

FADE IN:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM - VARIOUS

The Nottingham skyline glows red as the sun rises behind it. From our rooftop vantage point it looks like the city's on fire.

ROBIN (V.O.)
(female, impassioned)
We are the disaffected masses! We are the downtrodden, the oppressed, the exploited and we will take no more...

Shots of - a YOUNG DESPERATE HOMELESS GIRL begging on the streets as PEOPLE pass her by, ignoring her, too busy with their own concerns to care...

ROBIN (V.O.)
...For too long the elite have bled us dry, subjugated those of us who tried to better ourselves, beaten us into submission through financial and economic restraint while filling their own pockets at our expense, pretending to care while scoffing at our misery...

...BAILIFFS remove a TV and a fridge from a SOBBING WOMAN'S flat as her terrified CHILDREN watch on...

ROBIN (V.O.)
...While our living standards diminish their wealth increases and the gap between decency and greed widens exponentially. We will rebalance the scales of justice in favour of the people...

...a DISABLED MAN throws a letter on the Job Centre Plus desk, remonstrates with the CLAIM HANDLER, clearly distressed, the Claim Handler refusing to deal with him in this state...

ROBIN (V.O.)
...We stand for fairness and equality! We stand for honour and justice! We stand for balance and hope! We will return what they have taken!

(MORE)

ROBIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We will redistribute the profits of their greed to the desperate, the unfortunate and those in no position to help themselves...

...Dawn - A hovel, one crumbled brick away from derelict. The windows boarded up with cheap plywood. A squat would have better standards...

ROBIN (V.O.)

...We shall take only from those who hoard their excessive wealth, squirrel it away in offshore tax havens and use expensive lawyers to avoid paying what is due. Only the greedy and selfish need fear us...

...The only obvious expense the newly fitted, solid looking door and the over-the-top industrial locks fitted, not to keep people out but to keep someone in.

A battered minibus pulls up outside and three Ukrainian GANG LEADERS - YOSEF, MIKHAILA and ANTON - exit. Anton uses a large set of keys to unlock the door.

ROBIN (V.O.)

...We will not act if harm or hardship may be caused to the decent, hardworking people of the companies we target. Only the wealthy elite will be hunted and taxed. Only the obscene wealth and assets of greedy individuals and corporations will be redistributed. Only those in a position of privilege who fail to help those less fortunate than themselves will be targeted. We are HOOD and we are coming for you!

INT. HOVEL, UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fourteen ADULTS and five CHILDREN, all Syrian refugees, sleep fitfully on makeshift beds on the floor in filthy conditions, crammed in tighter than sardines.

Woven amongst the bodies are twins NABIL and YARA (17), tall and skinny, lying cramped near their parents MOHAMMAD (43) and AMIRA SABBAG (34).

The door flung open. The Refugees brutally yanked from slumber as Yosef, Mikhaila and Anton loudly and rudely rouse those not already awake and moving.

The Children flinch from the Gang Leaders, know better than to disobey. Within seconds everyone's ready to go. The Gang Leaders hustle everyone out of the room.

Anton leers at Yara as she passes. Nabil steps defiantly in front of his sister, protective. Anton glares at him, dangerously.

Mohammad manhandles Nabil and Yara out of the way, eyes down, submissive. They don't want any trouble.

Anton smiles cruelly, pushes Mohammad after his family, urges them on with threats of what will happen if they don't obey, all in broken Syrian.

EXT. THE HUMBER ESTUARY, SANDBANK - DAY

Mohammed, Amira, Nabil, Yara and five other adult Refugees cockle pick on a sandbank, hard at work, full concentration. They're hard, dedicated workers, an employer's dream.

Behind them their rusted, clapped out flatbed truck parked on the sand. Yara stands, stretches. Mohammed catches her eye, smiles. She returns it, goes back to work.

A group of BRITISH COCKLE PICKERS hustle past them, stare at them disapproving as they head for shore, cheap labour stealing their livelihood.

One of their group slows down, lags behind, her conscience gets the better of her. She waves, attempts to attract Mohammed's attention, gesticulates towards the sea.

COCKLE PICKER

(loud)

Tide's comin' in, pet!

Mohammed glances up, sees her pointing, looks to see what at. The tide... way behind them. Why's she worried? There's plenty of time.

He waves back anyway, in acknowledgement rather than understanding and returns to his work.

The Cockle Picker hesitates, not sure he understood. One of her group calls her on. Does she say anything further?

No, she's given her warning, not her problem now. She hurries to catch up with her work mates.

INSERT MAIN TITLES

INT/EXT. HGV CAB/NOTTINGHAM STREETS - DAY

A brand new delivery van, state of the art, pristine, with an eye-dazzling livery embossed on both sides, declaring PAPPLEWICK FINE FOODS... delivers!

In the cab the DELIVERY DRIVER negotiates the streets with great care as he absent-mindedly nods his head to STAND AND DELIVER by ADAM AND THE ANTS playing on his phone.

Ahead, an OLD WOMAN, scarf wrapped tightly around her head like a hood to ward off the cold, drags her shopping trolley into the road as she slowly crosses.

