

DOCTOR WHO

"Robot of Sherwood"

by

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Shooting Script

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THE DOCTOR
Take a punt!

THE DOCTOR is in the upper gallery of the TARDIS, eating a yoghurt and scribbling impossible equations on his blackboards. CLARA is below, by the console.

CLARA
Right.

THE DOCTOR
Your choice. Wherever. Whenever.
Anywhere in space and time.

CLARA
You've no plans?

THE DOCTOR
Nope.

CLARA
(shyly)
Well. Ok. There is something.
Someone... I've always wanted to
meet. But I know what you'll say.

THE DOCTOR stops writing, looks down.

THE DOCTOR
Try me.

CLARA
You'll say he's made up. That
there's no such thing.

THE DOCTOR
I hope you're not implying that
there's no Father Christmas!

CLARA
No -

THE DOCTOR
Because I take a very dim view of
people who say that -

CLARA
No, I'm not -

THE DOCTOR
A very dim view! Miserablist, life-
hating pin-headed -

CLARA
It's not Santa!

THE DOCTOR

No?

CLARA

It's Robin Hood!

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

Robin Hood?

CLARA

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Robin Hood?

CLARA

I love that story. Always loved it.
Ever since I was little. It's all
so glamorous and exciting and -

THE DOCTOR

Robin Hood, the heroic outlaw who
robbed from the rich to give to the
poor?

CLARA

Yes!

THE DOCTOR

He's made up. There's no such
thing.

He scrapes out the last of the yoghurt, pockets the spoon
and carries on scribbling.

CLARA

You see!

THE DOCTOR

Old fashioned heroes only exist in
old fashioned story books, Clara.
Real life is a far... greyer area.

CLARA

Is it? What about you?

THE DOCTOR

Me?

CLARA

You stop bad things happening.
Every minute of every day. Sounds
pretty heroic to me.

THE DOCTOR
(shrugs)
I'm just passing the time.
What about Mars?

CLARA
What?

He flips the blackboard. There's a chalk drawing of a vast honeycombed structure.

THE DOCTOR
The Ice Warrior Hives!

CLARA
You said it was my choice.

THE DOCTOR
Or the Tumescent Arrows of the Half-Light! Those girls can hold their drink!

CLARA
Doctor -

THE DOCTOR
Hold their drink and fracture fifteen different levels of reality simultaneously. I've got a Polaroid somewhere.

He rifles through his pockets.

CLARA
Doctor! My choice. *Robin Hood*.
Show me.

THE DOCTOR stops, heads down the stairs from the gallery down to the console.

THE DOCTOR
(shrugs)
Very well. Earth.
(flicks switch)
England.
(flick)
Sherwood Forest.
(flick)
1190 AD. *Ish*.

He flicks a switch.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
But you'll only be disappointed...

CUT TO:

2

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. GLADE - DAY 1

2

A babbling stream with a 'bridge' across it - in fact little more than a log connecting each bank. On the far side, a beautiful, sylvan glade, bathed in Hollywood sunshine. Everything is a saturated, Technicolour green.

FX: A magnificent deer is grazing. And someone is watching it. *

CUT TO:

CLOSE on an arrow-head. The arrow is slowly drawn back.

CUT TO:

Fingers on a long bow. The string tightens.

CUT TO:

The deer munches on...

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a pair of brilliant green eyes, narrowing.

CUT TO:

FX: The arrow-head comes into line with the deer. Any moment now ... Suddenly, the TARDIS materialises in the shade of a huge oak tree. The deer bolts. *

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
No damsels in distress. No pretty castles.

The TARDIS door opens.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And no such thing as Robin Hood!

Thwakkkk!

FX: The arrow thuds into the TARDIS door, missing THE DOCTOR's face by an inch. *

He whips round.

Standing on the other side of the glade, quivering bow in hand is a strapping, handsome, devastatingly sexy young man in beautifully cut Lincoln Green tunic, feathered hat and tights. He smiles a winning smile and winks.

ROBIN
You called?

TITLES

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. GLADE - DAY 1** 3

From the other side of the log bridge - a conversation yelled *
across the river. *

ROBIN
Nicely done with the box, my *
friend! I saw something of the sort
performed by a Turk in Nottingham
Fayre. A trick with mirrors, no
doubt?

THE DOCTOR
(offended)
A *trick!*

ROBIN
A good jest.

THE DOCTOR
It's not a trick, it's a TARDIS. *
Why are you dressed like that?? *

ROBIN
(laughs)
Whatever it is, you bony rascal,
I'm afraid I must relieve you of
it.

THE DOCTOR angrily plucks the arrow from the TARDIS door and
throws it to the ground.

THE DOCTOR
It's my property, that's what it
is!

ROBIN stops half way across the log bridge.

ROBIN
Don't you know that all property is
theft to Robin Hood?

THE DOCTOR
No, stop that, no, no, no.

ROBIN
Stop what, my gray-thatched friend?

THE DOCTOR
Who are you? What are you doing??
Gray-what??

ROBIN *
I am Robin Hood, sir. *

THE DOCTOR *
No, you're not. *

ROBIN *
I am, sir. *

THE DOCTOR *
Of course you're not! Nobody's
Robin Hood. There is no Robin Hood! *

ROBIN *
There is, sir, and I am he. *

THE DOCTOR *
You're not serious. *

ROBIN *
I am many things but never that.
Robin Hood laughs in the face of
all. *

He lets loose his hearty, signature laugh. *

THE DOCTOR *
And do people ever punch you when
you do that? *

ROBIN *
Not so far. *

THE DOCTOR *
Thank God I'm here! *

CLARA (O.S.) *
Ok, might be a bit much but what do
you reckon, Doctor- ?

CLARA appears from the TARDIS, dressed in a lovely medieval
frock.

ROBIN *
By all the saints!

ROBIN beams, his white teeth almost sparkling.

ROBIN (CONT'D) *
Your box is a box of wonders. Are
there any more in there? *

CLARA, staring - *oh my God!!* *

CLARA *
Doctor. Is that...?

THE DOCTOR

No.

*

CLARA

It **is**, isn't it?!

*

THE DOCTOR

No, of course it isn't, that's
impossible. This is obviously a ...
thing.

*

*

*

CLARA

Don't burn us!

*

ROBIN

Why would I burn you, my Lady?

*

CLARA

We're not... sorcerers!

*

*

ROBIN

And I am not a ... burner.

*

*

CLARA

Or demons. In case you were
wondering about the box.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

We've done that bit.

CLARA

Appearing out of nowhere like that.

THE DOCTOR

We've done the box.

ROBIN

What brings you here? This is
Sherwood forest, you might fall
into the hands of a dangerous
ruffian, with base and impure
intentions.

*

*

*

*

*

CLARA

I'm sure I won't.

*

*

ROBIN

Well, the offer stands.

*

*

She gives a little laugh. ROBIN does his hearty laugh.

*

THE DOCTOR

Oh, don't laugh at him. He does his
own laughing.

*

*

*

CLARA

You found him. You actually found
Robin Hood.

*

*

*

THE DOCTOR
He's not Robin Hood. *There is no Robin Hood!!*

ROBIN
Then who, sir, is about to relieve you of your magic box.

ROBIN draws his sword.

On THE DOCTOR - his yes flash. Now it's personal. He leaps up on the log, confronting ROBIN.

THE DOCTOR
Nobody, sir! Not in this universe, or the next!

ROBIN
Draw your sword, and prove your words.

THE DOCTOR
I don't have a sword. I don't need a sword. Want to know why?

THE DOCTOR, with great ceremony, produces something from his coat. A gauntlet.

ROBIN
Why?

THE DOCTOR has slipped on the gauntlet, now fishes something else from his pocket.

THE DOCTOR
I'm the Doctor. And this is my spoon!!

He advances to the middle of the log bridge.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
En garde!

ROBIN laughs - and they set to.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Sword hits spoon. Back and forth they go over the log bridge. ROBIN lunges, THE DOCTOR parries. He's coolly, casually absolutely brilliant at it.

ROBIN
You fight well! I could use a man of your complexion. In dark days such as these.

THE DOCTOR
(smiles)
And there was me thinking how
lovely and sunny it is.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

ROBIN cuts off one of THE DOCTOR's coat buttons. THE DOCTOR scowls and comes at him with the spoon.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
As for being handy -- I wouldn't
hurt a fly. Unless it was a very
big fly. A sort of giant fly. A
mutation. With plans to, you know,
lay eggs on the world. Really big
eggs. Or something.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

CLARA
(impressed)
You're...amazing.

THE DOCTOR
Had some experience.
(shrugs)
Excalibur. Picked up a few pointers
since. Richard the Lionheart... *

Clang!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Cyrano de Bergerac...

Clang!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Errol Flynn.

Clang!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
He was fun. Had the most enormous -

Clang!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
- ego.

CLARA
Takes one to know one.

THE DOCTOR executes a neat move, trips up ROBIN and sends him into the stream with a huge splash!

Then THE DOCTOR flips his spoon like a gunslinger and pops it back into his pocket.

THE DOCTOR
Like I said. **My box.**

CLARA
Doctor...

There's no sign of ROBIN in the stream.

