

IF THE GODS ARE GOOD

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

We are surrounded by fog as we hear water lapping, wood creaking, dampened voices calling out orders; the profile of a ship creeps into frame.

EXT. DANY'S SHIP - DAY

TYRION stands alone at the bow, facing the foggy sea. He pulls his cloak tighter against the cold. It is quiet.

DAENERYS (O.S.)

There you are.

DAENERYS joins him at the rail.

DAENERYS

It's freezing out here.

TYRION

"They bring the true cold", or so the saying goes. It seems to be truer than I expected.

DAENERYS

Let them bring the cold. We'll bring them fire.

She registers his silence.

DAENERYS

They say we'll arrive in White Harbor by morning.

TYRION

If the gods are good.

Tyrion eyes sea ice as it glides past, a little too close.

DAENERYS

You've been quiet lately.

TYRION

I hate ships. Every time I'm on one, something bad is either happening or about to happen.

DAENERYS

Something bad? You don't sound like you have very much faith in your queen.

TYRION

I'm sailing with you to the edge of the world to fight the Army of the Dead and treat with the most stubborn lords in all of Westeros. If that isn't faith, I'm not sure what is.

His words mean a lot to her in this moment.

DAENERYS

You were right.

Tyrion is caught off guard by the non sequitur.

TYRION

It happens, from time to time.

DAENERYS

About Lord Tarly and his son... I should have handled it differently.

TYRION

It was a hard decision. There will be more to come.

She places her hand on his and looks him in the eye.

DAENERYS

And when they do, there's no other hand in the world I would rather have by my side.

This strikes a chord in Tyrion.

DAENERYS

Don't stay out here too long.

He bows his head.

TYRION

My Queen.

She takes her leave as Tyrion turns back to the shrouded horizon. After a moment, he looks down and opens his hand where...

...he's been holding the **Hand of the Queen pin** that Dany had made for him. There is a sadness in his eyes as he considers it, like he knows everything is about to come crashing down.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

EXT. WINTERFELL - VARIOUS - DAY

HANDS finish fastening a dragonglass arrowhead to a wooden shaft, then add it to a stack of hundreds like it.

Winterfell bustles with activity as they prepare for war: An ARMORER hammers a breastplate; a STARK SOLDIER fills quivers with arrows; YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS drill with dragonglass-tipped spears in the snow-covered yard.

EXT. WINTERFELL - YARD - DAY

WOULD-BE ARCHERS practice shooting straw targets.

We find a target with a tight grouping of arrows in its bullseye -- THUNK -- another lodges itself there.

ARYA nocks another arrow. Draws. Aims -- THUNK.

A YOUNG ARCHER takes notice and watches her in awe, but for Arya, only the target exists right now. She knocks another arrow. Draws. Aims... and in her eyes we can practically see what she sees.

WAYMAN MANDERLY (PRE-LAP)
Cersei fucking Lannister is coming
here?

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - DAY

Northern lords have gathered to discuss the recent news. SANSA sits facing them alone.

WAYMAN MANDERLY
I'd sooner be burned alive before I
fight by her side!

A rabble of agreement rises from the other lords.

LYANNA MORMONT
When Jon went south to treat with
the Dragon Queen, against our
wishes, we remained loyal. When he
surrendered his crown to her, the
same crown we placed upon his head,
we remained loyal.
(MORE)

LYANNA MORMONT (CONT'D)
 But now he's left us to face the
 enemy to the north while he brings
 another from the south to stand
 behind our backs.

The rabble rises louder. Sansa remains patient and listens.

ROBETT GLOVER
 (with respect)
 Lady Sansa, I failed to support you
 against the Boltons. I've tried to
 make amends by showing your house
 unbending loyalty. But your
 ancestors rest beneath these halls,
 and I will not see your father
 tread upon by the very woman who
 put him there.

Murmurs scatter and settle. Eyes look to Sansa.

SANSA
 I don't need to be reminded of the
 part Cersei played in the murder of
 my father. I was there.

This brings the hall to silence. She addresses them all:

SANSA
 And believe me when I say that no
 one is more upset about Jon's
 decisions than I am. We have every
 right to be.

Murmurs of agreement. She stands up.

SANSA
 But this isn't about loyalty, or
 honor, or the failures of our King.
 It's about survival.

She has their attention.

SANSA
 The only thing worse than Cersei is
 the White Walkers. And right now,
 if The Wall falls, we are first in
 their path, with or without help
 from Cersei or Daenerys. And both
 are willing to help us.

WAYMAN MANDERLY
 And what about Cersei Lannister's
 crimes against our people? What
 about justice?

They are all hanging on her answer.

SANSA

Whether she dies fighting the dead,
or lives to answer to the North,
Cersei Lannister will pay her
debts. That I promise you.

This seems to suffice as they break into discussion. Wayman inclines his head to Sansa.

MAESTER WOLKAN enters and approaches Sansa in a hurry.

MAESTER WOLKAN

(quietly to Sansa)

Master Bran has requested your
presence.

SANSA

What is it?

Wolkan's face grows grave.

MAESTER WOLKAN

He says it's urgent.

EXT. WINTERFELL - GODSWOOD - DAY

Sansa leans against the weirwood for support, struck by the news she has just received. BRAN waits patiently behind her.

SANSA

How long do we have?

BRAN

A fortnight, at best.

After collecting her thoughts, she faces him.

SANSA

With The Wall down, we'll have to
make our stand here. At least Jon
and the rest should arrive in time.

She turns to leave.

SANSA

I have to tell the others.

BRAN

Wait. There's something else.

SANSA
What else could possibly be
important right now?

BRAN
It's Jon. He's not who we thought
he was.

SANSA
What does that mean?

Bran hesitates, not sure how to put this.

SANSA
Bran?

BRAN
I saw his past. He's the son of
aunt Lyanna... and Rhaegar
Targaryen.

SANSA
What?

BRAN
Father promised to protect him.
He's the heir to the Iron Throne.
The true king.

Sansa is having difficulty registering this.

SANSA
Are you certain?

BRAN
We have to tell him. We have to
tell everyone.

We can practically see the wheels turning in her head.

SANSA
We can't.

BRAN
We must.

Sansa approaches him.

SANSA
The only reason Daenerys is coming
to help us is because of Jon. If
she knew he could threaten her
claim to the throne... it could
break their alliance.

Bran recognizes the danger in this.

BRAN
We should at least tell him.

SANSA
You know Jon. He would tell her.

BRAN
But he's the rightful king.

SANSA
When the Great War is over, we can go back to squabbling over who deserves to rule Westeros. But the White Walkers are here, and the North can't stand against them alone. We need their alliance to hold.

Bran considers her words. She bends down to his eye level.

SANSA
Promise me you won't tell anyone.

Bran stares blankly, perhaps weighing the future possibilities, or perhaps even seeing them.

SANSA
Bran?

He comes to.

BRAN
I promise I won't tell anyone.

Sansa is satisfied with that. She rises.

SANSA
(quizzical)
It makes sense, doesn't it? For Jon to be the true king.

BRAN
Aegon. His real name is Aegon.

SANSA
Well... he'll always be Jon to me.

Bran watches as Sansa walks away.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

A ship glowing with lantern light glides atop dark waters.

INT. DANY'S CABIN - NIGHT

JON lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Dany drapes her arm over his chest and snugs up to him.

DAENERYS

What's wrong?

Jon has a hard time admitting this.

JON

I don't know. We'll be at Winterfell soon enough and...

DAENERYS

...And?

JON

And I haven't seen Bran and Arya since they were children. I don't know who they are anymore. Who they've become.

DAENERYS

You're afraid of seeing your family?

JON

Not afraid. Not exactly.

DAENERYS

I'm coming to their home with an army and I've never even met them. How do you think I feel?

Jon sits up at the edge of the bed. Beat.

JON

We can't do this.

DAENERYS

No, we can't.

JON

If I return to Winterfell in love with the queen I just kneeled to...

She grabs his hand. They share a moment.

DAENERYS

I know.

Jon breaks away and starts getting dressed. Dany watches him shamelessly.

A funny smile crosses her face; Jon notices and turns his back to her. Pulls his breeches up.

DAENERYS

Where are you going?

JON

To get some air.

DAENERYS

Come back when you're finished.

He stops dressing and looks at her.

DAENERYS

Your queen commands it.

He puts on his fur cloak and heads for the door. Dany watches him go, knowing he'll be back.

EXT. DANY'S SHIP - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Jon leans on the rail and breathes in the night air. He's facing the pitch black where a sea and sky would be. The rhythmic creaking and splashing brings a sense of calm...

TYRION (O.S.)

Beautiful view, all the nothingness
out there.

He turns to find Tyrion, bundled in furs, leaning in the shadows with a bottle in hand. Drunk.

JON

What are you doing out here?

TYRION

Slowly freezing to death. What else
is there to do out here?

Jon registers the bottle.

JON

I thought you stopped drinking.

TYRION

So did I. But I always manage to
find ways of surprising myself.

He walks up to the rail for a piss.

JON

Enjoying yourself then?

TYRION

No, not really. I hate rum.

He takes a swig, still peeing.

TYRION

Why is it that ships always seem to
carry rum? Why not ale, or
brandy... or perhaps wine?

JON

I've known men to bring it beyond
The Wall. Gets you drunk quicker.
And it doesn't freeze as easy.

TYRION

In that case, we'd better drink our
fill.

Tyrion finishes up and offers the bottle to Jon.

JON

The ship rocks enough.

TYRION

Come now. It's no time to refuse a
drink with an old friend. We'll all
be dead soon.

Jon softens up and takes a swig-- makes a face.

JON

I think I'd rather die sober.

He hands it back.

TYRION

Easy to say, when you're not about
to die.

JON

And what do you know about it?

Tyrion takes a drink.

TYRION

When I was on trial for murdering Joffrey, my champion was killed in the trial by combat. The Mountain crushed his skull with his bare hands... It terrified me. Gave me a taste of death, a taste of what was in store for me. I can't say I regret not being sober for it.

JON

What happened?

TYRION

My brother saved my life. If it weren't for him, I would have gotten more than just a taste.

Tyrion notices that Jon has become somber. He realizes why.

TYRION

I take it the rumors are true?

JON

They are.

He offers Jon the bottle. Jon takes a swig.

TYRION

And? What's it like?

JON

It hurts. And then... well, it's just like how it was before you were born. Nothing to feel. No one to feel it.

