

RED GUN

"The Heirs of the Dragon" Episode 101

Story by

George R. R. Martin & Ryan Condal

Written by

Ryan Condal

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by George R. R. Martin

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EPISODE 101

CHARACTER LIST

1. KING VISERYS TARGARYEN
2. PRINCE DAEMON TARGARYEN
5. SER OTTO HIGHTOWER
6. CORLYS VELARYON "THE SEA SNAKE"
7. PRINCESS RHAENYS TARGARYEN
8. SER CRISTON COLE
9. SER HARROLD WESTERLING
10. YOUNG RHAENYRA TARGARYEN
11. YOUNG ALICENT HIGHTOWER
12. LORD LYONEL STRONG
13. GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
15. LORD LYMAN BEESBURY
20. MYSARIA
22. AEMMA TARGARYEN
- 33K. LADY LAENA VELARYON
34. LORD COMMANDER RYAM REDWYNE
36. LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON
38. LORD HOBERT HIGHTOWER
47. JAEHAERYS TARGARYEN
48. CAPTAIN RANDYLL BARRET
50. ELDER DRAGONKEEPER
51. MASTER OF REVELS
53. YOUNG MAESTER
54. HIGH SEPTON
59. LORD RICKON STARK
74. SER GWAYNE HIGHTOWER (STUNTS)
114. DRAGONKEEPER ACOLYTE
115. DRRAGONKEEPER ELDER 2
116. DRAGONKEEPER ACOLYTE 2

EPISODE 101

INTERIOR SETS

HARRENHAL

GREAT HALL

RED KEEP

ENTRANCE HALL

QUEEN'S APARTMENTS

SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER

KING'S APARTMENTS

CORRIDORS

THRONE ROOM

RHAENYRA'S APARTMENTS

THE TOWER OF THE HAND

ALTAR ROOM

ANTE CHAMBER

KING'S LANDING

CITY WATCH BARRACKS

PLEASURE HOUSE

PRIVATE ROOM

EXTERIOR SETS

THE SKY ABOVE KING'S LANDING

KING'S LANDING

CITY WATCH BARRACKS

FLEA BOTTOM

RHAENYS' HILL

TOURNAMENT GROUNDS

THE ROYAL BOX

DRAGONPIT

VAULT TUNNEL ENTRANCE

VAULT TUNNEL

STREET OF SISTERS

THE RED KEEP

GATES

GODSWOOD

A WOMAN (V.O.)
As the first century of the
Targaryen dynasty came to a close,
the health of the Old King,
Jaehaerys, was failing.

The rumble of a dragon's gullet is punctuated by a SCREECH.

1.1 INT. HARRENHAL, GREAT HALL - DAY 1

1.1

The largest castle in the Seven Kingdoms was nearly destroyed in Aegon's Conquest. On most days, this place is a haunted memory of the might of the Targaryen dragons. But not today.

A WOMAN (V.O.)
In those days, House Targaryen
stood at the height of its
strength, with ten adult dragons
under its yoke.
(beat)
No power in the world could stand
against it.

We move slowly over A THOUSAND HEADS, the banners and sigils of houses great and small, all which fill the former hall of Harren the Black.

A WOMAN (V.O.)
King Jaehaerys reigned over nearly
sixty years of peace and
prosperity. But tragedy had claimed
both his sons and heirs, leaving
his succession in doubt. So in the
year 101, the Old King called a
Great Council to choose his heir.
(beat)
Over a thousand lords made the
journey to Harrenhal...

At the head of the great hall is a LARGE DAIS, upon which sits the Old King, **JAEHAERYS TARGARYEN** (80s), stooped and weak, the burdens of time and duty weighing on him.

A WOMAN (V.O.)
Fourteen succession claims were
heard. But only two were truly
considered:

TWO ARCHMAESTERS of the Citadel carry a chest up to the dais.

The SEVEN KNIGHTS OF THE KINGSGUARD are arrayed in a line at the foot of the dais. An ARCHMAESTER of the Citadel and the HIGH SEPTON also stand on the dais with the candidates.

(CONTINUED)

1.1 CONTINUED:

1.1

Standing on the dais itself are the two candidates, **PRINCESS RHAENYS TARGARYEN** (40s) and **PRINCE VISERYS TARGARYEN** (30s). Their respective spouses, **LORD CORLYS VELARYON** (40s) and **LADY AEMMA ARRYN** (20s), quite pregnant, stand beside them.

A WOMAN (V.O.)

Princess Rhaenys Targaryen, the king's eldest descendent...

(beat)

... and her younger cousin, Prince Viserys Targaryen, the king's eldest male descendent.

The archmaesters place the chest down on the table and open the latch. The Old King reaches inside --

Where the results of the vote are written on a SQUARE OF PARCHMENT, secured with the WAX SEAL of the Citadel. Jaehaerys breaks the seal and reads the result. He looks up to face all the lords of the Seven Kingdoms.

A WOMAN (V.O.)

The vote was said to have been twenty-to-one. Rhaenys -- a woman -- would not inherit the Iron Throne. The lords instead chose Viserys.

(a pause)

My father.

The Old King, Jaehaerys, exhales. This heavy burden has, at last, been lifted. The realm has spoken as one.

RHAENYRA TARGARYEN (V.O.)

Jaehaerys called the Great Council to ensure that his succession would be conferred in peace. For he knew the cold truth:

(a pause)

The only thing that could tear down the House of the Dragon was itself.

At last, King Jaehaerys shuts his eyes.

1.2 OMITTED 22.03.21

1.2

1.3 OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

1.3

TITLE CARD

It is the 9th year of King Viserys I Targaryen's reign.

(CONTINUED)

1.3 CONTINUED:

1.3

171 years before Robert's Rebellion, the death of the Mad King, Aerys, and the end of the Targaryen dynasty.

1.4 **EXT. THE SKY ABOVE KING'S LANDING - DAY 2**

1.4

A SHADOW is cast over Westeros, huge and winged.

The dragon, **SYRAX**, shimmers yellow-gold. A rider is saddled on her back. Syrax dances in the updraft. She rises and dives and wheels, seeming to bask in the glory of flight.

1.5 **EXT. DRAGONPIT, VAULT TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY 2**

1.5

The adolescent dragon Syrax lands in a wake of dust outside one of the enormous vault tunnels ringing the dragonpit.

A team of DRAGONKEEPERS, who protect the dragons, disgorge from the tunnel. The elite unit of men and women wear the ceremonial cloth of their office, layers of cotton robes that they have worn since their induction. A ceremonial DRAGONGLASS DAGGER is sheathed at the sash across their midsections. The Dragonkeepers work in pairs, an ELDER and an ACOLYTE, the Elders training the next generation of Acolytes. They call out commands to Syrax in [HIGH VALYRIAN].

DRAGONKEEPER ELDER

Dohaerās, Syrax!
(translation)
[Serve, Syrax!]

Syrax circles with the energy of youth.

DRAGONKEEPER ACOLYTE

Lykirī... Lykirī...
(translation)
[Calm... Calm...]

A knight of the Kingsguard sits ahorse in the regal white cloak of his office. **SER HARROLD WESTERLING** (50s) is attended by a squire, pages, and men-at-arms. A two-horse WHEELHOUSE waits with them, emblazoned with the Targaryen heraldry. Ser Harrold shifts in his saddle, visibly anxious to collect Syrax's rider. Whomever it might be.

As the Dragonkeepers work to wrangle Syrax, her RIDER slides out of the dragon's elaborate saddle and climbs down her side before leaping to the ground. She is just a teen-aged girl, **PRINCESS RHAENYRA TARGARYEN** (14). The self-assured daughter to the king has hair that shines like beaten silver.

(CONTINUED)

LADY ALICENT (14) watches from the doorway of the wheelhouse. She marvels at Rhaenyra, both impressed by and envious of the power and position that her friend has.

Princess Rhaenyra steps away from Syrax as the Dragonkeepers wrangle her dragon and guide her inside her dwelling.

DRAGONKEEPER ACOLYTE 2
Umbās... Rybās!
(translation)
[Wait... Listen!]

Once Syrax is calm and focused --

DRAGONKEEPER ELDER 2
Māzīs! Naejot!
(translation)
[Come! Forward!]

The Elder waves Syrax toward the open vault tunnel, commanding the dragon only in High Valyrian.

Princess Rhaenyra makes her way toward her sworn protector, the Kingsguard knight called Ser Harrold Westerling.

SER HARROLD WESTERLING
Welcome back, princess. I trust
your ride was pleasant?

RHAENYRA
Try not to look too relieved, ser.

Somewhat ignoring her Kingsguard, Princess Rhaenyra makes her way toward the waiting Alicent. She's thrilled to see her.

SER HARROLD WESTERLING
I am relieved, princess. Every time
that golden beast returns you
unspoiled. It saves my head from a
spike.

Smiling at the ever-serious Ser Harrold, Rhaenyra turns to see Alicent coming out of the wheelhouse to greet her.

ALICENT
Syrax is growing quickly. She'll
soon be as large as Caraxes.

RHAENYRA
That's large enough to saddle two.

Rhaenyra grins at Alicent. *So you can fly with me.*

(CONTINUED)

1.5 CONTINUED:

1.5

ALICENT

I believe I am quite content as a
spectator, thank you.

Rhaenyra laughs and climbs up into the wheelhouse. Alicent
follows her inside.

1.6 **EXT. STREET OF SISTERS - DAY 2**

1.6

The princess's wheelhouse and retinue sets out down the
Street of the Sisters, the road connecting the eponymous
hills of Rhaenys and Visenya, the sister-queens of Aegon the
Conqueror. It is spring in King's Landing. All is in bloom.

In the far distance stands the great RED KEEP where Aegon the
Conqueror had it built on his own hill over a century ago.

1.7 **EXT. RED KEEP, GATES - DAY 2**

1.7

The royal retinue arrives at the main gate. The heavy iron
gates yawn open to welcome Princess Rhaenyra home.

1.8 **INT. RED KEEP, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 2**

1.8

Linked closely, arm in arm, Rhaenyra and Alicent make their
way into the Red Keep's entrance hall, its wide stairway
climbing up and up into the upper reaches of the castle.

ALICENT

You smell of dragon.

RHAENYRA

Is that a compliment?

ALICENT

A suggestion. That you take a bath.

RHAENYRA

I don't have time for a bath. I'm
already late to see my mother.

ALICENT

Then you'd best change out of your
riding clothes.

RHAENYRA

Come with me?

(flirting)

She's sure to be cross. I could use
a Sworn Protector.

(CONTINUED)

Alicent rolls her eyes playfully.

ALICENT

I'm not sure I possess the training.

RHAENYRA

But you do possess a disarming kindness. It can be quite potent.

ALICENT

Then I am at your service, princess.

Aegon the Conqueror's castle is alive with activity as servants, knights, lords, and ladies move about court. These are grander, happier, more decadent times.

1.9 INT. RED KEEP, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS - DAY 2

1.9

QUEEN AEMMA (30s) is very pregnant. The small woman is all belly. She lies abed, taking short breaths as she finds even simple movement to be a great labor. Aemma is sweaty and flushed; strands of hair cling to her forehead.

The room is busy with attending HANDMAIDS. A SEPTA lights candles, and a MAESTER sits at a writing desk making notes.

Rhaenyra stands in the doorway, looking in on her mother but keeping her distance. Alicent stands beside her in support.

ALICENT

Your Grace.

Queen Aemma ignores Alicent's courtesy to address Rhaenyra:

QUEEN AEMMA

You know I don't like you to go flying while I'm in this condition.

RHAENYRA

You don't like me to go flying while you're in any condition.

So discovered, Rhaenyra sighs. She looks at Alicent before crossing the threshold. But Alicent shrugs. *I can't help you.*

Rhaenyra makes a face at her, then looks back to her mother --

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)

How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN AEMMA

Never underestimate the nose of a pregnant woman.

RHAENYRA

Or her skill for lectures.

QUEEN AEMMA

Your mother is very fat and very tired. Try and take pity on her.

Rhaenyra dutifully kisses her mother on the head.