CLARA looks down concernedly. THE DOCTOR peers over the log bridge, too.

Nothing. No air bubbles. *Nothing.*

Then ROBIN's hand snakes out of the water behind them and -
- *whoosh!*

- unbalances THE DOCTOR who falls headlong into the stream too. CLARA laughs.

ROBIN emerges onto the bank, hands on hips, laughing his head off. THE DOCTOR drags himself out of the stream, looking furious.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. VILLAGE - DAY 1** 4

A scream!

A village green. In stark contrast to Sherwood Forest, this is a filthy, muddy, Gilliam-esque place of crook-backed medieval houses. Skinny dogs and ducks roam everywhere.

From out of a guildhall troop three KNIGHTS, followed by a fat, distressed man, QUAYLE. The KNIGHTS are dressed in the classic chain mail and tabard of the Knights Templar with bucket-like helmets which totally obscure their faces. Between them, they've taken prisoner a young woman, QUAYLE's WARD - and are carrying wooden boxes.

QUAYLE
I beg you! Stop! Stop this! Please!
By all that's holy. Take our
monies. Our treasure. But spare my
ward!

WARD
Nay, do not fuss! All will be well -

The KNIGHTS clap her in chains.

QUAYLE
This is the Sheriff's doing! If he
were here now, I'd tear out his
black heart, God forgive me!

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Would you now?

QUAYLE whirls round. Seated on a magnificent horse is a magnificent man. Tall, dark and moodily handsome, he's dressed all in black. This is THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Or are you as milk-livered as your name suggests, Master Quayle?

QUAYLE
Then take me! Not this dear child.
Take me!

SHERIFF
You? A lardy lack-wit like you? It is labour we require up at the castle!

One of the KNIGHTS flips open the casket he's carrying. It's full of jewels and gold coins. Oddly, the SHERIFF throws aside the jewels and runs his fingers through the coins.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Labour and -- gold.
(chuckles)
This will be a great help, Master Quayle. Believe me.

He gazes down appreciatively at QUAYLE's WARD and strokes his moustache.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
A newcomer to Sherwood, are you?

WARD
Yes, my Lord.

SHERIFF
You will also prove...useful.

He nods to the KNIGHTS.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Bring her.

QUAYLE
Your days are numbered, you cur!
Robin Hood will save us! Robin Hood will vanquish all injustice!

SHERIFF
So. Robin Hood will save you, eh?
Everywhere that name. Everywhere that outlaw's hand.

QUAYLE spits in the SHERIFF's face. Slowly, the SHERIFF wipes it from his beard.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
You will live to regret that.

Beat.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Actually, no.

Without pause, he draws his sword and runs QUAYLE through! The merchant collapses dead in the mud.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
You won't.

WARD
No! Nooooooooo!

The SHERIFF nods to the KNIGHTS and they drag the horrified WARD away through the mud. The SHERIFF gallops off ahead.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. ENCAMPMENT - DAY 1** 5

A hog roasts on a spit. THE DOCTOR is in amongst the greenery, ripping down branches and scanning them with the sonic. ROBIN is introducing CLARA to a group of MEN. They're all in Lincoln Green and very... MERRY.

First, a strapping blond man in red, WILL SCARLET.

ROBIN
Will Scarlet. A cheeky rogue with a good sword hand and a slippery tongue.

WILL
Why, I'll box your ears for that!

He playfully cuffs ROBIN, then bows to CLARA.

WILL (CONT'D)
My Lady.

Snip!

He whirls round. THE DOCTOR has snipped off a lock of his hair. *

WILL (CONT'D)
What do you want with my hair? *

THE DOCTOR waves his sonic over it. Dissatisfied, he chuckles it away. *

THE DOCTOR
It's realistic, I'll give you that.

Next a portly monk with a tonsure steps forward.

ROBIN
Friar Tuck. Aptly named for the
quantity of grub he tucks into!

FRIAR TUCK
You skinny blackguard!

He also cuffs ROBIN. They all laugh. Then TUCK trips forward.
THE DOCTOR has grabbed his sandal and is examining it.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
What are you *doing*??

THE DOCTOR
This isn't a real sandal!

FRIAR TUCK
Yes, it is.

THE DOCTOR
(Sonicing; frustrated)
Yes! It is!

He throws it away, furious.

Next a slightly fey man with a lute steps forward.

ROBIN
Alan-a-Dale. A master of the lute
and with the voice of an angel.

He beams and plays a sweet chord on his lute.

ALAN-A-DALE
(sings)
"Fair stranger you are welcome
here, in Sherwood's bonny dale and
mere..." - oww!

He jumps. THE DOCTOR is busy extracting a little gizmo from
ALAN's arm, examining the results.

THE DOCTOR
Sorry, blood analysis. Oh, that's
very convincing, look at the
detail.

ALAN-A-DALE
Blood??

THE DOCTOR
All these diseases - if you were
real, you'd be dead in six months.

ALAN-A-DALE
I am real.

THE DOCTOR
Bye!

ROBIN
And this is John Little. Called
Little John. My loyal companion in
many an adventure.

CLARA stares at a huge, BEARDED MAN. Then, from between his legs, appears a very much smaller man - LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN
Hahahaha! Works every time!

CLARA
Can't believe it. You really
are...Robin Hood and his Merry Men!

ROBIN
Merry men? Aye! 'Tis an apt
description. What say you, lads?

They all cheer and roar with laughter. THE DOCTOR scowls at them.

THE DOCTOR
Stop *laughing*! Why are you always
doing that? Are you all *simple*??
(Proffers a cup to Robin)
I'm going to need a sample.

ROBIN
... of what?

CLARA snatches THE DOCTOR away from ROBIN -

CLARA
Excuse me!
(Pulls the Doctor aside)
What are you *doing*?

THE DOCTOR
Well they're not holograms, that
much is obvious. Could be a theme
park from the future. Or maybe
we're inside a Miniscope!

CLARA
Oh, *shut up*!

THE DOCTOR
(Stalking off, muttering)
Miniscope! Could be a miniscope.
Why not a miniscope?

CLARA watches him go, despairing. ROBIN joins her. *

ROBIN
Your friend seems not quite of the
real world. *

CLARA
No, not most of the time.
(Looks at him)
Dark days? *

ROBIN
My Lady? *

CLARA
You said these were dark days. What
did you mean? *

ROBIN's face clouds. *

WILL
King Richard is away on
Crusade, my Lady, and his tyrant of
a brother rules instead. *

CLARA
(excited)
And the Sheriff? There is a
Sheriff, right? *

ALAN-A-DALE
Aye. It is indeed this jackal of
the Prince's who aims to oppress us
for evermore. *

THE DOCTOR
(Passing behind him)
Or six months, in your case. *

FRIAR TUCK
(venomous)
The Sheriff of Nottingham!
He who makes us live like beasts in
the forest and has turned good
Christian men outlaw. *

ROBIN
(smiles at Clara)
But it's a shame to dwell on murky
thoughts when there's such beauty
here. *

He looks deep into CLARA's eyes. She looks back. *

CLARA
Why are you so sad? *

ROBIN
Why would you think me sad? *

CLARA
Because the Doctor's right. You
laugh too much. *

ROBIN
(Taken aback - then
smiles)
He notices - but you understand.
You're quicker than your friend. *

CLARA
Don't tell him, he doesn't know. *

ROBIN
I do not live this outlaw life by
choice, my Lady. You see before you
Robert, Earl - *

CLARA
Earl of Loxley! *

ROBIN
(puzzled)
Yes. *

CLARA
Sorry. Go on, go on. *

ROBIN
My lands and titles were stripped
from me when I dared to speak out
against Prince John.
(sighs)
But I spoke too late. And lost the
thing most dear to me in all this
world.

CLARA
What was she called?

ROBIN
So very quick! How does the Doctor
stand it? *

CLARA
Marian? *

ROBIN
You know her? *

CLARA
(Smiles, so happy - it's
all true)
Oh, I've always known her. *

ROBIN
It was Marian who told me that I
must stand up and be counted. But I
was afraid. Afraid of losing my
position and my home. Now this
green canopy is my palace and the
rough ground my feather bed. One
day, perhaps I can return home.
Until then, it is behoden on me to
be the man Marian wanted.

(His hand strays to the
locket round his neck)
To be a hero for those this tyrant
Sheriff slaughters.

Suddenly THE DOCTOR looms up in between them.

THE DOCTOR
What time is it, Mr Hood?

ROBIN
Somewhat after noon -

THE DOCTOR
(snaps)
No, no. Time of year! The season.

ROBIN
Dame Autumn has draped her mellow
skirts about the forest, Doctor.
The time of mists and harvest
approaches -

THE DOCTOR
Yes, yes. All very poetic. Very
green hereabouts, though, isn't it?
And, like I said, very sunny.

CLARA
So?

THE DOCTOR
Have you ever *been* to Nottingham?

CLARA
Climate change?

THE DOCTOR
It's 1190.

ROBIN
(brightening)
Well, you must excuse me!
The Sheriff has issued a
proclamation. Tomorrow, there's to
be a contest to find the best
archer in the land! The bounty: an
arrow of pure gold!

CLARA
Don't go! It's a trap!

