

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

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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.