QUIVER from his back. Tossing them to a nearby Archer.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

Hate to see them go to waste.

ANGLE ON ROBIN

Our hero BLEEDING OUT. As he looks up to see Gisbourne raise his rapier, about to bring it down on Robin's neck when --

A NOISE INTERRUPTS. The THUNDER of SARACEN INVADERS. Robin seeing SWARMS OF SARACENS suddenly attacking from all sides.

VOICE (O.S.)

Gates won't close... IT'S A TRAP --

The Saracen prisoners suddenly FIGHT BACK, joining their brothers. Turning the courtyard into a KILL BOX.

As Robin sees the MOOR sprinting towards Gisbourne. Seeking vengeance for his family. SWORD RAISED in his good hand...

Gisbourne seeing he is surrounded. Not a fight he can win. As he mounts a horse and RETREATS into the desert.

Robin seeing the Saracens swarm towards him now, about to finish him off when... The MOOR suddenly stands in their way.

MOOR

ISTANNA LA --

Robin looking at the Moor as he NODS to Robin, the Saracens DRAG OUR HERO AWAY by the ankles into the DARKNESS of the castle and we --

FADE TO BLACK:

SILENCE. Nothing. The darkness extending.

And then the swirling sound of CHEERING as we FADE IN ON:

EXT. SHERWOOD VILLAGE - MORNING - *FLASHBACK*

A PARADE in the picture-perfect village. SOLDIERS going off to war, cloaked in optimism and hope. Marching in FORMATION.

As Robin says goodbye to Marian. Robin in his UNIFORM. A RED CROSS against white battle dress. The iconic CRUSADER.

ROBIN
... How do I look?

MARIAN
Like a target with arms.

ROBIN
That's not very encouraging.

MARIAN
You see him anywhere?

Marian sees Robin's anxiety as he looks around.

ROBIN
Probably had a hard time getting
here. Lot of people.

She KISSES him. A DEEP KISS. The kind meant to make him remember, and help him forget. She smiles.

MARIAN
... Tell me you'll be back.

ROBIN
Tell me you'll be waiting.

Marian pulls out a GIFT. Robin unwrapping cloth to reveal a PENDANT ON A STRING. HALF of the ARCHER FIGURINE from when they were kids. Seeing she is wearing the OTHER HALF.

MARIAN
I'll be waiting.

ROBIN
Then I'll be back.

As Robin is led away. Joining the ranks. Looking out into the crowd one more time, to no avail. About to leave...

And then he sees him. RUNNING through the masses. The EARL OF LOXLEY. Coming to watch his son go to war. Father and son LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. A thousand things left unsaid.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Robin wakes from a NIGHTMARE. Looking up to see DARK FIGURES surrounding him. The walls covered in PAGAN PAINT.

His long beard is being cut off. A hand lifting Marian's ARCHER PENDANT up off his chest. As Robin grabs it.

VOICE (O.S.)
You should save your strength. You
will need it.

Robin seeing the MOOR step out. Hearing him speak ENGLISH. Seeing he is just moving the pendant clear of his beard.

MOOR
... You are surprised I speak a
language other than my own? Not
all Muslim have hoofed feet.

Robin sees he is surrounded by SARACEN BALMS. Liquids and remedies. His WOUNDS HEALED. SCARS showing the time past.

MOOR (CONT'D)
You have been gone from this world
for many moons, Christian.

Robin looks at the SHARP KNIVES shaving his beard.

MOOR (CONT'D)
-- You are in no danger. We are a
long way from the war.

ROBIN
Why are you helping me?

The Moor steps into the LIGHT. Robin seeing him better now. An older, CULTURED WARRIOR. 50s. Warmer in the light.

MOOR
I know you saw -- what they have
done to us. What they did to me.
(off his look)
... This war cannot be won in my
fields. It can only be won in
yours.

Robin looking at him now. As they finish removing his beard.

MOOR (CONT'D)
You are Nottingham born.
(off his look)
(MORE)

MOOR (CONT'D)
 -- Nottingham is the center of your
 world. Change Nottingham, you can
 change this war. You can end it.

Robin STANDS UP, having heard enough, pushing past them.

MOOR (CONT'D)
 It is not your God that must be
 stopped, it is your leaders. I
 have seen the fight in you --

ROBIN
 My fight is done. All I care about
 now is returning home.

MOOR
 ... Then you will find yourself
 most pleased.

Robin looking at him, confused. Looking at a HANGING LANTERN
 above. Seeing it SWAY gently. Realizing --

EXT. SARACEN BOAT - DAY

Robin exits through a DOORWAY to find he is on a SARACEN
 BOAT. The WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER ahead. ENGLAND'S COAST.

MOOR
 Been here two weeks waiting for you
 to wake up, Christian. Cannot say
 it is the warmest place on earth.

Robin already heading to an adjoining SKIFF, UNTYING it --

MOOR (CONT'D)
 There is much you do not know.
 (as he leaves)
 ... Your horrors do not end abroad.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Robin docks his skiff on the edge of the RIVER TRENT. His
 face alive. Excited. As he breathes in the AIR OF HOME.

Only to find a different stench awaiting him. DEATH. Fields
 of DEAD CATTLE littering BARREN LAND as far as the horizon...

An eerie, peculiar sight. As Robin holds the remains of DEAD
 CROPS between his fingers. Meeting his new home.

EXT. SHERWOOD VILLAGE - LATER

RAIN. Robin walks over an ARCHED WOODEN BRIDGE into Sherwood Village. Only to find his horrors have just begun. A muddy soup of poverty and disease awaiting him. BEGGING CHILDREN.

Robin sees the CITIZENS being watched by "CROSSMEN." The SHERIFF'S CONSTABLES. Each with a RED CRUSADE CROSS on their uniforms. Like Nazi soldiers in occupied France.

And then he sees her, up ahead. A light in the darkness. MARIAN. Same RED HAIR. Same spirit. Feeding a SICK CHILD. Taking DONATIONS in a DONATIONS POT outside her SIMPLE HOUSE.

ROBIN

Marian --

Robin already hurrying towards her as --

A CROSSMAN suddenly stands in his way, sword levelled.

CROSSMAN

Toll... For the road. You pay your way, or you get the blade --

ROBIN

There's no toll on these roads --

THWACK. A PUNCH to the gut from a SECOND CROSSMAN. Robin doubled over. Into the MUD this time. BLOODIED NOSE. As he looks up to Marian, going to call her name, WINDED --

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Marian...

And then he loses the words. His face falling.

As he sees that Marian is NOT ALONE. A MAN joining her. His ARMS AROUND HER. This is WILL THATCHER (20's, noble brow). A CLOSENESS between them. A love. A certain strength.

The last thing Robin sees the sight of Marian KISSING ANOTHER MAN, as he allows himself to be pulled back by the Crossmen.

Our hero DRAGGED back to the road and out of the village...

Marian LOOKING UP, as if suddenly knowing someone was there. Looking through the packed streets to find NOTHING.

Robin long since gone. A distant memory.

EXT. LOXLEY MANOR - DUSK

Robin hurries home, seeking refuge from the madness. Coming around the corner of the OVERGROWN DRIVE of LOXLEY MANOR --

ROBIN
FATHER --

Only to find the REMAINS of Loxley Manor awaiting him. The old leftovers of an ATTACK. A NOISE coming from within.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
... Father?

Robin hurries closer. Seeing a SCAVENGER running out. Robin GRABBING HIM. A frail, old PEASANT in his hands.

PEASANT
Please, just looking for food --

ROBIN
What happened here --
(off his confusion)
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

PEASANT
Crossmen. Sheriff's constables.
... The lord wouldn't pay --

ROBIN
The sheriff did this --

PEASANT
He tried to fight him. They came
in the night, burned it down --

ROBIN
The sheriff killed my father?

The peasant realizes who he is talking to.

PEASANT
Do anything to pay for the war.
Put him under the oaks. Church
wouldn't give him a proper burial.
(off his look)
... Said there's no place in heaven
for traitors to the crown.

EXT. FIELD - LOXLEY MANOR - NIGHT

An OLD SCARECROW in a BARREN FIELD. STARVING CROWS picking at the scarecrow's WITHERED FACE now. An unnerving sight.

As we see Robin. KNEELING in front of a MOUND OF DIRT by an old OAK TREE. NO CROSS. Just a makeshift, unmarked grave.

RAIN covers everything. Doing little to wash away the past. Robin's eyes raw. Stripped of all life.

Until finally, inevitably, Robin reaches under his shirt...

And PULLS OFF MARIAN'S ARCHER PENDANT. RIPPING THE STRING from his neck. Tossing it down at the foot of the grave.

Removing any leftovers of the man he once was. As he raises his head and stares forward with VENGEANCE in his eyes...

INT. LOXLEY MANOR - NIGHT

Robin bursts in. He heads straight towards the old WOODEN CABINET. Opening it to reveal the contents STILL INTACT...

His Father's old YEW WOOD LONGBOW inside.

EXT. FIELDS - DAWN

Robin heads off into the DAWN. Through barren fields once filled with sheep. Heading towards the lights of NOTTINGHAM in the distance. A MEDIEVAL CITY SPARKLING in the new light.

A HUGE CATHEDRAL visible in the middle. The church spire like an ENORMOUS GRAVESTONE pointing up into the sky...

CUT TO:

INT. NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - MORNING

STAINED GLASS distorts God's light across a CLOSED DOOR. The sound of BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMING comes from the other side. The CRACK of a WHIP. The sound of WHISPERED LATIN --

A final HORRIFIC SCREAM. And then FOOTSTEPS, until...

The SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM walks out. Older than when we met him last. Worn. Lined. Like a president 4 years in.

The ARCH DEACON awaits his exit. The room almost CULT-LIKE. Feverish evangelism. As the Sheriff KISSES his HAND...

And then he hangs a BLOODIED CAT-TAIL WHIP on the wall. The BLOOD still dripping off of it onto the cathedral floor. The Sheriff WASHING his HAND CLEAN now in a BASIN of WATER.

ARCH DEACON
... In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

The sheriff seeing a CROSSMAN walk in. Hating to interrupt.

CROSSMAN
My Lord. It is time.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - MORNING

Welcome to the CITY OF NOTTINGHAM. An urban cousin to the
country squalor surrounding it. Inner city suffering.
BEGGARS. SOUP LINES. PIGS eating SEWAGE in the streets.

As the SHERIFF'S CARRIAGE exits the mighty Nottingham
Cathedral and disappears off into the urban sprawl.

INT. SHERIFF'S CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff secures a LAPEL BADGE to his shirt. Looking over
at the ARCH DEACON. As they approach Nottingham TOWN HALL.

NOTTINGHAM
... What time do we commence?

ARCH DEACON
We have a few minutes.

NOTTINGHAM
Gather a crowd.

Nottingham seeing the concern on the Arch Deacon's face.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
... I have nothing to fear from the
hands of my own people.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff exits his carriage and WALKS A LINE of citizens.
As we see CROSSMEN behind them, swords in hand. The line
UNWILLING. Taking BREAD from the Sheriff dutifully.

Looking like they would rather starve.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

As we reveal the SILHOUETTE of a familiar figure watching on
from an ALLEY. ROBIN. His Father's BOW in hand.

Robin threading the NOCK of an ARROW. Retracting it.
TRACKING THE SHERIFF, waiting for the crowds to clear...

The bow retracted FURTHER and FURTHER. ARROWHEAD glistening
in the light. Robin's fingers growing WHITE with TENSION...

As the Sheriff finally WALKS INTO VIEW and --

The MOOR steps into Robin's line of sight.

MOOR
I did not give you back your life
so you could throw it away now --

The Moor suddenly pulling a QUARTERSTAFF with his one hand.
Spinning it, KNOCKING Robin back into --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Robin lands in this MUDDIED ALLEY. The Moor standing tall.

ROBIN
Get out of my way --

MOOR
You think you are the only one who
has lost something to this war?

Robin looking at the warrior in front of him. ONE HAND
MISSING. The BLOOD OF HIS SON still on his clothes.

MOOR (CONT'D)
Kill him now, you would be dead in
two minutes. The Prince would have
him replaced before they had time
to bury you next to your Father.

Robin LOOKS AT HIM. Realizing what he is saying.

ROBIN
... You followed me --

MOOR
My boat left when you did. The
honor has been given to me.
(re: his bow)
And you are not killing anyone
without a bow.

Robin seeing his BOW STRING has been CUT.

ROBIN
Perhaps it is you I should be
fighting?

MOOR
... What if I were to tell you
there were another way?
(off his look)
Another way to fight. To get the
revenge you seek. To end the
suffering in your home and mine --

ROBIN
What are you talking about?
(annoyed)
... What way?

The Moor handing him something, pressing it into his PALM.

MOOR
... Not all weapons are made to
draw blood, Christian.

Robin looking at him, CONFUSED.

Until he opens his hand and finds it within. A perfect
circle, SHINING in the morning light...

A single SILVER COIN.

INT. CORRIDOR - TOWN HALL - DAY

Marian and Will walk into the TOWN HALL. The sound of
MURMURING growing louder. Marian seeing Will HESITATE.

WILL
... A lot of people here.

As she picks some lint off of his shoulder.

MARIAN
You're going to be fine.

INT. TOWN HALL - MORNING

The DIN of a PACKED ROOM. Nottingham's CITIZENS lined up.
The SHERIFF in front of them, flanked by the ARCH DEACON.

NOTTINGHAM
... Believe me, we take no pleasure
in such measures --
(off their agitation)
(MORE)

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

There are no arrows without bows to
guide them. No soldiers without
food to drive them onward --

VOICE (O.S.)

What about our food?

NOTTINGHAM

We must all do our part in
answering the call of the Lord.

(somber)

... Which is why I now look to our
Nobles houses. To support this
increase in all levies and duties.

A row of SIX NOBLEMAN all NODDING in agreement. Rotund fat
cats. SHERIFF LACKEYS one and all.

WILL (O.S.)

What if we say no?

All eyes to the back of the room. As they see WILL STANDING.
Clearly not the first time the Sheriff has seen his face.

NOTTINGHAM

... You have something you wish to
contribute, Mr. Turner?

WILL

You choose what to do with our
coin. Our food, our crops --

NOTTINGHAM

Your King leaves his brother in his
stead, and he has appointed me.

(off his look)

You seek self-governance?

WILL

We seek a voice. We seek communal
charter. City council --

ARCH DEACON

Then you should be careful what you
wish for. Know your place here --

MARIAN

He speaks for us all.

Marian defensive now. Standing to join Will --

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Is it not God's will for his people
to have a voice?

ARCH DECON

It is God's will for his people to
show respect in the presence of his
servants. He does not cater to the
whimsy of his subjects.

(a slight)

... Or their nursemaids.

SNIGGERS within the priests. Marian STEPPING FORWARD when --

A CLATTER interrupts. The Sheriff throwing a piece of ARMOR
across the hall. A SHATTERED RED CROSS CHEST PLATE.

NOTTINGHAM

... That is his chest plate.

(off their looks)

That is the armor my only son wore
when he took a Saracen spear.

(re: chest plate)

That is the cross he bore when he
died for our sins. At 17 years.

Marian looks at the armor. The room quieter now.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

We have all made sacrifices for
this war. We have all lost lambs
to this slaughter...

(off her look)

It is only together, by the grace
of God, that we bring it to an end.

Marian feeling the crowds sympathy. Knowing not to speak.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

The increase in tariffs, tolls and
duties will stand. What say you?

The SIX NOBLEMEN ALL NOD somberly, ONE AT A TIME.

NOBLEMAN

And what of Loxley, my Lord?

NOTTINGHAM

Loxley is dead, he can object no
further --

NOBLEMAN

And his son?

Nottingham looking at him, confused.

NOBLEMAN (CONT'D)
... The boy came through the toll
in Sherwood just today --

NOTTINGHAM
Thought he was lost to the wars?

As we see Marian's SHOCK. Confusion married with disbelief.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
No matter, he bares no relevance
here. The tax increase is passed.
(humble)
... May God light our way forward.

INT. CORRIDOR - TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Nottingham citizens filter out as we see Marian among them.
She looks like she's been PUNCHED IN THE STOMACH.

WILL (O.S.)
Well, that could've gone better.

As Will sees her discomfort. Marian trying to HIDE IT.

WILL (CONT'D)
You alright?

MARIAN
Just sick of him peddling the same
sob story. Don't worry.
(covering)
... I'll be fine.

Her face telling a different story. The truth impossible to
ignore now. The news etched all over her face.

ROBIN OF LOXLEY IS ALIVE.

MOOR (V.O.)
... It all starts here --

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The Moor and Robin stand on a HILLTOP BUILDING overlooking
NOTTINGHAM CITY below. A 12th century metropolis.

MOOR
-- This is where the battle will be
fought. On these streets. From
East Point down to the docks.

Robin looks at him CONFUSED.

MOOR (CONT'D)

... I told you, I was here two weeks waiting for you to wake up.

(off his look)

You might find I know more about your home now than you do.

ROBIN

What's any of this got to do with me?

As we look down at the SLUM-LIKE city. Narrow streets. COBBLESTONED MARKET SQUARES. TINY HOUSES.

MOOR

... Every enemy has a weakness, Christian. You just need to find out what they need the most. To hunt a wolf you cut off its food supply. To stop an army you take their water. To stop a crusade?

As a CHURCH BELL starts echoing out from the cathedral.

ROBIN

... You stop the money.

INT. NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

A HUGE MAN, wearing a BLACK HABIT with a CROSS around his neck, looks sadly at himself in a LOOKING GLASS. He is at least 6' 11". But by the looks of things he feels 4' 2"

This is FRIAR TUCK (30's). A gentle giant of a PRIEST. Shoulders broad enough to carry the weight of God's world.

MOOR (V.O.)

... It's been the same every day.

EXT. STREET - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The bell ECHOES OUT as CITIZENS line the streets presenting OFFERINGS. Tuck leading CROSSMEN with HAND CARTS.

