Summary

A complete, independently-envisioned Season 8, written just after Season 7, with love for the show.

These scripts were written without any knowledge of Actual S8 (I'm holding off to focus while I finish mine). It is meant to be believable, with endgame for every major remaining storyline.

I’ve actually been publishing these since June 2018, and there’s an existing reader community on r/freefolk and r/shipwisescrpts. 9 episodes are written, out of 11 planned. Hope you enjoy!

The following episodes are fully posted on AO3:

S08E01 - "Fealty" - Season Eight Premiere. Bran delivers dire news. Yara endures.
Cersei recruits a dubious ally. Jon and Dany swear an oath.

S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"
S08E08 - "Seven Kingdoms"
S08E09 - "Three Queens"
Author's note

A note on comments:

I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings). I'm excited for the new season, I just wanna stay immersed in my version of the timeline for juuust a bit longer, since I'm so close to finishing it. :)

Also, be advised that I love the show A LOT, including and especially the most recent seasons. This was never meant to be a "fix-it" or an attempt to one-up D&D -- the suggestion makes me uncomfortable, though I appreciate that it's generally meant as a compliment. I understand that it's a bit of a fandom hobby to denigrate the show, and Season 8 in particular (which I haven't seen yet). But in my case, insulting the show in harsh terms makes me sad. And I write less prolifically when I'm sad.

All that said, I love love LOVE reading your comments, so please do leave them! :D Every single one lights up my whole day -- they are my best and primary reward for the time I've poured into this project. I have my own original medieval fantasy story that I hope to develop for television, and these scripts have kinda been my self-imposed education on how to write TV in particular. Let's think of it as a cheaper alternative to getting an MFA, yeah? To date, I've spent about a year of full-time labor on this. I hope it shows. :)

A note on ships:

This fic is primarily an attempt to create a believable continuation of the canon TV series. It's not a wish-fulfillment or romance-oriented fic, so if you're here primarily for the ships, you may be disappointed. Not every tagged ship features heavily in the story, and none are guaranteed a happy ending. Here are some ship-specific notes (vague spoilers ahead, e.g. what could be inferred from chapter numbers):

- **Jon/Dany:** this ship has the most "screen time", though it has ups and downs and, again, is not guaranteed to end well.

- **Jaime/Brienne:** a lot less screen time. The chapters that feature or mention their relationship are 17, 52, 55, 66, 82, 83, and 91, though they also feature as individuals in other chapters.

- **Arya&Gendry:** it's left ambiguous whether their relationship will ever become romantic, at least
in what I've written so far. But they do have a sweet reunion scene that's been well-received by Gendrya shippers -- chapter 65. They also have a fleeting interaction in 69, and a more substantial one in 96.

- **Sam/Gilly**: these two only really have one scene together, in chapter 96. Their relationship is also referenced at the end of 92.

- **Cersei&Jaime**: I've tagged it Cersei&Jaime rather than Cersei/Jaime mostly to avoid outright spoiling outcomes in my tags. As noted above, there is an explicitly romantic Jaime/Brienne relationship in this fic. Jaime and Cersei do interact, but I don't want to indicate upfront whether it's as enemies, lovers, or something else. Their relationship is referenced throughout Jaime's chapters. They also have an interaction in chapter 112.

Also, although the fic is rated "explicit," the "romance" scenes are not especially explicit, by AO3 standards. This fic is rated that way mostly because of the violence, and because of a sexually explicit seduction scene that takes place with another character, who is not part of any tagged ship.

**A note on style and formatting:**

My goal here has been to create scripts that could theoretically pass for leaks (though I would never try to literally pass them off as such). I've given myself permission to ignore certain constraints (e.g. number of episodes, actor incompatibilities, budget), but aside from that, I strive to make everything feel as authentic as possible. To that end, I've carefully studied these genuine Game of Thrones scripts that were publicly released for the Emmys, and have imitated their tone, writing style, and conventions:

[S04E10 - The Children](#)  
[S05E10 - Mother's Mercy](#)  
[S06E09 - Battle of the Bastards](#)  
[S07E07 - The Dragon and the Wolf](#)

I have also used professional scriptwriting software to generate custom HTML and CSS for authentic-looking screenplay formatting ([WriterDuet](http://WriterDuet), in case you're curious). On AO3, I've had to do a bit of kludging with work skins to make it show up more-or-less as intended. I'm not super confident that it looks acceptable on every browser and screen size, however, so just in case things show up wonky for anyone, I'll also link to the corresponding aliceshipwise.com permalink at the top of each chapter. I have much deeper control over the code for my own site, so the formatting should be reliable there.
I hope you enjoy! <3

EXT. WALL BREACH - DAY

The ARMY OF THE DEAD streams through the breach in the Wall. Among the countless foot soldiers are GIANTS, MAMMOTHs, and WOLVES. WHITE WALKERS ride through the ranks on dead horses.

Overhead, VISERION circles like a vulture, the NIGHT KING mounted on his back. Viserion lets out a chilling screech that echoes out across the realms of men.

EXT. WALL SOUTHERN FACE - DAY

A band of surviving WILDLINGS and NW BROTHERS climb painstakingly down the southern side of the Wall with ropes and ice picks, some distance away from the breach. TORMUND and BERIC are among them.