Alicent looks in on the pregnant queen from a distance away, seeing the activity and care surrounding her. Queen Aemma is presently the most important woman in the Seven Kingdoms.

RHAENYRA

Did you sleep?

QUEEN AEMMA

I slept.

RHAENYRA

For how long?

QUEEN AEMMA

I don't need mothering, Rhaenyra.

RHAENYRA

Here you are, surrounded by attendants, all focused on the babe. Someone has to attend you.

QUEEN AEMMA

You'll lie in this bed soon enough, Rhaenyra. This discomfort is how we serve the realm.

RHAENYRA

I'd rather serve as a knight and ride to battle and glory.

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN AEMMA

We have royal wombs, you and I.
The childbed is our battlefield.
We must learn to face it with a
stiff lip.

Rhaenyra looks at her mother with trepidation. If this is to be her own future, it does not appeal to her.

1.10 **INT. RED KEEP, SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY 2**

1.10

The man at the head of the small council's table is presently scooping egg and sausage into his mouth while laughing at some joke. This is **KING VISERYS TARGARYEN I** (40s).

KING VISERYS

...and I said, "I believe you might
be looking up the wrong end!"

Others in the room laugh with their king, either dutifully or sincerely.

SER OTTO HIGHTOWER (50s) is the Hand of the King, strong, proud and haughty. He wears the brooch of his office, but it is different than the one we know.

GRAND MAESTER MELLO (70s), identified by his robe and long maester's chain, has served the realm for decades.

LYONEL STRONG (50s), the master of laws, is a big man, stout and muscular. He's slow to speak but does not miss anything.

The legendary knight of the Kingsguard, **LORD COMMANDER RYAN REDWYNE** (70s). This Lord Commander of the Kingsguard appears old and frail in his pure white raiment, as if he's wearing a larger man's clothes.

Corlys Velaryon, the famed nautical adventurer known as "**THE SEA SNAKE**," (50s) serves as the king's master of ships. Unlike the members of this council who have lived only at court, the Sea Snake is a well-salted sailor and warrior.

But on King Viserys's left and across from the Hand of the King, sits a conspicuously EMPTY SEAT.

The master of coin, **LORD LYMAN BEESBURY** (60s), is the longest-serving member of the council. He is penurious to a fault.

LYMAN BEESBURY

Your Grace, might we discuss the
reformed City Watch?

The other men laugh, and Beesbury is ignored.

(CONTINUED)

But the Sea Snake is not laughing. He stands over the small council table, unrolling a MAP painted on animal skin. The map interrupts breakfast; the council has to move plates and cups to make room that the Sea Snake did not ask for.

LYMAN BEESBURY (CONT'D)
Well, all right...

Beesbury only barely saves his cup of wine from spilling.

The Sea Snake's map depicts THE STEPSTONES, a small archipelago at the southwest corner of Westeros. The Stepstones are a key shipping lane through the Narrow Sea.

THE SEA SNAKE
My lords. The growing alliance among the Free Cities has taken to styling itself "the Triarchy." They have massed on Bloodstone and are presently ridding the Stepstones of its pirate infestation.

Viserys is still laughing at his own joke, slowly and begrudgingly coming around to the counsel business.

KING VISERYS
That sounds suspiciously like good news, Lord Corlys.

THE SEA SNAKE
A man called Craghas Drahar has styled himself prince-admiral of this Triarchy. They call him "The Crabfeeder" due to his... inventive methods of punishing his enemies.

KING VISERYS
Are we meant to weep for dead pirates?

The council chamber doors open, revealing Princess Rhaenyra ahead of her sworn protector, Ser Harrold Westerling.

THE SEA SNAKE	KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
No, Your Grace. But my fear is that we could trade a disorganized enemy for one who is quite the opposite --	You're late, Rhaenyra.

The Sea Snake's point is run over by the princess's arrival.

Viserys beams at his beloved daughter as he pretends to chastise her.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
The king's cupbearer must not be late. It leaves people wanting for cups.

RHAENYRA
I was visiting mother.

She comes to him and kisses him on the cheek. He sniffs her, mildly revolted by the smell of dragon.

KING VISERYS
On dragonback?

Rhaenya makes a face at him. Viserys laughs. She then goes to gather cups and wine to deliver to the small council.

The copper-counting Beesbury gently moves the Sea Snake's map aside and brings his breakfast and wine back in front of him. He interjects (again):

LYMAN BEESBURY
Your Grace -- at Prince Daemon's urging, the crown has invested significant capital in the re-training and re-equipping of his City Watch. Despite multiple inquests, the prince has yet to provide us with an update.

Viserys looks absently to the EMPTY COUNCIL SEAT to his left.

This is Prince Daemon Targaryen's seat. And it is oft empty.

LYMAN BEESBURY (CONT'D)
I thought you might urge your brother to fill his seat on the council and provide an accounting of his progress as Commander of the Watch.

KING VISERYS
Do you think Daemon is distracted by his present tasks?

LYMAN BEESBURY
Distracted enough not to answer our letters, Your Grace.

KING VISERYS
Are his thoughts and energies occupied?

King Viserys plays to the room at Beesbury's expense.

(CONTINUED)

LYMAN BEESBURY

One would hope, considering the
associated costs.

KING VISERYS

Then let us all consider your gold
well-invested, Lord Beesbury.

There are smirks and laughter around the table.

But Rhaenyra does not like that her uncle is spoken of in
such a mocking, dismissive manner.

The Sea Snake, still looming over the table, sees an
opportunity to make his point about the Stepstones. He moves
Beesbury's plate again to collect his map.

Beesbury grumbles.

THE SEA SNAKE

I'd urge you not to allow this
Triarchy much latitude in the
Stepstones, Your Grace. If those
shipping lanes were to fall, it
could beggar our ports.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

The crown has heard your report,
Lord Corlys, and takes it under
advisement.

The Sea Snake doesn't agree, but he sublimates his dissent
and returns to his seat at the end of the table.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

Shall we turn our minds to the
Heir's Tournament, Your Grace?

Viserys lights up at the suggestion of this new subject.

KING VISERYS

I would be delighted.
(then; to the Grand
Maester)
Will the maesters' name day
prediction hold, Mellos?

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

You must understand that such
things are mere estimations, my
king... but we have all pored over
the moon charts and we feel that
our forecast is as accurate as one
could hope.

(CONTINUED)

LYMAN BEESBURY

The cost of this tournament is not negligible. Perhaps we might delay until the child is in hand?

Rhaenyra carries cups, listening intently to the goings-on.

LYONEL STRONG

Most of the lords and knights are certainly on the way to King's Landing already. To turn them back now --

KING VISERYS

-- The tourney will take the better part of a week. Before the games are over, my son will be born, and the whole realm will celebrate.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

I feel compelled to remind you, my king, that we have no way of predicting the sex of the child.

KING VISERYS

Of course, no maester is capable of rendering an opinion free of conditions.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

Forgive me, Your Grace. But I would be loathe to provide any false hope.

The king sets his gaze upon Grand Maester Mellos, serious.

KING VISERYS

There's a boy in the queen's belly. I know it.

Rhaenyra, the king's first-born daughter, dutifully fills her father's cup as he speaks about her unborn sibling.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

My heir will soon put all this damnable hand-wringing to rest himself.

The king takes a drink of his wine.

1.10A INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM, ANTECHAMBER - DAY 2

1.10A

Rhaenyra follows Ser Harrold Westerling into the antechamber outside the throne room. The enormous double doors leading into the throne room are shut.

TWO MEN of the Targaryen household guard stand sentry, one posted on each side of the doors.

(CONTINUED)

SER HARROLD WESTERLING
He passed through the gates at
first light.

They stop at the large double doors. Ser Harrold is obviously agitated by the presence of whomever they're talking about.

RHAENYRA
Does my father know he's here?

Ser Harrold grinds his teeth. He does not like this person, whoever "he" is.

SER HARROLD WESTERLING
No.

The answer relieves Rhaenyra.

RHAENYRA
Good.

Rhaenyra smiles as if to say, *and let's not tell him.*

Ser Harrold glowers. He is not one for conspiracies. He reluctantly pushes the door open --

1.10B **INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 2 (SHOT ON 06/07/21)** 1.10B

-- Rhaenyra steps into the throne room. Her knight, Ser Harrold Westerling, holds the door for her.

The throne room exists as it was and will be, but the room is decorated differently now. Banners emblazoned with the three-headed dragon hang from the ceiling. Four larger-than-life statues ring the room. They are all men, representing the four preceding Targaryen kings: AEGON THE CONQUEROR, his first son AENYS, his second son, MAEGOR THE CRUEL and his predecessor, THE OLD KING, JAEHAERYS.

The IRON THRONE looms; the seat is made from the swords of Aegon the Conqueror's enemies, forged in dragonfire.

Prince Daemon Targaryen is presently lounging on the hallowed chair, one leg casually slung over the arm of the throne. He has bathed and changed out of his City Watch uniform.

Ser Harrold is visibly appalled by this treasonous act.

RHAENYRA
It's all right, ser.

Staring at Daemon, the Kingsguard knight removes himself.

(CONTINUED)

Rhaenyra gazes up at her uncle, who says nothing.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
Sparo drīvoše gaomā?
(translation)
*[What do you think you're doing,
uncle?]*

As uncle and niece, Daemon and Rhaenyra share a unique relationship. When they speak to one another, they often do so in subtitled [High Valyrian.]

DAEMON
Ñuhoso dēman. Kesy ñuhys dēmavos
māzīlariot sinilus.
(translation)
*[Sitting. This could well be my
chair one day.]*

RHAENYRA
Lo hen pāleknot statilūks, daor.
(translation)
*[Not if you're executed for
sedition.]*

Daemon stands from the throne and steps down from it.

Rhaenyra rushes to embrace her uncle. He hugs her.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
Hen sýndrāzmā qurdalbri imastō
daor.
(translation)
*[You haven't come to court in an
age.]*

DAEMON
Qurdalbar gierī tegenkor issa.
(translation)
[Court is so dreadfully boring.]

RHAENYRA
Sepār vēzo gō skoro syt āmastā?
(translation)
[Then why come back at all?]

DAEMON
Kepa aōha yno syt kōttion pradilas,
ryptan.
(translation)
*[I heard your father was hosting a
tournament in my honor.]*

(CONTINUED)

RHAENYRA
Kōttion dāranno syt issa.
(translation)
[*The tournament is for his heir.*]

DAEMON
Heksīr ŷdratan.
(translation)
[*Just as I said.*]

RHAENYRA
Dāranno zŷho arlio syt.
(translation)
[*His new heir.*]

DAEMON
Iā aōha muña trēsi sikos, iā jevo
yrgoti zbērion.
(translation)
[*Until your mother brings forth a
son, you are all cursed with me.*]

RHAENYRA
Sepār valongri jaelinna.
(translation)
[*Then I shall hope for a brother.*]

Rhaenyra makes a fanged grin at her uncle.

Daemon furrows his brow, hiding a flash of anger. He shifts into the common tongue, trying to bury it:

DAEMON
I brought something for you.

Daemon produces a small PENDANT on a chain. The metalwork looks like frozen smoke, a swirling tableau of gray and black. A blood-red ruby is inset in the pendant.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
It reminded me of our house colors.
Do you know what it is?

RHAENYRA
Valyrian steel. Like Dark Sister.

Rhaenyra holds the artifact, bewitched by its beauty. Daemon touches the hilt of Dark Sister, his Valyrian steel sword.

DAEMON
Now, you and I both own a small
piece of our ancestry.

(CONTINUED)

He takes the pendant and fastens it around Rhaenyra's neck. When the clasp is secure, Daemon traces Rhaenyra's neckline with his fingers before lifting her chin up to look at her.

DAEMON (CONT'D)

Gevie.
(translation)
[*Beautiful.*]

Rhaenyra smiles, basking in her uncle's dangerous glow.

1.11 **EXT. RED KEEP, GODSWOOD - DAY 2** 1.11

Alicent sits against the white trunk of the ancient weirwood tree which is in full spring bloom. The sun filters through red leaves as large as hands. The tree's carved red face seems to stare down at Alicent and Princess Rhaenyra who lies with her head in the girl's lap.

