EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIRE, BLACKSMITH'S FORGE - DAY

Percy, in full character as a Blacksmith at the local Renaissance Faire, is approached by Izzy and Arthur, too eager customers.

> IZZY You, kind, mountain of a blacksmith sir! Please, tell me more about your assortment of blades.

Percy looks up from his work. In total character for the Ren Faire, Percy talks with an antiquated, fake British accent.

PERCY Ah, miss, it would be my honor.

Percy puts down his tools and makes his way to the edge of the stall, where Izzy leans over excited.

PERCY (CONT'D) M'name's Percival, local Blacksmith at your service. What kind of blade would you be looking for? Lass like yourself, you'll be needing something that works for your... Shorter stature.

Arthur snorts a laugh.

ARTHUR Yeah, Iz. See if he's got anything from the kinder collection.

IZZY I want something with heft. A mighty blade!

She leans in, conspiratorially, loose lipped from the mead.

IZZY (CONT'D) Something that could take on a mighty beast, Percival. I am being hunted.

Percy lets out a deep, booming laugh. It's warm, and it feels like taking a bath in sunshine itself.

PERCY Hunted, ye say? ARTHUR Nothing bigger than Brad, dude. Your mighty king totally forbids it.

IZZY I'll do what I want, your kinglyness! Izzy kneels to no king!

ARTHUR I mean... dude we literally did the whole - you know what, whatever. Get whatever you want so we can move on.

PERCY 'S not about the length of the blade, but who stands behind it.

Percy pulls out a few blades - a sword, and two small, but sharp as hell daggers. He lays them out on the counter in front of Izzy.

> PERCY (CONT'D) You'll find that the smallest of daggers...

He picks up the small, sharp blade at the end of the table.

PERCY (CONT'D) Can be deadlier than the largest of broadswords, if...

Percy turns and throws the dagger across his shop. It whizzes through the air, flying past our ears and hitting the wood of the constructed walls with a clean THUNK.

> PERCY (CONT'D) Wielded properly.