TYRION

So all the septons, the fire worshipers and holy visionaries of the world were completely full of shit. Who would have guessed?

JON

Not completely full of shit. Something brought me back.

Jon hands the bottle back to him and heads for indoors. Just before he gets there:

TYRION

Protect her, Jon Snow.

Jon stops. He knows what Tyrion is getting at and he doesn't deny it.

JON
She's the last person in the world
that needs protecting.

Tyrion looks out to sea.

TYRION
Protect her from herself.

Jon heads inside. We stay behind with Tyrion, alone in the night as he takes another drink.

CUT TO:

FIRE: Logs hiss and crack on a bed of coals. We are--

EXT. RIVERLANDS - DAY

- JAIME huddles near his campfire. Breath visible.
- Raises his canteen for a drink-- nothing comes out. Taps the side of it. Frozen solid.

JAIME
Huh.

- He places it near the fire.
- Rubs his hands. Shivers. Waits.
- Raises the canteen-- gets a couple drops. *Really?*
- Rubs his hands. Shivers. Waits.
- Gets a better drink.
- Covers the fire with snow.
- Mounts his horse and rides off.

EXT. KING'S ROAD - DAY

Jaime rides through a desolate version of the Riverlands we once knew. A lone rider heading further into a frozen waste.

He slows to a stop and gazes at something in the distance:

THE TWINS have come into view. They are lonely, snow-covered, and deserted. A reminder that winter came for House Frey.

All Jaime can hear is the wind in the trees...

...and the faint CLOPPING of horse hooves.

He rides off the road and hides behind an outcropping of trees. Watches to see who's pursuing him.

The clapping grows louder as an unseen rider approaches.

Jaime peers through the trees, trying to get a look. He grips the hilt of his sword just as--

BRONN emerges from around the bend. Jaime releases his grip and rides out to meet him.

JAIME

Bronn? What are you doing all the way out here?

Bronn slows to a trot and approaches.

BRONN

I couldn't let you ride alone in these times, knowing intimately what a shit swordsman you are.

JAIME

(almost touched)

You came all this way to protect me?

Bronn comes close to Jaime.

BRONN

No. I didn't.

Jaime doesn't know what to make of this. Bronn frowns, disappointed in him and-- elbows him in the jaw. Drops him.

MOMENTS LATER

Bronn finishes tying Jaime to his own horse.

JAIME

I'm sorry.

BRONN

I accept your apology.

He tightens the rope-- Jaime winces.

JAIME

You do realize what she'll do to me?

BRONN

(shrugs)

Put your head on a spike? Suck your cock? I don't really give a fuck, so long as I get what I'm owed.

JAIME

And you think Cersei's going to give it to you? If I remember correctly, she's the one that promised you a castle in the first place.

Bronn ignores him, checking to make sure his knots are secure. Jaime bobs his head towards The Twins.

JAIME

You see that?

BRONN

It'd be hard to miss.

JAIME

If you do this, that's the fate of every castle in Westeros.

BRONN

Oh yeah? And why's that?

Jaime's surprised he doesn't know.

JAIME

You didn't bother to question why I left King's Landing in the first place?

Bronn's twisting up some cloth to make a gag.

BRONN

If you plan on explaining it to me, you'd better do it quick.

JAIME

Daenerys and Cersei made a pact to fight the White Walkers together. They're counting on her support, and Cersei doesn't plan on giving it to them. I have to warn them so they can be prepared.

BRONN

You want them to win?

JAIME

If they don't, the dead come south
with an even bigger army than
before. Then all the castles and
gold in the world won't save you.

Bronn gets close, ready to gag him.

BRONN

And what, I'm supposed to risk my
life and abandon my riches to save
a bunch of pompous lords who
wouldn't do the same for me?

JAIME

When Daenerys wins and takes the
South, there will be plenty of
vacant castles in need of lords.
She won't forget the man that saved
her and her entire army.

BRONN

Just like how you wouldn't forget
the time I risked my life for you
in Dorne? Or the time I helped you
lay siege to Riverrun? Or maybe
you'll remember the time I saved
you from getting burned alive by a
fucking dragon.

He gags Jaime, who struggles uselessly.

BRONN

I've already earned my castle.

Bronn mounts his horse, leading Jaime's by rope. Right before
he rides off, he catches sight of:

THE TWINS, looming in the distance, abandoned to the cold...

The conflict shows on his face as he considers the prospect.

CLOSE ON JAIME: Disoriented from his position slung over the
horse as they start moving, jarring him with every step.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - VARIOUS - DAY

Winter has come for King's Landing: COMMONERS walk down snow-
covered streets; A MOTHER with auburn hair and pale hands
lights a candle where the Sept once stood; CHILDREN throw
snow in an alley, their laughter and squeals echoing--

to the Red Keep, where icicles hang above shuttered windows.

INT. RED KEEP - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

CERSEI sits alone on her bed. Dim light and the faint sound of children playing comes through her shuttered windows.

She's been crying. She has a look like there is no joy left for her in this world.

All is lost to her...

We hear a door open, Cersei doesn't react.

BERNADETTE
I've brought fresh linens--

BERNADETTE, Cersei's handmaid, stops in her tracks.

BERNADETTE
My Queen?

Cersei looks at her, but no words come.

INT. RED KEEP - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - LATER

QYBURN, seated at the foot of Cersei's bed, packs up various medical tools.

QYBURN
I wouldn't worry yourself over it,
Your Grace. Everything appears to
be just fine.

Cersei is still sitting on her bed, stuck in her own world. She places her hand on her belly.

CERSEI
No. I should have felt it by now.

QYBURN
These things aren't always
predictable. One can't know for
sure.

CERSEI
A mother knows. Tommen, Myrcella,
Joffrey... Joffrey took the
longest. But not this long.

She is shaking her head, inconsolable.

CERSEI
I thought I could defy fate. Defy
the gods...

QYBURN
Your Grace?

CERSEI
A witch promised me I would have
three children, and all three would
die. When I found out there was one
more coming, one more hope, I
thought maybe, just maybe the gods
saw fit to give me a second
chance... but perhaps they only saw
fit to torture me.

QYBURN
You mustn't lose hope.

But he can see she is unreachable, so he makes to leave--

CERSEI
And Jaime? Any word from Bronn?

QYBURN
Not as of yet, Your Grace. But it
shouldn't be long now.

Not what Cersei wanted to hear in her time of need, and
Qyburn can tell.

QYBURN
My Queen, if I may be so bold as to
offer my council.

She gives a nod, barely listening.

QYBURN
The burdens of the mind often weigh
heavily upon the body. If you were
to share them with me, It could
alleviate some of the pressure you
must be feeling.

She remains silent.

QYBURN
Ever since Ser Jaime left... perhaps
you've been having second thoughts
about our course of action?

This gets her attention.

CERSEI
Second thoughts?

He chooses his next words carefully.

QYBURN

It isn't too late to send a raven
to Winterfell. To explain we've
been delayed in gathering our
forces... and that we still plan on
upholding our alliance.

Her face betrays nothing.

QYBURN

If that is what you want, of
course.

She lets the silence hang over him. Then:

CERSEI

Thank you for your council. You may
leave.

Qyburn bows respectfully.

QYBURN

My Queen.

He gathers his things and exits.

After a long moment, she looks to her desk where: A quill pen
and stack of parchment sit waiting.

ON CERSEI as she considers them.

EXT. ABOVE WINTERFELL - DAY

We are soaring over Winterfell from high above, getting a
view that could be from Cersei's mind's eye, or from the eye
of a raven with a scroll... or perhaps from something else.

EXT. WINTERFELL - RAMPARTS - DAY

Sansa and Arya look out over the wall, facing us.

ARYA (CONT'D)

How could he trust Cersei? Doesn't
he remember what happened to
father?

SANSA

Not as well as we do. We saw it with
our own eyes. But we haven't seen
the Army of the Dead and Jon has.
He's doing what he thinks is best in
order to stop it.

ARYA
And what do you think?

Sansa pauses.

SANSA
It doesn't matter what I think.
He's the Lord of Winterfell.

ARYA
Horse shit. Ever since I came back,
the Northern lords have cared quite
a bit about what you think. They
aren't very happy with Jon.

SANSA
You're right. They aren't any
happier about Cersei than you are
and neither am I. But what choice
do we have?

ARYA
(matter of fact)
I could kill her.

SANSA
Not if we want her help. Which
we'll need if we want to live to
see the day when we can avenge
father.

Arya isn't completely unhappy with that. Beat.

ARYA
When father rode south, he made the
mistake of trusting the Lannisters
and lost his head for it. When Robb
rode south, he ignored his
bannermen, and lost his head for
it. And now, somehow, Jon's managed
to do both.

Sansa peers into the distance.

SANSA
And return with his head intact,
apparently.

ANGLE revealing that they have been watching DANY'S ARMY as
it marches towards Winterfell:

Dany, Jon and their entourage head the procession on
horseback. The massive horde of Unsullied and Dothraki snakes
away into the distance until it is lost to sight.

INT. WINTERFELL - SAM'S ROOM - DAY

SAM reads a book with A DRAGON sketched on the page.

GILLY bounces LITTLE SAM on her knee, keeping him entertained. She looks to the window-- her face drops.

GILLY

Sam.

SAM

Just a minute.

GILLY

But, Sam...

SAM

Gilly, we talked about this. One of these books could hold the key to defeating the White Walkers.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: **DROGON** circles in the sky high above...

GILLY

(mesmerized)

It's a dragon.

SAM

(re: his book)

Yes. It is.

Gilly continues to stare out the window--

EXT. KING'S ROAD - OUTSIDE WINTERFELL - SAME

Drogon soars in the distant sky--

Dany watches him as she leads her army toward Winterfell. Jon rides up along side her.

JON

Nervous?

DAENERYS

I've marched across deserts for days on end. I've faced assassins and warlocks and worse, and I've survived them all. Nervous isn't the word for it.

JON

Worried, then?

She doesn't find this funny.

DAENERYS

They've never even seen me before
and I'm marching through their gate
with an army at my back, expecting
them to kneel to me.

JON

You're not expecting them to kneel
to you for nothing. You're risking
everything to save them. They
should kneel to you.

DAENERYS

So you're certain they will?

Jon can't bring himself to lie.

JON

They can be stubborn.

DAENERYS

That's reassuring.

