

ROBIN HOOD

Series One, Episode Two

Sheriff Got Your Tongue?

written by Dominic Minghella

directed by John McKay

This is not an official copy. This was typed up by a fan of the show strictly for personal enjoyment.

CAST

Robin Hood	Jonas Armstrong
Marian	Lucy Griffiths
Guy of Gisborne	Richard Armitage
Sheriff of Nottingham	Keith Allen
Little John	Gordon Kennedy
Much	Sam Troughton
Allan A Dale	Joe Armstrong
Will Scarlett	Harry Lloyd
Roy	William Beck
Edward	Michael Elwyn
Forrest	Mark Bagnall
Hanton	Josh Cole
Alice Little	Juliet Seal
Little Little John	Clem Tibber
The Jailer	Mark Phoenix
Sheriff's Man 1	Finlay Robertson
Sheriff's Man 2	Alex Hassell
Castle Guard	Ben O'Brien
Mary (Roy's mother)	Matilda Thorpe
Jailer's Assistant	Mike Kelly
Mary (at Locksley)	Valerie Holliman

ROY
Unconcerned: Oh!

ALLAN
to Much: Look, will you just shut up!

Much scowls at him.

ROY
to Robin: You're a noble?

ROBIN
Yes.
Forrest stands up and holds his dagger to Robin's neck.

And no.

FORREST
Sniffs Robin. Smells like one. Smells lovely. *Sniffs again.*
Flowers. Lavender.

MUCH
Rose petals.

FORREST
Steps over to Much. What? You rub it on, did you, lavender balm? *Sniffs Much.* Yeah, you smell, too.

MUCH
No. I had a bath, he washed... in rose petals.

HANTON
And they reckon they're same side as us? Think about it.
You know any outlaws who take lavender baths?

ROY
No. John?

Little John shakes his head. Forrest goes over to Allan.

MUCH
It's not lavender.

Roy holds his knobbler to Much's throat.

Giving up: All right!

Robin sees Will up the hill. Will holds up his hand axe, but Robin shakes his head no. Forrest finds a coin in Allan's pants.

FORREST
Got a ha'penny here, John.

Forrest flings the coin at Little John, who catches it.

ROBIN
Diplomatically: You have the horses. Leave him his ha'-penny.

Roy walks back to Robin.

ROY
How come you've got no purse? *Holds the knobbler at Robin's throat.*

ROBIN
Because I was not planning on coming to the woods. Is this what you do?

ROY
Is what what we do?

ROBIN
Stealing willy-nilly.

ROY
Stealing willy-nilly. *to Little John:* I can't understand what he's saying. *Looks at Robin.* Can you understand what he's saying?

ROBIN
Do you care who you steal from?

Roy stares at him.

My friend here has but a ha'penny. What you take from him might be all he has.

ALLAN
That is all I have.

ROY
Heartbreakin'. *to Little John:* Do we care?

Little John scoffs, almost spitting.

We don't care.

FORREST
We're dead men. Think about it. Outlaws.

ROBIN
Sarcastically: Oh, that is sophisticated.

Roy puts the knobbler, and Forrest his dagger, at Robin's throat.

ROY

Oh, big words. Scary.

Little John whistles, still holding the spit. The outlaws turn away from Robin, gather up their new-found treasures and walk towards the horses, Forrest donning Much's helmet. They lead the horses away. When they've gone, Robin finally looks up at Will and nods. Will comes running down and unties Much first.

MUCH

Well, those were horrible men.

Robin takes his hands from behind his back, reaches up to his ropes, lifts them over his head and walks away from the tree. Allan stares at him in astonishment.

They could have left us here to die for all they care. *Lifting his untied ropes over his head:* If they had not taken our weapons, I would say we should go after them and give them a hiding.

Will goes over to Robin's tree as Much throws off the rope and rubs his wrists, then looks over at Robin's tree.

A hiding to remember...

Much is surprised to see Robin not tied to the tree, but a few steps away, looking all around, devising a plan of retaliation. Will walks slowly behind Robin's tree, staring at him and wondering how he got himself free.

Stammering: But... you...

Robin bends down to pick up some sticks as Will hurries over to free Allan.

You let me think... *stomps over to Robin.* If you had freed yourself, why did you not fight?

ROBIN

Erm...I thought it best to wait.

MUCH

Why?

Allan steps out of his ropes.

ROBIN

Bending down to pick up a thick stick: Because, Much, you were right. We should teach them a lesson. Gentlemen?!

Robin tosses Allan and Will a thick stick each, and Much a short, half-burnt one.

MUCH

Oh, no. *Catches the stick.* Master, surely... *Looks down questioningly at his short pants.*

ROBIN

Giggles. Brightly: Yeah. Let's go!

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Scene Three

Locksley.

Gisborne yawns, standing beside the Sheriff, who is sitting in his high-backed chair.

SHERIFF

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

The peasants remain silent before him, their heads bowed. The Sheriff drinks from a goblet, sloshes the liquid in his mouth with a grimace and sighs.

Have I told you that I can't taste wine? Have the best... of course, but I don't have the "palate" for it. *Dumps its contents on the ground.*

Gisborne rolls his eyes, unamused, then takes the empty goblet which the Sheriff is holding up to him. The Sheriff stares at the villagers, then sticks out his tongue and makes scissors-like motions across it with his fingers.

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Scene Four

Sherwood Forest. Little John's camp.

The outlaws are laughing at their haul and recent events. (Somehow Robin has stolen back his bow and quiver.)

LITTLE JOHN

Holds up Much's loosely knitted jumper. Yeah? What about a hat? Tosses it on Hanton's bald head, then picks up some meat from a plate on the ground and starts to take a bite.

