

ROBIN HOOD:  
MACHINE GUN WARRIOR

by

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INT. GREAT HALL - NOTTINGHAM CASTLE - MORNING

THE SHERIFF, ROGER DE LACY (60), a cantankerous coward of extreme bigotry and spectacular vanity, is staring doe-eyed at something:

THE SHERIFF  
RRRRR-ATTY! R-R-R-R-R-RATTYKINS!

We watch his hand creeping towards an ornate black box resting on his knees. He slides open a flap and drops a piece of cheese through a secret hole in the top.

GISBOURNE (O.S.)  
(wanting his  
attention)  
My Lord...

THE SHERIFF  
WHAT?!

The Sheriff looks up from his throne, eye-balling SIR GUY OF GISBOURNE (29) his long suffering side-kick: tall and blonde, with a face just the wrong side of handsome. A career bully you fancy would have flourished under the Third Reich.

GISBOURNE  
The prisoner my Lord...

The Sheriff glares at the little old lady held in front of him by two soldiers.

THE SHERIFF  
What's the crone done?

GISBOURNE  
(astonished)  
Done my Lord?

THE SHERIFF  
IT'S A JOKE GISBOURNE! If she weren't entirely innocent where would the fun be?! Tie the old bat to the flagpole and launch her into the moat!

And they bundle the poor granny away.

THE SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
(indicating box)  
D'you know what's inside?

GISBOURNE  
Your pet rat my Lord...

THE SHERIFF  
Wrong Gisbourne!  
(with great relish)  
DEATH! BLACK, BUBONIC, DEATH!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Found it in the knapsack of some Austrian assassin. My insurance policy should those wretched Saxons gain the upper hand! Release the rat and watch this stink of a country rot!

GISBOURNE

(desperate to impress)

If I may my Lord, perhaps I have a way of destroying the Saxon scum without releasing the rat...

THE SHERIFF

(very cynical)

Do you Gisbourne.

And Gisbourne, like some inept theatre director, furiously indicates to an unknown figure in the shadows.

GISBOURNE

(absurdly proud)

The Saxon Convertor my Lord!

A wizened, hawk-nosed man strides forth.

THE SHERIFF

The what?

GISBOURNE

(without irony)

The Saxon Convertor my Lord. He has the ability to unlock the inner Norman...

THE SHERIFF

(incredulity)

Inner Norman? Have you been drinking Gisbourne?

GISBOURNE

(afraid)

No my Lord...

THE SHERIFF

Fine. But if this is a waste of time you're both headed for an extended vacance in the hole!

GISBOURNE

(turning)

Guards!

And three teak tough men drag a terrified Saxon into the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

Begin!

And the Convertor encircles the terrified Saxon.

TERRIFIED SAXON

Leave me alone! I WAS BORN THIS  
WAY!

THE SHERIFF

(highly amused)

What's he going to do Gisbourne?  
Turn the poor fellow into a  
toad?

As the Saxon Convertor begins:

SAXON CONVERTOR

I command thee to cast out the  
wicked Saxon and reveal the true  
blood inner Norman!

And everyone watches, Gisbourne, the Sheriff, the Saxon  
Convertor, even the terrified Saxon.

THE SHERIFF

(with menace)

Is something supposed to be  
happening Gisbourne?

GISBOURNE

(to Convertor)

AGAIN!

SAXON CONVERTOR

Hubble, bubble, toil and...

THE SHERIFF

ENOUGH! GUARDS! BOTH OF THEM IN  
THE HOLE!

And the guards grab them.

GISBOURNE

My Lord I beg you! He has a  
great following in the west! He  
is published in two languages!

But the Sheriff's unmoved.

GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

(to Convertor)

You said it never failed! You  
said you were the best!

(back to Sheriff)

Mercy my Lord! Today is the day  
of the tournament! I have a list  
of Saxons to arrest, so you may  
impress the maiden Marion!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Sheriff halts the guards.

THE SHERIFF

Of course! My ravishing bride to be and her cash-strapped cripple father. How stupid of me to forget...