Below them, the last of the Army of the Dead makes its way through the breach.

EXT. BASE OF THE WALL - EVENING

Tormund and Beric are slumped with their backs against the base of the Wall, exhausted, breathing hard. They stare southward as they struggle to catch their breath.

Their POV: the Army of the Dead grows distant as it moves south, away from us.

With a grunt, Tormund heaves himself to his feet. He holds out a hand and helps Beric up.

They turn and gaze at the devastation where Eastwatch once stood. It's a tragic, lingering shot, taking in jagged shards of ice, crumbled stone, and the frozen bodies of men lying broken where they had fallen from great height.

Tormund turns and looks at the band of survivors -- a meager pack of a dozen or so.

BERIC

What now?
Tormund turns his gaze west, inland, away from the sea.

TORMUND

We find my people.

He pulls his parka tighter around himself and starts walking west. The Eastwatch survivors follow him, trudging through the snow.

Beric hangs back for a moment. He takes a step south, away from the Wall, and peers into the distance toward the Night King and his army. Then turns and follows Tormund.

EXT. DANY'S CAMP - EVENING

Rows of military tents stand in various stages of being pitched. It's a huge, sprawling campground, with Targaryen and Stark banners visible throughout.

A large command tent dominates, decked out in Targaryen colors. Nearby, DOTHRAKI RIDERS unsaddle their horses, while UNSULLIED huddle miserably around a campfire. They have thick woolen cloaks pulled around themselves, but look rather frozen all the same.

JON (SOUND ADVANCE)

Another day's march should do it.

INT. TARGARYEN COMMAND TENT - EVENING

JON SNOW looks down at a map of the North, one gloved hand resting near Winterfell.

TYRION LANNISTER and DAENERYS TARGARYEN stand nearby.

[N.B.: None of the people present are yet aware that the Wall has been breached.]

TYRION

They are expecting us, yes?

JON

Aye. My bannermen will be waiting.

DANY

I look forward to meeting them.

A pause. Jon chooses his words carefully.

JON

You will. But for the first audience, I think it's best if it's Northerners only.

Dany gives him a quizzical look.

DANY

They know of our alliance, do they not?
JON

They do. But they'll have... questions. They'll speak more freely if it's just me.

A beat.

DANY

Very well. I'll meet your people after you've laid their concerns to rest.

TYRION

(to Jon)

You best rehearse what you're going to say.

Jon nods and exits the tent. Dany waits until he is out of earshot, then:

DANY

(to Tyrion)

"Questions."

TYRION

Northmen are proud. Jon will have his work cut out for him.

DANY

He's their king, isn't he?

TYRION

He was named king. He has no birthright. To maintain his position, he needs to re-earn their trust every day. It is his primary weakness. But it's also his strength.

A pause as Dany considers that.

DANY

You do think the Northern lords will accept me?

TYRION

Yes, eventually. It helps that you are bringing them an enormous army in their hour of need. Just give them time.

Tyrion walks over to a small table, where there's a pitcher of wine and some goblets.

TYRION

Some initial skepticism is to be expected. After all, Starks and Targaryens do make strange bedfellows.

Dany shoots him a suspicious look, noting his word choice.
TYRION

So.

(pours wine)

When were you planning to tell me?

DANY

(defensive)

When I require your counsel.

TYRION

(serious)

This isn't just a personal matter. You're a queen. He... was a king, before he bent the knee to you. Another matter I wish you'd been punctual in sharing with me. Though I suppose that would have spoiled the thrill of finding out in the Dragonpit, at the same time as Cersei.

A pause. Dany looks away guiltily. Tyrion watches her, and a sadness briefly comes into his eyes. Then it's back to business:

TYRION

(handing her wine)

You're rulers. Anything you do together is politics, whether you think of it that way or not. I'm here, ostensibly, to advise you on matters of politics.

DANY

So what do you advise?

TYRION

If he's anything like his father, he's going to ask you to marry him soon.

Dany avoids eye contact.

TYRION

(weary)

Oh. He already has. Wonderful. How did you respond?

DANY

I didn't.

TYRION

Good.

(beat)
Marriage is a powerful political tool. Marrying Jon Snow would do much to appease these Northern lords. It would soften the blow of learning that their king has bent the knee.

(beat)

But. It can only be used once. If you marry him, it closes the door of possibility.

DANY

And what other possibilities do you have in mind?

TYRION

Euron Greyjoy, for example.

A pause. Dany stares coldly at Tyrion.

DANY

Euron Greyjoy murdered my allies, and you want me to marry him?

TYRION

I'm not fond of him either.

(takes a drink)

I don't want you to marry Euron Greyjoy. I don't want you to marry anyone, at the moment. I want you to leave open the possibility. At least in their minds.

Chapter End Notes

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Other than that, comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated.

<3
INT. JON'S TENT - EVENING

ARYA STARK is waiting inside a large tent of Stark colors.

Jon walks in, absorbed in thought, not paying attention. Arya turns and looks up.

By her movement, Jon suddenly becomes aware that some unexpected stranger is in his tent. He starts backward in alarm and draws his sword in defense.

ARYA

Jon, it's me. It's Arya.

JON

(severely shaken)

...Arya?

Arya nods, eyes shining. There's a long, meaningful pause as the long-lost Stark siblings stare at each other.

