

FADE IN

1 TAVERN. INT. NIGHT.

A dirty tavern filled with barbarians, cut-throats and whores of all species. By the roaring fire, a dwarven bandit compares weapons with a elven warrior. On one of the great DINING TABLES in the centre of the tavern, a group of human bandits gamble with cards among the mugs and food. The sounds of revelry fill the air for miles around.

The door slams open, the sound stopping all noise and movement inside. ERICK stands outlined against the snow outside. He is dressed in furs and leathers, with an enormous sword slung on his back. In one hand, he holds the large severed head of a troll. He grins, the scars on his face highlighted by the light of the fire.

ERICK

A toast! To the greatest barbarian
in all the land, myself!

The tavern erupts into cheers.

Erick strides across the tavern and climbs up onto the dining table. Members of the crowd nudge each other and gesture excitedly at the troll's head.

In one corner of the room, a short figure watches from a table in the corner, obscured by the shadows.

ERICK

Gentlemen and rentable women! I
give you the former king of the
Menhir throne...

A bandit pumps his fist in celebration with his friend standing next to him.

ERICK

The unholy fiend who has
slaughtered our livestock and
terrorised our villages...

A PROSTITUTE hurls her underwear at Erick from the crowd.

PROSTITUTE

I love you Erick!

Enraptured by his own boasting, Erick ignores the underwear as it rebounds off his face.

(CONTINUED)

ERICK

The only creature with breath more
foul than a diseased ox and face
more ugly than my own mother...

In the crowd, a dwarf steals the mug of the distracted barbarian standing next to him and quaffs it down.

Erick holds the head high above him.

ERICK

The troll king Untelbach!

The tavern erupts into celebration. The revelry begins again, this time with Erick as the centre of attention.

Erick strides to the bar. He lays the troll head on the counter with a heavy thump. His cocky grin meets the BARTENDER'S emotionless stare.

ERICK

Barman. A round of ale for everyone
in the tavern! A thirst as mighty
as mine can only be quenched with
the company of others.

(Gesturing at the troll's
head)

This ought to be payment enough.

BARMAN

That'll be twenty-five gold pieces
mate. We don't take trolls as
currency.

Erick reels in shock before quickly regaining his composure.

ERICK

My incredible deeds aren't payment
enough? Far be it from me to pass
judgement on your business. Tell me
barman, is the threat of physical
violence suitable payment?

Erick grasps the wooden counter with one hand. The barman looks down as the wood splinters and cracks in his incredible grip.

BARMAN

T-that'll do nicely, sir.

MONTAGE. ERICK CELEBRATES IN THE TAVERN.

-Erick quaffs from a mug with a group of drunks.

(CONTINUED)

-Erick stands boasting in the centre of the room, a prostitute in each arm. One of the prostitutes grabs his crotch and squeezes. Her eyes widen in fear.

-A muscular bandit struggles to even lift Erick's sword off the table. Erick and a group of bandits laugh at his attempts.

-The mysterious figure still watches from the corner. They lean forward out of the shadows and are revealed to be a female goblin. A smile plays on her lips.

-The prostitute who grabbed Erick's crotch is talking to another woman. Her face is mortified. She holds her hands wide, miming the size of Erick's penis. The other woman clasps her hands over her vagina, wincing as she imagines it inside her.

-The female goblin watches the two prostitutes from across the bar, eavesdropping on the conversation. She shifts her gaze back to Erick. She looks at his face, then down at his crotch. Her face lights up with a wide grin.

-Erick's beaming face, laughing wildly as he revels in the attention of the crowd.

END MONTAGE

2 TAVERN. INT. LATE NIGHT.

The tavern is a mess from a night of partying. What few stragglers remain lay drunk across various tables. Weapons are embedded the walls and furniture is smashed from various fights.

The troll head hangs from ceiling, suspended by a thick rope. Darts stick out of his face which is emblazoned with a crudely drawn bullseye.

Erick still remains wide awake, bragging to a half asleep BANDIT laying with his head on the great dining table.

ERICK

--and having left the troll kings
wife satisfied; I dried myself off,
took the severed head of the king
with me and set back down the
mountain.

(Laughs)

He slaps the bandit on the back jovially.

(CONTINUED)

BANDIT

(weakly)

Ow...

ERICK

I tell you. I've bedded all manner
of women from dwarven to centaur--

(Grabbing his crotch)

Only a troll has a stable large
enough to contain my stallion.