MOOR (V.O.)

... They make the church do the pick ups. Harder to say no to a man of the cloth.

Friar Tuck takes COIN and PRODUCE from a slice of Nottingham life. From FISHMONGERS to RAG SELLERS, BAKERS to MILLERS.

MOOR (V.O.)
Coin, grain, iron anything and
everything of value gets given.

Tuck looking into the faces of the POOR and HUNGRY, sickened.

MOOR (V.O.)
Church funnels it to the sheriff.
Sheriff to Prince John...

As we see the HAND CARTS being wheeled to a large GUARDED COLLECTIONS CENTER. A FORTIFIED BUILDING in the city center.

MOOR (V.O.)
The Prince funds the war, keeps his
brother's army in swords...
(resolve)
... Until now.

ANGLE ON ALLEY

ROBIN and the MOOR in the SHADOWS, watching Friar Tuck exit the COLLECTIONS CENTER. PILES OF MONEY within.

ROBIN
You want to steal Prince John's
money? The *King's* money --

MOOR
Stop the money, stop the war.

ROBIN
It's impossible, there's no way.
It would take a hundred men --

MOOR
Then I will teach you to fight like
a thousand. Ten thousand.

He pulls out a COWL HOOD. The same hood we saw the SARACEN ARCHERS wearing earlier. A FEARSOME SILHOUETTE.

ROBIN
You think a little hood is going to
stop the Sheriff's men?

MOOR
Depends who is wearing it.

Robin looking at him.

MOOR (CONT'D)

Do not let my son's death be in
vain, Christian. Or your father's.

(off his look)

Avenge them. End this. Let me
show you how to fight.

ROBIN

Spent four years with a bow in my
hand. Think I know how to fight.

The Moor THROWS HIM THE HOOD. The PATIENT TEACHER.

MOOR

... Show me.

EXT. TOLL BRIDGE - DAY

RAIN DOMINATES a familiar ARCHED WOODEN BRIDGE.

The TWO CROSSMEN that demanded money from Robin previously
now collecting from an OLD LOCAL WOMAN. Taking a COIN.

The HEAD CROSSMAN placing the COIN in a LEATHER PURSE, taking
shelter from the rain in a WOODEN TOLL BOOTH when --

A NOISE interrupts. One of them looking out. Confused --

CROSSMAN

Rand... Come look at this.

As they see a MAN at the end of the bridge. MOTIONLESS.

HEAD CROSSMAN

Hey, squire, you lost?

Nothing. The figure SILHOUETTED in the MOONLIGHT, completely
still. Waiting. Until the Crossmen approach, PUSHING HIM.

HEAD CROSSMAN (CONT'D)

Oi, I'm talking to you, you
crossing this wood or not --

The figure falling BACKWARDS into the light. Revealing a
familiar SCARECROW'S CROW-PICKED FACE. A decoy.

VOICE (O.S.)

Throw the coin over here --

As they turn to see a MAN IN A HOOD behind them. LONGBOW
extended in the rain. Having the drop on both of them.

HOODED ROBIN
Satchel, right belt hook, throw it.

HEAD CROSSMAN
... You have any idea where you're
sticking your fingers, stranger?

As behind Robin we see a THIRD CROSSMAN. Oblivious, re-tying
his pants. Having clearly just been URINATING IN THE RIVER.

Until he looks up and sees what's happening. Reaching for
his SWORD. The other Crossmen seeing their cavalry arriving.

HEAD CROSSMAN (CONT'D)
Come on, why don't you lower your
little hat there, we'll talk like
men. Get out of this rain --

HOODED ROBIN
I'm not going to ask again.

The Head Crossman throws the money HALF-WAY between them.

Robin REACHES DOWN. Closer and closer to his prize. Almost
there... Until he suddenly sees the Head Crossman's EYES
SHIFT to something behind him. LOOKING TO HIS SIDE...

Seeing the REFLECTION in a PUDDLE of the THIRD CROSSMAN...

Robin SPINNING AROUND. Unleashing his ARROW from the huge
longbow. The Third Crossman DUCKING out of the way --

As Robin reaches for ANOTHER ARROW. The longbow CUMBERSOME.
An ordeal to reload. His fingers SLIPPING in the rain as --

SLAM. Too late. The Head Crossman CHARGES into his side.

Robin CRACKS his longbow over his head. Spinning. Hitting
the second Crossman. ONCE, TWICE. Still in this until --

WHOOMPF. He's hit from the other side. The air knocked out
of him as he hits the MUDDY GROUND. Face in the MUDDY WATER.

Robin tries to fight back. The Crossmen KICKING him now.
Robin SPITTING BLOOD. Under prepared and under equipped.

HEAD CROSSMAN
Hold him down.

Robin knowing he's in trouble here. As the Head Crossman
goes to REMOVE HIS HOOD. Eager to see the FACE BENEATH.

HEAD CROSSMAN (CONT'D)
Let's have a look at our catch --

THUMP. The CRACK of a QUARTERSTAFF across the head guard's head. Robin seeing a FLURRY OF MOVEMENT.

The other two guards dropping just as quickly. THUMP, THUMP. THREE BODIES hitting the ground. SILENCE. Until...

Robin sees the MOOR above him, offering his HAND.

MOOR

... Yahya ibn Umar. The ninth of the Umar beneath Allah.

Robin looking at him. CONSIDERING IT. Then finally letting this man help him. The Moor lifting him up.

HOODED ROBIN

... Robin. Of Loxley.

Robin dusting himself off. Getting to his feet.

HOODED ROBIN (CONT'D)

Your name is Yahya? That's a name?

MOOR

I am named after the prophet Yayha of Islam. The center of my faith.

(off his look)

You know him as John the Baptist.

Robin smiling. Looking at his new ally. Accepting.

HOODED ROBIN

... Then John it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOXLEY MANOR - DUSK

Robin leads JOHN, as we will now call him, back to the dilapidated manor. Night setting in.

JOHN

Get this place cleaned up. We start training first thing --

ROBIN

What am I supposed to do with this?

John seeing the LEATHER COLLECTIONS PURSE in Robin's hand.

JOHN

... I am sure you will come up with something.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOXLEY MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Robin enters what used to be the LIVING ROOM. Putting down his Father's OLD BOW and QUIVER. Holding the purse.

GISBOURNE (O.S.)
... It seems Nottingham's favorite son has returned.

The voice cutting through him. Robin turning to see GUY OF GISBOURNE. Sitting, waiting for him. A jolting image.

ROBIN
My, Lord --

Robin's EYES DARTING. Hiding the purse behind his back.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
-- I would've thought you'd still be ears deep in savage blood --

GISBOURNE
Alas, the complexity of times here has required my return. As has our Sheriff. His work is mine now.

Robin tries to HIDE the ARROWS beside him. To no avail.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Getting ready for a hunt?

ROBIN
Getting ready for winter. Seems times have changed in my absence.

GISBOURNE
Indeed they have, archer.

Robin slides the purse INTO HIS POCKET. Unseen.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
I left you under a Saracen blade, Loxley. Give a child to the wolves, it doesn't often live --

ROBIN
Unless torture gives the wolf a bigger prize.
(matter-of-fact)
... I escaped at night. Took cover to the Black Sea. Gave them a true taste of Christendom's blade.

GISBOURNE

Not the words I anticipated from
the son of a recreant --

ROBIN

My Father was a fool. As was I.
I've witnessed the true nature of
the pagan now. I'll not be
doubting our church again.

GISBOURNE

... Then it would appear you are a
child no longer.

A KNOCKING interrupts at the front door.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

Loxley, I'm here because your
Sheriff seeks certainty that he has
your support in matters of state.

(off his distraction)

... As a nobleman of Nottingham,
you are of his house now --

The KNOCKING intrudes again.

ROBIN

Then please tell the Sheriff he
will find no greater ally --
(re: the knocking)
... If you'll excuse me.

EXT. ENTRANCE - LOXLEY MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Robin opens the door to find MARIAN outside. Robin TAKEN
ABACK. Pulling the door CLOSED behind him.

MARIAN

... They said you were here, I
didn't believe them.

ROBIN

Marian --

As she suddenly EMBRACES him. Unable not to. Robin clearly
impacted by the proximity to her. THE INTIMACY.

Pulling himself away. Aware of his surroundings.

MARIAN

I thought you were dead.

ROBIN
... This isn't a good time --

MARIAN
They told me you were gone.

As he sees WILL getting off a horse behind her. Marian seeing him coming. A mixture of GUILT and SADNESS.

ROBIN
-- And I told you I'd be back.

Will arrives, putting his arm around Marian's waist.

MARIAN
Robin, this is Will. We run outreach together in the city.

Robin looks over his shoulder, anxious. THIS ISN'T THE TIME.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
Will's trying to push through a charter. He could run as future magistrate, make a difference.

Will takes MARIAN'S HAND. Robin having seen enough.

ROBIN
This really isn't the best time.

MARIAN
If you're busy we could wait?

ROBIN
(a dig)
... Somehow I doubt you'd still be here when I got back --

As the DOOR OPENS and Gisbourne suddenly interrupts, EXITING.

GISBOURNE
I'm sorry, Loxley, I should go. The Sheriff thanks you for your support. We'll talk soon.

Marian SHOCKED to see Robin with the Sheriff's man.

WILL
You finding comfort in the company of murderers and tyrants, Robin?

Robin says NOTHING. Gisbourne looking at him, expectantly. Robin knowing he has NO CHOICE here.

ROBIN

... I find comfort in the laws of
my church and leaders.

MARIAN

Despite all they have done?

ROBIN

Because of all they have done.

(hating himself)

It's they who keep us safe, Marian.

I'm sorry you don't see that.

Gisbourne satisfied. Riding away, leaving them to it. As
Marian looks at the man before her. Sickened.

MARIAN

Then the boy I knew really is gone.

EXT. MARIAN'S HOUSE - SHERWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

RAIN. Through a WINDOW we see the warmth of a FIRE inside
Marian's home. Will and Marian together inside. A sliver of
DOMESTIC BLISS. As outside we find him in the rain...

ROBIN. Watching on. The rain doing little to wash away his
sadness. His SELF-LOATHING. Until finally he WALKS AWAY,
and we reveal it behind him. Marian's DONATIONS POT.

A LEATHER COLLECTIONS PURSE nestled within in silent protest.

JOHN (V.O.)

... They can never know the truth.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The CRISP LIGHT of a WINTER MORNING. John leads Robin across
an OPEN FIELD. Motioning to the COWL HOOD.

JOHN

(re: the hood)

... You hide it under that. No one
can know what is beneath. It would
only endanger them, and you. Here.

He throws him a SARACEN RECURVE BOW.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Recurve. Saracen wood. Nettle.
Strung for speed, not power. Ten
times the arrows in half the time.

Robin sees the CURVED EDGES. A Ferrari to the longbow Buick.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Saracen fight close, not far away,
you understand? You are not back
line anymore. You are the front.

They arrive at a FENCE. POACHER WARNING signs outside.
SHERWOOD FOREST now FENCED IN. A PRIVATE PRESERVE.

ROBIN
... What is this --

JOHN
This is what I was doing while you
were sleeping, Christian. This is
where he keeps the game he steals.
(re: the fence)
... Time we gave some of it back.

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY

The same FOREST Robin and Marian played in as children. A
dance of SHADOWS and LIGHT. As John leads Robin through.

JOHN
It is not enough just to hide your
face. You must become shadow...
Predict the light, live in between.

As Robin sees John stick to the SHADOWS. SILENT.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let your enemies find madness in
the shadows. When they look in the
mirror let them see you look back.
(a challenge)
Only then will you find victory.

EXT. CLEARING - SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY

John and Robin glide through the shadows to a forest
CLEARING. A COVEY OF GROUSE feeding on GRAIN.

JOHN
Ready to feed the people?

ROBIN
... Which one?

JOHN
All of them.

ROBIN
You want me to hit them *all* --

JOHN
A Saracen can fire ten arrows into
the air before the first hits the
ground. So will it be with you.

Robin AIMS his first arrow. Looking at all the birds.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Control your breathing, your heart.

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

As we see Robin trying to FOCUS. Watching the grouse.

JOHN (O.S.)
Think only of your targets, nothing
else exists. See only them. Every
inch of movement... Every hair.

The grouse start to snap into FOCUS. The world around them
SOFTENING SLIGHTLY. Falling away.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hear only their sound. The grass
breaking beneath them, every twig --

The SOUND OF THE WORLD THINNING now. The sound of the
GROUSE'S FEET on the GRASS. Their PECKING at the grain.

BACK TO CLEARING

As we see Robin's FOCUS. ARROW FINGERS TENSED.

JOHN
Exhale completely... Then release
before you think you are ready --
(off his hesitation)
... Now, release...

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

Robin HESITATING. The grouse LOSING FOCUS. SOUND coming in.

ROBIN
Hold on --

JOHN (O.S.)
... Release. Let go --

BACK TO CLEARING

As Robin FIRES AN ARROW. The arrowhead SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR. WHIZZING PAST A GROUSE. JUST MISSING IT.

JOHN

And again, remain calm --

Robin STEPS FORWARD, pulling another arrow, unleashing it, missing the SECOND GROUSE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... No, stay out the light --

Too late. Robin out of the SHADOWS. Birds SCATTERING.

ROBIN

Wait --

Robin PULLS ANOTHER ARROW, and another. Firing. His AIM WANING. All focus lost. The birds already lost in the trees. As he FUMBLES a final arrow. Finally getting it --

TOO LATE. Seeing that he and John are now ALONE in the clearing. Robin looking at John. Seeing him SMILING.

JOHN

You wish to give up?

Robin glaring at him.

ROBIN

... I'm just getting started --

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY

Robin is RUNNING. HOODED. Sprinting through the SHADOWS. EYES on the sky as he TRACKS the GROUSE flying above.

He looks more like a soldier than ever before. SWEATING. Determined. As he sees the grouse arrive at a FROZEN RIVER.

EXT. FROZEN RIVER - SHERWOOD FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Robin tracks the grouse onto the river. Having to STEP ONTO THE ICE to get a shot. Moving SILENTLY. Grabbing an ARROW.

As we see his BOW FINGERS are BLEEDING. SCABS on SCABS. He's clearly been at this a while...

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

Robin snaps the birds into HYPER FOCUS. The world around them SOFTENING once again. But this time more than before. The world FOGGIER. The birds more CLEAR. Each FEATHER.

The SOUND THINNING TOO. Clearer than before. SHARPER.

BACK TO FROZEN RIVER

John watching on, seeing Robin about to take the shot. Until John puts his WEIGHT on the ice behind Robin, causing it to CRACK beneath him. The ICE CRACKING ALL AROUND NOW.

As Robin slips into the water with a SPLASH. Seeing the birds STARTLE AHEAD. Angry now.

JOHN

Have to be prepared for anything --

ROBIN

-- You broke the ice --

JOHN

You think they will not do worse?

Robin hauling himself out. More DETERMINED now than ever.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... Had enough yet, Christian?

CUT TO:

EXT. MUD HILL - SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY

Robin is covered in MUD AND GRIME now. His FINGERS BLEEDING. Unrelenting. As he CLAMBERS over a MUDDY HILL in the forest.

Finally seeing them ahead. A final gathering of grouse.

Robin almost part of nature now. The mud, the dirt, the cracked scabs - there is something almost PRIMAL about him. As he AIMS an arrow and we see John WHISPER in his ear.

JOHN

... Your father died because you were not here, Robin.

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

Robin snaps the birds into COMPLETE FOCUS. The world all but FADING AWAY. This is what absolute concentration looks like.

JOHN (O.S.)
He tried to change things and he
died alone. He failed.

The sound of the world completely DROPPING OUT too. Nothing left but the birds themselves. Complete CLARITY.

JOHN (V.O.)
Will you fail too? How many more
will die because of your failure?

BACK TO MUD HILL

Robin HOLDING HIS BREATH, about to fire. The WORLD STILL.

JOHN
How many more will suffer --

As John suddenly throws a ROCK at the grouse. Watching them STARTLE and FLY AWAY. Robin instantly SPINNING --

Furious now. SHOOTING AN ARROW AT JOHN. John DODGING IT. His quarterstaff spinning as he CRACKS IT against Robin --

Robin FIRING A SECOND ARROW. John evading it again. Another CRACK of his quarterstaff sending Robin to the ground --

Robin SHOOTING a final arrow. MISSING JOHN. John over him now. Looking sickened. PINNING HIS BOW DOWN.

JOHN (CONT'D)
... It is done. If you cannot
survive distraction there is
nothing more for me to teach you.

ROBIN
Then we're ready to begin.

JOHN
You think you're ready?
(off his look)
You could not hit me from six feet.

ROBIN
I wasn't aiming for you.

John confused. Until he sees what Robin is looking at...

On the hill behind him. THREE GROUSE having been pinned by Robin's arrows to trees. THREE SHOTS, THREE KILLS.

JOHN

... Then perhaps there is an archer
in there after all.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIAN'S HOUSE - SHERWOOD VILLAGE - DAY

A LINE of PEOPLE snakes through the village. Marian and Will spearheading an OUTREACH EFFORT. HOT WATER dressed as SOUP. A recent INFLUX OF MONEY having clearly made a difference.

WILL

... Maybe it was someone from the
church? Or a noble?
(off her look)
Why do you think he gave it to us?

MARIAN

How do you know it was a he?

Marian enjoying his discomfort. Teasing.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

... Maybe it's just someone tired
of doing nothing.

A CROSSMAN rides up. Dismounting. Pushing through the line. AGGRESSIVE. As Marian stands in front of him.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

We are allowed to be here.

CROSSMAN

Just wanting a taste, that is all --

The Crossman helps himself to a sip of SOUP, accidentally knocking over the LARGE POT. Faux clumsy.

CROSSMAN (CONT'D)

So sorry about that --

Marian steps forward, defiant. Will holding her back. The Crossman seeing a DONATIONS POT outside her house.