JON

(shaky)

Seven Hells.

Jon tosses Longclaw aside. Arya runs to him and jumps into his arms. They share a huge embrace. We get to savor the moment for a long while.

Finally they break apart. Jon looks Arya over, grinning happily.

JON

How did you get in here?

ARYA

(grinning)
I'm quick. And quiet.

JON

I think my heart stopped.

ARYA

You need better guards.

Jon laughs, then holds his forearm up to show her how his fingers are trembling.

JON

(accusing)

Look how badly I'm shaking.

(beat)

I thought you'd be waiting at Winterfell.

ARYA

I had to come see you. Just you. Not surrounded by bannermen and nonsense.

(beat)

I've missed you.

JON

I've missed you too.

They hug again. When they break apart, Jon turns Arya slightly to get a better look at Needle, hanging at her side. He beams.

JON

I hear you're a great fighter now.

ARYA

I hear you're King in the North.

JON

Not anymore.

ARYA

Mm. Sansa told me you'd bent the knee to Daenerys Targaryen.

JON

(taking a breath)
She pledged all her forces to our cause, (before I even--)

ARYA

(interrupting)

You don't have to explain. Not to me. I don't care what Sansa thinks.

Jon pauses, rather touched, then smiles.

JON

I'm impressed neither of you has killed the other yet.

ARYA

We came close.

Jon chuckles, then his grin fades a bit as he sees her expression.

JON

(wary)

How close?

Arya avoids his eyes.

JON

(exasperated)

_Arya_. We can't fight a _war amongst ourselves--_

ARYA

(interrupting)

I know. I know. It was Littlefinger. But we were smarter than him in the end.

JON

And what's Littlefinger doing now?

ARYA

I cut his throat.

Jon double-takes, surprised and slightly disturbed.

JON

You...

(beat)

Just like that?
ARYA

(matter-of-fact)

Sansa sentenced him first.

There's a pause as Jon regards Arya, searchingly and a little sadly.

JON

What's happened to you since you left home?

What a question. Arya stares back at him, a glimmer of vulnerability becoming visible on her face.

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INT. TARGARYEN COMMAND TENT - EVENING

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

INT. TARGARYEN COMMAND TENT - EVENING

Jon and Arya walk into the Targaryen command tent together. Dany and Tyrion are still there, and JORAH MORMONT now too.

JON

Your grace.

(Dany looks up)

May I present my sister? Lady Arya of House Stark.

Dany and Arya regard each other with interest.

DANY

I've heard much about you, Lady Arya.

ARYA

(eager)

Is it true you ride a dragon into battle?

Jon glances at Dany in mild embarrassment, but Dany is charmed rather than offended by Arya's directness.

DANY

It is. Would you like to see?

ARYA

...can you carry other people on your dragon?

JON

Arya...

DANY
When there's a need.

ARYA

A boy king surrendered the Vale of Arryn to Visenya Targaryen, in exchange for a ride on her dragon's back.

Jon shoots Dany a "don't get any ideas" look.

Dany smiles. She likes this girl.

A RAVEN bursts into the tent, startling everyone, interrupting the moment.

It flaps around the tent, then lands on Jon's shoulder, cawing. Strangely, its scroll is held in its beak, rather than tied to its leg.

Jon looks at the others, perplexed, then reaches up toward the bird. The raven stuffs the scroll into his hand, then flaps down to perch on the table. It caws up at him.

JON

(still perplexed)

Never seen a raven do that.

ARYA

(to the raven)

...Bran?

The raven caws again, as though in reply. Arya sees the others looking at her quizzically.

ARYA

My brother's a... warg. He can enter the minds of animals and control them.

TYRION

You're joking.

JON

I knew a wildling with this power.

(to the raven, intrigued)

Bran, is this really you?

The raven pecks hard at the hand holding the scroll, making Jon flinch. Jon holds the scroll up and reads it aloud.

JON

(reading)

"Jon, this is your brother, Bran. I warged this raven to bring you this message."
Jon looks at Tyrion.

TYRION

Well, fuck me.

Jon resumes reading.

JON

"The Night King..."

He freezes in horror. He reads the rest of the scroll in silence, his expression growing increasingly alarmed.

DANY

What is it?

Jon fumbles for a chair and sits down on it, staring down at the scroll. He looks up at the raven, wide-eyed. The raven caws at him.

DANY

(growing alarm)

Jon.

JON

They've breached the Wall.

A stunned silence.

DANY

What?

TYRION

How?

JON

They have Viserion.

It takes a moment for Dany to realize what he means. Then her face slowly transforms into a mask of horror and grief.

Jon sees that. But he has neither the right words nor the time for proper condolences.

JON

(quiet intensity)

When you flew from Dragonstone to save us, for how long were you flying?
Dany blinks, still reeling, but gathers herself.

DANY

Three days.

Jon looks at the map, eyes flitting as he does some approximations in his head. He grimaces.

JON

He could hit Winterfell in the morning if he wants to.

TYRION

Does he?

Jon looks down at the scroll in his hand.

JON

Bran says the army appears to be marching for Last Hearth. And the Night King is traveling alongside them on his dragon.

JORAH

Why would he stay with his army when he could fly ahead and burn everyone?

Jon lowers the scroll. The gears are turning in his head as he works it out.

JON

He doesn't want to burn us.

