

Imagine a world where great treasures are guarded by terrifying and unknown forces. Where insidious plots from treacherous villains threaten the very core of one's being.

Only the boldest adventurers dare enter here. Spurred by the thrill of the hunt and the wonders that await, these Heroes are on a quest for beauty, truth, and the realization of their wildest dreams.

This is the world of Fantasy Role-Playing. This is the world of Dating.
And this is the world of ...

Primary Attributes



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CONTENTS

<i>Treatment</i>	2
<i>Main Characters</i>	4
<i>David/Daltenean</i>	4
<i>Travis/Túren</i>	5
<i>Kelly/Kolgroth</i>	6
<i>Amanda/Maali</i>	7
<i>Lance</i>	8
<i>Season 1 ~ Supporting Characters</i>	8
<i>Season 1 ~ Episode Summaries</i>	9
<i>Seasons 2~5 Summaries</i>	10
<i>Episode 1: Pilot</i>	11
<i>Episode 2: Inn their Element</i>	21
<i>Episode 3: Breakout</i>	31

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TREATMENT

In Fantasy Role-Playing Games (RPGs), players assume the roles of fantastic fictional characters—rogue elves or cleric dwarves, dragons, wizards, giants, or trolls. Dice rolls determine the success or failure of attacks and other actions.

There's a stereotype about the people who play RPGs. That they're loser virgins with no social skills. That they collect comic books and *Star Wars* figurines. That they obsess over the advancement of their Level 23 elf wizards and mourn them when they die. These are characters we typically see portrayed in movies and TV—the ones we can laugh at, the ones who are far removed from reality.

But there's a whole other side—a counter-stereotype—which gets hardly any treatment at all. Yes, these RPGers were dorks in high school, but they went to good colleges where they became smart and dorky and cool all at the same time, where they drank beer and got laid, and then, when they graduated, returned to this hobby, which lets them geek out with friends for a few hours a week.

Primary Attributes follows **these** people.

Primary Attributes is a Web series that follows two womanizers: David, who loves the game of scoring with women he barely knows, and Travis, who's looking for more but finds himself stuck in a rut. They play *Dungeons & Dragons* at the home of Lance (the dungeon master) and his wife, Amanda, a big girl with a lot to prove. Rounding out the team is Kelly, a rebellious anarchist who's trying something new.

The series splits time between the real world and the RPG fantasy world our heroes have created. Each eight-minute episode—and the series as a whole—follows two parallel storylines, with the fantasy world's violent, grandiose quests reflecting the gamers' real-life conflicts. And as their fantasy characters overcome epic trials by fire, the gamers overcome their own challenges, growing as individuals and advancing their “primary attributes.”

The core audience for *Primary Attributes* is the tabletop gaming market: teens and young adults between the ages of 12 and 39, who spend an estimated \$1.2 billion a year on books, figurines, and other merchandise, with Wizards of the Coast (the makers of *Dungeons & Dragons* and *Magic: The Gathering*) occupying half of those sales. The people who fall into this category form a tightly-knit community, being well-connected to social media and online forums and sharing ideas, quests, characters, and so on. A popular thread on the *Dungeons & Dragons* forum can receive as many as 15,000 pageviews per day, and monthly visits to “forums.ddo.com” total approximately 1.3 million. The *Dungeons & Dragons* Facebook page reached 228,000 fans in February 2011, up 50% in only two months.

Also in the target demographic are the 2.25 million people who “play or have played” tabletop games but do not do so on a monthly basis, the 16 million who play computer RPGs like *World of Warcraft*, and the rapidly growing “Euro” board game market.

These hyper-targeted market environments would be an ideal place to promote the series and build a dedicated fan base. *The Guild*, which reaches a similar audience, has received between 300,000 and 5 million viewers per episode.

MAIN CHARACTERS

DAVID/DALTENEAN

DAVID

Race: Asian-American

Employment: Level 3 Tech Support (this week)

Education: B.B.A. Management, University of Southern California

Birthplace: Laguna Beach, CA

Age: 25

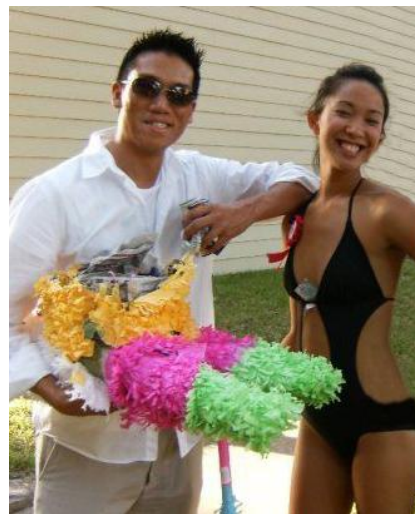
Height: 6' 0"

Weight: 170 lbs

David is, in no uncertain terms, a manslut. He looks for sex constantly, gets it more often than not, and will sleep with anyone or anything.

David learned how to pick up women by watching shows like VH1's *The Pickup Artist* and reading e-books by modern-day Casanovas who have seduction techniques down to a science. He's not above plying girls with drinks, acting like he doesn't give a shit about them, or using dishonest, manipulative tactics to get a girl into bed ("You want to be a writer?! I used to write for *The Tonight Show* before the whole Conan O'Brien fiasco!") Of course, his good looks and well-cut chest certainly don't hurt.

Passionate and totally in the moment to the exclusion of most anything else, David is an asshole who embraces his assholishness. But through it all he's so goddamn charming that people put up with it. And on top of all of that, he's uncommonly brilliant. He can talk himself into any high level job, and do it exceedingly well . . . until he gets bored, and, shortly thereafter, fired.