CROSSMAN (CONT'D)

What's this, taking collections
now? That is our job, sweetheart.

The Crossman takes a couple of COINS from inside. As Marian suddenly pulls a STILETTO DAGGER by her side. Hidden.

CROSSMAN (CONT'D)
 -- Maybe you should just go inside.
 Find something to sew. Weave your
 man here a nice little tapestry --

Marian EYE TO EYE with the Crossman now. Using her DAGGER to SLICE OFF a MONEY BAG at the Crossman's waist.

MARIAN
 Not really the tapestry type.

The Crossman GRINNING. Not seeing Marian STEALING HIS MONEY BAG. Putting her knife away. As the Crossman looks at Will.

CROSSMAN
 ... Bet she's a real badger when
 the lights go out, eh?

Will staring at him. DEFIANT. As they watch the Crossman mount his horse and RIDE AWAY. Will looking at her.

WILL
 What's wrong with you? You know
 how dangerous that was?

As we see FRIAR TUCK WATCHING ON FROM THE SHADOWS. Watching Marian empty a handful of STOLEN COINS into the POT.

MARIAN
 ... Maybe I'm tired of doing
 nothing too.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

Friar Tuck gets into a WAITING CARRIAGE. The carriage speeding away. Heading OUT OF THE CITY.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

TUCK'S CARRIAGE winds along a COUNTRY ROAD. Tuck inside.

Tuck looks up to see NOTTINGHAM PALACE ahead. MANICURED GARDENS. Imposing architecture. Its TWO TOWERS looming over him. As he looks at the WINDOWED ROOM atop the EAST TOWER.

ARCH DEACON (V.O.)
 ... Our numbers grow thin.

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - DAY

The Sheriff is sitting in the ROYAL CHAMBERS atop the tower.
The walls covered in ANIMAL HEADS and CEREMONIAL TAPESTRIES.

He is flanked by GISBOURNE. Facing the ARCH DEACON.

ARCH DEACON

Less and less take the cross. If
we were to consider conscription --

NOTTINGHAM

The crusades are an honor not a
duty. It is a blessing to fight.

ARCH DEACON

And yet still their numbers fall --

NOTTINGHAM

Tell the Prince I will take care of
this personally. Tell him I have
already begun a course of action.

ARCH DEACON

You can tell him yourself.

The Sheriff suddenly losing his confidence. BURIED ANXIETY.

NOTTINGHAM

... The Prince is coming here?

ARCH DEACON

This is still a royal residence is
it not? He'll be here in two days.

NOTTINGHAM

Then the honor is soon to be ours.
We shall celebrate his arrival.

ARCH DEACON

That will not be necessary --

NOTTINGHAM

A party perhaps. The King's
brother does not visit every day --

ARCH DEACON

He comes for assurances.

NOTTINGHAM

-- Then assurances he will receive.

FRIAR TUCK (O.S.)

Excuse me, Sir --

The DOOR opening. FRIAR TUCK stepping forward. His anxiety mirrored in the face of the man awaiting him.

GISBOURNE

Not now, Friar, we are busy --

FRIAR TUCK

There has been an incident. On the hallows bridge, the toll was taken. Three of our number were attacked.

NOTTINGHAM

We have a thief among us?

(off his nod)

How much was taken?

FRIAR TUCK

Well not much, my lord, no more than a few pennies, but...

(off their disinterest)

... If such events were to capture the public imagination --

ARCH DEACON

We have bigger things to worry about right now, Friar, thank you.

FRIAR TUCK

Just today I witnessed an incident in the villages --

NOTTINGHAM

The subjects in your diocese are good, God fearing people, Friar.

The Sheriff STANDING. Bringing an end to proceedings.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

-- I'm sure we'll never hear anything of this thief again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOXLEY MANOR - NIGHT

ROWS of HANGING GROUSE line the trees. Robin's training complete. As we see him GEARING UP. PREPPING FOR WAR.

JOHN

This is it. Are you ready?

He sees Robin's BLOODY FINGERS, throwing him a LEATHER STRIP.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here, wrap it around your bow
fingers. It will soften the sting.

ROBIN

... You going to tell me what
you're doing?

As we sees John by a FIRE, pouring HOT METAL into a CAST.
Like a BLACKSMITH at work. Surrounded by TOOLS.

JOHN

I was not always a soldier. I used
to work Hadeed before the war.
Metal. Silver. For my master.

John hands Robin a variety of ARROWS. John DIPPING the head
of one into a WILDFLOWER LIQUID. A TRANQUILIZER ARROW.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... Not all arrows are for killing.

ROBIN

Your master?

JOHN

After the second crusade. I was
brought west. A gift of war. How
did you think I know your ways...
Are you hungry? You should eat --

ROBIN

You were a *slave* --

JOHN

... Not for long, Christian.
(a story for another time)
Here, try this.

John opens a pot of STEW. Giving him a bite. Robin looking
at this man. Somewhere between AWE AND PITY.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I would add a little pig fat but,
my God would not allow it...

ROBIN

How can you still fear a God?
After all the things you have seen?

JOHN

It is those who pervert God who are
to be feared, Christian. Not God
himself... Here, try and keep warm.

John puts a BLANKET around him. A sweetness to him. Robin feeling a GROWING AFFINITY to this man now.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You should drink some water too --

ROBIN
... You know I never had a mother,
but I'm starting to think this is
what it might feel like.

John STANDS, gathering the NEW ARROWS. Throwing Robin the SILVER COIN he gave him earlier.

JOHN
You ready to turn that into a
thousand more?

Robin admiring his NEW ARROWS. Ready to fight.

ROBIN
... Tell me what I have to do.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPLE HOUSE - DAY

The COLLECTIONS BELL TOLLS. A simple home. A SINGLE MOTHER standing in front of FRIAR TUCK. Giving him a SINGLE COIN.

SINGLE MOTHER
That's everything.

FRIAR TUCK
I will make sure it is enough.

The Friar reaches to place the coin in a BAG. Stretching his gown, REVEALING WHIP SCARS beneath. The Mother LOOKING AWAY.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
Worry not. The whip is required
from my deacon as a proof of faith.
(off her look)
... It is God's will.

She tries to SMILE. Seeing the OBVIOUS PAIN he is in. As he slips her a BOTTLE. A HOME-BREWED, YELLOW ALCOHOL within.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
Here, something to warm you through
the winter. Just finished a batch.

SINGLE MOTHER

The grouse was enough, Friar.
(off his confusion)
... The bird you left us this
morning. You do too much.

Tuck seeing a GROUSE on the table. His curiosity growing, as the BELL suddenly STOPS RINGING outside. The world SILENT.

EXT. STREET - NOTTINGHAM - MOMENTS LATER

Friar Tuck sees the CATHEDRAL TOWER in the distance. He looks at the COLLECTIONS OFFICERS feeding COLLECTION CARTS.

FRIAR TUCK

Did you order the bell stopped?

EXT. TOP OF BELL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Tuck climbs the STAIRS to the OPEN-AIR BELFRY above.

FRIAR TUCK

George, we are still collecting --

Tuck stopping. SILENT. Seeing a BELL RINGER on the floor in front of him. A TRANQUILIZER ARROW through his hand.

A WHIZZZ intruding as Tuck sees an ARROW THUD NEXT TO HIM. SLICING through a SUPPORT ROPE for the bell.

Tucks seeing FOUR ROPES have already been cut, the bell hanging precariously by a FINAL ROPE until --

A final arrow SLICES THROUGH IT. The BELL PLUMMETING. CRASHING through the tower, landing with an almighty CLANG.

As Tuck looks out from the belfry. NOTTINGHAM spread out all around him. The SHADOWS of the surrounding city --

EXT. ROOFTOP - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

As in the SHADOWS we see him. Hidden on a ROOFTOP a hundred feet away. Like a MYTHIC GARGOYLE looking down on the city.

ROBIN. Cutting an intimidating silhouette. Until he raises his HOOD, and disappears down into the shadows below...

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The CRAMPED, TUNNEL-LIKE STREETS of Nottingham. The cluttered architecture creating dark, SHADOWY alleys.

As we see TWO FEET hurrying through it all. POURING a CLEAR LIQUID out of a sack...

Creating a TRAIL OF LIQUID down the street behind him.

EXT. TRADE STREET - NOTTINGHAM - MOMENTS LATER

A COLLECTIONS OFFICER walks through lanes of RAG SELLERS, taking coin. Until he arrives at a HOODED BEGGAR.

COLLECTIONS OFFICER
Everyone pays, old man.

The Officer takes the BEGGAR'S CUP. Taking a familiar SINGLE COIN out, until he sees an ARROWHEAD pointing at him.

HOODED ROBIN
... Including you.

Robin taking his MONEY BAG. HAVING TURNED ONE COIN INTO TEN.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NOTTINGHAM - MOMENTS LATER

The Hooded Robin is now wearing the Collection Officer's UNIFORM. Carrying his collection's bag towards...

The COLLECTIONS HAND CART. THREE OTHER COLLECTIONS OFFICERS delivering bags to the cart. A PILE of other bags within.

COLLECTIONS OFFICER #2
Oi, Gil, what's with the hood? You expecting rain?

The others SNIGGERING. As Robin arrives next to them and --

He reveals his BOW. Swinging it like a quarterstaff now. CRACKING it against one of the Officers. THEN THE OTHER.

As the third Officer runs and --

A ROPE ARROW hits him in the LEG. The arrow attached to one end of a THIN ROPE -- the other end in Robin's FIST. As he HAULS the SCREAMING OFFICER back. DRAGGING him towards him.

CLOSER and CLOSER. Until the Officer lays at his feet.

COLLECTIONS OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

Who are you?

The WOOD of Robin's bow the last thing he sees as it CRACKS against his skull. Our hero alone now with the MONEY CART.

Having turned ten coins into a HUNDRED.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

Gisbourne lays, surrounded by NAKED LIMBS. Running the tip of his LONG THIN RAPIER SWORD over a PROSTITUTE'S CURVES.

PROSTITUTE

Your blade is so strong, my Lord.

GISBOURNE

Lighter steel makes for a faster thrust. It finds the gaps quicker. The soft flesh.

(off her look)

You'll find it is quite different from a common broadsword.

As a DOOR OPENS behind him, and he looks up, ANNOYED.

VOICE (O.S.)

... My Lord. We have a problem.

EXT. COLLECTIONS OFFICE - DAY

A familiar MONEY CART. Our hooded collections officer dragging it towards the GUARDED COLLECTIONS OFFICE.

Arriving now at the CENTER OF IT ALL. The GUARDS waving him as he ROLLS his trojan horse into the LIONS DEN...

INT. COLLECTIONS OFFICE - DAY

A world of MONEY. COINS in HUNDREDS of BAGS being loaded into a LARGE WAGON. A ferret-like TREASURER (50s) out front.

TREASURER

... Fill it up. Let's go.

As Robin rolls his cart in. UNLOADING HIS BAGS. Eyes glancing, walking his bags over to the wagon as --

He SLIPS into the shadows. Taking stock of the room.

At least FIFTEEN GUARDS buzzing around. A lot of grouse for one man to track. As he pulls out his BOW.

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

Robin snaps the men into HYPER FOCUS. The world around them now growing into a blurry soup. ABSOLUTE CONCENTRATION.

The HAIR on the NECK of one. The DIRT under the NAILS of another. Every tiny CRISP, DETAIL. Robin EXHALING...

As the sound of the world starts to DROP OUT too. Just their FOOTSTEPS now. The sound of one CHEWING. Another BREATHING. Robin completely in tune with his surroundings, until --

He sees a SEAL on the side of the wagon. The same as the Sheriff's BADGE. REALIZING WHO THIS WAGON BELONGS TO.

TREASURER (O.S.)
Come on. Sheriff's waiting.

BACK TO ROOM

Robin HIDES his BOW as he sees the treasurer approaching. Looking into the Hooded Robin's HALF-EMPTY CART.

TREASURER
Bit light today, aren't we?

Robin LOSING TRACK of the Guards now. Losing the room.

TREASURER (CONT'D)
Oi, I'm talking to you. Take that
off when you're in here --

As he reaches for Robin's HOOD and the Hooded Robin suddenly GRABS his hand. The treasurer seeing his BOW. Realizing --

TREASURER (CONT'D)
Sound the ALARM --

THWACK. The Hooded Robin knocking him to the ground. Seeing the room turn on a dime. Guards RUNNING.

The Hooded Robin threading an arrow and FIRING.

MISSING A GUARD. Another arrow. ANOTHER MISSED SHOT. Robin making the same mistakes all over again. Losing focus.

As an enemy ARROW WHIZZES PAST. SLICING his HAND. Another Guard STABBING him from behind. Robin turning too late. SLICED across his ARM. Knocking the Guard out.

BATTERED now. BLEEDING. Seeing more guards running towards him. As he GRABS another arrow...

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

The room CHAOTIC. Robin trying to snap the men into FOCUS.

HOODED ROBIN

Exhale...

The world around them finally growing softer. Robin ignoring the impending danger. The MEN RUNNING TOWARDS HIM.

SILENCING THE WORLD. Focusing his vision. Until he sees nothing but his TARGETS. He EXHALES and --

BACK TO ROOM

Robin UNLEASHES HELL. And for the first time we see him in his element. The eye of the storm. Robin a mechanism --

ARROW after ARROW. Each finding its destination. Robin turning to fire each arrow before even seeing the last hit.

His assailants sent FLYING BACKWARDS one by one. A SNIPER SHOT to one. A CLOSE UP BLAST to another. Using an arrow as a DAGGER with a third. A fluid FIGHTING MACHINE.

Until one by one his enemy falls. The last Guard sent flying back against a WALL. Landing CRUMPLED on the ground.

Robin EXHALING. BODIES splayed out around him in a circle.

ANGLE ON TREASURER

As he tries to crawl away. Looking up at this HOODED MAN.

HOODED ROBIN

... You were taking this money to the sheriff --

TREASURER

You're a dead man. There's nowhere you can go. He will hunt you down.

HOODED ROBIN

This money's for the war, why were you taking it to him --

Robin threading an ARROW above him. A threat.

TREASURER
... You think this is just about
weapons? The war --

Robin hesitating for a moment. As a NOISE suddenly intrudes.
The sound of CROSSMEN ARRIVING.

EXT. COLLECTIONS OFFICE - DAY

GISBOURNE and his MEN approach the collections office as --

The MONEY WAGON suddenly BURSTS through. Knocking them back.
Gisbourne and his men MOUNTING UP immediately --

GISBOURNE
STOP HIM.

ANGLE ON THE WAGON

FOUR HORSES lead the wagon charging through the streets.
Robin looks back to see Gisbourne and the others chasing --

As Robin pulls a FINAL ARROW from his quiver. The arrow
coated in a RESIN. Robin STRIKING a FLINT against it as the
arrowhead is SET ALIGHT. A FLAMING ARROW.

Robin FIRING THE ARROW down at the STREET BELOW. Hitting the
CLEAR LIQUID TRAIL beneath him...

ANGLE ON GISBOURNE

The FIRE TRAIL CATCHES ALIGHT, as we reveal the mystery
liquid to be "GREEK FIRE." Like MEDIEVAL KEROSENE.

The trail creating a FIRE WALL as the HORSES PULL UP.
Gisbourne seeing the TRAIL IGNITE all around them....

ANGLE ON NOTTINGHAM

From HIGH ABOVE we see the fire trail stretch out in a
PERFECT CIRCLE, enclosing Gisbourne within the CITY CENTER.

As we see Robin speeding off away from the FIRE RING. Our
hero escaping with a wagon full of money bags.

Having turned one hundred coins into ONE THOUSAND.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marian and Will are preparing DINNER. Cooking with meager rations. Marian staring out of the WINDOW, miles away.

As she looks down into a DRAWER. Seeing the ARCHER PENDANT within. Wrapped in a CLOTH. Preserved.

WILL (O.S.)
You sure you're alright?

Will coming over, seeing the PENDANT in her hand.

WILL (CONT'D)
Something new?

MARIAN
Something old.

Will KISSES her neck. Embracing her. A clear love there.

WILL
Tell me what it's missing.

Marian tasting what he's COOKING. Snapping back to him.

MARIAN
Could use more salt.

WILL
Could use a lot of things.

A NOISE outside interrupts. Will looking to the window. Hearing a MURMURING outside. The streets ALIVE.

WILL (CONT'D)
... Stay here --

Will heads outside to investigate, as Marian puts the pendant back in the drawer. A MOMENT to herself now --

Until she hears ANOTHER NOISE at the back of the house.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marian steps out to find NO ONE THERE. The alley empty.

And then she sees it. Her DONATIONS POT filled with a COLLECTIONS BAG full of COINS. Another gift...

Only for Marian to see ANOTHER BAG on the ground next to it.

And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Until she finally sees what it outside of her house, hidden in the SHADOWS...

A massive PILE of COIN SACKS. Marian AGHAST. Looking out into the surrounding DARKNESS. No one there.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

As we see the HOODED ROBIN watching on. The OTHER SIDE of her OPEN DOOR. Right next to her. Knowing he can say nothing. The SILENCE extending. Robin staring at Marian...

CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH HER.

Until Will comes out behind her, and Robin retreats BACK INTO THE SHADOWS. Will seeing the PILE OF MONEY. In shock.

WILL
What is going on?

A SMILE OF DISBELIEF spreading across Marian's face.

NOTTINGHAM (V.O.)
... And I stood upon the sand of
the sea, and saw a beast rise up --

INT. NOTTINGHAM PALACE - DAY

The Sheriff sits in front of the BLEEDING TREASURER. Gisbourne, Tuck and the Arch Deacon watching on.

NOTTINGHAM
-- Having 7 heads and 10 horns, and
upon his horns 10 crowns, and upon
his heads the name of blasphemy.