Everyone looks at him.

JON

If he burns us, we can't march in his army. He'll march to Last Hearth, use his dragon to blast a hole in their walls, then let his army do the rest.

TYRION

This is according to your... magic bird brother. What if he's wrong?

JON

He's not wrong.

TYRION

How do you know?

JON

I know him. He's eight thousand years old. He has patience.

(beat)
He won't hit us tomorrow. He won't hit us for weeks.

Jon pulls the map toward himself.

JON

He'll hit Last Hearth. Then swing east and hit Karhold. He'll hit every village along the way, slaughter every living thing, and swell the ranks of his army. Then he'll hit us at Winterfell. His dragon and his whole army together.

DANY

We need to hit him first.

Jon shakes his head, grimacing.

JON

We can't save the castles. Not if he has a dragon.

DANY

I have two.

JON

If you fly to meet him, you'll tire your dragons. We need them well-fed and well-rested, if they're to fight him.

(beat)

We go to Winterfell, and we prepare.

ARYA

We're just going to sit here and wait for him?

A pause as Jon thinks.

JON

We can't save the castles. But maybe we can save the people.

He looks at Dany. An idea forms between them.

DANY

I can send my Dothraki out with all the horses. They can bring the common people to Winterfell for protection.

TYRION

How do we convince villagers to trust Dothraki? They're intimidating, to say the least. They don't even speak the common tongue.

JORAH
I'll go with them.

Everyone looks at Jorah.

JORAH

I speak Dothraki. And I'm a Northerner too.

JON

Not to them. You've been out of the country for too long. The people don't know you.

ARYA

I'll go with him.

Jon goes very still. He looks at Arya with a look of deep fear and dread.

ARYA

I'm a Stark. The people will come to Winterfell if I ask them to.

Jon stares and says nothing.

ARYA

Jon, it has to be me. Bran's crippled, Sansa's running Winterfell, and you're needed here.

Jon says nothing.

ARYA

(with heat)

I'm a fighter, and we're at war.

This is very difficult for Jon. But he finally assents.

JON

Take Ghost with you.

Arya nods and starts to leave.

JON

Arya.

She stops. Jon walks to her.

JON

Don't try to fight them. There's a hundred thousand or more in that army. If you get any hint that they're nearby, you ride back to Winterfell as fast as you can. Ser Jorah went beyond the Wall with me, he'll know when it's time. Promise me?

Arya nods. They hug. Jon gives Jorah a look, catching his eye over Arya's shoulder, silently
imploring him to keep Arya safe. Jorah nods.

Jon and Arya break apart. Jorah shares a gaze with Dany. She comes up to him and gives him a hug farewell. Jorah stares at her as she pulls away and looks up at him.

DaNY

I shall expect you at Winterfell, afterward.

JORAH

Yes, your grace.

He and Arya linger for half a beat, then exit together. Jorah calls out in Dothraki, his voice fading with distance as he walks away.

JON

(to the raven)

Bran, could you carry a message to Last Hearth and Karhold?

The raven caws.

JON

Tell them what's coming for them. Tell them to flee for Winterfell.

The raven caws again and flies away. Jon looks at Dany.

JON

We need to get to Winterfell quickly.

DANY

(walking toward the exit)

I'll call Drogon.

JON

(confused)

...Drogon?

DANY

(looking back at him)

I've sent all the horses away, with your sister.

Oh. Now he gets it.

A dragon's cry echoes out as we cut to:

EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - LATER
Winterfell is visible in the distance.

DROGON's elongated evening shadow rushes across the snow-covered ground. RHAEGAL follows after him.

Dany, Jon, and Tyrion are mounted on Drogon's back, along with DAVOS SEAWORTH and MISSANDEI.

Arya is on horseback, riding in the same direction, along with Jorah and the entire DOTHRAKI HORDE. She stops and looks up in awe as the dragons fly over her at close range.

EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - EVENING

SANSA STARK stands on Winterfell's battlement wall, looking out at something, wearing a look of fearful amazement.

Sansa's POV: Drogon and Rhaegal are fast approaching.

Drogon passes huge and dark over her head like a jet plane, his shadow skimming over Sansa and the Winterfell walls. Sansa turns as he flies over her, her gaze following the dragon as he comes in for a landing.

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - EVENING

The two dragons land in the snow-covered lawn outside the Broken Tower. They stretch and roar, as we pull out into a majestic aerial view of Winterfell, reverberating with the echoes of dragon-song.

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EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY

Chapter Notes

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EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY

The dragon cries give way to the crying of seabirds and the sounds of a ship under sail.

YARA GREYJOY rises up into view, suspended from a rope by her arms, which are bound together at the wrists. She jerks in time to the pulling rhythm of the IRONBORN who are hoisting her upward. She is hanging from a pulley attached to one end of the main yard, jutting out over the open sea. A second rope hangs limp from her bound wrists and trails downward, disappearing into the water.

Yara's feet are bound together at the ankles, and from them is suspended a heavy iron weight.

Yara doesn't look so good. Her face is bruised and smudged with dried blood. Her clothes are soiled and unkempt. Her eyes are expressionless.

IRONBORN

(in time to the pulling)

Heave! Heave!

They pull until Yara is hoisted all the way up to the main yard, then stop, holding her there. Her body dangles and sways with the ship's motion.