The Driver brakes gently, instantly cautious and alert. Halfway across the street a wheel falls off the trolley. The Old Woman's shopping tips over the tarmac.

The Driver brings the truck to a halt several yards short. Instantly on edge, he checks the cab's doors are locked. They are, but that fact does little to settle his suspicions.

He scrutinises the Old Woman as she struggles to collect her shopping, most of which is doing its best to elude her.

He checks his watch, aware of the delay. The more the Old Woman chases her shopping, the more it refuses to be captured.

The Driver checks his watch again, then scrutinises his surroundings nervously - he checks the far side of the Old Woman, either side of his truck, and lastly he strains to check the limited view behind him in his wing mirrors.

Nothing! That doesn't mean there's no one there.

The Old Woman has now abandoned her shopping and attempts to fix the wheel on her trolley.

Another check, especially behind. But he still can't see anything out of the ordinary. The Driver sighs, knows he shouldn't do this but his conscience fights his common sense... his conscience wins.

He turns off the engine, jumps down from the cab, locks it behind him and goes to help the Old Woman.

DRIVER

Here, let me...

The Old Woman turns to him... only it's not an old woman but a bearded JOHNAH LITTLE (53) wearing a green Zorro mask to disguise himself.

JOHNAH
Give us a kiss!

Johnah puckers up. Too late the Driver realises his mistake as his truck roars to life behind him. He rushes back to it, panicked, but it's already moving.

He's forced to jump out of its way as it hurtles towards him. A masked and hooded ROBIN CARTER (28), black female, a powerhouse in combat trousers and tee-shirt, in the driving seat.

The Driver frantic. The truck stops briefly to collect Johnah.

ROBIN
Hurry the fuck up, lard arse!

JOHNAH
Alright, alright...

The Driver sees one last chance, runs for the truck, jumps at the driver's door... but it's locked.

Robin smiles down at him, gives him a cheery little wave, then guns the engine and they're away. The Driver remembers his keys but by then it's too late.

DRIVER
(screaming)
FUCK!

The Driver knows he's in deep trouble. He quickly searches his pockets for his mobile, then realises it's in the truck. His shoulders slump in defeat.

Inside the truck Robin whacks the volume up on the phone as STAND AND DELIVER by ADAM AND THE ANTS plays over.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM FOOD BANK - DAY

A queue of desperate, hungry PEOPLE. In their midst a MOTHER and YOUNG DAUGHTER, both thin, ragged, with hunger ravaged faces.

A large, blue transit van skids to a halt beside the queue as the side door slides open. Members of HOOD, wearing balaclavas and gloves to protect their identity, jump out.

The Queue react in shock, scared at first, but then in amazement when high-end food items are shoved into their open and eager arms.

A whispered chant of 'HOOD, HOOD, HOOD, HOOD...' gathers momentum.

One of the members of HOOD, FIONA TUCK (23), small and elfin like with a permanent smile of optimism, holds up a mouthwatering chocolate bar in front of the Daughter's greedy eyes. The Daughter stares at the chocolate unsure, then takes it hesitantly.

She tries to open it but struggles. Fiona rips a glove off with her teeth, does it for her, hands it back to the grinning child.

The chant of 'HOOD' now at a crescendo.

And with that the door slides shut and the van's gone, everything over in less than a few seconds.

The overwhelmed Queue tuck into the luxury foodstuffs, can't believe their luck.

The Mother hugs her Daughter in relief as she attempts to cram as much of the chocolate in her mouth as she can.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

MATTHEW LOCKSLEY (41), tall, powerful and handsome like an ancient knight of the realm, drives as Robin, Johnah, still dressed as an old woman, WILHELMINA (WILL) RUDDY (27), with a personality as large as her frame, Fiona and ALEX DALE (19), tall and handsome with a razor sharp intellect and braces on his teeth, rip off their balaclavas, congratulate themselves, celebrate another successful mission in the back of the van.

FIONA
(ecstatic)
Did you see her face?

Fiona's is a carbon copy of the Daughter's, a giant grin from ear to ear. Everyone's pleased for her... well almost.

JOHNAH
You do know your DNA is going to be
all over that wrapper?

ALEX
Ignore him, he's just grumpy
because his tights are chafing.

JOHNAH
If you want to get caught, that's
up to you. I for one don't fancy
going to prison.

ALEX

Aww, don't worry, they'd love you there.

Alex sticks his hand up Johnah's skirt. Johnah slaps his hand away.

JOHNAH

Kindly keep your hands to yourself, Mr Weinstein!

Roars of laughter. Robin watches the banter, pleased with how the team performed. She leaves them to it, moves up front to sit in the passenger seat.

She smiles at Matthew. A half smile back, something on his mind... as always. She knows better than to ask so turns her head to watch the passing scenery of the city.

EXT. THE HUMBER ESTUARY, SANDBANK - DAY

Mohammed and his family hard at work. The truck, several sacks of cockles already onboard.

Urgent, unintelligible shouts from land. Mohammed glances up from his work. A group of LOCALS on the shore wave frantically at them.

Mohammed puzzled as the Locals urgently point at the fast flowing water surrounding them. A confusion of signals.