ROBIN
Of course it is! But I can never
resist a challenge! A contest to
find the best archer in the land?
(To his men)
Why, there *is* no contest!

Everyone laughs.

THE DOCTOR
Right, there it is again, the
laughing. That wasn't even funny,
it was *bantering*. Bantering is *not*
funny! I am *against bantering*!

But ROBIN is already gathering with his men, planning the
next day.

On CLARA and THE DOCTOR, watching.

CLARA
Why are you sure he's not the real
thing?

THE DOCTOR
Because he can't be, because it's
ridiculous.

CLARA
When did you stop believing in
everything??

THE DOCTOR
When did you start believing in
impossible heroes?

CLARA looks at him. Smiles.

CLARA
Don't you know?

She's talking about him, but he really doesn't get it. Just
frowns.

CLARA (CONT'D)
In a way, that's rather sweet.

She moves away, leaving him disgusted at the word "sweet".

CUT TO:

6

EXT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE - DAY 1

6

FX: Nestled in a valley is a huge, fairy-tale castle with four distinct towers at its corners. Colourful pennants flutter in the breeze. *

CUT TO:

7

INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 1

7

FX: A huge black chamber, vaulted but with hints of futuristic design. *

Running from the roof to the floor is an enormous banner with a boar's head emblem emblazoned on it.

Inside the vault, hordes of PEASANTS are at work on a massive medieval lash-up, all pulleys and winches.

The door swings open and a fresh batch of PEASANTS are pushed inside by the KNIGHTS. Among them is QUAYLE's WARD.

WARD
What is this place? What are they
doing here?

WALTER, an exhausted-looking young man whose been there a while, smiles grimly.

WALTER
This place?
(laughs bitterly)
Welcome to the Sheriff's golden
inferno, my Lady!

FX: QUAYLE's WARD gazes round in awe at her new home and the narrow wooden channels down which flows pure gold... *

CUT TO:

8

INT. TARDIS - DAY 1

8

We drift through the dimly lit TARDIS. There's the sound of sawing and drilling. THE DOCTOR is hard at work on something. He pops his head up from the console, a jeweller's eye glass screwed into his eye.

Then he ducks down again and the shrill sound of a drill recommences...

CUT TO:

Thwakkk! An arrow hits home in a straw target, one of many in a row inside the castle courtyard.

FX: The sun blazes down on a packed tournament. Striped canopy tents. Fluttering pennants. *

The SHERIFF sits on a throne in a richly decorated pavilion, flanked by more of the helmeted KNIGHTS who stand as still as statues.

A great mass of filthy PEASANTS look on. The contrast couldn't be more stark.

CLARA is with ROBIN who's dressed as normal except for a big brown felt hat and cloak.

ROBIN
What's wrong with it?

CLARA
It's just a *hat*. It's not a
disguise!

ROBIN
Well, I can't face my enemy with
too false a countenance, can I, my
Lady? That would be dishonourable.

CLARA
Or, I don't know, *clever*?
The Sheriff will kill you if he
gets the chance, won't he?

ROBIN
Don't worry. My men are *everywhere*.

He peers into the crowd, eliciting a tiny nod of complicity from the MERRY MEN, 'disguised' as PEASANTS. *

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Where is your Doctor?

CLARA
(shrugs)
No sign.

A HERALD steps forward. *

HERALD
(calls)
In the contest for the golden
arrow...

He holds up a beautiful, shimmering arrow. It's made of a fine filigree of gold. *

HERALD (CONT'D)
After ten rounds, the battle is
betwixt our Lord Sheriff...

The SHERIFF stands and takes begrudging applause.

HERALD (CONT'D)
And the stranger known as Tom the
Tinker!

ROBIN bows.

SHERIFF
(to himself)
Perhaps not such a stranger, after
all?

HERALD
(calling)
My Lord Sheriff, Tinker, take your
places!

ROBIN steps forward. He and the SHERIFF size each other up.

ROBIN
Come, let us make this match more
interesting, my Lord. Surely the
targets are too close? What say
you? Another hundred paces?

SHERIFF
(shrugs)
Why not?

CUT TO:

The target is shifted quite a way back.

The SHERIFF takes out an arrow and expertly threads it into
his long bow. He pulls back the bowstring and aims, narrowing
his eye. The crowd are hushed, expectant.

He fires. And hits the bullseye first time! The crowd cheer.

ROBIN steps forward. There are murmurs from the crowd. Surely
he doesn't stand a chance?

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Now, tinker. Let's see your true
face...

ROBIN takes out an arrow from his quiver and prepares to
fire. In the crowd, CLARA looks on anxiously.

CUT TO:

The bowstring creaks. ROBIN's eye narrows.

CUT TO:

Whoosh!

FX: We follow the arrow as it shoots through the summery air - *
- and it splits the SHERIFF's arrow in two!

CLARA spontaneously applauds.

The SHERIFF scowls.

ROBIN turns to CLARA and winks, devastatingly.

CUT TO:

HERALD
Ye Gads! He has split the arrow!
Truly, he is the finest archer in
all England!

The crowd cheer.

HERALD (CONT'D)
Come forward, tinker. And claim
your prize.

ROBIN steps forward. He and the SHERIFF look at each other.
The HERALD begins to hand ROBIN the golden arrow.

Suddenly -

Thwakkk!

Another arrow thuds into the target, splitting ROBIN's arrow
in two!

Everyone whirls round. There's a third archer standing there.

THE DOCTOR!

CUT TO: *

The MERRY MEN look on in awe. *

LITTLE JOHN
He's full of surprises, isn't he? *

CUT TO: *

THE DOCTOR lowers his bow.

CLARA's jaw drops. ROBIN glares at him. The SHERIFF smiles.

THE DOCTOR clears his throat.

THE DOCTOR
(calling)
I am The Doctor. My skills as a
bowman speak for themselves.
I claim my reward.

The HERALD steps forward and hands him the golden arrow. THE DOCTOR tosses it aside. FRIAR TUCK spots it. He looks a little shifty.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
A mere bauble. I want something else.

SHERIFF
Name it.

THE DOCTOR
Enlightenment.

The Sheriff smiles. Suddenly --

Thwakkk!

Behind him, ROBIN has split THE DOCTOR's arrow!

The crowd cheer wildly. ROBIN grins at THE DOCTOR with infuriating cheerfulness. Follow that.

THE DOCTOR sighs and, almost without looking, prepares another arrow, aims and fires.

FX: The arrow shoots through the air, ricochets off a KNIGHT's shield and - *

Thwakkk!

- splits ROBIN's arrow!

CUT TO:

The crowd go insane!

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Now -

Thwakkk!

Everyone turns. ROBIN's done it again. Splitting THE DOCTOR's arrow.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh, this is getting silly.

He points the sonic at the archery target and -

Boom!

- it explodes into fragments!

The HERALD shrieks and ducks. The SHERIFF's eyes light up.

SHERIFF
(sotto)
Fascinating.
(to Knights)
Seize him.

THE DOCTOR gives a pleased smile.

The KNIGHTS clomp towards him. Suddenly, CLARA dashes out and grabs a pikestaff. It's weight immediately drags her down.

THE DOCTOR
(hissing)
What are you *doing*? Put that thing
down!

CLARA
I'm fine! I take Year Seven for
after school Taekwondo.

ROBIN bounds into view, sword raised!

ROBIN
Don't worry, Doctor! I'll save you!

THE DOCTOR
I don't need saving!

ROBIN
Your honour is safe!

THE DOCTOR
I know it is!

ROBIN
For I am Robin!

He throws off his 'disguise'.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Robin Hood!

The crowd go *mental*. Cries of 'ROBIN!' 'Tis ROBIN Hood!'

ROBIN and the nearest KNIGHT clash, their swords flashing in the sunshine.

ROBIN parries, brings round his sword in one massive blow and
--

Whoomp!

- chops off the KNIGHT's arm!

Masses of intestine-like wiring spill from the Knight's shoulder, sparking and fizzing! *

The crowd gasp! A stunned silence. *

THE DOCTOR

Robot!

(grins)

Now we're getting somewhere!

The SHERIFF scowls - and takes out a small control device from his tunic.

SHERIFF
Kill them! Kill them all! *

He stabs at the buttons - *

FX: - and the KNIGHTS suddenly change. Their helmets shift, Transformer-like, revealing blank, scary faces like tomb effigies. A gleaming purple light glows into life within, projecting a cross, like a sniper's sight onto the PEASANTS. *

FX: Purple lasers streak out - *boom! boom! boom!* *

FX: Archery targets burst into flame as the lasers strafe the courtyard. Screams. Panic. *

FX: The HERALD dashes for cover - but one of the KNIGHT's weapons finds him and - *whoomph* - he vanishes in a blaze of fire! *

ROBIN raises his sword to attack but, quick as a flash, THE DOCTOR knocks it from his hand.

THE DOCTOR
He surrenders.

ROBIN
What??

The KNIGHTS surround ROBIN and CLARA and they hold up their hands.

CLARA
Ok, ok!

ROBIN
You miserable cur! I had them on the run!

He looks desperately round.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Flee, lads, flee! Live to fight another day!

FRIAR TUCK
Aye! We don't need to be told
twice! Run, lads, run!