EURON GREYJOY beams up at her from the deck, soaking it all in. It's a beautiful sight to him.

EURON

Now.

The men release the rope. Yara plummets down and splashes into the sea.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The iron weight pulls Yara relentlessly downward into the cold ocean.

She looks up toward the glimmering of the sun above the waves. Its light is weak and distant.

She closes her eyes and holds her breath.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY
The sailors cross the deck to the other side of the ship. There's a rope trailing down from a pulley on the opposite end of the main yard. They rapidly pull in the slack then start to pull in concert as the rope finds resistance.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Yara is jerked up and sideways by the second rope. It pulls her steadily through the water, under the keel of the ship.

On the way up, her head smacks against the hull. Air bubbles stream from her mouth and nose as she blacks out.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY

Yara is hoisted up and out of the water, limp and dripping. Her head lolls lifelessly, and her wet hair hangs down over her face.

They reel her in and lay her faceup on the deck. They pull her wet hair out of her face. She is not breathing.

EURON

Revive her.

His men move to obey him. As they work, Euron crouches down and leers sadistically at his unconscious niece.

EURON

Come now, niece. You're not allowed to die until we have your brother too.

Finally Yara jerks awake, spitting water. She doubles up on the deck, retching and shaking. Euron watches with serene glee. Then leans down close to her.

EURON

Good morning, Yara. It's another beautiful day.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN MAST - LATER

The activities have only just begun.

Yara stands bound to the main mast, as Ironborn sailors line up to hit her. She takes several painful-looking hits, one from each man, with little chance to recover between blows. Euron watches the show with great amusement.

MARON VOLMARK, a thick-chested brute, delivers a devastating punch to Yara's face -- a wild swinging haymaker that wrenches her neck and busts her cheek open. Euron laughs his appreciation as fresh blood trickles down her face.

Maron steps aside for the next man, an OLD SAILOR.

As the old sailor steps forward, his eyes meet Yara's. She's still half-dazed from the punch, but a faint glint of defiance is visible as she stares him down. He stares back at her. For just a moment, a glimmer of something shows through his hard, grizzled deadpan. Is it reluctance?
The old sailor steps up and drives his fist deep into Yara's stomach.

She doubles over, all the wind driven from her. The old sailor walks away. Yara hangs there, sagging against her ropes, gasping airlessly like a dying fish.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - EVENING

The old sailor is swabbing the deck.

EURON (O.S.)

You.

The sailor looks up to see Euron striding toward him across the deck.

OLD SAILOR

Captain.

EURON

You used to sail under my niece, didn't you?

OLD SAILOR

(downplaying)

One raid.

EURON

What was that like, taking orders from a woman?

OLD SAILOR

(stiff)

S'not right. S'why I named you king. Not right to have a queen.

Euron eyes him shrewdly. He leans in close.

EURON

Did you enjoy hitting her?

OLD SAILOR

Aye, captain.

EURON

But you took your sweet time doing it.

The old sailor looks up. Euron's got a psychopathic gleam in his eye. The man knows he needs to tread carefully.

OLD SAILOR
Just searching for a good target, my captain.

EURON

Ah. Well that makes sense. You chose well. Knocked all the wind out of her.

Euron mimes Yara doubling over and cackles. The old sailor does his best to laugh along convincingly.

EURON

Of course, she got her wind back, didn't she. And now she's none the worse for it. You could've broke her nose. Wrenched her jaw. Cracked a rib. So many good parts to choose from. But no, you buried your fist into her nice soft belly. It probably doesn't even hurt anymore.

A tense beat.

OLD SAILOR

I... I hadn't thought of that, captain.

EURON

No. Of course not.

He smiles. Then spins on his heel and walks off. The old sailor breathes a sigh of relief.

Euron nods to TWO MEN standing nearby. One of them draws a small hooked blade. And a set of pincer tongs.

OLD SAILOR

(dawning horror)

No.

The two men rush him and tackle him to the deck.

OLD SAILOR

No! No! I hate the bitch, I swear it! Please! Don't! DON'T!

They grab his tongue with the tongs and now there are no words to his screams anymore, only agony.
Drogon and Rhaegal make themselves at home on the lawn outside the Broken Tower. Dany, Jon, Tyrion, Davos, and Missandei sit atop Drogon's back. Jon jumps off and starts helping the others down, as Dany holds the dragon steady.

GHOST comes loping toward them, then freezes at a distance when he sees the dragons. Jon spots him. A grin spreads across his face.

JON

Who's that? I see you.

Ghost takes a step backward -- ears flat, tail tucked, eyeing the dragons. A low, nervous growl starts up in his throat.

JON

Come here, boy.

Ghost looks at Jon and whines piteously.

Jon steps away from the dragons, and walks toward Ghost. Ghost takes another step backward and looks again at the dragons.

JON

You're braver than that, come on.

Jon crouches down and Ghost finally drops his caution. He comes up to Jon and sniffs his face in greeting, a panting wolfy smile on his face.

Dany walks up behind Jon, looking rather awed and intrigued. She's never seen a wolf before, let alone a direwolf.

DANY

Who is this?

JON
(looking up at her)

My direwolf. Ghost, say hello.