(vicious)

But don't get any ideas Gisbourne, I'm only doing it for the breeding purposes! I hate women! I'd marry myself if it weren't still frowned upon!

And with a nod of the Sheriff's head the guards release Gisbourne.

SAXON CONVERTOR

What about me?!

THE SHERIFF

You. You're fromage...

And the guards drag the Saxon Convertor kicking and screaming to his death. Close on the Sheriff, briefly amused, as his eyes stray to the lone Saxon, who's trying desperately not to laugh.

THE SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I wouldn't look so pleased if I were you! Guards! Feed him to the cockerel!

TERRIFIED SAXON

No! Please! Not the cockerel! Anything but the cock...

And the Sheriff gives him a teasing little wave as he's strong-armed into darkness.

THE SHERIFF

(beaming)

Right Gisbourne, what's next? I don't suppose we've got time to sneak in a good old fashioned village hanging have we?

GISBOURNE

I know just the place...

And they both grin like a pair of repugnant sadists.

EXT. DIRT ROAD TO NOTTINGHAM - A LITTLE LATER

Where we meet our hero, ROBIN (28), a trim, well spoken idealist. He's handsome with a whiff of blue blood about him, and he's humming some little ditty we can't quite place...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clothes wise, dear God, he looks like a badly dressed minstrel with a bow and quiver slung across his back.

Suddenly he hears a kerfuffle in the thicket:

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

As RABBI MO (50's) portly, charismatic, Nottingham born and bred, defends himself with his Torah from:

A Cockney wrong-un named SCARLET (40). Roguish, rumbustious, and dishy in a earthy sort of a way.

ROBIN

I say...

They don't hear.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I say!

A glance, but they continue to grapple.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(pathological  
liberal)

I'm sure we can settle this some other way. Why not be friends?

SCARLET/RABBI MO

(stopping fighting)

FRIENDS?!

RABBI MO

He's trying to rob me!

SCARLET

(offended)

All I said was lend us a bleedin' farthing!

And Scarlet looks at Robin for support, giving Rabbi Mo the chance to twat Scarlet on the cheek with his Torah.

RABBI MO

(to God)

Forgive me...

SCARLET

Stop hitting me with that sodding Bible!

RABBI MO

It's not the Bible idiot, it's the Torah!

SCARLET

Oh well excuse me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RABBI MO

Ignorance isn't something to be proud of Saxon pig!

SCARLET

Saxon pig? Fuck off I'm English! Unlike you, Rabbi!

RABBI MO

How dare you! I'm twice as bloody English as you'll ever be! NOTTINGHAM BORN AND BRED ME! Saxon pig with a Norman name! I know who you are William Rose!

SCARLET

(upset)

That 'ain't my name no more! I'm Scarlet now!

ROBIN

Oh will you both just grow up! Why does it matter where anyone's from?

SCARLET

Why does it matter?!

ROBIN

We're all equal under God. Men and women...

SCARLET/RABBI MO

WOMEN?!

SCARLET

Oh you're priceless...

RABBI MO

(amused)

Out of curiosity, but what planet have you just come from?

ROBIN

Southwest London..?

RABBI MO

Right... and your name is?

ROBIN

Robin...

RABBI MO

Well Robin, my name's Mo and I'd very much like to know which school you went to...

ROBIN

What's that got to do with anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCARLET

Coz it tells us whose side yer  
on!

ROBIN

Oh you probably wouldn't have  
heard of it...

RABBI MO

Try us.

ROBIN

(deep breath)  
Conquerors...

SCARLET

Conquerors! I knew it! Only the  
poshest bloody school in  
England! That's where Gisbourne  
went! You Norman wanker!

ROBIN

I'm not Norman, I'm English!

RABBI MO

Bollocks!

SCARLET

Prove it then!

ROBIN

This really is very immature...  
fine, well if you must know, I'm  
a huge fan of King Arthur...

SCARLET

King Arthur?! He's Welsh!

RABBI MO

I heard Roman...

ROBIN

No, absolutely not! He's as  
English as... as... Herne the  
Hunter!

SCARLET

(like Robin's mad)  
Herne the Hunter?!

