

ROBIN HOOD

Series One, Episode Five

Turk Flu

written by Debbie Oates

directed by Declan O'Dwyer

**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
Djaq	Anjali Jay
Edward	Michael Elwyn
Rowan	Lyndon Osbourne
Brooker	Ian Burfield
(Saracen) Prisoner	Emir Hamza
(Head) Guard	Mike Kelly
Rowan's father	David Hounslow
Attendant	John Rado

Scene One

Treeton Mine. Exterior.

An anxious crowd is gathered, talking and crying as men carry stretchers of wounded among them. Rowan rushes in.

ROWAN

Out of the way! Get out of my way!

Sheriff's men and mine workers lift wounded men onto stretchers. Rowan's father and another man pull a body from the shaft. Rowan stops in his tracks, looking down at it.

ROWAN'S FATHER

Son, you're too late. Your uncle's dead.

Rowan is horrified.

They're all dead!

Rowan's father pulls the scarf off his head and throws it to the ground. Rowan hugs his mother and looks around at all the injured men and grieving women. He turns when he hears a horse whinny, and Gisborne rides in.

ROWAN

Here, Father. Gisborne's coming. Tell him. Go on, tell him.

Rowan's father steps into the main path to confront Gisborne, who dismounts and approaches.

Father, tell him his mine's a death trap. You'll not be working down there no more.

ROWAN'S FATHER

to Gisborne: We'll not go down there again.

GISBORNE

You will do as I say.

ROWAN'S FATHER

My brother's dead.

GISBORNE

And your behaviour suggests that you'd care to join him.

ROWAN'S FATHER

We're on strike. Till it's shored up proper, you'll not get a miner down that death pit of yours again.

GISBORNE

Steps forward. Quietly: You'd rather die here?

ROWAN'S FATHER

Yes. I'd rather my soul roamed free up here than get

trapped down there again.

Gisborne turns around as the Sheriff rides up and dismounts using a guard as a footstool.

SHERIFF

Pointing at the crouched guard: Stay. *Walks over to Gisborne.*

GISBORNE

They claim that they would rather die than go back down.

SHERIFF

You're giving them choices?

Gisborne turns to Rowan's father and suddenly stabs him with a dagger.

ROWAN

What are you doing?

Rowan is horrified and another miner has to restrain him from attacking Gisborne. The Sheriff walks over and kicks the body, then Rowan breaks free and kneels over his father.

SHERIFF

Turns to Gisborne. Very good, Gisborne. *Steps over to the miners.* Well, enjoy the strike. It'll make you feel... much better. Goodbye. *Waves and turns to leave. to Gisborne:* They're all sacked.

GISBORNE

Really? My lord, we need the mine working.

SHERIFF

Sarcastically: Really? *Sighs.* Forward planning, Gisborne. It's all under control. There will be fresh workers arriving who will do as they're told. *Steps on the guard to mount his horse. Aloud to the miners:* By tomorrow morning, this mine will be working! *Clicks to his horse and turns it around.* Unlike you lot!

Rowan glares at Gisborne from his hands and knees.

GISBORNE

Turns around to the guards. Bury this man's body with the others. His family will pay for the grave. They will not work, they will not be fed, until I see fit. Anyone giving them assistance will hang. *Turns around to the miners:* You're all sacked! Go home!

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OPENING CREDITS

Scene Two

Sherwood Forest. Outlaws' camp. Early morning.

The birds are chirping merrily as Robin stands with one foot up on a large boulder. An arrow, skewered with a small chunk of bread, is nocked in his bow. The others are still asleep as Robin looks for any sign of movement from them, a giddy smile on his face. Little John yawns. Much starts to stir. Robin eagerly raises his bow at him. Much reaches a hand up to a branch over his head and stretches, then is startled as an arrow suddenly whistles overhead and lands quivering in the bough between his fingers. Little John looks up as Robin quietly chuckles in delight.

MUCH

Annoyed: I knew you'd be like this. *Stands.* You know

Much tries unsuccessfully to pull the shaft out as Robin puts another chunk of bread on a new arrow.

if you're so bothered about the archery competition—

ROBIN

Interrupting, protesting too much: I'm not!

MUCH

Looks back at Robin, still pulling on the arrow. If you're so bothered...

Much pulls the arrow free as Robin nocks the new one in his bow.

... we could always have a little competition here.

ROBIN

I don't want to be in the archery competition. *Aims near Little John.* Even if there is a silver arrow for the winner.

Little John's eyes widen at the arrow pointed seemingly at him, but Robin shoots it past Little John's dodging head to land in a narrow pole supporting the awning above Allan's sleeping form. Allan drowsily sits up.