ROY

I think you'll find that's not properly cooked.

LITTLE JOHN

Jokingly: Ooh!

Little John drops the meat back on the plate and they all laugh. Birds flutter suddenly and Little John looks all around at the empty trees. The others turn their heads, too. Finally, Little John looks up on top of the tall rocks and sees Robin, with his quiver slung over one shoulder, drawing his bow at him.

MUCH

This is our forest, too, I think you'll find!

The outlaws all look up. Will shakes his branch with a furious and determined look in his eyes. Allan stands sternly, also with his stick.

ROBIN

Take your clothes off!

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

Much, Allan and Will are tying up the outlaws as Robin unties a sack, glancing up at them. Little John breaks free and charges at Robin, who smiles, waiting almost eagerly.

MUCH

Robin!

Little John reaches back with his right arm and throws a punch, but Robin dodges his fist, grabs his arm and twists it behind his back, driving his face into the ground. Then he sits on Little John's left arm, bending his right arm back. Little John screams in pain as Robin looks at the others, beaming.

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Scene Five

Locksley Manor. Exterior.

A wagon of Gisborne's possessions is parked outside. Two of the castle guards are unloading it into the house.

MARY

This is unacceptable! The master will... When this dispute is resolved, Robin will return, he will.

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

Robin... he'll never be master of anywhere now.

SHERIFF'S MAN 1

Master of Sherwood, maybe.

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

Robin of the Wood.

SHERIFF'S MAN 1

I like that, Robin of the Wood.

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

Robin Wood?

Both laugh. Mary looks on in exasperation as they start to carry in a large chest.

SHERIFF'S MAN 1

Guy would like that.

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

You should tell him.

They stop.

SHERIFF'S MAN 1

You tell him.

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

I'm not gonna tell him.

SHERIFF'S MAN 1

Why not?

SHERIFF'S MAN 2

He might not like it.

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Scene Five

Sherwood Forest. Little John's camp.

Much is speaking his mind to the tied-up outlaws as Robin looks for more of their belongings behind him.

MUCH

You are revolting. You know that? My master and I fought for five years in the Holy Land. For what? So that people like you could run amok...

Roy looks up at Much as Little John rolls his eyes.

... with your lawlessness and your [*kicks a log in the fire*] disgusting camp... and your snide... your snide... *Trails off, at a loss for the right word.*

ROY

Your snide, your snide?

ROBIN

Looks back at the outlaws. Dance.

ROY

You what?

ROBIN

Smiles. Dance.

ROY

No way.

Robin shoots an arrow, which lands just inside Roy's foot.

Ow!

MUCH

Ha!

ROBIN

Dance!

The outlaws start hopping around as Robin shoots three more arrows at their feet, narrowly missing them each time.

MUCH

Very good. Like dancing bears.

Allan smiles at them. As they stop "dancing," Robin approaches them.

ROBIN

How does it feel?

Roy glares at Robin.

Scene Six

Locksley.

A bell rings in the church.

GISBORNE

Another hour. This is not necessary. Where is Robin? *A pause. Talk!*

Even the Sheriff is startled.

Calmly: He will never be your master again. You need have no fear of reprisals from him. I'm your master now... for good.

A hill overlooking Locksley.

The outlaws have tied together the hands of Much, Will and Allan and are taking them to the Sheriff to collect the reward. Roy has Robin's bow slung over his shoulder and Forrest his quiver. Robin is still unconscious, being carried on Little John's shoulders, another rope binding his hands. Little John dumps his limp body on the ground, then pours water on Robin's face from a flask.

MUCH

At least have the courtesy to untie him.

Robin sputters and sits up as Little John takes a drink.

ROBIN

Looks around. Locksley? *Chuckles, looking up at Little John.* You brought us home.

MUCH

Unhappily: It seems there may be a reward.

FORREST

Eagerly to Robin: £20.

ROY

to Forrest: You, take him down. See if you can't get sommat for this rabble, too.

FORREST

Me? I'm supposed to be dead.

ROY

Yeah, me, too. They won't recognise you.

FORREST

Well if they do, I'll be hanged. *Glances at Little John.* John?

ROY

John can't go, can he? If they're gonna recognise anyone, it's gonna be John.

LITTLE JOHN

Frustrated by their bickering: We all go.

Little John picks up Robin's tied hands and leads them down.

Locksley.

The Sheriff is lecturing to the villagers, pacing before them, hoping one will come forward.

SHERIFF

It is unfortunate. A man goes to war, his spirit can be damaged, his vision blurred, his understanding of law and order. This is what has happened to Robin. I have heard that there are camps in the Holy Land where men are taught to hate their own land, to return home to wreak havoc and destruction. Maybe this is what has happened to Robin, we don't know. But what we do know is that... by his actions in Nottingham, your former master, he did not, as some of the romantics amongst you might believe, strike a blow for freedom. Make no mistake about it. He perverted the course of justice and in so doing, he attacked the very fabric of our state. Hm? The state that we all work for, the state that we all pay our taxes for. *Pauses a moment, then nods.* He would rob us of that. Of our taxes, of our hard work. *Sighs, staring around at the unmoved villagers.* Hmm.

The Sheriff turns to Gisborne as Little John leads Robin by the rope behind a cottage. The other outlaws follow.

Another tongue, I suppose.

Little John peeks out at the scene as a guard grabs a woman by the neck. Little John sees this and straightens up, staring as she is dragged in front, screaming in protest as another guard snaps the shears in front of her.

LITTLE JOHN

Oh, God, no!

The guard squeezes his shears at the woman.

