

ROSE|ASH|SABRE|SERPENT
(alternative title: SUMMER & WINTER)

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ROSE | ASH | SABRE | SERPENT / "PILOT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

NOTE: Our NARRATOR tells the beginning of our story over beautiful, watercolor paintings that visibly depict their words as follows...

Paintings of autumnal lands of colorful trees, rivers, and lakes. Lush wheat fields and farmlands. BEARS, MOUNTAIN GOATS, VARIOUS BIRDS, and OSTRICH roam the lands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not long ago, some 22 years, the world was of 9 kingdoms: Tellus and Pomona, in The Harvest Lands.

Two different but majestic castles built far away in the mountains. The one in Tellus has rotund-shaped structures with glass domes, surrounded by red and gold trees.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Where there lived the king and queen of Tellus, and the king and queen of Pomona.

Vast hills, valleys, and orchards blooming with bright flora, fauna, and fruit. CATTLE graze farmland and WOODLAND CREATURES populate the forests.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To the west were The Grasslands.

Three separate castles built on top of rolling, green hills. But only one, in Ostara, is the largest; a sprawling white castle built within two waterfalls with bridges on all four sides connecting to land. Two tall statues of naked women stand at each waterfall with water cascading from their open mouths.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the city of Ostara lived a king and queen in wedded bliss, who ruled The Grasslands alongside King Demitri's brothers, in the cities of Bacchus and Hertha, with their own queens.

A long, Nile-like river runs through an enormous, dense jungle, inhabited by SABBERTOOTH CATS, HIPPOS, OKAPI, and ELEPHANTS leads into a desert metropolis.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the south were the three kingdoms of The Desert Lands: Gold City, Sun City, and Red City. The largest was Gold City.

A majestic, desert castle atop a rocky butte with an overcrowded city surrounding the bottom of it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ruled by a young, unwed king.

An Arabian castle with dome towers, lit by torches and lanterns.

CAMELS wander the grounds. As do SERPENTS and lazy TIGERS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Red City was surrounded by sand and miles from the river's edge.

There is no castle. Just yurts, huts, and tents inhabited by INDIGEOUS TRIBES.

The water surrounding the island is populated by FISH, WHALES, GIANT SEA TURTLES, and KELPIE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And the Isle of Layna was home to Sun City.

Immense subarctic lands of snowy woods, dark waters, cold mountains, and farmable lowlands.

POLAR BEARS and GIANT WHITE WOLVES roam around with CATTLE, SHEEP, and BISON. WALRUSES, SEALIONS, and SEALS swim the chilly waters.

And FIVE WHITE DRAGONS soar through the gray skies.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And to the far north were The Snowlands.

A towering, Gothic castle of black stone high within the mountains, with only one bridge; one way in, one way out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Snowlands is but one kingdom with a castle that lies within the city of Melar.

Giants with dark blue skin, long gray hair, purple eyes, and fanged eye teeth, stalk through The Snowlands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Snowlands were once the home of the Ice Giants; god-like men and women, tall as the trees, that ruled the winter 500 years ago.

Ice Giants battling SOLDIERS, smashing them with clubs and hammers. And being shot dead by long-range artillery bolts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But they are gone now. Killed during the "War of Light & Dark." Leaving behind their wolves and dragons and stories of their bravery. And it was in The Snowlands that the trouble began, tearing the world apart...

NOTE: Characters span various races and ethnicities, complexions, and body shapes. Therefore, color-blind/conscious casting is essential to the series.

A man and woman, KING ERIK and QUEEN NOMA, fight violently in a battle with SOLDIERS of The Grasslands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

King Erik Torin was a fierce and respected warrior within all four lands, even amongst his enemies. As was his queen, Noma.

King Erik and Queen Noma dote on their young daughters: OLENNNA and RHEA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They had two daughters. Twins. Olenna and Rhea. Both girls were beautiful and bright, but only Olenna was interested in becoming a warrior like her father and mother.

A YOUNG OLENNNA learns hand-to-hand combat, sword fighting, and archery. While a YOUNG RHEA is a skilled artist and fiddle player.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Rhea's talents lie elsewhere in art and music, which were of little use in The Snowlands, except in taverns and festivals.

A TEENAGE RHEA is presented with gifts from numerous SUITORS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The king, knowing his daughter was not made for battle or brethren, sought to marry her off well, so she may be taken care of and protected. Rhea had many suitors; boys she taunted and teased all at once. But there was only one young man who had her heart. A soldier in her father's merciless army named Halvor.

A young man, HALVOR, spars with TEENAGE OLENNA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She pursued Halvor, but the boy was not interested in Rhea, for he was madly in love with her sister, Olenna. And she him.

A teenage Olenna and Halvor have sex in a hidden corner of the castle. But Rhea watches them, scowling behind a pillar.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Rhea raged with jealousy, volcanic and crazed, as she watched her sister and Halvor consume each other. It wasn't long before Halvor asked the king for his daughter's hand in marriage. The king, elated, gave his permission.

Rhea begs her father, on her knees, with tears in her eyes, in front of Olenna and their mother.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Rhea begged her father not to; she loved Halvor, utterly and completely, more than her sister ever could. But the king denied her, and granted Olenna and Halvor his blessing to wed.

Rhea sits in her dark room, stewing, boiling with rage, as she snaps the bow of her fiddle in two.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night, Rhea turned into a serpent, a poisonous snake, with red eyes as envy and hatred consumed her.

Olenna and Halvor look blissfully in love as they wed.

Rhea sneaks into the busy kitchens, preparing the wedding feast, and drops a poison into what she thinks are Olenna and Halvor's goblets.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And on Olenna's wedding day, she sought to end the rotting of her soul by killing her sister.

The king and queen give their daughter and son-in-law a toast, but fall into violent convulsions, seizing, as the poison works through them. Rhea looks on in horrified shock at her mistake.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But she put the toxin in the wrong cup...

Olenna speaks with a terrified COOK who swears it wasn't her fault and names Rhea as the culprit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Olenna knew it was her sister who killed the king and queen and made good on a promise to herself to prove it. When she did, when she knew it was Rhea who murdered their father and mother, she sent guards to find her, and bring her to her to be hanged.

Rhea and a former SUITOR sneak out of the city and onto a ship at night.

Rhea arrives in Gold City.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Rhea knew her time was near and bribed one of her suitors to help her escape The Snowlands and her fate.

She meets KING HASANI at a party. Immediately, he appears taken by her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And in The Desert Lands, Rhea met the young King Hasani, and became his bride. He, too, fell an untimely demise, leaving Gold City to be ruled by his queen.

Rhea weeps openly at her king's funeral.

Rhea takes her place on the throne, as the new ruler of Gold City.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And it is under the reign of Queen Rhea and Queen Olenna does our story begin...

ROLL CREDITS OVER THEME SONG

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE, GOLD CITY - DAY

The hot, desert sun beats down on the streets of the sprawling capital full of PEOPLE.

PLATFORM

Rhea, now 40, watches the citizens of Gold City, JEER FOUR MEN and a WOMAN as they're dragged through the streets by SOLDIERS.

NOTE: There is a domesticated *Smilodon* never far from Rhea's feet.

By her side is her son, Prince NAISER ZAIM of The Desert Lands, 15; sweet, shy, and without a cruel bone in his body.

And a woman. Who leans over and whispers into Rhea's ear, making her giggle shamefully-- KALLISTA, 35, Rhea's companion, "lady-in-waiting."

The four men and woman are taken to the center of the square where a row of chopping blocks awaits...

MAN #1

We're actors! I'm an actor! It was a play! It was a play! Please!

Rotten food and feces are thrown at him and the others as they SOB in hysterics.

SQUARE

Rope is laced around each of their bodies by SOLDIERS and weaved around the chopping blocks.

The ropes are pulled, forcing all five of them to their knees, and their heads upon the blocks.

FIVE EXECUTIONERS approach with their large axes.

RHEA

A BELLMAN steps up, RINGING a handbell.

SILENCE falls over the vicious crowd of spectators.

BELLMAN

The five of you, perpetrators,
offenders of the Throne, enemies of
the queen, have been found guilty
and sentenced to death for
treasonous lies against her
majesty. May you find redemption in
the afterlife.

SQUARE

A soldier signals to Rhea.

RHEA

It's still silent with tension...

Rhea stands. She gestures for the execution to commence.

The executioners raises their axes... With one blow they chop
their victims' heads clean from their bodies!

The crowd CHEERS as their heads fall into the baskets below.

Blood spurts, their headless bodies twitch, then slump
against the chopping blocks...

RHEA

Nasier vomits into a nearby bucket.

Rhea takes notice and offers him water.

RHEA

(to soldiers)

You and you. Take Prince Nasier
back to the palace. He's to rest.

PRINCE NASIER

I'm sorry, mother.

RHEA

It's all right, my cub. Go and have
a lie down.

Woozy, Prince Nasier EXITS with the soldiers.

Rhea turns back to the crowd. They're LAUGHING now.

RHEA'S POV - EXECUTIONER

An executioner dances with the woman's headless corpse.