(CONTINUED)

Alicent reads a hard-bound, illuminated manuscript.

Rhaenyra plays with a small dagger of dragonglass.

ALICENT
Did you read it?

RHAENYRA
Of course I read it.

Alicent is dubious. She tests Rhaenyra:

ALICENT
When Princess Nymeria arrived in
Dorne, who did she take to husband?

RHAENYRA
A man.

ALICENT
What was his name?

RHAENYRA
Lord Something.

ALICENT
If you answer with "Lord
Something," Septa Marlow will be
furious.

RHAENYRA
She's funny when she's furious.

Alicent closes her book. The cuticles on her fingers are all
picked and bitten -- it's a nervous habit of hers.

ALICENT
You are always like this when
you're worried.

RHAENYRA
Like what?

ALICENT
Disagreeable.

Rhaenyra makes a face.

ALICENT (CONT'D)
You're worried your father is about
to overshadow you with a son.

Rhaenyra dismisses the precept that she's bothered by this.

(CONTINUED)

RHAENYRA

I only worry for my mother. I hope
for my father that he gets a son.
For as long as I can recall, it's
all he's wanted.

ALICENT

You want him to have a son?

RHAENYRA

I want to fly with you on dragon-
back, see the great wonders across
the Narrow Sea, and eat only cake.

ALICENT

I'm being serious.

RHAENYRA

I never jest about cake.

ALICENT

You aren't worried about your
position?

RHAENYRA

I like this position. It's quite
comfortable.

Rhaenyra smiles up at Alicent from her lap. Alicent wrests
herself out from beneath Rhaenyra and stands.

Rhaenyra sits up in the grass.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ALICENT

Home. The hour has grown late.

Alicent is frustrated with Rhaenyra; she's not being serious.

RHAENYRA

Princess Nymeria led her Rhoynar
across the Narrow Sea on ten
thousand ships to flee their
Valyrian pursuers. She took Lord
Mors Martell of Dorne to husband
and burned her own fleet off
Sunspear to show her people that
they were finished running.

Rhaenyra tears a page from her book, horrifying Alicent.

(CONTINUED)

ALICENT
What are you doing!

She hands Alicent the torn parchment --

RHAENYRA
So you remember.

THE ILLUMINATED PAGE depicts an illustration of Nymeria watching the Rhoynar fleet burn off the coast of Dorne.

ALICENT
If Septa Marlow sees that book --

RHAENYRA
-- Fuck the septa.

ALICENT
Rhaenyra!

But the princess only laughs.

1.12 **INT. RED KEEP, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT 2**

1.12

In her private apartments, Queen Aemma soaks in a warm bath. Her eyes are closed and her head is laid over the tub's lip.

KING VISERYS (O.S.)
You spend more time in that bath
than I do on the throne.

The queen opens one eye to look at her king. The SERVANTS in the wings quickly vacate at the king's coming.

QUEEN AEMMA
This is the only place I can find
comfort these days.

The king takes a seat on the stool beside the tub. He looks down lovingly at his queen, feels the water.

KING VISERYS
It's tepid.

He stirs the water, then sprinkles it on her forehead.

QUEEN AEMMA
As warm as the maesters will allow.

KING VISERYS
Don't they know that dragons prefer
heat?

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN AEMMA

After this miserable pregnancy, I would not be surprised if I hatched an actual dragon.

KING VISERYS

And he will be loved and cherished.

QUEEN AEMMA

Rhaenyra has already declared that she is to have a sister. She even named her.

Viserys rues the possibility but cannot help but smile.

KING VISERYS

Dare I ask?

QUEEN AEMMA

Visenya. She even chose a dragon's egg for the cradle that she said reminded her of Vhagar.

KING VISERYS

Gods be good. Our family already has its Visenya.

QUEEN AEMMA

Yes. Has there been word from your dear brother?

KING VISERYS

Nothing since I named him Commander of the City Watch.

QUEEN AEMMA

I admit surprise that Daemon hasn't taken advantage of his latest seat at the small council.

KING VISERYS

I presume that he will re-emerge for the tourney. He can never stay away from the lists.

QUEEN AEMMA

Yes, the tourney to celebrate the firstborn son that we do not presently have. You understand that nothing will cause the babe to grow a cock if he does not already possess one?

(CONTINUED)

King Viserys makes a face. After a pregnant pause, he becomes as serious as the Stranger himself...

KING VISERYS
The child is a boy, Aemma. I'm certain of it. I've never been so certain of anything.

Aemma looks up at him, seeing serious conviction in his eyes.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
The dream was clearer than memory.

Viserys stares into the steam rising from the tub's waters.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
Our son was born wearing Aegon's iron crown... I heard the sound of thundering hooves, splintering shields, and ringing swords...
(then)
I placed our boy upon the throne as the bells of the Grand Sept tolled, and all the dragons roared as one.

QUEEN AEMMA
(half-smiling)
Born wearing a crown? Gods spare me, birth is unpleasant enough as it is.

The king looks back at her, not thinking it funny.

Aemma sighs tiredly, growing serious herself.

QUEEN AEMMA (CONT'D)
This is the last time, Viserys.

Viserys does not understand.

QUEEN AEMMA (CONT'D)
I've lost one babe in the cradle, had two stillbirths and two other pregnancies end well before their term. Five in twice as many years.
(then)
I know it's my duty to provide you heirs, and I'm sorry if I've failed you in that. But I have mourned all the dead children I can.

Viserys looks back at his wife, wanting to comfort her.

1.13 **INT. KING'S LANDING, CITY WATCH BARRACKS - NIGHT 2** 1.13

The City Watch's barracks is fortified like a stronghold.

A man with silver hair dresses himself. He fits on black ringmail armor and straps a hauberk across his waist which carries a Valyrian steel sword called DARK SISTER. It's a hand-and-a-half type with a black, leather wrapped hilt.

Lastly, he fastens on a GOLD CLOAK over his shoulders. He then rises and goes out to meet his men --

CAPTAIN RANDYLL BARRET (PRE-LAP)
Commander on the floor!

1.14 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, CITY WATCH BARRACKS - NIGHT 2** 1.14

PRINCE DAEMON TARGARYEN (30s), the Commander of the City Watch, marches out into the courtyard of the barracks. The gates to the city are sealed. The prince's hair is long and pin-straight, and it shines like beaten silver. Daemon exudes a dark charisma; he is a very dangerous man.

Standing beside him is one of the seven gate captains, **CAPTAIN RANDYLL BARRET** (20s), a common-born man with high-born ambitions. He follows Daemon with loyal fervor.

Boots stomp on the ground, and many of the watchmen bang their armor with their wooden cudgels.

Daemon stands amongst his men, a spiteful edge to him.

DAEMON
When I took command of the Watch,
you were stray mongrels, starving
and undisciplined. But now? You're
a pack of hounds, sated and honed
for the hunt.

Captain Barret HOWLS like a dog at Daemon's side. The watchmen HOWL back from the crowd. They live for this.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
My brother's city has fallen into
squalor. Crime of every breed has
been allowed to thrive.
(pauses)
No longer. Beginning tonight,
King's Landing will learn to fear
the color gold.

A WAR-CRY goes up from the City Watch, all cloaked in gold.

1.15 EXT. KING'S LANDING, FLEA BOTTOM - NIGHT 2

1.15

Daemon leads a phalanx of CITY WATCHMEN out of the barracks gates and onto the streets of Flea Bottom.

Flea Bottom represents the dregs of King's Landing, where the low-born take their low pleasures. Cookfires boil cauldrons of eternal stews up and down the expanse, preparing the infamous "bowls of brown".

For the denizens of Flea Bottom, every day is a battle for mere survival. Danger and disease lurks in every shadow.

Daemon grins at the promise ahead.

DAEMON

Captain Barret. Signal the chase.

Captain Randyll Barret grins and BLOWS a whistle.

CAPTAIN RANDYLL BARRET

All right! You heard the Commander!
Hunt's on!

The watchmen fan out into the darkness of Flea Bottom, the firelight reflecting off their new GOLD CLOAKS.

The innocent give them a wide berth. Some of the guilty scatter away in fear, making themselves for easy targets.

The gold cloaks flush low criminals out of hiding. Tavern and fighting pit doors are kicked in. Anyone foolish enough to run is pursued and tackled by the watchmen. There seem to be three gold cloaks for every one criminal --

Gold cloaks have quickly encircled the city square. A flank of them pushes back against a fleeing party.

The "guilty" are snatched by gold cloaks. Captain Barret looks at one, a SCRAWNY WRETCH, and issues summary judgment:

CAPTAIN RANDYLL BARRET (CONT'D)

Thief!

Captain Barret hands the thief over to have his hand removed for his crimes. Another captain inspects a GUTTER RAT --

His trousers are cut and dropped, exposing his cock.

CITY WATCHMAN

Raper!

Gold cloaks move in to geld the accused as he BEGS for mercy.

(CONTINUED)

1.15 CONTINUED:

1.15

Daemon stands in the center of the square, surveying the chaos with satisfaction. Other judgments of "Thief!" and "Raper!" are called out by the watchmen. Then, at last, Daemon hears the accusation he has been waiting for:

CAPTAIN BARRET

Murderer!

Daemon draws DARK SISTER from its scabbard, the ladders and pools of Valyrian steel shining in the torchlight.

Daemon stalks toward a GARGANTUAN BRUTE who is forced to his knees by a group of gold cloaks led by Captain Barret --

His neck is bent forward for his headsman, Prince Daemon.

1.16 OMITTED 22.03.21

1.16

1.17 INT. RED KEEP, KING'S APARTMENTS - FIRST LIGHT 3

1.17

The dawn has not yet risen, but someone is knocking at the king's bedchamber door. The king moves toward it, still in his bedclothes. He's obviously been roused from sleep.

He answers the door to find Ser Otto Hightower fully dressed for a day of work as the Hand of the King.

Seeing the look on his Hand's face, Viserys sighs ruefully.

1.18 INT. RED KEEP, CORRIDORS - MORNING 3

1.18

The Hand leads King Viserys to the small council chamber --

OTTO HIGHTOWER

-- it was an unprecedented roundup of alleged criminals of every ilk. Your brother made a public show of it, meting out the summary judgments himself. I'm told they needed a two-horse cart to haul away the resulting... dismemberments when it was done.

KING VISERYS

Gods be good.

Reaching the doors, Hightower pushes through them --

1.19 INT. RED KEEP, SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - MORNING 3

1.19

-- As the king and his Hand arrive, they find the small council gathered amidst pall of dread.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (PRE-LAP)
The prince cannot be allowed to act
with this kind of unchecked
impunity --

Lord Commander Ryam Redwyne is inside, standing over the small council table. He announces the guest of honor --

LORD COMMANDER RYAM REDWYNE
Prince Daemon Targaryen, Your
Grace.

PRINCE DAEMON is already waiting inside. He rises from the (previously empty) chair kept for him at the small council. He is still wearing his armor and gold cloak from the night before. A red smear stains his new gold cloak.

KING VISERYS
Daemon.
DAEMON
Brother.

Daemon looks at the Hand of the King. The air has gone out of the room. Daemon has that effect.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
Do not let me interrupt, my Lord
Hand. You were saying something
about my impunity?

The Hand looks to his king, waiting for, hoping for him to start the conversation. But the king does not. So Otto moves to take the Hand's seat at the small council table.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
You are to explain your doings with
the City watch.

DAEMON
What about them?

The king walks to his seat and takes it, signaling for the rest of the small council to sit, as well. There is no love lost between Prince Daemon and the Hand of the King. Viserys plays the conciliator.

KING VISERYS
Your new "gold cloaks" made quite
an impression last night.

(CONTINUED)

DAEMON

Did they.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

The City Watch is not a sword to be
wielded at your whim. They are an
extension of the crown.

DAEMON

The Watch was enforcing the crown's
laws. Wouldn't you say, Lord
Strong?

Daemon looks plaintively to Lord Lyonel Strong.

LYONEL STRONG

My prince --

OTTO HIGHTOWER

-- Making a public spectacle
of wanton brutality is hardly
in line with our laws.