DALTENEAN

Race: Elf

Class: Rogue

Level: 8

Birthplace: Aphelian Woods

Age: 64

Height: 6' 1"

Weight: 185 lbs

David's RPG character, Daltenean, is an elven rogue (thief). If David is ruled by the id, Daltenean is id on steroids. This is the character who starts fights just for the hell of it, charging into battle "Leroy Jenkins" style and driving much of the action and conflict. In that sense, he is a constant antagonist through the characters' quests.

At 64, Daltenean is young (for an elf), which David uses to explain his characters' immature actions. But really, he's just a jerk.

TRAVIS/TÚREN

TRAVIS

Race: Caucasian

Employment: Programmer

Education: B.S. Computer Science, University of Texas at Austin

Birthplace: Houston, TX

Age: 31

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 170 lbs



Travis has a stable job, likes routine, and is introspective about his life and matters of the heart. Although he's just as schooled as David in psychological seduction techniques, he's not quite as eager to use them, choosing instead to perfect the ask-her-tens-of-questions-and-let-her-talk-about-herself approach to picking up women. But really, now that he's 31, Travis finds the clubbing scene to be more of a habit than anything else, and he's looking for more (though he'd never tell David that).

Travis is a master of cerebral games. Playing chess? He'll tell you exactly why the Philidor Defense isn't popular today. Playing Scrabble? He knows every 2- and 3-letter word and a hundred obscure-but-useful 7-letter words. And if you're unlucky enough to be playing him in poker, you'll wake up after two hours to find that he somehow got ahold of all your chips. But his real preference are the "hardcore Euro games" like Caylus and Power Grid, which he can't even play with his friends anymore because they don't stand a chance.



TÚREN

Race: Dwarf

Class: Cleric

Level: 7

Birthplace: Ironmarch Mountains

Age: 124

Height: 4' 8"

Weight: 240 lbs

Travis' alter-ego, Túren, is a dwarven cleric. Though he's got plenty of attitude, he's ultimately patient, mundane, and logical, much like Travis himself. As a result, he finds himself in a mediator role, smoothing over many of the group's problems and healing their wounds—both physical and emotional—when David gets them into trouble. Túren's role as the party healer often overshadows his other qualities as a leader and fighter, much to Travis' dismay. Travis sees the dwarf as a complex personality with subtle nuances that are usually completely ignored by the rest of the party. When he thinks, "I have something insightful and interesting to contribute to this situation." The rest of the party responds with, "Shut up and heal us now."

KELLY/KOLGROTH

KELLY

Race: Caucasian

Employment: Barista (at a local place—NOT STARBUCKS!!)

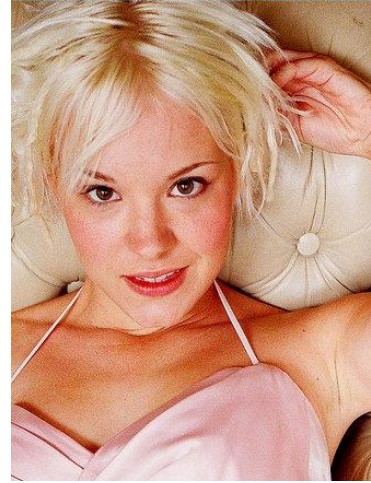
Education: Government Junior, University of Texas at Austin

Birthplace: Plano, TX

Age: 24

Height: 5' 2"

Weight: 105 lbs



Kelly listens to local alt-rock, shops at indie stores, and spends her weeknights with her ultra-feminist friends watching reruns of *The L-Word*. That is, when she's not volunteering for a political campaign or writing letters at the behest of Amnesty International.

After a semester of nonstop partying—with the grades to reflect it—Kelly's parents cut her off, and she's been in and out of school ever since; working at a coffee shop, saving up money, and taking a few classes at a time. A master at civil disobedience, she's already been to jail on more than one occasion and is good friends with the staff at the Texas ACLU. Once she graduates she'll do more of the same, managing a friend's doomed-from-the-start election campaign.

The only person in this group of gamers not to score in the 99th percentile on the math SAT, Kelly is not a born gamer. Though she'd never sleep with David or Travis, she's painfully sexy and flirtatious and acts as their wingman, helping ply girls with drinks, which makes her "one of the guys." One of the guys they'd totally fuck, given half the chance.



KOLGROTH

Race: Cyclops

Class: Barbarian

Level: 6

Birthplace: Kolgroth Valley

Age: 16

Height: 7' 4"

Weight: 320 lbs

Kelly's RPG-character, Kolgroth, is a Cyclops. Raised by Barbarians, he's big, dumb, and monstrosly strong, and can always be counted on to bring pure brawn to any fight. To pummel his opponents he uses only his giant fists, plus the occasional improvised weapon: a chair, a tree limb, or the head of another opponent.

Kolgroth symbolizes Kelly's feeling of impotence—her desire to impact her surroundings, while nevertheless feeling like there's nothing she can do. For all of Kolgroth's brawn, he never contributes anything to the planning phase of a fight, which is to be expected of a character whose shoe size is bigger than his IQ.

AMANDA/MAALI

AMANDA

Race: Caucasian

Employment: Dance Instructor

Education: B.A. Psychology, University of Pennsylvania

Birthplace: Stanton, PA

Age: 35

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 280 lbs

At 5'4, 280 lbs, some would say Amanda's seen a couple cheeseburgers too many. But if she heard you say that, she'd kick your ass. She's very athletic, very smart, very feminist, and very opinionated. Once, when a local news anchor challenged her on the air, she lashed out so hard that they had to cut to commercial before the host burst into tears.



Amanda runs a dance studio and a blog called Dance Your Fat Ass Off, which says in no uncertain terms that yes, it is possible to be healthy even if you don't look like a toothpick. She is the world's only plus-size professional tango and salsa dancer, a black belt in Kung Fu, a brown belt in Brazilian Jiu Jitsu, and can bench 300 lbs and do the full splits.