Smugly satisfied with himself: Ha, ha. *Comes down off the boulder towards Much.*

MUCH

Still annoyed and eating the bread: Just as well. Because by the time we've done a little hunting

Allan takes the arrow and bites at the bread.

and had ourselves a decent feast, there'll be no time to go to Nottingham and get ourselves hanged.

Robin glances away from Much, ruffled by his tone. He wants very much to show off his skill, but he knows the competition is a trap for him set up by the Sheriff.

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Scene Three

Treeton Mine.

Rowan and his mother are standing by the grave. The wrapped body lies by its edge.

ROWAN

Father, I will avenge thee. Gisborne will pay.

A horse whinnies. Rowan looks back to see the Nightwatchman, who tosses a bundle at his feet.

Food parcels? You can't give to us. Gisborne's forbidden it.

The Nightwatchman turns her horse around and leaves.

He has spies everywhere!

The Nightwatchman canters off, but runs into Gisborne, who swings his sword at the horse. The startled horse rears, dumping her off its back.

GISBORNE

Nothing like a tragedy to bring out the do-gooders. Where is your leader?

The Nightwatchman gets to her feet and grabs the bridle, staring at Gisborne.

Where is Robin Hood?

She just stares at him. Gisborne advances.

Or are you alone? Does Robin Hood think himself too important to do his own mischief now? *Pauses, then puts a hand to his ear.* Hm? A man of few words? No matter. I'm sure I will hear your voice when you plead for your life.

Gisborne reaches out and nicks the Nightwatchman's left arm with his sword, but she only sucks in her breath at the pain. She doesn't look up as Gisborne continues to berate her.

Not even an "ouch?" "Ouch" costs nothing. Surely you could utter an "ouch."

The Nightwatchman suddenly backslaps Gisborne hard, knocking him to his knees. She turns to the horse, pulls it around and leaps onto its back as it is cantering away. Gisborne gets to his feet and, unable to pursue, turns around. Unsettled and embarrassed at being bested, he sheathes his sword.

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Scene Four

Sherwood Forest. Outlaws' camp.

A cowbell, suspended from a branch, is hit twice in rapid succession, ringing as the arrows hit it. Robin laughs maniacally, utterly delighted at his feat. Little John stares at him as if he's gone mad. Will scrambles down the hill.

WILL

The trap worked! We caught one!

Robin looks at him, suddenly serious.

A cart! Let's go! Let's go!

They all get to their feet and run after Will.

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The Great North Road.

Brooker, a slave dealer, is trying in vain to lift the wagon's front wheel out of a shallow hole as the gang silently surround him. Allan faces him across the wagon with a drawn bow.

BROOKER

Heap! Rubbish heap! And you! *Points to the horse.* Rubbish heap!

Robin, with no weapon in hand, walks deftly down the length of a fallen tree to stand near him as Much steps up beside him with a drawn bow. As Brooker gives up on the wagon, he notices the gang closing in. He reaches under the seat for his purse. Robin nods at Will, who takes a step forward. Brooker throws the purse down on the ground in front of Robin.

Here. It's all I have of value. Take it!

Robin looks at Much and nods at the purse. Much jumps down to get it and looks inside as Allan lowers his bow. Much holds up a glass lens from the purse. Robin looks at it curiously.

MUCH

Pretty! Not very appetizing.

They all hear a muffled moan. Brooker lays his head back, knowing his bluff has been ruined.

ROBIN

Livestock?

BROOKER

Take one. And let me on me way.

Robin jumps down and goes over to the wagon.

They'll work for you. They understand simple commands.

Robin pulls back the canvas to reveal a boy's face. The gang all stare incredulously at the men in the wagon.

New men for the Sheriff's mine.

MUCH

Slaves? *Stares at the wagon.*

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Scene Five

Knighton Hall. Interior. Marian's chamber.

Marian is washing her cut over a washbowl by the door, dressed in her undergarments. Downstairs the front door opens.

EDWARD

Sir Guy?

GISBORNE

Is she home?

Marian scoffs, not wanting him to be here.

EDWARD

Yes. Come through.

Edward goes upstairs as Marian dries off her arm and winces at the pain.

MARIAN

Father?

EDWARD

Seeing Marian's cut: Are you hurt?

MARIAN

Evasively: No, I caught it on a splinter on the door.

EDWARD

Let me see.

MARIAN

No, no, no. It's nothing. *Turns into her room.* What does Gisborne want?

EDWARD

I don't know. Come on. Come down.

Marian puts on her dressing gown and her father accompanies her downstairs.

Main room.

Gisborne is waiting by the fire. Marian crosses to him as Edward goes to stand by the table, where he listens and watches from a distance.

GISBORNE

Marian.

MARIAN

To what do we owe the honour, Sir Guy?

Gisborne paces nervously in front of the fireplace.

Scene Ten

Treeton. Rowan's house. Interior.

Rowan is chastising himself over the day's events.

ROWAN

Why did I do that? Why did I tell him to stand up to Gisborne? I should have just kept me mouth shut. *Sits on a bed near the table.* I told him to stand up for himself, but what did I do? Gisborne and the Sheriff walked straight by me and I did nothing. *to his mother, taking her hand:* You and me, we'll get through this. Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything stupid. *Stands.* Why would I do anything stupid? *Hugs his mother.* There's just something I need to do.

Rowan's mother takes his arm and shakes her head.

I'll see you later. I'll see you.

Rowan walks out of the house with his mother following him out the door, holding her arms out in disbelief. Rowan looks back at her as he walks through the village, and she hesitantly waves goodbye.

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Scene Eleven

Sherwood Forest. Brooker's wagon.

Brooker lies on the wagon's seat, still unconscious. Much walks to the cage and Djaq quickly puts down the lens he had been using to focus the sunlight on the rope tying the door closed.

MUCH

Islama.

DJAQ

Islama.

MUCH

Looks around. I have a simple yet effective way of gaining you freedom. And... a lot less dangerous than riding into a heavily guarded mine.

DJAQ

Opening the cage. That is simple and effective.

MUCH

Scoffs. No. This is clever. Renounce your god. Then nobody can buy or sell you.

DJAQ

Renounce my god?

MUCH

And claim you believe in the Christian one. But it's all right, because gods are all-knowing, so your god will know you're only pretending.

DJAQ

Why would I pretend to be Christian? You kill my people in the name of Christianity!

MUCH

Shh. Christians cannot be traded. The Sheriff will not buy you. You can go free and we can go home and eat.

DJAQ

So if it's that easy, you do it. Renounce your god.

MUCH

Me?

DJAQ

You do not trust that he can see into your heart?

MUCH

Unsurely: Of course, I trust He can... I could renounce him, like that. *Clicks his fingers.*

Djaq stares sceptically at him.

Robin turns to Will, then they get up and go back to the wagon.

Over the rise from the mine.

The gang gather round Brooker as Djaq stands at the back of the cage and Robin relays directions to the slave dealer.

ROBIN

Now, this is what we do. You sell your prisoners to the Sheriff, just as you planned. Allan will be right behind you, disguised as a prisoner. If you give us away, be warned: we may have to review our policy on throat-slitting.

LITTLE JOHN

Fire! There's a fire!

They all race to the back of the wagon where the rope fastening the door closed is burning. Will suspects it was Djaq, who looks guiltily away. Much gasps, horrified.

MUCH

Punishment from God! It's all my fault!

Will pulls the rope off as Much continues to repent.

Looking up: Oh, I'm sorry, Lord! I do believe, I do!

ALLAN

Much, will you shut up?

As the rope drops down, Djaq tries to open the door but Little John holds it closed.

ROBIN

How did you light that fire?

DJAQ

Let us go!

ROBIN

We are trying to help you!

DJAQ

You've stolen us to sell to another. You're no better than him!

ROBIN

Please, let me explain. Then if you do not wish to help us, then you are free to go. You have my word.

Djaq is silent.

What is your name?

DJAQ

Waits a moment before answering: Djaq.

ROBIN

Djaq. We will help you escape. But if you leave now, the Sheriff will still need workers for his mine. More prisoners will arrive next month. People like you. We are going to destroy the mine but we need your help.

DJAQ

How will you help us escape?

ROBIN

The Sheriff will pay for you. And we will give you the money, and we will guide you to the people who will find you a safe passage to the port.

DJAQ

You made us the enemy, and now you play protector?

Robin glances away, frustrated.

And ask for our help?

ROBIN

Opens the door to the wagon. Let them decide. If you want to take your chance with freedom now, then go.

One of the prisoners speaks Arabic to Djaq.

ALLAN

to Robin: What are they saying?

Robin shrugs.

DJAQ

He says that if you do not let us go, he will kill you.

ROBIN

Chuckles. That is not what he said. He said, "nou sa lei." That means pray.

The prisoner smiles.

Is that what you want to do? Wash and pray? Pray? Nou sa lei?

The prisoner nods, smiling. Robin holds out his hand (touché).

And then will you help us? Please?

Djaq stares at Robin, stunned and with new-found respect.

