

TO THE POOR

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

A blue shimmering two-lane road wiggles through woodland.

SUPER: 2075, Somewhere near Nottingham, England

With high speed, an arrow-shaped, flat vehicle approaches from behind an elevation.

It hovers one foot above the metal-coated blue surface, pushes along the undulating terrain.

INT. HOVERCAR - DAY

In the cockpit's center, the steering wheel turns on its own.

The windshield above works as an interactive display that constantly highlights the road boundaries in green, while from time to time, a bird or deer near the road whoosh past in yellow outlines.

Along the sides of the cabin, sits ERIC BISHOP, 25, long combed back hair, silk suit and perfectly polished shoes,

opposite to SAMANTHA SMITH, 24, short blonde undercut, piercing blue eyes, pantsuit.

SAMANTHA

God. How far into the wild is this?
I think we might be a little overdressed.

ERIC

Better than underdressed, honey.
Let me just quickly check the markets.

Eric wipes his hand through the air and a holographic newspaper appears in front of him. He flips through it and peruses the daily stock prices.

ERIC

Timbers on a record high. No surprise Mister Locksley lives in this...

He looks out the window, glances over the woodland...

ERIC

... damn solitude.

SAMANTHA

I'm fine. A little excursion away
from the city might be the ri--
Eric.

Eric turns off the newspaper, makes eye contact with her.

The car slows down.

ERIC

What's wrong?

SAMANTHA

Look - at - that.

His gaze follows hers toward the windshield.

Highlighted in yellow outlines by the interactive pane, a
horse-drawn cart creeps along in the middle of the lane.

It hauls several wooden beer barrels.

ON-BOARD COMPUTER

Object detected. Passing is
currently impossible.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The beer cart is steered by the cloaked, fat, red-faced
FRIAR TUCK, 50s, who raucously sings hymns and quaffs from
a jug, which he repeatedly dips into one of the barrels.

The top of the tailgating hover-car slides open.

Eric stands with a wry smile.

ERIC

Excuse me! Would you mind to steer
your beautiful ancient **vehicle** to
the side, so we may continue our
strenuous everyday life in the
modern world?

Beside Eric, Samantha shakes her head in joyful disbelief.

With the reins of his two old nags in hand, Friar Tuck
turns his head over his shoulder.

FRIAR TUCK

The Lord's blessing on you, kind sir. These libations are destined for Robin Locksley and his men of the woods. The carriage of this good lord's brew has highest priority.

ERIC

Wait. Did you say Robin Locksley? The logging mogul? We came here to talk about some of his shares.

FRIAR TUCK

I fear Lord Locksley will not negotiate over his belongings. Also, I fear, that you both heathens are closer to repent for your dark souls' sins than you may realize yet.

SAMANTHA

(to Eric)

Oh my god, what's wr--

A tree falls onto the hover-car's front area, shattering the whole bonnet where the computer module sits.

The vehicle bangs to the ground, Samantha and Eric fall to the cabin's floor.

Eric gets up.

ERIC

I need to call our attorney.

He picks a futuristic communication piece from his silk suit, as an arrow pierces right through it.

It drops from Eric's shivering hand.

On the fallen trunk stands the Lord of Locksley, ROBIN HOOD, 35, wears his green baseball cap backward, a longbow firm in his hand.

Beside him stand five shaggy, wild-eyed WOODSMEN, armed with cudgels, scythes and hayforks.

A towering figure, seven feet of grinning, muscled brute, the dark-skinned LIL' JOHN, 50s, gives orders.

LIL' JOHN
Dismantle the vehicle.

The Woodsmen swarm out.

With all kind of primitive handsaws, they begin to dismantle the car wreckage.

Robin approaches Samantha and Eric, who embrace beside the wreck.

ROBIN
May I introduce myself... Robin Locksley. My men just call me Robin Hood.

ERIC
M-M-Mister Locksley. What's going...

ROBIN
Quickly said. We lure rich people into our beautiful Sherwood Forest to take their credits and donate them to Greenpeace and the public welfare.

ERIC
You want my credits?

Robin produces a holographic screen: It's a digital contract for a credit transfer.

ROBIN
Go on. Sign it.

Eric looks to his vehicle while Samantha cries.

ERIC
What are you doing to my car?

The Woodsman almost dismantled it completely; saw at the car's body with hagsaws.

ROBIN
We need metal, for arrowheads, sharp tools. Carbon fiber for our huts' roofs. Whatever, Sign!!

Eric squints his eyes, shakes.

ERIC

No.

From behind Eric's back, one of the Woodsmen, WILL SCARLET, 23, long hair, puts a keyhole saw to his throat.

Samantha yells with fear.

ERIC

I can't. You won't believe how much work it's been to gather my assets and credits.

WILL

This doesn't have to be complicated.

He drags the blade of the saw across Eric's throat. Blood gushes out of the wound in fountains.

Will takes Eric's lifeless hand and pushes it into the hologram contract. Transaction Confirmed.

He lets Eric's dead body slump to the ground.

Samantha bends over him, crying.

On the trunk, Friar Tuck holds his fat belly with laughter.

He takes a swig of ale and topples off the log. Drunken as shit, he rolls on the floor like a hog.

Samantha looks around in confusion, eyes the drunken Friar Tuck - the Woodsmen who maniacally saw the car wreckage to pieces - She finally makes eye contact with Robin.

SAMANTHA

What kind of primitives are you?

ROBIN

Obviously a left-wing group, don't you think? Different times call for different measures, my Lady.

He kisses her hand.

ROBIN

Welcome to Sherwood Forest. Would you mind if I call you Marian?

FADE OUT.