Jon rides close to her and covertly slips his hand into hers.
Dany's hand squeezes back.

JORAH watches from further back as Dany and Jon take their
hands apart. He averts his gaze--

And finds VARYS looking at him with raised eyebrows. Caught.

JORAH

What do you want?

VARYS

Oh, don't worry. Your secret would
be safe with me... if it were a
secret.

JORAH

It would be safe with you if I
shattered your jaw.

VARYS

Come now. We're on the same side.
Have been for some time, if I'm not
mistaken.

JORAH

If I'm not mistaken, you sold me out in order to sow tension between me and Daenerys. For Tywin Lannister.

VARYS

And you sold her out. For a pardon. Yet here we are risking our lives for her. Because we've come to believe in her.

JORAH

I'm not sure what you believe in.

VARYS

I believe she can build a better world. I believe she must have the right people by her side in order to do so. And, unfortunately, I believe that includes you.

This suffices to make Jorah drop the subject.

VARYS

...And Jon Snow.

Jorah glowers at him.

TYRION (O.S.)

I'd be careful if I were you.

Tyrion has made his way along side them.

TYRION

He really does like punching jaws.

VARYS

You look like you know from experience.

Jorah reaches into his pocket.

JORAH

I almost forgot.

He produces THE COIN Tyrion gave him before he went north of The Wall and places it in Tyrion's hand. Tyrion accepts it.

TYRION

I suppose it wouldn't be appropriate if I spent it at the brothel?

JORAH

Spend it however pleases you. So long as it lasts the rest of your life.

Tyrion gives him a sincere nod and pockets the coin.

MOMENTS LATER

Back with Dany and Jon as they near Winterfell. Dany peers up ahead: The gates are closed.

DAENERYS

Why aren't the gates open?

JON

I'm sure they'll open them when we're closer.

Dany isn't so sure. She holds up a fist and shouts an order:

DAENERYS

Kelitis!

The entire army stops on command: UNSULLIED plant their spears; DOTHRAKI rein their horses; THE HOUND turns to DAVOS.

THE HOUND

We've been riding for nearly a fortnight to get here and we stop right outside the fucking gate?

Davos tries to get a look ahead.

THE HOUND

They'd better have a feast waiting.

AT THE FRONT OF THE MARCH

Tyrion and Jorah meet up with Dany and Jon.

DAENERYS

Ser Jorah, find Grey Worm and have the men set camp.

JORAH

Your Grace, perhaps your Queensguard should remain by your side.

JON

My family would never harm a guest under their roof.

JORAH

It isn't your family that worries me.

DAENERYS

I could ask for no better protector.
But they're trusting me with their
lives. I must do the same.

Jorah bows and reluctantly leaves to do his duty. Dany considers the gate. She turns to Tyrion.

DAENERYS

Any wise advice from my hand?

TYRION

You're their queen. Act like it.

She urges her horse and trots straight towards the closed gate. Her entourage falls in tow.

EXT. WINTERFELL - RAMPARTS - SAME

Sansa and Arya watch as Dany and the rest draw near.

ARYA

When Robert Baratheon came to
Winterfell, it ended up tearing our
family apart.

SANSA

Father did what he thought was
right for the realm.

ARYA

What will you do?

SANSA

What's right for our family.

Sansa heads away.

SANSA

(calling out an order)
Open the gate.

Arya remains behind to watch the procession.

BACK WITH DANY

Relieved as the gates open before her.

She registers: Sentries and other spectators looking down from the wall as she nears the entrance.

FROM ATOP THE WALL

Arya catches sight of Jon, riding by Dany's side. He looks around as if he can feel her eyes on him, but doesn't see her. She watches as he disappears beneath the entrance.

As she watches the rest of them come... she freezes. She can't believe what she's seeing: **The Hound rides among them.**

She looks as if she's watching a phantom back from the dead.

The Hound looks up to the wall-- but Arya is gone.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - SAME

Dany rides through the gate and into the yard to find:

Nearly everyone in Winterfell has gathered for her arrival: Soldiers line the walls; commoners crowd the yard; Northern lords cast suspicious gazes from the breezeway.

As Dany and her company come to a halt, she takes in the onlookers around her. There's a silent tension in the air.

Sansa makes her way down the steps to receive her, where Bran is already waiting.

LORD ROYCE looks upon a DOTHRAKI RIDER with disapproval. The rider makes eye contact-- Royce quickly looks away.

Dany and Jon dismount as Sansa approaches.

Dany faces Sansa.

There's a tense silence...

SANSA
Winterfell is yours.

Sansa kneels.

SANSA
...My Queen.

Dany watches as every lord, soldier and commoner in attendance follows suit and kneels to her.

She exchanges a look with Jon, both clearly relieved.

Dany steps closer to Sansa. Her gratitude is palpable.

DAENERYS
Rise. Please.

Dany offers her hands. Sansa takes them and rises.

DAENERYS

I am grateful to you.

Dany addresses them all:

DAENERYS

I am grateful to all of you. I know
I'm not the queen you chose. And I
know many of you have suffered in
the wars of my father.

Some onlookers seem to know this all too well.

DAENERYS

I'm not asking for your respect. Or
for your love. I'm asking for you
to give me a chance to earn them.
And I promise you, I will earn
them.

It's hard to read the crowd. Sansa steps up to speak for
them.

SANSA

On behalf of Winterfell, I thank
you for your help in our time of
need.

Jon approaches Sansa.

SANSA

Jon.

They embrace.

JON

I trust you've had to deal with a
lot since I left.

SANSA

Nothing I couldn't handle.

JON

I don't doubt it.

Jon turns his attention to Bran. He kneels down to his eye
level.

BRAN

Hello, Jon.

JON
When I heard about you and
Rickon...
(beat)
I tried to save him.

BRAN
(too casual)
I know you did.

Jon is perturbed by Bran's demeanor.

JON
I suppose we have a lot to talk
about.

He looks around.

JON
Where's Arya?

SANSA
Being Arya.

JON
Some things don't change.

Jon notices Dany, waiting patiently.

JON
Forgive me, I should make
introductions.

SANSA
It can wait.

This gives Jon pause.

SANSA
There's a more pressing matter at
hand.

Jon and Dany are alarmed by her tone.

CUT TO:

We are assaulted by a swarm of CAWS and SHRIEKS as RAVENS
panic in their cages. Underneath the chaos contained within
this rookery, we can hear coming from outside...

...the SCREAMS of men and women being torn apart--

EXT. KARHOLD - DAY

A KARSTARK SOLDIER gurgles blood as undead hands dig in--

This Northern castle is falling to the dead: WIGHTS clamber over the wall and hurl themselves onto fleeing soldiers; A CRYING GIRL is lifted by A WOMAN and carried away; DEAD CHILDREN crawl over rooftops.

A GROUP OF SOLDIERS brace the gate, attempting to hold back the worst of it as it's pounded on from the outside. WE RISE until we can see beyond the gate where...

...A SEA OF DEAD SOLDIERS surrounds the castle, stretching into the distance until it is lost in the white winds.

EXT. KARHOLD - STABLES - SAME

AN OLD MAESTER cowers behind the stables, clutching a sealed scroll. He watches the soldiers brace the gate--

A HISS snaps him out of it; A WIGHT has wandered around the corner. It turns its glowing eyes on him...

The old maester freezes up, his breath going out of him as if he's fallen in ice water.

The wight charges.

The maester closes his eyes, braces himself-- SHING

He opens his eyes to find: the wight is squirming on the ground in two halves. A YOUNG SOLDIER wielding a sword severs its head, its arms-- hacks it to pieces.

YOUNG SOLDIER
(shouting over chaos)
We have to send word to Winterfell!
We have to warn them!

The old maester nods as he's helped to his feet. Just then, they both look to the gate as--

It crashes open-- an UNDEAD GIANT rushes through and the dead flood in with it, crushing the soldiers in their path.

The young soldier grabs the maester and leads him away, the old man's feet carrying him as fast as they can.

EXT. KARHOLD - WALL - MOMENTS LATER

The young soldier and maester run toward A WOODEN STAIR that leads to the top of the rampart. Just as they begin to climb, the dead close in.

The soldier turns and fends them off as he backs his way up the stair.

The maester reaches the top and climbs onto the rampart. He turns and watches as--

The soldier fights off a wight and ascends the steps. The dead swarm up it like ants.

Just as the soldier reaches the top-- dead hands grab him. He slashes at them. Severs one-- another grabs him. He manages to get his feet onto the rampart just as--

A LOUD CRACK emanates from the stair--

It sways, pulling the wights away from him and collapses under their weight.

The maester and soldier have a moment to breath...

...But then they hear it. A storm of WAILS and GROWLS. Coming down the rampart: A SWARM OF WIGHTS floods towards them...

They run for it.

As they go:

OLD MAESTER
You must do your duty.

The young soldier looks back: the gap is closing rapidly.

OLD MAESTER
Go!

The soldier gathers his courage and turns to make a stand. He tightens his grip on his sword as the dead rush in. At the last second, his eyes go wide--

The maester runs on, afforded some extra time as the sound of YELLING-- then SQUEALING chases his footsteps.

EXT. KARHOLD - ROOKERY - MOMENTS LATER

The maester reaches the walkway to the rookery, scroll still in hand.

He makes his way across, gasping for air against the harsh wind. The CAWING of ravens grows louder as he approaches--

A LOUD CRASH causes him to stop. Mortar and stone crumble from the roof of the rookery. He looks up. All hope leaves him as he's covered by the shadow of...

...VISERION, tattered wings and blue eyes, perched above him. He lowers his hideous visage to the maester's face. We can practically feel its breath as it snarls at him...

THE NIGHT KING is mounted on its back, watching the maester.

The old maester looks down at his own feet... and gets on his hands and knees, bowing to his new king. He sobs quietly at the ground...

We can't tell if The Night King is pleased... or disgusted.

The maester looks up towards him:

OLD MAESTER
Please...

Viserion's jaws open, searing blue light wells up in his throat...

OLD MAESTER
PLEASE--

A BLUE INFERNO consumes him along with us--

INT. ROOKERY - SAME

Blue firelight reflects in the eyes of a raven as the CAWS and SHRIEKS drown out all else--

CUT TO:

Bran's white eyes blink back to normal as he snaps out of his vision. We are in--

INT. WINTERFELL - LORD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Dany, Jon, Sansa, Tyrion, Davos, MISSANDEI and Varys stare at Bran, waiting for him to speak. They stand around a table map.