So yeah. Tell her she needs to lose weight. See how that one goes.



MAALI

Race: Elf

Class: Wizard

Level: 8

Birthplace: The Shining City

Age: 168

Height: 5' 11"

Weight: 165 lbs

Amanda's alter-ego, Maali, is an elf wizard and a regulation super-hottie. Born into a class of High Elves with noble ancestry, she was selected from a young age to train in the mystical arts, and ultimately earning the greatest honor a Shining Elf can receive: a staff that was carved from a bough of the Tree of Shining Souls. The staff is said to conjure the energy of the great High Elves, who are buried under the ancient Tree.

Cool and calculating, Maali's favorite "weapon" is a transmogrification spell that morphs her into any form she pleases—a tactic that's gotten the gang out of hot water on more than one occasion.

LANCE

LANCE

Race: African American

Employment: Actuary

Education: B.S. Actuarial Science,
University of Pennsylvania

Birthplace: Philadelphia, PA

Age: 34

Height: 6' 3"

Weight: 310 lbs



Lance is Amanda's husband and the group's Dungeon Master, the guy who hosts every game, builds every obstacle, and creates the stories that weave the other characters through their tale.

Lance and Amanda met in college. He was a center on the football team, taking swing dancing lessons to improve his footwork in the offseason. She was a teacher's assistant. They hit it off like mac and cheese.

Like all dungeon masters, Lance is creative but a control freak. But while he tries to direct everything, he succeeds in directing nothing. A constant source of frustration for him is that he builds elaborate settings for the characters' quests—including models to illustrate the point—and most of it goes unexplored. "The joke's on me" is the theme of his life.

Nowhere is that more prevalent than in his relationship with his mother, who moved to Austin to be close to him, and now lives three houses over. He visits her constantly, and she's the one to whom he laments his ongoing frustration.

SEASON 1 ~ SUPPORTING CHARACTERS

LINDSAY – A former "conquest" of David's, she had a one-night stand with him a month before the series begins, and then comes back, claiming she's pregnant. She wants money from him to help pay for her abortion—except that she's not pregnant, she's just scamming him, and David ends up going to great lengths to prove this fact.

MERL – In the second episode, Daltenean kills a bartender. Later, the bartender proves to be an important person, and when they go to the morgue to find his body, they discover that it's disappeared. It turns out, Merl is still alive, he's actually a she, and she's the queen—and the "boss"—who they need to kill. Again. And again. And then one more time.

SEASON 1 ~ EPISODE SUMMARIES (8-10 MINUTE SEGMENTS)

Episode 1: Pilot – Opening in a comic book shop, a nerd and the cashier spouts incomprehensible comic book garbage at each other, with Kelly trying her best to look interested. David interrupts the guy, pointing him out for being the douche that he is, and Kelly decides to ditch the nerd to join David and Travis at their D&D game. We witness the birth of Kolgroth—Kelly’s D&D character—and his introduction to the “Heroes” as they begin to head out on their quest to find an inn somewhere in the woods.

Episode 2: Inn their Element – The Heroes arrive at the inn. Daltenean (David) suddenly and without provocation stabs the bartender in the chest. A gold piece is apparently too much for a pint of ale. This launches a full-scale barfight, which ends with Daltenean unconscious and being hauled off to jail while the other three teleport themselves to safety. At that point, David bolts because he’s got a date, and we see him in his element: plying her with drinks, acting terribly charming, and using Kelly as his wingman to get his date into bed. The next morning, David comes home to find a previous one-night-stand (Lindsay) waiting outside his door. She’s pregnant.

Episode 3: Breakout – Lindsay isn’t looking for a baby-daddy, she just wants David to pay his half of the abortion. For a moment, David is relieved, and is getting ready to pay up, but he quickly realizes that there’s something suspicious going on, so he insists on going with her to the clinic—which she clearly doesn’t want. Cut to the Heroes, who break Daltenean out of the Harlton jail, using a combination of brute force and an ingenious plot conceived by Maali, the elven wizard. Of course, they end up drawing quite a bit of attention to themselves in the process, which angers Travis (Túren) not a little.

Episode 4: Having a Blast – Running from an angry mob in Harlton, the Heroes take shelter inside a cave. Daltenean, already bored because they’ve gone minutes without a battle, sets a trap, which only ends up injuring his fellow Heroes. Túren comes to the rescue, ever the healer of injuries and emotions. Back in the real world, David and Travis crash a party. A huge hit with the ladies, Travis goes to bed with a girl, while David, acting like an asshole, gets into a fistfight. They all get their asses kicked.

Episode 5: Endless Caverns – Inside the cave, the Heroes find a king, who’s looking for evidence to prove that his wife is traitorous. He tells them to go find Merl, the barkeep at the inn outside Harlton (from Episode 2). In real life, the guys have cuts and bruises on their faces from the fight. They all tease David for being a “daddy.” Lindsay shows up and says she’s already gotten the abortion, and just wants the money. David refuses to give it, now convinced more than ever that she’s scamming him, and works to hatch a plan that will prove it.

Episode 6: Solving Mysteries – David and Kelly follow Lindsay from her home to a bar, and they watch her go home with someone else. When she leaves the next morning, David knocks on the door of the house she just left, and introduces himself to the lucky resident. They trade cell phone numbers, David telling the guy that if Lindsay comes by saying she’s pregnant, to call him. In the D&D world, the Heroes go to the morgue, only to discover that Merl’s body disappeared a few hours after it arrived.

