

FANTASY-COMEDY WRITING TEST

Written by

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Task - Write a brief comedic scene set in a fantasy universe. It should take place in between battles (the party has perhaps made camp, or is traveling, or gathering supplies-something that occurs during down time). The two characters involved are a stubborn barbarian and an egotistical bard.

Content - I wrote two different examples depending on desired length. The first is a quick exchange after a battle between the two characters, Fabian and Erika, and only contains dialogue. The second is a dedicated scene that would take place during downtime back at camp, and contains both dialogue and action.

DIALOGUE EXCHANGE:

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY - AFTER A BATTLE

The heroes sheathe their weapons after a battle.

FABIAN

Excellent work, everyone! Erika, you must tell me how someone so small can hold so much fury.

ERIKA

As soon as you tell me how you can be so insufferable.

FABIAN

Insufferability is a prerequisite skill in my line of work, actually. Along with an extensive vocabulary, a beautiful face, and an ear for rhythm.

ERIKA

And which of those explains why we're chased out of every town by red-faced nobles and their blushing spouses?

FABIAN

Why, all of them, my pint-sized paragon of petulance.

DEDICATED SCENE:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The campfire crackles in the distance, breaking the loud silence of hoots and screeches that make up the night's atmosphere from the nearby forest.

FABIAN, 27, human bard dressed in the nicest trousers and shirt she could steal off the squalor-district's clothing line, drinks wine from an ornate goblet as she walks to the camp's outskirts.

ERIKA, 34, dwarf barbarian in tightly wrapped exercise clothes, is doing pushups after a long day's fight, the dried blood still caked onto her face and arms.

FABIAN

I suppose now's as good a time to
train as any?

Erika responds through grunts of effort as she continues her
pushups.

ERIKA

Muscles don't grow on trees.

FABIAN

And apt analogies don't seem to
sprout from dwarfs, either. It's
surprising to see you still have so
much energy after today. I mean,
I'm exhausted.

ERIKA

I didn't know running and hiding
was so 'exhausting'.

FABIAN

And cowering. You can't forget the
cowering.

Fabian smiles and takes a sip of her wine.

FABIAN (CONT'D)

You can't expect much else from me,
my dear. I must keep my flesh
unblemished, and my quills unbroken
if I am to regale the world with my
tales of heroism and adventure.

Erika finishes her pushups and gets to her feet. She wipes
the sweat from her brow.

ERIKA

Let me know when you accomplish
any.

Erika turns to leave. Fabian speaks quickly, her words
chasing after the dwarf.

FABIAN

Not all of us have the strength of
your unbridled rage, you know.

Erika stops.

ERIKA

It isn't strength.

FABIAN

Oh, come now. I *wish* my art was as simple as letting my emotions get the better of me, but I have to practice control. Reign in my feelings so I can better translate them to the page. That is the curse of a true poet.

ERIKA

If you're as good at poetry as you are at slacking off, you're well on your way to being world class.

FABIAN

Why thank you. Perhaps one day you will achieve the fame I am destined for as well. Or perhaps not...

Fabian brings the goblet of wine to her mouth, smiling at Erika's back.

FABIAN (CONT'D)

I hear there's a height requirement for legends.

Erika flips around, her rage contorting her sweat-slick face, and sprints the distance between her and Fabian. Erika kicks the bard's leg, sending Fabian to her knees and her goblet to the ground.

Erika grabs Fabian by the scruff of her shirt.

FABIAN (CONT'D)

Careful! These are *delicate*.

ERIKA

They're not the only delicate thing around here!

Fabian wraps her hand over Erika's fist and smiles.

FABIAN

My dear Erika, who could you possibly be talking about besides yourself?

Erika shakes her head, her quick rage subsiding as she regains control. She releases Fabian, who pushes herself to her feet.

ERIKA

Why do you goad me, Fabian?
Tonight, earlier today, that
business with the gelatinous cube-

FABIAN

-Tyrell.

ERIKA

You're always pushing me. Why? And
don't give me one of your usual
half-assed answers.

FABIAN

But what if the truth *is* half-
assed?

Erika squints at Fabian.

ERIKA

Then lie.

Fabian dusts off her knees, then picks up the goblet from the
ground and raises it to her mouth. Disappointed, she turns it
over, empty, and sighs.

FABIAN

We're all on this grand quest-the
type to rival Revaldo himself-
and...and no one will *listen* to me.

ERIKA

In their defense, you never stop
talking.

FABIAN

True, true, but that's who I am,
Erika. I'm a bard, my entire
profession is talking, and singing,
and...

ERIKA

Homewrecking?

FABIAN

If the occasion calls for it. My
point is, I'm not like you, or
Estos, or Plimey. I don't hack and
slash and cast, I talk. I distract.
I bolster. It's the one thing I'm
good at, and none of the others let
me *do* it.

ERIKA
So, what, you pester me because I
let you?

FABIAN
Precisely! And because, quite
frankly, if I don't pester someone,
I'm likely to spontaneously
combust.

Fabian stares past Erika with a face of mock horror.

FABIAN (CONT'D)
Just like Tyrell.

Erika turns back to the fire, the rest of the group laughing
and talking around its crackle.

ERIKA
I need a drink.

Erika walks toward the fire, Fabian deflating behind her. She
pauses to look back at the bard.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
You coming?

Fabian nearly leaps after Erika, smiling. Soon she's in step
as they both walk toward the fire.

FABIAN
Don't worry, Erika. If the hamster
Tibult the Great can be a hero of
legend at his stature, there's
still hope for you.

ERIKA
Thanks.

FABIAN
So long as you hit a growth spurt.