ROBIN

Yes, he's the reason I'm here.  
You see Herne came to me in a  
dream and told me to give up my  
secret fortune and uphold  
justice. So I found this very  
charming baron who promised he'd  
divvy it up amongst the poor.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

RABBI MO

You didn't?

SCARLET

You cock!

ROBIN

He gave me his word! Anyway that's why I'm off to Nottingham, to win the Golden Arrow and free every man, woman and child from bondage. Oh, and then I'm going to kill the Sheriff...

SCARLET

KILL THE SHERIFF?! YOU?!

RABBI MO

That monster murdered my wife, enslaved my daughter and threw me out of Nottingham!

(poignant)

If you kill him I will thank you for ever...

ROBIN

Then follow me to Nottingham and watch my arrows pierce his rotten core!

SCARLET

(grinning)

This I gotta see...

ROBIN

(very upbeat)

We three shall be like a band of... of gay men! And I shall be the gayest of them all!

SCARLET

You what?!

ROBIN

And we should sing! Sing with such merry abandon as to thaw even the Sheriff's wicked heart!

SCARLET

Fuck off!

RABBI MO

Oh Christ...

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - ARCHERY TOURNAMENT - A LITTLE LATER

A large rectangular field with seven black and white pig-skin targets at the far end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thick crowds gorge the sides, and festooned at the front is the Sheriff's tent sheltering several dozen of Nottingham's finest.

The Sheriff reclines on a highly treasonous chair with his rat-box propped on his knees. Mounted on a plinth in front of him is the (naturally worthless) Golden Arrow.

To his right sits Gisbourne, several D-list aristos, and a few odd-bods from the church. On the Sheriff's left is MARION'S FATHER, ROBERT (55), a jaded man with a limp, and besides him his stunner of a daughter, MARION (28). A staggeringly attractive red-head who'd easily give Helen of Troy a run for her money.

The Sheriff smiles at her father, then with eel-like creepiness at Marion.

THE SHERIFF

Enchante mon petit soufflé...

And he kisses her hand, before turning to Gisbourne, confiding some little obscenity.

Close on Marion, desperate.

MARION

I cannot marry him father...

He takes her hand, a kind man.

MARION'S FATHER

You must child. He is the Sheriff and he desires you.

MARION

(verge of tears)

But I am promised to another...

MARION'S FATHER

A fantasy child. Love is dead, left only for half-wits and fools.

MARION

But you loved mother...

MARION'S FATHER

Yes, but she is with the Lord, as will I be lest I bless this marriage.

And he puts his arm around her... Gisbourne now handing out sketches of Nottingham's most wanted, ordering his soldiers to go on the prowl, as a Herald unfolds a list of participants and the first SEVEN archers line up:

HERALD

GARETH THE BASTARD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And we see toothless, pox-ridden Gareth raise his bow and fire an arrow of truly appalling incompetence...

HERALD (CONT'D)

BLIND BAGGOTT!

THE SHERIFF

BLIND BAGGOTT? This is absurd.  
Who selected these imbeciles?

Gisbourne looks at his feet for a moment, as oak-faced Baggott steps forth, unleashing an arrow that somehow manages to fell an unsuspecting duck...

HERALD

SMALL JOHN!

And SMALL JOHN (40), a diminutive man of great courage and matinee good looks comes into view.

THE SHERIFF

Hilarious! A real life Gnome  
Gisbourne! I've always wanted  
one for the garden!

(prompting)

Well...

GISBOURNE

Well what my Lord?

THE SHERIFF

I said, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE  
FOR THE GARDEN!

GISBOURNE

(realising)

GUARDS!

And a crew of soldiers wrestle Small John to the ground, the Sheriff now howling with delight.

SMALL JOHN

Gnome-ophobic wankers!

As the Herald continues:

HERALD

PAVEL THE POLE!

And PAVEL (25), a Slavic lady-killer with a cool haircut, salutes the crowd.

THE SHERIFF

ARREST THAT MAN GISBOURNE!