DAEMON

Nobles from every corner of the
realm are right now descending on
King's Landing for my brother's
tourney. Do you want them to be
mugged, raped, murdered?

Hightower just stares at Daemon, furious.

DAEMON (CONT'D)

You mightn't know this unless you
stepped out of the safety of the
Red Keep, Lord Hightower, but much
of King's Landing is seen by the
smallfolk as lawless and
terrifying. Our city should be safe
for all its people.

The king again tries to diffuse the enmity between the men.

KING VISERYS

I agree. I just hope you don't have
to maim half my city to achieve
this.

DAEMON

Time will tell.

THE SEA SNAKE

We installed Prince Daemon as
commander to promote law and order.
The criminal element should fear
the City Watch.

(CONTINUED)

DAEMON

I thank you for the support, Lord Corlys.

Ser Otto senses his upper hand slipping away.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

If only the prince would show the same devotion to his lady wife as he did his work, Your Grace.

Daemon stares coldly back at Ser Otto. The prince's marriage is a pressure point. The Hand has squeezed it.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

We understand from Lord Yorbert that you've not been seen in the Vale or at Runestone in some time. Queen Aemma was very proud to have arranged your union with Lady Rhea.

DAEMON

I would think my bronze bitch is happier for my absence.

Lyman Beesbury sighs and takes a drink of wine.

King Viserys flushes red, but he says nothing.

Ser Otto intervenes, angrily, on the king's behalf.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Lady Rhea is your wife, a good and honorable lady of the Vale --

DAEMON

-- In the Vale, men are said to fuck sheep instead of women. I can assure you, the sheep are prettier.

LYMAN BEESBURY

Dear me.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

You took a vow before the eyes of the Seven to honor the Lady Rhea in marriage.

Daemon stares down Hightower.

DAEMON

I'd gladly give Lady Rhea to you, Lord Hightower, if you're in need of a woman to warm your bed. Your own lady wife passed recently, did she not?

(CONTINUED)

Otto Hightower springs to his feet in such a heated rage that he knocks over his chair.

Daemon is fearless. He doesn't move. He only smiles.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
Perhaps you aren't ready to move on
just yet.

Flushed red, King Viserys stares down at his wine cup.

KING VISERYS
You know how my brother makes sport
of provoking you, Otto. Must you
indulge him?

Suddenly realizing that Daemon has gotten the better of him, Ser Otto retreats. He picks up his own chair.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
My apologies, Your Grace.

The king turns to his brother, calmly de-escalating the situation:

KING VISERYS
This council has, at great expense,
bettered the City Watch to your
exacting standards. Enforce my
laws, but know that any further
performances like last night's will
be answered.

Daemon rises to his feet, accepting the rap on his wrist.

DAEMON
Understood, Your Grace. Was there
anything else?

KING VISERYS
That is all.

Daemon takes a long look at his brother. He then bows and leaves the chamber.

The tension leaves with him. The king looks at his council, trying to further diffuse the situation.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
King's Landing has been in decline
since my grandmother passed... In
the end, this new City Watch might
be a good thing.

(CONTINUED)

1.19 CONTINUED:

1.19

The small council exchanges looks with one another.

1.20 MOVED TO 1.10B

1.20

1.21 INT. RED KEEP, KING'S APARTMENTS - DUSK 3

1.21

Viserys stares out the window of his solar at the setting sun. He lies face-down on a table, his entire back exposed.

Grand Maester Mellos as well as two other ATTENDING MAESTERS work on peeling away a poultice that was applied to his back.

Otto Hightower stands by, observing. What he sees beneath the dressing causes the Hand to turn his head in disgust.

KING VISERYS

Has it healed?

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

It has grown slightly, Your Grace.

(CONTINUED)

The news is disconcerting.

The maesters study the WOUND, morbidly fascinated. It's at the small of his back and is about the size of a grape. The tissue seems to be... decomposing.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
Can you say yet what it is?

A **YOUNG MAESTER** with a long chain addresses the Hand.

YOUNG MAESTER
We've sent enquiries to the Citadel. They are searching the texts for similar cases.

KING VISERYS
(irritated)
A small cut from sitting the throne. It was nothing.

The Grand Maester draws Ser Otto further away from Viserys.

The young maester continues attending to the king.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOOS
The king has been under heavy stresses preparing for the birth. Bad humors of the mind can adversely affect the body...

OTTO HIGHTOWER
(softly)
Whatever it is, it needs to be kept quiet.

Grand Maester Mellos understands the need for secrecy.

He returns to the young maester attending the king.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOOS
We should leech it again, maester.

YOUNG MAESTER
It's a wound that refuses to heal, Grand Maester. Might I suggest cauterization?

Grand Maester Mellos looks at the other attending maester, who nods in agreement. Mellos then consults the king.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOOS
This would be a wise course of treatment, Your Grace.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.21 CONTINUED:

1.21

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS (CONT'D)

It will be painful, and it will
scar, but it should spur the
healing process.

The king sighs. But he has no choice other than to give in.

CUT TO:

1.22 INT. PLEASURE HOUSE, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 3

1.22

A pleasure house -- a fine one, as far as these things go.
The muffled sounds of sex filter in through the walls.

In a private room, Daemon angrily fucks a woman from behind.

A group of other WHORES crowd around a latticed screen to
watch the prince work from an adjoining room. Prince Daemon
is a celebrity and this is prime entertainment.

Daemon wants to find pleasure in the act, but he can derive
none. Having stalled on his way to climax, he pulls out of
the woman and walks away from her.

The woman turns over, seemingly unaffected by this turn of
events. This is **MYSARIA** (30s), a porcelain-skinned woman from
Yi-Ti. Her whole being is mystery.

MYSARIA

What troubles you, my prince?

Daemon paces, naked, eaten alive by his preoccupations.

Mysaria goes to him.

MYSARIA (CONT'D)

I could bring in another. Perhaps a
maiden. I have several...

Mysaria runs a finger through Daemon's Targaryen-silver hair.

MYSARIA (CONT'D)

I could even arrange one with
silver hair --

-- Daemon snatches her hand angrily, but then releases her
gently. He gives her a look of genuine pain.

MYSARIA (CONT'D)

You are Daemon Targaryen. Rider of
Caraxes. Wielder of Dark Sister.
The king cannot replace you.

(CONTINUED)

Daemon looks off Mysaria bitterly -- as if ready to either slap or her to burst into tears.

Mysaria goes and embraces him, giving the prince comfort.

CUT TO:

1.23 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, ROYAL BOX - DAY 4**

1.23

Princess Rhaenyra emerges from the steps at the rear of her father's royal box on King's Landing's tournament grounds. The princess hustles through slashes of sunlight filtering in through the slatted roof of the box, large enough to seat fifty nobles and friends of the Targaryens.

A BRASSY OVERTURE sounds from the tournament grounds as the distant voice of the MASTER OF REVELS announces the first combatants to tilt on the field.

KING VISERYS (O.S.)

Be welcome! I know many of you have travelled long leagues for these games, but I promise that you will not be disappointed.

Rhaenyra has seen her father rise from her seat at the front of the box, still some rows ahead of her. She picks up her pace as he begins his address.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

When I look out at the fine knights in these lists, I see a group without equal in our histories.

The day of the Heir's Tournament has come, and Rhaenyra is late. As is her custom.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

And this great day is made even more auspicious by the news that I'm happy to share: Queen Aemma has begun her labors!

The crowd CHEERS the news as Rhaenyra hurries to her seat, her feet nearly stumbling beneath her in her haste.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

May the luck of the Seven shine upon all combatants!

As she passes her father, THE KING, he throws her a sidelong glance laced with disappointment, frustration, and love.

(CONTINUED)

Horse hooves THUNDER on the jousting lane as the tilt begins.

Rhaenyra has to climb across a group of irritated but courteous nobles to arrive at her seat beside LADY ALICENT.

ALICENT
(bemused)
Welcome, princess.

RHAENYRA
Silence, you.

Alicent laughs as an EXPLOSION of shields and lances draws their attention to the jousting lane. The tournament has begun with the unhorsing of a TARLY KNIGHT by an UNIDENTIFIED KNIGHT in plain, mis-matched armor and who wears no sigil.

In all, two hundred knights from every house and hedge great and small have come to join the games to be held in honor of the king and queen's new child. Banners from every kingdom flap in the warm springtime wind.

Smallfolk gather on the perimeter of the tourney grounds, trying to catch a glimpse of a favorite knight.

Princess Rhaenyra is dressed in silver and wears the Valyrian steel pendant that her uncle, Daemon, gave her. She and Alicent sit together in the front row of the box with other noble children such as **LAENOR** (14) and **LAENA** (12) Velaryon, the son and daughter of the Sea Snake and Rhaenys.

King Viserys sits a few rows behind with his Hand, Otto Hightower, and his small council. Viserys wears the golden crown of his grandsire, Jaehaerys.

The elder members of the Kingsguard have volunteered not to tilt so as to guard the royal family. This includes Lord Commander Ryam Redwyne and Ser Harrold Westerling.

Lord Corlys Velaryon, the Sea Snake, sits with his wife, PRINCESS RHAENYS TARGARYEN (now 40s), King Viserys's cousin.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
A mystery knight?

ALICENT
No. A Cole, of the Stormlands.

RHAENYRA
I've never heard of House Cole.

Alicent shrugs. The girls crane their necks to see the other, wealthy knights who wear great, resplendent armor festooned with jewels and inlay. Everything is grand and decadent.

(CONTINUED)

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
Lord Stokeworth's daughter is
promised to that young squire.

ALICENT
Lord Massey's son?

RHAENYRA
They're to be married as soon as he
wins his knighthood.

ALICENT
He'd best get on with it. I heard
that Lady Elinor is hiding a
swollen belly beneath her dress.

Rhaenyra giggles at the scandal of it.

LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON (40s) has trotted over to the royal
box, his squire attending his horse. He wears ornate armor in
the Baratheon heraldry, a black and gold stag. Lord Boremund
lowers his lance before Rhaenys, the Sea Snake's wife.

LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON
Princess Rhaenys Targaryen.

Princess Rhaenys rises from her seat.

LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON (CONT'D)
I would humbly ask for the favor of
"The Queen Who Never Was."

Touched by the gesture, Princess Rhaenys stands and places
her favor on the end of Lord Boremund's lance.

The Sea Snake nods at Lord Baratheon.

PRINCESS RHAENYS
Good fortune to you, cousin.

LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON
I would gladly take it -- if I
thought I needed it.

Lord Boremund smirks and wheels his mount to ride off.

Otto Hightower grumbles disapprovingly to King Viserys:

OTTO HIGHTOWER
You could have Baratheon's tongue
for that.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS
Tongues will not change the
succession. Let them wag.

Otto has no reply.

Rhaenyra stares after Lord Boremund as he trots away from the
royal box. She whispers to Alicent:

(CONTINUED)

RHAENYRA

I hear Lord Boremund's heir still
hasn't learned his letters at three-
and-twenty.

ALICENT

(nods)

Ser Borros. "Dumb as thunder," his
father's attendants call him.

Rhaenyra bursts with laughter. Alicent laughs with her.

1.24 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4**

1.24

Another horn blast brings out the **MASTER OF REVELS** (50s), a
large man in every dimension, particularly his voice.

MASTER OF REVELS

Ser Daemon of House Targaryen, the
Prince of the City, will now choose
his first opponent.

Cheers rise from the smallfolk, where Prince Daemon Targaryen
is very popular. He appears like a dragon in human form as he
circles the grounds in black-scaled armor rimmed in rubies
and red niello. His helmet is shaped like a dragon's head.

HECKLER (O.S.)

Hail, hail "The Lord of Flea
Bottom!"

Daemon's dragon-head helm snaps around toward the insult,
where the smallfolk stand. Just his look cows them all.

1.25 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, ROYAL BOX - DAY 4**

1.25

Alicent watches Daemon intently as he trots down the line
past all the knights in the lists. She asks Rhaenyra:

ALICENT

Daemon will surely choose to face
one of the great houses. Though he
probably doesn't want to tilt
against someone he's never faced...