Episode 7: Facing the Demons – A month has passed since the group last played D&D. Returning to their quest, the Heroes go from the morgue to the inn, where they are most certainly recognized as the people who started the brawl before. Tensions rise and they come face-to-face with Merl, the bartender they’d previously killed, who has now magically come back to life. Just as they’re starting the fight, David gets a phone call from the guy in Episode 6: Lindsay is back. David rushes over there and comes face to face with ***his*** nemesis.

Episode 8: The Boss Fight – David gets right in Lindsay’s face. “What terrible luck,” he says, “that you’ve gotten pregnant not once but twice with guys you met at a bar who used a condom. What are the odds?!” Lindsay runs, humiliated. David leaves, immensely satisfied. Returning to the D&D game, the Heroes are in the middle of the tavern, battling the queen who just won’t die. Finally, they kill her, only to discover that maybe her so-called “treason” was justified after all.

SEASONS 2~5 SUMMARIES

SEASON 2

The Heroes go after the king, who is guilty of horrendous crimes against humanity. But their game drags out, because Travis finds a girlfriend who consumes all his time, leaving little left over for D&D. David, meanwhile, starts to see the consequences of his actions, falling in love with someone—the Girl Who Waxes “Down There”—but messing it up royally. The season centers on those conflicts, and as Travis and his girlfriend break up at the end, Travis’s character, Túren, meets an untimely death.

SEASON 3

Travis mourns the death of Túren. Amanda, meanwhile, begins to resent Kelly for her intrusiveness into the group—particularly for demeaning women by acting as David’s wingman. Kelly begins to get involved in a political protest, and that ends up being the catalyst that brings Amanda and Kelly together as friends.

SEASON 4

A new edition of D&D comes out. They start out excited, but very quickly begin to realize it’s not necessarily better, just different—all glitz and no guts, so to speak. Meanwhile, Lance gets a promotion at work, Travis and David begin dating strippers, and Amanda has an affair—with Travis and David’s strippers. The conflict becomes too much, and at the end of the season the D&D group disbands.

SEASON 5

A year has passed. Lance and Amanda have resolved their affair by becoming swingers. When they go to meet their newest partners, it turns out to be David and his stripper girlfriend (who’s now an Internet porn star). Awkward. They’re not going to sleep with each other, but they all miss playing D&D, so they decide to try to get the group back together. It’s tough going at first, but they resolve their differences through a quest to prevent the violent overthrow of the king, instead bringing about a peaceful resolution.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES

Episode 1: Pilot

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INT. DRAGON'S LAIR - DAY

A comic book store.

COMIC BOOK NERD

From its very beginning, Madame Xanadu featured, sometimes obliquely, sometimes directly, characters who appear regularly in the DC Universe. The first story arc featured the Phantom Stranger, the Spectre, Zatara, the Demon, and several others I'm forgetting. It alluded to Dr. Fate and even Alan Scott as the Green Lantern.

KELLY

(almost too enthusiastic)
Wow. Cool!

KELLY (24), a minxy indie new-age hippie, tries her best to look interested.

As the comic book nerd drones on, DAVID (25), the antithesis of nerd, sporting a faux-hawk, a leather jacket, and Edward-from-Twilight good looks, glances in their direction.

COMIC BOOK NERD

The series even talks about the appearance of the first superhumans and the most recent arc featured the Martian Manhunter. So, as far as I can tell--

DAVID

(interrupting)
Excuse me.

He turns to Kelly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I just want to say I think it's really great of you to spend your community service time taking care of the mentally disabled. Not everyone is up for that. Picking up trash on the highway is way easier.

COMIC BOOK NERD

Um ... we're actually on a date.

DAVID
Oh. Wow. Really? No offense, dude.
I'm sure you're a very nice virgin,
I just wonder what on earth would
possess you to bring a girl like
this to a place like this.

COMIC BOOK NERD
She said she wanted to come.

DAVID
Yeah, if she said she wanted to go
to a strip club, would you take her
there, too?

COMIC BOOK NERD
(embarrassed ... awkward)
No.

DAVID
See, and that's why you'll never
get laid.

Kelly tries to contain her laughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to Kelly, with a
sarcastic wink)
I'm going later if you wanna come.

KELLY
I'll keep that in mind.

DAVID
(to Comic Book Nerd)
Word of advice. Next time you score
a date with someone clearly out of
your league, take her to a bar or
restaurant where you can ply her
with drinks. That way you might at
least get a pity fuck out of it.

From the other end of the store, TRAVIS (31), the
one-time-nerd-grew-up-to-be-a-hottie, calls.

TRAVIS
Hey, David! Check this out!

DAVID
Oh, gotta go. Good luck.

As he backs away toward the direction of Travis's
voice, he holds his hand up like a telephone and
mouths the words "Call me." Kelly smirks and
returns her attention to her date.

A moment of silence as Kelly and the Comic Book
Nerd exchange awkward glances.

COMIC BOOK NERD (V.O.)
Oh, please. Wolverine's only power
is his vastly accelerated healing
ability.

INT. DRAGON'S LAIR - LATER

COMIC BOOK NERD
All Superman would have to do is
fling Wolverine into low earth
orbit. If the exposure to space
didn't kill him, the free fall
through the atmosphere most
definitely would.

Comic book nerd talks to the clerk with Kelly,
again, trying her best to look interested.

David and Travis walk up with their purchases, and
the clerk rings them up without missing a beat.

COMIC BOOK NERD (CONT'D)
I mean, can he heal fast enough to
deal with the three-thousand-plus
degree heat generated by re-entry?
I doubt it. And healing ability or
no, Wolverine still needs to
breathe.

As he continues his monologue, David and Kelly
exchange eye contact, David motions toward the
door with his head. Kelly smiles and offers a
slight nod.