GISBOURNE

My Lord?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE SHERIFF

HE'S A FOREIGNER! In league with  
his Saxon brothers!

(glaring at Pavel)

Yes that's right! YOU! I know  
your game sunshine! You don't  
fool me with your unfailing  
manners and extraordinary work  
ethic! Trying to make the rest  
of us feel like wankers eh?!  
GUARDS!

And poor Pavel's bundled to the grass by a ton of men,  
even Gisbourne now starting to question the Sheriff's  
sanity, as Marion looks on in horror.

THE SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Country's going to the dogs  
Gisbourne! At least we had the  
decency to invade the old  
fashioned way! None of this  
sneaky-weaky integration into  
society bollocks!

...and finally it's Robin's turn though Marion can't  
quite see his face.

HERALD

ROBIN OF COCKFORD!

Cue immediate hysterical laughter from the crowd.

ROBIN

(very embarrassed)  
No, no, it's pronounced  
CO'FORD...

But the damage is done.

HERALD

ROBIN OF COCKFORD!

And the crowd's laughter gets ever more raucous, as we  
see Scarlet and Rabbi Mo's 'oh dear God' expressions.

GISBOURNE

(eyeing Robin)  
Strange my Lord. Looks  
suspiciously like a little shit  
I schooled with named Robin Du  
Foret...

THE SHERIFF

What, son of the infamous  
traitor?

GISBOURNE

The very same...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE SHERIFF

I trust you gave him a suitably  
torrid time?

GISBOURNE

Indeed! I remember it most  
vividly! His parents were dead,  
so I took the liberty of  
bullying him within an inch of  
his life! Then one day he just  
disappeared, I'd always assumed  
the coward had hanged himself...

The Sheriff smiles gleefully, the crowd goading Robin:

DRUNK IN CROWD

GO ON COCKFORD! DON'T BE SHY!

More laughter, Robin's hands now trembling as he tries  
to pluck up the courage to shoot the Sheriff... but as  
he turns he sees someone he's loved his whole life.  
Marion. And this is no school boy infatuation, but  
proper, one in a million, launch a thousand ships,  
L.O.V.E!

ROBIN

(disbelief)

Marion..?

Close on Marion's gobsmacked face:

MARION

Robin..?

MARION'S FATHER

(like he's seen a  
ghost)

It cannot be...

But Marion's lost in memory, staring at Robin, as does  
the Sheriff, now bristling with envy as he looks back  
at Marion... and in Robin's rapture he lets loose his  
arrow sending it fizzing towards the Sheriff's tent,  
right into the buttocks of the local Abbot who happens  
to be rising and turning from his seat.

THWACK! Then a howl of pain. And now convulsions from  
the crowd as Robin trips over his bow, snaps it in half  
and plants his face into a steaming cow turd! Close on  
Marion, now watching through her fingers...

THE SHERIFF

Arrest that Saxon wanker! Arrest  
Baggott! ARREST THEM ALL!

CRONE IN CROWD

QUICK COCKFORD! LEG IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

And Robin runs, shimmying away from the mass of soldiers, knocking over a torch and setting fire to the Sheriff's tent, until someone snags his foot and he's crushed under twelve foul smelling men...

...but it's not over, as we see Robin crawling through someone's chainmailed legs, as the crowd again cackle in amusement...

THE SHERIFF  
GET HIM GISBOURNE!

And Robin races from the flaming tent towards the crowd, 'excusing' himself with great politeness to the other side, where there's a two hundred metre sprint before the somewhat dubious safety of SHERWOOD, it being a much a-feared place of goblins, witches and all-round bedevilment.

GISBOURNE  
(recognising  
Scarlet)  
YOU!

And in the pandemonium Scarlet and Rabbi Mo race away in the opposite direction, and seizing his moment, Small John bites a soldier's hand and headbutts another in the balls, allowing he and Pavel to free themselves and scarper...

Close on the Sheriff, tent blazing behind, face pustulating with rage, jabbing his finger at Robin:

THE SHERIFF  
GET THAT MAN GISBOURNE! GET THAT  
ROBIN OF COCKFORD!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SHERWOOD - A LITTLE LATER

Breathless and pursued by soldiers Robin stumbles into a small clearing...