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What is this stuff? Tastes weird.

Djaq looks around in amazement at the outlaws' plan in action.

MUCH

Tossing a sheaf of kindling in front of Will: Hep!

Will catches the sticks on the run.

ROBIN

Leaning over Allan: You'll be fine as long as you don't

Allan swallows and grimaces.

swallow it. I said, don't swallow it! You'll be fine. to Much and Will: Lay fires! Around those beams and inside!

Will buries the blade of his broadaxe in a post by a shaft before running off to obey.

ROWAN

Let me light them! I'll burn the place to the ground.

MUCH

I don't think so. We'll do that.

ROBIN

Stepping back from peering into the shaft: No! Let Rowan. For his father.

Robin nods to Rowan, who nods back.

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Scene Fifteen

Nottingham Town. Marketplace.

The Sheriff is addressing the crowd, standing in front of his chair, which is raised and pulled forward from the others, in the stand opposite the target. Gisborne is sitting in a chair behind him, Marian to his right, Edward to the left.

SHERIFF

Thanks to the rogue element amongst you, I have been forced to introduce new security measures. The guilty object to security because the guilty have something to hide. *Slaps his gloves into his hand.* So, I expect your full co-operation.

The Sheriff motions to a guard, who puts a sword at a townsman's throat and forces him up onto the platform in front of the stand.

No man shall wear a sleeve on his left arm.

Marian suppresses her shock as another guard rips off the man's left sleeve. Gisborne leans over to get a better look. The Sheriff looks at the man's bare arm and the other peasant men roll up their left sleeves.

Oh and, er... do have a lovely fair. *Quietly:* Thank you.

The Sheriff sits down and the music resumes. The Sheriff watches closely as the men roll up their sleeves, looking for a wound.

Points at a man: That one... ooh, no.

Edward glares at Marian behind the Sheriff's chair, and she turns her head away, worriedly watching the townsfolk.

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Scene Sixteen

Treeton Mine.

*Little John holds Brooker's arms behind his back with his staff.
Robin snaps purse from his belt.*

BROOKER

Can I not keep the money?

ROBIN

Shakes his head. You are a despicable, heartless, soulless
slave trader, lucky to escape with your life.

MUCH

Kneeling over the kindling with flint in hand: That's a no.

ROBIN

Now go.

LITTLE JOHN

With disbelief: Go?

*Robin jerks his head to the side and Little John roughly re-
moves his staff from Brooker's arms as Robin checks the
purse's contents.*

BROOKER

I'll see that you suffer! *Runs away.*

LITTLE JOHN

Makes to hit him with his staff. Mutter: Yeah...

MUCH

Rushes over to Robin, abandoning his fire. You're letting him
free? Master, surely he'll run straight to the Sheriff of
Nottingham and the Sheriff and Gisborne will get on
their horses...

Robin looks at him and nods eagerly.

Disgruntled: Oh, I get it.

WILL

Get what?

MUCH

They come here, you go to your fair.

ROBIN

Sarcastically: Much as it saddens me to drag Gisborne
away from his wooing:

ROWAN

Gisborne's wooing?

ROBIN

Jealously: Yes, Marian. *to Djaq:* Remember the road I told
you of? When you get to the abbey—

DJAQ

Interrupting, nodding: Mention your name.

ROBIN

Hands purse to Djaq. Salaam alaikum, Djaq.

DJAQ

Alaikum salaam. Godspeed, Robin.

Robin looks around.

ROBIN

Much, what's going on with the pilot fire?

Much spreads his arms wide, about to protest.

WILL

I'll do it.

*Will takes the flint from Much and tries to spark a fire. Djaq
watches a moment, then shakes her head, comes over to him,
and taps his arm.*

DJAQ

Primitive.

*She checks the position of the sun, then holds her lens over the
wood. Robin, Little John, Much and Allan walk through
the mine towards town.*

ROBIN

Well, I think we deserve an outing to Nottingham, for
such a smooth and successful operation. In fact, apart
from Allan's ingestion of a certain plant root...

ALLAN

Yeah, which will do what to me exactly?

A small flame erupts from the wood.

I would say today has gone without a—

*Little John suddenly falls into the mine through a hidden hole.
Robin and Much lean over the edge, looking down.*

ROBIN/MUCH

John! John!

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Scene Twenty

The road to Treeton Mine.

The Sheriff, Gisborne and a squad of guards gallop to the mine.

Treeton Mine.

Will is crushing a rock between two stones, utilised as a makeshift mortar and pestle.

ALLAN

It's witchcraft.

Djaq glances at him with contempt.

ROBIN

Because we don't know what it is?

