

Astor's Oath
Ending Cutscene - Compromise
Revised

By

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EXT. CENTRIAN BATTLE PLAINS - DAY

Cassio flies backwards, landing on his back and rolling a few feet before coming up on his knees. He snarls up at Astor.

CASSIO
Give it up, boy! I can sense your
weakness.

Astor tackles Cassio with a yell, slamming him to the ground and pinning him.

ASTOR
I'm stronger than you th-

CASSIO
And yet you must rely on a sword for
aid. You're weak! You are nothing
compared to me.

Astor growls and pulls Cassio up by the collar, their faces inches apart. Both breathe heavily.

CASSIO CONT'D
(derisive)
You can't do it, can you? You don't
have the blood lust to-

ASTOR
The thing about Magi, your
eminence...
CASSIO
Annggh!

Astor smiles humorlessly as he runs his sword through the Emperor's heart. Cassio gasps and writhes in Astor's grip.

ASTOR CONT'D
Is that we don't limit ourselves.

Standing, Astor releases Cassio, watching impassively as he slides off the sword. Cassio rasps unintelligibly, and goes still. The power glow in his eyes fades, leaving them vacant.

Chest heaving, Astor turns to the entourage. He meets and holds Phyras's gaze.

ASTOR
It would appear your Emperor has
fallen.

At Astor's words the entourage begins discussing wildly. A pair of servants rush forward and bear Cassio's body away,

the crown rolling from his head. Astor picks it up, turning it over.

Phyrah stands next to him, takes the crown, and slips her hand into his. Astor looks to her, expression weary. Phyrah smiles, though her eyes are red-rimmed.

PHYRAH

(softly)

The last Astor bows to no one.
Remember that.

She kisses him lightly on the lips. Pulling back, Astor wipes a tear from her cheek. The crowd falls silent, staring at them. Phyrah faces the courtiers, watching as they look from her to Astor.

COURTIER

What now, my lady?

PHYRAH

We return home.

She thrusts her and Astor's clasped hands into the air.

PHYRAH CONT'D

And let it be known, from this day forward, the persecution of Magi is ended. They are hereby deemed our equals, and shall be treated as such! So declares the Empress.

COUNTESS

So declares the Empress! Long may she reign!

ALL

Long may she reign!

As the entourage take up the chant, Astor closes his eyes and sighs.

FADE TO:

INT. IMPERIAL THRONE ROOM - DAY

The throne room is jam packed. Courtiers and servants cram against each other, silent as the coronation ceremony comes to a close.

Astor and Phyrah kneel before the HIGH PRIEST, decked in

imperial regalia. The priest's voice rings through the high hall, the Imperial crown held above Phyras's bowed head.

PRIEST

-by the power of the State, the Gods,
and Magic itself, I hereby crown and
name you Empress Phyras Regina
Galathea, first of her name.

He crowns her, and retrieves a second crown.

ALL

Hail the Empress!

PRIEST

And by the power of the State and
declaration of the Empress, I name and
crown you Emperor Markus Astor,
Imperial Consort, Hand of the Empress.

The priest crowns Astor before draping a gold and iron chain around his shoulders.

ALL

Hail the Emperor!

PRIEST

Arise, my lieges, that you may take
your thrones. Long and just may you
reign!

Astor and Phyras stand together, stride to the thrones, and sit. Phyras reaches over and takes his hand, squeezing it.

PRIEST

Long live the Emperors!

ALL

Hail! Long live the Emperors! Long
may they reign!

The chant is echoed in the throne room, and is taken up in the streets. As the crowd begins cheering and whistling, a courtier in the back glares at Phyras and Astor's joined hands, and the symbol of their union.

END