Rhea and Kallista laugh along at the morbid scene, too.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - THRONE HALL - CONTINUOUS

An imperial, Gothic castle made entirely of black ledgestone and obsidian stone; a dark beauty.

Three girls kneel upon stools, facing us:

PRINCESS ELIN TORIN, 16, a smart girl and vicious fighter.

Beside her is another girl, her sister, PRINCESS VAL TORIN, 16, a tomboy with adult appetites.

And beside her, their other sister, PRINCESS LYRA TORIN, 16, beautiful and delicate on the outside, who has yet to tap into her inner warrior.

They each are presented with a bowl by tall FIGURES shrouded in all-black robes from head-to-toe.

Inside the bowls are what appears to be a large, bloody heart.

REVEAL: The hall is wide and full of GUESTS that stand behind them, watching and waiting.

NOTE: Everyone is wearing black. With the exception of Elin, Rhea, and Lyra, who are wearing white, gossamer tunics.

Elin carefully grabs the heart offered to her.

Val nonchalantly grabs her heart.

And Lyra picks up hers, trying her best not to look entirely too disgusted.

The bowls are placed at their knees for them to vomit into, if need be.

The cloaked figures EXIT in eerie silence.

The girls hold their hearts in their hands and lift their heads to the throne.

THRONE

Olenna, now a woman of 40, sits atop her throne with an eager smile at her daughters. She's stunning in her black gown, black, jeweled crown, and claw rings on her fingers.

Standing beside her is Halvor, now a man of 45; still handsome despite the angry battle scar running from his split eyebrow to his cheek.

Olenna nods to their daughters.

Each girl bites into her heart, chewing and swallowing as they eat.

On Olenna's left stand two identical twin boys, her sons:

PRINCE ARON TORIN, 18, and PRINCE ALEXANDER TORIN, 18.

Aron YAWNS big and wide, appearing bored. His brother, Alexander elbows him to straighten up and pay attention.

Val finishes eating her heart with a grotesque belch. Blood covers her hands, mouth, and chin. She smiles proudly.

Olenna returns her proud grin with a less showy one.

Elin finishes next. Just as messy as Val. Her eyes roll to the high ceilings as she takes an exhausted breath.

She looks to her mother who smiles proudly at her.

Lyra chokes down the last bit in her mouth, nearly vomiting as she falls over her bowl.

A MURMUR falls over the guests...

Olenna nearly jumps from his seat but Halvor stills her with a steady hand on her shoulder.

(3 beats)

Lyra's hands clasped over her mouth, she closes her eyes and tries swallowing again. Slowly, carefully...

She takes her hands from her mouth and balls them into fists as she fights down her nausea.

A beat.

She relaxes, focusing on her mother as he stares hopeful at her.

She nods.

Olenna nods back, trying to keep her expression neutral.

BORIS LUDVIGSSON, 60, Olenna's Head of State, a lewd, but smart and jovial man, parts with the crowd to make his way onto the raised pulpit beside Olenna.

BORIS

Your princesses have completed
their rite of passage.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

As heirs to The Snowlands, as ruling women, they now possess both the heart and soul of a dragon. And like our winged guardians of Melar, they will also protect it's people, it's lands, it's culture, and it's magic. No longer daughters of these icy mountains, but mothers of it's kingdom. Devote your adoration to them, for they are the guiding hands, loving arms, and powerful fists of this castle. Of this state. Of your home. Of Melar.

GUEST

HAIL THE CROWN!

ALL

HAIL THE CROWN!

The three princesses smile at one another, esteemed and honored.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - THRONE HALL - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

GUESTS drink, dance, and socialize merrily as a stringed BAND of players make MUSIC on their instruments.

THRONE

Olenna and Halvor gossip contently with two other people:

Olenna's Head of Warfare, SIV, 50, a stoic general and masterful warrior.

And KARI, 30, Olenna's oracle; a woman with long, silver hair and purple eyes. Her beauty and poise make her appear more regal than anyone else in the room.

Boris stumbles up to them, drunk and happy.

BORIS

Shut up, you conspiring bores. Your daughters are making an entrance.

They chuckle at his intoxication.

BORIS (CONT'D)

(to guests)

Would you all do me the honor of quieting, please?

Everyone is still partying, not paying Boris any mind.

BORIS (CONT'D)
I said, would you all do the honor
of quieting, please!

Again, no one pays him any attention.

BORIS (CONT'D)
SHUT UP, YOU CUNTS!

A hush falls over the room. All eyes on Boris.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Princess Elin of Melar, and her
escort, Ser Dag.

Elin ENTERS the throne room in a plain black gown.

Her ESCORT brings her to the throne where she bows to Olenna,
kissing her feet.

She rises and Olenna kisses her forehead, then places an
obsidian crown upon her head.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Princess Val of Melar, and her
escort, Ser Jord.

Val ENTERS the throne room in a black dress far too revealing
for a girl her age. But no one bats an eye.

Her escort, SER JORD, "Beast of House Torin," 35, looks like
a Viking with his long hair, muscular body, and bushy beard.

He runs a seductive finger down her exposed spine, making her
smirk.

THRONE

Val bows to her mother and kisses his feet.

Olenna places a obsidian crown upon her head as well.

BORIS (CONT'D)
And Princess Lyra of Melar. With
her escort, Ser Norbet.

Lyra ENTERS the throne room in a black gown embroidered with
silver flowers on it.

THRONE

LYRA'S ESCORT brings her to the throne.

She, too, bows and kisses Olenna's feet.

A crown is placed upon her head.

Lyra and her sisters face their guests, the "Brethren."

OLENNA

I am never so proud of my children
as when they complete their rite of
passage. They now possess the
essence, the blood, of winged gods.
They're dragons; free and fearful.
And you are here to witness and
celebrate their courage.

Olenna raises his goblet of grain alcohol.

OLENNA (CONT'D)

Drink, dance, and fuck on this
joyous night of spirit.

ALL

HAIL THE CROWN!

INT. PRIAM CASTLE - NIGHT

A small, fortified castle on the low land, shaped like a trapezoid.

A HUNDRED ANGRY VILLAGERS use a battering ram to prevent the portcullis from closing.

They rush through with torches and pitchforks, out for blood.

BAILEY/COURTYARD

They slaughter SOLDIERS with sickles and clubs as they make their way through the courtyard!

It's madness as both groups attack one another; bloody losses on both sides.

INT. PRIAM CASTLE - PRINCE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

GUARDS ENTER and rush a panicked PRINCE and PRINCESS out the room.

INT. PRIAM CASTLE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The riotous CRIES of the villagers can be heard ECHOING through the halls.

The prince and princess are terrified as the noise grows louder, and closer...

Smoke and fire can be seen blazing behind them and out the castle WINDOWS.

Guards rush them down another corridor-- they're greeted by blood-covered VILLAGERS.

The princess SCREAMS.

The guards charge at the angry mob, swords held high...

EXT. PRIAM CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

EXECUTION BLOCK

The prince and princess are dragged onto the execution block.

They're stripped naked and hands tied with rope.

Their heads are placed into a noose as they BEG and WAIL to the CROWD eager for their deaths.

The trap door under their feet gives way and they drop.

The princess' necks snaps instantly; she hangs limp and fragile from her noose.

The prince struggles and wiggles in his hold until he can't anymore, and he, too, goes limp.

The villagers CHEER at the naked, dead corpses of their sovereigns.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - THRONE HALL - CONTINUOUS

The merriment of the evening continues.

THRONE

Olenna sits atop her throne, sipping from her goblet.

OLENNA'S POV - ALEXANDER

Olenna watches with interest as her son, Alexander, talks with Siv.

Alexander looks more invested in their conversation than Siv does.

HALVOR (O.S.)
Who are you spying on?

OLENNA
Our son. And Siv.

HALVOR
Where?

She nods in their direction.

HALVOR (CONT'D)
Gods. He looks as though he's being held hostage.

Olenna chuckles.

OLENNA
The man has no idea how to flirt. Skin a man alive and boil his head, but talk to a pretty boy and he freezes like a trout in ice.

HALVOR
Siv's only known war. Very little love. I can't fault him. Even if I know he does have affections for Alexander.

OLENNA
He told you so?

Halvor nods.

OLENNA (CONT'D)
Well, Siv's inability to talk doesn't seem to bother Alexander.

HALVOR
It does actually. Hence, this offensive attack.

OLENNA
Alexander spoke to you about Siv?

HALVOR
You're not the only one our sons come to.

OLENNA
You sound so smug.

HALVOR
I am. I finally know something you
don't.

OLENNA
Until you tell me.

Halvor smirks. He obviously can't keep a secret from her.

HALVOR
He doesn't like the pace of this
courtship.

OLENNA
Is it even one if one party is
mute?

Halvor laughs.

HALVOR
I asked the same thing.

Halvor leans in to kiss her. Olenna deepens the kiss.

HALVOR (CONT'D)
Disappear with me.

OLENNA
Should we rescue Siv first?

HALVOR
No.

Halvor takes Olenna's hand and pulls her away.

Behind the throne are their house banners (a white dragon on a black background). Halvor pulls back the center banner to reveal a secret door.

Kari approaches, smirking knowingly at them.

KARI
And where are the two of you going?

HALVOR
To fuck.

KARI
You still have guests.

OLENNA
Make our apologies.

HALVOR

And send the lot of them home at
midnight.

OLENNA

The children are not to leave the
castle.

KARI

Of course. Enjoy yourselves.

Olenna and Halvor sneak behind the banner and slip through
the secret door.

SMORGASBORD

But despite the drunken enjoyment being had Siv looks like
he's a second away from slitting his own wrist.

ALEXANDER

And that's how Cook taught me to
make quick bread.

SIV

(dull)
Fascinating.

ALEXANDER

I also know how to make lingonberry
jam.

SIV

Gods...

ALEXANDER

I can do this all night, Siv. I can
talk about the proper, intricate
ways on how to make blood sausage,
or you can quit being a tit and ask
me to dance.

SIV

I can't dance with you. Your mother
will find out.

ALEXANDER

Gods forbid.

Alexander drains his cup of alcohol.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Guess I'll dance with someone else
then.

Alexander turns to EXIT, but Siv stops him, grabbing his arm.

SIV
...One dance.

ALEXANDER
Three.

SIV
Two.

ALEXANDER
Fine. But one close dance.

Siv reluctantly agrees with a nod.

He takes Alexander's hand into his and leads him to the center of the room.

They join the rest of the dancing guests in a Hambo-like folk dance.

Siv is surprisingly a good dancer, but not once does he crack a smile while doing it.

INT. TAU CASTLE - DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

A desert palace with Moroccan tile and lions embedded in the architecture.

The place is packed with GUESTS drinking, laughing, and engaged in all manner of debauchery as MUSICIANS play a joyous song.

It's a Romanesque and licentious scene of wild indulgence.

TABLE

Rhea sits with Kallista and her other "ladies-in-waiting" as they drink wine and laugh at her FOOL dance atop the table with TWO NAKED WOMEN.

KALLISTA
I thought we were out of peach wine.

RHEA
We are. This is plum wine.

KALLISTA
It's delicious. Much better than peach wine.

RHEA

Agreed.

KALLISTA

I think everyone else does as well.

She sloppily gestures with her cup at the happily drunk people around them.

RHEA

Apparently so. I'll have to demand
The Grasslands give us their plums
instead.

KALLISTA

"Demand," my queen?

RHEA

Take.

Kallista giggles.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Taking from self-serving Thora does
not make my nights any less
sleepless. Quite the opposite.

KALLISTA

I heard a rumor. Of an uprising. In
Bacchaus.

RHEA

Were you listening at my door, you
nosy, little bird?

KALLISTA

No. Simi heard from the blacksmith
who has a sister that escaped
before the riot. Prince Pirro is
dead. As is Princess Jacqueline.
The mob hung them.

RHEA

Our god... At least they had no
children to witness.

KALLISTA

Or join them.

RHEA

One less sovereign in The
Grasslands makes it even more
defenseless than it is...

(MORE)

RHEA (CONT'D)

And Thora more vulnerable than she wants to be... But tonight is a night of gaiety. Liars, so-called actors, were sacrificed to our god Lysander for their filthy fabrications. That is what we are celebrating at this moment. Warfare is to be discussed at another time.

KALLISTA

...My queen. Could we also celebrate something else of joyous significance?

RHEA

Such as?

KALLISTA

...An engagement?

RHEA

Who's engagement? I know of every marriage proposal in Gold City. Did I miss a current one.

KALLISTA

Yes. Me, my queen. I am engaged. To Wilhelm. He's asked me to be his bride and--

RHEA

No.

KALLISTA

But--

RHEA

I said "no," Kallista.

KALLISTA

Do you not like him?

RHEA

Wilhelm is a charming man. A marvelous pirate. But you're not to marry. Ever.

Rhea takes Kallista's hands into hers.

RHEA (CONT'D)

You need no husband. You have me. We're companions. We're...sisters. A man would only come between us and that I cannot have.

(MORE)

RHEA (CONT'D)

You may love Wilhelm all you like,
but you will not marry him. Or bore
his children. The matter is
settled. Entirely.

Rhea ignores the tears pooling in Kallista's eyes at her refusal.

KALLISTA

Yes, my queen.

Rhea affectionately kisses Kallista's knuckles.

RHEA

Good.

RHEA'S POV - SOLDIER

A male SOLDIER watches Rhea intently as a half-naked PROSTITUTE dances in his lap.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Rhea saunters over to the soldier.

She grabs the prostitute by her hair and yanks her from the soldier's lap onto the floor.

The prostitute scurries away.

Rhea climbs into the soldier's lap. They kiss wildly.

HEARTH

Prince Nasier sits by the fire sipping a chalice of wine.

NAISER'S POV - KALLISTA

He watches Kallista wiping the fallen tears from her eyes before plastering on a insincere smile.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

BED

Olenna and Halvor, naked and bathed in candlelight, make love.

They hold each other close, leaving one another out of breath as they kneel on the bed and Halvor takes her from behind.

Halvor's hand slips between her thighs and Olenna tugs at his hair.

They've been together since they were seventeen and sex is still good between them.

They come together, and collapse fully on the bed.

(long beat)

HALVOR
I want another child.

OLENNA
What?

HALVOR
Another child. I think we should have another child.

OLENNA
We have five.

HALVOR
And we could have six.

OLENNA
I am past child-bearing age, Halvor.

HALVOR
I doubt it.

OLENNA
I know it.

HALVOR
Factually?

OLENNA
I don't believe I'd survive it. Especially not in which the way you spill your seed into me. You gave me two at once, then three daughters at once. I think my body is ruined for carrying another.

His fingers dance along her skin.

HALVOR
Your body is far from ruined.

OLENNA
Why do you want another child?

HALVOR
...Because we're old.

Olenna laughs.

HALVOR (CONT'D)
We are. Alexander and Aron are at
marrying age now. Which means
grandchildren will follow. I have
no desire to be a grandfather at
this moment.

OLENNA
Feeling your mortality, my heart?

HALVOR
Yes. And I don't much like it. Do
you know how many battles and wars
I've fought in?

OLENNA
As a matter of fact I do. Fighting
alongside you more often than not.

HALVOR
And do you know with every
confrontation I did not once feel
death crawling toward me as I do
when Alexander attempts to flirt
with the most sober man in Melar?
They're going to marry and have
children. All five of them. They'll
fight in battles and wars and
they'll raid and pillage. And
they'll be nothing left for us but
diplomacy.

He grimaces at the idea.

OLENNA
You sound as if battle is something
you'd ever retire from when we both
know different.

HALVOR
My father got too old for war.

OLENNA
Everyone's father does.

HALVOR

Not yours... King Erik fought in every fray until the moment your sister robbed him of his life. He and your mother.

OLENNA

He was king. He had to.

HALVOR

He wanted to.

OLENNA

And you want to. So do so. I won't stop you.

Halvor pulls her close and kisses her sweetly.

HALVOR

Will you continue to fight with me?

OLENNA

Where else would either of us be except by each other's side?

The kiss again, passionate and devout.

INT. LYCUS CASTLE - PRINCE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

A SOLDIER bursts into the room. There's a message in his hand.

A man and woman jump up nervously. The woman is holding a cat in her arms-- Prince ATTHIS of Hertha, 45, a selfish libertine, and his wife, Princess PETRA of Hertha, 35, just as greedy and opportunistic as him.

The soldier hands Atthis the message.

Atthis reads it. A dire look comes over his face.

PRINCE ATTHIS

(to Petra)

Get Lenora. We're leaving.

Petra hurries from the room.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. ALMERRY CITADEL - CHAPEL - MORNING

A woman-- Queen-consort MIYA of Tellus, 35-- ENTERS, carrying a bowl of fruit. She's a pious beauty with pastel pink hair, in a golden dress.

She makes her way to the alter and kneels before a statue of a phoenix. She offers it the oranges and pomegranates from the bowl.

Miya closes her eyes and quietly whispers a prayer.

(long beat)

Her husband, King RAIDEN of Tellus, 45, ENTERS; a soft-spoken and equitable monarch.

He takes a seat in an empty pew, allowing her her quiet moment of worship.

Miya stands. She kisses her fingers then touches them to the breast of majestic-looking bird.

RAIDEN

What did you pray for?

MIYA

Prosperity.

RAIDEN

I pray to always know peace. And love. Praying for continued wealth has always seemed...farcical, in my opinion.

MIYA

Perhaps because you've only known privilege.

RAIDEN

Possibly.

He stands as she makes her way toward him.

They kiss adoringly.

MIYA

Morning, my king.

RAIDEN

Morning.

MIYA

You weren't in bed when I woke.

RAIDEN

I was up before the sun. Restless.
I visited Terek.

She grins.

MIYA

Did the two of you enjoy yourselves
in the dewy light of daybreak?

RAIDEN

I always enjoy myself with Terek.
As do you.

She takes his arm.

MIYA

Terek is lovely companion most
days.

COURTYARD

Colorful GOLDEN PHEASANTS and PEACOCKS roam the ground freely.

Miya and Raiden EXIT the chapel into the courtyard.

RAIDEN

Are there times when he's not?

MIYA

No. But there are moments. Moments
when I believe our Minister of War
misunderstands the nature of our
relationship.

RAIDEN

Should I speak to him about it?

MIYA

In the future. But not now. It's
too lovely a morning to break a
man's heart.

INT. ALMERRY CITADEL - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The double doors display a trickling waterfall and fall
leaves fluttering from the surrounding trees.

BIRDS wander around freely within the dining room as well.

TABLE

At the table are two teens being served breakfast by
SERVANTS: UFFORD of Tellus, 19, a skilled but underestimated
young soldier, and his sister, SARA of Tellus, 13, a
precocious bookworm.

Miya and Raiden ENTER and take a seat at the table, joining
them.

MIYA
Morning, children.

Mother. TOMAS SARA
Morning, mother.

MIYA
Well-rested and hungry, are we?

They nod, eating their breakfast.

MIYA (CONT'D)
Did we pray at chapel this morning?

UFFORD
Of course, mother.

MIYA
...Sara?

SARA
No.

MIYA
And why not?

SARA
Because I find praying to the
statute of a bird that no longer
exists to be dim-witted.

MIYA
Tori was not a bird. She was a
phoenix. A goddess. Who hatched our
kingdom which created this land,
and grown its people. She is our
mother and you should pray and
thank her every day.

SARA
I find that to be a lovely story,
mother, but I doubt its factuality.

MIYA

You don't have to believe it, Sara.
You just have to show respect.

Sara rolls her eyes.

MIYA (CONT'D)

Perhaps you've been spending far
too much time with your nose buried
in fictional books, and not enough
time on your religious studies.

SARA

I don't need any more time with the
monks. If you'd like me to pray,
I'll pray. I just won't mean it.

Miya readies to respond to her defiant daughter, but Raiden
interrupts--

RAIDEN

Where is Dorri?

UFFORD

She didn't rise with us.

MIYA

Unlike her. She's usually up before
us all for morning prayers.

RAIDEN

Ufford. Go fetch your sister.

Ufford breaks from the table and EXITS on his father's
orders.

MIYA

I hope she isn't unwell.

RAIDEN

I'm sure she's fine. She's probably
in the aviary, or feeding the owls.

MIYA

I don't know why she insists on
taking on such when we have
servants to do that for us.

RAIDEN

She enjoys it. Brings her solace.

A SERVENT ENTERS and hands Raiden a scroll before bowing out.

He reads it as Miya breaks off a piece of bread and tosses the crumbs to the varying finches at her feet.

RAIDEN (CONT'D)

The princesses of Melar have completed their rite of passage.

MIYA

So they've killed a man and bathed in his blood?

Raiden chuckles.

RAIDEN

No. They each eat the heart of a infant snow dragon.

MIYA

That entire kingdom is teeming with savages.

RAIDEN

Careful how you speak of our allies, my dove. The walls of every palace has ears. And mouths ready to tattle.

Ufford returns to the dining room, looking panicked.

UFFORD

Dorri is missing.

MIYA

Did you look--

UFFORD

Her maid was in her bed. Her throat slit.

He shows them the blood on his hands.

MIYA

(to Raiden)

Lock down the palace. Now.

INT. OSTARA CASTLE - CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

A crystal glass greenhouse full of beautiful plants and roses.

TABLE

Prince Atthis and Princess Petra happily dine on the bountiful food before them.

They dine with Queen THORA of Ostara, 50, a smart, conspiring woman, and her wife, queen-consort, HELENE, 35, a devoted co-conspirator to all of Thora's schemes.

Along with the queens' three sons: spoiled and sadistic, ANTHONY, 15, and SORIN, 13. And introverted, underappreciated CHRISTOS, 20.

In addition to their own daughter, LENORA, 18, a gorgeous, venomous young woman.

Thora stares daggers at Atthis as everyone around her gobbles up their breakfast.

(3 beats)

Thora angrily slams her hand down atop the table with a violent BANG!

Everyone stops eating and slowly puts down their utensils, giving her their full attention.

HELENE

My love...?

THORA

(to Prince Atthis)

Pirro, our most beloved cousin, was killed not but last night, and you stuff pork belly into your mouth at my table? You sought not to rescue him from the angry mob who stripped him naked and hung him in the open?

PETRA

We were well on our way to get him--

Thora raises a hand signaling Petra to "Stop talking."

THORA

You weren't. It's not in your nature to think of others. Either of you. I'm surprised you thought to grab your horrible daughter before running away into the night. Here. To my home. Hoping for my protection.

ATTHIS

And what did you do, cousin? How did you help Pirro?

THORA

I sent soldiers...but it was too late. Seems the villagers destroyed the south bridge into Hertha causing a very disappointing inconvenience. How many soldiers did you sent to Hertha in an attempt to rescue our cousin, Atthis?

ATTHIS

...We sent a carriage and two guards. Waiting for them. By the north bridge.

THORA

You're a disgrace.

Anthony and Sorin smirk, loving their mother's dress down.

THORA (CONT'D)

I told you weeks ago the people in Pirro's kingdom were agitated and to keep an eye on him. Help him with whatever aid you could provide and yet you did nothing... Weak as water. Just like your father.

Atthis sneers, but he dare not talk back to her.

THORA (CONT'D)

I had the bridges going in and out of Bacchaus demolished. You won't be returning home. Though it makes no difference. The people in your own lands are just as fervent for your head as the people in Pirro's were for his, from what I understand. It's more than likely your castle has been raided by now. Therefore, you, Petra, and Lenora will stay here. In Ostara.

At the news, Lenora sends her cousin, Christos, a seductive smile from across the table.

He frowns in disgust at her.

ATTHIS

So that's it? My castle, Pirro's castle, are just to be overran by filthy townspeople? Rubbing their boiled skin on my bedsheets?

(MORE)

ATTHIS (CONT'D)

Toothlessly attempting to eat by
food and drink my wine? Sitting on
my throne, smelling of manure?

Petra looks sick at the very idea.

THORA

For now.

ATTHIS

They can't govern themselves;
they're illiterate servitors.

THORA

It's only temporary, Atthis.

ATTHIS

So, I take it you have a plan.

THORA

I do. But it doesn't involve you.
So, your inept contributions and
whimsy criticisms are not needed.

ATTHIS

I'm not as unskilled in politics
and war as you believe me to be.

THORA

Maybe. But you've spent nearly all
your life uncurious about them. So
I have little faith in your level
of comprehension.

Thora stands. The rest of the table stands with her in
respect...except Atthis.

She scowls at him.

Reluctantly, he breaks from his chair; head bowed, eyes on
his plate.

Thora EXITS.

INT. OSTARA CASTLE - BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS

ATTHIS

Did you hear how she spoke to me?
Like a stray dog. Like a commoner.

Atthis paces the room as Petra teases her cat with a ribbon.

PETRA

I hate how snide she is. We're royalty just the same as her.

ATTHIS

Except she's the *queen*.

PETRA

Not out of any sense of honor or bravery. Merely birthright. You could have easily been the king had you been born to her mother, here in Ostara.

ATTHIS

Exactly right. She's no more fit to rule The Grasslands than I am. Despite her remarks of me lacking curiosity. I'm Prince Atthis of Bacchaus. I am a sovereign. A damn good one. Much better than her. She's the reason The Grasslands are in such turmoil. Why Pirro and Jacqueline are dead. They didn't have enough to feed their subjects after the rations and the poor bastards starved to death. No wonder their castle was raided and they were hung from the gallows.

PETRA

There really was nothing we could do for Pirro and Jacqueline. They were as good as dead. Did she expect us to be next as she sits peacefully in Ostara, eating fruits and breads. Pardon us for wanting a sausage.

Prince Atthis chuckles.

PETRA (CONT'D)

We should rule The Grasslands.

He sees the utter seriousness of her comment etched into her face.

ATTHIS

Too messy, my dear.

PETRA

How so?

ATTHIS

Because we'd have to kill them all: Thora, Helene, Christos, Anthony, and Sorin. The entire congress if they refuse to acknowledge us as their new king and queen. No. It's a bad look to have so much blood on your hands.

PETRA

Hmm. Perhaps you're right... However, if we were going to, might I suggest we spare Christos.

Atthis flops dramatically atop the chaise.

ATTHIS

No. Thora and Helene have, strangely enough, raised a pure-hearted, good man in him. And a skilled swordsman. He'd lead a revolt against us. We'd need to cut his throat right after his wicked mother.

PETRA

Lenora would be gravely disappointed.

ATTHIS

Lenora can have her pick of any man. Goddess knows why she wants it to be her self-righteous cousin.

PETRA

He's a handsome boy and kinder than anyone she's ever met.

ATTHIS

She'd grow bored of him quickly and drive him to madness. We're doing him a favor by killing him.

PETRA

If those were our plans.

ATTHIS

...Yes. If.

EXT. THE BLACK TOWER - BAILEY - CONTINUOUS

Halvor, his children, and Siv watch as Lyra and Elin circle one another with daggers in their hands.

Elin lunges at Lyra.

Lyra jumps back, terrified; narrowly missed.

Elin aggressively comes at her again but Lyra ducks and weaves out of the way as her sister swipes at her with her knife.

Lyra's avoiding more than she's actually defending herself, frustrating Elin.

Having enough, Elin throws down her knife and open-hand smacks Lyra across the face!

LYRA

Why did you slap me?!

ELIN

Because you weren't fighting. So I thought a little hand-to-hand would be better. Should have known you'd whine like a fiddle.

Angry, Lyra goes after Elin with her dagger, but Elin is a superior fighter.

She avoids Lyra's sloppy attacks and manages to grab her arm, twisting it, until Lyra's forced to drop the knife.

HALVOR

You've made your point, Elin. Go to the south lawn and wait for me. All of you.

Elin lets her go.

She grabs her daggers and EXITS with her brothers and sister.

Alexander gives Lyra a sympathetic look as he goes...

Lyra rubs at her bruised wrist, embarrassed.

HALVOR (CONT'D)

I was confident daggers would be a weapon you could master.

LYRA

Apparently not. Elin is far more skilled with a knife.

(MORE)

LYRA (CONT'D)

As Aron is with a sword, like you,
Alexander with his axe, and Val
with her bow and arrow.

HALVOR

You need to know how to fight,
Lyra.

LYRA

I'm trying!

HALVOR

No, you're not! You're too
petrified to actually try!

LYRA

Dying is petrifying!

HALVOR

Exactly! So you learn to fight to
stave it off for as long as you
can. What kind of father would I be
to bring you into a battle only for
you to die without honor? If your
blood is to be spilled upon the
ground than it should be without
fear in your heart. I will not let
you live, nor die, a coward. You
need to get better at this, Lyra.
You have no choice. Stay here and
practice with Siv.

Halvor EXITS in the direction of the south lawn.

COVERED PARAPET

Olenna watches with pity for her daughter.

Ser Jord approaches. He's tugging FIVE badly beaten
PRISONERS, all chained together, with him.

SER JORD

Queen Olenna.

OLENNA

Ser Jord. Who are they?

SER JORD

Rapists. For Prince Alexander.

Olenna scowls at them.

They lower their eyes, ashamed.

OLENNA

Carry on.

Ser Jord EXITS with the prisoners.

BAILEY

Lyra wipes the tears from her eyes.

SIV

He's terrified of losing you. Of not being there to protect you. It's not just the way of Melar. He wants to know if he isn't there to defend you, you can defend yourself.

LYRA

I ate a dragon's heart. It's blood and courage runs through my body. It's supposed to make me fearless but I'm not. Still.

SIV

Fearlessness can be taught. I taught your father how to fight with a sword. How to spit at death. He's more ferocious than a white wolf now. People tremble as he walks by. I can teach you the same.

LYRA

Please.

He nods at her acceptance.

INT. OSTARA CASTLE - ANTHONY'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

A CHAMBERMAID cautiously pokes her head inside. She looks weary, scared.

There doesn't seem to be anyone in the room, so she commits and comes all the way in.

She hurriedly begins stripping the bed--

The door behind her SLAMS shut, making her jump!

Anthony and Sorin block the door with evil grins on their faces.

The chambermaid trembles.

CHAMBERMAID
Please let me out.

ANTHONY
Are you avoiding us, Maureen? I
thought we were friends.

He pulls a dagger from his pocket.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I thought the three of us had fun
together.

CHAMBERMAID/MAUREEN
P-Please...let me go.

SORIN
Why?

MAUREEN
(cries)
It hurt last time. It hurt so bad
last time.

SORIN
That's the point. It's not fun
unless it does.

ANTHONY
Take your clothes off.

MAUREEN
Please. I don't want to. I don't
like it.

ANTHONY
We didn't ask what you liked. Now,
take off your clothes.

SORIN
Would you feel better if we were
polite about it? Take off your
clothing...please.

MAUREEN
HELP! HELP! HELP ME!

Anthony comes at her with the dagger!

Maureen throws the bedding at him, knocking him over.

She fights Sorin off as she tries to get past him to the
door.

Anthony grabs her arm while Sorin has the other.

They drag her to the bed as she kicks and SCREAMS!

They rip open her dress, exposing her breasts. There's horrible, jagged knife scars across her chest and stomach.

The door burst open-- Christos!

He immediately pulls his brothers off Maureen and punches them both. He hits Anthony so hard in the stomach he spits up, and crumbles to the floor.

CHRISTOS

Animals, you two are. Sick animals.

Anthony and Sorin sneer at their older brother. But it's all they do. They know better; they're no match for him.

CHRISTOS (CONT'D)

Touch another girl in this castle
and I'll kill you.

SORIN

She's a fucking maid. You'd kill us
over a maid?

CHRISTOS

I'd kill you over the last sweet in
a jar. That's how little I'd have
to think about it.

He helps Maureen cover herself and escorts her from the room.

INT. TAU CASTLE - RHEA'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

BALCONY

Rhea and Nasier enjoy lunch together at a small table on the balcony of her bedroom.

RHEA

What adventures have you gone on
today?

NASIER

Nothing romantic.

RHEA

All your adventures are romantic.

NASIER

You imagine me a pirate, mother.

RHEA

You'd make an excellent captain of the seas.

NASIER

You're a beautiful liar, but also a terrible one. I don't have the particular soul it takes to be a scoundrel.

She gently caresses his face.

RHEA

And how lucky am I to have such a sweet boy.

NASIER

Yet, I wish I were more like you. And father.

RHEA

And I'm thankful you're not.
(off his look)
You're better. Kinder.

NASIER

You're kind, too.

RHEA

A lot of people would disagree with you, Nasier.

NASIER

Those people are wrong.

He's looks so sure his mother is a caring, empathetic woman... She could never break his heart with the truth.

RHEA

No adventures. Well, tell me you at least have written some of your gorgeous poetry to share.

A shy but excited smile grows on his face.

He removes a small notepad from his pocket and flips through a few pages.

NASIER

"Bathed in moonlight, etched from stars stands she. The she of dark skies and crashing waves. The she of white flowers and tall grass.

(MORE)

NASIER (CONT'D)

She hunts and I hope she finds me
with sharp claws, pointed teeth,
and hunger. Lust. Want. Within the
jungle night. The she of my dreams.
My prayers. Of my heart. The
tigress."

RHEA

Are you in love, Nasier?

NASIER

I'm unfortunately only in love with
love.

RHEA

I can't fathom there being not a
single woman in all of The Desert
Lands who hasn't thrown herself at
your feet.

NASIER

...I'm not the type of man the
women around here find...appealing.

RHEA

(concerned)

How so?

NASIER

I'm not a pirate. Or soldier.
Strength is valued in Gold City.
And I am seen as weak.

RHEA

You're the queen's son. You are
your father's heir. You are far
from weak.

NASIER

Perhaps I should go beyond The
Desert Lands to find a wife.
Perhaps your homeland. The
Snowlands.

RHEA

(stern)

No.

(off his look)

...It was once my home but not any
longer. It's a cold kingdom of
raiders and savages. There is no
culture there. Only violence and
winter. It's why I left. Why I
escaped... We'll find you love.

(MORE)

RHEA (CONT'D)
A bride. A good woman. Fit to be
the next queen.

She pats his hand.

He smiles, reassured by her.

Rhea drains her decanter of the last bit of wine into her chalice.

NASIER
You've taken a shine to this new
wine.

RHEA
Purely by accident. Thora claims
The Grasslands are out of peaches
and sent crates of plums instead. I
told cook to make something of them
and he created this delectable
wine.

NASIER
It is quite good.

RHEA
Then lets have some more.

She turns to the male SERVANT huddled in the corner.

RHEA (CONT'D)
Bring us more plum wine.

SERVANT
Certainly, my queen.

The servant hurries from the room.

EXT. ALMERRY CITADEL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

ALTER

Miya kneels before the phoenix statute and praying intently.

Ufford and Sara are at her sides.

Ufford prays with her, but Sara stares hopelessly at the marbled bird in front of her.

(3 beats)

Raiden ENTERS with a brutish, bull of a man-- Terek, 50, their Minister of War-- and NEITH, 60, their Minister of State.

SARA

Mother. Father and Tarek are here.

Miya lifts from her knees and hurries to her husband.

MIYA

Have you found her?

RAIDEN

...No. We've searched the whole palace grounds and have soldiers searching the forests.

MIYA

What about the temple? Maybe she went there.

NEITH

The temple was the first place we looked, your grace. She wasn't there.

MIYA

(to Raiden)

Send a raven to your sister in Pomona.

RAIDEN

We have already.

MIYA

It's been hours. How has no one found her yet?

Raiden gently takes her hand into his...

RAIDEN

My dove...

Miya snatches her hand away from him.

MIYA

She isn't dead. I'm her mother. If she were I would feel it rattle my bones and shatter my heart.

RAIDEN

I make no suggestion.

MIYA

Then why are your eyes wet?

RAIDEN

...Because my fear is that she's been taken. And I'm afraid I'm right.

MIYA

Who would want to take her? She's an innocent girl.

TEREK

And also the daughter of a queen.

MIYA

We keep peace with all three lands to avoid such fates as this.

TEREK

We try to, your grace.

MIYA

Your meaning, Terek?

He pulls the broken end of an arrow from his pocket to show her.

TEREK

This arrow was found outside her tower window. The feathers are the feathers of a vulture. They're twined together with tiger whiskers.

Miya takes it from him, carefully examining the arrow.

MIYA

There are no vultures in The Grasslands...

TEREK

But there are vultures, and tigers, in The Desert Lands.

She sneers at the arrow in her hands.

MIYA

When do you leave for Gold City?

RAIDEN

We don't. We're sailing for Melar, The Snowlands.

MIYA
Our allies.

Raiden nods.

MIYA (CONT'D)
When?

RAIDEN
Now.

Raiden kisses his wife. Kisses her like a it's a vow. Because it is.

Terek's eyes lower to the ground, uncomfortable.

RAIDEN (CONT'D)
Terek will stay here. With you. For now.

MIYA
Do not return with our daughter's corpse.

Raiden nods.

Raiden and Neith EXIT. Ufford attempts to follow--

MIYA (CONT'D)
Not you.

UFFORD
Mother--

MIYA
Not. You.

Ufford gristles as he's forced to stay. He knows better than to defy his mother.

Despite how badly he may want to.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. THE BLACK TOWER, SOUTH LAWN - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The night sky is dark and empty, except for the large, full moon looming overhead.

Alexander stands in the middle of the lawn blanketed with snow.

The rapists Ser Jord brought to the castle earlier are escorted by a GUARD from the castle to the cliff's edge of the lawn.

They're each chained to a recessed anchor ring beneath the snow by the guard.

Alexander waves to the belfry.

BELFRY

A RINGER hits the bell with a large mallet. Twice.

It's the only sound through the whistling cold air of the mountains.

SOUTH LAWN

Alexander stares up at the sky, watching for something...

COVERED PARAPET

SIV'S POV - ALEXANDER

Siv watches Alexander with something akin to fondness on his face.

OLENNA (O.S.)
That's Aron not Alexander.

Siv rolls his eyes at her.

SIV
I know which one he is and which
one he isn't.

OLENNA
I should hope so with your oogling.

SIV
Juveniles oogle. I'm...watching.

OLENNA

He watches you, too. As I'm sure you know.

SIV

I am aware.

OLENNA

As I'm aware you danced with him the other night.

SIV

The Tower is full of bored gossips.

OLENNA

You danced with the queen's son at a full gathering of the entire brethren. I'd hardly call that gossip so much as fact.

SIV

Nevertheless...

OLENNA

Siv. Why have you not asked me for Alexander's hand in marriage? He's of age.

SIV

I aware he's of age.

OLENNA

And he's in love with you. Has been since he was twelve.

SIV

...I'm aware of that, too.

OLENNA

You seem to be aware of a lot. But doing very little about it.

SIV

Is this conversation an official permission of courtship, Queen Olenna?

OLENNA

You tell me, Siv.

(long beat)

SIV

I don't know how to...care for something. To love it. Tenderly. I'll only disappoint him and break his heart. And that is the last thing I want.

OLENNA

Siv--

SIV

I'm old. Settle in my ways and comfortable in my loneliness. And I'm a warrior. A weapon. I'm cold, and sharp. He's needs a lover, a husband, that isn't those things.

OLENNA

...Am I to tell him that, or you?

SIV

...Best he hear it from you.

OLENNA

What a romantic coward you are, Siv.

He frowns at her calling him out.

OLENNA (CONT'D)

What will you do when he marries another?

SIV

Continue to watch. From afar.

SOUTH LAWN

The prisoners shiver in the cold night...

(3 beats)

A SCREECH within the black sky cracks through the eerie silence.

The guard, petrified, hurries away as fast as he can.

Alexander smiles up at the sky...

The SCREECH sounds again, but closer...

(3 beats)

THREE full-grown, WHITE DRAGONS land onto the south lawn before Alexander.

Their red eyes peer down at Alexander.

Alexander says 'hello', petting each of them.

He then points to the prisoners.

ALEXANDER

Ruoka.

The three snow dragons don't need to be told twice...

The three of them tear at the prisoners, ripping their bodies apart and eating them!

Alexander unblinkingly watches as they devour their human food.

INT. OSTARA CASTLE - THORA'S BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS

Thora sifts through papers at a small desk, scowling, while Helene sits on a settee doing needlework.

THORA

This woman is determined to devastate The Grasslands with her lowbrow exuberance. She's exasperated the entire kingdom of peaches and has now demanded we provide her with plums. For wine. Bacchaus fell to economic ruin because she wanted endless amounts of honey and brown bread, decimating our wheat fields, and causing my favorite cousin to be executed when he couldn't secure enough food for his own subjects!

HELENE

We'll be rid of her soon, my love.

THORA

Will we?

HELENE

You're plans always work out in the end.

THORA

Not so sure of this one. There's a great amount of risk and improbability involved.

HELENE

Did you not tell me your plan were flawless?

THORA

I have doubts now. I'm good at predicting the mathematics of a situation. Not the unpredictable nature of people.

HELENE

Are events not just the episodes of people?

THORA

Not always. There's a complication and complexity to the operation of people. My plan hangs on a tender line of hope rather than calculation. I *hope* my actions create the affects I want it to.

HELENE

Hope and calculation have the same definition, in my opinion. Hope is an objective, and so is calculation. No need to fret, my love. Your brilliance will play on as expected.

THORA

You do me very little favor by having such faith in me.

Helene puts her needlework down and saunters over to her wife.

She sits on her lap, straddling her thighs.

HELENE

I find your lack of certitude undesirable. So let's discuss something I know you're assured of: Atthis and Petra.

Thora grimaces.

HELENE (CONT'D)

Are you going to kill them?

THORA

Yes.

Thora unties the back of Helene's dress.

HELENE

When?

She pulls Helene's dress over her shoulders, exposing her bare breasts. She kisses her neck.

THORA

I don't know.

HELENE

They've been here only a day and I already find their presence detestable. I also don't like their whorish daughter pining over Christos.

Thora runs her hands all over Helene's skin.

THORA

I don't believe they have an issue with it.

Helene pulls the pin from her hair and shakes it loose.

HELENE

Which is disgusting. Inbreeding is for The Snowlands. Not here.

THORA

The Snowlands hasn't had an inbred leader for a thousand years.

Helene unties Thora's dress and helps her out of it.

HELENE

I don't care. Their vile history sticks to them like a shit stain to soiled trousers. I wish you and your congress could rid the world of them, too.

THORA

They're boorish killers with a vast army. And dragons. We'll need their protection once Gold City is burned to the ground.

Helene climbs off Thora's lap and gets to her knees.

HELENE

Anthony and Sorin are playing with
the maids again.

Thora SIGHS; more annoyed than disturbed by her sons'
behavior toward their domestic staff.

THORA

Why can't those two be more like
Christos?

Helene reaches between Thora's legs, enticing her.

HELENE

Because they're more like me than
you.

Thora grins at her.

She leans down and kisses Helene as she continues fondling
her.

INT. OSTARA CASTLE - CHRISTOS' BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS

Christos ENTERS his room--

CHRISTOS

Goddesses!

REVEAL: Lenora lies seductively naked in his bed.

LENORA

You've spent all day hiding from
me. Knew you'd come to your room at
some point, so I thought I'd wait.

He lowers his eyes, trying to avoid looking at her.

CHRISTOS

Please dress, Lenora.

LENORA

I have a good body. Ample breasts
and large thighs. Men usually fawn
over me. Except you.

CHRISTOS

Because you're my cousin.

She climbs off the bed and approaches him.

He keeps his eyes on the floor.

LENORA

What does that matter? I think of you. Often. And fondly. Mostly in the dead of night when I'm alone.

CHRISTOS

Stop. I don't like this and want you to leave my chambers.

She stares curiously at him.

LENORA

Do you love someone else?

CHRISTOS

...Yes.

It's a lie, but Lenora believes it.

LENORA

Who?

CHRISTOS

No one you would know.

Lenora fights back tears at his rejection as her jealousy bubbles to the surface.

She grabs her clothes.

Christos steps aside to allow her to leave the room freely.

LENORA

I will hurt her. Whoever she is.

Lenora EXITS.

Christos closes the door behind her and bolts it shut.

INT. TAU CASTLE - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

BED

Rhea is bent over her bed and fucked roughly by her naked male servant from lunch.

But Rhea loves it like this. Wants it like this. Needs it like this; detached and carnal. It's just about her getting off. Nothing more. She's not looking for connection.

She comes, then pushes the servant off her.

She hands him a cloth and he finishes him off into it as she lounges, satisfied, on the bed.

SERVANT

If Ostara is out of peaches, my queen, I'm sure Pomona has some.

RHEA

I'm not about to invade The Harvest Lands in the name of peach wine. Which I surely hope you weren't suggesting.

SERVANT

No, my queen.

RHEA

Good. Because warfare is not what you're here for.

He climbs atop the bed with her. He kisses down her chest and stomach.

SERVANT

I know exactly what I'm here for.

She tugs on his hair, stopping him before his lips reach her thighs.

RHEA

And you've served your purpose.

She lets go of his hair.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

A little embarrassed, the servant gathers his clothes and EXITS.

Rhea picks up the soiled cloth he left behind and tosses it into her chamber pot.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - ARON'S BED CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

Aron has a MAID pinned against the wall as he has sex with her.

The door suddenly opens and in walks Halvor:

HALVOR

Aron-- For fuck's light.

Embarrassed, Aron and the maid scramble away from one another and awkwardly try to cover their nakedness with their hands.

HALVOR (CONT'D)
Get dressed, girl, and go about
your duties.

The maid grabs her clothes from the floor and puts them on as fast as she can.

Dressed, she runs out of the room.

HALVOR (CONT'D)
Is this what you get up to most
nights with your chambermaid?

ARON
Often but not always.

HALVOR
And if she should become with
child?

Aron dresses.

ARON
Kari gave me something to give to
her to prevent such a misfortune.
Hollyroot tea.

HALVOR
At least you're precautious.

ARON
Thank you. Fucking Gerda is the
only entertainment I have around
here.

HALVOR
I wish these complaints and blatant
looks of disinterest would end.
Especially given I don't see how
you could possibly be bored when
the whole of The Snowlands is your
playground.

ARON
We live in a tundra covered in snow
9 months out of the year. I was
born here and raised here. I have
explored all I possibly could
within it's boundaries.

(MORE)

ARON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to say, but the excitement, the novelty, of my great homeland has worn off on me, father.

HALVOR

You have dragons as pets.

ARON

Alexander has dragons as pets.

HALVOR

What would you like to amuse you, Aron? A war?

ARON

Or for the sun to fall from the sky and crash into the Gill waters. If it rattles the scenery and changes the faces of those I see day in and day out I welcome it.

HALVOR

So a change of setting is needed?

ARON

Gods, yes.

HALVOR

Unfortunately, my son, people of The Snowlands are not treated well in The Grasslands and executed on-sight within The Desert Lands. Which leaves The Harvest Lands free for your exploration; a contradictory kingdom of devout bird-worshipping bigamists.

ARON

It's not this ice rock, so I'd gladly spend an autumnal season with religious bird fuckers.

HALVOR

Yes.

ARON

"Yes," what?

HALVOR

Yes, you can go to The Harvest Lands for a season.

ARON
Truly?

HALVOR
Yes.

ARON
Would mother allow it?

HALVOR
I'm sure she would...if you helped
train your sister how to fight.

ARON
Lyra? But she's hopeless. She need
not know how to fight, but marry a
brute that will protect her.

HALVOR
Every man, woman, and child on this
"ice rock" should know how to
handle a weapon. That includes the
children of the queen. Help teach
Lyra to fight, and I'll get your
mother to approve you sailing off
to The Harvest Lands.

Aron GROANS, feeling his task impossible.

ARON
Was this your objective before
catching me with Gerda?

HALVOR
No. I only came to say 'goodnight'.

Halvor kisses the top of Aron's head.

ARON
Goodnight.

He EXITS.

INT. ALMERRY CITADEL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

ALTER

Miya kneels before the alter, in tears, praying her heart
out.

TEREK (O.S.)
Miya. You should rest.

MIYA
I can't. I tried.

Terek kneels beside her.

MIYA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TEREK
Praying with you.

MIYA
You're from The Desert Lands. You don't believe in Tori.

TEREK
No. But I have faith. Faith helps you and I want to help.

MIYA
Are you in love with me?

TEREK
Yes.

MIYA
Are you in love with Raiden?

TEREK
Yes. And I understand my feelings are misplaced. With the both of you.

MIYA
He's my husband. The father of my children. I love him like no other.

TEREK
I know.

MIYA
Raiden is the same.

TEREK
I know.

There's no room for him in their marriage. But it doesn't stop how he feels about her. Or him.

She takes Terek's hand and they pray together.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Siv walks down the dark, quiet halls of the castle.

He stops when the door to a room creaks open carefully...

Ser Jord attempts to sneak from the room, undressed, and holding his belt and sword.

Siv rolls his eyes.

SIV

Jord.

SER JORD

(under his breath)

Fucking hell...

SIV

Is that Princess Val's bed chambers
you are slithering out of past
midnight?

SER JORD

Uh... The princess ne-needed--

SIV

Don't. Put on your clothes and
hurry away, quickly and quietly,
before the queen becomes aware of
you. Or worse, Halvor. Who will not
hesitate to cut your cock off and
make you a Tellus monk.

SER JORD

Thank--

SIV

Go.

Ser Jord rushes away.

Siv continues down the corridor, but stops at a particular door.

He hesitates outside of it a moment.

He musters up the courage to KNOCK softly.

A beat.

The door opens. Alexander is on the other side.

The younger man leans against the frame with a smirk.

ALEXANDER

Well, this is incredibly unexpected.

SIV

I'm not here in an attempt to...defile you.

ALEXANDER

Shame. I'd let you if those were your intentions.

SIV

You shouldn't say things like that.

ALEXANDER

Why not? I only say them to you.

SIV

You shouldn't say them to anyone.

ALEXANDER

(chuckles wryly)

Is it unbecoming? Should I sound more like a gentleman? A proper Lord of Melar?

SIV

There are no lords and ladies in Melar. Only warriors and guards.

ALEXANDER

Exactly. So why should I sound like a cunt from The Grasslands? Especially when I mean the things I say to you.

Alexander is clearly the more assertive one in this dynamic. Which seems to stump Siv more often than not.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Why are you knocking at my chamber door, Siv?

SIV

Your mother thought it cowardly of me to not be the one to tell you...to tell you a courtship between us cannot occur.

ALEXANDER

Oh? Why?

SIV
I don't think we're suitable.

ALEXANDER
We're perfectly suitable.

SIV
We aren't, Alexander. You're a young man with romantic ideas that can speak to dragons--

ALEXANDER
And you're an old savage who's been in more wars than he's been in someone's bed. We'd make an odd pair but not an unsuitable one.

SIV
Alexander--

ALEXANDER
I appreciate your personal but unsuccessful attempt at ending our courtship; it shows the great deal of respect you have for me and the honor you have for yourself. But it's late and either you're coming in to put me to bed or we'll say 'goodnight' at this moment.

Siv is taken aback by Alexander's response.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
'Goodnight' it is then, Ser Siv.

Alexander slips back into his room and closes the door.

Siv has no idea how to feel about the 18 year old prince who just told him to either have sex with him or go away...

A beat.

SIV
(grumbles)
High-nosed, little shit.

Siv EXITS.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Big, fat snow flurries fall from the gray sky, adding to the blankets of snow covering everything.

Olenna, on horseback, gallops down the road with TWO GUARDS, also on horseback.

They turn and make their way to a modest, isolated house in a snowy field, just under the mountain The Black Tower sits.

The chimney bellows with smoke.

INT. KARI'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A one-room cabin with a *kakelugn*.

TABLE

Olenna takes a seat at Kari's table as Kari keeps an eye on what she's boiling in the fire.

OLENNA

Tell me again why you refuse to live in The Tower.

KARI

I'm just under it. Not that far away, Olenna.

OLENNA

Tell me once more. For a laugh.

KARI

Why don't you tell me what's troubling you instead?

OLENNA

Halvor wants another child.

Kari takes a tin cup and scoops it into the pot she's boiling.

KARI

Does he truly, or does he feel his growing children are bringing him closer to death?

She sets it down in front of Olenna, then opens a ceramic pot atop the table. She takes out a plant and rubs it quickly between her palms; its seeds drop into the cup.

OLENNA

More the latter than the former.
But he also relishes in being a
father, so there's some seriousness
in his desire.

She then grabs a small vile, half-full with a yellow oil, and allows one tiny drop to fall into the cup.

KARI

(ominous)

If you have another child...it will
kill you.

She stirs the drink with a spoon, and hands it to Olenna.

OLENNA

Precisely what I told him.

There's a "but" being left unsaid...

KARI

Halvor is a great warrior. But he's
not your father's heir. He cannot
rule The Snowlands. It will fall
into ruin if he tries.

OLENNA

I have no intention of leaving
Melar without its queen and my
children without their mother.

KARI

Then drink your Hollyroot.

Olenna downs her drink in one long gulp.

KARI (CONT'D)

What else is troubling you?

OLENNA

...Lyra. She's...full of fear and
doubt. It makes her weak. And I
know she isn't. She's smart, and
strong.

KARI

Have you told her so?

OLENNA

I didn't think she needed to be told. I thought... I thought she'd eventually see how powerful she is. I thought--

KARI

You thought the dragon's heart she ate would show her strength.

OLENNA

All that dragon's blood coursing through her veins and she's still terrified of her own shadow.

KARI

It's not her shadow that could take her life. She fears death.

OLENNA

We all fear death.

KARI

You don't. Halvor and the rest of us of The Snowlands don't. We find honor in a good ending.

OLENNA

...Am I right to worry for her?

KARI

You're her mother. You will always worry for her.

OLENNA

You know what I'm saying?

KARI

Lyra is not Rhea. Rhea had no interest in bravery. Which is why she behaves so cowardly. Lyra is looking for her courage. She wants to be the warrior you are.

OLENNA

I don't want to secure her a marriage for the sake of protecting her.

KARI

Then help to give her confidence. And reassurance.

EXT. SHIP - DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Raiden pours two glasses of alcohol. He gives one to Neith.

NEITH

What if Queen Olenna doesn't honor
our allyship?

RAIDEN

Why would she not?

NEITH

Because it would mean conflict with
her sister.

RAIDEN

Olenna and that desert snake have
been estranged since they were
children. There is no love loss.

NEITH

She's had plenty of opportunity
since in avenging her parents'
murder and hasn't. I'm curious as
to why that is. Why has she allowed
Rhea to grow into becoming a queen
all these years, instead of sending
someone to put a knife in her chest
as she sleeps.

RAIDEN

I don't believe it affection that's
allowed Olenna to spare her
ruthless sister's life. I think of
it as a form of passive peace.

NEITH

Or perhaps Rhea has grown into an
enemy that not even Queen Olenna of
The Snowlands can defeat.

RAIDEN

Rhea is rash and vain. Olenna is
fierce and strategic. Rhea has only
grown land, and rumors of herself.
She is no match for the
winterpeople and their queen.

MAN (O.S.)

PIRATES!

Raiden and Neith scramble from their comfortable chairs, but
they're knocked off their feet as the ship is rocked heavily
with a CRASH!

DECK

Raiden and Neith, swords drawn, ENTER from below deck.

It's chaos as SAILORS and SOLDIERS hurry to defend themselves as half the ship is ablaze!

The ship is rocked again as a Barque ship with black sails crashes right into theirs!

The heathen PIRATES don't hesitate to swing onto Raiden's ship!

A swordfight commences between the pirates and Raiden's soldiers.

Without missing a beat, Raiden and Neith join in the fray.

Raiden slashes his way through pirate after pirate.

He comes face-to-face with a rugged, long-haired MAN, early 40s, and covered in tribal tattoos.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well, your pretty. You must be the captain.

RAIDEN

I'm the King of Tellus. And I'm ordering you off my ship.

MAN

The Harvest Lands?! The bird people?! Well, pleased to meet you, your grace. I'm Simi.

RAIDEN

Get. Off. My. Ship. *Simi*.

MAN/SIMI

I will. When I'm done.

Raiden and Simi swordfight.

They're both skilled, but Simi is better.

He manages to slice Raiden across his chest and disarm him of his sword.

But Raiden has more than enough fight left in him. He attacks Simi and knocks his sword from his hand.

The two men fistfight. And again, they're both skilled, but Simi is better.

He punches an exhausted Raiden in the face over and over and over again.

Raiden crumbles, finally knocked unconscious.

Simi laughs.

He looks at his bloody knuckles.

SIMI
Hell of a fight, mate.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - LYRA'S BED CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

Lyra sits by her window. She's drawing.

DRAWING

Her drawing is of a girl riding a polar bear, sword in her hand held high, ready for battle. It's good. Really good.

Her door opens and Olenna ENTERS.

LYRA
Mother.

OLENNA
(sits on bed)
I brought you something, my sweet.

Lyra puts down her drawing to join her mother on the bed.

Olenna shows Lyra a long, black pearl necklace.

LYRA
It's beautiful.

Olenna pulls at the ends of the necklace, revealing a wire hidden through it.

She hands it to Lyra.

OLENNA
It's for slicing open a man's throat. You squeeze this thin wire around the neck of your enemy. It tears into the skin and they bleed out like a boar.

LYRA
That's...intimate. And gruesome.

OLENNA

What do you mean intimate?

LYRA

Well, I'd have to get close to them.

OLENNA

Most weapons require being close to your enemies, Lyra.

LYRA

Not Val's arrows.

OLENNA

Your father tried to teach you to use a bow and arrow. From what I remember, you were quite awful at it.

(chuckles)

You shot Boris in the ass.

Lyra manages a smile at the memory.

LYRA

I didn't mean to.

OLENNA

I know. The necklace is an aid. You have to know how to fight with your fists, too.

LYRA

Siv is teaching me that.

ARON

Then show this to Siv, so he may show you how to use it in a fight.

Olenna takes the necklace from Lyra.

She fastens it around her neck, then doubles it.

LYRA

Will it cut through me while I wear it?

OLENNA

(chuckles)

No. You have to pull on the ends, remember?

(off her look)

What?

LYRA

...I think I'm going to die.

OLENNA

Why would you say something like that?

LYRA

You and father are warriors. Everyone in The Snowlands is a warrior. Ready at a moment's notice to defend. And I can't. I need protecting. I'm not the dragon I should be.

OLENNA

Well, we're fixing that, aren't we?

LYRA

Yes. But I want to be fearsome now. Like you. And Elin and Val.

OLENNA

You're smart, Lyra. We'll make you strong, too. But not overnight. It'll take awhile. With a bit of esteem.

Lyra nods.

OLENNA (CONT'D)

I was taught to use a sword by my father. Who was taught alongside Siv. And Siv is a bloodthirsty villain. You'll learn quick enough.

Lyra rolls her eyes with a faint smile.

LYRA

Such blood-soaked tales about our Siv, when all I see is a lovestruck duck.

OLENNA

Ugh. The longing, sad eyes he makes at Alexander...

LYRA

Will he marry Alexander?

OLENNA

Who knows? But your brother is rapid when he wants something.

(MORE)

OLENNA (CONT'D)

And there's nothing he wants more than Siv.

LYRA

Why though?

OLENNA

Because he knows his heart. He's always known his heart.

LYRA

I don't know my heart. At least not now.

OLENNA

Your heart will sing for you when it's time. But for now, let Siv teach you how to hit a man so hard he breaks his knees falling to them.

Lyra smiles.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - LYRA'S BED CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Quiet. The whole castle is in bed.

BED

Lyra is asleep in bed. Her pearl necklace around her neck.

(5 beats)

A GLOVED HAND covers Lyra's mouth. She wakes, but the gloved hand tightens, trying to keep her quiet.

The hand belongs to a MAN, in all black, with all but his eyes covered.

Lyra squirms. Tries to scream but can't with his hand over her mouth.

The man holds a rag over her nose.

Lyra's struggling stops... Heavy eyes drift close... Limbs limp... She's out.

The man removes the rag from her face and tosses it to the floor.

He takes a rope from the bag on his back and ties her hands together.

He takes an arrow from the bag and snaps it in half. He tosses it beneath her window. It's the same arrow found by Terek at Almerry Citadel.

The man lifts her up, over his shoulder.

He creeps to the door and opens it slowly.

Seeing no one, he EXITS with Lyra slumped over his shoulder.

INT. THE BLACK TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The man makes his way quietly down the corridor with caution.

He turns a corner and bumps right into someone-- the maid Aron was caught with.

Without hesitation, he takes a blade from his person and slashes it across her throat.

Blood spills from her neck like a sieve as she clutches at it in shock and terror.

The man EXITS, leaving her to slump to the cold, stone floor to die with her throat cut.

INT. KEEP - CONTINUOUS

The man hurries as quickly as he can down the spiral steps with Lyra over his shoulder.

He makes his way to a door. He heaves it open.

Inside is a dark tunnel/cave, lit by torches.

He ENTERS the tunnel/cave and grabs one of the torches.

He closes the secret door behind him.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight can be seen from the opening of the cave further ahead.

But Lyra drifts awake, gaining consciousness.

She struggles, beating at the man's back and kicking her legs.

LYRA
LET GO OF ME! HELP! HELP!!!

He presses on despite her fighting. But she pulls at his mask, threatening to yank it off.

He drops the torch, trying to stop her.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

There's a large horse, a black Clydesdale, waiting at the cave's entrance.

The man EXITS the cave, dragging a SCREAMING Lyra with him.

She kicks and hits at him, but her efforts are useless; he's bigger and stronger than her.

She's more of a nuisance to him than a foe. And he's over it.

He punches her, knocking her out cold.

He grabs a large sack off the horse and pulls it over Lyra's head and down her body.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The man races down the road atop his horse with Lyra, in the sack, tied across his saddle.

EXT. SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

The man makes his way through the docks to his cog.

Lyra squirms within the sack.

He quickly hurries onto his ship.

INT. SHIP - BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

There's a GIRL, demure with pale pink hair, chained to a beam. Tears bloom in her eyes, a frightened look on her face, as FOOTSTEPS loom closer.

It's the man, stomping down a set of steps into the cargo hold.

The girl-- DORRI, 16-- takes notice of the wiggling sack over his shoulder...

He drops it to the floor and opens it.

Scared and confused, Lyra scrambles out of the bag and away from the man.

The man grabs hold of her. She bites his hand, chomping down so hard he CRIES OUT and bleeds!

He slaps her!

He grabs her arm again and drags her over to Dorri. He chains her to the beam with Dorri.

Lyra spits in his eyes; his blood still in her mouth.

He wipes at his eyes. He makes to hit her again, but she glares at him, surprisingly fearless and defiant.

It gives him pause...

Without a word, he EXITS, closing the latch, leaving the two girls in darkness.

INT. KARI'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

BED

Kari bolts upright in bed from sleep.

Her eyes are milky white. Terror and panic all over her face.

KARI

Lyra...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW.