Daemon lowers his lance to point at **SER GWAYNE HIGHTOWER**
(20s) who holds a silver great helm inlaid with green niello.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER OF REVELS (O.S.)
For his first challenge, Prince
Daemon Targaryen chooses Ser Gwayne
Hightower of Oldtown, the eldest
son of the Hand of the King!

Alicent frowns. Contrite, Rhaenyra shrugs at her friend.

Elsewhere in the royal box, the Hand of the King and Ser
Gwayne Hightower's father, OTTO HIGHTOWER, sits stone-faced.

Other nobles, including Lyman Beesbury, place bets on the
tilt with a PAGE.

1.26 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4** 1.26

Daemon takes his position in the lane and lowers his lance.

Ser Gwayne rides into his lane, regal in his silver armor.

Daemon begins his charge. As does the Hightower knight.

Daemon wields the twelve-foot lance with the deftness of a
knife. He drives the tip forward, driving the head of Ser
Gwayne's lance down into the earth. The sudden change in
inertia immediately vaults the Hightower knight off his horse
and sends him flying to splash down into the mud.

The crowd cheers the dragon prince.

1.27 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, ROYAL BOX - DAY 4** 1.27

In victory, Daemon circles about and trots over to the royal
box. There, he removes his dragon's-head helmet, allowing his
long, spun-silver hair to spill out from within.

The ladies in the box are all drawn to Daemon, as he exudes a
primal danger. Rhaenyra smiles at him.

RHAENYRA
Nicely done, uncle.

DAEMON
Thank you, princess.

Daemon then lowers his lance toward Lady Alicent.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
I'm fairly certain I can win these
games, Lady Alicent. Having your
favor would all but assure it.

(CONTINUED)

1.27 CONTINUED:

1.27

Alicent flushes, conflicted. She stands up, gives a cursory glance around herself, and then moves to Daemon's lance as if someone else might try to beat her there.

Daemon holds his lance out as if it were an extension of his cock. Alicent places her favor on the tip of it.

ALICENT

Good luck. My prince.

When he tilts the lance upward, the favor slides down to the base. Daemon brings the favor to his lips and kisses it.

Rhaenyra looks at Alicent, who is blushing. Rhaenyra doesn't like this; she frowns, shifting in her seat.

Daemon looks up to where King Viserys sits with his Hand, Otto Hightower. Hightower glowers at him. Daemon smiles.

All of this deeply amuses Viserys.

1.28

EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4

1.28

Lances shatter and shields shiver as the first day of the tournament waxes on.

LORD BOREMUND BARATHEON is dragged out of the mud by his squire and pages, too senseless to move under his own power.

The victor, a knight in plain steel armor named **SER CRISTON COLE** (20s) finds his place in the lane to ride in the joust against his next opponent.

Rhaenyra waves over Ser Harrold, her Kingsguard knight.

RHAENYRA

What do you know about this Ser Criston Cole, Ser Harrold?

SER HARROLD WESTERLING

I have been asking the same thing, princess. I'm told Ser Criston is common-born, the son of Lord Blackhaven's steward. Other than that, and the fact that he has now unhorsed both the Baratheon lads, I could not say.

MASTER OF REVELS (O.S.)

Ser Criston Cole will now tilt against Ser Daemon Targaryen, Prince of the City!

(CONTINUED)

Rhaenyra cannot wait to see this one. She walks down to the guard-rail at the front of the royal box to watch.

Alicent follows her down, craning her neck to see.

On the field, Daemon and Ser Criston Cole ride into position.

The knights charge one another.

Daemon breaks his lance against the stout knight in the simple steel armor.

But Daemon is the one sent flying from his mount.

He peels himself up off the ground and signals to his squires. One of them collects DARK SISTER and carries it out to him in the scabbard, offering it hilt first.

MASTER OF REVELS (CONT'D)
Prince Daemon Targaryen wishes to
continue in a melee!

The crowd roars as Ser Criston obliges Daemon. He discards his broken lance and dismounts his horse.

Daemon draws Dark Sister, revealing a bold pattern of Valyrian steel rippling down the blade. The squire then carries the scabbard away.

But Ser Criston has no squire. He must run and fetch his own weapon, a MORNINGSTAR.

Daemon doesn't wait. He comes at him with Dark Sister.

Ser Criston moves quickly for a large knight. He evades Daemon's angry slash and comes around with the morningstar.

It snares Daemon's sword. Criston tears it from his grasp, disarming him. The sword sinks into the tourney mud.

SER CRISTON COLE
Yield.

Unwilling to accept defeat, Daemon lunges for Dark Sister.

Ser Criston moves quickly to intercept, bringing the morningstar down heavily on Daemon's back, stunning him.

Cole then kicks Dark Sister away and stands over Daemon.

The crowd explodes in applause.

Rhaenyra is amazed that anyone was able to best her uncle.

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED:

1.28

King Viserys comes to his feet, laughing and clapping, showing his appreciation for Ser Criston's skills.

Ser Otto Hightower is also quite pleased by this outcome.

1.29 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4**

1.29

Ser Criston Cole peels Daemon up out of the mud.

Daemon tears off his helmet and spits blood, unhappy.

SER CRISTON COLE
Well fought, my prince.

DAEMON
It was. By one of us.

Daemon stalks away, leaving Ser Criston.

1.30 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, THE ROYAL BOX - DAY 4**

1.30

Ser Criston Cole rides over to the royal box with his helmet off and rested on his saddle. The knight is stunningly handsome: olive-skinned, with dark eyes and black hair.

ALICENT
Gods. He's Dornish.

Rhaenyra looks at Alicent, as if trying to vicariously experience whatever it is that Alicent is experiencing.

A YOUNG MAESTER quietly slips into the royal box and climbs the steps to speak to the Hand of the King. Whatever the maester whispers to Ser Otto makes him go cold.

The Hand turns away and brings the dark news to King Viserys.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
(dour)
Your Grace...

As Ser Criston Cole gazes up at Rhaenyra and Alicent...

King Viserys quickly follows his Hand and the maester out of the royal box.

SER CRISTON COLE
I was hoping to ask for the
princess's favor.

Alicent's hopes are dashed. She looks at her younger, royal friend with envy.

(CONTINUED)

Rhaenyra reveals a lush wreath of red roses. Ser Criston Cole bows and loops her favor over the horn of his saddle.

SER CRISTON COLE (CONT'D)
After I win the tourney, I'll
return to name you my Queen of Love
and Beauty.

RHAENYRA
I wish you luck, Ser Criston.

Princess Rhaenyra and Alicent are far too caught up in their romantic fantasies to notice that the king and his Hand have quickly left the royal box in the middle of the tournament.

Something, somewhere has gone terribly wrong.

1.31 INT. RED KEEP, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS - DAY 4

1.31

The atmosphere is thick with sweat and sickness and blood.

Queen Aemma, naked from the waist-down, screams in primal agony on the birthing bed. She is attended to by maesters and midwives with bowls and linens and medicines.

Grand Maester Mellos oversees the troubled labors. He goes immediately to King Viserys, who has just entered the room.

KING VISERYS
What's happening?

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
The infant is in breach, Your
Grace. All attempts to turn the
babe have failed.

Queen Aemma screams as if she's been laid upon the rack.

KING VISERYS
Do something for her!

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
We've given her as much milk of the
poppy as we can without risking the
child. Your queen is a strong
woman. She's fighting with all her
will, but it may not be enough.

KING VISERYS
What are you telling me, Mellos?
You're supposed to be the finest
maester in the realm, attended by
all the rest of them.

(CONTINUED)

GRAND MAESTER MELLOSO
We are maesters, my king. Not
sorcerers.

QUEEN AEMMA
Viserys!

Terrified, Viserys goes to Aemma and takes her hand in his.

KING VISERYS
I'm here, Aemma.

QUEEN AEMMA
Help me, Viserys...

But she far gone to pain and the milk of the poppy.

The maesters continue their fight to bring the child forth.

1.32 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4** 1.32

Aemma's screams carry us back to the tournament.

The ceremonial artifice of the games falls away and the
tournament transforms into what it is: a mock war. Armor is
dented. Bones are broken. Blood is spilled.

A CORBRAY KNIGHT, painted in mud and angry at his defeat,
tears off his helmet and stalks over to the TARLY KNIGHT who
unhorsed him and pulls him off his horse to beat him.

The crowd cheers and jeers as pages and squires run to tear
the men apart as they roll in the mud, beating each other.

1.33 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, ROYAL BOX - DAY 4** 1.33

Watching, Princess Rhaenys remarks to her husband, the Sea
Snake.

THE SEA SNAKE
I wonder if this how we should
celebrate the birth of our future
king -- with wanton violence.

The Sea Snake is biting in his indictment of the king's
celebration.

PRINCESS RHAENYS
It's been seventy years since King
Maegor's end. These knights are as
green as summer grass; none have
known real war.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.33 CONTINUED:

1.33

PRINCESS RHAENYS (CONT'D)

Their lords sent them to the
tourney field with fists full of
steel and balls full of seed, and
we expect them to act with honor
and grace.
Their lord

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.33 CONTINUED:

1.33

PRINCESS RHAENYS (CONT'D)

It's a marvel that war didn't break
out at first blood.

As one of the few men who has been in real combat, the Sea
Snake speaks from all-too-familiar experience.

Closer to the field, Rhaenyra watches the tourney,
fascinated, and having no idea what is happening at home...

1.34 INT. RED KEEP, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS - DAY 4

1.34

Queen Aemma's screams have fallen silent.

A reticent Grand Maester Mellos again approaches the king who
stands helplessly on the wings of the birthing room.

KING VISERYS

She doesn't seem to be in as much
pain now...

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

The queen has pushed herself beyond
her limits, Your Grace.

(hesitating)

During a difficult birth it
sometimes becomes necessary for the
father to make an impossible
choice...

KING VISERYS

Speak it.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

To sacrifice one, or lose them
both.

Viserys goes pale. This is his worst nightmare realized.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS (CONT'D)

There is a chance that we can save
the child. A technique is taught at
the Citadel that involves cutting
directly into the womb to free the
infant. But the resulting blood
loss...

KING VISERYS

Seven Hells, Mellos.

Viserys stares at Aemma in her bed of blood. Midwives attend
her. A maester examines her eyes by candlelight.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
You can save the child?

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
We must either act now, or leave it
with the gods.

KING VISERYS
Do it.

King Viserys goes to his queen's bedside. He takes her hand
and kneels beside her. Aemma looks at him with drugged eyes.

QUEEN AEMMA
Has the babe come?

KING VISERYS
They're going to bring it out
now... I love you, Aemma...

Queen Aemma smiles at him before fading away again.

The maesters go to work on the king's periphery.

Aemma suddenly begins SHRIEKING in unconscious agony. Her
body jerks as it is tugged and pulled and cut.

Viserys holds her hand to his cheek, sobbing. He tries to
block out the noise, but Aemma's pain spears through him.

Then, Aemma goes silent. Time passes in a vacuum.

Until the faint WAIL of a newborn shatters the quiet.

The king lifts his head to see the midwives wrapping the BABY
into swaddling.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
Congratulations, Your Grace. You
have a son.

The king looks up at the Grand Maester almost in disbelief.

My dream was right.

KING VISERYS
It's a boy?

The Grand Maester forces on a happy mask as he passes the
bundle to the king.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
A new heir, Your Grace. Had you and
the queen chosen a name?

(CONTINUED)

1.34 CONTINUED:

1.34

The king stares down at the squalling baby boy, trying to process it. *A male heir; just as I dreamed it.*

KING VISERYS

Baelon.

What should be a happy moment instead plays like a cruel jape from the gods: King Viserys has the male heir that he dreamed of, but he was born at the expense of his mother's life.

1.35 **EXT. KING'S LANDING, TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY 4**

1.35

A TULLY KNIGHT wearing the fish of his house screams agony as his leg, twisted at a morbid angle, is stuck in the mud.

Squires pull off the helmet of his opponent, a DARKLYN KNIGHT. A gray and red soup pours out from inside.

One of the pages vomits.

1.36 **ET. KING'S LANDING, THE ROYAL BOX - DAY 4**

1.36

Alicent turns her head away from the awful violence.