MUCH

That is nasty... and that is brutish.

LITTLE JOHN

That is Alice!

MUCH

Alice?

LITTLE JOHN

Glances at Much. My wife.

WILL
You're Alice's John? She thought you were dead.

LITTLE JOHN
Turns to Robin. It's you they want. We go now.

Little John picks up Robin and sets him over his shoulders as Alice continues to scream.

ROY
You can't get arrested. You'll hang!

ROBIN
There is no time. I can save your wife. Put me down.

Little John sets Robin down and scowls at him as Alice screams in protest.

Untie me. And my bow, quickly.

Alice cries out as the guard grabs her chin and holds the shears over it. Little John is torn between running out to her or letting Robin do what he suggests.

I am good with a bow.

MUCH
You saw him shoot your feet.

ROBIN
Trust me.
Little John unties Robin and Roy takes off his bow. The shears are almost in Alice's mouth when they are suddenly knocked away by an arrow. Robin shoots a second shaft, which splits the shears apart in midair. Little John is stunned, Much proud, Alice relieved.

SHERIFF
He's here. Find him.

MUCH
Let's go.

The others make to retreat, but Robin stands there, staring at the Sheriff.

ROBIN
Godspeed.

The others stop.

MUCH
What?

ROBIN
Puts his hand on Much's shoulder. You have served me well, my friend, and I have led you to this. Apologies.

MUCH
Shakes head. No.

ROBIN
Go. I will find a way through this.

MUCH
The Sheriff will hang you.

ROBIN
If he does, at least I will not die a dead man.

Robin gives Much a pat, then runs off to the middle of the village, leaving the others staring. Robin steps up and over a rail fence, then struts to the Sheriff, his bow round his neck like a yoke and his hands hanging off the ends.

ROBIN
Brightly, flippantly: Good scheme, Sheriff. Very effective. Impressive logic.

Little John looks puzzled.

Now, I wonder...

Two guards on horseback appear behind Robin. The villagers talk with concern for their master amongst themselves.

... if I tell you where I am, can I claim the 20 pounds? That would be a pound or so for each family here. *Stops in front of Sheriff and leans in a bit.* Eat a whole winter off that.

SHERIFF
Amusing... Erm, put down your weapon. You're surrounded.

GISBORNE
Scornfully: I am Guy of Gisborne, the new lord of this manor and soon to be Earl of Huntingdon.

Robin takes off his bow.

Your presence here is no longer required. Put down your weapon.

Robin draws the bowstring and snaps it at Gisborne, who instinctively shrinks back from it. Robin chuckles insolently, then throws the bow down and puts his hands up. A guard releases Alice, draws his sword and he and another guard put their swords at Robin's neck as Robin smiles haughtily.

Alice is both relieved and concerned for Robin.

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Gisborne mounts his horse, then takes from a guard the end of the rope binding Robin's hands and looks back at him. The Sheriff stands nearby, shoving his hand into a black glove. Another guard finishes tying the knots round Robin's wrists, then backslaps his face and pushes him to his hands and knees. Robin sits up on his heels.

ROBIN

That was a cruel game to play.

SHERIFF

Stepping towards Robin: Game? *Leans over Robin.* You don't understand. *Sternly:* You do not play games with me.

Robin chuckles defiantly.

You made a mistake in Nottingham. Slaps Robin's shoulder with his other glove. Hm? *Trying to be the peasants' hero.* *Puts on the glove.*

ROBIN

Impudently: Well, why don't you be the peasants' hero and show me how it's done?

SHERIFF

Aw, shall we have a meeting in the morning... to discuss it? A clue: no. In the morning... you shall hang.

Gisborne starts his horse and Robin is pulled forward unexpectedly, dragged by his hands behind the horse.

to the villagers: Aww, all hope lost?

The Sheriff chuckles as Robin walks behind Gisborne's horse. The outlaws are still watching from behind the cottage.

WILL

I liked him.

LITTLE JOHN

I did not.

MUCH

He saved your wife. *to Will:* "Liked?" He's not dead.

Little John stands up and they all turn to leave, except Much, who is dolefully watching Robin being taken away. Little John pulls up Much's hands and pushes him towards the others as Much desperately tries to keep his eyes on Robin.

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Scene Seven

Nottingham Castle. Courtyard.

Gisborne and one of his men, both on horseback, enter through the gates. Marian appears in the main doorway with a basket under her arm. She sees Robin and stops dead in her tracks as Gisborne dismounts and circles behind his prisoner, smirking. Gisborne sees her watching and nods to her, then motions for the guards to take Robin, who is watching him coolly. The guards untie the rope from his wrists as Marian starts slowly down the steps again. Robin averts his gaze, ashamed that she can see him like this. Marian's face turns into a glare as she passes him in the courtyard.

MARIAN

As they pass, hissing: Fool!

Robin glances back at her as she continues on her way.

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Scene Eight

Sherwood Forest. Little John's camp.

Little John leads his entourage back to camp. Hanton is sitting on an upturned basket by the fire, over which the rabbit is still speared. Behind him, a deer is roasting on a spit over a larger fire. Little John walks dejectedly off to the side. Forrest, Allan and Will get plates of food.

HANTON
Ah... we rich?

Little John glares at him.

What's the matter?

ALLAN
Saw his wife.

HANTON
No reward?

MUCH
My master gave himself in.

HANTON
To the Sheriff?

MUCH
The Sheriff was cutting out tongues.

Hanton shrugs.

Well, he could hardly stand by and watch people lose their tongues.

HANTON
Giggles. That would be funny, wouldn't it?

Roy, Forrest and Will sit on a log. Forrest tosses away a bone.

