

# **GAME OF THRONES**

“The Last Hearth”

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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 unprecedeted 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 GIANTS BANE and BERIC DONDARRION wait with an assortment of wounded and weary men in Night's Watch black.

DOLOROUS EDD  
Who goes there?

TORMUND GIANTS BANE  
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 GIANTS BANE  
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 GIANTS BANE  
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 GIANTS BANE  
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 GIANTS BANE  
 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.

Dragon 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 GIANTS BANE

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

DOLOROUS EDD

Maybe two hundred and fifty, all told.

TORMUND GIANTS BANE

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 GIANTS BANE

Did you tell them about the dragon?

BERIC DONDARRION

I think I managed to remember that part.

TORMUND GIANTS BANE

And the giants? The huge fucking giants?

BERIC DONDARRION

Do you want to write it yourself?

TORMUND GIANTS BANE

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 GIANTS BANE

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 GIANTS BANE

(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 curtseys 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 whining 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.<sup>▲</sup>

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 possibilites.

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 GIANTS BANE

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 GIANTS BANE

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**