JON
What did you see?

BRAN
Karhold has fallen to the dead.

JON
You're sure? These... "visions" are
never wrong?

BRAN
Never.

DAENERYS
Are there any survivors?

Bran shakes his head. They react to the tragedy of his words.

SANSA
Last Hearth fell yesterday.
Eastwatch a week before that.
They'll come for us next.

JON
How did they get from Last Hearth
to Karhold in a day?

Sansa indicates on the map as she speaks.

SANSA
After breaking through The Wall,
they split their forces so they
could strike both castles at
roughly the same time.

JON
And Castle Black? Mole's Town?

SANSA
They've passed by everything else.

JON
When they attacked Hardhome, they
killed every last person in sight.
Why would they show mercy now?

DAVOS
Because they're smart.

JON
I've seen them run off a cliff in
order to get to me.

DAVOS
Sounds efficient, if you're already
dead.

Davos points to the map as he talks.

DAVOS

They went straight to where the most people were, where they knew they would get the most recruits. Why waste time with villages and hovels when they wouldn't stand a chance to begin with, let alone after the dead have taken everything else?

BRAN

Ser Davos is right. The Night King will take Westeros as efficiently as possible. He won't stop until all of it belongs to him, or until we defeat him. Without compromise.

The reality of the situation hangs over them.

DAVOS

(shrugs)

He reminds me of Stannis.

Missandei can see Dany is thinking deeply.

MISSANDEI

My Queen?

All attention is on Dany.

DAENERYS

When I lost Viserion, I told myself It was for a good cause. I told myself I was saving Westeros.

(beside herself)

But I was giving the enemy a way in. And now... he has one of my children.

A beat of silence. Tyrion registers Dany's pain.

Sansa notices the Hand of the Queen pin on Tyrion's cloak.

SANSA

(to Dany)

Why did you go north of the wall in the first place?

Tyrion says it so Dany doesn't have to:

TYRION

It was my idea. I thought if we could bring back proof that the White Walkers existed, we could convince Cersei to help us.

(to Dany)

If I knew it was going to end up like this... I'm sorry.

But Dany doesn't say anything.

JON

We all agreed on the plan. And none of us could have anticipated this.

SANSA

It was a foolish plan. The Army of the Dead is stronger than ever and the Northern houses are taking the brunt of the attack while Cersei takes her sweet time.

Tyrion inclines his head in shame. Dany notices and picks up on Sansa's angle.

DAENERYS

No. We had to find a way to unite the realm. And it was my choice to fly north. Tyrion tried to stop me.

Sansa clearly doesn't agree, but holds her tongue.

Tyrion can't bring himself to look at Dany--

A KNOCK on the door interrupts them.

DAENERYS

Enter.

Maester Wolkan enters and bows.

MAESTER WOLKAN

Your Grace, a rider has arrived. He wishes to speak with you.

DAENERYS

(to the room)

I want a defensive strategy worked out as soon as possible.

(to Bran)

And I want the Night King and his army watched at all times. When he does choose to strike, we will be ready for him.

Bran nods.

DAENERYS
(with me)
Tyrion.

Tyrion follows her as she makes for the door-- she stops on a second thought and turns to Sansa.

DAENERYS
Lady Sansa, will you accompany me?

Sansa didn't expect that.

SANSA
Gladly, Your Grace.

Sansa leaves with them. Jon watches as they go.

EXT. WINTERFELL - CASTLE BREEZEWAY - DAY

Dany and Sansa walk side by side with Tyrion behind them.

Lord Royce bows as he passes them--

LORD ROYCE
My Queen. Lady Sansa.

--then continues on his way.

DAENERYS
Your people have a great deal of respect for you.

SANSA
I could say the same of you. Only you managed to win the hearts of an entire Dothraki horde.

DAENERYS
The Dothraki follow strength. But to earn the respect and loyalty of every house in the North... that takes more than just strength.

SANSA
You're too kind.

TYRION
No, it's true. What you had to suffer in King's Landing, what my family did to you, you overcame it all. Even your marriage to me.

Sansa stops and faces Tyrion.

SANSA

I never apologized for how I left.
I'm sorry you had to face the
consequences.

TYRION

If someone killed my family members
and asked me to thank them for it,
I would do the same. I'm only glad
we both survived Joffrey.

SANSA

(to Dany)

Lord Tyrion was one of the only
people who showed me true kindness
in my time at King's Landing.
You've chosen an excellent hand.

They continue on their way.

DAENERYS

I try to surround myself by
advisors who will confront me if
they disagree with me. Tyrion has
never been shy of that. Nor has
your brother.

Sansa catches wind of where she's going with this.

SANSA

And you want me to do the same.

DAENERYS

I do. The North respects you. Loves
you. I can't do this without your
help. Or your honesty.

Sansa seems to take that to heart.

SANSA

You have them.

Dany seems satisfied.

As they make their way across the breezeway, Tyrion is caught
off guard when he sees...

...Jaime, tied and gagged on horseback in the yard with Bronn
waiting beside him. Winterfell guards surround them.

Tyrion's heart sinks.

Dany descends the steps and takes in the situation.

DAENERYS

What is this?

BRONN

I've brought you a present.

(an afterthought)

Your... Magnificence.

DAENERYS

Ser Jaime is currently my ally in this war and I demand that you release him.

BRONN

Is he, now?

Tyrion steps in.

TYRION

What do you think you're doing?

BRONN

Saving your sorry arses.

(to Dany)

No offense.

DAENERYS

(to Tyrion)

You know this man?

TYRION

I do. He was my cutthroat for a time.

BRONN

I prefer sellsword. Lord now, actually.

Dany considers him.

DAENERYS

I remember now... You're the one that almost killed my dragon. And me.

BRONN

You and your dragon almost killed me. Twice. But I'm willing to call it even if you are.

Dany measures him with a dangerous look.

DAENERYS

How is it that you're "saving" us,
exactly?

BRONN

Cersei isn't coming.

This brings a weighted silence. Dany barely reacts, not sure if she can believe it.

BRONN

I came to warn you before it's too
late. And to bring you some
leverage.

TYRION

And we're supposed to believe you?

BRONN

Why else would I ride all the way
up here, as close to the dead as I
can get?

TYRION

Oh, I don't know. For a handsome
payout, maybe? Perhaps you think
you'll get your castle after all.

BRONN

A castle in Westeros won't be worth
anything once the dead own all
seven kingdoms.

(to Dany)

No offense. But it's Essos for me.

TYRION

Just a shit ton of gold, then?

BRONN

Aye. I figure saving you and your
entire army is worth enough gold to
live like a king for the rest of my
days.

TYRION

And yet you've brought Jaime to us
as well.

BRONN

He's become a valuable piece of
leverage, now that Cersei's your
enemy again. I'd say that's worth
double.

DAENERYS

You betrayed your former queen for gold and you want me to take your word on faith?

Bronn unsheathes a blade and goes to Jaime.

BRONN

Fair enough.

He unceremoniously cuts Jaime free-- who lands in the snow.

BRONN

Ask him. He'll tell ya.

Bronn props him up and takes his gag off. Jaime breathes, relieved to be free of his restraints.

DAENERYS

Is it true?

Jaime shares a look with Tyrion, who can already tell what he's going to say...

JAIME

Cersei isn't going to honor her part of the agreement.

It sinks into Dany. Sansa isn't surprised.

JAIME

I was coming here to warn you before he captured me.

BRONN

That bit there isn't true. He planned to stay south with Cersei while you fought the dead for them.

Dany doesn't know what to do.

TYRION

My brother is many things, but a coward isn't one of them.

BRONN

He stabbed his own king in the back. What would you call that?

JAIME

I did it for the sake of Westeros, the same reason I came to warn--

DAENERYS

Enough.

(to Jaime)

Why should I believe you?

Jaime's eyes find Sansa.

JAIME

Lady Sansa. Would you be standing here today if I didn't honor the pledge I made to your mother?

Dany waits on Sansa's answer.

SANSA

Brienne told me that you sent her to save me. You kept your word, that much is true.

Jaime is relieved, until--

SANSA

And is it not also true, that you ambushed my father and slaughtered his men when he was hand to your king?

Dany waits for Jaime to deny it, he doesn't. Sansa takes a step closer to him.

SANSA

And when Roose Bolton and your father conspired to murder my brother at The Red Wedding, along with his wife and unborn child, along with my mother, whom you kept your good word to, did you not tell him to send your regards? Knowing full well what he would do to my family?

JAIME

How could you know that?

SANSA

Bran told me. He's told me many things. After he fell from that window, he's suffered a lot. He did fall from that window, did he not?

Jaime knows she has him.

JAIME

He didn't fall. I pushed him.

SANSA

You pushed a boy of eight from a tower because he caught you with your sister. You would do anything to protect Cersei, wouldn't you?

Before Jaime can respond--

DAENERYS

You tried to murder a child?

Jaime can't say anything. Dany has a dangerous look in her eye, and Tyrion can see it.

TYRION

(quietly to Dany)

Don't do anything rash.

DAENERYS

Rash? He's admitted his crimes. The North deserves justice.

TYRION

His intention to betray you is the crime in question. Throw him in a cell and we will get to the bottom of it.

Dany holds her look on Tyrion. Then:

DAENERYS

(calling out an order)

Lock him in a cell.

Sansa nods to the guards; they take Jaime away.

DAENERYS

I would speak to my hand in private.

Dany and Tyrion turn to leave--

BRONN

Forgive me, Your... Radiance. But I believe there's a matter of payment yet to be discussed.

Dany is out of patience.

DAENERYS

You will get what you're owed... once the matter is settled.

Bronn doesn't like the sound of that.

DAENERYS

You will stay here until then.

Dany leaves him with the guards. As she makes her way up the steps:

SANSA

The Lannisters betrayed us. The North will expect that justice be done to them.

DAENERYS

The North will get their justice.

Sansa stays behind.

Tyrion hurries to keep up with Dany. He knows what's coming next and he isn't looking forward to it.

INT. WINTERFELL - LORD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Jon, Davos, Varys, Missandei and Bran are huddled around the table map. The door opens--

Dany enters in a huff. Tyrion trails behind and waits near the door.

DAENERYS

Leave us. All of you.

Without question, they file out of the room. Varys gives Tyrion a "good luck" bow on his way out and shuts the door.