If instead of "cat got your tongue?" they said "sheriff got your tongue?"

MUCH
Unamused: What?

HANTON
If someone was a bit, you know, quiet, you'd go, "What's the matter? Sheriff got your tongue?"

Hanton laughs, but no-one else does. Will gulps down a bite, feeling guilty that the man who saved him will now die. Hanton looks at him with feigned sympathy.

MUCH
Look, we cannot just sit here. We've got to do something. We've got to go to Nottingham and we've got to... get him out!

WILL
Hopelessly: How?

ALLAN
Swallows. No point, anyway.

MUCH
No point? You would be dead if Robin had not...

ALLAN
That's true.

MUCH
You would be dead.

ALLAN
Mind you, I weren't supposed to hang in the first place. That was just a confusion.

MUCH
Spins around in frustration. Look, you can't just let him die! *Turns to Will.* Will?

Will looks up at Much, wanting to help, but not knowing how. Much turns to Little John, who looks guilty away. Forrest continues eating.

Very well. *Nods.* I shall go alone. *Heads for a horse.*

ROY
See ya. *Stands and points his knobbler at Much.* Oi! Hold it! No horse.

Much looks back scowling at Roy, then walks off haughtily into the forest. Little John stands up, resolved. He steps in front of Will as Roy sits back down.

LITTLE JOHN
In which house is my wife? I will fetch her.

WILL
Fetch her where?

LITTLE JOHN
Here. A woman can live in the forest, same as us.

WILL
Alice can't live in the forest.

LITTLE JOHN

Why not?

WILL

Realising: Ah, there's something you don't know.

Little John looks at him, puzzled.

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Scene Nine

Nottingham Castle. Dungeons.

The door opens and Robin is led downstairs by an assistant to the Jailer, who smiles at Robin.

JAILER

Not so high and mighty now, are we?

Robin just stares contemptuously at him, then the Jailer punches him hard in the stomach.

That's for the priest trick. Could have cost me my job.

ROBIN

Robin looks up, still doubled over. Flippantly: One job to save four lives?

The Jailer grabs Robin by the back of his shirt and leads him to a cell as Robin laughs.

JAILER

Stops in front of the door: Won't be saving anyone now, my lovely, wherever you're from. He's not Robin of Locksley any more.

ASSISTANT

Robin Wood they're calling him.

JAILER

Stops and chuckles. Robin Hood? There will be no hood for you tomorrow, my lovely. The Sheriff wants the rabble to see the fear in your eyes, wants them to see your eyes pop right out.

The Jailer shoves Robin into a cell. Robin hangs off the bars, frowns and sighs, wondering how he'll get out of this one.

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Scene Ten

Knighton Hall. Exterior.

Much sneaks to the house unseen by the two spies.

Main room.

Much is trying to convince Edward and Marian to help him rescue Robin. Much sits in a chair facing Edward, who is also sitting in a chair, and Marian, who is standing in front of the fireplace.

MUCH

Nothing?!

EDWARD

What can I do? I warned him, this Sheriff...

MUCH

Yes, my lord. but...

MARIAN

He should have listened to my father. Now he is an outlaw.

MUCH

I know, my ladyship.

MARIAN

And not a very impressive one. *Looks away slowly.*

MUCH

Angrily: That is...

Marian glares at him for forgetting his place.

Looks down humbly and relaxes. Forgive me. That... *looks at Marian...* is not fair. He is most impressive.

MARIAN

He is caught... after just one day. *Sits on the arm of a chair.* Does that impress you?

MUCH

Holding in his temper: He gave himself up to save tongues.

MARIAN

Confused: Tongues?

MUCH

In Locksley... the Sheriff was cutting out people's tongues until somebody told him where Robin was.

Edward exchanges glances with Marian, who looks a bit deceived. They obviously have not heard this bit.

I hate the Sheriff. *Stands.* And I hate you if you aren't

going to help Robin. *Goes to the door.*

EDWARD

Standing up: Young man...

Much stops at the door, but does not turn around. Marian also stands.

I will speak in court, of course, but your master has doomed himself. His fate is... Resign yourself.

MUCH

Turns to Marian. In the Holy Land, my master had dreams. He spoke your name.

Edward looks back at Marian as she tries to keep an even face, but in her eyes she is stirred by the words.

Good night.

Much opens the door and steps out.

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Scene Eleven

Locksley. Alice's cottage. Evening.

A young boy limps to the rear of the cottage close to where Little John is crouched in the bushes. The boy has a small, rough-hewn bow and a stick for an arrow, which he shoots. Little John whistles at him.

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

Who are you?

LITTLE JOHN

Who are you?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

John.

LITTLE JOHN

John what?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

John Little.

LITTLE JOHN

Oh.

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

But people call me Little John. Do you know why?

LITTLE JOHN

Why?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

Because my father was called John, too. John Little.

Little John stares at the boy in wonder.

He was a hero. He was big, I think. What's your name?

LITTLE JOHN

Steps forward, still crouching. I am... I'm a friend of your mother's. How is she?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

Always tired, always sewing. But do you know what?

LITTLE JOHN

What?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

Everything's going to be better now because Robin's back from the Holy Land!

LITTLE JOHN

Oh. *Chuckles uncertainly.*

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

He always makes sure people have enough to eat. I had a feast at the big house and I had so much pork my belly ached! And mother had fish, but... *shuddering.* Eugh! Fish I do not like.

LITTLE JOHN

F— *chuckles slightly.* Fish is her favourite.

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

Robin will come back from Nottingham... won't he?

LITTLE JOHN

I—

He is interrupted by Alice calling for her son from the front door.