But Rhaenyra stares at it, fascinated.

Her father's Hand, Ser Otto, returns to the royal box with somber purpose. He delivers the news to the small council.

Lord Commander Redwyne races to the front of the royal box, where Rhaenyra and Alicent sit. The brief action leaves the old knight breathless. Ser Ryam signals for his squire.

Rhaenyra turns to see the frantic activity in the royal box.

Slowly, reality seeps in. *My mother has died in childbirth.*

Alicent cannot believe what is happening.

The king's councillors, knights, and allies swarm around her, but Rhaenyra is lost in the fray, heartbroken and alone.

CUT TO:

1.37 **INT. RED KEEP, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT 4**

1.37

King Viserys sits beside his queen's birthing bed, which is empty but for the bloody bedding left behind. It looks as if someone were slaughtered in the white sheets.

(CONTINUED)

1.37 CONTINUED:

1.37

Rhaenyra arrives in the doorway, but she will not cross the threshold. She refuses to come inside.

Her father sits in his chair in a black fog, either unaware of her presence or unable to comfort his daughter.

Rhaenyra pulls herself out of the doorway and flees.

When she is gone, the Grand Maester enters.

KING VISERYS
Does Baelon live?

But the Grand Maester's head hangs low; he has brought more grave news.

1.38

EXT. KING'S LANDING, RHAENYS' HILL - MORNING 5

1.38

Queen Aemma's body is wrapped in a white shroud and laid upon the stone. It is Targaryen custom to burn their dead.

On a smaller, adjacent bier lies a second, TINY FUNERAL SHROUD that is so small that it could be easily missed.

The morning sun rises over Rhaenys' Hill. The BELLS of the Grand Sept ring out in mourning.

A throng of hundreds have gathered on the mound, all of them dressed in mourning. The king's small council stands at the front of the crowd. The lords and ladies of all the houses who were in King's Landing for Viserys' great tournament attend, including Velaryon, Arryn, Hightower, Baratheon...

The small council stands in support of the king, and all seven knights of the Kingsguard along with scores of knights and men-at-arms in service to House Targaryen.

Corlys Velaryon, the Sea Snake, stands off to the side with his wife, Rhaenys, "The Queen Who Never Was."

SYRAX, Rhaenyra's dragon, stands at the peak of the hill, attended by four DRAGONKEEPERS: two Elders, two Acolytes.

King Viserys himself, crowned and dressed in the black of his house, stands over a funeral bier. Viserys is bereft, totally lost in grief.

Rhaenyra stands apart from him. Her eyes are red from crying, but there's another emotion on her face -- anger.

(CONTINUED)

The whole of the funeral appears to be looking at Rhaenyra, waiting anxiously for her to do something.

Daemon stands between his brother and his niece, caught between both worlds. After a long moment, he goes to Rhaenyra and speaks to her gently:

DAEMON
They're waiting for you.

Rhaenyra stares angrily ahead. She says nothing.

Daemon sees all the faces looking at her. He feels for her, and also wants this awkward moment to end.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
Come. We'll go together.

Daemon offers Rhaenyra his arm. She does not take it.

Rhaenyra snaps at Daemon, bitterly, in [High Valyrian].

RHAENYRA
Ñurho valongro paghyro jēdunna, lo
toliĵī kepa űuha kirimvī rhēdos
pendan...?
(translation)
*[I wonder if, for those few hours
my brother lived, my father finally
found happiness.]*

Daemon looks off to his grieving brother, boring a hole into the king with his gaze.

Daemon would kill to be loved by Viserys the way Rhaenyra is. He tries to console his niece.

DAEMON
Kepa aōha avy sīr ojūdo tubiro
toliot jorrāelza.
(translation)
*[Your father needs you more now
than he ever has.]*

RHAENYRA
Trēsý dōrī kesian.
(translation)
[I will never be a son.]

And neither will Daemon.

Rhaenyra breaks away from her uncle and stalks up the hill toward her golden dragon.

(CONTINUED)

Full of emotion, Rhaenyra commands Syrax:

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
Dracarys Syrax.
(translation)
[*Dragonfire, Syrax.*]

Syrax opens her maw and expels a column of DRAGONFIRE, which sets alight both the biers.

Queen Aemma and Prince Baelon are consumed in flame.

Twin columns of black smoke, bent by a strong morning wind, rise from the twin funeral pyres as mother and child burn.

(CONTINUED)

Syrax opens her maw and expels a column of dragonfire, which lights the funeral bier of Queen Aemma as well as a second bier beside it. On this bier lies a burial shroud that is so tiny that it could be easily missed.

Baby Baelon's corpse is rapidly consumed by fire.

Twin columns of black smoke, bent by a strong morning wind, rise from the twin funeral pyres as mother and child burn.

Daemon comes to Rhaenyra's side and consoles her.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)
Jaehossa tēmīri issi. Ńuho kepot
ono toliot dāranne irughagon sēpar
ziry laodigon.
(translation)
*[The gods are cruel. To finally
give my father his heir only to
steal him away.]*

DAEMON
Avy emos kepa aōha biare issa.
(translation)
[He is lucky; he still has you.]

RHAENYRA
Trēsý dōrī kesan.
(translation)
[I will never be a son.]

Rhaenyra stares bitterly into the dragon fire.

1.39 **INT. RED KEEP, RHAENYRA'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT 5** 1.39

After the funerary, Rhaenyra returns to her apartments to find her friend, ALICENT, waiting for her.

Seeing her, Rhaenyra finally bursts into tears. She falls into Alicent's arms, and they sink to the floor together.

1.40 **INT. RED KEEP, SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT 5** 1.40

The small council has gathered for the day's business beneath a black pall. The king's seat is empty.

Viserys shuffles into the council chamber wearing simple black cotton. His shoulders are stooped, his face puffy. He seems to have aged ten years over these last, awful days.

The king notices something missing.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS
Where is Rhaenyra?

Hightower looks to the Grand Maester. *Rhaenyra was intentionally kept out of this session.* Otto takes a breath.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
Your Grace. This is the last thing any of us wish to discuss at this dark hour, but I consider the matter urgent.

KING VISERYS
What matter?

OTTO HIGHTOWER
That of your succession.

The Sea Snake looks across the table at the Hand. Lyonel Strong is also surprised. This matter is news to them.

Slowly, King Viserys looks up at Otto. He says nothing.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)
The recent tragedies have left you without an obvious heir.

THE SEA SNAKE
The king has an heir, my Lord Hand.

Hightower ignores the Sea Snake.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
Despite how... difficult this time is, I feel it important that the succession be firmly in place. For the stability of the realm.

LYONEL STRONG
The succession is already set -- by precedent and by law.

The master of laws is not one for sentiment or minced words.

Ser Otto stares back at Lyonel Strong.

THE SEA SNAKE
Shall we say his name? Daemon Targaryen.

The king has not reacted to any of this.

The Hand looks to Grand Maester Mellos, revealing him as a co-conspirator in this effort.

(CONTINUED)

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

The prince has not, in his time at court, demonstrated the kind of good sense and moral temperament that you are known for, Your Grace.

LYONEL STRONG

The prince is not king.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Yet. But with one more dark turn of fate, he could be.

Dark turn of fate... The king looks at his Hand. He guards the secret of Viserys's condition, but for how long?

LYMAN BEESBURY

I think we could all stand for fewer dark turns of fate.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS

If Daemon remains the uncontested heir, it could set the realm ill at ease.

THE SEA SNAKE

The realm? Or the men of this council?

OTTO HIGHTOWER

No one here can claim to know what Daemon would do were he king. But none can doubt his ambition. Look at what he did with his "gold cloaks." The City Watch is fiercely loyal to him. An army two-thousand strong.

A line has been crossed. An awkward tension grips the room until the king explodes with frustration:

KING VISERYS

An army you gave him, Otto! I named Daemon master of laws, but you said that he was a tyrant. As master of coin, you said he was a spendthrift who would beggar the realm. Putting him in command of the City Watch was your solution!

(CONTINUED)

OTTO HIGHTOWER

A half-measure, Your Grace. The truth is, Daemon should be far away from this court -- at Runestone with his lady wife.

KING VISERYS

Daemon is my brother. My blood. He must have a place at my court.

Ser Otto looks to Mellos for support.

GRAND MAESTER MELLO

Let him keep his place at court, Your Grace. But if the gods should visit some further tragedy on you -- either by design or by accident --

KING VISERYS

"Design?" Are you suggesting that my brother will now murder me and take my throne?

King Viserys laughs, darkly, at the absurdity of it.

The council's resounding silence disagrees. Viserys finds the Hand just staring back at him.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

Please. Daemon has his ambitions, yes, but not for the throne. He lacks the patience for it.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

The gods have yet to make a man who lacks the patience for absolute power, Your Grace.

GRAND MAESTER MELLO

Under such circumstances, it would not be an aberration for the king to name a successor.

The master of law remains incredulous about this subject.

LYONEL STRONG

Who else would have a claim?

OTTO HIGHTOWER

The king's firstborn child.

LYONEL STRONG

Rhaenyra? No queen has ever sat the Iron Throne.

(CONTINUED)

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
That is only by tradition and
precedent, Lord Strong...

LYONEL STRONG
If order and stability so concern
this council then perhaps we should
not break one hundred years of it
by naming a girl heir!

The master of coin, Lyman Beesbury, has been quietly hearing
out the arguments on both sides. He wades into the currents.

LYMAN BEESBURY
Jaehaerys saw success with the
Great Council at Harrenhal.
Perhaps his strategy could be
revisited. You could make the lords
choose: Rhaenyra or Daemon.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
If we convened a second Great
Council, Lord Lyman, the lords
would likely choose Daemon, as he
is the eldest male.

LYONEL STRONG
That's because that is how
succession works.

OTTO HIGHTOWER
Daemon would be a second Maegor or
worse. It is the duty of this
council to protect the king and the
realm from him.

(to Viserys)
I'm sorry, Your Grace, but that is
the truth as I see it. I know that
others agree. We all prayed to the
Seven that the queen would bring
forth a male heir to supplant
Daemon. But it was not to be.

The master of laws now appeals to the king directly:

LYONEL STRONG
King Jaehaerys called the Great
Council in order to hold peace
across the Seven Kingdoms.
(then)
This realm is one of precedent and
laws, Your Grace. I beg you not to
annul them.

(CONTINUED)

There is a long silence. Viserys speaks, soft and reticent.

KING VISERYS

I won't be made to choose between
my brother and my daughter.

THE SEA SNAKE

You would not have to, Your Grace.
There are others who would have a
claim.

LYONEL STRONG

(accusing)

Such as your wife, Lord Corlys?
"The Queen Who Never Was?"

THE SEA SNAKE

Rhaenys was the only child of
Jaehaerys' eldest son. She had a
strong claim at the Great Council --
and she already has a male heir.

Ser Otto is set aghast by the Sea Snake's audacity.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Just moments ago, you announced
your support for Daemon!

LYONEL STRONG

If we cannot agree on the heir, how
can we expect the realm to? That is
why this is a dangerous path --

The king pushes away from the table, prompting the others to
stand, as well. The king speaks with boiling anger:

KING VISERYS

My wife and son are dead! I will
not suffer crows who come to feast
on their corpses.

Viserys storms out of the council chamber.

1.41 **INT. RED KEEP, THE TOWER OF THE HAND - DAY 6**

1.41

Inside the Tower of the Hand, Ser Otto Hightower sees to the
king's business with quill and parchment. Grand Maester
Mellos awaits. The Hand finishes a letter, folds it, and
seals it with wax.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

For Oldtown. Straight away.

(CONTINUED)

The Grand Maester nods and takes the letter. On his way out, he passes --

-- LADY ALICENT, Rhaenyra's friend. She wears a conservative dress, and her hair is bound up in a circlet.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

Darling.

Ser Otto lights up at her arrival, rising to kiss her cheek.

Alicent is a Hightower, the daughter of the Hand of the King.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

How is Rhaenyra?

ALICENT

(eyes full)

She lost her mother.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

The queen was well-loved by all.

(then)

I found myself thinking of your own mother today.