TREASURER
He was cloaked, his face hooded --

NOTTINGHAM
And you allowed a hooded man to
kill a *garrison* of our men --

GISBOURNE
He didn't kill anyone, Sir. Arrows
were tipped in vervain. Sedative.

Gisbourne hands him a TRANQUILIZER ARROWHEAD.

NOTTINGHAM

Then please pin the treasurer to
the palace wall by his wrists until
the blood is gone from his body.

The Sheriff looking SADDENED. Sickened by what he has to do.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

... Let this hooded man see that
sometimes death cannot be beaten.

EXT. GROUNDS - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - DAY

A PARTY is being prepared. DECORATIONS being erected.
PERFORMERS practicing. The Sheriff walks through it all,
trailed by Gisbourne, the Arch Deacon and Friar Tuck.

FRIAR TUCK

My Lord, if you were to show mercy.

ARCH DEACON

Please excuse Friar Tuck. The whip
has done little to mute his folly --

NOTTINGHAM

It is our responsibility to execute
God's will upon the wrongdoer.

FRIAR TUCK

Then dampen this before it ignites.
(off his look)
... I gave warning, the people are
afraid. If we were to show them
God's hand is a lenient one --

Nottingham suddenly TURNING. His hand to Tuck's THROAT.
Calm. Deceptively STRONG. Like a stern teacher.

NOTTINGHAM

This is God's hand.

Nottingham holding his SHERIFF'S LAPEL BADGE to his face.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

You know what this badge means? It
means I am custodian of this city.
... It means these people are my
responsibility. You think this
violence does not sicken me?

FRIAR TUCK

A soft tongue can too break hard
bones, my Lord.

NOTTINGHAM

This church can have no place for
soft tongues, Friar.

(saddened)

Or for those who would wield them.

Nottingham looks at the Arch Deacon. NODDING.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

The whip will further him no more.
Strip him of his council.

FRIAR TUCK

My Lord, please --

Tuck behind STRIPPED OF HIS CROSS. His COLLAR REMOVED.

NOTTINGHAM

The time for leniency has passed.

ANGLE ON NOTTINGHAM

As he walks away with Gisbourne, leaving Tuck behind.
Gisbourne looking at the SURROUNDING PARTY PREPARATIONS.

GISBOURNE

Perhaps we should cancel the
festivities too, my Lord --

NOTTINGHAM

We will do no such thing.

GISBOURNE

... Sir, we needed that money.

NOTTINGHAM

Then we shall get it another way,
Gisbourne. Nothing has changed,
(off his look)
... This will all be over soon.

INT. LOXLEY MANOR - DAY

Robin is a MESS. His MUSCLED TORSO a map of cuts, bruises
and welts. As John BANDAGES HIS BLOODIED ARROW FINGERS.

ROBIN

It doesn't need to be perfect, just
stop the bleeding --

As Robin FILLS HIS QUIVER. Clearly preparing to fight again.

JOHN

They will be looking for you --

ROBIN

I don't have a choice. We need to find out what that money was for --

JOHN

It is for the war. It is for siege engines and broadswords.

ROBIN

They were taking it to the Sheriff. Something else is going on.

JOHN

You really think he would steal from the church?

ROBIN

I don't know, but I'm finding out.

As he drops a PARCHMENT on the table. An INVITATION.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Arrived today. Prince is in town. All nobility are invited.

Robin opening a CUPBOARD, revealing his father's OLD CLOTHES.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

-- How would you like to come with me to a party?

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

The palace is dressed to impress. FIRE JUGGLERS and BUTLERS greeting a LINE OF CARRIAGES. A FULL MOON blanketing it all.

As we see Robin and John approach. Robin in FORMAL CLOTHES. John dressed as his FOOTMAN. Robin UNCOMFORTABLE.

JOHN

You look great, very handsome.

John licking his thumb. FLATTENING Robin's UNRULY HAIR. Like a mother dropping her kid off at school.

ROBIN

... Stop it, I mean it.

JOHN
You have a hair sticking up.

ROBIN
It's fine, just leave it.

As they stand in LINE to get in. WHISPERING.

JOHN
... Look at this place --

ROBIN
It's a royal residence, the sheriff
just stays here. My father used to
drag me here as a child.

John seeing the TREASURER'S BODY nailed to the palace wall.
Being picked at by CROWS. A harsh reminder.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
A lot's changed since then.
(re: palace)
... Royal chambers are top of the
East tower. We want to know what's
happening, it'll be in there.

John trying to stick his hair down one more time.

JOHN
... What, it's distracting --

INT. ENTRANCE - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

John follows Robin in. A DOORMAN suddenly blocking the way.

DOORMAN
Footmen over there.

ROBIN
... Well, go on, Moor. Do as he
says. And don't touch anything.

John looking at Robin. As Robin THROWS him his COAT, and
grabs a cup of WINE. Slipping into the role.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

A kaleidoscope of entertainment. JUGGLERS, TUMBLERS,
JESTERS. The BESPOKE MASSES. And in the middle of it all...

MARIAN and WILL. Standing tall. WHISPERING to one another.
Marian stunning. The lady beneath the woman.

WILL
... Well, we can't hold onto it --

MARIAN
So we split the last half between
the outreach and the school. Go
door to door. It'll be fine --

WILL
We're wasting time --

MARIAN
Just relax, Will, drink something.
... The Prince is going to be here
soon, you want to lead some day?
This is the room you have to be in.

A CLATTER interrupting. A SERVER picking up a TRAY. A MAN
and TWO WOMEN helping. Clearly having just knocked into him.

As Marian suddenly sees that the man is Robin. LAUGHING.
The two women like medieval SOCIETY GIRLS. FLIRTING.

WILL
Isn't that your friend?

Marian seeing Robin DROPPING HIS CUP. Seemingly DRUNK.

MARIAN
Don't know if I'd use that word.

INT. ENTRANCE - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

John stands among the FOOTMEN. All eyes on Robin's chaos.
As John uses the DISTRACTION to slip through a SIDE DOOR...

Robin GLANCING over, seeing John is SAFELY INSIDE. Job done.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Robin LAUGHS with the women. Looking at their wine.

ROBIN
... What's in this stuff?

NOTTINGHAM (O.S.)
Mostly grapes. It is the best we
could do, I'm afraid.

Robin turns to see the Sheriff next to him. TWO FEET AWAY.
Suddenly face to face with the man who KILLED HIS FATHER.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

It is Loxley, is it not? I am told
we have a strong ally in your house
... Our meeting is long overdue --

The Sheriff SHAKES HIS HAND. Seeing him WINCE. Seeing the
BANDAGE around his ARROW FINGERS. Robin covering it.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

What happened to your hand?

ROBIN

Old war wound.
(changing the subject)
... I've not been here since I was
a child. You're too kind for
inviting me into your home.

NOTTINGHAM

I am sure our king would have done
the same if he were here.

MARIAN (O.S.)

Then you know nothing of our king.

Robin turns to see MARIAN AND WILL standing there.

ROBIN

Marian.

MARIAN

Robin... Thought I might find you
here sucking on the royal marrow.

ROBIN

Well, I'm a little late, but I made
it eventually... I'm surprised to
see you're still here --

MARIAN

I'm noble blood, just like you.

NOTTINGHAM

You surrendered your house, Marian.
Your blood is all you have left --

MARIAN

Well, some of us have difficulty
living with the finer things in
life while the world is burning.

Robin looks at the SIDE DOOR. WAITING FOR JOHN TO COME BACK.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Tell me Sheriff, is it true your
crusaders catapult the heads of
their enemy back to them --

WILL

Marian, maybe this isn't the time --

MARIAN

That they leave pigs to eat refuse
off the streets of the holy land --

NOTTINGHAM

Your beliefs border on heresy,
young lady. I'd be cautious.

MARIAN

Why don't you ask the people on
your streets what they believe?
(twisting the knife)
... Why don't you ask those who
steal from your own pocket?

Robin looks at the SIDE DOOR again. Not liking this.

NOTTINGHAM

Is that what this is about?
Someone steals a few coins, you
think it is a revolution --

ROBIN

If you'll excuse me. I think I
need another drink --

MARIAN

No, stay, Robin. Don't go yet.
(off his look)
... Can't spend your whole life
leaving.

INT. CORRIDOR - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

John is CROUCHED next to a HEAVY DOOR. PICKING the OLD LOCK.
The metal worker in his element. CURSING under his breath.

JOHN

... Ebn El Sharmoota --

As CLICK - the door finally opens. John SLIDING THROUGH.

EXT. COURTYARD - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

John arrives OUTSIDE, making sure he has not been seen.

He pulls out a LIQUID CANTEEN of GREEK FIRE. Attaching a WAX FUSE STRING to it. Hiding the canteen behind a STATUE in the courtyard below. Running a LONG FUSE to it...

As he takes a STEEL with FLINT attached from his pocket. A MEDIEVAL LIGHTER. Preparing to light the fuse when --

GISBOURNE (O.S.)

What are you doing back here?

John hides the flint BEHIND HIS BACK. Turning to see GUY OF GISBOURNE in front of him.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Robin glances at the SIDE DOOR again. Stuck in the lion's den with the Sheriff, Marian, Will and the SOCIETY GIRLS.

SOCIETY GIRL

Heard they're calling him the Hood.

NOTTINGHAM

How wonderfully imaginative --

SOCIETY GIRL

I heard he's scarred underneath.
Hideous, deformed --

WILL

Whoever he is, a man taking matters
into his own hands helps nobody --

NOTTINGHAM

I see we agree on something, Will.
Violence serves nothing but itself.

MARIAN

You spill blood to the East. Why
should the fight not continue here?

ROBIN

... Because Nottingham is not a
battleground.

Marian looks at Robin. Disgusted. As if BETRAYED.

MARIAN

Maybe it should be.

The Sheriff places a NAPKIN over Marian's head. Covering her face. Like a HOOD. The girls CHUCKLING SYCOPHANTICALLY.

NOTTINGHAM

I am starting to think perhaps this Hood might not be a man after all.

MARIAN

You think if it were me I'd be stupid enough to come here?

NOTTINGHAM

I think we all wear hoods, young lady. Even you... We all have two faces. The real us, and the one we show the world.

MARIAN

... Then what is your true face I wonder?

The Sheriff looks to the GROUP. Robin avoiding eye contact.

NOTTINGHAM

Well, that is no doubt a question for all of us. Isn't it?

A CROSSMAN approaches the Sheriff interrupting.

CROSSMAN

My Lord. He is here.

EXT. COURTYARD - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

John watches Gisbourne step closer to him. He is DRUNK.

GISBOURNE

... Have we met before, Moor?

John hides the STUMP Gisbourne gave him. Saying nothing.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

You all look the same to me.

(off his look)

Footmen are supposed to be inside.

John sees Gisbourne's SWORD. The sword that took his family.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

... Look at you. Like a dumb animal, don't even understand what I'm saying do you? What were you doing out here anyway --

Gisbourne about to LOOK BEHIND HIM and see the fuse when --
A FANFARE interrupts inside. A CROSSMAN coming to get him.

CROSSMAN
Sir, he is here.

Gisbourne ADJUSTING HIS UNIFORM. Looking at John.

GISBOURNE
Just get back inside --

JOHN
Yes.

GISBOURNE
And you will call me Master, Moor.

JOHN
Yes... Master.

As John follows Gisbourne out and he secretly STRIKES the
FLINT behind his back. SPARKING the FUSE STRING.

Watching as the DANCING FLAME travels along the fuse.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

The FANFARE continues. A flurry of MEDIEVAL TRUMPETS. As
Robin sees JOHN EXIT THE SIDE DOOR. John NODDING.

Robin UNBUTTONING his JACKET. As if preparing for something.

And then in walks the main event. PRINCE JOHN (40's). A
SNAKE of a man. Hair DYED BLACK with TAR. BLOOD BLUSH on
his cheeks. The power of vanity unchecked.

As the Sheriff EMBRACES the Prince. The room listening in.

NOTTINGHAM
My Prince. The high country is
treating you well.

PRINCE JOHN
We survive. I see you keep our
residence warm. The gentleman on
the wall outside is a nice touch.

NOTTINGHAM
I do my best, your Grace.

PRINCE JOHN
 You do better than that.
 Nottingham is the keystone of this
 country. You should be proud.

The Prince ADJUSTING his SHERIFF LAPEL BADGE...

As Robin looks over to see SMOKE suddenly filling the room.
 A FIRE VISIBLE outside. UNBUTTONING HIS LAST BUTTON.

The room seeing the smoke too. An ANXIETY spreading.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
 Part of the merriment?

NOTTINGHAM
 I am sure it's nothing. A lantern
 caught fire. Not to worry. Let us
 continue festivities in the garden.

The people FILTERING out. Robin REMOVING HIS JACKET NOW.

PRINCE JOHN
 ... Perhaps we might find a place
 to speak in private first?

INT. MAIN DOOR - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

A BUCKET BRIGADE. Crossmen passing BUCKETS to each other,
 like MEDIEVAL FIREFIGHTERS. Running WATER back and forth.

As ROBIN removes his CLOTHES to reveal a CROSSMAN UNIFORM.
 SMEARING HIS FACE with CHARCOAL. Grabbing TWO BUCKETS.

Approaching the HEAVILY GUARDED MAIN DOOR leading into the
 MAIN RESIDENCE. A GUARD blocking his way.

ROBIN
 You want to tell the Prince why his
 palace burned to the ground?

The Guard thinking twice, finally ALLOWING ROBIN THROUGH --

INT. ENTRANCE - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

John stands among the FOOTMEN. Sneaking a glance up through
 a WINDOW to see the EAST TOWER of the main residence.

JOHN
 Come on, hurry up...

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Robin climbs a set of STAIRS and enters the Sheriff's domain. The walls still covered in ANIMAL HEADS and TAPESTRIES.

He looks around. Investigating. Seeing a CRUSADES MAP on the wall. ARROWS marking SARACEN TROOP MOVEMENTS.

Some in STRANGE DIRECTIONS. Troop movements HEADED WEST.

Robin searching the Sheriff's DESK. Looking for anything. A clue. Finding an UNUSUAL ARROW HEAD. Unique...

The arrow SILVER-COLORED. FRESH FROM THE MOLD.

CROSSMAN (O.S.)
Can I help you with something?

Robin turns to see a CROSSMAN GUARD standing there. Robin POCKETS THE SILVER ARROWHEAD. HIDING IT.

ROBIN
... Just making sure the fire
hasn't spread.

VOICES suddenly interrupting. More people coming. Robin in trouble now. As hears the voice of the SHERIFF and PRINCE.

CROSSMAN
-- I don't know you...

EXT. STAIRWELL - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

The SHERIFF and PRINCE JOHN climb the stairs towards his chambers, with TWO GUARDS in tow. Walking upwards...

PRINCE JOHN
I have not been here in a long
time... So many happy memories.

As they come to the Sheriff's chambers and walk in to find --

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

It is EMPTY. Neither Robin or the Crossman ANYWHERE TO BE FOUND. The Prince and Sheriff entering.

PRINCE JOHN
... If you'll excuse us, we have
much to catch up on.

The Prince CLOSING the door behind him. Shutting out the following GUARDS. Finally giving them some privacy.

The Prince turning on a dime. Immediately ANGRY.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
You grow too cavalier, Nottingham.
Have you considered the risks --

NOTTINGHAM
The less you know the better.

PRINCE JOHN
I know too much already.

The Prince pacing now. Anxious.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
... What time are you doing it?

NOTTINGHAM
Here. Tomorrow at noon.

PRINCE JOHN
Do it at the docks, let them see
what they're paying for.

NOTTINGHAM
-- Yes, your grace.

INT. ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH. A jolting juxtaposition.

As we reveal Robin. In an ALTER ALCOVE. Hidden in the SHADOWS of the room. His arm around the NECK of the Crossman. CHOKING HIM. The Crossman SHAKING.

The Crossman CLAWING at Robin's skin with his NAILS. DEATH THROES. Drawing BLOOD. An awful, primal scene.

Robin staring at the Prince around the corner the entire time. No more than five feet away. SILENT...

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

The Prince sees a STUFFED DOG on a mantel. Approaching it. The Sheriff unsettled, as the Prince ADMIRES THE ANIMAL.

PRINCE JOHN
 ... Beautiful isn't she?
 (off his confusion)
 She was mine, eleven when she died.

NOTTINGHAM
 I am so very sorry to hear that.

PRINCE JOHN
 Do not be. I killed her.
 (off his look)
 ... She was old. Benign. It was
 kinder than letting her live.

He adjusts the DOG'S HAIR. Running his hand along it.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
 I would caution you to not assume
 any loyalty on my part, sheriff.
 You live in our walls, drink from
 our silver. I would not challenge
 my mercy. If this goes wrong --

NOTTINGHAM
 It will not go wrong, sir.

The Prince placing the dog back on the mantel.

PRINCE JOHN
 ... Mind that it does not.

INT. ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

Robin watches the Prince and Sheriff LEAVE as the Crossman
 DIES IN HIS ARMS. The violent reality of death. BLOOD
 coming from his MOUTH --

Until Robin CRACKS the man's neck with a final effort and the
 Crossman's body JERKS one last time --

KNOCKING OVER the WOODEN ALTER in the alcove with a CLATTER.

EXT. STAIRWELL - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

The Prince continues down stairs as the Sheriff STOPS at the
 sound of the clatter. CONFUSED. Looking at his chambers.

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff enters. Suspicious. Looking around his office. Everything as it was. WALKING THE ROOM. Until he sees the ALCOVE. Walking closer, LOOKING WITHIN...

Only to find the WOODEN ALTER. Standing as it always is. Nothing else to see. The Sheriff thinking nothing of it. Grabbing a BOTTLE of ALCOHOL. TAKING A SWIG. Walking out...

CLOSING THE DOOR behind him to reveal ROBIN STANDING BEHIND IT. The Crossman still under his arm. EXHALING.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Robin BUTTONS his JACKET. Covering the UNIFORM beneath. Leaving the MAIN DOOR as he crosses the room. The SMOKE having CLEARED. The PARTY back in action.