ALICE

Little John?

Little Little John turns around.

Where are you? Little John?

LITTLE LITTLE JOHN

to Little John: Do you want to come in?

LITTLE JOHN

I don't think I can, Little John.

Alice turns the corner and sees Little Little John standing there, but Little John is still hidden by the house. She walks over to her son.

ALICE

John? It's late. Come on.

Alice reaches him and looks around, but Little John has disappeared.

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Scene Twelve

Nottingham Castle. Dungeons.

The Jailer opens Robin's cell door and the Sheriff struts inside, stopping in the doorway. Robin is standing opposite the door, leaning against the wall, hands behind him. Robin tilts his head curiously as the Sheriff walks over to him, holds up one finger, then points it at him. The Jailer closes the door.

SHERIFF

I've realised something about you.

ROBIN

Cheerfully: I thought you didn't want to talk.

SHERIFF

Mm. That was before I realised.

ROBIN

Realised what?

SHERIFF

Looking all around but not at Robin: You are a renowned marksman with the bow. You saw me about to excise a tongue or two, you could have shot me. *Looks at Robin.* Why didn't you?

ROBIN

Thinks quickly, hesitating with his words to start: You had men everywhere. I had only a few. We were outnumbered.

SHERIFF

Looking up at the grate in the ceiling: Yeah, well, that may be true. But... *sits on the bench in the middle...* you gave yourself up.

ROBIN

I care about those people... my people, more than I care about myself. You would not understand.

SHERIFF

Looking around. Yeah, but that's not the point. Do you want to know what the point is?

ROBIN

No.

SHERIFF

The point is... you care more about [*looks at Robin*] my life than you do about your own.

ROBIN

Laughs quietly and shakes head. No.

SHERIFF

Then why didn't you kill me? Surely you must have known that I would see you executed.

Robin's smile weakens slightly.

Have you lost your nerve? Hm? Have you lost your taste for blood? Hm?

Robin's face is blank.

Robin of Locksley, honoured for his service in the King's private guard. How many men did you kill in the Holy Land, I wonder.

Robin steps towards the Sheriff.

Yet here we are, in Locksley, people that you love very much in trouble, and you have the chance to shoot me, but you don't take it.

ROBIN

Slowly, deliberately: I would kill you in an instant.

SHERIFF

Tilts his head. Mm, well, maybe, if that was the only way to prevent bloodshed, but... *stands to face Robin...* but it wasn't the only way, was it? *Quietly:* No, you didn't have to kill me because you could [*puts his hands by his face, makes an exaggerated pitiful look and whispers:*] sacrifice yourself, ah! And that is what you did.

ROBIN

You think of me what you will. If I am to hang tomorrow... *looks away from Sheriff...* it makes no difference.

The Sheriff looks into Robin's eyes, but Robin stares out over his head.

SHERIFF

Oh, look who doesn't want to talk now. *Chuckles.* Jailer, open the gate.

The Sheriff goes to the door as Robin stares, then stops in front of it and points both hands towards the exit.

You're free to go. But I should say if you do, then tomorrow, one or two of your villager friends, well, they won't be, how shall we say, on speaking terms with you.

Robin stares with fierce eyes at the Sheriff, stepping round and sitting down on the bench as the Sheriff chuckles.

Oh, I like it. This is good.

The Sheriff walks away as the Jailer closes the door. Robin glares in indignation at the Sheriff.

ROBIN

Evenly: I do not know why Englishmen travel 2000 miles to fight evil...

The Sheriff stops and turns towards Robin.

... when the real cancer is right here.

SHERIFF

to a guard: Listen, I can hear a noise. Can you hear a noise? I think [*peers back at Robin*] it's a dead man talking. *Grins and walks away.*

Robin walks behind the bench, steps up on it, grasps the bars above and does chin-ups as the Jailer watches.

JAILER

I'd have gone if I were you.

ROBIN

You're not me.

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Scene Thirteen

Locksley. Alice's Cottage. Interior. Night.

Alice is singing Little Little John to sleep.

ALICE

Singing: Have you ever kissed a boy called John? For if you've never kissed a boy called John, you don't know what you've missed, not kissing Little John.

Little Little John closes his eyes and Alice continues to hum the tune as she resumes her sewing.

Exterior.

Little John sits leaning against the cottage wall listening to Alice sing, trying not to cry as he realises how much he misses her and never knowing their son.

† †

Scene Fifteen

Knighton Hall. Interior. Main room.

Gisborne has come to court Marian, now that he thinks he will soon have an estate of his own to share with a bride. Marian, clearly not happy to see him, is standing by the table, her back almost turned to Gisborne by the fireplace. A maid pours Gisborne a drink.

MARIAN

To what do we owe the pleasure of your company, Sir Guy?

The maid leaves. Marian looks over at Gisborne.

GISBORNE

I would be... pleased if you would come and visit me at Locksley, now that it's mine.

MARIAN

Hesitantly: Mm... I do not know.

Gisborne sets his goblet on the mantelpiece and paces slowly in front of the fire.

GISBORNE

I have ambitions which are greater, of course, you know that. But for now, to have land once more in the Gisborne name, my father would be proud.

MARIAN

Politely: I am very glad for you.

GISBORNE

Some of my men, I know this for a fact, used to laugh at my title. *Inhales sharply.* Guy of Gisborne, when there was no Gisborne.

MARIAN

And Locksley is your Gisborne?

GISBORNE

Looks at Marian. Yes, actually. I am intent on changing its name.

MARIAN

Does changing a name really make a difference?

GISBORNE

Stepping behind Marian: When a woman marries, she changes her name. It makes a difference.