COMIC BOOK NERD (CONT'D)
On top of that, I'm not even sure
if Wolverine's claws would do
anything to Superman. I mean think
about it, what's he going to do?
Even adamantium, the hardest
substance on earth, won't put a
scratch on someone who's
invincible.

So unless he had some kryptonite --
which, where's he gonna get that? -
- Superman could just hit Wolverine
with a bus or something, which
wouldn't kill him but would
definitely knock him out long
enough for Superman to fling him
into orbit and then it's game over.

The clerk finishes the transactions and hands a
bag of comics to Travis and another to David. The
two turn and walk off. Kelly follows. The comic
book nerd doesn't even notice.

COMIC BOOK NERD (CONT'D)
I mean, of course, there's the fact
that Superman would never do
something like that. I mean,
Lex Luthor's harmed thousands of
people, and yet he doesn't fling
him into orbit.

But then if somebody's trying to
kill him he would -- I mean look
what he did to Nuclear Man. Set him
on the--

A BELL CLANGING against the exit door as it opens.

EXT. DRAGON'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

KELLY
I had no idea what I was getting
myself in for.

DAVID
Yeah. Guys like that give nerds a
bad name.

KELLY
Speaking of names ... I'm Kelly.

She extends her hand. They shake hands with her,
in turn.

DAVID
David.

TRAVIS
Travis.

KELLY
I need a ride.

DAVID
You mean you don't want to finish
your date?

KELLY
I'll send him a carrier pigeon to
let him know I left.

TRAVIS
Well, we're actually headed to a
D&D game.

KELLY
Oh, cool. Can I come play?

DAVID
Um. No.

Beat.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Four 6-sided dice roll across a 1x1 inch grid tablecloth, passing other dice as well as figurines and scenery models.

Four 6s.

LANCE

Wow.

Travis, David, and Kelly sit around a kitchen table. At the head is LANCE (35), who's built like a linebacker, and an empty seat next to him.

Behind Lance is a bookcase lined with gaming books -- hardcover affairs with fantastical images and calligraphic fonts.

Lance scribbles something on a piece of paper.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Alright what do you want to name her?

AMANDA (35), who's seen a few cheeseburgers too many, sets a bowl of popcorn to the table. She kisses Lance on the cheek.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Thanks, hon.

AMANDA

You're welcome.

KELLY

Him. I wanna be a dude.

LANCE

Okay. What do you want to name him?

She thinks a second.

KELLY

Kolgroth. Kolgroth the Man-Killer.

INT. SHACK - DAY

A WOMAN screams. Her face drips with sweat, her hair drenched.

She's on a bed that's covered in blood. A MIDWIFE and a few other people comprising the BIRTHING TEAM crowd the tiny single-room dwelling.

But they look back and forth at each other uneasily, uncomfortable. There's something wrong.

MIDWIFE

You're almost there, just one more push!

She SCREAMS once more, and then, a flurry of movement from the birthing team.

They eye each other, wondering what to do. Silently, a decision is made, and the midwife moves to the head of the bed and sits next to the new mother. She puts her hand on her forehead, and pulls her hair out of her face.

MOTHER

Where is it? Where's my baby?

MIDWIFE

I'm sorry ... It didn't make it.

The mother CRIES, louder than ever before.

LANCE (V.O.)

You were raised in the Valley of Kolgar.

Another woman, the baby bundled in her arms, sneaks out of the front door --

EXT. HARLTON VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

-- and into the village, where a hundred citizens go about their daily business.

LANCE (V.O.)

The terrain is tough, barren, and unforgiving. Desert land, inhabited by savages.

The woman carries the baby down the street --

EXT. VERGON WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

-- she turns from the village toward the forest --

LANCE (V.O.)

You don't know where you were born.

EXT. VERGON WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

-- and comes upon a rushing river.

LANCE (V.O.)
But you were found by a native of
the Kolgroth Valley --

She takes a deep breath, looks down at the baby,
and then THROWS IT IN.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- floating in the river.

The baby hits the water with a SPLASH, a bob, and
starts to turn downriver. As it does, the baby
CRIES, and its face appears out of the water. Just
above the small, smooshed nose, is a SINGLE EYE,
in the middle of his forehead, closed, crying, but
huge in comparison to his face.

The baby passes out of the frame, and then --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. KOLGROTH VALLEY - DAY

-- a SPEAR shoots into the water and sticks in the
mud. A TEENAGE CYCLOPS, knee deep in the river,
holds the other end of the spear.

On the banks behind him are a few HUMAN SAVAGES.

LANCE (V.O.)
The savages who found you raised
you to be strong and self-
sufficient, to hunt your own food,
kill your enemies, and to rely on
no one but yourself.

He pulls the spear out of the water to reveal his
kill -- a fish on the other end.

The savages behind him CHEER.

EXT. KOLGROTH VALLEY - DAY

LANCE (V.O.)
And then, one day, they told you to
leave.

The adult cyclops, KOLGROTH, massive in stature
walks toward the Vergon Woods, carrying his spear
and a large pack. Behind him a few of the savages.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You're not one of them, and they've
done all they can for you.

EXT. VERGON WOODS - LATER

Kolgroth hikes through the woods --

LANCE (V.O.)
SO YOU HEAD INTO THE Vergon Woods,
where after a day's journey you
come upon this group.

-- and comes upon a male elf (DALTENEAN, played by David), a female elf (MAALI, played by Amanda), and a dwarf (TÚREN, played by Travis).

DALTENEAN
'Sup.

TÚREN
Greetings, mighty warrior. Where
are you traveling today?

KOLGROTH
Seriously? Y'all talk like that?

MAALI
(sarcastically over-
enthusiastic)
Wow! Look, a cyclops. In the middle
of these here woods. Would you like
to join our party?

DALTENEAN
I don't trust her.

KOLGROTH
Him.