The PEASANTS and MERRY MEN flee. *

The SHERIFF snaps his fingers.

SHERIFF
To the dungeons with all of them!

THE DOCTOR
(face falls)
What? No! Not with him! I don't
want to be locked in with him!
He'll start laughing again. He's
always laughing!

ROBIN laughs heartily.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
See!

The KNIGHTS hustle them away.

CLARA
(sotto, to THE DOCTOR)
What're you up to?

THE DOCTOR
Quickest way to find out anybody's
plans - get yourself captured! *

CUT TO:

10 **OMITTED**

10 *

11 **INT. CASTLE. VAULT - NIGHT 2**

11

QUAYLE's WARD and the other PEASANTS are still hard at work,
loading gold of all kinds. Mirrors, shields, coins.

WALTER suddenly collapses under the weight of the gold he's
carrying on his back. The WARD races to his side.

WARD
Here...let me help you.

WALTER
Th...thank you, Lady.

A robot KNIGHT clangs towards them. Its helmet shifts,
revealing its metal face.

KNIGHT
Leave it.

WARD
He only needs to rest. We all need
to rest -

KNIGHT
Analysis shows that peasant
creature is spent. Usefulness
expired. Leave it.

WARD
No! Please -

We hear the sound of the KNIGHT's helmet shifting back... *

FX: The purple light builds in intensity. *

WALTER
No, no, no!

FX: The cross-shaped purple beam shoots out and WALTER is
obliterated. The WARD turns away, horrified. *

WARD
Damn you! Damn you and that villain
the Sheriff!

She drops to the stone floor, sobbing.

WARD (CONT'D)
(bitter)
Where is Robin Hood? Where is our
so-called saviour now?

CUT TO:

12 **INT. CASTLE. DUNGEON - NIGHT 2**

12

THE DOCTOR, ROBIN and CLARA are manacled together in a filthy
dungeon. *

ROBIN
Splendid! *Enchained!*

CLARA
Yup.

ROBIN
Trussed up like turkey-cocks!
Thanks to your friend here.

THE DOCTOR
Shut it, Hoodie. I saved your life.

ROBIN
What??

CLARA
He did.

ROBIN
He didn't! I had the situation well
in hand.

THE DOCTOR
Long haired ninny versus killer
robot knights, I know where I'd put
my money.

ROBIN
I had those tin men on the run! If
you had not betrayed me, then I
would have been triumphant!

THE DOCTOR
You'd have been a little puff of
smoke and ashes!

ROBIN
Ha!

THE DOCTOR
You'd have been floating around in
tiny little laughing bits in
people's goblets -

ROBIN
Balderdash! Ha!

THE DOCTOR
Yep, we're off, it's laughing time!

ROBIN
You amuse me, grey old man!!

He gives a deliberately annoying Ha, Ha, Ha!!!

THE DOCTOR
(Yelling to the Guard)
Guard!! He's laughing again!! You
can't lock me in here with a
laughing person.

ROBIN
(Yelling to the Guard)
Oh, that's funny too. I feel
another laugh coming on! Ha, ha,
ha!

THE DOCTOR
(Yelling to the Guard)
Guard, I cannot remain in this
cell! Execute me now, I refuse to
wait till morning!

ROBIN
(Yelling to the Guard)
You heard him - execute the old
fool!

THE DOCTOR
(Yelling to the Guard)
No, hang on, execute *him*!!

ROBIN
(Yelling to the Guard)
I do not fear death, execute away!!

THE DOCTOR
(Yelling to the Guard)
Yeah, execute him! I want to see if
his head keeps laughing when you
chop it off.

ROBIN
(Yelling to the Guard)
Robin Hood always laughs in the
face of death!!

THE DOCTOR
(Yelling to the Guard)
Rolling round the floor laughing -
I'd pay good money to see that!!
Guard!

ROBIN
Guard!

THE DOCTOR
Guard!!

On CLARA: at frustration boiling point!! The words now rip
from her - full on schoolteacher!

CLARA
(Roaring)
Will. You two. *SHUT!!! UP!!!!*

They both fall into startled silence. Look at her.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Do either of you understand, in any
way at all, that there *isn't*
actually a guard out there??

THE DOCTOR
... Oh.

ROBIN
I did, in fact.

THE DOCTOR
No, you didn't.

CLARA
I said, shut up.

THE DOCTOR
He really didn't, you know.

CLARA
The Doctor ... and Robin Hood ...
locked up in a cell. Is this the
best you can do? Are you both
determined to starve to death in
here, *squabbling*?

ROBIN
Well I'll tell you one thing - I'd
last a lot longer than that
desiccated man-crone.

THE DOCTOR
Really? I think you'll find I have
a certain genetic advantage -

CLARA
It's not a competition about who
can die slower!!

THE DOCTOR
It would definitely be me, though.

CLARA
There was supposed to be a plan. Do
either of you have a plan?

THE DOCTOR
Of course I have.

ROBIN
I too have a plan.

CLARA
Okay, Robin, you first.

THE DOCTOR
Why him?

CLARA
Shut up, Doctor. Robin, what's your
plan?

ROBIN
I am ... biding my time.

CLARA
For what?

THE DOCTOR
He doesn't have a plan.

CLARA
Robin?

ROBIN
(Evasive)
I am ... awaiting exactly the right
moment.

CLARA
(Rolls her eyes)
Thank you, Prince of Thieves.
(Turns to the Doctor)
Last of the Time Lords?

THE DOCTOR
I have a plan, yes.

CLARA
Can you explain your plan without
using the words "sonic
screwdriver"?

THE DOCTOR
(Oops!)
... I'll explain it in a bit.

CLARA
Because you might have forgotten,
the Sheriff of Nottingham, has
taken your sonic screwdriver - just
saying.

THE DOCTOR
I know! I know!

CLARA
... Your plan was basically the
screwdriver, wasn't it? It's always
the screwdriver.

THE DOCTOR
... Let's hear Robin's plan first.

CLARA
Oh for God's sake!

The turn of a key in the door. The GUARD now coming through.

ROBIN
You see, there was a guard. There
was guard listening the whole time.
Ha!

THE DOCTOR
Laughter warning!

GUARD
The sheriff himself commanded me to
listen, to find out which of you is
the true ringleader.

THE DOCTOR
Ah, of course, so he can do the
interrogating. Very wise.

ROBIN
Excellent. He will get nothing from
me!

THE DOCTOR
No, he will get nothing from *me* -
interrogation is always where I
turn the tables.
(to Clara)
That's my plan!

ROBIN
(Raising his manacles to
be unlocked)
Well, hurry up, take me to him.

THE DOCTOR
(Also raising his
manacles)
Chop chop, we don't have all day.

CLARA looks between them, almost pityingly.

CLARA
Seriously?

And the GUARD steps forward to un-manacle CLARA!

THE DOCTOR
No!

ROBIN
What are you *doing*??

THE DOCTOR
Don't be *ridiculous*!!

CUT TO:

The MERRY MEN sit around a crackling fire.

The glint of gold. FRIAR TUCK is examining the golden arrow
by the light of the fire.

LITTLE JOHN
'Tis a thing of beauty indeed.

WILL
And will feed a family for a
twelvemonth when melted down!

They laugh.

FRIAR TUCK
Tonight we rest. But tomorrow we
draw up our plans to rescue Robin.
We shall soon see how those
Mechanicals feel about the taste of
Nottingham steel!

He puts the arrow into his quiver and crosses himself.

FRIAR TUCK (CONT'D)
Lord forgive me.

ALAN picks up the arrow.

ALAN-A-DALE
Strange, though, is it not?

LITTLE JOHN
What?

ALAN-A-DALE
All this looting that the Sheriff
is doing. 'Tis only ever gold that
he takes. Pearls, rubies, all the
precious jewels of the realm seem
to be of no consequence to him.
Only gold...

He strums his lute.

ALAN-A-DALE (V.O.)
(sings)
"Poor Robin and the stranger lay,
in the dungeon all the live-long
day..."

CUT TO:

ALAN-A-DALE (V.O.)
"...the Merry Men might pine away,
upon a Sherwood morning..."

FX: Another of the robot KNIGHTS pulls on a lever and liquid
gold flows down from the ceiling into a massive black slab,

FX: spreading over its surface into a network of filigree patterns, like a circuit board...

CUT TO:

15 **INT. CASTLE. SHERIFF'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 2** 15

CLARA is seated at the far end of a huge refectory table in a sumptuous chamber. It's decorated with tapestries and various nasty-looking weapons on the walls.

The SHERIFF sits at the opposite end, stuffing his face.

SHERIFF
Eat, my Lady, eat! Let it not be said that the Sheriff of Nottingham is a poor host!

CLARA
Had a bag of crisps this morning, thanks.

SHERIFF
Then perhaps you would like to get more comfortable?

CLARA
Well, we could grab a bottle of Pinot, I suppose, and watch a DVD in our 'jamas.

SHERIFF
Your words are strange, fair one.

CLARA
I should think they are.

SHERIFF
But I like you. You are refreshingly...direct.

CLARA
(shrugs)
You can take the girl out of Blackpool.