MARIAN

And what of Robin? *Puts her hand on the back of her neck.*

GISBORNE

What of Robin?

MARIAN

Turns to face Gisborne. He will contest your acquisition of his lands, surely.

GISBORNE

He will die.

MARIAN

If he's found guilty.

GISBORNE

There's no need for a trial. He will hang in the morning. *Steps back to fire.*

MARIAN

Gently insisting: There must be a trial. It is the law.

GISBORNE

Turns around. Yeah, but he is an outlaw. You see, in these straitened times, the Sheriff has made special provision. Outlaws are classed as enemies of war, thus we can hold them without trial—

MARIAN

A bit panicked: No—

GISBORNE

And we can execute them without trial.

MARIAN

No. It—it cannot be.

GISBORNE

We're at war.

MARIAN

Yes, in the Holy Land. That does not mean we dispense with justice here.

EDWARD

Enters the room. I'm sorry. I was not expecting you.

MARIAN

Do not worry, Father. Sir Guy was just leaving.

Marian looks pointedly at Gisborne, who looks back at her, glances at Edward, then walks out. Marian is silently seething at their conversation, and she also knows she now needs to think of a plan before dawn.

† †

Scene Sixteen

Nottingham Town. Exterior. Night.

Much is walking along the outside wall of the town when he sees a ladder lying down at its foot. He looks down the length of the ladder, then up and around. He sets the ladder against the wall and climbs. He gets to the top and stretches his arm up, but he can't quite reach. He is starting to climb down when a dog finds him and starts barking. Much gasps and waves his hand at the dog.

MUCH

Shoo! Shoo! Go-away! Shoo! Please!

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

Sunrise.

Cocks crow to greet the morning, but Much is asleep, snoring, at the top of the ladder while the dog lies peacefully beneath.

ALLAN

Who's a good boy, eh?

Much wakes up to find Allan, with Robin's bow and quiver, petting the dog.

Need some help?

Much scrambles down the ladder as Little John, Roy, Forrest, Hanton and Will file in. Will holds up Much's sword, helmet and shield.

MUCH

Yeah, I was, er... I was just, er, checking up there, and, er, yes, as I thought...

Roy lifts the ladder onto Little John's shoulders.

... the ladder is completely useless. *Chuckles and clears his throat.*

LITTLE JOHN

Looks at Much. Well, come on, then.

Much looks up and gapes as he sees a much taller ladder reaching up to the battlements and realises they're here to help rescue Robin.

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

Scene Seventeen

Nottingham Castle. Dungeons.

A cloaked Marian is led into the interview room by the Jailer as Robin stares at her in astonishment. She pauses at the door and looks sidelong at Robin for a moment in a strange mix of fondness and nervousness. Robin frowns, wondering what her plan is. The Jailer comes back to get Robin.

JAILER

Come on, then, my lovely. Let's have some entertainment. *Pushes open the cell door.*

Interview room.

Robin is pushed up the steps into the middle of the room by the Jailer and he stumbles in, stopping himself in front of Marian. She faces him as the Jailer closes the door.

MARIAN

With contempt: Where is it?

ROBIN

Brusquely: Where is what?

MARIAN

Please! The ring my father gave you years ago before he knew the wickedness of your heart.

Robin frowns, honestly puzzled.

JAILER

Madam, I told you before, asking doesn't usually work. I'll do his thumb. *Walks to wall.*

MARIAN

Will those work?

JAILER

These? They're lovely. *Slaps together the thumbscrews.*

MARIAN

Cordially: When he speaks, will you hear?

JAILER

Well, of course.

MARIAN

Well, that I cannot allow. You might get there first and steal the ring.

JAILER

Madam, I can assure you I'm a man of simple pleasures.

They glance at Robin together.

Inflicting pain, that's enough for me.

MARIAN

Maybe, but if the ring is not where he tells me, suspicion will fall on you and that would be unfair. I will speak with him alone first. You may go.

JAILER

I can't do that.

Robin silently sniggers, knowing how futile it is for the Jailer to be arguing.

MARIAN

Wait outside. He cannot escape and he will not dare attack me.

JAILER

No, I—

MARIAN

Interrupting: Leave.

JAILER

Pleasantly: Yes, your ladyship.

Robin hides his smile as the Jailer leaves the room, glancing back at him. The door creaks closed and Marian lets loose her long-kept frustration on Robin.

MARIAN

to Robin: You are an utter fool!

ROBIN

You said that already.

MARIAN

Oh, you listened? I also told you confronting the Sheriff wouldn't work. You didn't listen to that.

ROBIN

I did not have much choice.

MARIAN

Oh, everything's a choice. Everything we do. Grow up.

ROBIN

Steps to Marian, hands on hips, feeling the need to defend himself. I prevented unjust hangings. I protected people from my village.

MARIAN

Sarcastically: Oh, that will make your death romantic.

ROBIN

It would make it honourable!

MARIAN

Honourable? And what about the people you are so honourably protecting?

Robin folds his arms, looks aside, then down, sighing, knowing she has a point.

Who will protect them when you're dead? *Disgusted:* What is it with men and glory? Glory above sense and above reason?

ROBIN

Smiles. It is principle.

MARIAN

Principle is making a difference and you can't do that if you're dead.

Robin's face falls again.

You could have stayed here in the first place instead of following your king to the Holy Land if you'd cared so much about your precious people.

Marian starts to break down as her words hint to Robin how angry she is that he left her. Robin watches her eyes.

But you didn't. You chose war. You chose glory.

Marian looks away from Robin. He leans in to her, waiting for her to make eye contact again before speaking.