DALTENEAN
Him.

Daltenean punches Kolgroth in the gut, and it
lands with an ineffective thud.

Maali rolls her eyes.

Daltenean looks down at his hand, and up at
Kolgroth.

DALTENEAN (CONT'D)
Alright fine, we can keep her.

He turns and walks off.

KOLGROTH
Him.

DALTENEAN
Whatever.

He stops suddenly, turns to face Kolgroth.

DALTENEAN (CONT'D)
Not to sound like a fag, but ...
you're pretty hot for a dude
cyclops. Just sayin'.

He turns and continues on. Maali and Túren roll their eyes, turn, and follow Daltenean deeper into the woods. Kolgroth follows.

KOLGROTH
So what are we doing here?

MAALI
We're trying to find an inn. We got
a message via carrier pigeon to
find an inn in the Vergon woods.

They walk a few paces in silence.

KOLGROTH
Seriously? Carrier pigeon?

MAALI
Yes.

KOLGROTH
I would've thought you'd have ...
crystal balls or something.

DALTENEAN
Nope.
(looks down at his
crotch)
Interesting idea, though. Know
where I can get some?

Maali stops as the others continue on.

MAALI
It's gonna be a long night.

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EXT. VERGON WOODS - SUNSET

As the sun falls behind the mountains, the treetops glisten with an almost fluorescent goldish-green. In the distance, a handful of figures walk through a glade.

LANCE (V.O.)
The sun begins to set. A storm is brewing.

As he speaks it, the storm clouds roll in at a record pace, filling the once bright forest with shadows.

LANCE (V.O.) (cont'd)
You hear thunder in the distance.

Faintly, the thunder bellows.

LANCE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Fortunately, at that moment, there's a clearing in the trees, and you come upon an inn.

The inn, reminiscent of the Bates Motel. We now see the figures, closer, from behind - a WOMAN, tall with long, wavy blonde hair, carrying a staff, and three men - a tall MAN wearing a robe, a GIANT, and a DWARF with an axe slung over his shoulder.

LANCE (V.O.) (cont'd)
A sign above the door creaks in the wind. It's called the Keep and Castle.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
What does it look like?

LANCE (V.O.)
It's old, almost run down, but still standing. Tudor style beams. Wooden roof.

DAVID (V.O.)
Oh, you mean like a FUCKING INN? We go inside.

INT. KEEP AND CASTLE INN - NIGHT

The door opens to a diverse crowd of fantasy creatures - ELVES at one table, drinking wine from elegant goblets; ORCS at another, drinking from pewter mugs and biting slobbery chunks out of massive turkey legs; DWARVES, ever the raucous crowd, drunk and merry; even the odd HUMAN sprinkled throughout.

DALTENEAN - the male in the robe who is not a man at all, but an elf - is the first through the door. The others quickly follow - Maali, a female elf; Kolgroth, a cyclops, and TÚREN, the dwarf.

LANCE (V.O.)
It's a diverse crowd -
Elves at one table --

DAVID (V.O.)
Yeah, yeah, I wanna order
a drink.

Pause.

Then Daltenean walks toward the bar.

LANCE (V.O.)
You walk toward the bar.

DALTENEAN
A pint of ale, barkeep!

BARTENDER
And your friends?

DALTENEAN
Fuck them, they can order
for themselves.

Kolgroth rolls his eye. Arthi and Túren roll theirs, too. The bartender sets a pewter mug down in front of Daltenean.

BARTENDER
That'll be one gold
piece.

DALTENEAN
What?! A gold?

BARTENDER
That's what I said.

Daltenean reaches into his vest, but instead of pulling out a gold coin, he pulls out a long dagger and with a swift movement he STABS the bartender right in the chest.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRAVIS
What the fuck, dude?!

At the table are Travis, David, Lance, Amanda, and Kelly. David is hunched over a pair of dice. Travis has elbows on table, head in hands.

DAVID
Aw, yeah! I got him right
in the fucking chest!

TRAVIS
Seriously ...

Lance sighs.

LANCE
He grabs his chest and
falls backward behind the
bar.

DAVID
Make sure I get my dagger
out.

Lance rolls a pair of dice.

INT. KEEP AND CASTLE INN - NIGHT

Daltenean vaults over the bar and kneels next to the barkeep's twitching body. He yanks the dagger out of the dying man's chest, and as he wipes the bloody blade on his sleeve, an ale bottle crashes against the back of his head.

He drops, unconscious and drenched in ale.

LANCE (V.O.)
Someone comes up behind
you and cracks you on the
back of the head.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRAVIS
Seriously, dude.

DAVID
Damn it!
(with an evil
grin)
Oh, well, totally worth
it.

INT. KEEP AND CASTLE INN - NIGHT

Pandemonium. An ORC attacks Túren, who spins his battle axe around his squat body and lodges it into his opponents chest. The orc SCREAMS and punches him in the face.

A BAND OF TREE ELVES surround Maali, but with every threatening advance, she fires a bolt of lightning from her staff that forces her adversaries into recoil.

Kolgroth thrusts his massive arms in crushing blows that send all ASSAILANTS sailing backward. They slam into walls, onto tables, one smashing headfirst into the bottles behind the bar. A group of ORCS, who were back there looting for alcohol, start to pummel the poor challenger.

Daltenean, meanwhile, lies on the floor unconscious in puddle of ale and shards of glass.

In the background, a DRAGON breathes fire at random victims, setting them ablaze, as an endless supply of opponents surround the three champions and continue their advances.

Túren jams his axe into thighs, hips, backs, and necks.

Maali spins her staff with ever more urgency.

Kolgroth now carries two people on his back, slams two heads together, flips an unwanted hitchhiker onto the ground, and then stomps on him, crushing his skull with a crunch.