NOTTINGHAM (O.S.)

Did you have fun?

Robin turns to see the Sheriff standing in front of him.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

... I thought perhaps you had left.

ROBIN

I was otherwise occupied.

The Sheriff steps CLOSER. Seeing a SPOT of the CROSSMAN'S BLOOD of ROBIN'S FACE. Seeing some BLOOD on his hands too.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

My footman. The Moors do require such... discipline, don't they?

NOTTINGHAM

Indeed.

Nottingham handing Robin a CLOTH to help wipe the blood.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

God speed, Loxley... We shall see each other soon, I am sure.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM PALACE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Drunken PARTY-GOERS exit. Robin among them, LAUGHING as he KISSES the SOCIETY GIRLS goodbye. Seeing JOHN WAITING.

Arriving next to him. EXHALING. Looking sickened.

JOHN
... You alright?

ROBIN
Tomorrow, noon. At the docks.

John NODDING. Seeing what it's taken out of him. As he licks his fingers and FLATTENS Robin's hair. A gesture.

Robin trying to smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

A huge SPRAWLING DOCKS. The focus on an INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX. Massive WAR MACHINES being lifted with CRANES onto HUGE BOATS. Enormous TOWERS, CATAPULTS and CROSSBOWS.

As we see a SIX WAGONS arrive. SIX NOBLEMEN getting out, removing WAGON COVERS to reveal BAGS OF COINS.

NOBLEMAN
Money from each of our houses. To replace that which you have lost.

The SHERIFF and ARCH DEACON step forward. Eyeing the money.

NOBLEMAN (CONT'D)
You assured us answers first.

NOTTINGHAM
And answers you shall receive.

As they follow the Sheriff into a large, wooden WAREHOUSE, and we reveal the SILHOUETTES of TWO MEN...

The men hidden in the shadows. FOLLOWING THEM INSIDE.

INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

A massive manufacturing facility. FILTHY WORKERS building SIEGE ENGINES. Securing RAWHIDE to a siege tower. Smelting FIFTEEN FOOT CROSSBOW BOLTS.

As the Sheriff leads the Six Noblemen through.

NOTTINGHAM
Nottingham iron. Sherwood oak.
... Free from the flaws and disease of foreign grain and ore. From these ports to the front lines.

The Noblemen see huge LINES OF METALWORKERS pouring
ARROWHEADS and SWORDS, working HELMETS and ARMOR.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
These walls were once filled with
swords. We had siege engines as
far as the eye could see...

The Noblemen seeing the EMPTY WAREHOUSES beyond.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
... At this rate we will have run
out of money to fund this crusade
before the winter's thaw.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

As ROBIN AND JOHN inch forward, watching on. Seeing a
Nobleman face the Sheriff.

NOBLEMAN
You wish for our money to replenish
your armaments?
(off his look)
... It would require ten times the
amount, a hundred times --

NOTTINGHAM
Which is why I am not asking you to
pay for more swords, gentleman.

BACK TO THE SHERIFF

As Nottingham steps forward. DROPPING THE BOMB.

NOTTINGHAM
An attack is coming.
(off their looks)
An invasion. Here on home soil,
from the East, across Dover.
Three thousand Saracen warriors.

NOBLEMAN
That is not impossible.

NOTTINGHAM
They will make land in two days.

The Noblemen stand DUMBFOUNDED.

NOBLEMAN
You're serious --

NOBLEMAN #2

This money is to defend ourselves?

NOTTINGHAM

Oh no, this money is not to pay for our defense, gentleman.

Nottingham enjoying this now.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

... It is to pay for the attack.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

Robin looks at John. Trying to process what he is hearing.

NOBLEMAN

You are going to finance an attack on our own people --

NOTTINGHAM

You think they will not give their first born, every coin in their possession to protect their home? ... Nottingham's sons need a reminder of how serious this war is, we're going to give it to them.

NOBLEMAN

Our church would kill its own?

ARCH DEACON

How do you think this war began? Who do you think killed Barbarossa?

NOTTINGHAM

We will do whatever is necessary to preserve the kingdom of heaven. Once the marauders have retreated, these rooms will be filled within the month. Our front lines will be flush with new volunteers.

Nottingham looking the six Noblemen dead in the eye.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Your money will not be spent in vain, I assure you. It will pay for the greatest weapon in our arsenal... Fear.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - MORNING

The Sheriff and Arch Deacon watch Crossmen GATHER THE WAGONS.

NOTTINGHAM
Payment will be made off the coast
at sundown tomorrow. Take it to
the cathedral until then --

ARCH DEACON
You're certain of its safety there?
... I mean with everything that's --

NOTTINGHAM
I know what you meant.
(annoyed now)
I am securing the city, full
curfew, in and out. Your money
will be locked down under a hundred
guard. It will be quite safe.

A Crossman interrupting. WHISPERING in the Sheriff's ear.

CROSSMAN
Excuse me, Sir --
(delicate)
... It would seem we are not alone.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

Robin is preparing to leave. Putting on his HOOD. John
still watching the Sheriff and the scene unfold.

ROBIN
... We have to stop that coin
before it gets to the cathedral --

JOHN
Robin, listen --

ROBIN
We can't let it reach the city --

JOHN
Just stop. Look --

BACK TO THE SHERIFF

As a CROSSMAN DRAGS a YELLING WOMAN over to the Sheriff. The
Sheriff looking up to see MARIAN standing in front of him.

NOTTINGHAM

... How much did she hear?

MARIAN

Enough for your King to see you
hang upon his return.

NOTTINGHAM

I wish you had not said that --

MARIAN

You brought half the nobility in
Nottingham to a dock. Did you
think no one would notice?

NOTTINGHAM

I fear I have failed you, my sweet.
For that I am so sorry. Know this
does nothing but empty my heart.

He looks to a CROSSMAN.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

-- Do it elsewhere. Be merciful.

Marian being dragged away to a TRANSPORT WAGON filled with
MUNITIONS CASES. Marian secured inside an EMPTY CASE.

MARIAN

... GET OFF ME --

BACK TO ROBIN

As he sees Marian's wagon SPEEDING AWAY. Watching the
Sheriff send the CONVOY OF MONEY off in the OTHER DIRECTION.

A DECISION. One or the other.

JOHN

You said it yourself, this is our
only chance at that money.

Robin pulling his Hood down, THE DECISION ALREADY MADE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No, Robin, don't --

INT. MUNITIONS CASE - DAY

Marian lays TRAPPED in this WOOD and METAL reinforced CASE.
The size of a refrigerator. Looking through the SLATS...

MARIAN
Let me out, please...

The face of a CROSSMAN looking at her from outside.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
... Please, I cannot breathe.

As we see Marian pull her STILETTO DAGGER by her side.

CROSSMAN
Then you're doing my job for me --

Marian suddenly STABBING him through the slat. The Crossman
YELLING OUT in pain. Furious. Pulling his LONG SWORD as --

PFFT. She suddenly sees an arrow appear through his chest.

The sound of PANICKING outside as through the SLATS she sees
GLIMPSES of the chaos. Crossman MOBILIZING. SCREAMING --

THUD, THUD, THUD. Arrowheads hitting the side of her box.
Crossmen fighting an UNSEEN FOE. Arrows PEPPERING
everything. GLIMPSES of DEAD CROSSMEN falling off the sides.

CROSSMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hold your ground --

Crossmen ABANDONING SHIP. JUMPING off the sides. The last
of them KILLED. As the carriage is brought to a STOP.

And then she sees him. A glimpse of the HOOD. The BOW.
Watching as he PULLS ARROWS out of bodies, wiping them clean.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Sheriff and Gisbourne ride back to the PALACE. Only to
see two ASHAMED CROSSMEN returning. Neither having to speak.

NOTTINGHAM
... Where?

CROSSMAN
Back near the docks.

Gisbourne already SADDLING UP. Gathering a SQUAD of men.

NOTTINGHAM
-- God be with you.

EXT. TRANSPORT WAGON - DAY

The Hooded Robin holds the WAGON REIGNS, pushing EIGHT MIGHTY "DESTRIER" WAR HORSES on. Powerful animals used to pulling weight. John looks at Marian in the box in the back.

HOODED ROBIN
Get her out of there --

JOHN
One of them must have had the key.

As GISBOURNE and a pack of MOUNTED CROSSMEN round the corner.

HOODED ROBIN
... Then tell her she might want to
keep her head down.

Robin turning the wagon around, BACK THE WAY THEY CAME FROM.
Handing John the REIGNS. As he climbs into the carriage.

JOHN
Where do you think you're going?

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

Robin snaps the MOUNTED CROSSMEN into HYPER FOCUS. Seeing the WHITES of the EYES. The POINTS of their BLADES. The SOUND THINNING TOO. Horses SNORTING. Hooves THUDDING.

As Robin HOLDS HIS BREATH. Retracting an ARROW.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Time to feed the people...

EXT. TRANSPORT WAGON / NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

The Hooded Robin goes to work. Attacking the SWARMING CROSSMAN with lethal precision. Like a WW2 BOMBER GUNNER shooting down enemy fighters. Picking them off ONE BY ONE.

As the HORSE CHASE tears through the DOCKS. And this isn't National Velvet. This is BULLITT with horses. The EIGHT DESTRIERS WINDING through CRANES. Past WORKERS and LOADERS.

Robin shooting a CRANE ROPE. Bringing a SHIPMENT CRASHING DOWN. Blocking off the swarming Crossmen. MORE COMING.

The Hooded Robin's ARROWS starting to run low. Firing sniper shots and up close. THREE, TWO, then down to ONE.

HOODED ROBIN
Go faster.

 JOHN
We're carrying too much weight --

The Hooded Robin THROWS the old MUNITIONS CASES off the back.
Knocking CROSSMEN over behind. Still too slow.

As our hero starts running to the WAGON'S FRONT.

 JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you doing --

The Hooded Robin runs to the horses, CLIMBING down onto a
huge black DESTRIER. UNBUCKLING THE HORSE as he pulls away.

 HOODED ROBIN
Stocking up --

As the Hooded Robin VEERS OFF into the MUNITIONS FACTORY.

INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

The Hooded Robin speeds through the huge facility. Through
the lines of METALWORKERS. Crossmen FIRING ARROWS after him.

As our hero reaches down and grabs a HANDFUL of FRESHLY MADE
ARROWS off the line. LINING HIS QUIVER.

Seeing a BUILDING ahead, DUCKING through a DOORWAY into --

INT. WORKERS LODGINGS - CONTINUOUS

The Hooded Robin CRASHES through the cramped WORKERS
LODGINGS. His horse clambering through COTS and BLANKETS --

Gisbourne and the others in CLOSE PURSUIT. The horse chase
now continuing INSIDE A BUILDING.

Through a KITCHEN and LAUNDRY. Through CORRIDORS and around
CORNERS. Closer quarters fighting. Swords and arrows --

Until Robin sees some STAIRS LEADING UP to a ROOF ABOVE...

EXT. TRANSPORT WAGON / NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

The Wagon turns on a dime. A HAIRPIN TURN. The vehicle on
TWO WHEELS now as John tries to break free and --

CRACK. The munitions case ROLLS ONTO ITS SIDE in the back of the wagon. CRACKING OPEN. Marian seeing daylight from within. BREAKING THROUGH. Kicking through the wood...

Only to see the astonishing sight of the HOOD on the ADJACENT ROOFTOP. Riding a HORSE on a ROOF. The others giving chase.

EXT. ROOFTOP - FACTORY - DAY

A ROOFTOP HORSE CHASE. Robin turning around as he rides so he is now FACING BACKWARDS. Facing his enemy now. Picking them off, one by one. Fish in a barrel until --

SLAM. His horse is suddenly hit by a BOLT from GISBOURNE'S CROSSBOW. The horse bravely charging on until it is hit again and again. Gisbourne ruthless, TAKING THE ANIMAL DOWN.

The animal SLIDING TO A STOP. As the Hooded Robin PULLS HIMSELF OUT from underneath, getting to his feet. RUNNING NOW. Seeing the WAGON riding alongside the building below...

SPRINTING as fast as he can. Closer and closer to the ROOF'S EDGE. Gisbourne closing in as Robin LEAPS through the AIR --

Hurtling FORWARD through MID-AIR in a HAIL OF ARROWS --

EXT. TRANSPORT WAGON - DAY

The Hooded Robin LANDS on the wagon with a CLATTER. Falling off the side. Reaching for the EDGE, too late --

Until Marian GRABS his hand. HAULING the Hooded man back in.

Seeing a FAMILIAR BANDAGING around his ARROW FINGERS. A distinctive bandaging she has SEEN BEFORE...

EXT. ROOFTOP - FACTORY - DAY

Gisbourne is livid. Seeing the wagon pull away. Robin and Marian both OBSCURED. As he pulls his CROSSBOW. Aiming a BOLT at JOHN down below. Tracking their escape.

EXT. TRANSPORT WAGON / NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

Marian pulls the HOODED STRANGER up next to her.

MARIAN

Guess that makes us --

PFFT. The BOLT flies past them. Hitting JOHN SQUARE in the CHEST. John SLUMPING OVER. SPITTING BLOOD.

And then SLAM. The Wagon is sent FLYING. John dropping the REIGNS as it HITS A CART. KICKING up onto its SIDE...

The horses DRAGGING it on its side until it CRASHES to a STOP in a CLOUD OF DUST. An awful beat. SILENCE.

The Hooded Robin sees the BLEEDING JOHN. Crawling over to him. Seeing Gisbourne and the others RUNNING TOWARDS THEM --

NO WAY OUT. The Hooded Robin reaching for his bow --

And then it happens. SMOKE. A THICK CLOUD ENGULFING EVERYTHING. Robin CONFUSED, until he turns to see them --

CLOAKED FIGURES. Unleashing home made SMOKE STACKS. BURNING STACKS of BOUNDS LEAVES, doused in OIL --

The THICK SMOKE covering their tracks as they GRAB our guys. Robin resisting until he sees where they are taking them --

A HIDDEN TRAP DOOR in the WOODEN FLOOR of one of the DOCKS. Hidden behind a STORAGE HUT. The Cloaked figures pulling them down INTO THE GROUND to safety, ONE BY ONE --

As the SMOKE CLEARS, and Gisbourne arrives at the scene. Looking around. Seeing the Hood and the others are GONE.

His enemy nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

FIRE TORCHES illuminate a TUNNEL carved through SANDSTONE. The CLOAKED FIGURES help carry John, the Hooded Robin and Marian through a series of SECURITY CHECKPOINTS.

One of them goes to TAKE JOHN, as Robin holds onto him.

CLOAKED MAN

It's okay.

The Man pulls off his cloak to reveal a FAMILIAR FACE beneath. FRIAR TUCK.

FRIAR TUCK

... You are safe.

INT. UNDERGROUND INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

John is laid on a TABLE as a DOCTOR looks at his wounds. He is losing a LOT OF BLOOD. The Hooded Robin next to him.

DOCTOR

You want to give us some room?
 (off Robin's look)
 ... Just let us work, please --

The Hooded Robin steps back. As Marian looks at Tuck.

FRIAR TUCK

You will be alright down here...
 The Sheriff knows nothing of us,
 neither does the church --

MARIAN

I thought you were the church.

FRIAR TUCK

Not everything is as it seems
 anymore. Least of all me.

INT. TUNNEL NETWORK - DAY

An UNDERGROUND TUNNEL NETWORK in the SANDSTONE. Like an ant colony. Tuck leads the Hooded Robin and Marian through.

FRIAR TUCK

Sandstone, whole city is built on
 it. Spent the last three years
 down here. Siphoning what we can.

They pass more TUNNELS being dug. STOCKPILES of SUPPLIES. A TUNNEL MAP on the wall revealing the extent of this world.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

... It goes right under the river,
 all the way into the city.

MARIAN

This whole time --

FRIAR TUCK

We could not tell you. They were
 watching you too closely.

Tuck stopping, looking at the Hooded Robin.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
 ... Was wondering when we would get
 to meet you. You've caused quite a
 stir around here.

The Hooded Robin says nothing. Seeing the EYES of PEOPLE
 around him. SANDSTONE DUST lining their HOPEFUL faces.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
 -- Come on I'll take you somewhere
 you can get cleaned up.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - DAY

Robin's HOOD and SHIRT are off. He is WASHING OFF HIS TORSO.
 Back to us. As Marian rounds the corner. STOPPING SHORT.

MARIAN
 You need any help?

Marian hearing nothing. Trying to PEAK around the corner.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
 I didn't get a chance to say thank
 you. Before.

Robin still saying NOTHING. Getting DRESSED.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
 Not one for talking I suppose.
 (testing)
 ... Never used to be a problem.

She sees him come out with his HOOD BACK ON. Hesitating.

HOODED ROBIN
 I should check on my friend --

He tries to walk past and she TAKES HIS HAND. The ARROW
 FINGERS bandaged. JUST AS THEY HAD BEEN AT THE PALACE.

MARIAN
 Old war wound?

HOODED ROBIN
 ... I don't know what you're --

MARIAN
 This the part where you tell me I'm
 not about to slap you across the
 face?

The Hooded Robin going to push past her again as --

She suddenly SWINGS at him. Robin GRABBING HER HAND --

As lightning fast she PULLS DOWN HIS HOOD with her other hand. Seeing herself standing in front of ROBIN OF LOXLEY.

His old, FAMILIAR FACE. The same, but different now.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
Guess you're not dead after all.

ROBIN
... Never did know when to stop --

As she SLAPS HIM. Hard.

MARIAN
(annoyed)
... Why didn't you tell me --

ROBIN
You know what they'll do to you now
that you know --

MARIAN
I don't care, this is my fight too.

ROBIN
Well, your fight's over.

Marian seeing him put on his QUIVER,

MARIAN
Robin, do you have any idea what
he's about to do with that money --

ROBIN
That money's gone --

MARIAN
There's always a way --

ROBIN
There was a way, I had to let it go
to save you.