EXT. SAXON HAMLET OF UFFCOMBE - CONTINUOUS

...hiding in the first 'building' he can find...

INT. THE RANDY SAXON PUB - CONTINUOUS

...peeking through the 'window', able to see a nice old lady pointing twenty soldiers in the wrong direction...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY THE LANDLORD (O.S.)  
 (aggressive)  
 Well?

Robin turns to see a bull of a man, GARY THE LANDLORD,  
 standing behind an oak blank of a bar.

ROBIN  
 (realising he's in  
 a pub)  
 Erm... glass of Chardonnay?

GARY THE LANDLORD  
 You what?

ROBIN  
 I mean... mead. Give me your  
 strongest Saxon mead!

GARY THE LANDLORD  
 all right, chill out.

And he dunks a cup into a barrel and sloshes it down.

GARY THE LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
 Half a pence.

Robin lays down the relevant coin.

GARY THE LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
 Hang on, don't I know you?  
 (bingo)  
 YES! You're that Norman twit who  
 gave his secret fortune to that  
 tyrannical baron! You cock...

ROBIN  
 Thanks.

GARY THE LANDLORD  
 Don't mention it.

Hurt, Robin takes a swig of mead which he immediately  
 spits out. As he looks up, a sign advertising a bar job  
 catches his eye.

ROBIN  
 Don't suppose the job's still  
 free?

GARY THE LANDLORD  
 (guffawing)  
 For a posh twat like you?! Fuck  
 off!

A few locals from the tournament stumble in.

DRUNK  
 LOOK LADS IT'S COCKFORD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN  
(without turning)  
Perfect...

GARY THE LANDLORD  
(rubbing it in)  
Friends of yours..?

But Robin's had enough, smiles sarcastically and heads to the door, accidentally stepping in the piss-bucket and toppling out the pub...

EXT. THE RANDY SAXON - CONTINUOUS

...right in to the middle of a mass of shit-faced locals from the tournament.

THE ENTIRE VILLAGE  
(mocking)  
Cockford! Cockford!

And Robin removes the bucket, now speed walking in the direction of Sherwood proper, feeling like England's most accomplished loser...

INT. SHERWOOD - A LITTLE LATER

Tear-eyed and depressed, Robin stumbles through the dark midsummer woods.

ROBIN  
I'm such a loser! Such a stupid,  
worthless... cock!

He glances around, ashamed at his terrible language.

And then as if from nowhere, is a man standing in the distance. He wears the skin of an ancient stag, complete with matching antlers.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
My God! Herne the Hunter! Tree  
god and Protector of the Forest!  
How I've failed you Lord Herne!  
I tried to do your bidding by  
giving up my secret fortune, but  
ended up filling the coffers of  
one of the more psychotically  
vicious barons! And the band of  
Gay Men have left me... and the  
girl of my dreams who I haven't  
seen for thirteen years and  
swore one day would wed, thinks  
I'm a total twat!

Suddenly Herne is right besides Robin, in the way all demi-gods seem able to do, though now he's smartly dressed having ditched the animal garb...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HERNE THE HUNTER

Calm my boy...

ROBIN

You mean you don't hate me?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Of course not... you just  
ballsed things up a bit.

ROBIN

Oh thank you Lord Herne!

HERNE THE HUNTER

Remind me again why you gave  
away the priceless rubies your  
late mother secretly entrusted  
you?

ROBIN

You came to me in a dream and  
told me to...

HERNE THE HUNTER

So I did... oh well...

(thinking)

Now how can I help?

ROBIN

Er, well... um... I just feel  
like such a massive...

HERNE THE HUNTER

Cock? Yes... can I ask why you  
chose that particular name?

ROBIN

I thought it sounded Saxon.

HERNE THE HUNTER

Oh dear, what you need is  
something a little snappier...

ROBIN

Oh? Like what?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Well I was thinking, Robin of  
the Hood.

ROBIN

Oh brilliant Herne! Why didn't I  
think of that?