Tyrion is alone with Dany. She turns and faces him.

DAENERYS

Your plan has failed me. You have failed me, time and time again. The Wall has fallen, the Walkers are coming, and Cersei will watch from behind her walls while we fight the dead for her. All because you convinced me to trust your family.

TYRION

You're right. I have failed you. Everything from the White Walkers to Cersei's betrayal is my fault. If it's blame that you're worried about, worry no more. It's all my fault. It always has been.

He approaches the map and stands opposite the table of her.

TYRION

But if it's the future of our world that concerns you, the future of everyone in Westeros, you, me, the whole fucking lot of them, then maybe we can come together and devise a solution instead of whining about things that we can no longer help. And if you want to burn me for it, feed me to one of your precious children, then fine. Do it. But don't drag the fate of the world down with me.

Dany takes in what he's said, taken aback by his anger. Tyrion draws back, almost as surprised as she is. After a long moment...

TYRION

(truly regretful)

I'm sorry. For failing you, for your dragon... for everything.

And Dany can see that he means it. Beat.

DAENERYS

No. You're right. We can't turn on each other if we're going to survive this.

Tyrion collects himself.

TYRION

So. What do we do now?

Beat.

DAENERYS

We can't beat Cersei if we lose most of our army fighting the dead, and we can't beat the dead if we lose men fighting Cersei. But at least I would know Cersei suffered for her treachery.

TYRION

If we can't beat the Walkers, Cersei won't be able to either. She'll suffer regardless.

DAENERYS

Not if I beat them for her and she slaughters the few forces I have left. Then she wins.

TYRION

If we attempt to march south, we'll be trapped between the dead and Cersei's army, out in the open, without the defenses of a castle. In which case she still wins. Albeit for a short while.

The reality of his words settle on Dany.

DAENERYS

Then we have no choice. We'll stand and fight together, just as we planned. And when the Walkers are gone, we'll head south and show Cersei what it means to betray me. Given that the North doesn't completely abandon us after I tell them the news.

Tyrion nods, and after a measured silence:

TYRION

...And what about Jaime?

Dany can't believe he's bringing that up at a time like this.

DAENERYS

Jaime will pay for his crimes.

TYRION

The point of the alliance was to look past the wrongdoings of our houses in order to fight the dead.

DAENERYS

Jaime betrayed that alliance.

TYRION

How do you know that? Because Bronn told you? The man would do anything, say anything for the right price.

DAENERYS

Jaime's done horrible things to the Starks. Why would I trust him?

TYRION

I once asked Bronn if he would kill a new born babe without asking any questions. He said no. He said that he would first ask "how much". Why would you trust him?

Dany can't argue with that.

DAENERYS

What do you propose I do?

TYRION

The only thing we can do. Hold a trial. Figure out the truth of what happened, and act accordingly.

Dany doesn't want to hear it.

DAENERYS

I don't have time for a trial. The dead will be here in a matter of days.

TYRION

Then hold him as your prisoner until after the dead are defeated. If you're right, you can use him as leverage against Cersei.

DAENERYS

There will be no more negotiations with Cersei. Only justice.

TYRION

You can't just go punishing people without proof of their crimes. That isn't justice, it's madness.

She knows where he's going and she doesn't like it.

DAENERYS

Like my father.

TYRION

Yes. Like your father. The Northern lords may forgive us for trusting Cersei. They won't, however, follow another mad Targaryen.

DAENERYS

They won't suffer a Lannister traitor in their home.

TYRION

What other option do you have?

DAENERYS

I could burn him alive.

Dany watches Tyrion, trying to read his reaction.

TYRION
You don't mean that.

Dany remains quiet.

TYRION
You said you were wrong about the
Tarlys. Don't make the same mistake
here.

DAENERYS
I was wrong to trust your family. I
won't ever make that mistake again.
(then)
You're dismissed.

She turns her back to him and faces the fire in the hearth.

TYRION
Daenerys--

DAENERYS
--You're dismissed.

Tyrion can see that a door has just closed on him. He lowers his gaze and walks away. Defeated.

CLOSE ON Dany. Over her shoulder we can see Tyrion open the door... and pause.

He looks at her one last time. Dany can feel him waiting there. She doesn't turn. He disappears out into the daylight and shuts the door.

EXT. THE NARROW SEA - DAY

SEAGULLS CAW and drift in the breeze...

The bow of a ship cuts through the waves. We rise to find...

...The deck of Euron's ship. We move along side IRON BORN bustling on deck as the ship glides past and we continue to rise, past the kraken sails, up and up...

...until we can see the fleet of ships that follow in its wake. The higher we rise, the more ships we can see. Greyjoy sails stretch far back into the distance.

THROUGH THE LENS OF A SPYGLASS: the distant sails inch their way across the horizon...

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - SAME

THEON lowers the spyglass.

THEON
They've slowed since they left
Volantis. Whatever they're
carrying, it's weighing them down.

HARRAG, busted-up face from his fight with Theon, stands
beside him on the forecastle deck.

THEON
They'll reach King's Landing by
tomorrow.

Theon walks the deck as men work around him. Harrag follows.

HARRAG
What does it matter? We cannot beat
them.

THEON
We don't have to beat them. We just
have to save Yara.

HARRAG
And how do you propose we do that?

THEON
We'll wait until they reach King's
Landing. And when Euron's surrounded
by all his forces, when he least
expects us to come for Yara, we will.

HARRAG
We can't just sail into King's
Landing.

THEON
We can.

HARRAG
Is that spyglass broken, or did you
not notice all those sails between
us and him?

CREW MEMBERS stop working and listen in on them. Theon
notices. Stops and faces Harrag.

THEON
I did.

HARRRAG

And?

THEON

And we will maintain course.

There is something in Theon's eyes that causes Harrag to back down. Theon leaves him there. The men get back to work.

Once he's alone, Theon looks back out to sea... and it appears he isn't so sure of his plan either.

CUT TO:

--KUCHUNK. A cell door unlatches. WHINES open. Cersei enters--

INT. RED KEEP - DUNGEON (TORCHLIGHT)

She takes in the scene as THE MOUNTAIN enters behind her: ELLARIA is gagged and chained to the wall.

Cersei grabs a torch and crosses to the side of the cell opposite Ellaria; torchlight dances over Ellaria's gaze.

Cersei looks towards the floor for a long moment, seeing what we cannot, forcing herself to behold what lies at her feet...

CERSEI

I've never done anything to you
that you hadn't already done to me.
I didn't make Oberyn fight Ser
Gregor. I didn't make you join the
Dragon Queen.
(then)
Or poison my daughter.

Cersei crosses to Ellaria and stands before her.

CERSEI

We all pay for our sins. One way or
another. I don't like it any more
than you do.

Ellaria can only stare.

CERSEI

But I suppose if you go back to our
fathers, and their fathers, it
started long before us.

She looks at The Mountain's unforgiving face.

CERSEI

(as an example)

If only Ser Gregor didn't murder
Elia and her children.

(turns back to Ellaria)

If only my father didn't order it.
If only Robert didn't wage war
against the Mad King. If only
Rhaegar didn't love Lyanna. It
would go on forever, I suppose.

She can see that Ellaria is listening.

CERSEI

Maybe we didn't do anything wrong.
Maybe none of us did. Perhaps we're
only caught up in something that
was born long ago. Something that
will go on for long after our
corpses have turned to dust.

She considers Ellaria for a beat.

CERSEI

If I took that gag off, would you
spit in my face? I know I would, If
I were you.

Ellaria simply stares at her. Cersei kneels down to eye level.
Picks up where she left off:

CERSEI

Or Maybe the gods are testing us.
Watching us, waiting to see if we
can escape it.

She reaches behind Ellaria's head and unties her gag.

Ellaria is silent.

CERSEI

Ser Gregor.

Cersei holds her hand out. The Mountain places a canteen in
it. Cersei uncorks and offers it.

Ellaria hesitates... then takes it and drinks down as much as
she can get. Cersei watches her.

Ellaria takes the canteen from her lips. Beat.

ELLARIA

What do you want from me?

Cersei rises and goes back to the other side of the cell.

CERSEI

If I could somehow force myself to
forgive you for Myrcella, would you
be able to forgive me for her?

Ellaria tries to read Cersei.

ELLARIA

No. Never.

CERSEI

No. Of course not. We both know
what it means to love a child more
than ourselves. And to lose them.
You understand that much.

Cersei crosses back to her.

CERSEI

And unlike Qyburn or Ser Gregor,
you're capable of telling me hard
truths. Why wouldn't you?
Especially if they could hurt me.

ELLARIA

And would you tell me the truth?

CERSEI

I have no reason not to. What I say
could never leave this place.

ELLARIA

So why are you here?

She cuts to it:

CERSEI

The dead are coming for Westeros. I
didn't believe it myself until I
saw it.

ELLARIA

And?

CERSEI

And I could stay here and wait for
them to destroy my enemies for me,
or help my enemies defeat them.

Ellaria looks her up and down.

ELLARIA

You're alone. That's why you're here. You have no one to turn to.

CERSEI

Yes.

ELLARIA

And you think if you do the right thing, the gods might forgive you.

Cersei waits for her to say more. Ellaria's eye catches Cersei's pregnant belly.

ELLARIA

After all, what's the point of owning The Seven Kingdoms if you have no one left to share it with? No one to give it to?

Cersei doesn't deny it.

ELLARIA

Promise me one thing. In exchange for my words, for my honesty, promise me you'll give me a quick death. End my suffering.

CERSEI

I promise.

ELLARIA

Thank you.

Ellaria holds a sincere look for a moment.

ELLARIA

Everyone you've ever hurt, all the people your family has killed over the years, they're all coming back for you.

A hint of a smile grows on her face...

ELLARIA

No. No, it's too late for you. And if the gods are good, your child will die, and it too will rise as one of them and claw it's way out of you and into the world that you've made.

Cersei's expression has gone sour. A short, sharp laugh bursts from Ellaria's lips.

As Cersei backs away, Ellaria laughs harder, feeding off her. Cersei replaces the torch on the wall and leaves quickly.

CLOSE ON: **Tyene's shriveled corpse**, sunken pits for eyes, curled lips over an unrelenting grin. Ellaria's mad laughter continues to rise--

The haunting cackle chases Cersei, echoing louder as she flees. The cell door CREAKS and BOOMS closed.

INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT HALL - DAY

CLOSE ON Dany's face. The angry UPROAR of the Northern lords washes out all other sound.

Dany, Jon, and Sansa sit facing the room.

WAYMAN MANDERLY

I say we march south before it's too late. I could die happy with my hands around Cersei's neck.

Some agreement is voiced from the crowd.

JON

It's already too late for that. The dead don't rest. We cannot out run them.

WAYMAN MANDERLY

I suppose we stay here and die, then? Just hand the realm to Cersei for her betrayal. Is that the plan?

JON

We aren't handing the realm--

ROBETT GLOVER

--No. I will not hear it from you. You lost your chance to lead us when you gave away your crown.

He turns his attention to Dany.

ROBETT GLOVER

I want to hear it from her.

They quiet down.

DAENERYS

It's true. We must fight them. We have no other choice.

The room becomes gloomy at the thought of their imminent fate. We find Lyanna Mormont in the crowd. She registers the hopeless looks on the faces of the men around her.

LYANNA MORMONT

She's right. We have no choice but to face the dead.

She stands.

LYANNA MORMONT

But we can choose who will lead us in these dark hours.

The majority of the crowd agrees. Dany doesn't like the sound of that.

JON

Queen Daenerys has risked everything to help us. She is the best chance we have.

LYANNA MORMONT

You have a good heart. And I believe you did what you thought was best. But your decisions have brought us here.

(to Dany)

Both of you have brought us here.

Dany can't deny it.

LYANNA MORMONT

Lady Sansa. You were here when we needed you. You won the Battle of the Bastards. And when Jon left us, you became our leader.

The crowd echoes agreement. Sansa is put on the spot. She shares a look with Dany... then rises.

SANSA

Jon has failed you.

Jon is clearly hurt by this.

SANSA

He went to treat with Daenerys against your wishes. He threw away the crown you gave him and forced another ruler upon you. And he gave Cersei the upper hand in this war.

The crowd agrees. Dany and Jon are worried about what will come next.

SANSA

If you're asking for leadership
from me, I will not deny you of it.

She looks at Dany, then back to the crowd.

SANSA

But Jon was right about one thing:
Daenerys is our best chance in this
war.

The crowd is silent.

SANSA

She didn't have to come here. She
could have taken King's Landing and
let us face the White Walkers
alone. But she didn't. Instead, she
chose to trust us, strangers to
her, because she knew we couldn't
survive without her.

Some of the Northern lords look on Dany differently.

SANSA

I will gladly be your leader in the
North. But Daenerys was willing to
sacrifice everything to protect us.
And that makes her my queen.

Dany is grateful to her. Sansa sits.

And now Dany has the floor. She rises. Looks out over their
faces, all waiting for her to speak...

DAENERYS

I will not lie to you. We are up
against a powerful enemy. And if we
do not stand together, we will
fall. Every one you've ever loved,
your children and the children they
might have known, will be lost.

The truth of her words sink into them.

DAENERYS

But if we do stand together, if you
can find it in your hearts to trust
me, we can beat them.

But many of them don't seem to believe it, so she finds a different angle:

DAENERYS

I've heard stories about the North since I was a child. "Warriors", they told me. "Soldiers", "The real steel"... The toughest bastards in all of Westeros.

She gets some scattered laughs and aye's.

DAENERYS

Well? Should I believe them?

They give a much stronger "aye".

DAENERYS

Then follow me and we will destroy our enemies. All of our enemies. And when the war is won, we will rebuild our world better than it was before.

We can see many of them are starting to look hopeful, to believe her words.

DAENERYS

Cersei betrayed me. It was my failure to trust her. My failure to all of you. I can't change that now... but I can give you the justice you deserve.

They all hang on her word.

DAENERYS

Everyone who betrayed us, everyone who refused to defend the living will burn with the dead.

They bang on the tables and cheer. Dany knows she has them.

Under all of the commotion, Jon watches his people cheer their new leader.

INT. WINTERFELL - JAIME'S CELL - DAY

Jaime sits beneath a barred window, listening to the distant cheers coming from the Great Hall.

Keys JINGLE. The cell door opens. BRIENNE enters and takes a long look at him.

BRIENNE
When I heard--

JAIME
--Shh shh. Listen.

They can still hear the distant cheers.

JAIME
They must've chopped off someone's head.

BRIENNE
Don't be ridiculous.

JAIME
I take it Daenerys has decided to burn me, then? Promised them justice?
(mock gallant)
"The Lannisters will pay their debts".

Brienne isn't in the mood.

JAIME
Aren't you going to ask me if I'm guilty?

BRIENNE
No.

Jaime appreciates that much.

JAIME
Well... this is romantic.

Brienne is lost on that.

JAIME
It's how we met. Me, a captive to the Starks. You, a servant to them. Only this time, I don't expect you'll cut me loose?

Brienne doesn't have to shake her head.

JAIME
If only Lady Catelyn were here.

BRIENNE
They haven't made a decision yet. Don't lose hope.

JAIME
No. Of course not.
(beat)
And Tyrion?

BRIENNE
I'll send for him.

JAIME
Don't bother. He knows I'm here. He
would have come by now.

BRIENNE
Jaime...

JAIME
Don't do that. Really.

BRIENNE
You don't know what I was going to
say.

JAIME
Tell me another time.

Brienne looks at him one last time-- and hurries away.
Jaime lowers his head.

EXT. WINTERFELL - YARD - DAY

Jon crosses the snow-covered yard. Sansa catches up with him.

SANSA
Jon.

He keeps walking.

SANSA
Jon.

He stops and faces her.

SANSA
Look. I'm sorry. But I didn't have
a choice.

After considering her for a beat... his coldness melts.

JON
No. You didn't. You're the only
person they would've listened to.

Sansa doesn't have any words, so she hugs him.

SANSA

Thank you.

JON

They were right, you know. The
North is in good hands.

She smiles at him. Jon smiles back... and his attention
catches something over her shoulder. Sansa looks--

Arya is practicing with her bow across the way.

Jon has gotten nervous all of the sudden. Sansa can tell.

SANSA

She's missed you.

She steps back. Jon heads toward Arya.

WITH ARYA

As she draws... aims...

JON

Don't miss.

Arya doesn't take her eye off the target.

ARYA

I never miss.

THUNK-- dead center.

She faces Jon. They take each other in.

Arya drops her bow-- hugs him. It's a little awkward. After a
long moment, they separate.

Jon spies Needle at her side.

JON

Have you stuck anyone with it yet?

Arya just nods. Jon realizes she means it.

JON

Sansa told me you've been through a
lot since we last saw each other.

ARYA

She's said the same of you.

Jon looks her up and down.

JON
Is there a reason you've been
avoiding me?

ARYA
Did you really make a truce with
Cersei?

Jon looks at the target, full of arrows.

JON
Is that what this is?

ARYA
Don't change the subject.

JON
You're right. I shouldn't have
trusted her. I'm sorry.

Arya can tell from his tone this is bad news.

ARYA
What happened?

JON
She's not coming to help us.

Arya is quiet.

JON
Are you mad at me?

Her face becomes a mask.

ARYA
No.

Jon tries to read her--

SAM (O.S.)
(yelling from afar)
Jon?

Jon turns-- Sam is crossing the yard towards him. He smiles.

Then looks back to Arya.

ARYA
Go ahead. It's fine, really.

JON
We'll talk later. I want to hear
everything I missed.

ARYA

Me too.

Arya holds a smile. Jon turns and heads off.

JON

(walking away, to Sam)

Is that really you?

Arya picks up her bow, nocks an arrow... and sneaks a look back at Jon:

He gives Sam a warm greeting, out of her earshot.

Arya turns back to her target. But she can't bring herself to draw.

WITH JON AND SAM

SAM

I heard you died.

JON

I heard you've been reading.

SAM

Well, we all have our strengths.

JON

Learn anything good?

Sam's demeanor changes.

SAM

Actually, there's something I have to talk to you about.

JON

What is it?

SAM

Probably best said in private.

Jon is troubled by his tone.

JON

All right. Come on then.

As they leave the yard, Jon looks back for Arya...

...but she's gone.

And there's something sad about the way Jon turns and follows Sam away.

INT. WINTERFELL - CRYPTS - DAY

Sam leads Jon deep into the crypts.

JON
Does it really have to be this private?

SAM
Yes, actually.

Sam stops and faces him. Nothing comes out.

JON
Well?

SAM
I don't know how to put this.

JON
Just say it, Sam.

Sam works himself up to it.

SAM
Right.
(nonstop)
You're the rightful heir to the Iron Throne. Rhaegar didn't take Lyanna, she ran away with him and they got married and you're their son. Your father promised Lyanna he would protect you so he kept it all a secret.

Jon is speechless.

SAM
You're not a bastard, you're a Targaryen.

Jon is still speechless.

SAM
And Daenerys is your aunt, technically...

This is all too much for Jon.

JON
How do you know all that?

SAM

I found an account of Rhaegar and Lyanna's wedding -- well, Gilly found it, actually -- and Bran saw the rest in his visions.

JON

Then why didn't he tell me?

SAM

Maybe he thought it wasn't the right time, with Daenerys here and the Walkers coming. It could... complicate things.

Jon leans against the wall and sinks to the floor. Sits there for a long moment...

SAM

Well? How do you feel?

JON

I've been waiting all my life to know who my mother was. I always felt like I didn't belong. Like there might be something out there, something I was meant for. I always thought "If only I wasn't born a bastard..."

SAM

And now that you weren't?

Jon realizes it right before he says it.

JON

It doesn't make a damn bit of difference.

He looks up at: Ned's statue, standing across from him, watching over him.

JON

Rhaegar wasn't my father.

He rises, knowing exactly what he must do as he walks away.

SAM

Where are you going?

JON

To tell Daenerys.

SAM
Are you sure that's a good idea?

JON
I will not lie to her. There is no
other choice.

Sam would argue, but Jon leaves him behind in the crypt.

EXT. WINTERFELL - STABLES - DAY

Arya swings fully-packed saddle bags onto her horse and goes
to work fastening them down.

THE HOUND
Going somewhere?

She stops. He's leaning on the fence behind her. She doesn't
have to look at him to recognize his voice.

ARYA
Obviously.

She continues packing.

THE HOUND
I don't blame you. Any shit hole
will be better than here in a few
days. Best run while you can.

ARYA
I'm not running.

