DRAGON KING

Episode: S01E01 - "PROPHETIC"

Genre: Fantasy Drama

Format: One-hour streaming (≈55–60 minutes)

Theme: Legacy vs. Ambition. Prophecy vs. Free Will.

Written by: [Your Name]

COLD OPEN / TEASER  
  
INT. ETHEREAL BASTION – THRONE ROOM – NIGHT  
  
A vast, silent chamber of silver stone. Columns rise like frozen trees. Braziers burn low. The air is thick with incense.  
  
At the far end, KING ERROL (60s) sits slumped on the Throne of Ancients, breath ragged. His gold crown tilts slightly on his graying head.  
  
Before him: PRINCE SCAR (30s) — muscular, impulsive, his crimson cloak draped like warpaint. Beside him: PRINCE BANE (30s) — sharp-eyed, lean, cloaked in black.  
  
A flicker of firelight catches on the sword across Scar’s back — the Gold Spike, blade of conquest.  
  
ERROL  
(weakly)  
My sons... my blood...  
  
BANE  
Father—speak not. Save your strength.  
  
ERROL  
There is no strength left. Only truth.  
(beat)  
One of you shall rule. But only together shall you survive.  
  
SCAR  
You still doubt me... even now.  
  
ERROL  
I doubt your pride, not your heart. And I fear the world beyond these walls.  
  
A coughing fit overtakes him. Bane steps forward.  
  
BANE  
Let us summon the Maester—  
  
ERROL  
No. Let me die as I lived — amongst kings.  
  
Errol reaches into his robes and produces a worn raven-feathered medallion — an ancient sigil of the Seers of Astrael.  
  
ERROL (CONT'D)  
This kingdom was forged in prophecy. It will fall by the same hand, unless you—  
(he gasps)  
—remember who you are.  
  
He fixes them with his last look.  
  
ERROL (CONT'D)  
Blood is fire. Fire consumes.  
  
He exhales. Eyes go glassy. The king is dead.  
  
Silence.  
  
SCAR  
(slowly kneels)  
Long live the king...  
  
Bane watches him. Calculates.  
  
SMASH TO BLACK.  
  
TITLE SEQUENCE.  
  
ACT ONE  
  
INT. ROYAL CHAMBERS – NIGHT  
  
SCAR storms in, furious. Wine goblets and scrolls fly from a desk.  
  
BANE enters behind him, calm and cold.  
  
SCAR  
You stand there like a vulture. Couldn’t wait to bury him.  
  
BANE  
He was already ash, brother. It is the living we must worry about.  
  
SCAR  
(snarling)  
I am king now. Warpath kneels to me. Say the words.  
  
BANE  
A crown is not a command. You must earn loyalty, not seize it.  
  
SCAR  
(spits)  
Loyalty? From snakes like you?  
  
BANE  
No... from the people. From the guard, the council, the lords of the coast. You think this ends at our father’s throne?  
  
Scar turns, breathing heavy. He grips the Gold Spike.  
  
SCAR  
Say one more word and I’ll—  
  
BANE  
Strike me down? In your father’s chamber? With his blood still warm?  
(beat)  
That would be... a strong first decree.  
  
The tension hangs like a blade.  
  
A faint knock at the door.  
  
ADVISOR LORN (40s), enters.  
  
LORN  
Your Grace... the pyre is prepared.  
  
Scar stares down Bane one last time.  
  
SCAR  
Then light it.  
  
He exits.  
  
Bane lingers, staring at the medallion in his palm.  
  
BANE  
(softly)  
Fire consumes...  
  
CUT TO:  
  
EXT. WARPATH CITY – NIGHT  
  
The capital mourns. Black banners hang from battlements. Hundreds gather in the palace square.  
  
On a massive pyre, King Errol’s body lies wrapped in royal cloth. The fire is lit.  
  
Scar stands tall beside it. His face is hard, unreadable.  
  
Bane watches from the shadows. His eyes drift to the people — some weep, some whisper, others stare at Scar with distrust.  
  
Above them, a single raven circles.  
  
CUT TO BLACK.  
  
END OF ACT ONE