

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Open on a clearing in a dense FOREST. An ADVENTURER holds a dented and scratched up SWORD and a SHIELD as they stand with their back to the camera. Facing off against them is what can only be described as a MONSTER with a huge round body made of OOZE.

The ADVENTURER moves clumsily as they swing at the MONSTER. They get a few good hits in before the MONSTER rears up and then they stumble backwards, their foot catching on a rock.

As they fall over, we finally see their face--they are THRERDON, age 19. They have one of those baby faces that make people get carded at bars well into their thirties. Said face is currently sporting a mixture of blood, dirt, sweat, and anxiety as the MONSTER looms over them. It is apparent that they may have bitten off more than they can chew. THRERDON scrambles to their feet and rushes forward with the last of their strength, slashing the MONSTER in half.

At this point, the OOZE forming the MONSTER melts into a puddle on the ground. Sparkling text that reads "Level Up!" appears above THRERDON'S head.

A pile of copper COINS sits in the middle of the puddle where the MONSTER stood. THRERDON scoops them up, shaking the bits of remaining ooze off. The sun is setting as they trudge out of the clearing.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The sun has fully set, and THRERDON has left the FOREST and walked to a TOWN. The cobblestone streets are lined with medieval buildings and bustling with HUMANS, ELVES, GNOMES, FAIRIES and even the occasional CENTAUR.

THRERDON wanders down the street with their COINS in hand. Many of the storefronts they pass by are closing for the night, but one building in particular, at the end of the street, remains open.

Warm light spills from a humble TAVERN in a Tudor style. Laughter and singing can be heard from outside. THRERDON enters.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

ADVENTURERS and COMMONERS alike sit at large round tables spread throughout the room. A few people are gathered around a warm fireplace in the corner.

There is a BULLETIN BOARD hanging on the wall with HELP WANTED signs, BOUNTIES and advertisements for BARD performances.

THRERDON settles down on a stool at the bar. As they twiddle their fingers, waiting for the BARTENDER to turn around, one of the regulars turns to them.

This is GUMGUG THE SINGLE-TUSKED, an orcish woman in her early forties. True to her name, she has but one tusk peeking out from her lower lip on the right side of her mouth. The left side bears a scar that extends about an inch onto her cheek. Where THRERDON's face shows uncertainty and inexperience, hers shows an easy confidence that comes with years of braving dungeons.

GUMGUG

Haven't seen you here before. Are you with the guild?

THRERDON

What? Uh, no. No, I'm just--new.

GUMGUG

You must be pretty low level then.

THRERDON

You could say that, yeah.

GUMGUG chuckles.

GUMGUG

Well, I recommend the blackberry ale. You're old enough, right?

THRERDON

(Coughing nervously)  
Of course I am.

As the BARTENDER turns, mugs in hand, we exit the cutscene and enter character customization for the protagonist--the BARTENDER and owner of the TAVERN.