Alicent smiles sadly. She pushes away the pain, not wanting to think about it. She changes the subject:

ALICENT

How is His Grace?

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Very low. Which is why I sent for you. I thought that you might go to him, offer him comfort.

His daughter does not look entirely comfortable with the ask.

ALICENT

In his chambers?

The answer is clearly "yes," but Ser Otto only looks at her.

ALICENT (CONT'D)

I wouldn't know what to say.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

It matters little. He will be glad for a visitor.

Alicent absently brings her fingers up to her mouth to chew on her already-bitten cuticles.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)
Stop that.

Her father's stern rebuke stays her hand. She lowers it. He says nothing more, returning to the work on his desk.

Alicent hesitates, but she wants to please her father. She nods and turns to see to his errand.

Not looking up from his work, Otto calls after her:

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)
You might wear one of your mother's dresses.

1.42 **INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 6**

1.42

King Viserys stands in an empty throne room, his only company the FOUR GIANT STATUES representing the former Targaryen kings. Viserys toys absently with the VALYRIAN STEEL dagger he wears on his belt. The hilt is made of dragonbone.

Footfalls *click-clack* on the stone, echoing through the cavernous room. Viserys is so lost in contemplation that he doesn't seem to hear their approach.

DAEMON
Brother.

Prince Daemon's arrival finally pulls the king's attention.

Daemon throws his arms around his brother. The men hold the embrace for a long beat. There is real love here.

But Viserys winces, his hidden wound hurting him. The king quickly withdraws from his brother, who notes this.

DAEMON (CONT'D)
How are you?

Viserys looks a hundred years old. All the life and passion that Viserys once had now seems to have been taken from him along with Aemma and Baelon.

He does not answer Daemon directly.

KING VISERYS
Do you believe the gods have a design?

DAEMON
No.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAEMON (CONT'D)

I don't think they give a wet shit
about us.

KING VISERYS

As Targaryens, we're thought to be
"closer to gods than to men." That
we were preserved from the Doom for
some higher purpose.

Daemon searches Viserys, frustrated by his indirectness.

DAEMON

We got lucky. There's no shame in
it.

VISERYS

It wasn't luck; it was a girl's
Dreams. Daenys saw what was to come
and saved us from it.

DAEMON

That made for a good story. But
Daenys's "dreams" didn't make us
kings. Aegon's dragons did, on the
Field of Fire.

KING VISERYS

There were a thousand dragons in
Old Valyria. So what put House
Targaryen on the Iron Throne?
Dragons? Or Dreams?

DAEMON

Aegon was no Dreamer. He was a
Conqueror. With a greatsword of
Valyrian steel and the most
fearsome dragon that ever lived.

KING VISERYS

Aegon wrote his own history. The
truth was something else.

Daemon laughs, chiding, at the portentousness of the claim.
Recovering, he inquires:

DAEMON

And what was that?

Viserys takes a long pause. He looks at Daemon, considering
whether to tell him some secret truth.

But he says nothing in the end.

(CONTINUED)

DAEMON (CONT'D)

The Targaryen history is written in
fire and blood, Viserys. Though
some of us might wish to forget
that, we cannot deny our nature.

Viserys sighs, let down by where this is going. He looks up
at the statue of King Jaehaerys where it looms over them.

KING VISERYS

King Jaehaerys moved us beyond
that. With five decades of peace
and progress, and then the vote at
the Great Council.

(then; lamenting)

And now I am meant, somehow, to do
even better.

DAEMON

Better? I have nothing but respect
for grandsire and all he
accomplished, but Harrenhal was a
farce.

Daemon indicates the Iron Throne, where it is slashed in both
light and shadow.

DAEMON (CONT'D)

Councils don't make kings. Kings
make kings.

KING VISERYS

The Great Council worked out well
for you, my prince.

DAEMON

Not as well as it did for you, Your
Grace.

Viserys laughs, showing a flash of his old self.

KING VISERYS

I sometimes find myself wishing I
could go back to that day and pass
it all to Rhaenys. To be just
another Targaryen prince...

Daemon twists at the insult. *Just another prince. Like me.*

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

To be able to hunt, and read, and
enjoy life's simpler pleasures.

(CONTINUED)

DAEMON

Give it up, then. We're both in our best years, but they are being wasted at court.

KING VISERYS

You think I should abdicate the throne?

DAEMON

Leave those burdens to your council. You were the last Targaryen to ride the Black Dread. Claim Vhagar. We could fly to conquest, together.

KING VISERYS

And who would we conquer?

DAEMON

Anyone we wish. We can do as Aegon did. Write our own history -- in fire and blood.

When Viserys looks into his brother's soul, he sees unbridled ambition. The king sighs, his voice softening. He glances up at the statue of Jaehaerys, his great predecessor.

KING VISERYS

The dragons are gods made flesh. If we treat them as tools for our gain, they will deliver our end.

DAEMON

You are wrong, brother.

(off Viserys)

It's said that Valyrians created the dragons. If dragons are gods... what does that make you and I?

Viserys stares at Daemon with a sense of looming dread.

1.43 INT. PLEASURE HOUSE - NIGHT 6

1.43

Two Lysene men and a blue-haired Tyroshi woman put on a live sex show on the dancing stage.

The pleasure house is packed full with gold cloaks. The captains of the City Watch along with a full coterie of Daemon's hangers-on drink and carouse with the half and fully-naked whores who roam about. Captain Randyll Barret is pleased by one of the whores right at his table, her face buried in his lap. Every gold cloak is in his cups.

(CONTINUED)

Not the least of which is Prince Daemon Targaryen, wearing his city watch commander's uniform. He leans against the bar, staring ahead. His mood is unknowable.

Mysaria, Daemon's paramour, comes through the crowd. She takes a flagon of wine from a serving boy.

MYSARIA

The king's sole heir once again.
Might we drink to our future?

Mysaria seems to vibrate with an energy that straddles the sexual and the dangerous. Daemon stares at her, aroused. He kisses her, then takes the flagon of wine and raises it.

DAEMON

King and council have long rued my
position as next in line for the
throne. But dream and pray as they
all might, it seems I am not so
easily replaced.

The Targaryen prince's toast snares the room's attention. The room hisses and jeers Daemon's playful opening. He darkens.

DAEMON (CONT'D)

The gods give... just as the gods
take away.
(loudly)
To the king's son, Baelon --
"The Heir for a Day."

Most of the men don't know how to react to the seditious toast. But Mysaria's lilting laughter breaks the silence.

Captain Randyll Barret, taking this as permission, looses his own laughs. The other sycophants in Daemon's entourage join with guffaws and japes.

Daemon smiles thinly at the power he holds over this room of flatterers and fools. He drinks his wine.

The doorway to the king's apartments opens, revealing Lord Commander Ryam Redwyne. Alicent Hightower stands behind him as he steps inside. She chews her cuticles bloody, vibrating with nerves.

We find King Viserys sitting at a table in his solar. He stares blankly at a MODEL OF OLD VALYRIA, lost in thought. The model is a pet project for Viserys -- reconstructing the fallen empire.

(CONTINUED)

Old books and maps are laid out beside it -- research about the details of the Targaryen's original home. Viserys fiddles with the figurine of a VALYRIAN DRAGON.

LORD COMMANDER RYAM REDWYNE
The Lady Alicent Hightower, Your
Grace.

Lady Alicent steps into the light of the king's apartments. At her father's instruction, she has changed. This is a woman's dress, not a girl's. It is a rich green that brings out her natural beauty and the contours of her body.

KING VISERYS
Alicent...

King Viserys is stunned. He has known Alicent since she was a child, but now a beautiful woman grown stands before him.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
What is it, Alicent?

ALICENT
I thought I might come and look in on you, Your Grace. I brought a book, a favorite of mine. I do know how passionate you are for the histories.

The Kingsguard knight takes his leave.

Alicent holds up the large BOOK she's carrying. It's an illuminated manuscript of great artistry.

Thinking better of it, Alicent puts the book down. She goes to sit with the king at his model of Old Valyria.

ALICENT (CONT'D)
When my mother died, people only ever spoke to me in riddles. All I wanted was for someone to say that they were sorry for what happened to me.

Viserys looks up at Alicent. She is sincere.

ALICENT (CONT'D)
I am very sorry, Your Grace.

The king responds with a sad smile.

1.45 INT. RED KEEP, SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY 7

1.45

King Viserys sits at the head of the small council table, looking stronger, more alive than he did the day before.

Rhaenyra dutifully delivers a cup of wine to the king before tending to the other members of the small council.

The king's Hand takes his seat with a grim look about him.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Before we begin, Your Grace, I have a report I feel compelled to share.

King Viserys looks at his Hand with a certain dread.

OTTO HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

You know, Your Grace, how I cannot abide gossip...

KING VISERYS

Please, Otto. Gossip on.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

Last night, Prince Daemon bought out one of the pleasure houses on the Street of Silk.

KING VISERYS

For what purpose?

OTTO HIGHTOWER

To entertain officers of the City Watch and other friends of his.

(pregnant pause)

He toasted Prince Baelon, styling him, "The Heir for a Day."

LYMAN BEESBURY

Merciful Seven.

Lord Lyman Beesbury sighs and takes a drink of wine.

OTTO HIGHTOWER

I corroborated this report with three separate witnesses. The evening was, by every account, a celebration, Your Grace.

Rhaenyra is crestfallen to hear this. She can't believe it.

The room holds its breath. Lord Lyonel Strong and the King's Hand look to him for a reaction. But Grand Maester Mellos and Lyman Beesbury cannot bear to make eye contact with him.

(CONTINUED)

1.45 CONTINUED:

1.45

King Viserys has turned to stone. He simply stares ahead, looking at no one. A small eternity passes.

Then, Rhaenyra is startled by an outburst of violence.

Viserys swats the flagon of wine sitting in front of him, sending it to SHATTER on the floor of the council chamber.

1.46 **INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - NIGHT 7**

1.46

Prince Daemon enters through the double doors of the throne room. He wears the Targaryen house colors and their ancestral sword, Dark Sister, at his hip in a hauberk.

He finds his brother, King Viserys Targaryen, seated on the Iron Throne.

The king also wears the Targaryen colors, dressed regally in black and red. Viserys clutches the other Targaryen ancestral sword, BLACKFYRE, in his hand. It is unsheathed and pointed tip down, the pools and swirls of Valyrian steel rippling in the firelight. The naked steel indicates a naked aggression.

Three knights of the Kingsguard stand in a protective cordon at the foot of the throne. Lord Commander Ryam Redwyne, Ser Harrold Westerling, and a ND Kingsguard knight.

DAEMON

Decided you're ready to fly off to conquest after all, brother?

KING VISERYS

Did you say it?

DAEMON

I don't know what you mean.

KING VISERYS

You will address me as "Your Grace," or I will have my Kingsguard cut out your tongue.

The prince is stayed by his brother's anger.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

"The Heir for a Day." Did you say it?

Daemon sighs. He knows that he has been betrayed.

DAEMON

We must all mourn in our own way,
Your Grace.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS

My family was just destroyed! But instead of being at my side, or Rhaenyra's, you chose to go and celebrate your own rise laughing with whores and lickspittles.

Daemon stares blankly back at him.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

You have no allies at court but me. I've only ever defended you. But everything I've given you, you've thrown back in my face.

DAEMON

You've only ever tried to send me away. To the Vale, to the City Watch -- anywhere but by your side. For ten years you've been king, yet you never asked me to be your Hand.

The king stares at his brother, red with fury.

KING VISERYS

Why? Why would I do that?

DAEMON

Because I'm your brother. And the blood of the dragon runs thick.

KING VISERYS

Then why do you cut me so deeply?

DAEMON

I've only ever spoken the truth.
(then)
And I see Otto Hightower for what he is.

KING VISERYS

An unwavering and loyal Hand?

DAEMON

A cunt.

The insult lands.

DAEMON (CONT'D)

A second son who stands to inherit nothing that he doesn't seize for himself.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS
Otto Hightower is a more honorable
man than you could ever be.

DAEMON
He doesn't protect you. I would.

KING VISERYS
Protect me from what?

