

FADE IN:

SUPER:

BARBARIAN noun [c]

1. A person, culture, or group believed to be inferior to another person, culture, or group.
2. One whose behavior you therefore consider strange or offensive.

INT. ENDLESS VOID - (DREAMSCAPE)

Surrounded by endless black, a HUMAN SKULL sits atop a wooden table when an ominous voice echoes with guttural bass.

BARD (V.O.)
This is the story of a warrior
living in an age of discovery.

From the darkness, a pair of hands penetrate the skull.

BARD (V.O.)
A time when pained voices were
drowned by clashing steel.

Crimson jam gurgles from open wounds.

BARD (V.O.)
A time when--
(coughing fit)
Hold up--

A strong hack spits out the problematic pubic hair.

BARD (V.O.)
Red, hmmph? Must be Tricia.

With the obstruction cleared, the Bard's foreboding vocalization transforms to conversationally smooth.

BARD (V.O.)
A time when dried-up shit got
pushed out by something new.

The skull is torn in half, revealing a fluffy CAKE interior. It's delivered to the mouth of DREAM GIRL, a woman with long golden locks, and a TULIP flower tucked above the left ear.

Her jaw unhinges to take several "I don't give a fuck 'cause it's a cheat day" bites from both ends.

DREAM GIRL
Mmmph.

Cake-caked hands are smacked together before wiping across the sheer dress curtained over breasts.

Caught in the act, she takes a demure step forward before aggressively grabbing the fourth wall.

DREAM GIRL (CONT'D)
HELP ME!!!

EXT. FOREST, CAMPFIRE - MORNING

Sleeping under a full-length cloak, is KHUTLER, a currently thirty-year-old, he/him/badass warrior armed with an open hand or a clinched fist for those who need it. His one weakness is a trusting nature that clouds better judgment.

KHUTLER
(jolts awake)
Ah!

JUDY (O.S.)
Another dream?

KHUTLER
Yeah.

He grabs the quill and scroll waiting on his lap to note anything he can recall in a fight against the ether.

JUDY (O.S.)
She getting angry?

KHUTLER
Oh, yeah.

Sidling over Khutler's shoulder is his best friend, JUDY, a twenty-nine-year-old, she/her/warrior of great determination and skill that gets unfortunately dwarfed by insecurities.

JUDY
Well, you have left her hanging for a long time.

KHUTLER
Yeah, well, she hasn't given me much to work with.

JUDY
What more clues do you need? She's a girl in an indeterminant space that needs your help. Super simple.
(pause)
Oh, and Sial's over there waiting.

KHUTLER
Just give me one minute.

EXT. FOREST, OPEN FIELD - MORNING

Several feet away is SIAL, a they/them/and absolute unit, whose age, gender, and even species is unknown thanks to an obsidian suit of armor that obscures body and voice.

Sial responds to Khutler with a nod before returning to their stoic, aura farming stance.

EXT. FOREST, CAMPFIRE - MORNING

KHUTLER

Damn. I can't remember the way her flower looked.

JUDY

You talkin' about the coochie?

KHUTLER

No. An actual flower that was over her... And there it goes.

Writing utensils are put inside a POUCH with a sigh.

EXT. FOREST, OPEN FIELD - MORNING

The average-sized Khutler joins the towering Sial inside a ring drawn in the dirt.

KHUTLER

I believe I went first last time.

Another silent nod.

KHUTLER (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

Khutler flings his cloak off, revealing a bare-chested body draped in functional muscle and a right hand gripping a CHAKRAM. While Sial readies a Great Sword with the dimensions of a tree trunk.

Eyelines are met, and as soon as bows are exchanged, Sial starts with an overhead attack that Khutler narrowly dodges.

Combat continues as rules are strictly followed. Ring outs are resolved with resets. Fallen participants are allowed to stand. And turned backs are left unharmed.

JUDY (O.S.)

Ten seconds!

PING! A chakram toss bounces against a boulder before landing around Sial's sword.

In a full sprint, Khutler retakes the chakram. Sparks fly as momentum spins upwards, allowing him to land a spin kick before launching into the sky.

There's some hang time before Khutler crashes back down. CLANK! Their weapons collide in a stalemate. Teeth clinch, and sweat builds as each combatant jockeys for leverage.

EXT. FOREST, CAMPFIRE - MORNING

JUDY

And...

She clanks a spoon against a pot.

EXT. FOREST, OPEN FIELD - MORNING

KHUTLER

Looks like another draw.

Sial nods before weapons are respectively pulled back.

EXT. FOREST, CAMPFIRE - MORNING

Judy dismantles a sundial by removing a dagger from a circle of pebbles, while Khutler extinguishes a campfire.

KHUTLER

You know, there's a question that we've always wanted to ask.

Sial folds their arms.

KHUTLER (CONT'D)

How do you keep finding us?

JUDY

Yeah, especially in a place like this.

SIAL

Ah...

(pause)

I've long wondered when such a query would arise.

Sial loads their giant sword on a horse, causing it to lean.

JUDY

Well?

SIAL
(tightens a strap)
I simply follow the scent of
sacrifice leading towards the
betterment of those who need
defending.

KHUTLER
Are you saying I stink?

JUDY
Sounds like it.

SIAL
Hah, on the contrary--

DAMSEL (O.S.)
Help!!!

Khutler's eyes dart towards the scream.

KHUTLER
Judy, can you--

JUDY
Already on it.

She ties a note to a RAVEN'S foot before setting it free.

SIAL
Duty calls. Or perhaps your dream
maiden is beckoning you forth.

Khutler's fingers cross in silence while Sial's armored
digits clink in response.

KHUTLER
You want in on this?

SIAL
Not this time. Some adventures must
be taken alone.

KHUTLER
Alright, then.

SIAL	KHUTLER (CONT'D)
Until we engage once more, testing our mettle with metal.	Until we engage once more, testing our mettle with metal.

Khutler and Judy sprint away from Sial, leaving a storm of
dirt in their wake.

SIAL (CONT'D)
I wish you luck.