Dany holds out a hand, and Ghost sniffs at her. Ghost licks his own nose, looks at Jon, then back at Dany. Dany moves to pet him, but Ghost pulls his head back to sniff her some more, lifting one front foot. She allows him to sniff her until he seems satisfied, then she gives him a pat on the head.

JON

Ghost. Arya is coming to get you, boy. You go north with her, understand? You keep her safe.

Ghost looks at Jon.

The crunching of footsteps announces the arrival of Sansa, approaching through the snow. She's staring at the dragons, wide-eyed. She's more than a little overwhelmed by them, but her instinct for courtesy is so strong that she's able to suppress it. Jon smiles when he sees her.

JON

Sansa...

He looks like he's about to go hug her, then he remembers his manners.

JON

(to Dany)

Your grace, may I present my sister, Lady Sansa Stark, the Lady of Winterfell.

Sansa smiles graciously and curtsies.

DANY

It is an honor to meet you, Lady Stark.

SANSA

The honor is mine, your grace. May I show you to your chambers?

Dany looks at Jon, then smiles at Sansa.

DANY

I would like that very much.

Dany heads off with Sansa. Jon's gaze lingers on Dany as she walks away. Then a shout from a different direction:

SAM (O.S.)

Jon!

Jon turns his head and sees SAMWELL TARLY hurrying through the snow.

JON
...Sam?

Jon laughs in disbelief and walks toward him.

JON

Sam, what are you doing here?

They embrace. Then break apart as Sam gapes at the dragons.

SAM

Gods be good. You rode in on that?

JON

Aye.

SAM

What was that like?

JON

Very pointy.

SAM

(awestruck)

They're beautiful.

JON

Wouldn't get too close, if I were you.

(teasing)

Sam, I'm Warden of the North now. I'm supposed to behead Night's Watch deserters.

SAM

We both know you won't do that.

Jon grins.

SAM

The Night's Watch was founded to fight the White Walkers. The fight is here. Not at the Citadel, or at Castle Black.

Sam pauses.

SAM

You've heard about Eastwatch?
Jon nods grimly.

SAM

Bran said he saw some of the men escape.

JON

I don't suppose they had time to burn the ones who didn't?

SAM

He didn't say.

Jon and Sam share a moment of silence for their fallen brothers.

JON

(intoning)

"We shall never see their like again."

SAM

"And now their watch is ended."

JON

I'm glad you're here, Sam.

They embrace again. Then Sam pulls away and looks in the direction where Dany had left.

SAM

(more lighthearted)

I see you have a new... uh...

Sam makes a suggestive face at Jon.

JON

(chiding)

Sam...

Sam grins impishly.

JON

(under his breath)

Sam. She's the queen.

SAM

Ohhh, the queen.
He nods, with gravitas. Then leans toward Jon conspiratorially.

SAM
Well done.

Jon hits Sam on the shoulder and looks away, embarrassed, while Sam laughs at him.

SAM
You should, um... you should talk to Bran, when you get the chance.

Jon gives Sam a look.

SAM
What?

JON
I haven't seen my brother in six years. You think I won't talk to him the soonest chance I get?

SAM
Oh. Yes. Of course you will.

Sam nods, with attempted casualness. Jon eyes him confusedly. But before he can say anything, Tyrion walks up, and Jon has to make introductions.

JON
Tyrion, this is my friend Samwell Tarly. We served together in the Night's Watch.

SAM
Pleased to meet you, Lord Tyrion.

Sam sticks out a hand.

TYRION
Tarly?

Tyrion looks at Jon, then at Sam, and realizes from their unconcerned manner that neither of them know about Randyll and Dickon Tarly being burned alive by Dany. An "oh shit" expression crosses Tyrion's face, then he remembers himself and shakes Sam's hand.

TYRION
It's... good to meet you too, Samwell. I heard you killed a White Walker once.

SAM
Oh. Yes, I... I did.
Mm. Perhaps you and I could... get a drink together, just the two of us. And you can regale me.

Sam hesitates, and looks at Jon.

JON

(shrugging)

Tyrion is one of the better drinking companions I've known.

SAM

Alright, then.

Tyrion nods and smiles, but there's worry in his eyes.
Dany and Sansa walk together down a hallway.

DANY

You've been ruling the North, in Jon's absence.

SANSA

Yes, your grace.

DANY

Your brother speaks very highly of you.

Sansa smiles politely.

SANSA

He's a good man, your grace. He takes his duty very seriously, and does it as well as he knows how.

DANY

And how well is that, in your opinion?

Sansa hesitates for the merest half-beat.

SANSA

Jon is a fine ruler, your grace.

DANY

(knowing)

You're uneasy about our alliance.

Sansa's face briefly betrays a flicker of alarm, before she moves to smooth things over.

SANSA

Your grace, I (would never--)
DANY
(interrupting)
That's fair. You don't know me.

Sansa looks at her -- surprised, curious, still cautious.

DANY

Your caution doesn't offend me, my lady. It shows wisdom.

She stops walking and faces Sansa.

DANY
(gentle)
I'm not here to conquer the North, Lady Stark. I'm here to help you. I swear to you, I will never ask
anything of your brother that is against the Northern interest. I will never hurt him. I will never betray
him. You have my word.

Sansa stares back at her, betraying nothing, weighing how much to trust this new player in the game.

INT. WINTERFELL KITCHENS - EVENING

Sam's face is a mask of shock.