Robin walking past.

MARIAN
... So this is my fault now?

ROBIN
I'm not the one who got caught.

MARIAN

Well, maybe if you'd told me who you were I wouldn't have been out there by myself.

ROBIN

If you'd waited for me like you said you would, maybe I'd have had a chance to tell you.

Marian stopping. Looking at him. OLD RESENTMENTS NOW.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

... There are only two of us, Marian. We couldn't get into that cathedral with a thousand men --

MARIAN

We don't need a thousand men.
(off his look)
... We just need one.

INT. TUCK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tuck sits in his domain. Like an underground BUNKER. Marian is standing in front of him, the HOODED ROBIN behind her.

MARIAN

Did you hear what we just said?

Tuck pours himself an OPAQUE YELLOW ALCOHOL from a bottle.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

We have to get to that money. You can get us inside --

FRIAR TUCK

It cannot be done. I'm sorry.

MARIAN

You work there, you're our way in --

FRIAR TUCK

I am no longer with the church.
The sheriff had me removed.

As Tuck takes a BIG DRINK. Seeing her digest this.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

... You want some? It's dandelion.
Tastes like a weed, but goes down
like roses --

MARIAN

Then we find another way, get you
back inside --

FRIAR TUCK

I am leaving, Marian. We all are.

Marian confused. Seeing her surroundings. Realizing things
are HALF PACKED. Tuck's COLLEAGUES packing up next door.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

We have been planning it for a
while... The church cannot be
stopped. God knows I have tried --

MARIAN

You're leaving Nottingham --

FRIAR TUCK

We are leaving England. I am
getting these people across the
channel. To a place they can work
for themselves.

Tuck STANDING. Going to help the others pack.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

... You want to come with us, we
leave tomorrow.

MARIAN

This is our home.

FRIAR TUCK

It stopped being our home a long
time ago. Here, keep the bottle.

He SLIDES the dandelion wine over to her. Walking away.

MARIAN

This weed will grow wherever you
go, Friar, you can't run from this.

FRIAR TUCK

We do not have a choice. And I am
no one's Friar... Not anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DUSK

This is what a LOCK DOWN means. Crossmen pushing people from
their HOMES. One CROSSMAN reporting to a senior constable.

CROSSMAN

... Three of the four districts are
evacuated. The fourth will be
secure within the hour.

STREAMS OF PEOPLE being pushed from the INNER CITY to the
city limits. A HALF-MILE around the cathedral NOW EMPTY.

As the sound of a CRACKING WHIP interrupts and --

INT. SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS - NOTTINGHAM PALACE - DUSK

A BLOOD BLISTERED NAKED BACK. A series of horrific LASHINGS.
Blood streaming. As a CAT-TAIL WHIP CRACKS again --

GISBOURNE (O.S.)

My lord, please, mercy --

NOTTINGHAM (O.S.)

-- Again.

The WHIP CRACKING again as we reveal it is not the Sheriff
WHIPPING Gisbourne. IT IS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Deus meus, credo in te, spero in
te, amo te super omnia ex tota
anima mea, ex toto corde meo --

GISBOURNE

It was I who lost them --

NOTTINGHAM

And I who entrusted you. As I let
God's children suffer, so shall I.
The flesh must be mortified --

Gisbourne WHIPS the Sheriff again, sickened. As we reveal
the ARCH DEACON and PRIESTS watching on. An awful ceremony.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Sound the bell now. Bring him to
us. Let him know we're not afraid.

Another CRACK. His EYES GLARING. A horrifying devotion.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

... Let him hear our resolve.

As we see what he is staring at. The Prince's STUFFED DOG.
GLARING at its DEAD EYES. Staring and staring as we --

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

CANDLELIGHT illuminates Marian as she EATS some BREAD.
Sustenance. Watching some CHILDREN do the same.

FRIAR TUCK

We sent word to him you are safe.

Marian looks up to see Friar Tuck next to her.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

Will, he knows you are here now.

MARIAN

Thank you.

FRIAR TUCK

City is locked down until tomorrow.

You are stuck here until then.

(off her nod)

... Where is he?

Marian motions ahead. The Hooded Robin visible sitting next to the PASSED OUT JOHN in the INFIRMARY.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)

(re: Robin)

He fought a good fight. There is
nothing more that can be done.

MARIAN

You can run if you want to, Friar.

As they see Robin leaving John. Walking off up a TUNNEL.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

-- I'm not letting him run too.

INT. LOG CABIN - SHERWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

Robin stands in this LOG CABIN. A hidden TUNNEL EXIT beneath him. He is listening to the DISTANT CHURCH BELLS, looking out into SHERWOOD VILLAGE. Seeing it's starting to SNOW.

MARIAN (O.S.)

You shouldn't be up here --

Marian coming out of the exit, seeing the snow. WHISPERING.

ROBIN

Winter's here.

MARIAN
 (re: bells)
 They want you to fight. They're
 trying to bait you --

ROBIN
 I know what they're doing.

She sees CROSSMEN SENTRIES walking outside.

MARIAN
 ... Used to play round here as
 kids, remember. In these streets --

ROBIN
 Lots changed since then.

MARIAN
 Has it?

ROBIN
 He's right, Marian. It's over.

MARIAN
 I won't just leave it behind.

ROBIN
 What if we don't have a choice?

Marian looking at him. A sincerity.

MARIAN
 There's always a choice.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Marian follows the Hooded Robin down the tunnel.

ROBIN
 ... I've run it through my head a
 thousand times, Marian, over and
 over. There's no way to stop him --

MARIAN
 You're the Hood, remember? You're
 Nottingham's master thief.
 (a gesture)
 You can find a way.

ROBIN
 What makes you so sure?

MARIAN

Faith.

ROBIN

You really think God is enough?

She stops him. Looking at him.

MARIAN

No. I think you are.

Robin looking at her. Not knowing what to say. A WORLD
unsaid between them. Years of waiting.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

... Sheriff's right, we all have
two faces. We all wear hoods. I'm
not wearing mine anymore.

She steps CLOSER to him. Intimate.

ROBIN

What are you doing?

MARIAN

Reminding you who you are. What
you'd leave behind.

Marian TOO CLOSE now. A barrier broken.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

They told me you were dead, Robin.
Do you understand how that feels?
(a kindness)
Lost you once, I won't do it again.

ROBIN

Maybe I don't want to be found.

MARIAN

Then why did you save me?

Robin with no answer for this. Her LIPS ALMOST TO HIS.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

... Stay, Robin. Fight.

INCHES from him now. Her breath in his. A WHISPER.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Be the shepherd, not the sheep.

Robin having heard enough, turning to leave.

ROBIN
I have to go --

As he goes to leave, she stops him --

He grabs her. KISSING HER HARD. Able to contain it no longer. The dam breaking. Pushing her into --

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Robin kisses Marian against a WALL. Marian taken aback, then kissing him back. Passionate. Silent. Secret.

As we see people WALKING BY outside. Barely two feet away. Marian LOWERING HIS HOOD. A symbolic moment...

Until Robin unbuttons her SHIRT, and he finally sees it. Hanging around her neck. The ARCHER PENDANT. Her heart there for him to see. Where her heart always was.

As he kisses her again. And Robin and Marian silently MAKE LOVE. The world passing by feet away.

Everything as it should be. If only for a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - NIGHT

SNOW FALLS. The Sheriff and his CROSSMEN investigate the docks. The WAGON WRECKAGE, BROKEN ARROWS, SMOKE STACKS.

CROSSMAN
-- It was right here.

The Sheriff searches. Like investigating a CRIME SCENE.

CROSSMAN (CONT'D)
We looked everywhere, every house,
every inch of the yard --

The Sheriff walking through the SETTLING SNOW. Stopping.

NOTTINGHAM
Then you look in the wrong place --

As below he sees it. On the ground. The remnants of JOHN'S RED BLOOD on the BLACK GROUND turning the snow PINK.

Revealing a BLOOD TRAIL.

The Sheriff follows the PINK TRAIL. Like train tracks leading the way to the WOODEN FLOOR of the docks. Scraping the pink ice away to find the TRAP DOOR by the STORAGE HUT.

The Sheriff opening it. Seeing the TUNNEL NETWORK beneath.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
Bring shovels and men. Quickly.

As the Sheriff looks at the ADJACENT RIVER above the tunnel.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
-- For behold, I will bring a flood
of waters upon the earth to destroy
all flesh in which is heaven...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - DAWN

Robin wakes in a state of SEMI-UNDRESS. Next to Marian. Where he belongs. Her neck. Her hair. As he looks out to see POCKETS OF MORNING LIGHT spilling into the tunnels...

INT. TUNNEL NETWORK - MOMENTS LATER

The Hooded Robin walks the tunnels, seeing people SLEEPING. The quiet of morning. As he arrives at the INFIRMARY.

INT. UNDERGROUND INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

The Hooded Robin sees John. His WOUNDS PATCHED. Shallow breathing LABORED. He looks alive. Barely.

WILL (O.S.)
-- Been looking for you.

The Hooded Robin turns to see WILL standing behind him.

WILL (CONT'D)
I asked them to bring me here.
Hear I owe you my thanks.
(off his look)
Where is she? Is she okay?

The Hooded Robin not knowing what to say. NODDING.

WILL (CONT'D)
There anything you want to tell me?

Robin SILENT. The two men looking at each other, until --

WILL (CONT'D)

I know.

A TENSION in the room. Until --

WILL (CONT'D)

I know it's you, Loxley.

(off his look)

... Took me a while to put it together. At the party.

Robin's tangible RELIEF. As Will approaches.

WILL (CONT'D)

I can never thank you enough.

Robin NODDING. Clearly wanting the ground to swallow him, as a SOUND suddenly intrudes. The sound of far off SCREAMING.

Followed by the THUNDEROUS RUMBLE of RUSHING WATER.

INT. TUNNEL NETWORK - MOMENTS LATER

And so it begins. A WALL OF WATER suddenly THUNDERING INTO THE TUNNEL. Chaos. People running, frantic, desperate. As Tuck comes HURRYING towards Robin and Will.

FRIAR TUCK

He found us. He broke through the river --

WILL

Where is Marian?

HOODED ROBIN

(re: John)

Get him out.

(off Tuck's look)

We'll meet you up there, JUST GO --

People running PANICKED TOWARDS THEM, up the tunnel to HIGHER GROUND. As they see the LOWER END of the tunnel FLOODING.

The Hooded Robin and Will running towards it as Robin HOLDS HIS BREATH. Putting his BOW over his shoulder.

INT. UNDERWATER - TUNNEL NETWORK - MOMENTS LATER

STREAMS of MORNING LIGHT from tunnels above ILLUMINATE a world underwater. FLOATING DEBRIS and panicking people.

As we see the Hooded Robin and Will SWIMMING THROUGH. Slow going. BREATH HELD, until TWO CROSSMEN suddenly appear next to them in an adjacent tunnel. Firing ARROWS towards them...

The arrows DYING in the water. Too far away.

Everything slowed by the water's resistance. The physics of this underwater world creating a SLOW MOTION battle. As Robin SWIMS CLOSER and unleashes a VOLLEY OF ARROWS --

THUD, THUD, THUD. The arrows group in the chests of the Crossmen. Blood blossoming into the water.

TWO MORE CROSSMEN attacking from the side. Their SWORDS SWINGING SLOWLY in the underwater slow motion. Will STABBING with his sword instead. Cutting through the resistance.

As the Crossmen disappear into a RED MIST.

ANGLE ON UPPER TUNNEL

Will and the Hooded Robin break the surface to find INCHES OF AIR still above. Slowly RISING. Taking FRANTIC BREATHS.

WILL
WHERE --

HOODED ROBIN
WE'RE ALMOST THERE --

The water RISING TO THE TOP, no more second chances as --

INT. UNDERWATER - TUNNEL NETWORK - CONTINUOUS

The Hooded Robin and Will swim DEEPER down the tunnel, Will growing frantic, until they finally see her ahead...

MARIAN. Helping people swim out. Will swimming DESPERATELY towards her until --

Robin sees them ahead. MORE CROSSMEN, coming from behind Marian. Swimming towards her. Robin pulling his bow --

Unleashing ANOTHER VOLLEY OF ARROWS. Only to see them DIE IN THE WATER after twenty feet. The Crossmen too far away, OUT OF RANGE. Robin swimming, trying to get closer --

TOO LATE. As the Crossmen drag Marian BACK THE WAY THEY CAME. Marian pulled away with the OTHERS.

The Hooded Robin holding Will back. Nothing else to do but watch Marian disappear into the UNDERWATER DARKNESS.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Hooded Robin and Will climb out of an EXIT in a VILLAGE OUTHOUSE. Tuck and the SURVIVORS waiting. Cradling John.

FRIAR TUCK
What happened to the rest?

EXT. SHERWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Hooded Robin, Will and Tuck arrive on the edge of the village to see the SHERIFF fishing MARIAN and the other CAPTIVE PRISONERS out of the LOG CABIN EXIT we saw earlier.

The Sheriff addressing the VILLAGE. All the HIDING PEOPLE.

NOTTINGHAM
I know my voice is heard.
(to the village)
... I know you know where this man
is. I know you know who he is.
(somber)
You have until sundown tomorrow.
You know where we will be.

The Hooded Robin feeling Will and Tuck's eyes on him.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
... Do not force my hand against my
own.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Hooded Robin, Will and Tuck return to the other survivors. The Hooded Robin stopping Tuck short.

FRIAR TUCK
There is nothing you can do for
them, you do know that --
(off his look)
... You surrender, he will kill you
and then he will kill them --

HOODED ROBIN
We can't just leave them.

Tuck looks at him. Seeing the BOW in his hand.

FRIAR TUCK
We fight. We die. Think of the
others, it's not too late for them.
(off his look)
(MORE)

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
 ... They're not soldiers. I cannot
 let you endanger them. I'm sorry.

As Tuck looks at him SADLY. Returning to his people.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
 I am getting them to the forest.
 We leave at first light.
 (off his look)
 You're not there, we leave you too.

CUT TO:

INT. LOXLEY MANOR - DAWN

Robin sits. LOST IN THOUGHT. As if searching for strength.
 The CONFLICT in his eyes. Until we see what he is staring
 at. The rising SUN SILHOUETTING IT in the morning light...

His Father's old, wooden SHEPHERDS CROOK.

EXT. FIELD - LOXLEY MANOR - DAWN

Robin kneels in front of the MOUND OF DIRT beneath the old
 OAK TREE once again. A silent prayer. Perhaps a goodbye.

Until finally, inevitably, he reaches down and picks it up.
 PUTTING ON MARIAN'S ARCHER PENDANT. Standing now...

And we finally see it in all its glory. The grave no longer
 unmarked. A HOMEMADE CROSS at the grave's head. The cross
 made from the Earl of Loxley's SHEPHERDS CROOK. As the
 Earl's son heads off into the rising sun...

The shepherd going to tend to his sheep.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING

SNOW FALLS. We see Will wrapping John with a BLANKET, the
 latter still out. Tuck and the other survivors MID-ARGUMENT.

SURVIVOR
 ... They're in the cathedral, we
 can't just leave them --

FRIAR TUCK
 We might not get another chance --

SURVIVOR
So we trade favor --

WILL
You'd just give him up?

SURVIVOR
If he fights for us, then where is
he now? Why does he abandon us?
(off his look)
... We don't even know his name --

ROBIN (O.S.)
It's Robin.

ANGLE ON TREES

As they turn to see him standing there. The HOODED ROBIN.

HOODED ROBIN
Of Loxley.
(off their looks)
-- You want to know my name, that's
it. You want to see my face?

Robin slowly LOWERING HIS HOOD, revealing his FACE.

ROBIN
I'm not hiding anymore. You want
to tell them who I am, I can't stop
you... You trust me. I trust you.

SURVIVOR
You'd have us trust a thief --

ROBIN
I'd have you fight for your God.
(off their looks)
... Against those who would sully
his name. Who would lay claim to a
church in his honor.

Robin walks towards them. Motioning to the forest.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
... This is our church.

The FACES of the WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You want their crusade, take it.
My fight is here. And if I'm to
bleed it will be on my own soil.

As Robin arrives at FRIAR TUCK. Eye to eye.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 ... They stole that from us. They
 took our homes. Our faith.
 (off their looks)
 And I'm stealing it back.

Robin addressing them all. Standing tall.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 My name is Robin of Loxley.
 (to their faces)
 ... If there are any among you who
 would use that name against me then
 let your name be heard now.

As he takes his HOOD and throws it to the ground in front of
 them. A CHALLENGE. The crowd looking at it.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 Show your face, as I've show mine.

The SILENCE extending.

And then he steps forward... Friar Tuck. PICKING UP the
 Hood. Looking at it. Then walking it BACK OVER to Robin.

Tuck feeling the LEATHER and FABRIC of the Hood in his hands.

FATHER TUCK
 ... You had better be right about
 this, Loxley.

As he puts the Hood OVER ROBIN'S HEAD. Knighting a warrior.

ROBIN
 Welcome to the war.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

A CROSSMAN leads Marian into the chapel. The alter covered
 in SACKS of COINS. The Sheriff waiting like a PROUD GROOM.

CROSSMAN
 The city is secure, my Lord.

NOTTINGHAM
 See to it we are not disturbed.

The Crossman NODDING, closing a HEAVY DOOR behind him.

As the Sheriff's entire Demeanor seems to SHIFT. Like an actor LEAVING THE STAGE. Marian more nervous than ever.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
... Don't worry, you'll be back
with the others shortly.

Nottingham's VOICE noticeably different. LESS FORMAL.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
Just thought it'd be nice to spend
a little time alone. I rarely get
to meet anyone with such... vigor.

Marian realizes he is FLIRTING with her. Uncomfortable. As he reveals a BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL. Pouring her a DRINK.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
From Padua. A bit rough, but it
deadens the mind quite nicely.
Might help lubricate proceedings?