The SHERIFF gestures to the table where there's a pile of objects. THE DOCTOR's spoon, the gauntlet, a cheese sandwich, a paperback and the sonic screwdriver.

SHERIFF
Taken from your friend's strange tunic. An intriguing gallimaufry.

He picks up the sonic.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Including this wand. Evidently a
thing of awesome power. Tell
me...are you from beyond the stars?

CLARA
You're the one with the robot army.
You tell me.

The SHERIFF picks his teeth, smiles.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CASTLE. DUNGEON - NIGHT 2

16

THE DOCTOR
That was your fault!

ROBIN
How was it *my* fault??

THE DOCTOR
You were putting me off!

ROBIN
Then perhaps we can concentrate on
my plan!

THE DOCTOR
You don't have a plan.

ROBIN
It is a plan that has stood me in
good stead when escaping dungeons.

THE DOCTOR
Says he, trapped in a dungeon.

ROBIN
It requires of you, the one thing
you can do most expertly.

THE DOCTOR
Which is.

ROBIN
Moan! Start moaning!

THE DOCTOR
I'm sorry?

ROBIN
Moan! Beat your breast! Moan, groan
as though twenty devils possessed
your guts!

THE DOCTOR
What for?

ROBIN
So as to attract the attentions of
that gargoyle-faced guard.

THE DOCTOR
It's your plan - you moan.

ROBIN
No, no, no, that won't work.

THE DOCTOR
Why?

ROBIN
Because clearly you are more
advanced in years and have a sickly
aspect to you.

THE DOCTOR
I have a *what??*

ROBIN
You are as pale as milk. 'Tis the
way with the Scots. Strangers to
vegetables.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not moaning!! You moan!

THE DOCTOR looks furious and crosses his arms.

ROBIN
Oh really. If you want something
doing...

He starts moaning loudly, as if in pain.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Can I rely upon you to do the rest?

THE DOCTOR
Yes, yes, I know the drill.

The ugly GUARD's face appears at the barred window in the
door.

GUARD
What is this din?

THE DOCTOR
No business of yours, cur!

ROBIN mutters in his ear. The GUARD strains to listen in.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Robin)
Speak up! I can't hear you.

GUARD
What ails him?

THE DOCTOR
None of your business.

The GUARD throws open the door and steps inside.

GUARD
I said, what ails him?

THE DOCTOR
Well, if you must know, he's ...
he's having a nervous breakdown.

GUARD
A what??

THE DOCTOR
This happens when he's in any kind
of danger. He gets so completely
afraid, he goes into a kind of fit,
he just can't cope. You must have
heard the laughing.

Quick cut-away of ROBIN shooting a venomous look at THE
DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
This is the worst I've seen him
though. I honestly think me might
die of sheer fright. Like a tiny,
shivering little mouse.

ROBIN gives a mutinous growl as part of his moaning, an
attempt to warn THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh dear, I think he's soiled
himself.

GUARD
Let him die then! It will save us
the trouble of executing him!

THE DOCTOR
But what will happen to the reward
then?

GUARD
Reward?

THE DOCTOR
Oh God! I shouldn't have said that!

The GUARD grabs THE DOCTOR by his lapels. *

GUARD
Tell me! *

THE DOCTOR
He carries a vital message! The
Sheriff has promised a bounty! *

GUARD
A big one? *

THE DOCTOR
An enormous one! *

The GUARD hurls THE DOCTOR aside and tries to lean closer to
ROBIN. ROBIN mutters. *

GUARD
What's that? Say again? *

ROBIN flicks open one eye, smiles -- *

ROBIN
You have breath like a serpent, has
anyone ever told you? *

-- and nuts the GUARD, who collapses in a heap! His keys fall
free and clatter to the floor. *

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Soiled myself?? *

THE DOCTOR
Did you?? Well that's getting into
character! Okay, keys! *

ROBIN
I'll get them. *

THE DOCTOR
No, I'll get them. *

They move as one towards the keys - but manage to knock them
across the floor. *

They try again - both men's boots banging into the keys -
which skitter over the grating of a drain! *

The keys are balanced precariously over oblivion -
- and then fall. *

ROBIN
Maybe we can reach down and - *

There is a distant *plop* of the keys landing in water. *

The two men: aghast. *

THE DOCTOR
There is a bright side. *

ROBIN
Which is? *

THE DOCTOR
Clara didn't see that. *

CUT TO: *

17 INT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. SHERIFF'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 2 17

SHERIFF
But enough of tawdry matters. Let
us talk of softer...sweeter things. *

He gets up and moves towards CLARA. *

CLARA
Oh, good, I was hoping we'd get
round to that. *

SHERIFF
... You were? *

CLARA
Of course. I've known I was
destined to draw the eye of a great
and powerful man for a long time -
ever since I saw those mysterious
lights in the sky. *

SHERIFF
You saw them too? *

CLARA
And those strange mechanical men,
with their promises... *

SHERIFF
I too have experienced these
things. *

CLARA
Really? I'd never have guessed.
Tell me your story. *

SHERIFF
Tell me yours! *

CLARA
Oh, but you have to go first. *

SHERIFF *

Why so? *

She leans into him, a little flirtatious. Perhaps runs a
finger round his jaw. *

CLARA *

Because great men always precede. *

SHERIFF *

... You have a point. *

CLARA *

Your story then... *

SHERIFF *

Once upon a time there was a brave
and clever and handsome man -

CLARA *

I can almost picture him. I don't
even have to close my eyes. *

SHERIFF *

- unappreciated by his Royal
master.

CLARA *

Prince John?

SHERIFF *

The very same.

CLARA *

Then came the lights in the skies,
and everything changed.

SHERIFF *

The skyship came to earth in a fury
of fire!

CLARA *

Such a fury. You'd almost call it a
crash. I remember it well.

SHERIFF *

A craft from the heavenly spheres,
bedight with twinkling lights and
miracles beyond imagining! The most
beautiful thing the brave and
handsome man had ever seen... *

CLARA *

I suppose the robots recognised you
as a natural leader of men.

SHERIFF
Quite so. It was to I, *I alone*,
that the Mechanical Men within
imparted their secrets!

CLARA
So...you're the real thing then?
You really are the Sheriff of
Nottingham?

SHERIFF
For the moment. With the
Mechanicals at my command. I will
shortly become the most powerful
man in the realm. King in all but
name! For Nottingham is not enough!

CLARA
It isn't?

SHERIFF
After this...*Derby*!

CLARA
Right.

SHERIFF
Then...*Lincoln*! And after
Lincoln...

CLARA
Worksop?

SHERIFF
The world!

CUT TO:

18

INT. CASTLE. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2

18

The dungeon door opens and THE DOCTOR and ROBIN shuffle out
into the draughty stone corridor. They're still manacled and
dragging the big stone block with them.

ROBIN
What now?

THE DOCTOR
First, a blacksmith's forge.

ROBIN
So as to remove our chains?

THE DOCTOR
No, so I can knock up an ornamental
plant stand.
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Of course so we can get rid of our chains! I don't want to be manacled to you all night.

ROBIN laughs.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh don't do that.

ROBIN
"Ornamental plant stand."

THE DOCTOR
It wasn't that funny.

ROBIN
(Laughing)
You are an amusing fellow, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR
Please don't. Please just stop.

CUT TO:

19

INT. CASTLE. SHERIFF'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 2

19

The SHERIFF continues his pursuit of CLARA.

CLARA
So what are you hanging around here for then, *your Majesty*? Why are you bothering to squeeze the pips out of the peasants if you've got a *skyship* on standby?

SHERIFF
Enough questions! I am in haste to hear of *your story*.

CLARA
Oh, I don't have one, I was lying.

SHERIFF
Lying??

CLARA
Yeah. People are much better at sharing information if they think the other person already has it.

SHERIFF
Oh, that was clever. You'll do very well.

CLARA
For what?

SHERIFF
Does not every King need a consort? *

He leans in to kiss CLARA - but she ducks out of his way.

CLARA
Try that again and you'll regret it.

He moves towards her and CLARA leaps onto the table. She looks round and grabs a lance from the wall and jabs it at him. The SHERIFF laughs delightedly.

CLARA (CONT'D)
But thanks for a lovely
interrogation. I think I've got
everything I need. *

SHERIFF
Haha! The She-Wolf has spirit!

CLARA
She has Year Seven Taekwondo.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CASTLE. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 2 20

Now free of their chains, THE DOCTOR and ROBIN are exploring the castle. They're in a long passageway, decorated with tapestries.

At the end of the corridor is a big circular door. It's ajar. THE DOCTOR and ROBIN exchange a look, then step inside --

CUT TO:

21 INT. CASTLE. 'BRIDGE' - NIGHT 2 21

-- into -

The bridge of a spaceship! Instrument consoles glitter and hum. At the centre of the room, a vast sphere like a Sun. It's cracked and leaking steam.

ROBIN
By all the saints! What is this place?

THE DOCTOR
More Twenty Ninth Century than Twelfth...Data banks, data banks...

He's suddenly all over the instrumentation at once. Fiddling with dials, pressing buttons.

A torrent of information scrolls across the screens, reflected over THE DOCTOR's face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
So that's it. Robber robots!

ROBIN
What?