TYRION
(halting)
I'm very sorry for your loss, Samwell.

SAM
(wavering)
How did they die?

TYRION

After the battle, the queen addressed the surviving Lannister soldiers, including your father and
brother. She offered them all a choice. That's more than most rulers do for their prisoners of war. She
offered amnesty to all those who would bend the knee before her.

SAM
And?

TYRION

...and your father and brother refused.

SAM
(more heat)
And?

Tyrion looks truly miserable.

TYRION

She burned them with her dragon.

Sam makes a horrified sound. Tyrion hurries to elaborate, though he's painfully aware of how feeble his reassurances must sound.

TYRION

I know that sounds terrible. But it was very quick. They didn't suffer.

SAM

(incredulous)

Didn't suffer?

TYRION

...not for long.

There's a miserable silence, punctuated by Sam's labored breathing as he tries to fight back tears. Finally:

SAM

Does Jon know?

A beat.

TYRION

Jon knows that his queen did battle with the Lannister forces, and that there were many casualties.

SAM

(ectching)

"His queen."

Tyrion eyes him warily.

TYRION

Samwell... Queen Daenerys has pledged all her forces to fighting the Night King and his army. Your friend bent the knee because (he knows she is our best hope of-- )

SAM

(testy, bitter)

You don't need to tell me about the importance of fighting the Night King, thank you.
TYRION

(backing down)

Of course.

Another beat, then Sam stands up brusquely, the legs of his chair scraping loudly against the floor. He heads for the door.

TYRION

(pained)

Samwell...

Sam stops. Then turns around to face Tyrion again.

SAM

(clipped)

Yes?

A long beat. Tyrion, who always knows the right thing to say, realizes that -- at least for now -- there's nothing he can say that won't just make things worse.

TYRION

If you wish to speak more, you can come to me at any time.

Sam stares back expressionlessly. Then turns and leaves without a word.
EXT. GODSWOOD - EVENING

BRAN STARK sits in the godswood, his eyes warg white. Jon and Sansa approach him, their feet crunching in the snow.

Jon stops and stares at Bran. This is the first time he's seen him since he left Winterfell for the Wall, years ago.

He takes slow steps toward him and crouches low, staring up into his little brother's face.

JON
Bran...

SANSA
He can't hear you.

Jon gazes sadly at Bran and nods.

JON
I know. He's flying north in his raven. It's a long flight.

(beat)

The last time I saw him, he'd just fallen from a tower. I said goodbye, but he couldn't hear me then, either.

SANSA
He didn't fall. He was pushed.

Jon looks up at her, then back at Bran.

JON
Aye, I know.

SANSA
Jon...
(Jon looks up)

...you don't really believe Cersei is going to fight alongside us, do you?

A beat.

JON

I don't know her like you know her, Sansa. But Tyrion knows her better than either of us. If he says she'll help us...

SANSA

You pledged to fight for Daenerys Targaryen, the woman who means to take her throne from her. She will never forgive you that.

JON

Everything you've ever told me about Cersei... I believe you, Sansa. But you've never seen a dead man try to kill you. I went north of the Wall, captured one, dragged it to the capital, and dumped it at her feet.

(beat)

Yes, she's a monster. And when that monster looked into the face of the monster that is coming for us now, she forgot yesterday's wars. That should terrify you.


JON

You'll see what I mean. And a lot sooner than I'd hoped.

SANSA

How soon?

JON

Bran said the army is marching for Last Hearth. If they hit Karhold next, that should give us two or three weeks. As long as the Night King doesn't change course, or fly ahead of his army.

(beat)

I suppose Bran will tell us if that happens.

They both stare at Bran.

SANSA

Well. No news is good news, then.

Bran's eyes are warg white.
EXT. KING'S LANDING - DAY

Chapter Notes

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EXT. NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

A lone raven wings its way north. It's Bran, carrying his all-important messages to Last Hearth and Karhold.

EXT. KING's landing - day

Our wide aerial of the northern countryside gives way to a wide aerial of King's Landing.

INT. CORRIDOR TO CERSEI'S OFFICE - DAY

BRONN walks down a corridor of the Red Keep, escorted by THE MOUNTAIN. They round a corner and enter Cersei's office.

INT. CERSEI'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mountain closes the door behind them, and escorts Bronn as he approaches CERSEI LANNISTER, the most murderous woman in the world. She stares at him dispassionately from behind her desk.

CERSEI

(enunciating dangerously)

Ser Bronn of the Blackwater.

BRONN

(not afraid of you)

Queen Cersei.

An awkward beat.

CERSEI

Please sit.

Bronn moves to sit.

CERSEI
Thank you for coming.

BRONN

(re: Mountain)

That one's hard to refuse.

CERSEI

We have never really talked properly, have we.

BRONN

I prefer dealing with your brothers. Speaking of which, what happened to Jaime? He still owes me money.

CERSEI

Does he? How rude of him to leave without seeing to that.

BRONN

So he did leave. I thought maybe you killed him, for abandoning you.

Cersei deadpans at him.

CERSEI

What makes you think he abandoned me?

BRONN

Why else would you be talking to me? You don't like me. And I don't like you, frankly. But. You can't have your proper lords finding out that your own brother has abandoned your cause, can you? So you send him to escort me here, your pet mute, and no one else. So you can beg me to fetch Jaime back for you.

