

Ultima IX: Ascension
Prison - Blackthorn's Visit

by
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INT. DUNGEON CELL - NIGHT

Light from a torch in the hall casts the shadow of bars across the begrimed floor. The AVATAR, wearing nothing but a simple robe, is chained low.

The echo of approaching footsteps. The lock clangs and the door swings wide. A WYRMGUARD #1 retreats from the doorway and EBONTYNE enters, carrying his pet CAT.

EBONTYNE
(chuckling)
The decor suits you, Avatar.

AVATAR
Not so your company.

Ebontyne steps casually into the cell.

EBONTYNE
I do hope your humor survives my plans for you. But let us talk of other things.
(lightly)
How about politics? I had hoped to keep Corrigan ineffective until I could stir up the civil war. Unfortunately, your visit emboldened him. So, in a sense, his fate was your doing.

AVATAR
What have you done with him?

Ebontyne casual strokes his cat.

EBONTYNE
He hoped to bring the divided factions together. I could not allow that. I have too much to gain by their dispute.

Ebontyne releases his pet and begins to shape-change. BLACKTHORN emerges.

AVATAR
Blackthorn!

Blackthorn saunters around the Avatar, circling him slowly.

BLACKTHORN
The Tribunal elders are children to me - so much clay. Corrigan is dead.

(MORE)

BLACKTHORN (cont'd)
 Amaranth and Verona prepare civil
 swords 'gainst one another.
 (as if speaking of "love")
 War is in the air. I'm sorry you
 won't be alive to see it, but I
 cannot have you interfering with my
 plans any further.

Blackthorn now directly behind Avatar's left ear.

BLACKTHORN (CONT.)
 (harsh whisper)
 When this is done, and I win
 Britannia, I'll have you banished
 as once I was.

The Avatar kneels resolute.

AVATAR
 Bastard!

Blackthorn rises.

BLACKTHORN
 (airy)
 Lord British's rule comes to an end
 as does his...
 (derisive)
 ...Age of the Enlightenment!

He turns to a sound of boots approaching in the hall.

WYRMGUARD #2 approaches bearing another prisoner. RAVEN,
 barely able to stand, appears in the doorway then is thrown
 into the cell.

The Avatar catches her just in time and slowly lowers her to
 the floor.

AVATAR
 Raven!

BLACKTHORN
 This meddler made a vain attempted
 to rescue you.

Blackthorn crosses to the door. The Wyrmguard face each
 other across the door frame.

BLACKTHORN
 Ah well, perhaps you will enjoy
 pleasant company in the few days
 you have remaining.

Blackthorn laughs derisively as he turns to the door and exits between the silent Wyrmguard. One reaches in and slams the cell door home.

The Avatar's face is framed by the light through the door's small window. Raven is unconscious in the gloom of shadow.

FADE TO BLACK