He offers her a CUP. She throws it at him. He smiles. As he suddenly SLAPS her across the face.

MARIAN
... You will feel God's judgment --

NOTTINGHAM
Oh, my sweet, you think I care
about your God or his judgment?

Marian looks at him, confused. As if not understanding.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
You'd be surprised what a little
religious fervor'll get you. A bit
of Latin, a few lashes. Some
frothing over God's good book...
(re: the wine)
... You really should try this.
Like sucking on a mother's teet --

MARIAN
I don't understand...
(off his smile)
It's an act --

NOTTINGHAM
And if the blind lead the blind,
both shall fall into the ditch.
(grinning, enjoying it)
... That's Matthew --

MARIAN

What about your son, his armor --

NOTTINGHAM

My son's in Bologna 'til after the war. Excellent food out there.

(off her shock)

There's no power without the church, Marian. The prince'll be king soon, I must be alongside him.

The Sheriff CLOSER now. The wine kicking in. Marian nervous. As she pulls a HIDDEN STILETTO DAGGER by her side.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Trust me, you might be thankful. The company of a man free from the moral confines of faith might prove invigorating. I wouldn't fight it.

Marian allowing him to come closer. WHISPERING in his ear.

MARIAN

... I would.

EXT. CORRIDOR - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Nottingham is BLEEDING. Livid. A GASH across his ARM and HAND. Dragging the defiant Marian along the corridor. Throwing her KNIFE at GISBOURNE'S FEET.

NOTTINGHAM

Return her to her own kind. Now.

(off his nod)

... I have matters to attend to, you are in charge until I return.

The Arch Deacon approaches. Anxious.

ARCH DEACON

You put your faith in him again?

NOTTINGHAM

I put my faith in the Lord, Deacon. ... By God's good grace, his light will soon be within reach.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY

Robin stands in front of a FILLED WAGON. Will jumping off behind him. Handing out SUPPLIES to the SURVIVORS.

ROBIN
Brought everything we could from
the villages. Found three tunnels
that weren't flooded. Here --

Robin approaches Tuck, handing him a FRIAR'S CLOAK and CROSS.

FRIAR TUCK
I'm not a friar anymore, remember?

ROBIN
You decide that. Not them.

As Robin sees the deep WHIPPING SCARS on Tuck's huge muscles. The years of RIPPED TISSUE. Tuck COVERING THEM.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Let the people see what their real
church looks like.

Tuck NODDING. As Robin lifts TWO HUGE WAR HAMMERS out of the wagon. Barely able to lift one. Handing them to Tuck.

FRIAR TUCK
What do I do?

ROBIN
You hit people, they fall over.

Tuck holds the MASSIVE HAMMERS in the air. HE LOOKS BADASS.

FRIAR TUCK
These should do just fine.

ANGLE ON WILL

Will is holding a SWORD. Feeling the weight. Turning it AROUND HIS WRIST like a pro. As Robin walks over.

ROBIN
... Take it you've used one of
those before?

WILL
Grew up in the East Alleys, Loxley.
I didn't, my family wouldn't eat.
Was fighting in these streets long
before it was fashionable.

Robin looking at Will. Seeing the man beneath. The story.

ROBIN
... Will, there's something I need
to tell you --

WILL
-- Ever loved anyone, Loxley?

Robin looks at him. Will GEARING UP as he talks.

WILL (CONT'D)
I mean to the point nothing else
matters. You'd give everything.

Robin NODDING. Watching Will put on his weapons of war.

WILL (CONT'D)
... Not an easy feeling is it?

ROBIN
No, it isn't.

Will SHEATHES the sword. Ready to enter the streets again.

WILL
We're going to get her out, right?
... We're going to get her back?

ROBIN
We'll get her back. I promise.

WILL
-- Then that's all that matters.

Robin NODDING. As a SURVIVOR walks over to Robin.

SURVIVOR
He's awake.

ANGLE ON JOHN

Robin walks over to find John looking like DEATH WARMED UP.

JOHN
Why am I in a forest?

ROBIN
Didn't want you to drown.

JOHN
Why was I going to drown?

ROBIN
You were underground.

JOHN
I was going to drown underground?

ROBIN
It's sort of a long story.

JOHN
Does it end with us going to war?

John sees the surrounding SURVIVORS GEARING UP as Robin NODS.

JOHN (CONT'D)
... Then there had better be a
quarterstaff in there for me.

ROBIN
You can't even stand, John.

JOHN
Had the strangest dream. Dreamt I
lost everything. My body, my
country, my son. Then I woke up.

Robin watching him STAND. Defiant.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And my son was still here.

Robin looking at him. A moment.

JOHN (CONT'D)
... We are soldiers, remember? If
you are going to war, I am too.

As Robin and John look out over the mass of would-be
warriors. A MOTLEY BUNCH. Knowing they're in trouble.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So, you going to tell me how we're
going to break into an evacuated
city with a few women and children?

Robin looking at him. A MAN WITH A PLAN.

ROBIN
-- By standing on the shoulders of
giants.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DAY

SNOW FALLS. CROSSMAN SENTRIES walk abandoned streets. An eerie silence. The quiet of the storm before the storm.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

Gisbourne stands outside the cathedral, looking down a LONG DESOLATE STREET. Flanked by the Arch Deacon. Keeping watch.

ARCH DEACON
You do not hear that? Thought I
heard something.

GISBOURNE
It's your imagination.

The Arch Deacon looking out into the storm. SILENCE.

ARCH DEACON
What if it's him?

GISBOURNE
Let him come. Think we can handle
a few bows and arrows. Don't you?

WHOOSH. A FIFTEEN FOOT CROSSBOW BOLT suddenly flies past like a TRAIN. CRASHING into the cathedral, DEBRIS crumbling.

CROSSMAN
WHAT --

Another GIANT BOLT speeding past from the opposite direction.

As Gisbourne steps out into the street to see the SKY ahead. A DOT growing BIGGER and BIGGER. A GIANT BOULDER.

ANGLE ON STREET

BOOM. The HUGE BOULDER CRASHES through a HOUSE. Like a meteor from above. And then ANOTHER. TUMBLING down the street like a HUGE BOWLING BALL.

The city UNDER ATTACK. Giant bolts flying down streets. Huge boulders ARCING slowly across the sky like missiles.

As we see they are coming from the RIVER DOCKS.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

Five TREBUCHETS hurl BOULDERS towards the city. Each HUGE MACHINE operated by TUNNEL SURVIVORS. JOHN running the show.

BLINDFOLDED CROSSMEN stand captive at sword point behind him. As a Survivor runs up to John. Covered in MACHINE GREASE.

SURVIVOR
(re: boulders)
We're almost out...

John looking around, seeing something OFF-SCREEN. Smiling.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

PANIC STATIONS. Gisbourne's eyes darting as --

A BURNING TOLL BOOTH suddenly comes arcing across the sky. CRASHING in front of Gisbourne. A Crossman running up.

CROSSMAN
They have Ballistas on the borders,
Catapults are from the docks --

GISBOURNE
Get brigades to every fire point.

A HUNTING PARTY starting to form.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
... He's out there somewhere.

EXT. ROOF - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

A FLASH OF MOVEMENT. TWO FEET jumping. As we reveal the HOODED ROBIN running across the rooftops of the OUTER CITY.

EXT. STREET - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

Another GIANT CROSSBOW BOLT hurtles down the street. A squad of Crossman rounding a CORNER to find the source...

An ABANDONED BALLISTA CROSSBOW on a WAGON. No one there.

CROSSMAN
Where the hell are they...

As we see a GLIMPSE of WILL and a team of other Tunnel Survivors disappearing into an UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE.

EXT. ALLEY - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The HOODED ROBIN runs down a BACK ALLEY. Hidden. The Cathedral now visible in the distance, CLOSER and CLOSER.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM DOCKS - DAY

Gisbourne and a pack of Crossmen arrive at the docks to find the FIVE TREBUCHET CATAPULTS. Abandoned. UNMANNED.

The catapults all loaded with the bound, BLINDFOLDED CROSSMEN. Sat in the FIRING TRAYS. Terrified.

GISBOURNE

Get them out of there --

CROSSMAN

They're gone. Ballistas are secure too. It's over.

GISBOURNE

It never began.

(off his look)

... He wanted us out here.

As we see JOHN and the other Tunnel Survivors disappearing down into a SECOND TUNNEL NETWORK.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

Get back to the cathedral.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The HOODED ROBIN approaches the Cathedral. Almost there. Seeing MINIMAL GUARDS outside. Sneaking closer until --

GISBOURNE (O.S.)

... Going somewhere?

He turns to see Gisbourne on his Horse. Crossmen arriving --

The Hooded Robin immediately RUNNING. Sprinting around a corner. Only to find MORE CROSSMEN waiting. Turning as --

THUMP. Gisbourne CRACKS him across the head. The Hooded Robin hitting the ground. As Gisbourne stands over him --

Reaching down, RIPPING OFF HIS HOOD only to reveal --

A 16 YEAR OLD BOY. A TUNNEL SURVIVOR. Smiling. Defiant.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

... What --

As we see a HOODED FIGURE running across an adjacent ROOFTOP.

The Crossman going to give chase as Gisbourne sees a THIRD HOODED FIGURE run ACROSS THE STREET in the distance.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

Wait --

A Crossman dragging a FOURTH HOODED FIGURE over. A WOMAN.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

-- He isn't here...

ANGLE ON CITY

GODS POV. As from above we see HOODS EVERYWHERE. Climbing stairs. Crossing rooftops. Crossmen CHASING HOODED SHADOWS.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

A SIDE ENTRANCE guarded by TWO RED MEN. Hearing the COMMOTION. As suddenly see FRIAR TUCK runs towards them.

FRIAR TUCK

Help me... He's out there, please --

CROSSMAN

No one gets through, I'm sorry.

FRIAR TUCK

He'll kill me, you can't leave me --

ARCH DEACON

Then that is your fate, Friar.

Tuck seeing the Arch Deacon in the doorway.

ARCH DEACON (CONT'D)

You will find no safety in this house, not anymore. This is a home for those worthy of his worship --

Tuck suddenly pulling his WAR HAMMERS from under his gown. Swinging them like WRECKING BALLS. Sending the two Guards FLYING into the wall. As he TURNS to the Arch Deacon.

FRIAR TUCK

... Then I think it is time you stepped outside.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Tuck DRAGS the CONCUSSED ARCH DEACON into the shadows.
Seeing a DOOR OPEN in an APOTHECARY across the street.
Robin, John and Will climbing out of a HIDDEN TUNNEL within.

All of them putting on HOODS. Tossing Tuck a HOOD too.

INT. CORRIDOR - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Tuck leads Robin, John and Will into the cathedral.

FRIAR TUCK
They're keeping them down in the
crypt... Coins are in the chapel.
We'll have to get through the door.

Robin seeing a HUGE, WOODEN LOCKED DOOR ahead. Looking at
John. John already pulling out his TOOLS.

JOHN
It's got moving parts, I can do it.

ROBIN
Stay together, we'll meet you here.

As Robin and Will head DOWN some STAIRS leaving John and Tuck
together. Tuck pulling his HAMMERS. John holding his STAFF.

JOHN
... I don't even know your name.

FRIAR TUCK
It's John. Tuck.

JOHN
Thought I was the only John round
here?

Tuck looking at the man next to him. HALF HIS SIZE.

FRIAR TUCK
Well, I'm sure they'll find a way
to tell us apart.

INT. CRYPT ENTRANCE - DAY

Robin and Will sneak around a CORNER to see CROSSMAN GUARDS
ahead, guarding the SUBTERRANEAN CRYPT ENTRANCE.

The captive TUNNEL SURVIVORS visible within. Many praying.

ROBIN

I'll go left, you go right --

Will suddenly drawing his SWORD. STABBING ROBIN.

Robin's eyes wide. Only to see that sword has JUST MISSED --

Having instead killed the CROSSMAN directly behind him. Will having SAVED ROBIN'S LIFE. As the body falls to the floor.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Maybe we'll just stick together.

INT. CRYPT - MOMENTS LATER

The TUNNEL SURVIVORS sit around OLD TOMBSTONES. Marian with her arm around a LITTLE GIRL. Helping her PRAY.

As she suddenly sees a CROSSMAN in the distance hit the ground. Another across the room doing the same.

An ARROW hitting his chest. As Marian puts her arm around the girl, pulling her down behind the tombstone. WHISPERING.

MARIAN

I want you to close your eyes.

The sound of OFF-SCREEN YELLING and PANIC intruding.

GIRL

What is happening? What is that?

MARIAN

... It's the sound of your prayers.

INT. CHAPEL DOOR - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

LITTLE JOHN, as he'll now be known, is working the door. Turning TOOLS with one hand. A miracle of dexterity. As in the DISTANCE we see Tuck standing like a GIANT WATCH DOG.

FRIAR TUCK

Whatever you are doing, may I suggest you do it faster?

As CLICK. Little John gets the door. GRINNING.

INT. CHAPEL - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Little John PUSHES the door open slowly, as he sees the PILE OF COIN SACKS on the alter ahead. Pay dirt.

FRIAR TUCK (O.S.)
You see anything? Is it there?

The door suddenly CLOSING behind him. SLAMMING SHUT.

LITTLE JOHN
Wait, TUCK --

The sound of the door being LOCKED. TOO LATE. Tuck BANGING on the other side. As Little John turns to see --

GUY OF GISBOURNE. Stepping out of the shadows.

GISBOURNE
The infamous Hood. I've been waiting.

Little John pulls down his Hood with his STUMPED ARM. Gisbourne seeing who is beneath. Seeing he has ONE HAND.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Wait, you're not him... I know you.

As Little John pulls out his QUARTERSTAFF.

LITTLE JOHN
And I know you.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Robin and Marian get the last of the Tunnel Survivors across the street into the APOTHECARY. Down into the HIDDEN TUNNEL.

MARIAN
That's the last of them.

Robin taking her HAND. A MOMENT.

ROBIN
... You alright?

MARIAN
I'm going to be.

ANGLE ON WILL

As he comes out of the cathedral. SEEING THEM holding hands.

Will watching the intimacy a second. Absorbing it. Almost as if allowing it to confirm what he already knows...

Until he WALKS OUT FURTHER. Interrupting. Marian quickly LETTING GO. Thinking she's gotten away with it.

WILL
... We're in trouble.

INT. CHAPEL - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

An EPIC DUEL is underway. Little John versus Guy of Gisbourne. QUARTERSTAFF AGAINST SWORD. The sound of WOOD against STEEL. As they fight up and over the PEWS.

A dizzying BLUR of fighting skill. Little John a master warrior, even with one and a half arms, until --

SLAM. Gisbourne attacks where he SHOT JOHN BEFORE. John WINCING. The sound of the door POUNDING.

ROBIN (O.S.)
JOHN --

GISBOURNE
... I remember you now.

Little John trying to be strong. STRIKING Gisbourne across the temple as -- SLAM. Gisbourne lands another AWFUL BLOW.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
... I remember the sound of you
begging. Was it for your hand, or
your family? Do you remember?

Another horrific attack. Little John in trouble now. Trying to fight. As his QUARTERSTAFF IS SUDDENLY KNOCKED AWAY.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
How extraordinary. All this way,
just to fail now. How very awful.

Little John pulls out his tools. Looking for a weapon, anything. Finding his CANTEEN OF GREEK FIRE LIQUID...

As Gisbourne KNOCKS IT AWAY. Little John with NOTHING.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)
Why don't we hear that sound again?

INT. CHAPEL DOOR - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

Friar Tuck is CHARGING against the door. No use. Robin, Marian and Will powerless on their side.

ROBIN

JOHN --

Tuck shaking his head. No way through. A resignation.

INT. CHAPEL - NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL - DAY

Little John is on the ground. CRAWLING BACKWARDS.
Gisbourne's Rapier above him. Gisbourne stalking him now.

As Little John WHISPERS PRAYER under his breath.

GISBOURNE

You think prayer can save you?

(off his look)

You embarrass your God, Moor. You
are beyond salvation.

LITTLE JOHN

But you are not.

Gisbourne seeing a STEEL with FLINT attached in Little John's
hand. A medieval LIGHTER --

LITTLE JOHN (CONT'D)

And I was not praying for myself

(off his look)

... I was praying for you.

Gisbourne seeing he is standing in a PUDDLE of GREEK FIRE.

LITTLE JOHN (CONT'D)

Master.

WHOOSH. Little John IGNITES the Greek Fire, and Gisbourne is
ENGULFED in FLAMES. The door finally CRASHING DOWN.

Robin running over, seeing John pick up Gisbourne's Rapier --

LITTLE JOHN (CONT'D)

-- Dam min dami.

And he RUNS HIM THROUGH. Putting this BURNING MAN to rest.

MARIAN

Come on, we've got to move. Now.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Robin leads our team. Our five heroes together at last.
Sneaking the MONEY SACKS out to the Apothecary. Almost done.

As one of the bags suddenly SPLITS. COINS SPILLING OUT with a CLATTER. Too much noise. Marian looking down at them.

JOHN
Just leave them --

MARIAN
... Wait --

And then she stops. As if confused. Realizing something. Looking at one of the COINS. Seeing the COLOR is off.

WILL
Marian, c'mon --

MARIAN
Something's wrong.

Marian scratching at the coin. Confused.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
It's iron. This isn't silver.
It's fake --

Robin bites a coin. Seeing his TEETH IMPRINTED. Seeing they're ALL THE SAME. As if realizing something...

ROBIN
The coins were never here.

MARIAN
I don't get it, then where's the silver?

As Robin pulls it from his POCKET...

The SILVER ARROWHEAD he found in the Sheriff's chambers. FRESH FROM THE MOLD. The head SHINING in the light.

ROBIN
-- The same place he is.

