

Ultima IX: Ascension  
Prison - Lord British's Dream

by  
Michael Morlan

Michael Morlan  
12911 Tantara Dr., Austin, TX 78729  
512-331-9446

FADE FROM BLACK: ECU GUARDIAN

GUARDIAN V.O.

(sarcastic)

Oooh. That bump looks painful. Not doing very well, are we? The plague continues unabated. You have yet to relieve Brittania from the grip of famine. Amaranth and Verona prepare civil swords 'gainst one another. So far, you have proven an abject failure.

(chuckle)

And now, to add to your insult, your liege lord will soon learn of Corrigan's death.

INT. LORD BRITISH'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

ELS L.B. SLUMPED IN THRONE

The camera slowly pushes in to MED L.B.

GUARDIAN VO (CONT'D)

I'm sure Lord British would love to know of your vile deceits -- union with the Guild -- spying on his trusted Regents. Or perhaps, it's enough for him merely to see your present debasement.

(closing laugh)

Camera now MED L.B. He looks worn and haggard and droops in his seat. He is drifting off to a fitfull sleep.

MED BASE OF THRONE

At L.B.'s feet, tendrils of magic ether seep from the around the legs of the throne and rise.

PREV L.B.

He pays no notice but is drifting away in sleep.

MED BASE OF THRONE

A larger, more sinister mass of ether emerges from the floor behind the throne.

PREV L.B.

L.B. sleeps. The large mass of ether rises behind the throne.

WIDE L.B. AND THRONE

The tendrils rise above throne, take the form of clawed hands!

PREV MED L.B.

GUARDIAN V.O.  
British! Awake! There is something  
you must see.

L.B. bolts awake, looking about! He looks up and back just in time for the...

PREV WIDE L.B. AND THRONE

...the clawed hands to attack, grabbing the throne and L.B. He is pinioned by the claws but struggles against the unassailable bonds. The throne begins to sink.

CU LOW L.B. AND THRONE DROPPING

L.B. struggles against the grasp of the claws, to no avail.

HIGH OF FLOOR AT BASE OF DESCENDING THRONE

L.B. and the throne continue their descent into the floor. Magic ether surrounds their intersection with the floor. They disappear below the stones with a final hand reaching upward. Tendrils of ether dissipate.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

1/4 VIEW FROM ACROSS DARK CELL TO CLOSED DOOR

Light from a torch in the hall, lights the small, barred window in the door and spills across the begrimed floor. Skeletons of current occupants litter the floor.

A flash of ether-colored light from behind the camera along with a clashing sound.

REV OPPOSITE CORNER OF CELL & L.B. SITTING IN THRONE

The throne and L.B. are in the far corner. L.B. struggles against the bonds then relaxes as the tendrils release and dissipate. He looks about him.

POV L.B.

The sound of approaching steps and a heavy key in a lock.

PREV L.B.

L.B. listens closer.

POV L.B.

The door is swung open by a black-armored hand. The Avatar is thrust headlong into the cell. He stumbles down the two steps at the door and...

CU AVATAR ROLLING PAST FRAME

...rolls to the floor below, knocking a skeleton's skull across the floor to L.B.'s feet.

MED L.B. REACTION

GUARDIAN V.O. (CONT.)  
This criminal was caught spying on  
the Tribunal.

1/4 VIEW FROM ACROSS DARK CELL TO OPEN DOOR

The Avatar struggles to his knees. A WYRMGUARD steps into the door-frame, looks at him a moment. The framed torch-light plays across the disgraced hero as kneels center. The Wyrmguard steps back and begins to shut the door.

REV HIGH CU AVATAR

The door slams home. The small, barred window frames the meager light across the Avatar's face.

MED L.B.

LORD BRITISH  
By the Virtues. How could I have  
been so wrong?

VFX: TRANS

INT. LORD BRITISH'S THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As L.B. muses, torch-light illuminates his face then the room  
around him dissolves back to his throne room dias. L.B.  
continues musing, looking off as anger begins to cloud his  
face.

S316 VFX: TRANS

CORUSCATING BACKGROUND WITH GUARDIAN'S EYES

GUARDIAN V.O.  
Avatar. Even now, my corruption  
nourishes the seeds of hatred in  
your liege lord.  
(trailing laugh)

FADE TO BLACK