THE HOUND
Looks like running to me.

ARYA
I'm not running.

He eyes the bow strapped to her pack.

THE HOUND
Still repeating names at night?
That it?

She doesn't answer.

THE HOUND
Aye, I heard about the Freys. Not
too many names left now, are there?

ARYA
It isn't about that.

THE HOUND

No? What, then?

ARYA

Say we defeat The Walkers. Then what? We're not going to be able to beat Cersei after. Unless I do something about it.

THE HOUND

No, that's not it. You want to watch her die. Stick the blade in yourself. I know the feeling.

ARYA

Cersei left us all for slaughter. She deserves to suffer.

THE HOUND

So you're doing the work of the gods now?

She turns on him, frustrated.

ARYA

And what about you? Why did you come all the way up here?

THE HOUND

To fight the dead. Die, most likely.

ARYA

That's not like you.

THE HOUND

No. But I've done some horrible shit. Maybe it isn't too late to do something good. Fight for something honorable.

ARYA

You sound like a knight.

He wants to deny it, but...

THE HOUND

...Shit.

Finished packing, she leads her horse out of the stable.
After a beat:

THE HOUND

Why didn't you do it?

She really looks at him for the first time.

ARYA
I don't know.

That will suffice for him. She mounts her horse.

THE HOUND
I take it you don't need any help,
then?

Arya considers him. Then shakes her head.

THE HOUND
Good. I've got enough saddle sores
as it is.

ARYA
Try not to die.

She rides for the gate.

THE HOUND
(calling after her)
Leave my brother for me. I'm coming
for him either way.

He watches as she continues out the gate without turning back.

INT. WINTERFELL - LORD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Dany stands in front of the hearth fire. Deep in thought.
A KNOCK on the door.

DAENERYS
Enter.

The door opens. She turns to find: Jon.

JON
We have to talk.

Dany walks straight at him.

Just as Jon gets the door closed behind him-- Dany pins him against it, and she's already kissing him, working at his cloak--

JON
Dany...

But she's kissing her way down his neck, her hands find his belt-- Jon grabs them. She pauses.

JON

We can't.

She looks him in the eyes.

DANY

I know.

And she takes his hand, guides it down, and under her dress, and up...

JON

Dany...

...but he stops.

She's holding his hand on her lower belly, pressing it there as she looks into him.

JON

But... I thought--

DANY

I know. Trust me.

There's a moment when neither of them are sure what to do, but it doesn't last long--

Jon lifts her off the ground, and Dany wraps her legs around him, her hand locks the door, and the score takes over, letting us know we are watching something beautiful, inevitable...

...and tragic.

EXT. WINTERFELL - SURROUNDING LANDS - SUNSET

Arya rides to the crest of a hill and comes to a halt. She turns and looks north...

...at Winterfell, cast in long shadows, almost lost to the setting sun.

She takes one last look at her home, then turns and rides south.

As she rides, we can see the determination in her eyes. She urges her horse faster, and faster, *and faster--*

EXT. THE NARROW SEA - NIGHT

A FULL MOON is crossed by a kraken sail. MOVE TO FIND Euron's flagship, heading the fleet.

INT. EURON'S SHIP - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Euron eats a steak with fork and knife. YARA is dangling in the corner, hands bound to the rafters, feet barely touching the ground. Beaten almost beyond recognition. Just as Euron takes a juicy bite--

YARA

Why haven't you killed me yet?

He savors the bite, more amused more than anything else.

EURON

What type of uncle would I be then?
Besides, you're no good to me dead.

YARA

What good am I to you alive?

EURON

Not all that much, if I'm being honest. But you're an ally to Daenerys. And that could be worth something.

(deliberate)

Especially now that Theon's back with her.

Theon... she isn't sure if she can believe him.

EURON

I didn't tell you? Theon's alive. I saw him at the parley in King's Landing. He must've had one hell of a swim, after he abandoned you like that.

YARA

You're lying.

Seeing an opportunity for entertainment, he approaches her.

EURON

I told him I had you. I told him I'd kill you if he didn't submit to me. And you know what he did?

He leans into her ear.

EURON
Absolutely nothing.

But she won't give him the reaction he's looking for. He chuckles and returns to his meal.

EURON
So you'll be stuck with me for a while, I'm afraid.

He's about to take a bite, but as if he's had an idea:

EURON
But soon enough, I'll be fucking the queen. Which means you'll be worth even less to me.
(then)
And I suppose my crew deserves a reward for their loyalty, don't you think?

She hates him with every bone in her body.

EURON
I guess they'll have to share.

Euron pops the bit in his mouth. Once his attention is off her, Yara looks to the window, but she won't allow herself to hope.

EXT. NARROW SEA - SHIP DECK - SAME

We are following Euron's ship from behind. MOVE TO FIND a HOODED FIGURE, watching from the deck of this ship. ANGLE revealing under the hood...

...is Theon, focused on his target.

WE MOVE farther out until we can see Theon's sail, black with a golden kraken, and we keep moving out until it is lost in the surrounding sails, hundreds of them just like it.

INT. WINTERFELL - LORD'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON The WICKER PRAYER WHEEL that Catelyn made for Bran, depicting six of her seven gods, backdropped by flames.

Dany examines it in front of the hearth fire.

JORAH
Tyrion is right about one thing.
You cannot act without proof.

Jorah sits near the fire. Dany places the prayer wheel back on the mantle.

DAENERYS

I promised the Northerners justice.
I intend to deliver it.

JORAH

Is this really the right time? The Walkers are upon us.

DAENERYS

And many Northern soldiers are going to die fighting them. I must show them that they're fighting for a queen who keeps her promises.

JORAH

You would execute a man to make a point?

DAENERYS

I would execute him because he betrayed me. He betrayed us all.

JORAH

You do not know that.

She can't deny it, so she looks into the fire...

DAENERYS

No... but perhaps I can get him to admit it.

Jorah waits for an explanation, but she just stares at the flames.

INT. WINTERFELL - JAIME'S CELL - NIGHT

Jaime's chains RATTLE as he shivers, his breath faint clouds. The sound of footsteps approach. He becomes alert. firelight grows brighter outside his cell door. Keys JINGLE.

The door opens. Jaime squints at the light: Brienne is standing in the doorway with the key ring.

JAIME

Am I glad to see you.

She steps aside and Tyrion enters.

JAIME

Oh.

TYRION
(to Brienne)
Can I have a moment alone with my
brother?

Brienne assesses the situation. Then hands over the torch.

TYRION
Thank you.

There's a weighted silence between Jaime and Tyrion as they wait for Brienne's receding footsteps to fade away. Then, finally:

JAIME
I assume you've been rather busy?

TYRION
Yes. Busy convincing Daenerys not
to burn you alive. Sorry about
that.

JAIME
And? Is she?

TYRION
Who knows. She's stopped talking to me.

JAIME
Well... I suppose a fire would be
nice for a change.

Tyrion doesn't smile. Neither does Jaime.

TYRION
Were you really coming here to warn
them about Cersei?

JAIME
Of course I was. What choice did I
have?

TYRION
You could have stayed south with
our sister.

JAIME
Shouldn't you be thanking me?

TYRION
No. I shouldn't.

Jaime doesn't understand.

TYRION

You couldn't refrain from playing
the hero? Just this once?

Jaime looks differently at his brother.

JAIME

You said "warn them" about Cersei.
Don't you mean "warn us"?

Tyrion turns away from him. And we can see it finally come to
light on Jaime's face...

JAIME

You knew.

Tyrion remains quiet.

JAIME

And you didn't say anything? Didn't
bother to tell me?

TYRION

Keep your voice down.

Jaime is beside himself.

TYRION

We knew you wouldn't be able to go
through with it. To lie to them.
You, with your lofty notions of
honor. Duty to the realm. All of
that horse shit.

JAIME

You would have doomed all of
Westeros.

TYRION

Would I have? Cersei's forces can't
help. They don't have dragons, or
dragonglass. Just more bodies for
the White Walkers to use against us.
(then)
I did Westeros a favor, for all it's
done me.

JAIME

A favor?

TYRION

Cersei wasn't going to help.
Nothing could change that.

(MORE)

TYRION (CONT'D)

And Daenerys wouldn't fight the dead unless Cersei agreed to an armistice. And she's the only one that can stop them. There was no other way.

JAIME

So you led her to a slaughter? Just like that?

And all the guilt and pain floods to the surface--

TYRION

Yes. And it was the hardest thing I ever had to do. I killed my father. Strangled a woman I loved with my bare hands. Watched my wife fuck an entire barrack of soldiers, smiling all the while. But betraying Daenerys...

Tyrion gives up. Sinks down near Jaime. Sits there for a long while.

TYRION

When I fled King's Landing, I had lost all faith in this world. Daenerys changed that. I saw something in her. I believed she really could make the world a better place...

His mind goes down a much darker path. Then resurfaces...

TYRION

But when I saw our men burning on the battlefield, all because of me... and the way she handled the Tarlys...

(shakes his head)

She is too much like her father. I thought I could lead her away from it, but I can't. No one can.

JAIME

So instead of ensuring the succession of a brutal queen, you gave the throne to Cersei?

TYRION

Daenerys can't have children. Cersei, on the other hand, is pregnant. With the right council, her child could become a worthy ruler.

But he can see Jaime isn't having it, so he tries to explain further--

TYRION

She was willing to forgive me.
After what I did to father, I left
our family vulnerable. Cersei's
children died because of me... and
she was willing to forgive me.

JAIME

For a price.

TYRION

It was the only hope I could see
for Westeros.

He tries to gauge Jaime's reaction. Surely his brother could understand that.

JAIME

Hope? No... There's no hope for
Westeros. Even if we could rise
above ourselves for long enough to
survive the dead, would we really
deserve it?

But Tyrion doesn't have an answer for him.

Just then, they hear footsteps approaching. Tyrion stands. He registers the sorry state of his brother.

TYRION

I would never let her hurt you.

Jaime is looking down. The footsteps are almost upon them.

TYRION

I will get us out of this.

Brienne appears in the doorway.

TYRION

Look at me.

Jaime does.

BRIENNE

That's all the time I can give you.

Tyrion holds his look on Jaime, making a silent promise.
Jaime finally nods. Tyrion forces himself to turn and exit.

INT. RED KEEP - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Cersei is writing at her desk, alone in a pool of light cast by a single candle. We catch a glimpse of her letter:

...have been delayed in gathering our forces...