EXT. MUNITIONS BOAT / RIVER TRENT - DAY

MUNITIONS CASES. Each packed high with ARROWS. Each arrow head shining a little TOO BRIGHTLY. The SILVER being shipped out in plain sight on the DECK of this HUGE TRANSPORT BOAT.

The boat heads down an ICY RIVER. The might of FIFTY OARS below propelling it forward. Rowers with STEAMED BREATH.

As we see the SHERIFF on DECK. Watching a BLACKSMITH tend to a FOUNDRY. Pouring MOLTEN SILVER into a SMELTING POT.

The boat's CAPTAIN arriving next to him.

CAPTAIN
... We shall be there before
sundown, my Lord.

NOTTINGHAM
Very good, captain. It would
appear God is with us --

As a CRACK suddenly interrupts. A SCRAPING. The Captain
looking down to see a SHEET OF ICE blocking the path ahead.

CAPTAIN
... And the devil too, my Lord.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

A MOUNTED CROSSMAN hits the ground. Robin grabbing his
HORSE. As Marian and John try to stop him.

MARIAN
He's too far gone.

ROBIN
... I have to try.

Robin already taking off riding. The sound of YELLING and
SCREAMING quickly following as he is seen.

And Marian looks over to a nearby HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE.

WILL
Marian.

Marian looking at him. Making her choice. Heading to the
carriage as the others follow. Will doing the same.

EXT. STREET - NOTTINGHAM - DAY

Robin thunders through the city streets. Ducking FLYING
ARROWS and charging through CROSSMEN. An unstoppable force.

As he sees the TRENT RIVER ahead...

EXT. MUNITIONS BOAT / RIVER TRENT - LATER THAT DAY

TIME HAS PASSED. Exhausted Crossmen stand on the ICE in
front of the boat, attacking it with ICE AXES. Slow going.
As above them we see the Sheriff and Captain looking down.

CAPTAIN
 Won't be long now. Almost through.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Robin's horse is near breaking point. SNORTING LIKE A BULL as it runs through the snow, FOLLOWING THE RIVER. Until Robin's WIND-CHAPPED FACE sees it ahead in the FROZEN ICE.

The MUNITIONS BOAT. Robin seeing a FROZEN ROW BOAT in the river next to him. Then looking at the ICE-COVERED RIVER.

ROBIN
 This is a bad idea.

As he rides down ONTO THE ICE. Now literally RIDING UPRIVER.

EXT. MUNITIONS BOAT / RIVER TRENT - LATER THAT DAY

The boat pushes through the ice. OARS in the water.

As the Sheriff sees the horizon. The NORTH SEA ahead. A SARACEN SHIP visible in the distance. The finish line.

NOTTINGHAM
 Prepare the shipment.

The Sheriff looking at the Blacksmith pouring the LAST OF HIS MOLTEN SILVER. The shipment almost complete...

And then he sees it on the deck. A BODY. HIDDEN in the SHADOWS. A TRANQUILIZER ARROWHEAD in his side.

A distant THUD interrupting. Then another. THUD THUD THUD.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
 Captain. Gather your men.

As the Sheriff sees a TRAIL OF WATER leading BELOW DECK...

INT. BELOW DECK - MUNITIONS BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff finds ANOTHER BODY. The TRAIL OF WATER leading to a LOCKED DOOR. The THUDS coming from within.

NOTTINGHAM
 Break it down --

The Captain and two Crossmen CRASH through the door as --

WATER SPRAYS towards them. The HOODED ROBIN with ICE AXE in hand. SLAMMING THROUGH THE HULL. Shattering the wood. The River Trent starting to GUSH INTO THE BOAT...

The Hooded Robin already RUNNING. Through the REAR EXIT. Crossmen GIVING CHASE. As Nottingham looks at the HOLE.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Patch it. Now.

EXT. MUNITIONS BOAT / RIVER TRENT - LATER THAT DAY

The Hooded Robin RUNS. CROSSMEN SWARMING as he lets an arrow fly. Hitting a ROPE. A SAIL blanketing his attackers.

The Hooded Robin firing another arrow. SEVERING a rope as he uses it to SWING around to the STERN of the boat.

Landing, only to find more Crossmen waiting. Too many of them. No way out. As he sees the Sheriff approaching.

NOTTINGHAM

... It is done. The hull is soon repaired. You have failed.

The Hooded Robin readying his BOW.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

Look around you, there are sixty of us, you don't have the arrows.

As he suddenly sees where Robin is standing. Having put himself right in the middle of a THOUSAND SILVER ARROWS.

HOODED ROBIN

... Don't I?

ROBIN'S AIMING POV

And all other CLARITY pales in comparison to this. Robin's brain working COMPUTER-FAST. Clocking targets...

The BOAT around him FADING into a BLURRED SOUP. Nothing but his CROSSMEN FOE. As the Sheriff breaks the SILENCE.

NOTTINGHAM

May God show mercy on your soul.

And then CHAOS. As Robin FIRES his FIRST ARROW, and we see what it feels like to be the Hood. Looking down Robin's LINE OF SIGHT, MID-BATTLE. FIST CLENCHED on the bow. The STRING vibrating past our heads. FEATHERS SPINNING past our EYES...

Watching the arrows zip forward with impossible PRECISION.
PFFT, PFFT, PFFT. A sniper with a machine gun...

The Hooded Robin PIVOTING. IMPROVISING. Shooting an ENEMY
ARROW out of the air. Using an arrow as a DAGGER as close
range. Then pulling it out and FIRING it at someone else...

The SILVER ARROWS offering a seemingly infinite supply of
ammo as the Crossmen fall like targets at a shooting alley...

And the world starts to suddenly RISE AROUND US.

EXT. RIVER TRENT - MOMENTS LATER

From a distance, we see the STERN OF THE BOAT RISING. The
boat SINKING AFTER ALL, bow first. As the action CONDENSES
at the rising stern. Crossmen FALLING FROM THE SIDES.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
We can't stop it...

EXT. MUNITIONS BOAT / RIVER TRENT - DAY

The Sheriff sees the WATER RISING in the BOW of the boat.
The fore end going first. Seeing the PANICKED CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN
The damage was too great --

NOTTINGHAM
We can't go down --

The Sheriff seeing Crossmen starting to abandon ship. The
STERN NOW LIFTED INTO THE AIR. Like a medieval titanic.

CAPTAIN
Sir, we have to get you off now --

The Sheriff looking out at the SARACEN WARSHIP, seeing it is
LEAVING. Turning at the sight of this SINKING SHIP. Not
their fight. The Sheriff's world slowly FALLING APART.

As he grabs his SWORD.

NOTTINGHAM
I'm not going anywhere --

EXT. BOW - MUNITIONS BOAT - DAY

The boat is at a 45 DEGREE ANGLE now. The Hooded Robin BLEEDING. Covered in NICKS and SCRAPES. Seeing off the last of the Crossmen. Seeing the others ABANDONING SHIP...

Not seeing the Sheriff climbing up the UNDERSIDE of the HULL behind him. Crawling upwards OVER THE STERN...

Inching CLOSER TOWARDS HIM, raising his SWORD as...

The Hooded Robin turns, too late. Only to see the Sheriff's sword SLASHING his HAND --

SENDING HIS BOW SPINNING AWAY.

SLAM. The Sheriff sends the Hooded Robin flying. Our hero CRACKING against a MAST. WINDED.

NOTTINGHAM
Was it worth it?
(off his look)
... Dying for nothing?

The Sheriff attacks again. Relentless. His sword JUST MISSING the Hooded Robin's HEAD. Slicing across his HOOD.

As the Sheriff sees HALF OF HIS FACE exposed.

ROBIN
Nobody dies for nothing.

ROBIN OF LOXLEY throwing his MASK off. Spitting blood. The Sheriff looking into the EYES of the Earl of Loxley's son.

NOTTINGHAM
... The prodigal son.

CRACK. Another blow. Robin HITTING the DECK. BLEEDING BADLY now. The SHERIFF'S NOBLE ACCENT GONE.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
How very appropriate.

Robin looks over. Seeing an ARROW on the ground.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
He died for nothing too, Loxley.
Choking on his own words.

Robin INCHES CLOSER to the arrow. The Sheriff SEEING.

A sadness to the attempt. As Robin REACHES OUT for the arrow and the Sheriff KICKS it away nonchalantly.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
Even now. Just don't know when to
give up do you --

Robin KICKED AGAIN. In trouble now.

NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)
Without your bow you are nothing.

As Robin SUDDENLY STOPS FIGHTING. Looking up at the Sheriff.
CALM. Accepting. Defiant.

HOODED ROBIN
... I don't need a bow to win.

Nottingham's SWORD levelled at his NECK now.

HOODED ROBIN (CONT'D)
I already have what I need.

NOTTINGHAM
Oh really, and what's that?

Robin looking behind the Sheriff. ALL HE NEEDS ARRIVING.

MARIAN (O.S.)
Faith.

The Sheriff turning to see Marian's FIST CRACKING against his
chin. Sending the Sheriff reeling --

As the Hooded Robin grabs the SILVER ARROW and PULLS THE
SHERIFF INTO IT. Impaling him. Pushing the arrow DEEPER.

The Sheriff SPITTING BLOOD. EYE TO EYE with Robin. In
shock. Dying at the point of his own people's silver...

The Sheriff seeing the CARRIAGE on the ICE below. Seeing
LITTLE JOHN and FRIAR TUCK battling the fleeing Crossmen.
Seeing MARIAN and WILL helping Robin up.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
... Let God judge you now.

The Sheriff beaten. Robin's back TURNED FOR AN INSTANT.

NOTTINGHAM
Let him judge us together --

As the Sheriff suddenly GRABS the Blacksmith's SMELTING POT.
Hurling the contents TOWARDS THEM...

WILL
Don't --

Will already pushing Marian OUT OF THE WAY. Taking the brunt of the MOLTEN SILVER as it SPRAYS ACROSS HIS FACE.

MARIAN

No --

Robin finishing the Sheriff off. The awful sound of SEARING SKIN as Will SCREAMS. And everything starts to go wrong...

MARIAN (CONT'D)

... WILL --

CUT TO:

EXT. CARRIAGE / NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The city is ALIVE. A sense of REVOLUTION. The palpable HOPE suddenly severed by the speeding CARRIAGE coming through...

ANGLE ON CARRIAGE

SILENCE. Robin, Marian and Little John are bent over WILL in the back. Will's FACE WRAPPED IN BANDAGE. Will panicking.

MARIAN

You're okay. You're okay.

Will looking up to see them over him, trying to stay calm...

And then he sees it. Dangling from Robin's neck above him.

Robin's ARCHER PENDANT. THE OTHER HALF OF MARIAN'S PENDANT. The salt in his horrific wound as Will CLOSES HIS EYES.

INT. SURGEON - DAY

Will is LAID frantically down on a table. Tuck bringing in the same TWO DOCTORS that helped Jon before.

ARCHAIC MEDIEVAL EQUIPMENT surrounding. As Will looks at the PENDANT around Marian's neck. Robin holding his hand. Will trying to SPEAK. His CRACKED WORDS inaudible.

As Robin leans down. Only to hear the TWO AWFUL WORDS.

WILL

... I know.

Robin looking at him. His EYES telling the tale.

As Will CLUTCHES Robin's HAND. WHITE KNUCKLING IT. Pulling him closer. SEEING IT IN ROBIN'S EYES.

A betrayal amongst men. NOTHING LEFT TO SAY. Marian looking down at Will. Trying to take his hand as he TURNS AWAY.

And Little John enters.

LITTLE JOHN
-- We have to go, now.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - DAY

The Sheriff's CORPSE hits the street. Dumped in front of the CITIZENS. As they see PRINCE JOHN now standing among them.

PRINCE JOHN
Look at this man.

Robin, Tuck and Marian join Little John in the SHADOWS as they see Prince John's SOLDIERS fanning out.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
All I need is what he needed --

The Citizens SILENT. TUNNEL SURVIVORS saying nothing.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
... All I need is the name --

FRIAR TUCK
Robin, we have to go --

PRINCE JOHN
TELL ME HIS NAME --

The street quiet. No one saying anything. The people as one in SILENT PROTEST. Until a CRACKED VOICE echoes out...

WILL (O.S.)
... Loxley.

As Robin, Marian and everyone else turns to see him. WALKING SLOWLY OUT OF THE BUILDING...

WILL. His face covered in BLOODIED BANDAGE.

PRINCE JOHN
What was that?... Come forward.

Marian looking at him from the shadows. Will the only person in the world now. Looking at her. Heart broken.

As he steps out onto the street and she SHAKES HER HEAD.

MARIAN
Will, don't...

WILL
-- LOXLEY --

Will YELLING IT NOW. An awful GUTTURAL HOWL. The nail in the coffin as Tuck pulls Robin and Marian away.

MARIAN
... We can't just leave him.

FRIAR TUCK
He is already gone.

CUT TO:

INT. COVERED WAGON - DAY

Robin, Marian and Friar Tuck sit SILENTLY in the back of this COVERED WAGON. Little John driving the horses on. The awful REALITY of what has just happened sinking in.

Looking through the CLOTH COVERING to see GLIMPSES of the CITY OUTSIDE. Being left behind. GETTING SMALLER.

As Marian takes Robin's HAND. Nothing else to do.

PRINCE JOHN (V.O.)
... From this moment on let the
men, women and children of this
great city bear witness --

EXT. LOXLEY MANOR - NIGHT

The Manor is being BURNED TO THE GROUND. Like a PYRE. As the Prince watches the Earl of Loxley's LEGACY BURN.

PRINCE JOHN (V.O.)
-- For the crimes of treason, theft
and murder I declare Robin of
Loxley an outlaw of this state.

EXT. SHERWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

Prince John's SOLDIERS and their HUNTING DOGS search the village. Entering MARIAN'S HOUSE. Turning everything over.

PRINCE JOHN (V.O.)
 Let him be stripped of all name,
 title and holdings --

As we see WANTED PARCHMENT being HAMMERED into TREES. A
 portrait of ROBIN'S FACE. Along with a BOUNTY REWARD.

PRINCE JOHN
 -- Let all who would harbor this
 common thief suffer the same fate.

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

A packed TOWN HALL MEETING. Prince John holding court in
 front of the NOBLEMEN and the CITIZENS of NOTTINGHAM.

PRINCE JOHN
 -- And let they be hunted down and
 hanged from the gallows until God's
 breath has left their lungs...
 (off the room)
 ... And they are dead, dead, dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOXLEY MANOR - DAWN

The CARCASS of LOXLEY MANOR. Still SMOKING. Robin, Marian,
 Little John and Friar Tuck watching on from a DISTANCE.

LITTLE JOHN
 He can't take away your name --

ROBIN
 I will find another.

Robin watching his childhood home SMOLDER.

FRIAR TUCK
 We can never go back, can we?
 (off his look)
 ... Any of us.

ROBIN
 Was always going to end up like
 this. If it wasn't him, it would
 have been someone else...

As Robin sees his Father's grave. The Crook still there.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 This is the price we pay.

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING

Robin, Marian, Friar Tuck and Little John take refuge in the FOREST. Little more than the clothes on their back.

FRIAR TUCK

What will we do?

ROBIN

... Rebuild, out here.

(off his look)

Start it again.

Robin looks around him. The trees he played in as a child. The forest he hunted in. His home.

FATHER TUCK

... There are four of us, Robin, we can't do it alone.

As Robin motions to the tree line. Some FAMILIAR FACES walking towards them. The TUNNEL SURVIVORS.

ROBIN

We're not going to be alone.

EXT. HILL - SHERWOOD FOREST - LATER

A HOLLOWED-OUT TREE on a HILL. The same tree Robin and Marian played at as children. Robin runs his FINGERS over the INCISION of his childhood arrow.

MARIAN (O.S.)

... Robin of the Hood.

Robin feels Marian joining him. She shows him a WANTED PARCHMENT. A REWARD. The name ROBIN OF THE HOOD on front.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

That's what they're calling you.

ROBIN

Been called worse.

MARIAN

... It's just the beginning, Robin.

(off his look)

People will hear what we did here. Rome, Spain, Africa --

She looks at him. A statement of intent.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
There's a lot of coin out there.
Lot of people suffering.

ROBIN
... Then we'll steal it all.

Robin looking out over the VIEW. The hilltop providing a view of the VILLAGES, the CITY, the RIVER and BEYOND.

MARIAN
He'll be coming, you know that.

ROBIN
I know.

MARIAN
There will be another day. Another fight. Another sheriff.

Our hero standing facing the future. Marian in one hand. His bow in the other. ROBIN OF THE HOOD standing tall.

ROBIN
... Then it begins.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIAN'S HOUSE - SHERWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

Prince John enters Marian's house. The place a SHAMBLES. Having been PICKED THROUGH. FLIES buzzing.

PRINCE JOHN
... Do not be afraid.

As we sees a CANDLE on the DINING TABLE ahead. SILHOUETTING a HUNCHED FIGURE. SWIGGING from a BOTTLE.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
Would seem I owe you a great debt.

WILL says nothing. His FACE hidden in shadow.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
I understand you are a man of some importance around here, Will. From the Alleys? A leader of these people. A man with ambitions.

The Prince steps CLOSER. Seeing a sliver of Will's face. A RED SCAR spread across it. Bright SHOCKING RED.

The legend of WILL SCARLET being born in front of our eyes.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
Perhaps I can be of some help
there? A man with your knowledge
and motivations is always useful.

WILL SCARLET
(cracked voice)
... What do you want from me?

PRINCE JOHN
Oh, it's not what you can give me,
William. It's what I can give you.

Prince John THROWING SOMETHING on the TABLE next to him.
Whatever it is hidden in the darkness. Will lifting it up.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
Tell me something, William.

Will looks down to see what he is holding. His SCARLET SCAR
flickering in the candlelight.

PRINCE JOHN (CONT'D)
... Are you a god fearing man?

As Will Scarlet looks down to see the SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM'S
BADGE in his SCARRED HAND and we --

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END