Erick leans back, quaffing more ale. The bandit drools on
the table, no longer listening.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

You're a barbarian, right?

Erick looks around for the source of the voice.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Down here.

Erick looks down. It's the female goblin, standing
impatiently with her hand on her sizable hips. She looks up
at him, her head coming just over the top of the table. A
leather satchel is slung over her shoulder. The loincloth
she wears around her waist stretches tightly around her wide
hips. She wears nothing on her torso, exposing her petite
breasts.

ERICK

Not a barbarian, goblin. *The*
barbarian. Erick; son of Olaf,
wielder of the Stone Sword of the
Mountain, lover of all that I see.
You would do well to remember the
name.

FEMALE GOBLIN

You should remember mine. I am
Hippocratia of the Northern
Underwood clan.

Erick eyes her satchel.

ERICK

You are a healer?

HIPPOCRATIA

I am. I couldn't help but hear
about your victory. How was your
fight with Untelbach? You must be
tired.

(CONTINUED)

ERICK

That I am. He was a worthy opponent but was no match for my strength and my sword.

HIPPOCRATIA

His army has been rampaging through our forests for quite some time. I offer you my sincerest thanks. Is there anything I can do to repay you?

ERICK

In killing the troll king I have satisfied my bloodlust. In laying with his wife, I have satisfied all other types of lust. I am in no need of further payment.

HIPPOCRATIA

Fighting a troll isn't easy, let alone a troll king. You must have some pretty bad injuries.

ERICK

That is true. The vile fiend almost tore my leg off and stuck his claws right into my shoulder. Luckily he missed my drinking arm.

Erick picks up a mug from the table and examines it's insides. Disappointed, he hurls the empty mug back over his shoulder.

HIPPOCRATIA

It's only a small token of my appreciation but if you come with me, I can heal your wounds for you.

Erick looks her up and down. He grabs a mug from the table and inspects it. Pleased with what he finds, drains the remaining ale in a single gulp and slams it back down on the table.

He stands up. His crotch comes eye level with Hippocratia's head. She eyes it intensely.

ERICK

Lead the way, healer. My wounds are many and my bladder is full. I hope your refuge offers services enough to take care of both.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOCRATIA

It's a little way from here.
Direwolves have been spotted near
the forest recently but I'm sure
that's nothing to a tough man like
you.

Erick thumps his chest and hefts his sword into the scabbard
on his back.

ERICK

Take note of who you are dealing
with, healer. Erick, son of Olaf,
is more than a match for any man,
woman or beast.

Erick strides out the door and into the snowy night.

Hippocratia eyes him off, her face alight with a mischievous
smile.

HIPPOCRATIA

(to herself)

We'll see about that, barbarian.

Hippocratia walks out the door to follow him.

The bandit snores loudly. Gracefully, he slides off the
table and onto the floor.

3 FOREST. EXT. LATE NIGHT.

A crude, squat cabin is nestled among the thick trees. Light
filters out through the small windows, illuminating the snow
outside.

ERICK (O.S)

You have my thanks, healer. Your
hospitality is greatly appreciated.

4 CABIN. INT. LATE NIGHT

It's a crude cabin, lacking any flooring but the bare earth.
Animal pelts almost cover the walls inside the cabin. On one
side of the cabin, a roaring fireplace. On the other, an oak
bench covered in potions, ingredients and magical implements
crafted out of natural materials.

Erick lounges on a large pile of furs, his back against the
wall. Hippocratia tends to an iron pot on the fire.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOCRATIA

Like I said. This is only a small token of my gratitude towards the man who defeated the King of the Menhir Throne.

ERICK

(Laughs)

For me, it is all in a days work. For anyone else, it would take a whole summer!

Erick winces as he shifts in his seat.

Hippocratia pulls the pot from the fire and lays it on the ground next to Erick.

She reaches for his tunic. He sharply leans away.

HIPPOCRATIA

Oh please, I'm not going to hurt you.

Erick holds his guard momentarily. He relaxes.

Slowly, Hippocratia removes his tunic, leaving his loin cloth on.

HIPPOCRATIA

You must be exhausted. Here.

She takes a rag from a nearby pile and dips it into the warm water in the pot.

SEXUAL CONTENT - FOREPLAY

During this sequence, Hippocratia will be washing Erick with warm water. This is the overture to their sexual encounter. Particular importance should be given to Hippocratia's washing of his muscular chest and arms.

