

EXT. A FOREST PATHWAY - DAY

GIDEON, a young bard, walks along the road, 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.

Gideon raises his hands in surrender.

GIDEON

I have nothing of value on me, I
swear.

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.