DAEMON
Yourself.
(then)
You're weak, Viserys. And that
council of leeches knows it. They
all prey on you for their own ends.

Viserys is stayed by his brother's insult. He straightens on
the Iron Throne and tries to project the strength of a king.

KING VISERYS
I have decided to name a new heir.

Daemon is blindsided. Disoriented by the proclamation.

DAEMON
I'm your heir.

KING VISERYS
Not anymore.

Daemon is thunderstruck by the power of his brother's fury.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
You are to return to Runestone and
your lady wife at once, and you are
to do so without quarrel. By order
of your king.

There is a long, anguished silence.

Daemon then takes a step toward the throne.

The three Knights of the Kingsguard draw their swords in
unison, daring Daemon to act.

However good Daemon might be, such would be suicide. But
Daemon is as dangerous as he is unpredictable.

DAEMON
Your Grace.

Daemon wheels around and stalks from the throne room.

(CONTINUED)

1.46 CONTINUED:

1.46

When he is gone, Viserys audibly exhales. He stands from the throne, feeling ever more the king. But as he rises, his hand snags on Aegon's accursed seat.

Viserys looks at his little finger. The Iron Throne has drawn blood.

1.47 INT. RED KEEP, ALTAR ROOM - NIGHT 7

1.47

Rhaenyra walks into a Valyrian altar room deep within the torch-lit bowels of the Red Keep, delivered by Lord Commander Ryam Redwyne.

She finds her father within, absently thumbing the dragonbone hilt of the Valyrian steel DAGGER on his belt. Though Viserys is a peacetime king, this weapon never leaves his side.

The king stares into the enormous iron-black skull of BALERION, THE BLACK DREAD -- Aegon the Conqueror's dragon.

The dragon's skull is large enough for a mounted knight to ride into its mouth, and the dragon's teeth are as long as daggers. An eternal flame burns beneath the plinth the skull rests on. This is a reverential place; a Valyrian temple.

RHAENYRA

Father.

Rhaenyra approaches him angrily, her father's neglect having built up a wall of resentment.

RHAENYRA (CONT'D)

You haven't spoken a word to me since mother's funeral, and then you send your Kingsguard to collect me?

Viserys ignores her, ruminating on some other thought.

KING VISERYS

Balerion was the last living creature to have seen Old Valyria before the Doom... Its greatness and its flaws...

Rhaenyra remains charged, but Viserys is contemplative.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

When you look at the dragons, what do you see?

RHAENYRA

What?

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS

Answer me. It's important. What do you see?

Irritated but curious, Rhaenyra considers the question, looking into the hollow eyes of Balerion, the Black Dread.

RHAENYRA

I suppose... I see us.

KING VISERYS

Tell me.

Drawn in, Rhaenyra now considers the point more fully.

RHAENYRA

Everyone says Targaryens are closer to gods than to men. But they say that because of our dragons; without them, we're just like everyone else.

Viserys is impressed by his daughter's grasp of this nuance.

KING VISERYS

The idea that we control the dragons is an illusion. They are a power that man should never have trifled with -- one that brought Valyria its doom. And, if we don't mind our own history, it will do the same to us.

Viserys looks directly at his daughter.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

A Targaryen must understand this to be king -- or queen.

Rhaenyra stares at her father, confused.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Rhaenyra. I've wasted the years since you were born wanting for a son. But...

(fighting emotion)

You are the very best of your mother. I believe, as I know she did, that you could be a great ruling queen.

(CONTINUED)

RHAENYRA
Daemon is your heir.

KING VISERYS
Daemon was not made to wear the
crown. But I believe that you were.

This hits Rhaenyra with a winding force.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
This is no trivial gesture,
Rhaenyra. A dragon's saddle is one
thing, but the Iron Throne is the
most dangerous seat in the realm.

Rhaenyra nods, understanding this as best she can.

CUT TO:

1.48 INT. RED KEEP, RHAENYRA'S APARTMENTS - SUNRISE 8 1.48

Lady Alicent Hightower stands behind her friend Rhaenyra at a dressing vanity. A candelabra provides light that shines on the reflecting panel where Rhaenyra can see herself.

Alicent lovingly dresses Rhaenyra in layers of ceremonial clothing. A ruby-encrusted rendering of the Targaryen three-headed dragon is affixed to the breast of Rhaenyra's dress.

Preparing her friend for the ceremony, Alicent runs a brush through Rhaenyra's hair. Her touch comforts Rhaenyra.

Alicent steps back and looks at Rhaenyra, who now seems to have everything Alicent could imagine wanting in the world.

1.49 INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 8 1.49

Princess Rhaenyra -- now dressed in the red and black of the House of the Dragon -- stands at the foot of the Iron Throne.

The throne room is packed with lords, ladies and knights from every corner of the realm. The mood is one of celebration.

King Viserys -- crowned and dressed in the ceremonial armor of his house and with the Targaryen ancestral sword Blackfyre sheathed at his hip -- sits upon the Iron Throne.

Grand Maester Mellos stands on one side of the princess, and the **HIGH SEPTON** (70s) stands on the other.

A long queue of lords has formed before the throne, wearing sigils familiar and unfamiliar.

(CONTINUED)

They wait with retainers -- knights and men-at-arms -- but when summoned by Grand Maester Mellos, the lords approach Rhaenyra alone.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
Corlys of House Velaryon, Lord of
the Tides and Master of Driftmark.

Lord Corlys, the Sea Snake, steps forward in the heraldry of House Velaryon: a seahorse. He kneels before Rhaenyra.

THE SEA SNAKE
I, Corlys Velaryon, Lord of
Driftmark, promise to be faithful
to King Viserys and his named heir,
the Princess Rhaenyra. I pledge
fealty to them and shall defend
them against all enemies in good
faith and without deceit. I swear
this by the old gods and the new.

As Lord Corlys says the words, Rhaenyra looks out over the gathered lords of the Seven Kingdoms and all those yet to swear obeisance to her. The scope of it awes her.

GRAND MAESTER MELLOS
Lord Hobert Hightower, Beacon of
the South, Defender of the Citadel,
and Voice of Oldtown.

PRINCE DAEMON TARGARYEN stands in the deep wings of the Throne Room. He's not dressed in their house colors. He looks back at Rhaenyra impassively.

LORD HOBERT HIGHTOWER (50s) steps up to kneel before the princess wearing the greens and grays of his house.

HOBERT HIGHTOWER
I, Lord Hobert Hightower, Beacon of
the South, Defender of the Citadel,
and Voice of Oldtown, promise to be
faithful to King Viserys and his
named heir, the Princess Rhaenyra.

As he pledges obeisance, Rhaenyra again searches the crowd for her uncle. But she does not find him.

That's because Daemon stands beside his dragon, **CARAXES**, with his hand rested on the beast's enormous, blood-red head.

HOBERT HIGHTOWER (V.O.)
I pledge fealty to them and shall
defend them against all enemies in
good faith and without deceit. I
swear this by the old gods and the
new.

Seeing MYSARIA approach the vault tunnel, Daemon steps away
from his dragon.

Caraxes is colloquially called "The Blood Wurm," because the
dragon is blood-red and slender like a snake. Without
Daemon's touch to calm him, the cantankerous beast resists
and roars and snaps, loosing a plume of flame in protest.

DRAGONKEEPER ACOLYTE
Lykirī! Lykirī!
(translation)
[*Calmy! Calmy!*]

DRAGONKEEPER ELDER
Rybās! Dohaerās, Caraxes!
(translation)
[*Obey! Serve, Caraxes!*]

FOUR DRAGONKEEPERS command Daemon's dragon to heel as Mysaria
approaches the monstrous Blood Wurm; Daemon awaits her.

1.51 **INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 8**

1.51

Lord Boremund Baratheon, the man who styled Viserys's cousin
Rhaenys as "The Queen Who Never Was," comes forward. He isn't
happy to be swearing obeisance to Viserys's daughter.

Rhaenyra smiles at Lord Boremund, who does not yet kneel.
It's an act subtle defiance, just like at the tournament.
Staring at the man, Rhaenyra allows her kind and warm smile
to wilt. It turns into the hard gaze of a future queen.

Lord Boremund is cowed by the girl. He kneels bitterly.

BOREMUND BARATHEON
I, Boremund Baratheon, Lord of
Storm's End, promise to be faithful
to King Viserys and his named heir,
the Princess Rhaenyra. I pledge
fealty to them, and shall defend
them against all enemies in good
faith and without deceit. I swear
this by the old gods and the new.

Rhaenyra is satisfied by her small victory.

1.52 **OMITTED22.03.21**

1.52

1.53 **INT. RED KEEP, ALTAR ROOM - DAY 7**

1.53

Rhaenyra stands with her father before the skull of Balerion. This is a continuation of the conversation where Viserys declared his intent to name Rhaenyra heir.

KING VISERYS

I'm going to tell you something now, Rhaenyra... It won't be easy for you to understand, but you must hear it.

Rhaenyra looks up at her father, intrigued and suddenly on-edge. Viserys smiles at her, trying to calm her. He then looks off her to stare into the skull of Aegon's dragon.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)

The histories tell us that Aegon looked across the Blackwater from Dragonstone and saw a rich land ripe for the capture. But ambition alone is not what drove him to conquest. It was a Dream.

(then)

Since the days of Old Valyria, a precious few in the Targaryen line gifted with prophetic Dreams. Like the one which saved our house from the Doom. And just as Daenys foresaw the end of Valyria, Aegon foresaw the end of the world of men.

Shock overtakes Rhaenyra's features. *Aegon was a Dreamer?*

1.54 **INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 8**

1.54

The lords of Westeros continue coming forward to swear obeisance to Rhaenyra, but Viserys's voice is the only heard:

KING VISERYS (V.O.)

It is to begin with a terrible winter gusting out of the distant north.

The grim gray and blue of the Winterfell direwolf approaches the throne. **LORD RICKON STARK** (40s) kneels before Rhaenyra.

(CONTINUED)

KING VISERYS (V.O.)
Aegon saw absolute darkness riding
on those winds. And whatever dwells
within will destroy the world of
the living.

1.55 INT. RED KEEP, ALTAR ROOM - DAY 7

1.55

Rhaenyra gazes at her father as he unburdens himself of the
secret that he has carried alone for so long.

RHAENYRA
What is it? What's in the darkness?

KING VISERYS
If Aegon knew, he never said. But
he saw that there would be a light
brilliant enough to stand against
it: the fire of dragons.

Viserys rests his hand on his dagger's dragonbone hilt.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
Whenever this Great Winter comes,
Rhaenyra, all of Westeros will have
to stand against it. And if the
world of men is to survive, a
Targaryen must be seated on the
Iron Throne. A king -- or queen --
strong enough to unite the realm
against the cold and dark.
(then)
Aegon called his Dream "The Song of
Ice and Fire."

Rhaenyra stares back at her father, now feeling for herself
the weight of the crown and the isolation of the Iron Throne.

KING VISERYS (CONT'D)
This secret has passed from king to
heir since Aegon's time. You must
promise to now carry it and protect
it. Promise me this, Rhaenyra...

1.56 INT. RED KEEP, THRONE ROOM - DAY 8

1.56

The oaths of obeisance having been sworn, King Viserys rises
from the Iron Throne to address the gathered.

KING VISERYS (V.O.)
Promise me...

(CONTINUED)

1.56 CONTINUED:

1.56

Rhaenyra turns and looks back at her father. She nods at him, promising. He nods back at her, proud but solemn.

Rhaenyra turns back to face the crowd.

The HIGH SEPTON lays a GOLDEN COLLAR around Rhaenyra's shoulders King Viserys addresses his lords and subjects:

KING VISERYS

I, Viserys Targaryen, first of his name, King of the Andals and the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm do hereby name Rhaenyra Targaryen the Princess of Dragonstone and heir to the Iron Throne.

The fourteen-year-old princess looks out across the lords of the realm that she will be responsible for holding together.

1.57 **INT. DRAGONPIT, VAULT TUNNEL - DAY 8**

1.57

Deep in the blackness of the Dragonpit, Rhaenyra's golden dragon stirs, OPENING HER EYES.

Something has awakened.

END OF EPISODE 101