THE DOCTOR
Robots who rob! That's what they are. They nip around the universe pillaging planets and so no-one notices, they blend into the local environment. Like my ship does.

ROBIN
You mean your blue box? I would hardly call that blending in.

THE DOCTOR
It blends itself in...as a police box. You got a problem with that?

ROBIN holds up his hands.

ROBIN
Not I.

THE DOCTOR's long fingers dance over the consoles.

THE DOCTOR
Where were you heading, hm? Where was this ship heading?

On the readout: Destination: THE PROMISED LAND.

THE DOCTOR's face falls.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
The Promised Land. The Promised Land again. Like the Half-Face Man. But more...more sophisticated. Disguised itself as a Twelfth century castle!

FX: On the screen, a schematic of an impressive-looking starship, morphing into the keep of Nottingham Castle. *

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It merges into the culture. Tries to keep a low profile so it doesn't get noticed. That would explain the robot knights. Only using their weapons as a last resort. So the energy signature doesn't show up.

He checks the read out again.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
But the engines...The engines are
damaged.

More schematics come up.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
They're leaking radiation into the
local atmosphere creating a
temporary micro-climate of
staggering benevolence.

ROBIN
Beg pardon?

THE DOCTOR
I told you! Too green and too
sunny! And there's even an evil
Sheriff to oppress the locals! This
explains everything.

ROBIN
It does?

THE DOCTOR looks ROBIN up and down.

THE DOCTOR
Even you.

CUT TO:

22 INT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. SHERIFF'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 2 22

The SHERIFF pursues CLARA down the table. She jabs the lance
at him and he ducks. She throws a worried glance over her
shoulder.

CLARA
(sotto)
No damsels in distress, he says.

Suddenly, an alarm squawks from nearby. The SHERIFF pulls out
his control device and jabs at it.

FX: A screen glides smoothly from the table. On it: an image
of THE DOCTOR and ROBIN.

SHERIFF
So! My birds have flown the coop!

He presses another button and two of the robot KNIGHTS clomp
inside the room.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Bring her!

He jumps from the table and stalks out. The KNIGHTS loom towards CLARA.

CUT TO:

23

INT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. 'BRIDGE' - NIGHT 2

23

THE DOCTOR

Well, what does every oppressed peasant workforce need? The illusion of hope! Some silly story to get them through the day, lull them into docility and keep them working.

FX: His fingers dance again and the screens before them are suddenly filled with images of ROBIN HOOD. Storybooks, (non-copyright) movies, engravings, paintings. On and on and on they go. *

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ship's data banks. Full of every myth and legend you could hope for. Including...**Robin Hood!** Friend of the poor! The opiate of the Nottingham masses!

He turns to ROBIN.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Isn't it time you came clean with me?

ROBIN

I do not understand your words. *

THE DOCTOR

You're not real, and you know it! Look at you. The perfect hair. The perfect teeth! And *nobody* has a jawline like that! This stuff may work on Clara, but it's lost on me! You're a robot! *

ROBIN

A what? *

THE DOCTOR

A mechanical man! As much a part of what's going on here as the Sheriff and his metal Knights! And if I had my sonic here I'd prove it!

ROBIN

(furious)

You dare to accuse me of collusion with that villain the Sheriff?

THE DOCTOR
I dare!

ROBIN
False-tongued knave! I should have
skewered you when I had the chance.

THE DOCTOR
I'd like to see you try!

BOOOOM!

Suddenly the 'bridge' door is blown off its hinges.

Framed in the doorway are the SHERIFF and CLARA, flanked by
robot KNIGHTS.

SHERIFF
Surrender, outlaw!

THE DOCTOR does a slow hand-clap.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, yeah. Very good.

CLARA
What's going on?

SHERIFF
Kill him! Kill Robin Hood!!

THE DOCTOR
You can drop all that, Sheriff.

The KNIGHTS take aim at ROBIN. THE DOCTOR doesn't move to
help.

CLARA
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
He's not what you think he is,
Clara. It's all just play-acting.

FX: The purple cross hovers over ROBIN's face. *

ROBIN darts out of the way just as the KNIGHT's purple lasers *
fire, blasting away metal shutters and revealing a window.

ROBIN jumps onto the window ledge.

CLARA
We can't just let them kill him!

FX: The KNIGHT takes aim again. CLARA jumps up after ROBIN,
blocking the KNIGHT's aim. The purple cross hovers over her *
face now. *

THE DOCTOR
Clara, no!

FX: Suddenly, ROBIN throws his arms around CLARA and backs
towards the window. *

CLARA
What the hell are you doing?

ROBIN's face is expressionless.

ROBIN
Surviving.

FX: And he tips backwards out of the window, CLARA in his
arms! *

CLARA
Noooo!

The KNIGHT fires and destroys the window.

THE DOCTOR
Clara!

Splash!!

The SHERIFF and THE DOCTOR race to the window and look down
into the moat.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MOAT - NIGHT 2 24

The moat is still. No air bubbles.

FX: In the window, THE DOCTOR looks stricken. The SHERIFF
smiles and turns back into the room. *

CUT TO:

25 INT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. 'BRIDGE' / EXT. MOAT - NIGHT 2 25

SHERIFF
Oh. Sorry about the girl. Such a
pretty thing. What a queen she
would have made!

THE DOCTOR risks another glance out of the window. ROBIN is
now pulling the unconscious CLARA to the side of the moat.
The SHERIFF doesn't see this. *

THE DOCTOR turns back into the room.

THE DOCTOR

Oh stop pretending. You and your fancy robots. This pantomime might fool the locals, it doesn't fool me. If any harm comes to Clara -

...

*
*
*
*
*
*

SHERIFF

It is not in my control.

*
*

THE DOCTOR

Oh, of course it isn't! Stop the charade. I get it, I understand.

*
*
*

SHERIFF

So, you too know my plans?

*

THE DOCTOR

Spaceship disguised as a castle. Very neat. You and your robots are plundering the surrounding countryside for all its worth.

He glances quickly round at the technology.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Of course! Gold! This ship is damaged. You're creating a matrix of gold to repair the engine circuitry!

*
*
*

SHERIFF

This is the scheme the Mechanicals have devised. Shortly this skyship will depart. Destination: London! There I shall obliterate the King and take my rightful place as ruler of this sceptered isle!

*
*
*
*
*

THE DOCTOR

Won't work. Not a chance. I've seen the instruments. There's been too much damage. I can't let you continue.

SHERIFF

And how, pray, are you going to stop me?

He nods to the KNIGHT.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Take him to the vault.

THE DOCTOR struggles to free himself from the Knight's robotic embrace.

THE DOCTOR
Listen to me, you're stoking up a
gigantic bomb!

The SHERIFF sweeps out of the room. THE DOCTOR desperately tries to follow.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You don't have a clue what you're dealing with, you stupid, ignorant -

He looks up as the KNIGHT raises its chain-mailed fist high in the air.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh bu -

Then brings it down on the back of THE DOCTOR's neck.

BLACKOUT

CUT TO:

25A EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 25A *

Grim-faced and soaking wet, ROBIN strides back towards camp, the unconscious CLARA in his arms...

CUT TO: *

26 EXT. CASTLE - DAY 3 26

FX: Dawn breaks over the castle.

CUT TO: *

27 OMITTED 27 *

28 INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3 28

THE DOCTOR is tied to a pillar in the corner, head sunk on his chest. QUAYLE's WARD sits by him, eating her meagre rations.

Production has gone into overdrive. Liquid gold spurts into from the great spout high above their heads. Giant circuit boards are being stacked up.

KNIGHT (V.O.)
Engine capacity at forty eight per cent.

THE DOCTOR wakes up with a start.

THE DOCTOR
Not enough. That's not enough.
It'll never make orbit.

Looks around. He tries to move. Can't.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I hate being tied to things! Why am
I always getting tied to things?

The vault trembles.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's the engines! Building in
power. Stupid Sheriff. Stupid,
stupid Sheriff. He doesn't know
what he's doing! He doesn't know
what he's doing and...and *I'm*
talking to myself! This day goes
from bad to worse!

His face falls.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And Clara. What about Clara? Right.
Calm. Stay calm. Calm. Calm. Calm.

He strains, desperately tries to break the chains.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Calm. Calm. Calm!!

Tries again. Strains. Absolutely no good.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Come on, think! *Think!* You've been
chained to things before! Z-Bombs.
Ogrons! Radiators! Use your wits,
use your wits. Come on, you stupid
things. *Give!*

He looks round and see QUAYLE's WARD staring at him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Who are you?

CUT TO:

CLARA's blurred POV.

At last she comes round. ROBIN is towards her, toying with
the golden arrow from the tournament, his face
expressionless.

*
*
*

CLARA manages a weak smile. *

CLARA
Hi. *

ROBIN
The time for games is over. *

CLARA looks worried. *

CUT TO:

30 INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3

30

WARD
I think I understand you. The Sheriff is using the gold to repair something?

THE DOCTOR
That's the principle. But he's a moron. A Twelfth century man trying to understand the technology of the Twenty Ninth! If he tries to fly his ship, it'll explode and wipe out half the country.

He looks round.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What we need is a little riot.

The WARD starts to untie THE DOCTOR's bonds.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I've got an idea.