More adversaries attack the three characters, coming in ever greater numbers, until finally Maali spins her staff twice around her head, and then slams the tip onto the floor with a SPARK.

EXT. KEEP AND CASTLE INN - NIGHT

The three are teleported outside.

Túren, who was in mid swing, lets go of his axe and it flies off into the distance. Kolgroth looks at his hands, which now strangle the empty air.

Rain pours down on their heads.

TÚREN
Did we get Daltenean out?

LANCE (V.O.)
No. The spell wouldn't
reach that far.

TÚREN
You son of a bitch,
David.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAVID
Well, my work here is
done.

TRAVIS
You're not leaving?

DAVID
I told you, I have a date
tonight. I'm not gonna
wait for you guys to bust
me out of jail when I've
got a piece of ass
waiting for me three
shots down the line.

AMANDA
Wow. I feel so respected.

David laughs, almost maniacally.

DAVID
Sorry.

AMANDA
No you're not.

DAVID
You're right, I'm not.

He heads for the door.

DAVID (cont'd)
(to Kelly)
Romeo's, then Midnight
Rodeo. Will I see you
there?

KELLY
Sure.

DAVID
Cool. Thanks for hosting,
Dave!

LANCE
(unconvincingly
)
You're welcome.

The door closes behind David.

The rest of the group sits at the table and lets out a collective sigh.

EXT. VERGON WOODS - NIGHT

The three fantasy heroes stand in the same positions as before. They let out a collective sigh.

KOLGROTH
Now what?

They look at each other blankly.

TÚREN
Settlers of Catan?

A CRASH from within the inn. They run.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

David drives, blasting heavy metal through the car stereo.

INT. ROMEO'S - NIGHT

David, a glass of wine, and a plate with more empty space than food on it.

Across from him is DAVID'S DATE (25). Long hair and stunning breasts.

INT. MIDNIGHT RODEO - NIGHT

David and his date find themselves among assorted men and women in cowboy hats and boots, two-stepping to the country music.

INT. MIDNIGHT RODEO - LATER

David, his date, Kelly, Travis, and VARIOUS FRIENDS at a table, shots in hand.

DAVID
To virgins ... and to
lesbians ... thanks for
NOTHIN'!

Everyone laughs, no one louder than David himself.

They take their shots.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moans of ecstasy.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Moans of ecstasy.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David, 5 o'clock shadow, same clothes from last night, in transit. The music plays, hard rock, as he pulls into a fast food drive through.

He turns the music down and rolls down his window.

DRIVE-THRU SERVER (O.S.)
(filtered)
Hi, I'll take your order
when you're ready.

DAVID
Kellykfast burrito, large
coffee, and ... hold my
hot dick and lick it.

The first two items appear on the screen.

DRIVE-THRU SERVER (O.S.)
What was that last one?

DAVID
A hot chicken biscuit!

INT./EXT. DAVID'S CAR - LATER

He shoves the last bite of his greasy fast food breakfast into his mouth as the car pulls in and parks.

He tosses the wrapper into the paper bag, wipes his hands, turns off the engine, cutting the music.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

He walks up a set of stairs, clothes disheveled, deflated fast food bag in one hand and cup of coffee in the other.

Then, a stunning pair of legs inside a \$200 pair of jeans. A sorority t-shirt. Blond hair, down to the middle of her back, and then a face - belonging to LINDSAY.

She stands in front of David's door. David stares poker-faced at the figure before him.

DAVID
Hey ...

He pauses, trying to remember her name.

DAVID (cont'd)
How are you doing?

LINDSAY
It's Lindsay.

DAVID
I remember your name.
What are you doing here?

LINDSAY
Can I come in?

DAVID
Um ... I kind of have to
be ... somewhere ...

LINDSAY
I'm pregnant.

A few blinks from David's blank face.

DAVID
No you're not.

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LINDSAY
I'm pregnant.

A few blinks from David's blank face.

DAVID
No you're not.

LINDSAY
Yes. I am.

DAVID
Well why the hell are you
coming to me?

LINDSAY
Because there's no one
else it could have been.

DAVID
Well it couldn't have
been me!

LINDSAY
Okay. Maybe it was the
other guy I slept with,
seven months ago! It's
not like I'm out doing
that every week.

He raises an eyebrow.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Hey fuck you. Look, I'm
not expecting you to play
daddy here, I just want
you to pay for your half
of it.

DAVID
Of the baby?

She stares at him. Can he really be so thick?

LINDSAY
The abortion. Just write
me a check for three
hundred bucks and I'll be
on my way.

DAVID
Oh, thank God. Come on
in.

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a Gen Y yuppie's mecca, right down to the wine tree and the massive flat screen set up for whatever MMORPG is hot right now.

DAVID
I'm gonna hop in the shower. Ten minutes, and then we can go.

LINDSAY
Go? Oh no, you're not coming with me.

DAVID
Sure I am. I'm not that big an asshole.

Blink.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Shut up.

LINDSAY
I appreciate the ... chivalry, but I'm gonna get my mom to go with me.

DAVID
Aww.

He takes off his shirt.

LINDSAY
Besides, you have to book an appointment. You can't just drive up like you're ordering breakfast.

He catches her admiring his chest.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
So if you could just ... write a check, I'll be on my way.

He looks at her. Thinks a second. Sizes her up.

DAVID
No, I'd rather go with you, when's your appointment?

LINDSAY
Really, Da--

DAVID
Do you have one yet? I guess they're not open on Sundays. Call tomorrow

and book an appointment,
I'll go with you.

He takes off his pants, taunting her with his
boxer-briefs.

LINDSAY
David, look I ...

She looks away, awkwardly.

DAVID
You wanna join me in the
shower?