ROBIN

Quietly: What is this about?

MARIAN

Haltingly at first, choosing her words and avoiding his eyes: It is about you saying that... you care about the people of Locksley when... the truth is you ran off to battle thousands of miles away.

Robin slowly reaches up to wipe away a tear from Marian's cheek. She flinches her head away at first, then angrily slaps his arm away.

ROBIN

You had something on your cheek.

Robin steps away. Marian regains her composure, remembers her original purpose and pulls a knife and some keys out of her purse.

MARIAN

Right, this is what we do. Stand by the door, I'll scream, in he comes, you strike him and run. I've paid a man by the east gate. You'll not be seen if you leave now before day watch. Take these.

Marian hands him the knife and keys, but Robin does not take them.

ROBIN

I cannot go unseen!

MARIAN

Well, you cannot go seen!

ROBIN

I cannot let the Sheriff win.

MARIAN

Have you not heard a single word I've said?

ROBIN

With exasperation: Trust me, I have a plan!

Marian stares at him expectantly.

A bit guiltily: Well... half a plan.

Marian stares at Robin in disbelief, eyes narrowed and shaking her head.

Smiling, quietly: I love it when you look at me in anger.

MARIAN

With exasperation: Oh! Oh!

Robin grins. Suddenly, they hear a thump at the door and Robin runs to jamb. Marian stares at it anxiously. The door creaks open and the Jailer, with a strange look on his face, falls unconscious to the floor. Much enters holding a board over his head and carrying Robin's bow and quiver. Will and Allan wait behind him.

MUCH

This is a rescue!

He hands the quiver and bow to Robin, smiling proudly.

And we are undetected.

SOLDIER

Off-stage: In the dungeons! Outlaw! Open this door!

MUCH

Realising there's trouble now: Ah!

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

Two guards burst through the door. Marian is sitting with the unconscious Jailer at her feet, his head leaning on her knees.

MARIAN

Feigning relief: Oh, thank God. This man needs help.

The guards look at each other, wondering what's happened.

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

Scene Eighteen

Nottingham Castle. Courtyard. Early morning.

Robin, Much, Will and Allan run down the steps to meet Little John, Roy, Forrest and Hanton, who have been waiting, crouched down by the gallows.

ROBIN

Thank you for coming.

ROY

Let's go, before they see we've opened the gates. *Turns to leave.*

ROBIN

Holds up a hand to them. Hang on. Hold an escape route for me. I need five minutes. There is something I must do before I can go with you.

ALLAN

In disbelief: What?

ROBIN

to Allan: If I'm longer than that, then leave without me. *Looks at Little John.*

LITTLE JOHN

Nods. Yes.

ROBIN

Thank you.

Robin looks around the courtyard, then starts to step away, but Much pulls him back.

MUCH

Master, no. *Grabs both of Robin's shoulders. Beseechingly:* You cannot go back in there. If you go back in and die, then I will die... of grief. So you must come now, if only to save me.

ROBIN

Puts his hands on Much's arms. See, that is why I love you. *Slightly nods at Much in earnest, then looks at Roy.* And you, I need help. It is dangerous.

Roy looks at Little John, who nods.

LITTLE JOHN

Yes.

Roy nods at Robin. Robin runs to the tree where there is a coil of rope. Roy follows.

MUCH

Quietly, jealously: Why him when you love me? Why not

me?

Robin fits a knot over the tip of an arrow as the main doors open and guards stream out.

LITTLE JOHN

Here they come.

Robin and Roy run to the side steps. Robin drops the rope and Roy hands him his bow. The others engage the guards. Robin aims an arrow at a gibbet on the battlements on the north wall and shoots. The arrow lands solidly in the wood. Robin and Roy hide in the lee of the side steps as more guards come down. The others fight on. As the last one passes, Roy glances back at Robin and starts for the steps, but Robin pulls him back.

ROBIN

Quietly: Whoa, wait. Last man.

One more guard runs down the steps, then Robin taps Roy's shoulder and leads him up the steps as the battle continues in the courtyard.

Armoury.

A guard looks out at the commotion, technically staying at his post. He turns around just in time to meet Roy's fist. Robin grabs a soldier's helmet off the wall and puts it on as Roy picks up a sword. Robin nods at Roy.

Courtyard.

The battle continues. Much and Will take out a guard each.

Interior corridor.

Inside, Robin and Roy, disguised as soldiers, follow a small squad down the corridor and duck away towards the Sheriff's quarters.

Outside the Sheriff's quarters.

Robin, with a mask of chain-mail, walks up to the two sentries at the door after another squad hurries by.

ROBIN

Hello there. I was just passing, and the Sheriff said for me to drop in... *removes his face-mail...* at any time.

The sentries look at each other, then point their halberds at the intruder.

Sheriff's quarters.

The Sheriff is asleep in his bed.

GUARD

From outside the door: My lord! Robin has escaped!

The Sheriff wakes up. He hears a thud as the sentry hits the floor. He quickly throws back the covers and steps into his slippers. He walks over to the doors and pulls them open, then largely steps back as two sentries fall backwards at his feet. Robin steps past the fallen men with a fierce look in his eyes and his drawn bow pointing an arrow at the Sheriff's head. The Sheriff retreats backwards into the room.

SHERIFF

What do you want?

ROBIN

With perfectly restrained temper: Yesterday in Locksley,

The Sheriff backs into his chair and his momentum forces him to sit.

you revealed your true colours. Today I reveal mine.

The Sheriff eyes Robin, trying to judge his intent.