He whispers in her ear.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Spread the word.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. ENCAMPMENT - DAY 3

31

ROBIN is now surrounded by the rest of the MERRY MEN. They all look equally grim. *

ROBIN
You will tell me everything that this Doctor knows about Robin Hood and his Merry Men. *

CLARA
What is this? Why are you
interrogating me?

ROBIN
And then you will tell me exactly
who this Doctor is and what are his
plans.

CLARA
Why? He's on your side, Robin. I
know you don't get on, but I
promise you, you and him, you're on
the same side.

On ROBIN. The laughter and japery is all gone now. Stern,
saturnine.

ROBIN
No, my dear. I'm afraid we are not.

CUT TO:

32

INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3

32

THE DOCTOR still seems to be tied to the pillar. A KNIGHT
stomps up to him and QUAYLE's WARD. It scans THE DOCTOR.

KNIGHT
You are fit for labour.

It turns its head to the WARD.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)
Stand aside while this peasant unit
is freed.

THE DOCTOR
You're a little late, I'm afraid.

KNIGHT
Explain.

THE DOCTOR
I'm already free!

He swings his arms round from behind the pillar and grabs a
gold plate from the pile of treasure at his feet.

FX: The KNIGHT's helmet slides back and its crossed purple
lasers shoot out. But THE DOCTOR deflects them with the
plate!

The beams shoot off into the shadows. Instant panic!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
First rule of laser fire. Don't
point your weapons at reflective
surfaces!

FX: The KNIGHT fires again. This time, the WARD deflects the
beams with a gold framed mirror. The laser beam hits another
of the KNIGHTS, blowing its head off and sending it spinning
into oblivion. *

The other KNIGHTS immediately prepare for an assault.

But the PEASANTS are prepared. As one, they lift up all the
reflective treasure they can find. Shields, mirrors, golden
plates.

Battle commences!

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED 33 *

34 INT. CASTLE. 'BRIDGE' - DAY 3 34

The SHERIFF, flanked by his KNIGHTS has a map of England
spread out over the table. Like a child, he's busily
colouring in the various counties and has scrawled in the
spaces the word *MINE*. *

He chuckles to himself. *

KNIGHT
Engine capacity at seventy five
percent. Building.

FX: The SHERIFF glances down at a monitor. And his face
falls. The Vault is in turmoil as THE DOCTOR leads the riot
against the KNIGHTS. *

SHERIFF
'Sblood! That knave again! Who will
rid me of this turbulent Doctor?!

He stalks out of the room.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED 35 *

36 OMITTED 36

Zappppp!

THE DOCTOR and the PEASANTS line the walls, holding their reflective gold objects.

FX: The last of the KNIGHTS fires - and its lasers blast criss-crosses the vault, ricocheting round and round, then rebounding on itself. The KNIGHT explodes in fragments. *

The PEASANTS cheer!

WARD
We've done it!

THE DOCTOR
Right, out! Everybody out!

He flings open the door of the vault and the PEASANTS stream out into the sunshine.

QUAYLE's WARD stops on the threshold.

WARD
You've saved us all, clever one.
Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek - and dashes out.

THE DOCTOR puts a hand to his cheek. His face falls.

KNIGHT (V.O.)
Engine capacity at eighty per cent.

The robot voice galvanises him. But suddenly -

SHERIFF (O.S.)
You are indeed an ingenious fellow,
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR turns. The SHERIFF is in the doorway, flanked by two KNIGHTS.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
But do you really think your
peasants' revolt can stop me?

THE DOCTOR
I rather think you're the revolting
one around here...oh....
(to himself, appalled)
Bantering! I'm bantering!
(to Sheriff)
Listen to me! You don't have enough
gold content to seal the engine
breach. If you try and take off,
you'll wipe out half of England.

SHERIFF
Liar! From my sky-vessel I shall
rule this sceptered isle.

The vault vibrates wildly.

THE DOCTOR
You pudding-brained primitive, *shut*
down the engines!

The SHERIFF clicks his fingers and the KNIGHTS stomp towards
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What you're doing will alter the
course of history!

SHERIFF
I sincerely hope so. Or I wouldn't
be bothering!

FX: The purple laser fire begins to build. The crosses hover
over THE DOCTOR's face.

THE DOCTOR
Listen to me! It doesn't have to
end like this. Shut it all down.
Call off your knights, return Clara
to me and I'll do what I can to
help you -

SHERIFF
Return Clara?? I do not have her.
Robin took her.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, shut up, Robin's one of yours!

The SHERIFF suddenly holds up his hand and the KNIGHTS don't
fire.

SHERIFF
What did you say?

THE DOCTOR
He's one of your tin-headed
puppets, just like these brutes
here.

SHERIFF
(laughs)
Robin Hood is not one of mine.

THE DOCTOR
Of course he is! He's a robot! Your
mechanical mates created him!

SHERIFF
Why would they do that?

THE DOCTOR
To pacify the locals! Give them
false hope! He's the opiate of the
masses...

He tails off. It suddenly sounds...

SHERIFF
Why would we create an enemy to
fight us? What sense would that
make. That would be a *terrible*
idea.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. It would, wouldn't it? That's
a rubbish idea. But that means...
(It's starting to dawn on
him - the terrible,
terrible truth)
No! No, no, not *that*! He *can't* be
real, he's a legend!

ROBIN (O.S.)
Too kind!

They all look up.

HERO CLOSE UP. In the minstrels' gallery at the top of the
huge banner stands - ROBIN!

ROBIN (CONT'D)
And this legend does not come
alone!

CLARA peeks round from behind him.

CLARA
Hi!

She grabs ROBIN, as he plunges a dagger into the boar's head
banner and --

- *ziiiiiiip!* -

- slices through the material, sliding them both down to
floor level as though on a lift!

ROBIN casually dusts himself down, then hurls the dagger at
the SHERIFF - who bats it away.

The robot KNIGHTS clomp forward.

SHERIFF
No! This one's all mine!

He pulls out his control device and jabs at it. The Knights power down, their helmeted heads sinking onto their chests. *

The SHERIFF swishes his sword and squares up to ROBIN. *

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Well, outlaw! A final reckoning!
What do you say?

ROBIN smiles and draws his sword. *

THE DOCTOR smiles at CLARA. *

THE DOCTOR
You ok?

CLARA
Fine.

THE DOCTOR
Good. We don't have long.

CLARA
Don't worry. Like Robin said, we
came with company!

CUT TO: *

38 **OMITTED** 38 *

39 **OMITTED** 39 *

40 **EXT. NOTTINGHAM CASTLE - DAY 3** 40

Across the lowered drawbridge come - the MERRY MEN, hollering and cheering as they lead captured guards outside. *

CUT TO:

41 **INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3** 41

ROBIN
En garde!

The SHERIFF and ROBIN set to.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

- their swords clash furiously.

SHERIFF
I shall avenge every slight,
outlaw!
(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Every time you have vexed my
schemes. You have long been a thorn
in my side!

ROBIN
Every man should have a hobby.
Mine's annoying you!

The SHERIFF slashes his sword towards ROBIN's legs. ROBIN neatly jumps over it.

SHERIFF
I'll see you boiled in oil at the
castle by sunset!

ROBIN
Could you make it a little earlier?
That's past my usual bedtime!

The vault shakes violently.

CLARA
Doctor...

THE DOCTOR
(nods)
I know. The whole castle's going to
blow.

He looks over towards the tapestry on the wall. He and CLARA exchange a look.

The SHERIFF's sword whistles over ROBIN's head and he manages to back ROBIN towards the wall. He smashes ROBIN's sword from his hand. ROBIN is totally defenceless.

SHERIFF
The end draws near for you, Robin
Hood!

ROBIN
No. I rather think it's you that's
facing the final curtain!

The SHERIFF turns to see THE DOCTOR tearing down the tapestry. In one elegant gesture, he flings it over the SHERIFF. He flails helplessly around.

ROBIN seizes the SHERIFF's sword and, swinging it round in an enormous arc, decapitates the SHERIFF!

His head, wrapped in the tapestry, rolls across the floor.

The SHERIFF drops to his knees -

CLARA
Brilliant, Doctor! Brilli -

FX: - and then the SHERIFF's headless body gets up again!! *

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oh, come on.

FX: The SHERIFF's severed head rolls from under the tapestry * and speaks!

SHERIFF
I forgot to mention, my Lady, that the skyship fell **on** me. And my rude Mechanicals took good care of me. Very. Good. Care.

CLARA
You're a robot, too?? *

SHERIFF
Half of me, my Lady. The rest is talent and pure flair!

FX: The headless body grabs CLARA and points its sword at her * throat.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Surrender! Or the wench dies!

THE DOCTOR and ROBIN exchange glances, then -

FX: ROBIN scoops up the SHERIFF's severed head and tosses it * to the headless body - which promptly lets go of CLARA and clicks its head back on!

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Thank you!

ROBIN
A sporting gesture!

SHERIFF
And one which will cost you your neck! Let us see thy mettle, Robin Hood.

He swishes his sword.

ROBIN
We've seen rather too much metal of late!

He and the SHERIFF fight on. Despite himself, ROBIN is tiring.