And again, that maniacal grin.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Túren, Maali, and Kolgroth approach a fortified
building. A sign reads HARLTON COUNTY SHERIFF.

LANCE (V.O.)
When we left off, the
three of you were fleeing
an angry mob of townsfolk
near the Vergon Woods.
The elven rogue,
meanwhile--

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

A dank cell. Four DEPUTIES surround Daltenean,
stripped of his armor and any worldly possessions.
He lies in fetal position as they kick him
mercilessly.

LANCE (V.O.)
--is gaining a new
appreciation of Harlton's
style of hospitality in
lockup. Guess some of the
deputies liked Merl, the
late barkeep.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

A twinkle of delight in Lance's eyes, as he relays
the news.

David, meanwhile taps away at his iPhone.

LANCE
Roll for damage.

David rolls.

DAVID

Ten.

LANCE

Mark it down.

He does so, and then returns to his sexting.

MICHAEL

I think--

EXT. JAIL - DAY

TÚREN

--we should just leave
him there. Let him rot in
jail.

DAVID (V.O.)

Except you love me too
much.

TÚREN

(talking to the
air around him)
Will you shut the fuck
up? You're not even here.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Wait a minute. I've got
an idea.

Maali has moved a few away from the group. She chants quietly, weaving intricate symbols with her delicate fingers that emit multi-hued bursts of light.

Her dancing intensifies. She swings her arms in graceful arcs and spins her body faster and faster until her form blurs to an indistinct smear.

Then, she abruptly stops her dance. The light fades, and now standing in her place is a human man, the GENERAL (60s), tall and strong, with a military posture and physique.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Daltenean lies, now alone, in his cell.

INT. JAIL - DAY

The four deputies lounge at their respective desks: one oils the blade of his sword; two play cards; the last leans, dozing, perilously far back on two chair legs.

The front doors swing open. The General steps in and looks around the room with a cool gaze. The deputy with the sword rises to his feet.

DEPUTY WITH SWORD
What do you want?

GENERAL
Are you holding an elf
named Daltenean?

DEPUTY WITH SWORD
Who's asking?

GENERAL
I have an order for you
to release him to me.

The general hands him a scroll.

GENERAL (CONT'D)
He's wanted for murder,
burglary, and theft in
six provinces across
Vergon. We're taking him
to the capital where
he'll be tried and
executed.

The deputy looks around him and then eyes him suspiciously.

DEPUTY WITH SWORD
Who's we?

The General eyes the deputy, looks at the other three, and then forcefully raises his hand high above his head.

GENERAL
Kaima ilya anna!

LANCE (V.O.)
The deputies make saving
throws.

The sound of dice rolling.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These three fail.

All of the deputies but one--one of the ones playing cards--immediately drops into a coma.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This one saves.

The remaining deputy's eyes widen with fear.

Kolgroth comes running in, reels his arm back, and swings, connecting to the deputy's jaw with such force it sends him flying through the air and slamming into a wall.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He dies on impact.
Kolgroth gets 60
experience points.

KOLGROTH
Sweet!

LANCE (V.O.)
Except the noise alerts
the sheriff, and he comes
running.

The SHERIFF appears through the iron bars that form a gate to the dungeon below. He stares the others down.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Damn it! We should have
done this at night, when
the sheriff was at home
boinking his wifey.

LANCE (V.O.)
Sheriff's an insomniac.
And single.

Túren charges the gate, but the sheriff disappears right as he gets to it.

TÚREN
Dammit! Come on, let's
bust through this thing.

Maali has regained her wizardess form. She raises her hand, palm out, and fires a bolt of light at the gate. The sound RATTLES throughout the jail.

KOLGROTH
Or we could lift the keys
off one of the deputies
we just knocked out.

Túren and Maali turn toward him.

INT. JAIL BASEMENT - DAY

The three proceed with caution through the cells.

Túren, axe raised, peers around a corner. He barely catches a glimpse of two more DEPUTIES and the sheriff standing in front of Daltenean's cell when an ARROW flies past his face, cutting his cheek.

TÚREN
Fucker!

LANCE (V.O.)
Everyone roll initiative.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Everyone rolls, except David, who is in the process of sticking his phone into his pants to take a portrait of his goods.

LANCE
You, too, Dave.

He pulls his hand out of his pants and rolls a die. The others reel with disgust.

TRAVIS
Eighteen.

AMANDA
Seven.

KELLY
Twelve.

DAVID
Balls. Got a four.

LANCE
Alright, Túren, you're up first.

INT. JAIL BASEMENT - DAY

No time has passed.

Túren lifts his axe above his head, and unleashes a ferocious war cry.

TÚREN
Charge!!!

Túren rushes in, swinging his battleaxe in great parabolas, striking the bars of the cell hard enough to make sparks.

Kolgroth uses the metal bracers on his forearms to block the sword strikes from a deputy. He counterattacks with short but powerful jabs.

Maali starts a new dance that moves her just beyond the reach of the second deputy's sword thrusts. As she spins and leaps, fire flashes from her hands to slam into the deputy's chest.

Kolgroth lands a blow that sends his opponent reeling into the bars of Daltenean's cell. Daltenean springs off his bed and wraps an arm around the deputy's neck, choking him against the bars.

Túren and the sheriff trade blows. The sheriff lands one on Túren's arm, opening a massive gash. Túren drops to one knee. Kolgroth steps in from behind and clobbers the sheriff, stunning him.

With the extra split second, Túren swings violently, severing the sheriff's hand and embedding the axe into his abdomen.

The sheriff's hand -- and the sword it still clasps -- fly off into a corner. He doubles over, vomits blood, and crumples to the ground.

The party pauses a moment in ready position, catching their breath.

DALTENEAN
You love me!

TÚREN
Go piss up a rope.