Will sifts the powder into Djaq's container and she pours the acid into it from a glass phial and shakes it.

We made him trust us, so we have to trust him. *Impatiently:* Just drop the second line down.

Djaq pulls out the phial and the container's contents smoke and sizzle. She hands the empty phial to Will and caps the container.

DJAQ

Lower me down.

Allan untangles another rope as Much anxiously watches the road. A board has been attached to the first rope as a seat for Djaq, who pulls it up to sit on it.

ALLAN

I'm not being funny. We should have gone after Brooker. He'll have told the Sheriff by now.

ROBIN

Much!

Much runs to the end of the rope where the others are gathered as Allan lets down the second rope into the hole.

The road to Treeton Mine.

The Sheriff and company gallop down the road.

Treeton Mine.

Behind Robin, Much loops the rope around his waist.

MUCH

Mutters: Three days and three nights.

Robin glances back at Much.

Not a morsel will cross my lips. Just get us out of here.

They let Djaq down into the mine.

The road to Treeton Mine.

The Sheriff and company gallop down the road.

Treeton Mine.

Djaq is lowered down to John. She looks at the wound on his head.

DJAQ

Come on, big man. Wake up. *Uncaps the container and pours the liquid on his head wound.* Please... wake up.

John stirs.

There you go. Here, smell this. *Holds the container under Little John's nose.* It will help you—

Little John suddenly jerks awake.

That's it.

Little John gets up, spitting out dirt. Djaq holds up a loop of rope.

Put this on. Around your foot.

Little John nods and takes the loop as Djaq pats him on the back, then he looks up and sees the gang peering down at him from above.

The road to Treeton Mine.

The Sheriff and company gallop to the mine.

Treeton Mine.

DJAQ

Sitting on the seat, looking up: Pull!

The Saracens pull up Djaq as Little John gets the rope around his foot so the gang can pull him up. The Sheriff and company are within sight of the mine.

MUCH

Pulling back on the rope: Master! The Sheriff. What do we do?

The gang pull Little John up.

ROBIN

Come on, John!

Marian watches serenely as Robin, in Rowan's cloak, steps up with a longbow in front of the stand.

The next contestant is Rowan, son of Dunne.

Robin draws and aims carefully as the Sheriff and Gisborne dismount their horses beyond the target. He lets the arrow loose, hitting the target perfectly in the centre. Robin grins and the Sheriff steps up to the platform by the target, applauding with the crowd.

SHERIFF

Bravo!

Robin takes a step back and bows deeply, spreading his arms out wide. Marian stands and applauds him.

Robin Hood!

GISBORNE

Seize him!

Robin turns, jumps off the platform into a crowd of townsfolk and ducks down past them. The guards push through the spectators and grab the cloaked figure as Much and Will nonchalantly glance back at the chaos. Their backs are to the crowd as they wait on the other side of the platform. The guards lead their man back to the Sheriff as Marian looks on with apprehension. The guards pull their prisoner to his feet and the Sheriff pulls off the hood to reveal Rowan in his own cloak. Gisborne is dismayed and frustrated. The Sheriff looks smugly at the people until he looks down and sees it's Rowan and not Robin Hood. Marian smiles broadly.

Meanwhile, having surreptitiously slipped out of Rowan's cloak, Robin crawls under the platform to the other side where Will helps pull him to his feet. Much pulls Robin's cape up over his shoulders as Robin pulls his hood over his head. Nobody notices them as all eyes are on Rowan.

ROBIN

That arrow will feed the miners for a whole winter. Come on. *Chuckles.* Let's go.

They duck around the corner and head out of town.

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Scene Twenty-Four

Sherwood Forest. Outlaws' camp.

Allan groans, tied to a tree, as Robin and Will climb the short rise to him, carrying plates of food.

LITTLE JOHN

Chewing, points to Allan. Him. Circles his finger by his ear. Gone.

ALLAN

Indignantly: Hey!

ROBIN

Passing Allan: No food or drink for one day and night and then he'll be fine.

MUCH

Oh, just as well, seeing as there's so little venison left...

Much walks over and reaches for Little John's plate.

LITTLE JOHN

Hey!

ROBIN

Well, you're fasting too, aren't you?

Much looks back at him.

You made a promise... *glances at the sky...* to God.

MUCH

You don't know it was Him who got us out.

Robin scoffs as Allan groans.

We might have got out of there anyway. And if it had been Him, there would have been a sign.

Robin nods quickly, half-listening to Much's banter.

And there was no sign. So I am gonna build a fire, cook some food, and there's nothing any of you can do about it.

Robin sneers at him.

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