SHERIFF
I am too much for you, outlaw! The first of a new breed. Half man, half engine!

They move across the flagged floor. Above them is the complex of wooden gantries, pulleys and spouts down which the molten gold flows. THE DOCTOR eyes it and gestures to ROBIN. *This way!*

ROBIN looks up, nods. Then he and the SHERIFF fight on.

ROBIN slices through a rope, grabs it and shoots upwards into the ceiling of the vault. The SHERIFF does the same and rockets upwards until they're both on one of the wooden gantries high above THE DOCTOR and CLARA.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Never ageing, never tiring -

ROBIN
Are you still talking?

SHERIFF
Bow down before your new King, you
Prince of Knaves!

The SHERIFF slashes at him and badly cuts ROBIN's arm. ROBIN gasps in pain, but this just seems to redouble his courage. FX: THE DOCTOR and CLARA look up as ROBIN attacks, forcing the SHERIFF towards the end of the gantry and then, exactly mirroring the complicated trip up THE DOCTOR used against him in the log bridge, ROBIN up-ends the SHERIFF, kicks him in the rear and -

ROBIN
You wanted Nottingham's gold? Dive
in!

FX: sends him toppling backwards into the stream of liquid gold!

SHERIFF
Nooooooooooooo!!!!

The SHERIFF is instantly consumed.

ROBIN slides down the rope back to ground level. His arm is bleeding.

ROBIN
Sorry. Was that showing off?

CLARA
That was wonderful!

KNIGHT (V.O.)
Engine capacity at eighty nine percent.

THE DOCTOR
Not enough! Unless we can get this ship into orbit, we've had it.

CLARA
What do we do? Come on, let's be
having you - this is when you have
a great plan out of nowhere

THE DOCTOR
Not this time. Just run, just get
out! When this ship blows, it'll
destroy most of England -
(He stops dead - new idea)
Oh!

CLARA
Here it comes.

ROBIN
You have a plan?

THE DOCTOR
It's insane and almost certainly
won't work.

CLARA
Yep, he's got a plan!

THE DOCTOR
Where is it? Where did it go?

CLARA
Where did what go?

THE DOCTOR
The golden arrow!!

ROBIN smiles and un-shoulders his quiver of arrows.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You took it?

ROBIN
Of course I took it, I'm a robber.

THE DOCTOR
I love you boys! Come on!

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42 *

43 EXT. CASTLE - DAY 3

43

The remaining PEASANTS and the MERRY MEN race from the castle
gateway.

FX: They look back to see the keep of the castle rising into *
the air. Steam gushes from a gouge in the blazing yellow of *
its engine pods.

THE DOCTOR tips up ROBIN's quiver and something glints in it.

It's the Golden Arrow from the tournament.

CLARA
What are you suggesting?

THE DOCTOR
The Golden Arrow, Clara! It might
just be enough. Just enough gold
content to get the ship into orbit
and out of harm's way.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3**

44

The vault is filled with smoke. Engine read-outs glitter. *

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY 3**

45

THE DOCTOR places the arrow on the string but it falls off.
Tries again. Once again it falls.

CLARA
But you're good at this! I saw you!
You won the tournament!

THE DOCTOR
I cheated.

CLARA
What?

THE DOCTOR
I cheated! I needed to win the
tournament to get inside the
castle. So while you were asleep, I
built a special arrow with a homing
device.

CLARA
Oh brilliant! Let me have a go.

THE DOCTOR
You?

CLARA
Might as well.

THE DOCTOR
You do Taekwondo! It's not the same
thing!

ROBIN
My friends. Surely we can manage it
between us?

CUT TO:

CLARA holds ROBIN up.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR helps ROBIN pull back the bow string. He winces at
the pain from his injured arm.

CUT TO:

The ship begins to rise into the air.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on ROBIN's green eyes, narrowing.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on the Golden Arrow head, glinting in the sunshine.

CUT TO:

WHOOSH!

FX: ROBIN fires the arrow and it shoots up - up - up into the *
sky, disappearing into the ruptured engine pod.

CUT TO:

46

INT. CASTLE. 'BRIDGE' - DAY 3

46

KNIGHT (V.O.)
Circuit repairs at 98.4 Per cent.
Escape velocity achievable.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. CASTLE - DAY 3

47

FX: The ship shoots up into the atmosphere - *

CUT TO:

48 EXT. SPACE - DAY 3

48

FX: - and limps out of Earth orbit, spinning wildly. *

CUT TO:

49 INT. CASTLE. VAULT - DAY 3

49

The ship vibrates, steam gushing everywhere.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. SPACE - DAY 3

50

BOOOOOOM!!!

FX: The ship explodes into a billion fragments. *

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CASTLE - DAY 3

51

In the sky above the castle, a sudden burst of colour, like fireworks.

A huge crowd has gathered to witness this wonder of the age.

ALAN-A-DALE strums a chord. *

ALAN-A-DALE

"One Autumn day in Nottingham, bold
Robin Hood was in a jam. His arrows
flew, with truest flight, the
Sheriff fought with all his
might..."

WILL

Oh, give it a rest, Alan.

ROBIN bursts out laughing. The rest of the MERRY MEN join in. *

THE DOCTOR manages a smile.

CLARA

Still not keen on the laughing
thing?

THE DOCTOR

Noooooooo...

CUT TO:

52

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. GLADE - DAY 3

52

*Thwakkk!*An arrow hits a tree. ROBIN is teaching CLARA how to use a
bow.ROBIN
Nay, nay, my Lady. One more go!CLARA
The arrow just keeps dropping off.ROBIN
There is a knack to it.
(winks)
Like most things.CLARA
You can't get away with saying
things like that.ROBIN
Things like what?CLARA
This is the...well, no, I suppose
it isn't, is it? This is the
Twelfth Century. Ok. As you were.
Show me again.ROBIN takes hold of the bow and arrow, enfolding her in his
arms in the process.ROBIN
Very well. Now the arrow.He places the arrow. His face is very close to CLARA's. He
pulls back the bow-string.ROBIN (CONT'D)
Keep your eye on your target. Think
of it as the thing you most desire.

A look between them.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Then - let go.*Swoosh!*The arrow hits the target. Bullseye! CLARA cheers - and
kisses him on the cheek.CLARA
I'm going to miss you.
(smiles)
You're very naughty.

ROBIN
I know. Whoever he is, he's a very
lucky fellow.

CLARA
Marian's very lucky, too.

ROBIN
I fear not.

CLARA
Don't give up. But I know you
won't. Not ever, not for one single
day.

(Kisses him on the cheek)
Be safe, if you can be. But always
be amazing. Goodbye, Robin Hood.

ROBIN
Goodbye, Clara Oswald.

CLARA then smiles, and goes into the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR is with the rest of the MERRY MEN, saying goodbye.
ROBIN approaches.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
So is it true?

THE DOCTOR
Is what true?

ROBIN
What you told me. In the future I
am forgotten as a real man. I am
but a legend.

THE DOCTOR
I'm afraid so.

ROBIN
Good. History is a burden. But
stories can make us fly.

THE DOCTOR
I'm still having a little trouble
believing your story myself.

ROBIN
Is it so hard to credit, that a man
born to wealth and privilege should
find the plight of the weak and the
oppressed too much to bear ...

THE DOCTOR
I know, I suppose -

ROBIN
... till one night he is moved to
steal a TARDIS and fly among the
stars to join the good fight.

THE DOCTOR stares at him - what??

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Clara told me your stories. They
are a little hard to believe - but
here you are. She said you had been
through some changes lately, and
suffered great doubts. Is it
possible that you could not see me
clearly because you have lost sight
of yourself?

THE DOCTOR, taken aback. Almost floundering.

THE DOCTOR
Well ... she shouldn't have told
you any of that ...

ROBIN
Once the stories began, I could
hardly stop her. You are her hero,
I think.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not a hero.

ROBIN
Neither am I. But if we keep
pretending to be, perhaps others
will be heroes in our name. Perhaps
we'll both be stories.
(Extends his hand to shake
the Doctor's)
May those stories never end.

THE DOCTOR shakes ROBIN's hand.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Doctor, Time Lord of
Gallifrey.

THE DOCTOR
Goodbye, Robin Hood, Earl of
Loxley.

ROBIN
And remember, Doctor. I'm as real
as you are.

A smile between them. Almost complicity.

And THE DOCTOR turns, steps into his TARDIS closes the door.

ROBIN steps back as, with a grinding roar, it vanishes. *

He takes the locket from around his neck and clicks it open. *
Inside is a tiny, exquisite miniature portrait of a beautiful *
young woman. A very familiar young woman. *

WARD (O.S.)
Robin?

ROBIN looks up. *

QUAYLE's WARD is standing on the other side of the glade, *
smiling at him. She's the girl in the portrait. *

ROBIN
Marian?

WARD
I've found you at last. *

ROBIN races towards her and they kiss. *

Then ROBIN breaks away, laughing in his hearty way. *

He jumps up onto a rock, hands on hips. Then he threads an *
arrow into his bow and fires it. We zoom along its length as *
he shoots it towards the camera. *

THWAKKKK! ! *

END *

53 **OMITTED** 53 *

54 **OMITTED** 54 *