Mohammed stands, tries to see what they're gesticulating at, but from his position he can't see the body of water as it rapidly rises up the sandbank. The Locals continue to shout and gesticulate.

MOHAMMED

(*translated from Syrian)

**What are they pointing at?*

Nabil stands, takes a look, his better eyesight and greater height an advantage. He's quick to spot the trouble they're in.

NABIL

**The tide!*

Shock! Urgent glances! They suddenly realise their predicament.

MOHAMMED

**In the truck.*

Everyone rushes for the truck. Amira tries to lift her cockle basket to take it with her but it's too late for that.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

**Leave it!*

Mohammed jumps into the driver's seat, tries to start the truck as everyone climbs aboard, Nabil and Yara in the front with him. But the truck won't start.

He tries again. Just the electric whine as the engine fails to catch. Again he tries. It nearly catches.

One more try and... it splutters to life in a black cloud of carbon monoxide. Mohammed has to rev it heavily to keep it going.

The truck jumps forward, races towards the shore as the others hang on with white-knuckled grips, jostled by the rough terrain and the lurching truck.

But there's nowhere to go. The swift rivers of flood water cut them off from land on all sides.

Mohammed slows the truck, quickly assess their chances of crossing. They don't have a choice though.

He guns it, gets up as much speed as the overweighted and poorly maintained truck can manage, and drives it straight into the sea.

The force of the tide slams into the front wheels, knocks them to the left, yanks the steering wheel out of Mohammed's hands. The truck forced sideways, turned away from land.

Mohammed fights to regain control, to get the truck back on course, as everyone hangs on for dear life. Screams and shouts of fear.

The engine splutters, almost dies. Mohammed slams his foot to the floor as the water rushes into the cab through the holes in the floor and doors.

Mohammed continues to fight the tide. But the tide is winning. The engine misfires. Those who can, pray. The truck sinks in the water, the bonnet submerged. Finally the engine dies.

The force of the tide threatens to overturn the truck. Mohammed stops trying to save it, escape now the only option.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

**Swim!*

Mohammed, Yara and Nabil push on cab doors, but the force of the water won't allow them to open.

The others jump off the back of the truck into the freezing water, the air smashed from their lungs by the cold. They struggle to the surface, force themselves on, Amira too.

Mohammed struggles to wind down his window. Nabil just kicks his out, pushes his sister through it as the water rushes in.

On land the group of Locals watch on with bated breath and fear, will them on to safety. One of the Locals on the phone to the coast guard.

Mohammed still in the cab as Amira is swept away. Nabil attempts to go after her.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

**No... help your sister!*

Nabil does as he's bid as Mohammed finally climbs through the broken passenger window and into the water. He swims after Amira who bobs in the water several feet from him, the fight almost gone from her.

The water spins the truck around, slams it into one of the Cockle Pickers before it finally goes under. Knocked senseless, the Cockle Picker joins it.

The Refugees swim for their lives, battle the raging current to get to shore. But it's a losing battle. For every meter they progress, the tide gains two back, as the cold water continues to sap their energy.

Nabil helps Yara, tries to catch sight of his parents as he kicks towards the bank. A few Locals rush down onto the sand to help.

Amira goes down, quickly splutters to the surface, her strength almost gone. Mohammed pulled further away from her by the tide. He's exhausted, now running on reserves but still fighting hard to reach his wife.

Yara's head goes under. She resurfaces, coughs up water. Nabil grabs his sister, forces them onwards, helps her when he can. It's an epic struggle. It's going to be close.

At last, way beyond exhausted, Nabil drags Yara onto land. But they can't lay there, not with their parents still in the water. Yara staggers to her feet, urgently scans the area, distraught and irrational with fear.

YARA
 (screaming)
 *Mama!

Nabil struggles to his feet, done in! They both shake violently with the cold, search frantically in every direction, turn themselves around in desperate circles for any sign of their mother and father.

But there isn't any. No sign of the others either. It's just them. The horrified and concerned Locals rush to aid them.

Nabil isn't happy to see them as realisation of their predicament lands like a hammer. Yara continues to call for their parents, as he quickly weighs up their options.

He sees the Locals closing in. He can't let them be caught! He tugs at his sister, urgent, tries to drag her with him. But she won't leave their parents, won't listen to reason.

Nabil fights her, hauls her with him, too cold and tired to talk. Too weak to protest for long, Yara finally allows him to usher her away, as they hustle to escape the closing Locals.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

A regal looking, stone domed building. The heart of local democracy and a beautiful architectural venue.

INT. NOTTINGHAM COUNCIL HOUSE, BALLROOM - DAY

Stone pillars, chandeliers, no expense spared.

Nottingham's elite are gathered for a charity event to raise money for a local children's hospice. Black tie and glammers dresses as champagne and Michelin Star hors d'oeuvres do the rounds on silver trays held by WAITERS and WAITRESSES.

Our host, MARION MAIDMENT-WOODS (41), glamorous with a smile that lights up every room she enters, saunters through the centre of the whirlwind of extravagance. Her husband Chief Constable GILES WOODS (50), small and compact like a weasel, resplendent in his uniform, dutifully by her side, a glass of champagne in hand.