

EXT. A MEDIEVAL PATHWAY - DAY

GIDEON, a young bard, walks along a dusty path, carrying a lute on his back. He appears to be muttering to himself.

GIDEON

"Oh, Gideon, my poor, foolish self.  
What was I thinking, becoming a bard  
in this day and age? In a world  
where swords and shields reign  
supreme, what use is there for a  
mere singer of songs and teller of  
tales?"

He stops and looks around.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

"No, instead I should have been born  
a blacksmith or a farmer, for those  
are the skills that people truly  
value. But no, I had to go and  
choose the path of the artist, the  
path of the dreamer and the  
romantic."

He sighs.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

"Perhaps I should take up arms and  
become a knight like Sir Pontiac or  
Sir Torus, then people would finally  
take notice of me. Ha! Can you  
imagine it? Gentle Gideon, charging  
into battle with a sword in hand?"

He shakes his head.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

"No, I fear I shall have to content  
myself with the simple pleasures of  
music and poetry, and hope that one  
day, someone shall appreciate my  
talents. Until then, I shall sing  
and play and dream, and hope that  
the world shall be kind to this  
humble bard."

Gideon continues down the path, strumming a few chords on his lute as he goes.

Suddenly, Gideon hears a commotion from behind some bushes. Before he can react, THREE CRIMINALS emerge from the foliage, stumbling over each other like the Three Stooges.

CRIMINAL 1

Hey there, pretty boy! What brings you to our neck of the woods?

Gideon backs away slowly, eyeing the trio warily.

GIDEON

I was just passing through. I mean you no harm.

CRIMINAL 2

Oh, we don't believe that for a second. You look like a rich man to us. And where there's money, there's always trouble.

CRIMINAL 3

Yeah, so hand over your valuables, and maybe we'll let you go.

Gideon raises his hands in surrender.

GIDEON

I have nothing of value on me, I swear.

CRIMINAL 1

(brandishing a knife)

Oh, we'll be the judge of that. Strip him of his clothes, boys!

The Three Stooges close in on Gideon, who struggles to fend them off. They manage to overpower him and tie him up, all the while making bumbling and comedic mistakes.

CRIMINAL 2

(to Gideon)

Now, listen up, pretty boy. We're gonna give you one chance to tell us where your money is. And if you don't, we might just have to... hurt you a little.

CRIMINAL 3

(smacking his fist into his open palm)

Yeah, hurt you real bad.

GIDEON

(struggling against his ropes)

I swear, I have no money! I'm just a humble bard!

CRIMINAL 1

(skeptical)

A bard, huh? What good is a bard to us?

GIDEON

(pulling out his lute)

Well, I can sing you a song, if you'd like. It might cheer you up.

The Three Stooges exchange a look, then burst out laughing.

CRIMINAL 2

(guffawing)

Sing us a song? That's rich!

Gideon is catching his breath after being released by the Three Stooges when SIR GALL, a formidable knight, walks by the scene. He notices one of the criminals is wearing a watch, which catches his attention.

SIR GALL

(eyeing the watch)

That's an interesting trinket you've got there.

CRIMINAL 2

(startled)

Who the hell are you?

SIR GALL

(pulling out his sword)

I'm the one who's about to relieve you of your ill-gotten gains.

The Three Stooges try to attack Sir Gall, but he easily overcomes them with a few quick slashes of his sword. Gideon watches in awe as the knight dispatches the criminals without saying a word or even looking at him.

When the dust settles, Sir Gall picks up the body of one of the criminals, hoping to retrieve the watch. But when he realizes it is a fake, he tosses the body and the watch aside, without a second glance.

SIR GALL

(disgusted)

Worthless. All of it.

He sheathes his sword and walks away, leaving Gideon standing there in shock.

GIDEON  
(stammering)  
Th-thank you, sir! You saved my  
life!

GIDEON  
Can I at least know the name of the  
brave knight who saved me?

Sir Gall finally looks up from the dead criminals and gives  
Gideon a once-over before answering.

SIR GALL  
(somewhat disinterested)  
I am Sir Gall, knight of the realm.

GIDEON  
(wide-eyed)  
Sir Gall? The famous knight of the  
King's Court?

Sir Gall doesn't correct him and simply continues rifling  
through the criminals' belongings.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Oh, how lucky I am to be saved by  
such a noble knight!

But Sir Gall doesn't seem interested in Gideon's gratitude or  
admiration. Instead, he seems solely focused on his own  
interests, searching through the dead criminals' pockets for  
anything of value.

GIDEON  
(excitedly)  
Sir Gall, you don't understand!  
These men were wanted criminals,  
masterminds from the far north! The  
king's men have been searching for  
them for weeks!

Sir Gall looks up from his search, unimpressed.

SIR GALL  
(disinterested)  
Is that so?

GIDEON  
(nodding)  
Yes! You have done a great service  
to the kingdom by taking them down!  
They will sing your name from the  
towers, Sir Gall!

Sir Gall just grunts in response, still focused on his search. Gideon continues to try to engage him, but the knight seems uninterested in conversation.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

I can see it now, a grand ball in your honor, with all the lords and ladies of the land in attendance! And you, Sir Gall, the hero of the hour!

But Sir Gall just scoffs, his attention drawn to a small pouch he has just found.

SIR GALL

(muttering to himself)

This might be worth something.

Gideon watches as Sir Gall pockets the pouch, feeling a sense of disappointment that the knight seems more interested in loot than in praise or gratitude.

FADE TO BLACK.