You were right, I have lost my taste for bloodshed, but if you ever callously or needlessly hurt anyone as a way of getting to me, if you cut out a tongue, or brand an arm, or even so much as pluck the hair of an innocent person to get to me, in the name of King Richard, so help me, I will kill you.

They stare at each other a moment.

SHERIFF

I don't believe you.

ROBIN

Trust me.

SHERIFF

What has changed since yesterday? *Shakes his head.* Nothing.

Robin shoots an arrow between the Sheriff's fingers, which are resting over the end of the arm of his chair.

Prove it.

Robin draws, aiming another arrow at the Sheriff.

I will not change. I will stoop low so... *turns his head to expose his neck and puts on a pitiful look...* kill me now.

Robin fires three more arrows to the right, above, and to the left of the Sheriff's head, missing him by a scant inch each time.

Impressive, but each arrow that hits the wood, well, that

is a point lost, isn't it?

Robin stands with another arrow nocked and drawn.

And what's surprising is you have not even maimed me. I'm not even grazed. Surely I deserve at least that, hm? *Stands to face Robin.* Are you afraid of authority? Or is it secretly... you know that I'm right? That we must have law and order. I think it is... *raises finger...* I think that is why I shall have you hang yourself.

The Sheriff shakes his finger at Robin, who scrapes the tip of his arrow across the back of the Sheriff's hand. The Sheriff hisses in pain.

ROBIN

Now I have maimed you.

SHERIFF

Chuckles. It's a scratch, hm? My point, well, it still stands. *Sucks at his wound.*

ROBIN

Lavender?

SHERIFF

Lavender? *Scuffs slightly and sucks on his wound again.*

The Sheriff sees a sentry get to his feet behind Robin.

But my pain shall be salved by a much sweeter balm, the knowledge that you are weak.

The sentry silently draws his sword.

As weak as your charming, sweet conscience is strong.

The sentry raises his sword. Robin spins round and shoots an arrow into his chest. The sentry falls to the floor and Robin quickly nocks another arrow and aims it at the Sheriff, who is stunned that Robin drove his arrow into something other than his chair.

ROBIN

You overestimate my conscience.

Robin circles round behind the Sheriff, who turns with him, taking the threat seriously now.

Now... *eyes the purse on the table...* do precisely as I say. We're going to the tower.

Courtyard.

The outlaws are still fighting off the guards. The Sheriff goes

to a window overlooking the courtyard.

SHERIFF

Tells out: Stop! Stooooop!

The fighting stops. The Sheriff grudgingly continues.

Do not harm those men. They are free to go. I have an announcement to make.

Interior corridor.

ROBIN

Behind the sheriff with drawn bow: I...

Courtyard.

SHERIFF

I, Vaizey, Sheriff of Nottingham...

Interior corridor.

ROBIN

... in recognition...

SHERIFF

... in recognition...

ROBIN

... of my...

Courtyard.

SHERIFF

... of my... illegal actions yesterday in Locksley...

Interior corridor.

ROBIN

... do humbly apologise...

Courtyard.

SHERIFF

... do humbly apologise to the innocent people who have suffered... at my hands.

Interior corridor.

ROBIN

Backing slowly away: I promise to pay £500...

Courtyard.

SHERIFF

I promise to pay... *scrunches his face at the thought.* No, no! I cannot go on.

Interior corridor.

SHERIFF

Turns around. You will have to kill— *Realises Robin is gone.* Guards! Guards here! *Goes back to the window.*

Courtyard.

SHERIFF

Stop those men!

The battle below resumes.

Sheriff's quarters.

The sentry sits up, the arrow still protruding from his chest. He throws off his helmet and takes off his head mail to reveal himself as Roy.

Interior corridor:

Roy walks into the corridor, the arrow stuck fast in a slab of wood tied round his neck. He checks one way, then runs to join the battle.

Courtyard.

On the battlements, Robin is running towards the gibbet. He throws his guard's uniform down, grabs the rope tied to the gibbet, and starts to coil it up.

ROBIN

Much! Much!

SHERIFF

Looks up at Robin from his window. And shoot Locksley!

Marian appears in her cloak in the cloister, hidden from the Sheriff by a pillar. Hanton fights a guard with a sword as Allan kicks down a soldier behind him. Much defends with his sword and shield. Will swings his long-handled broad-axe into a guard, turns behind him to block another's sword, then parries the first one again, stepping past him to hit him in the back of his knee with the downswing. Will quickly adjusts his grip to bring his weapon round to deflect the blade of the second guard. Much blocks a sword with his and swings his shield in the guard's face as Forrest parries a blow. Roy appears in the main doorway, discards his disguise and embedded arrow, and runs down the steps with his knobbler to join in.

Scene Twenty

Sherwood Forest. Outlaws' camp.

Much is roasting two rabbits over a fire. Robin sits next to him, staring into the fire.

MUCH

You know, I myself have no family at all, of course. Yeah. No family. *Sprinkles herbs on the rabbits.* No wife, children. *Rubs his hands together.* Strangely, it doesn't bother me.

Robin looks at Much, not fooled by his servant's brave words.

Not at all.

Much sniffs as Robin looks down, feeling the same way as him.

Not at all. *Wipes his eye with the back of his hand.*

When Much's back is turned, Little John looks mischievously around, then grabs the spit.

LITTLE JOHN

Mmm. *Opens his mouth wide and makes to take a bite.*

MUCH

Looks up at the sound. Excuse me. I think you'll find that's not properly cooked.

Little John lowers the spit and laughs. Much is not amused. Robin looks behind him at the others, who are also laughing.

Raises his hands in acknowledgement: Very funny.

Robin slaps Much's back.

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.END OF EPISODE TWO.