HERNE THE HUNTER

(pointing to  
himself)

Demi-god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

Of course. Silly me.

HERNE THE HUNTER

And your speeches need to be snappier. Less filmflam. More spike, more bite... more devil.

ROBIN

Devil?

HERNE THE HUNTER

In a manner of speaking.

(eyeing Robin)

And your clothes. Deary me. You look like a badly dressed minstrel. And to be brutally honest, those leggings are SO twelfth century.

And Herne flutters his fingers, transforming Robin into a pretty cool version of the outlaw we know and love.

HERNE THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

And you can't go around calling yourself 'Gay Men', people will give you funny looks. It doesn't mean what it used to...

ROBIN

Really?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Really. So try... Merry Men.

ROBIN

Merry Men! I love it!

(wondering)

Can I ask you something Lord Herne?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Anything Robin...

ROBIN

Why of all the men in England did you come to me?

HERNE THE HUNTER

(improvising)

Well, there has to be 'one' doesn't there Robin?

ROBIN

Gosh, I suppose there does...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HERNE THE HUNTER

Now what you really need Robin,  
if you are to successfully  
tackle the Sheriff, is a secret  
weapon...

(very grave)

But before I lend it to you I  
must warn you that under no  
circumstances must the Sheriff  
get his hands on it. Because if  
he does then we're all in deep  
shit Arkansas...

ROBIN

(baffled)

Right...

(beat)

Can I ask though Lord Herne,  
what is this secret weapon you  
speak of?

Herne's eyes twinkle in the woodland gloom and there's  
a small pop, followed by choke of smoke revealing a  
glistening treasure chest.

HERNE THE HUNTER

Open it...

And Robin does.

ROBIN

(goggle-eyed)

What is it?

HERNE THE HUNTER

It's a machine gun, although  
technically this is a minigun,  
which is little misleading as  
miniguns are far more powerful  
than your average machine gun,  
such at the Kalashnikov.

ROBIN

(clueless)

Right. What does it do?

HERNE THE HUNTER

WHAT DOESN'T IT DO!

(grinning)

Strictly speaking it won't be  
invented until 1718 when a  
certain James Puckle will  
fashion a gun that can shoot  
nine consecutive bullets. Then  
there's a small delay for a  
hundred and fifty years before  
Richard Gatling takes it to a  
whole new level of mayhem...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROBIN

Mayhem?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Oh yes.

(lifting out gun)

One aims through here. Flicks the safety catch thus. And pulls the trigger so. Regardez...

And Herne lets rip on an ancient oak.

ROBIN

(half deafened)

My God! You sure you should be firing at the sacred trees?

HERNE THE HUNTER

There are plenty Robin...

As the eviscerated oak tumbles into the tangled earth.

HERNE THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

And Robin, be more confident, you've got a total motherfucker of a secret weapon. Live a little. Kick a little cock. This is your chance to put the sex back into Saxon!

ROBIN

Right...

HERNE THE HUNTER

(handing over gun)

And don't worry too much about these...

(indicating snake of bullets)

I've made sure they'll last the six weeks...

ROBIN

Six weeks?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Oh didn't I mention it? Well after six weeks they run out. Then you have to give it back.

(remembering)

One final thing, and this is VERY important Robin, don't let anyone else TOUCH the gun. Might have a rather funny effect on them, and we wouldn't want that would we?

(whopping grin)

Right, well enjoy your weapon, and happy killing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ROBIN

Killing?

HERNE THE HUNTER

(very stern)

Now look Robin, unless you're prepared to get your hands a little dirty the Normans are going to rape, pillage and murder their way through the land. This is the middle ages after all...

ROBIN

Middle what?

HERNE THE HUNTER

Forget it. The cutting edge of modernity. A world where, quite frankly, anything goes...

Robin nods, examining the machine gun for a moment, repeating the word to himself.

ROBIN

(looking up)

Herne...

But Herne's gone. Robin looks around, smiling for a moment.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Name's Wood, Robin in the Wood,  
I mean Robin in the, Hood...

And through the bracken Robin can now glimpse the pub he hid in: