

GAME OF THRONES

"The Last Hearth"

Written by Matt Bretschneider and Aleeza Klarman

Based on *A Song of Ice and Fire* by George R. R. Martin

COLD OPEN

INT. BALERION - DAENERYS TARGARYEN'S CABIN - SAILING - NIGHT

A cold breeze blows through the spacious cabin. DAENERYS TARGARYEN shivers beneath her fur blanket next to JON SNOW.

Daenerys clutches her arms as she tosses in her sleep, trying to shake an unprecedented nightmare.

EXT. THE NORTHERN SKY - NIGHT

Daenerys, panicked and alone, flies through the sky. She scans the sky above and a sea of clouds below her.

The sun cracks the horizon. It's DAWN. Instinctively, Dany covers her eyes but realizes...

...she is a DRAGON.

A SCREECH rings out. A painful scream, but one that is familiar.

VISERION -- he is alive, but undead.

Viserion lets out another screech and descends through the clouds below. He soars above a battlefield.

EXT. LAST HEARTH - DAWN

Surrounded by the ARMY OF THE DEAD, the FIGHTERS inside the stronghold make their final stand.

WIGHTS swarm like locusts, scouring the landscape and crushing everything in their path.

FROM ABOVE, wights move as one force to surround and infiltrate the castle. Viserion lets out another screech. Blue flame erupts from his mouth.

Daenerys can feel the force behind this action, and Viserion swoops in for another attack. Blue flame ignites the undead and men alike.

Viserion lands inside the courtyard of Last Hearth. The few remaining survivors look on in horror.

NED UMBER, the boy lord of Last Hearth, weeps. He and his men are surrounded.

Petrified, Daenerys feels an icy hand slide down her neck.

The NIGHT KING dismounts Viserion and places his hand on the dragon's scaled shoulder. He stares into Viserion's azure blue eye.

INT. BALERION - DAENERYS TARGARYEN'S CABIN - SAILING - SAME

Daenerys wakes and shivers. She breathes heavily. She pulls the blanket around her and finds...

...Jon Snow under the covers next to her.

Jon sits up, seeing something has happened.

JON SNOW

What's wrong? Are we at White Harbor?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

No. But I dreamt the Night King had attacked.

JON SNOW

It was just a dream.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

It seemed so real. Some place in the North. And...Viserion...

(a beat)

He was alive.

Jon gets out of bed. He grabs his black boiled leather coat, lined with white and gray fur, and throws it over Daenerys' shoulders. Jon sits beside her.

JON SNOW

Watching him die...I'm sorry.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Jon, it was like I was inside him. Seeing what he saw, feeling what he felt.

(a beat)

Feeling his pain.

Jon holds Daenerys as they look out the porthole to the rising sun.

CUT TO MAIN
TITLES.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - DAY**

SANSA STARK and BRAN STARK preside at the head table as NORTHERN LORDS clamor to be heard.

SANSA STARK

My lords, all of your concerns will be addressed, if you'll just wait-- (your turn.)

LORD MAZIN

House Mazin has been loyal for hundreds of years. We've never broken faith, not once. But now House Stark has broken faith with us!

NOISES OF AGREEMENT pass through the room. Sansa's expression is pained.

SANSA STARK

House Stark has not broken faith, my lord. You chose my brother as your king because you had faith in his wisdom--

LORD MAZIN

A mistake!

LYANNA MORMONT

We did not choose a King in the North to have him fall on his knees before a Queen in the South.

More MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.

SANSA STARK

(standing)

Many of you have known me since I was a babe. You knew my parents, and their parents before them. Which one of you thinks me a fool or a traitor?

Silence. Their quarrel is with Jon, not Sansa.

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)

Then trust me when I say this: Jon would die rather than betray you.

(MORE)

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)

Whatever choices he has made, he made them for the North.

BRAN STARK

Jon is only a day's ride from Winterfell. Arya has already left to meet him. Wait for him. Hear what he has to say.

LORD MAZIN

And why should we wait here while winter buries our fields in snow?

BRAN STARK

The Night King and his armies have come through the Wall. Returning to your homes will not help you now.

LORD MAZIN

If the Wall has been breached, I'll be safer at Crossreach than here.

SANSA STARK

And who will be left for you to trade with -- fight with -- when the rest of Westeros is taken by the dead? Winterfell is the safest place we can be. We must hold strong, together.

Sansa sits. The murmurs in the room quiet, but they do not cease. Sansa and Bran share a concerned look.

EXT. CASTLE BLACK - COURTYARD - DAY

A single HORN CALL sounds, rousing DOLOROUS EDD, who is directing recruits in archery practice in the freezing morning air. He races to peer over the Wall.

Outside, an exhausted TORMUND GIANTSBANE and BERIC DONDARRION wait with an assortment of wounded and weary men in Night's Watch black.

DOLOROUS EDD

Who goes there?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

A band of fucking minstrels. Who do you think?

DOLOROUS EDD

How do I know you're not White Walkers?

Beric ignites his drawn sword.

BERIC DONDARRION
That good enough?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE
Open the fucking gate.

Edd debates with himself, then nods to the guard to open the gate. The Eastwatch survivors drag themselves inside as Castle Black men rush to help them.

DOLOROUS EDD
What in seven hells happened?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE
Fucking dragon happened.

BERIC DONDARRION
Eastwatch is gone. We're all that's left.

DOLOROUS EDD
There were dozens of men there!

BERIC DONDARRION
Well, there aren't any more.

DOLOROUS EDD
Where is the Night King now?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE
Headed south. You're guarding a prisoner who's already smuggled out. You might as well be pulling on your cocks for all the good you're doing now.

BERIC DONDARRION
We need to go south and join the Northern armies.

DOLOROUS EDD
We can't go south. We took vows. No Lord Commander has ever abandoned his post, not in the history of Westeros.

BERIC DONDARRION
We're doing a lot of things that have never been done in Westeros.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

You do what you like. I'm going south. Jon Snow is in Winterfell. He'll need our help.

BERIC DONDARRION

I'm going too.

(to Edd)

You can be the Lord Commander who kept to your post. Or you can be the Lord Commander who saved the ass of everybody in Westeros.

That does it. Edd surveys the Eastwatch survivors and Castle Black men with different eyes.

DOLOROUS EDD

They'll need to rest, and eat. Distribute armor. We'll leave at first light for Winterfell.

Beric and Tormund share a silent moment of triumph.

EXT. KINGSROAD (NEAR CERWYN) - DAY

ARYA STARK sits astride her horse. She's at the top of a hill, keeping a sharp lookout at the Kingsroad. A far-off screech makes her look up. Two dragons circle in the distance.

Arya watches, awed, until she notices a disturbance on the horizon. She squints. Dust emanates from thundering hooves, squeaking wagons, and the marching feet of the Unsullied.

As the procession becomes clearer, Arya kicks her horse into a canter, heading down the hill.

EXT. KINGSROAD (NEAR CERWYN) - DAY

As Arya's horse approaches the royal procession, she is loosely enveloped on all sides by advance Dothraki riders. RHOZO, a Dothraki bloodrider, approaches Arya.

ARYA STARK

I need to speak with Jon Snow.

RHOZO

(broken English)

Go home. You don't pass here.

ARYA STARK

I will pass here. He is my brother.

RHOZO
 (In Dothraki, to other
 riders)
 The little mouse has a death wish.

Rhozo pulls his arakh.

RHOZO (CONT'D)
 (to Arya)
 Go. Now. Or die.

Arya sighs and pulls Needle from her scabbard. Such a waste of a good Dothraki soldier.

ARYA STARK
 I do not want to hurt you.

RHOZO
 (in Dothraki)
 The mouse carries a stick!

The other Dothraki chuckle.

RHOZO (CONT'D)
 (to Arya)
 Go.

Arya dismounts.

ARYA STARK
 No.

Arya holds her sword at the ready. Rhozo dismounts. He and Arya circle each other, ringed by watching Dothraki.

Without warning, Rhozo swings his curved blade in huge hacking motions, ludicrously powerful against Arya's skinny sword.

Arya doesn't flinch. She ducks and weaves, deflecting his blade, meeting strength with cunning and grace.

The procession draws closer. More voices and faces join the ring of Dothraki guards.

Rhozo lets out a yell and chops down with all his might. Arya meets him with Needle.

But Rhozo forces Arya to drop her sword. He grabs Arya around the waist, dropping his own weapon as he pushes her to her knees. Rhozo assumes the stance behind her, fumbling with his clothes, ready to take her from behind as Dothraki men take women.

Arya pulls her Catspaw dagger from her belt and cuts Rhozo's hand. Rhozo lets go. Arya springs upright, driving the hilt of her dagger into Rhozo's temple.

Rhozo falls on his back. Quick as a flash, Arya stands over him, her dagger pointing toward his skull as Needle traces the bulge in his loincloth. His eyes widen as he registers the threat to both of his heads.

The circle of onlookers parts for two newcomers, but Arya doesn't take her eyes off Rhozo.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (O.S.)
What is the meaning of this?

ARYA STARK
He needed a lesson in civility.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (O.S.)
And who are you?

JON SNOW
Arya?

Arya glances behind to see Jon and Daenerys, who have caught up from the main procession on their horses. Jon slides off his horse, transfixed by the girl in front of him.

Arya sheathes Needle and turns her back on the Dothraki. Without a word, she jumps into Jon's arms. Jon closes his eyes and Arya smiles into his shoulder, fighting back tears.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)
How?

ARYA STARK
(pulling away)
Not here.

Arya turns to Daenerys, who has been watching this encounter with benevolent confusion.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)
I'm Arya Stark of Winterfell. Is there somewhere we can speak?

EXT. TARGARYEN CAMP - DAY

JORAH MORMONT walks through the activity as men and women set up camp. He carries a tankard of water and enters the largest tent.

INT. TARGARYEN CAMP - TENT - DAY

MISSANDEI, TYRION LANNISTER, and VARYS stand behind Daenerys and Jon, who sit at a low table with Arya. Jorah hands the water to Arya, who nods her thanks and drinks deeply.

ARYA STARK

The Northern lords are unhappy. They don't like being told they have a new queen. Especially a Southern one.

JON SNOW

Have they disbanded?

ARYA STARK

When I left, Sansa was convincing them to stay until your arrival. But they're not your only problem.

JON SNOW

What do you mean?

ARYA STARK

The Army of the Dead is marching south. The Wall has been breached. The Night King rides into battle on a dragon that breathes blue fire.

Daenerys pales. She leans over and grips the edge of the table with white knuckles. Jorah moves to help her. Tyrion glances at Daenerys and tries to distract from her moment of weakness.

TYRION LANNISTER

Blue fire? How do you know this?

ARYA STARK

(deflecting)

We got a raven.

Jon runs a tired hand over his forehead.

JON SNOW

If the Night King comes south and the banners have disbanded, we'll be as defenseless as babes.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

We are far from defenseless. We have the Unsullied, the Dothraki, and the dragons.

JON SNOW

It's not enough. The Army of the Dead is a hundred thousand strong, and growing with every kill. The Northern banners have fifty thousand men by themselves. We need their numbers to even the odds.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

How do we know if the raven's message is true?

Arya bristles.

ARYA STARK

I would not come all this way if we didn't believe it to be true.

JON SNOW

We should prepare. I'll need to speak with the banners as soon as we arrive.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

You'll speak with them? Alone? You told me the Northern lords would come to accept me as their queen.

Jon touches Daenerys's sleeve lightly, and Arya notes the fond gesture.

JON SNOW

And they will. But it took some time for me to see you as you are. It may take them time too. And time is something we have in short supply.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Have I traveled all this way to let someone else speak for me?

JON SNOW

You've traveled all this way to win the heart of the North. Allow me to serve you by speaking with the Northern lords.

Daenerys looks to Tyrion, who nods.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

I need time to think.

JON SNOW

Of course.

(a beat)

Arya, you must be tired. I'll show you to your tent.

Daenerys watches as they leave her behind.

EXT. TARGARYEN CAMP - DAY

Jon and Arya stroll through the camp. Spying Rhozo among a group of Dothraki, Arya's hand tightens on Needle.

JON SNOW

No one will hurt you here. You have my word.

ARYA STARK

You don't need to protect me.

JON SNOW

What kind of brother would I be if I didn't?

ARYA STARK

The smart kind.

Jon gestures to Needle.

JON SNOW

Has it served you well?

ARYA STARK

Better than you can imagine.

JON SNOW

I'm sorry you had need of it.

ARYA STARK

I'm not.

JON SNOW

Where did you get the dagger?

ARYA STARK

Bran gave it to me.

JON SNOW

How did Bran get a Valyrian steel dagger?

ARYA STARK
It's a long story.

Jon shakes his head.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)
How did you end up bedding a
Targaryen?

JON SNOW
What?

Arya smiles, mischief dancing in her eyes. Jon snorts.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)
You always were sharp.
(beat)
Are you disappointed in me?

ARYA STARK
Father married a Southern girl. And
yours has dragons.

Jon pulls Arya into a one-arm hug as they walk together.

INT. RED KEEP - COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

CERSEI LANNISTER sits at the head of the small council table with QYBURN at her right. They are alone at a table that once held more than half a dozen advisors.

CERSEI LANNISTER
How long until the Golden Company
reaches the Blackwater?

QYBURN
They are at least a week away, Your
Grace. More if the wind is
uncooperative.

CERSEI LANNISTER
We need them here. After that
dragon whore's attack on our supply
train, we have too few fighters by
my measure.

QYBURN
I understand, Your Grace. But there
is another matter to consider.

Cersei unconsciously rests a hand on her stomach as she registers the threat in his words.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Oh?

QYBURN

There is some...unrest in the city,
Your Grace. Rumors are spreading
about Daenerys and her magical
powers. Walking through flames and
such.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Crib tales for the feeble-minded.

QYBURN

There are plenty of feeble-minded
people in Flea Bottom who believe
them. There's talk of supporting
her claim to the throne.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Is that so?

(beat)

Issue an order to the Gold Cloaks
and the Queensguard. Anyone who
utters a word in support of that
white-haired witch is to be
executed for treason.

Qyburn bows and leaves Cersei. She is now entirely alone,
just her and a vast expanse of table where her loyal advisors
should be.

EXT. THE SILENCE - DECK - SAILING - NIGHT

The huge ship creaks and moans on the waves. Strong winds
gust as storm clouds hide the stars.

YARA GREYJOY is lashed to the mast. She is windswept, wet,
and exhausted, but she still struggles at her bonds.

EURON GREYJOY drags KINVARA, the red priestess, by the arm.
Kinvara is gagged and bound, but unlike Yara, she no longer
struggles.

YARA GREYJOY

Small cock, smaller brain -- Father
was right about you.

EURON GREYJOY

Your beloved father is a stain on
the rocks. The carrion birds are
shitting his opinions into the
ocean.

Euron lets go of Kinvara and moves toward Yara, the gleam of a madman in his eyes.

YARA GREYJOY

A real brave man you are, stealing women and killing old men. Slaying your own kin. I can hardly breathe for fear of you.

EURON GREYJOY

In the kraken's embrace, you'll be gasping for sure.

Euron grinds against Yara, who turns away in disgust.

EURON GREYJOY (CONT'D)

Little Yara, you have no idea the plans I have for you. Watch.

Euron leads Kinvara to the ship's railing. Yara can't help but watch as Euron unsheathes his dagger. He caresses Kinvara's cheek with the blade.

EURON GREYJOY (CONT'D)

Shame. You're quite pretty. Or at least, you were.

Euron draws the dagger across Kinvara's forearm. He holds her arm over the side of the ship, letting her blood trickle into the dark waters below.

Yara searches Kinvara's face, which is strangely blank. Euron's face is a mask of maniacal joy.

YARA GREYJOY

Blood magic? Are you mad?

EURON GREYJOY

The Drowned God, horse gods, fire gods, blood gods -- I pray to them all. And they all answer me.

Euron tilts his head back to soak in the gale, then smiles as the wind calms. The sails fill with a steady stream of air, and the ship moves smoothly through the now-gentle waves.

Yara looks at the clearing night sky in disbelief.

EXT. TARGARYEN CAMP - CLEARING - NIGHT

Arya sits by a campfire. The sounds of camp life swirl around her as she sharpens Needle.

Dothraki drums beat nearby, their rhythm matched by the scrape of Arya's blade against the whetstone.

SANDOR CLEGANE stumbles through the clearing, holding a wineskin. He collapses onto the grass. He stretches his feet out and rests his head on a log. Arya's hands pause mid-task.

SANDOR CLEGANE

I heard there was a new cunt in camp. No one told me it was the Stark bitch.

Arya resumes sharpening Needle.

ARYA STARK

Which am I then? A cunt or a bitch?

SANDOR CLEGANE

You left me to be eaten by crows. You're both.

ARYA STARK

How did you survive?

SANDOR CLEGANE

Death isn't too keen on my company.
(long beat)
Why? You planning to arrange another meeting?

Arya tests Needle's point against her finger.

ARYA STARK

Might do.

SANDOR CLEGANE

I think I just wet myself.
(beat)
Am I still on your fearsome little list then?

ARYA STARK

No.

SANDOR CLEGANE

So what poor bastard is next on your list?

ARYA STARK

I don't have a list anymore.

SANDOR CLEGANE

Why? Lost your taste for killing?

ARYA STARK

My sword is as sharp as yours.
 Sharper, probably. The list helped
 me fall asleep. I sleep well enough
 now.

SANDOR CLEGANE

So what do you plan to use your
 sharp little sword for, then?
 Cutting vegetables in the kitchens?

ARYA STARK

Protecting what's mine.

Sandor regards her. She's calm, not the angry little girl he
 knew.

SANDOR CLEGANE

You've gotten smarter.

ARYA STARK

And you've gotten stupid. You've
 drunk so much wine you couldn't
 fight off a child.

SANDOR CLEGANE

Do you want to test that notion?

ARYA STARK

Sure.
 (beat)
 Let me go find a child.

Sandor laughs and raises his wineskin.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)

Then why are you here? Why pledge
 yourself to a queen you wouldn't
 die for?

SANDOR CLEGANE

Where else, little wolf? You think
 I'm going run to my cozy home,
 where my *loving* brothers and
 sisters are waiting for me. Bah!

This brings Arya up short.

ARYA STARK

You saved my life. You saved my
 sister's life. You went beyond the
 Wall with Jon. We could find a room
 at Winterfell, if you want it.

Sandor catches her eyes, testing the truth.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)
You'd have to take a bath first.

Sandor relaxes, takes a swig.

SANDOR CLEGANE
You high born cunts, all alike.
Fancy ass clothes and castles.

Sandor offers Arya his wineskin. Arya drinks deep, then hands it back to him. She resumes sharpening Needle as the odd pair sit in comfortable silence.

EXT. TARGARYEN CAMP - CLEARING - NIGHT

Daenerys sits on a rock wall. Drogon nuzzles next to her. Dany strokes his snout.

Tyrion approaches but gives Drogon a wide berth.

TYRION LANNISTER
Are you well?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Yes.
(beat)
No. No, I suppose not.

TYRION LANNISTER
The loss of your dragon is a terrible tragedy.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
I know no one can understand. But these dragons are my children.

TYRION LANNISTER
Children come in many forms. I had a niece and nephew once whom I loved like my own.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Were they raised from the dead and enslaved by the Night King?

TYRION LANNISTER
No. Not last I heard.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
How can I save the North if I can't even save my own child?

TYRION LANNISTER

Northerners are proud people. They don't want saving. They want a leader. You are the best leader I have ever known.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

They've already chosen a leader.

TYRION LANNISTER

They haven't met you yet.

Drogon moves away from the rock wall. Tyrion climbs up and sits beside Daenerys.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Jon would have me sit quietly while he speaks to the lords on my behalf.

TYRION LANNISTER

Jon knows the North. But you cannot win over the people by sitting in silence.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

So what would you have me do?

TYRION LANNISTER

The Starks carry a great deal of power in the North. You can offer power in the South. Show them all how beneficial this alliance could be.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

And if they decide they'd rather forfeit a powerful alliance than accept a Southern queen?

TYRION LANNISTER

No one forfeits power, My Queen. Not in Westeros.

They sit together, the Queen and her Hand, watching her dragons take flight against the night sky.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. TARGARYEN CAMP - DAY**

Unsullied, Dothraki, and common folk alike are breaking camp to continue marching to Winterfell. Excitement grows with each moment. Some people are only a day away from hot baths. Others are only a day away from brothels. And a lucky few are only a day away from loved ones.

Daenerys mounts her horse. Jon and Arya are already mounted on theirs.

With a screech, the dragons take to the air, circling lazily. Arya watches them go.

ARYA STARK

I thought all those stories Old Nan told were fantasy. The dragons. The White Walkers. The Children.

JON SNOW

Aye.

ARYA STARK

Can you picture her face if she could see this?

JON SNOW

I imagine we'd be in for a bit of 'I told you so.'

The dragons swoop close to the procession.

ARYA STARK

I wish father could see them.

JON SNOW

I wish he could see you.

Jon reaches over and clasps her hand.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go home.

They urge their horses forward, but Daenerys is motionless as she watches two dragons fly overhead where three should be.

INT. CASTLE BLACK - LORD COMMANDER'S STUDY - DAY

Beric sits at the Lord Commander's desk, surrounded by paper, ink, and quills. Tormund and Dolorous Edd crowd him, leaning over his shoulder to look at the paper.

DOLOROUS EDD

Don't forget to tell them our numbers. They'll come if they know how fucked we are.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

How many men will we have if all the crows come to Castle Black?

DOLOROUS EDD

Maybe two hundred and fifty, all told.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

Fucking Jon Snow. He said you had thousands on the Wall. We could have taken this place years ago.

BERIC DONDARRION

Quit bellyaching, I'm trying to write.

DOLOROUS EDD

What are you writing?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

Did you tell them about the dragon?

BERIC DONDARRION

I think I managed to remember that part.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

And the giants? The huge fucking giants?

BERIC DONDARRION

Do you want to write it yourself?

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

Do you think we had a fancy lad school north of the Wall? Just tell them about the fucking giants!

Beric dots the paper with a flourish and holds it up.

BERIC DONDARRION

Here. I told them about Eastwatch,
and the dragon, and the bloody
giants. I asked them to come to
Castle Black so we can march south.

Edd takes the paper and studies it.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

What are you doing? You can't read
it.

DOLOROUS EDD

Shut up. Give me a quill.

Edd scratches his "X" on the paper and hands it to Tormund.

DOLOROUS EDD (CONT'D)

Send this to Shadow Tower.

Tormund shakes his head as he leaves.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

(muttering)

Catching ravens for crows.

DOLOROUS EDD

(to Beric)

Next. Winterfell.

Beric sighs and reaches for another slip of paper.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - FLEA BOTTOM - DAY

THREE YOUNG CHILDREN play in the street, ragamuffins with
bare feet and bedraggled hair. Two boys sword fight with
wooden sticks.

A LITTLE REDHEADED GIRL, maybe seven years old, climbs onto a
crate.

LITTLE GIRL

I am Daenerys Targaryen, the
Unburnt! Kneel to me or I'll eat
you with my dragons!

Passersby laugh as they go about their business. In the
shadows, a Queensguard overhears and draws his sword. He
stalks toward the child.

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

A RAVEN perches on the top of the broken tower, chattering at other birds. Abruptly its eyes turn milky-white, and it takes flight. A glittering train of movement becomes visible in the distance, curving along the road.

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - DAY

Bran's eyes transition from milky-white to their natural brown as he comes out of his warg.

BRAN STARK

They're here.

Sansa, who was eating her breakfast, stands.

SANSA STARK

I'll tell the Northern lords.

Sansa and Bran share a look before Sansa leaves.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - DAY

Sansa and Bran wait to receive the visitors. The Northern lords flank them, grim-faced and silent.

Ser Jorah, Ser Davos, and the Hound enter first. Sansa recognizes the Hound immediately, but her face betrays nothing.

Then Sansa spots Tyrion, and her face flickers with-- something. Tyrion nods to her, then takes in the clenched jaws and tense shoulders of the receiving party.

TYRION LANNISTER

A warm Northern welcome.

Jon, Arya, and Daenerys ride through the gates. The Northern lords bow to Jon, but they refuse to do the same for Daenerys.

Jon dismounts and helps Dany off her horse. He guides her to Sansa, who curtsies to the Dragon Queen.

SANSA STARK

Your Grace. Welcome to Winterfell.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Thank you. I've heard much about it on the journey from Dragonstone.

Jon leaves Dany with Sansa and moves to Bran. He hugs his brother. When Jon pulls back, he studies the changes in the boy now a man grown.

JON SNOW
Bran, the last time I saw you...

BRAN STARK
You said, 'We could go walking beyond the Wall, if you're not afraid.'

JON SNOW
You heard me.

BRAN STARK
Not then, but I did go beyond the Wall. Now I see things.

JON SNOW
Arya said you've changed.

BRAN STARK
Yes. Winter is here.

Jon pauses, taken aback. But Daenerys glides to his side, breaking the spell. Jon introduces her.

FROM HER HORSE, Arya smiles as she watches. Everyone she loves who is still alive is gathered here, right now, under her protective gaze.

Sansa intervenes with Bran and Daenerys.

SANSA STARK
I hope Winterfell will please you.
If there is anything you require,
you need only ask.

Arya dismounts nearby.

ARYA
I'd recommend the ale.

Sansa shoots her a reprimanding look. Daenerys tries to hide her smile.

Bran grabs Jon's wrist as Jon moves toward the Northern lords.

BRAN STARK
I need to speak with you.

JON SNOW

Of course. Later. I need to address the lords.

(to Sansa and Daenerys)

Let's adjourn to the Great Hall.

There is much to discuss.

Sansa gives him warning look. Jon nods.

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - DAY

The Great Hall is stuffed to the eaves with Northern lords. Missandei, Jorah, Varys, and Tyrion fill the space behind the great table. Bran and Arya watch from the side as Jon stands before the lords, flanked by Daenerys and Sansa.

Jon motions to servants. They heave blocks of dragonglass onto the tables for all to see.

JON SNOW

Dragonglass. As promised. We've already begun to fashion it into weapons.

LORD MAZIN

And the Targaryen? Was she a nice little prize that came with it?

TYRION LANNISTER

You are addressing Daenerys Stormborn, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, the Unburnt, Breaker of Chains, and Mother of Dragons.

LORD MAZIN

She's just a Targaryen here.

JON SNOW

She is my guest, and you will treat her with respect.

LYANNA MORMONT

Respect is earned. House Stark has the respect and loyalty of Bear Island. But we don't recognize this Southern ruler as Queen of the Andals and the First Men.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

That's fair.

Everyone turns to look at Dany.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

None of you know me. All of the North remembers the past misdeeds of my father. I am not my father.

(a beat, to stare them in the eyes)

Your king came south to ask me for dragonglass. I gave it. He asked me to fight the Army of the Dead north of the Wall. I went. He asked me to come to Winterfell with my armies and dragons to defeat the Night King. I came. That's what the North should remember about Daenerys Stormborn. I am a friend to the North, not your enemy.

LORD MAZIN

A daughter of the Mad King is no friend of ours.

JON SNOW

Children should not answer for the sins of their fathers.

From the crowd, SAMWELL TARLY stands. Jon is surprised -- and pleased -- to see him.

SAMWELL TARLY

I'd like to speak. My name is Samwell Tarly.

Varys and Tyrion look at each other. They recognize that name. This is not good.

JON SNOW

Yes, Sam. You have the floor.

SAMWELL TARLY

I received a raven not long ago at the Citadel. It said that my father and brother had died.

TYRION LANNISTER

(sotto)

Fuck.

SAMWELL TARLY

My father was no great loss. A bad man, he was. But my brother--he wasn't like that.

LORD MAZIN
 We've all lost loved ones, but why
 are you whinging about them?

SAMWELL TARLY
 Because they were killed by
 Daenerys Targaryen.

All eyes turn to Daenerys, who is completely blindsided.

TYRION LANNISTER
 (sotto, to Daenerys)
 The dragon fire. Father and son.

Dany remembers.

SAMWELL TARLY
 My father and brother refused to
 bend the knee, so Daenerys
 Targaryen had her dragons roast
 them alive.

Murmurs run through the Great Hall. Stunned, Jon turns to
 Dany. Then he looks back to Sam.

JON SNOW
 Sam, my deepest sympathies.

LORD MAZIN
 So is that the plan? Bend the knee
 or turn us to ash?

JON SNOW
 Of course not.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
 (to Sam)
 My lord, I am sorry for your loss.
 Your brother and father fought
 against me. I assure you, I took no
 pleasure in their deaths.

LORD MAZIN
 What a relief.

TYRION LANNISTER
 Hear her out. You may find you like
 what she has to say.

LORD MAZIN
 And why should I heed the advice of
 a kinslayer? Am I supposed to trust
 a man who shoots his own father
 while he's taking a shit?

JON SNOW
Tyrion has my trust.

LYANNA MORMONT
You trust the Lannisters. You trust
the Targaryens. Why should we have
confidence in a king who has been
blinded by our enemies?

JON SNOW
I assure you, my eyes are clear.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
My desire is the same as yours. We
will defeat the Night King and the
Army of the Dead.

LORD MAZIN
You don't know our desires. You are
not of the North.

LYANNA MORMONT
House Mormont only has one leader
-- the King in the North. Either
your alliance ends, or House
Mormont will be going back to Bear
Island in the morning.

NORTHERN LORDS
Aye!

Disheartened, Daenerys and Jon look at the steadfast Northern
lords.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY**

The throne room is the picture of opulence. Sunlight gleams off the Iron Throne and Cersei's silver crown. Cersei is holding court.

The little Flea Bottom girl is pushed in front of Queen Cersei.

CERSEI LANNISTER

What brings you to my court, little dove?

Qyburn addresses the court.

QYBURN

She was found in Flea Bottom, Your Grace. She was pretending to be Daenerys Targaryen. She called herself 'the Unburnt.'

Murmurs race through the courtiers. Cersei holds up her hand to silence them. Then she holds out her hand to the little girl.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Come, little dove.

The girl pads up the steps to the Iron Throne.

CERSEI LANNISTER (CONT'D)

Tell me. How old are you?

LITTLE GIRL

Almost seven, Your Grace.

CERSEI LANNISTER

And what does a girl of seven know of Daenerys Targaryen?

LITTLE GIRL

She has silver hair and three big dragons. She can walk through fire, and fly high as the clouds.

CERSEI LANNISTER

And would you like to fly?

LITTLE GIRL

Girls can't fly, Your Grace. Only Daenerys.

CERSEI LANNISTER
And why is that?

LITTLE GIRL
'Cause she's the Dragon Queen. When
she comes, her dragons will melt
the snow. We will be warm again.

Whispers echo through the throne room. Cersei's smile stiffens. The little girl looks from person to person, trying to understand what she has done wrong.

CERSEI LANNISTER
You'd like to be warm, little dove?

Hesitantly, the little girl nods. Cersei smiles more widely.

EXT. WINTERFELL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Sansa walks down the corridor when Tyrion catches up with her.

TYRION LANNISTER
Lady Sansa!

Sansa turns.

SANSA STARK
Lord Tyrion.

TYRION LANNISTER
May I walk with you?

Sansa nods. They assume a slow pace, the air thick with shared history.

TYRION LANNISTER (CONT'D)
That could have gone better.

SANSA STARK
Yes.

TYRION LANNISTER
Are the Northern lords always
so...unyielding?

SANSA STARK
They're good, loyal men.

TYRION LANNISTER
I'm sure they are.
(beat)
(MORE)

TYRION LANNISTER (CONT'D)
 Daenerys is much the same, you
 know. If you give her a chance, I
 think you'll find--

SANSA STARK
 It's not me you need to convince.

TYRION LANNISTER
 Of course. But I know how people
 see you here. We're a long ways
 from King's Landing.
 (long beat as they walk)
 How have you fared since we last
 met?

SANSA STARK
 Well enough since we took back
 Winterfell. And you?

TYRION LANNISTER
 Oh, quite well, quite well.
 (beat)
 Well, there was a small incident
 with some slavers in Mereen, but it
 was all part of a larger plan.

SANSA STARK
 (smiling)
 Ah.

Beat.

TYRION LANNISTER
 I didn't kill Joffrey.

SANSA STARK
 I never thought you did.

TYRION LANNISTER
 You were wise to run.

SANSA STARK
 I was too stupid to know I was
 supposed to run. Littlefinger
 smuggled me out.

TYRION LANNISTER
 He has always been enamored of you.

SANSA STARK
 He should have saved himself the
 trouble. My suitors tend to meet
 with unpleasant fates.

TYRION LANNISTER

Oh, I don't know. I'm doing all right.

SANSA STARK

(joking)

You're not my suitor. And there was that incident with the slavers in Mereen.

TYRION LANNISTER

Well said, my lady.

SANSA STARK

(correcting him)

Lady Stark.

TYRION LANNISTER

Of course. Lady Stark.

(beat)

I envy you that.

SANSA STARK

My name?

TYRION LANNISTER

Your certainty. I have always been a Lannister, and yet I have never been a Lannister.

SANSA STARK

(joking)

The disgraced daughter and the demon monkey. I remember.

TYRION LANNISTER

(genuine)

I'm touched.

SANSA STARK

(kindly)

Lannisters are not welcome in Winterfell. A demon monkey, however...I should hope he would be very comfortable here.

TYRION LANNISTER

(genuinely)

That is most kind of you.

SANSA STARK

No kinder than you were to me.

She pauses at an adjoining hallway. She turns to Tyrion.

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)
 I should see to the others. I am
 glad you are well, Lord Tyrion.

Tyrion bows and watches her walk away.

TYRION LANNISTER
 (sotto)
 It's good to see you, Lady Stark.

EXT. THE SILENCE - SAILING - DAY

Yara is dozing fitfully in her chains, still lashed to the mast in soiled clothes. Her mouth is bloody and swollen, as though she's been punched.

The sky is clear and bright, the sea calm. A beautiful day interrupted by a kick in the gut. Yara's eyes pop open. Euron stands over her.

EURON GREYJOY
 Wake up. How can you sleep on such
 a beautiful day?

YARA GREYJOY
 It's easier to stay awake while the
 sun's up, if you have a cabin to
 sleep in at night.

EURON GREYJOY
 You could share mine. It's a nice
 little room. Cozy. Bed's just big
 enough for one. Or two, if one's on
 top.

Yara tries to muster up some spit to hawk at him, but she's too dry. Euron notices.

EURON GREYJOY (CONT'D)
 My poor niece. Are you hungry?
 (off her non-response)
 I think it's time to break the
 fast.

Euron puts two fingers in his mouth and gives a shrill dog-whistle. A sailor comes around the corner, bringing Kinvara, who is conscious but again strangely vacant.

YARA GREYJOY
 (dawning realization)
 What are you doing? Why are you
 doing this?

EURON GREYJOY

You have to give them what they want. That's why the Iron Islands have always failed. The Ironborn are just takers. They rape, they reive. They think so small. But me, I give.

Euron takes hold of Kinvara and propels her to the side of the ship. Kinvara's eyes widen with fear as he pulls out his dagger. Euron winks at Yara, than slices Kinvara's throat and pushes her into the ocean.

YARA GREYJOY

Is that supposed to frighten me? I've killed a hundred men in worse ways than that.

EURON GREYJOY

(mock surprised)

A hundred men you say! The Drowned God must fear the very ocean you sail on.

YARA GREYJOY

I will meet the Drowned God knowing that I am more of the Iron Islands than you will ever be.

EURON GREYJOY

Hang the Iron Islands. I am to marry the queen. Do you understand what that will make me?

YARA GREYJOY

As dead as the woman you just pushed overboard. Cersei would never let you live.

Euron whispers in Yara's ear.

EURON GREYJOY

Nor I her. Once there's a crown on my head and my cock in her cunt, there will be no more reason for her. She will have a tragic accident.

YARA GREYJOY

And what reason is there for me? I can't make you a king. Do you plan to push me overboard too?

EURON GREYJOY

Oh, no. Not yet. And you're wrong.
You will make me a king. You're
from the royal family of the Iron
Islands. Your blood is precious.

Euron pulls a small bundle of meat and cheese from his pocket
and pushes it into Yara's mouth.

EURON GREYJOY (CONT'D)

Eat up. Can't have you losing that
pretty figure, now can we?

He walks along the deck, whistling "The Rains Of Castamere."
In the waters below, something ENORMOUS and FAST pulls
Kinvara's body beneath the waves.

EXT. WINTERFELL - GODSWOOD - DAY

Bran sits in his chair next to the weirwood tree, waiting.
The leaves whisper in the wind. The sound of footsteps
crunching in the snow punctures the stillness.

Jon and Sam appear, their breath lingering in the cold. Sam
sits on the bench. Jon remains standing, looking up at the
weirwood tree.

JON SNOW

I took my vows under a tree like
this.

BRAN STARK

With Samwell Tarly. I know.

JON SNOW

I keep hearing that you know
things. But I don't understand how
you know.

SAMWELL TARLY

I told you. He's the Three-eyed
Raven.

JON SNOW

(joking)
You only look like you have got two
eyes to me.

BRAN STARK

They said 'For the Watch.' When
they stabbed you.

(beat)

Thorne never liked you.

(MORE)

BRAN STARK (CONT'D)

But the others? They loved you. And you loved them.

JON SNOW

How do you know that?

BRAN STARK

You need to understand. The things I see, the things I know, they're real. And you need to know.

JON SNOW

Bran, what happened to you beyond the Wall...I couldn't protect you.

BRAN STARK

You know nothing, Jon Snow.

JON SNOW

Do not say that.

Jon turns away.

SAMWELL TARLY

Jon. Please. It's important.

Something in Sam's voice makes Jon turn back.

BRAN STARK

I know you've always wondered. Who your parents were.

JON SNOW

Are you saying you know who my mother was?

BRAN STARK

Yes.

JON SNOW

Tell me.

BRAN STARK

You and I are related. But we're not brothers. Not even half-brothers. We never were.

JON SNOW

Of course we are.

BRAN STARK

No. Your father wasn't a Stark. Your mother was.

JON SNOW

My mother...?

SAMWELL TARLY

Lyanna. Your aunt. She gave birth to you in a tower in Dorne.

JON SNOW

No.

BRAN STARK

Rhaegar Targaryen was your father.

Jon pales.

JON SNOW

The Mad King's son? The man who stole Lyanna and raped her, and left her to die?

SAMWELL TARLY

It wasn't like that. Jon, they were married. They were in love.

JON SNOW

That's not possible.

BRAN STARK

It's true.

JON SNOW

(standing)

No! I'm Jon Snow, son of Eddard Stark, Lord of Winterfell and Warden of the North. I don't care what powers you say you have. That is who I am. Your brother.

BRAN STARK

You are Aegon Targaryen. The trueborn son of Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark, and the true heir to the Iron Throne.

JON SNOW

How did I get here, then? Why would my father--your father--why would he raise me as a bastard and not tell me of my true parentage?

SAMWELL TARLY

He was protecting you, Jon. You'd have done the same.

Jon stares at the face on the weirwood tree, pondering his past, his future, his present.

INT. WINTERFELL - CRYPTS - DAY

Torchlight flickers over the statue of Ned Stark, throwing his carved face into relief. Jon stands before Ned's tomb, speaking to the stone as though Ned himself were standing in front of him.

JON SNOW

I never wanted anything more than
to be your son. To be true born.
Eat at your table. Carry your name.

There's a pause, as though he's waiting for Ned to answer. But of course, there is no answer.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

You told me next time I saw you,
you'd tell me about my mother. Were
you going to tell me the truth? Or
would I have lived and died without
knowing?

Footsteps echo in the crypt. Sansa appears, her red hair and pale skin gleaming in the torchlight.

SANSA STARK

Bran just told me.

Jon gestures at Eddard's tomb.

JON SNOW

I have so many questions for him,
and I will never have the answers.

SANSA STARK

Look at me. You are the heir to the
Iron Throne. You cannot run from
this.

JON SNOW

I don't want the Iron Throne! I
just want to be a Stark, to be part
of this family.

(beat)

I don't even know what to call
myself.

SANSA STARK

Call yourself what you want. Names
change.

(MORE)

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)

I've been called Lannister, Bolton, traitor, whore. What does it matter what your name is?

JON SNOW

It matters! All I've ever wanted is to have your name.

SANSA STARK

You have us. Me, and Arya, and Bran. You are father's child as surely as any of us.

JON SNOW

How can you say that when you know what I am?

SANSA STARK

Because I see him in your eyes. I hear him in your words.

JON SNOW

How can I be a dragon in the North or a wolf in the South?

SANSA STARK

It's what you are. How can you be anything else?

JON SNOW

I've already pledged my word that Daenerys will sit on the Iron Throne.

SANSA STARK

You know the truth now. That is more important than your promises.

JON SNOW

I'll not break my vow.

SANSA STARK

You've pledged yourself to Daenerys. There's no reason she can't pledge herself to you.

JON SNOW

Honor demands-- (that I keep my vow.)

SANSA STARK

Father was ruled by honor, and I watched his head fall from his shoulders.

(MORE)

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)

There is no honor in forfeiting your claim because you're too stubborn to do what's right for your people.

(beat)

The King in the North is the rightful heir to the Iron Throne. Do you not understand what that means for everyone who looks to you?

JON SNOW

They'll flay me alive when they find out I'm half Targaryen.

SANSA STARK

They're scared. They want to know you won't abandon them. That you'll protect them.

JON SNOW

You told me yourself that no one can protect anyone.

SANSA STARK

That doesn't mean you shouldn't try. Targaryen or not, they're still your people. Be their king. Tell them what they need to hear.

Sansa gazes up into Ned's stone face.

SANSA STARK (CONT'D)

It's what father would have done.

EXT. GODSWOOD - DAY

Daenerys trails through the snow, running her hands over the frost-caked trees. She's never seen forests like this. She's never felt the cold burn of snow.

She comes across Bran sitting by the weirwood tree and hesitates.

BRAN STARK

There's no need to be afraid.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

I'm not afraid. May I join you?

Bran nods.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)
Arya said you can see things. That
you know unknowable things.

BRAN STARK
Your dragon.

Daenerys sits on the bench.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Can you see him?

BRAN STARK
Yes.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Where is he?

BRAN STARK
A hundred leagues north. Not far.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Is he hurt? Can he feel pain?

BRAN STARK
I do not know. Can the dead feel?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
How do I save him?

BRAN STARK
A white walker cannot be saved.
Only destroyed.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
A dragon is not a slave. Viserion
is still in there.

BRAN STARK
He's not your Viserion anymore.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
I can feel him calling to me. I
will find a way to win him back.

BRAN STARK
Not until the sun rises in the west
and sets in the east.

Daenerys is startled by his words.

BRAN STARK (CONT'D)
Why are you really here?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

You know why I'm here. To save my dragon. To save the North. To be queen of Westeros.

BRAN STARK

You know you will never sit on the Iron Throne.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

I know no such thing.

BRAN STARK

But you do. Have you forgotten what you saw in the House of the Undying?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

(to herself)

The throne. Covered in snow.

BRAN STARK

You did not touch the throne, nor sit upon it. You turned away.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

It was only a dream. Less than a dream; a moment of madness.

BRAN STARK

There can be truth in dreams and madness.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Can you see into the future? Can you tell me true that I will never rule?

Bran looks up at the weirwood and its blood red leaves.

BRAN STARK

The future branches. There are many possibilities.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Then I will rule, because I must. I made a promise to bring change to Westeros. I will not rest until it comes to pass.

Bran regards her sadly, this woman who cares so much, yet knows so little and refuses to accept his counsel.

BRAN STARK

You should speak to Jon. He's
waiting for you, on the wall.

Bran turns back to the weirwood. After a moment, Daenerys
stands.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Someone once told me that I
couldn't have children.

BRAN STARK

The witch. Mirri Maz Duur.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Is it true?

BRAN STARK

It's a prophecy. Prophecies
surround you.

Daenerys nods and leaves Bran sitting alone beneath the
weirwood tree.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. WINTERFELL - CRENULATIONS - NIGHT**

Daenerys glides along the walkway in the lightly falling snow. Flakes cling to her silvery hair like tiny jewels. She joins Jon, who's brooding at the vast expanse before him.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

I can see why you like it here.
It's peaceful, in its way.

JON SNOW

You should have seen it before, in
the summer.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Was it very different?

JON SNOW

Yes. It was.

She takes note of his sadness.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

What is it?

JON SNOW

There is something I need to tell
you. I swear, I didn't know.

Daenerys takes a step back.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Go on.

JON SNOW

You know I was raised a bastard. I
never knew who my mother was. I
thought she was someone my father
met on the road when he was off to
fight in Robert's rebellion. But I
was wrong.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

You've learned her name.

JON SNOW

Aye. And my father's. Lord Stark
protected me all these years --
from the truth.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Why did he need to protect you?

JON SNOW
Because the rebels were
slaughtering Targaryen babes in
their sleep.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
I don't understand.

Jon gently turns her to face him. She searches his eyes.

JON SNOW
Eddard Stark wasn't my father. My
father's name was Rhaegar
Targaryen.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Rhaegar Targaryen?

She laughs out of pure disbelief.

JON SNOW
He married my mother, Lyanna Stark,
in secret. They named me Aegon.
Aegon...Targaryen.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Rhaegar's children were murdered in
the rebellion. So was he.

JON SNOW
It's the truth.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
The truth? You are Northern. You
live in ice and snow. You are no
dragon.

JON SNOW
Aye, the North is in my blood, but
I am Aegon Targaryen.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Bran told you this?

JON SNOW
Aye. And Samwell Tarly found record
at the Citadel of Rhaeger's
annulment for Elia Martel and his
secret marriage to Lyanna Stark.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Tarly, that name keeps haunting me
as much as my own.

JON SNOW

Sam is like a brother to me. He's a
good man.

Dany nods, accepting.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Tyrion advised me against punishing
the Tarlys. Do you expect me to
kneel to you?

JON SNOW

Of course not. I promised you my
sword and my loyalty, and both
remain yours.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

You speak of loyalty? A moment ago
you told me that you have the
superior claim to the throne.