Erick will be oblivious to the sexual undertones of the washing. Hippocratia will be aware of the sexual undertones and is knowingly instigating further sexual content.

The washing should be slow and deliberate. Lingering on sensitive areas. The washing slowly moves down towards his crotch.

It jumps past his crotch and begins again at his feet, slowly moving back up his legs.

Hippocratia moves her hand underneath his loincloth. Erick bolts upright.

(CONTINUED)

ERICK

You offered to heal me, wash me and feed me. Had I know you had an ulterior motive, I would not have come here.

HIPPOCRATIA

Really? If you want to leave, you can see where the door is.

Erick hesitates.

ERICK

What do you want, healer? Tell me the truth or I will dash your head upon the cold, hard ground.

HIPPOCRATIA

Oh, I love a big strong man!

As she speaks, she walks behind him. She sensuously wraps her hands around his head from behind.

HIPPOCRATIA

All your bragging and boasting. It makes it better when I've got you begging on your knees for me.

ERICK

You wish to lay with me? Ha! To try and contain a mighty oak such as mine in such a little flowerpot? You would be torn asunder.

Erick removes himself from her embrace and stands up.

ERICK

I appreciate your hospitality and your bravery. But you are only a woman and I am much more than a man. I think I should find different lodgings for the night.

Erick moves to leave.

SERIES OF SHOTS - A RAPID FLURRY OF MOVEMENT.

-Hippocrates kicks Erick's knees from behind.

-He buckles.

-She grabs his neck and pulls him down onto his knees.

-She sharply pulls him backwards against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

-She quickly traces her finger on the wall, leaving a glowing sigil behind.

-Erick lunges for his sword.

-Hippocratia punches him in the face, momentarily dazing him.

-She slams her hand down on the sigil.

-The wall sparks where her hand hits it.

-There is a burst of light.

CUT TO BLACK

5 CABIN. INT. LATE NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN.

ERICK (O.S)

(Weakly)

I didn't think a healer could be so strong.

CUT IN

The same cabin.

Erick now sits back against the wall, his arms raised high above his head. A thick pair of iron shackles now secures Erick's arms to the wall by means of a large chain looped through a hook. His legs are stretched out front of him.

Hippocratia leans on him, one leg pressed on his chest.

HIPPOCRATIA

A single goblin was responsible for ending the seige of Mir'han Keep. You never even stood a chance.

Erick makes a token pull on his chains to test their resistance.

HIPPOCRATIA

It's not worth trying. This is ancient magic. Those chains could hold a minotaur down in rutting season.

She runs a finger down his chest and towards his crotch. She lightly runs her finger along his loincloth, across the visible bulge where his penis is.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOCRATIA

I tested it myself.

ERICK

I stand by my word healer. I am flattered by your advances and am not surprised at all. You are only a woman and would find it hard to resist my masculine charms and feats of strength. But the mighty slab of meat that is my curse would destroy a minuscule body such as yours.

HIPPOCRATIA

Oh, I love it when you big tough barbarians talk like that. All tough and filled with bravado. It makes it so much more fun to break you.

She suddenly grabs his head, pulling it forward until it is buried in her crotch.

SEXUAL CONTENT - CUNNILINGUS

During this sequence, Hippocratia will be forcing Erick to perform cunnilingus. Having previously established Erick as a very strong, masculine character, the focus will be on Hippocratia taking her intended place as the dominant person in this sexual encounter.

As Hippocratia is roughly half Erick's size, she will be standing upright and grinding her genitals on Erick's face. She will essentially be using Erick's face as an object to dry-hump. Erick will be resisting at first.

Hippocratia will be forcing Erick's movement by holding his hair, pulling on it to dictate his movement.

Erick's resistance should be slowly eroded until he is eagerly performing cunnilingus on Hippocratia.

When Hippocratia finally pulls away, Erick is fully aroused.

ERICK

You have made a persuasive argument, healer. Undo my chains and lay down. I promise that I will be a gentle but enthusiastic lover.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOCRATIA

(Laughs)

You still think you're in control?

She reaches down and rips off his loincloth, revealing his erect penis.

She grabs it firmly by the shaft and squeezes it hard.

Erick silently screams and shakes from the incredible pain.

HIPPOCRATIA

You can't handle what I can do to you.