...will arrive at Winterfell--

Behind her, Bernadette clears an untouched meal from the table.

Cersei sprinkles sand on the letter.

CERSEI

Bernadette. Fetch Qyburn for me.

BERNADETTE

Of course, Your Grace.

Bernadette exits.

Alone, Cersei shakes the sand off. Folds it. Pours crimson wax and stamps it with the Lannister seal.

She contemplates the wax seal, her family crest, for a long, quiet moment. We watch her for so long, we begin to wonder what will happen...

She Inhales sharply.

Drops the seal press-- crimson wax splatters the desk.

She covers her mouth as the tears begin to well... and almost laughs. Her entire world has changed...

...She's holding her hand on her belly, feeling the flutter there. She can breathe again. Enraptured.

CERSEI

Hello there...

You had me worried. Don't ever do that to me again.

(another flutter)

Oh, you're fierce. Of course you are. You're a Lannister.

She turns her attention to: THE LETTER.

MOMENTS LATER

Cersei uses the candle to light the wood in her fireplace. She sits back with the letter in hand as the fire grows, brightening the world around her.

CERSEI

Do you know how much your mother loves you? What she would do for you?

(in answer)

Unimaginable things. Horrible things.

(then)

Everything. Fight everything. Sacrifice everything. Give you everything.

Qyburn enters and approaches.

QYBURN

Your Grace.

CERSEI

Send a raven to Winterfell. And call our banners. Once Euron's fleet returns, we sail north.

She hands him the letter.

QYBURN

At once, My Queen.

He bows and hurries off, leaving Cersei alone. After a long moment:

CERSEI

I'm going to give you everything.
I'm going to give you the world.

CUT TO:

THE MORNING SUN shines bright. We hear CHOPPING as A WOODEN STAKE is erected against the sky. We are--

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - DAY

UNSULLIED construct A PYRE with a large stake at the center. Wood is piled at the base. Oil is poured over it.

Jorah oversees their work, unsure about this.

INT. JAIME'S CELL - DAY

The door unlocks and swings open. Dany enters with GREY WORM and GUARDS at her side.

Jaime remains seated, making no hurry to stand.

JAIME
Am I free to go?

DAENERYS
This is your last chance to tell me
the truth of what happened.

JAIME
I've already told you everything I
have to say.

DAENERYS
Tell me the truth, or you will
burn.

Jaime gets to his feet, slow and deliberate. He even manages
to look dignified, despite his current state.

JAIME
You're beginning to sound a lot
like your father. A sword in the
spine might suit you.

Dany doesn't react. Instead, she leaves them.

Grey Worm and the guards unlock Jaime's chains and bind his
wrists with rope. As they work, he tries to maintain his
composure.

INT. TYRION'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Tyrion lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Thinking. He's
been in this state all night and it shows...

The rise of SHOUTING AND JEERING snaps him out of it. He
rolls off his bed and peers out his window.

Varys enters with urgency:

VARYS
Where have you been?

TYRION
What's going on out there?

The look on Varys's face gives him pause.

VARYS
Your brother needs you. Our Queen
needs you.

And Tyrion is starting to feel the gravity of the situation.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - DAY

Jaime is led through the gathering crowd by Grey Worm. The crowd is dead silent.

Up ahead, the crowd gives way to the open yard, where Jaime can see... the pyre.

Dany awaits him in the clearing. A brazier sits nearby with a torch stuck in it.

Jaime's eyes search the crowd: Commoners, soldiers and lords fill the yard. There's Sansa, Jon, Davos -- but not Tyrion.

Grey Worm presents Jaime to Dany. She addresses the crowd.

DAENERYS

I promised you vengeance. Now let me
show you what happens to traitors.

Dany gives Jorah the nod. He leads Jaime towards the pyre.

WITH JON AND DAVOS

as they watch from the edge of the clearing.

DAVOS

I may no longer be your hand. But I
have seen what happens when rulers
start burning people. Suffice to
say, it isn't good.

JON

And what would you have me do about
it? I'm no longer their king.

DAVOS

Do something. Do anything. But
don't stand there and say you
can't. She listens to you.

Jon considers Dany. Feeling his eyes, she looks at him.

He shakes his head-- *Don't do this.*

But she turns away.

WITH BRIENNE AND SANSA

watching from the breezeway as Jorah ties Jaime to the Pyre.

BRIENNE

My Lady, I beg you. Put an end to
it.

SANSA

It's not within my authority to do so.

BRIENNE

The North follows you. You can stop this.

SANSA

I can't. She is our queen.

Brienne's eyes are pleading with Sansa. But Sansa simply turns her gaze back to the scene playing out before them.

Brienne storms off.

BACK WITH JAIME

as Jorah binds him to the stake. His eyes scan over the spectators-- *Where is he?*

WITH TYRION

as he weaves through the crowd, Varys at his back, and emerges into the clearing to find--

Jorah has finished tying Jaime to the pyre. He climbs down.

Tyrion's eyes find Dany. He walks straight toward her. As he crosses the clearing, he can feel the attention on him.

And now relief pours over Jaime.

Tyrion reaches Dany and tries to keep his voice low:

TYRION

Don't do this.

She keeps her eyes fixed on the pyre.

DAENERYS

I gave him a chance to tell me the truth.

TYRION

As your hand, as your councilor, I'm begging you.

She walks toward the pyre--

TYRION

Daenerys.

She stops. Turns slightly to listen.

TYRION

Please.

But she strides into the clearing, leaving him behind.

Dany takes the torch out of the brazier and approaches the pyre.

Jaime closes his eyes. Tries to control his breathing. Dany is almost upon him.

Dany reaches the pyre, extends the torch, just inches above the oil soaked wood--

TYRION (O.S.)

DAENERYS.

She freezes. Her back to Tyrion. All has gone quiet.

Tyrion has stepped into the clearing. Jaime can see what his brother is about to do for him.

TYRION

He didn't do it.

And Dany turns slowly, expectantly. Not surprised in the least...

...She knew.

And now Tyrion realizes it. Sees the trap.

Dany holds the torch threateningly close to the wood.

DAENERYS

When you went alone to treat with
your sister, what conspired between
the two of you?

TYRION

I betrayed you.

The crowd begins to rabble.

We see the reactions of Jon, Sansa, Davos, Varys-- none of them can believe it.

And Dany, even though she knew it was coming, is hurt.

DAENERYS

Why?

TYRION

I made a deal with my sister. I would go along with her ploy so that you would fight the dead for her. Those of you who survived would be defeated by her army. In exchange, when the war was over, she would forgive me.

And now the crowd wants blood:

CROWD

BURN HIM / Kill the bastard /
Turncloak !

Dany is still holding the torch dangerously close.

TYRION

But Jaime... Jaime wasn't there.
He didn't know.

His eyes are pleading with her. She lets the threat hang over him...

...and takes the torch away. Walks up to Tyrion. He casts his eyes at the ground as she considers him. Then:

DAENERYS

(to Jorah)
Untie him.

Jorah goes to work at Jaime's bonds.

Daenerys holds her hand out in front of Tyrion, as if to receive something.

TYRION

I couldn't do it. I couldn't watch
my people, my family, burn. I
thought I could. But I couldn't.

She keeps her hand held out. Unmoving.

Tyrion removes his Hand of the Queen pin and places it in her palm.

Jorah walks Jaime off from the pyre. Guards escort him to the edge of the crowd.

TYRION

Please. Make it quick.

Dany considers Tyrion.

DAENERYS

Ser Jorah...

Tyrion looks her in the eye. Searching for mercy. Searching for anything.

Anything but this.

Please...

DAENERYS

Tie him to the stake.

Tyrion's heart sinks as the crowd shouts and jeers.

Jorah looks at Dany, not sure if he can do this. She keeps an even gaze, letting him know she means it.

Jaime and Tyrion's eyes meet-- but Jorah forces Tyrion along toward the pyre. Jaime doesn't know what to do.

WITH TYRION

as Jorah ties him to the stake.

TYRION

Mormont. Please.

But Jorah can't look at him.

JORAH

I'm sorry.

TYRION

Mormont.

Jorah finishes his knots and climbs down.

Tyrion's eye catches Varys, watching from the crowd. There's pity there. But no mercy.

A silence has fallen in anticipation of what Dany is about to do. There's no ceremony to it. No formality in her actions--

She walks up to the pyre, drops the torch on it, and crosses back to the edge of the clearing as the flames start to grow.

Jaime tries to step forward, but is restrained by the guards.

Tyrion is beginning to struggle. Thick smoke is seeping through the logs.

TYRION
(to Dany)
Daenerys. Not like this.

It's hard for Dany, but she lets it happen.

TYRION
PLEASE.

And now the flames are licking his boots.

Jaime can't take it. He rips a sword off a guard's belt and--
shoulders him to the ground.

Jorah goes for his sword-- Jaime bashes his temple with the
hilt, sending him to the floor.

Jaime goes for the pyre as Tyrion begins to yell-- but
Brienne cuts him off, sword drawn.

BRIENNE
You're going to get yourself killed.

JAIME
Move!

She won't.

The fire is burning Tyrion's feet now. He's yelling to no one
in particular:

TYRION
HELP ME. PLEASE.

Jaime goes for Brienne's throat-- she side steps, disarms his
sword and grapples him. Holds him back as he watches over her
shoulder... and the fight goes out of him.

Tyrion's screams rise to a pitch that makes our skin crawl.
The flames come over him, envelope him as he jerks violently--

And we hear the rest of it play out on Jaime's face as he
watches his brother burn. He hears one last shriek-- and the
roaring flames take over.

Jaime lets out a wail straight from the gut. Brienne just
holds him.

And everyone is silent. Beside themselves. Only Jaime's cries
of anguish can be heard over the roaring inferno.

Dany takes in what she's done. Then turns her back on it and
crosses the yard.

Jon is wishing this didn't happen. Dany stops in front of him on her way. Places something in his hand. Then leaves.

As Dany walks away, Jon opens his hand where she's placed...

...The Hand of the Queen pin. The gravity of his new position weighs down on him.

Dany leaves the burning pyre behind her without looking back.

END OF EP 801

NOTE TO READER:

Disclaimer: This has been a work fan fiction. HBO owns all rights to Game of Thrones.

Feedback is greatly appreciated -- lukemichael304@gmail.com

Thank you for reading.