JON SNOW

Aye, by blood and birth, but the
throne is meant for you. You have
the love of your people, and the
loyalty of your army. I have no
wish to stand in your way. We need
to stand together, as kin if
nothing more. When the fighting is
done, if you wish me to remain in
the North, I will.

Daenerys considers this.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

If you go against me, there will be
no mercy for you.

JON SNOW

I have no wish to go against you,
now or ever. I need you with me to
win this war.

(beat)

Will you stand with me before the
Northern lords?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Do you think it wise to tell them?

JON SNOW

I do.

Beat.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Then I will stand with you.

INT. CASTLE BLACK - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Dolorous Edd, Beric Dondarrion, and Tormund Giantsbane are overseeing the preparations for the journey south. Men pile food into crates and polish weapons. Tormund steals a wineskin from a man whose arms are full of them and takes a swig.

DOLOROUS EDD

We're going to need that for medicine.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

My poor lonely heart aches.

BERIC DONDARRION

Miss Jon, do you?

Tormund advances on Beric with flared nostrils, but they're interrupted by a steward, who hands a scroll to Dolorous Edd.

Dolorous Edd opens the scroll, pretends to read it, nods, and dismisses the steward. Then he hands it to Beric.

DOLOROUS EDD

What's that say?

BERIC DONDARRION

Got...full...wight...hunt tomorrow?
Gods, his letters are horrible.

DOLOROUS EDD

It's Watch speak. The Night's Watch
is coming to Castle Black.

TORMUND GIANTSBANE

And we're going to hunt us some
fucking wights.

Tormund holds up his wineskin in a silent toast, and the other men grin.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - FLEA BOTTOM - NIGHT

The Queensguard march through the street, four of them carrying a large box. Torchlight gleams off their weapons and helms. Scared faces peek out of the shadows.

The Queensguard stop in the street where the little girl was playing that morning.

A Queensguard PAINTS something on the wall as...

...other guards pry the top off the box.

Smallfolk cover their noses. The smell of scorched meat fills the air.

Out of the box, a guard lifts the charred, brittle body of the little girl.

GASPS fill the streets.

A WOMAN utters a heart-wrenching WAIL when she sees the child.

Someone HISSES. A rock flies from the shadows to hit a Queensguard.

The six guards pull their swords as more rocks fly, then dung, sticks, and debris. Bodies press forward in a wave of helpless anger. A pack of men overwhelms a guard, killing him brutally.

The Queensguard retreats, cutting their attackers down one by one.

In the flickering torchlight, the newly painted words are finally visible. Large black letters above the corpse's head spell out **"THE UNBURNT."**

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The Northern lords are once again assembled. Tyrion, Varys, Jorah, and Missandei wait with Daenerys. Arya, Bran, and Sansa sit together at the head table. This time, Jon paces as he talks.

JON SNOW

You all know me as a bastard, and still you named me king. For your trust, and your loyalty, I will be forever grateful. I was raised a Stark in all but name.

(MORE)

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

The North runs as deep in my blood
as it does in yours.

(beat)

But I have just learned of my true
lineage. Eddard Stark is the father
I remember, and the father I love.
But he was not my father.

There's a pause as this sinks in. No one is pleased by this news.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

I am the trueborn son of Lyanna
Stark and Rhaegar Targaryen.

Instant uproar. Jon holds up his hands to ask for silence,
and the room slowly calms.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

I know this seems impossible. But I
am both Stark and Targaryen. By
birth alone, Daenerys and I both
have a claim to the Iron Throne.

More chatter. Again Jon gestures for silence. Sansa studies
the Northern lords.

JON SNOW (CONT'D)

I have no interest in ruling
Westeros. My desire is to serve
you. To serve the North. So as the
man you named king, I ask you to
trust my choice to support Queen
Daenerys. I ask you to fight with
us as one army, to defeat the
forces we cannot fight separately.

LORD MAZIN

If what you say is true, you're not
truly of the North. You're a
Targaryen, not one of us. Why
should we not pick a new king
amongst ourselves, and let him lead
us into battle?

JON SNOW

My mother was Lyanna Stark. The
North is more a part of me than
anything I've ever known. The white
walkers don't care about Houses.
They don't care about bloodlines.
How much do you think our
bloodlines will be worth when we're
bleeding into the snow?

(MORE)

JON SNOW (CONT'D)
 Targaryen, Lannister, Stark,
 Karstark, Mormont -- we are one
 people now. I have looked the Night
 King in the eye, and I will stand
 and fight him. Who among you will
 fight with me?

Murmurs run through the room, but no one speaks until Lyanna Mormont stands.

LYANNA MORMONT
 I chose you to lead because I
 believed Ned Stark's blood ran
 through your veins.
 (short pause)
 But if what you say is true, you
 are the son of *Lyanna Stark*. I was
 named for your mother, and I've
 heard tales of her since I was in
 my crib. You have Stark blood in
 you. And Stark honor. When I spoke
 for you, I said that you were my
 king and the North remembers. I
 will honor my vow. I know no king,
 but the King in the North.

She turns to Daenerys.

LYANNA MORMONT (CONT'D)
 But House Mormont supports the King
 in the North, and only the King in
 the North.

There are shouts of agreement. Daenerys is silently furious.

Suddenly, a HORN sounds from the wall.

Bran draws everyone's attention.

BRAN
 Last Hearth has fallen.

Jon and Sansa look at each other.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - SAME

The guards heave the gate open. NED UMBER stumbles in,
 covered in muck, his fingers blue with cold.

BRAN STARK (V.O.)
 Ned Umber is the only survivor.

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Jon and Daenerys, as well as every person in the great hall, hang on Bran's next words.

BRAN STARK
The Night King is headed for
Winterfell.

Tyrion looks to his queen. Jon looks to Sansa.

EXT. THE SILENCE - NIGHT

The wind howls. The gale might well knock Yara over if she wasn't bound to the mast. Euron grips Yara's wrist and slices through the ropes. He drags her to the bow of the ship.

Terrified, Yara struggles. Euron ties her to the bow, facing outward -- a live figurehead.

Yara tries to shout, but her voice is carried away on the wind. Euron closes his eyes and whispers something. The sea below Yara shimmers with a phosphorescent glow. A shadowy outline appears below the surface.

It expands as it moves, stretching an enormous distance around and behind the ship.

Euron has a maniacal gleam on his face as he pulls out his dagger. Yara screams as he plunges the dagger into her arm. Her blood streams into the sea.

The thing beneath the water stirs. A giant TENTACLE rises from the frothing water. It soars up to the bow and gropes for Yara, attaching itself to her exposed, bloody flesh. It latches on to suck her royal blood as she screams into the night.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 801