CERSEI

(cold)

I am your queen. You will speak to me with courtesy.

BRONN

(not intimidated)

You're a queen. And you don't pay me for my courtesy. You pay me to put meself in danger on your behalf. That frozen wasteland up there is the most dangerous place in the world. You want me to go there, you gotta pay up.

CERSEI

(echoing quizzically)

"The most dangerous place in the world."
BRONN
Swarming with dead men, isn't it? Or it will be, soon.

CERSEI
You believe that?

Bronn gives a wry half-laugh.

BRONN
I missed the monster show in the Dragonpit. But I know Tyrion. He wouldn't have come anywhere near you if that weren't the truth. None of those fools would've. Perhaps you hadn't noticed, but you're not very well-liked.

Cersei stares at him dispassionately.

BRONN
Jaime said you were sending your army up there to help. But you lied, didn't you? That's why he left.

CERSEI
Are you going to lecture me about honor?

BRONN
I'm not much for honor, really. I'm for survival. And so are you. I'd have done the same, probably.

(beat)

Your brother, on the other hand. He seems to have something against his own survival. It's very annoying, speaking as the man tasked with protecting him.

CERSEI
Is it now.

BRONN
Yeah, it is. But I have a feeling I'm no longer tasked with protecting him. So what is it you want?

Cersei regards him, weighing her words.

CERSEI
Find him. Talk sense into him. See if you can make him appreciate the merits of survival, as you and I do. Convince him to come back and reassume his rightful place as the commander of my armies.

BRONN
And if I fail at that?

CERSEI
Join his cause.
Bronn lifts his eyebrows.

CERSEI

Accompany him to Winterfell and offer yourself up to this usurper queen and her pet bastard. Serve them well. Gain their trust.

BRONN

And then?

CERSEI

Kill them all.

BRONN

Your brother too?

A long beat.

CERSEI

If you must.

Bronn leans back in his chair and gives Cersei an appraising look. The silence stretches on for a few beats.

BRONN

A hundred thousand gold dragons.

Cersei raises her eyebrows.

BRONN

Up front. Coin in hand. And another fifty thousand when I return with your brother. Or what's left of him, depending how things go.

CERSEI

Fifty thousand total. After you return.

BRONN

You really going to haggle me for your brother's life? A hundred thousand up front, or I don't go.

CERSEI

Why do you need so much coin in hand?

BRONN

So I can spend it. The world is ending, in case you hadn't noticed. I intend to treat meself on the road up.

CERSEI
"Treat yourself." You could buy out every inn and whore from here to Winterfell and still not put a dent in that gold.

BRONN

I've been working for the promise of gold for too long. I'm tired of that. Makes me sword arm sluggish. It needs to feel the weight of real gold, not promised gold, if it's to perk back up again. I need you to make good on this, as a gesture of good faith on your part.

Cersei stares expressionlessly at him for a long beat.

CERSEI

I'll have it delivered to your chambers in an hour.

BRONN

Alright, then. In an hour, we'll have ourselves a deal.

B bronze gets up and starts walking to the door.

CERSEI

B ronn.

(Bronn turns)

D on't you dare betray me.

She says this with such menace, such all-knowing power, that even Bronn is momentarily cowed.
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Winterfell's Great Hall is packed with NORTHERN BANNERMEN. Their uneasy voices clamor as they argue with each other, animated and afraid.

Jon's voice rises up and cuts through the chatter.

JON

This isn't the time to panic. It's time to prepare.

Jon stands at the head of the room, just in front of the high table, where Sansa is seated.

LORD GLOVER stands up.

LORD GLOVER

They have a dragon!

JON

And we have two.

A pause.

LORD GLOVER

Is it true you bent the knee to Daenerys Targaryen?

JON

It is.

Uneasy murmuring in the crowd. Lord Glover hesitates.

JON

Speak freely, Lord Glover.

Lord Glover frowns. Jon encourages him with a nod.

LORD GLOVER
I thought you would lose your head in the South, your grace. Truly I did. I'm impressed that you didn't. I'm impressed with the army you've brought back.

(beat)

But at what price? The dragon queen gives us an army and demands our freedom as sacrifice. Our independence.

JON

She didn't demand it, I gave it.

LORD GLOVER

Why?

Jon takes a breath and gathers himself for a speech.

JON

When I first arrived at Dragonstone, Daenerys Targaryen asked me to bend the knee. I refused her. I told her we didn't have time for her war with Cersei. I told her the dead were coming for us all.

(beat)

She didn't believe me. If she were her father, she would have burned me alive on the spot for the insult.

(beat)

Instead she helped me. A stranger, who had given her no assurances. She helped me mine the dragonglass and make weapons from it. And later, when my men and I were trapped beyond the Wall, she came and she saved us.

(beat)

She risked her own life to do that. She lost a dragon doing that, one of her own children. She's already fought for the North, bled for the North. And now she's pledged all her strength to the North, to help us win the Great War.

(beat)

She could've gone back to where she came from, after she saw the Army of the Dead. Instead, she's come here, to the most dangerous place in the world. Not because she has to. But because it's right.

More murmuring in the crowd.

JON

I know none of you will ever trust a Targaryen you don't know. I'm not asking you to. I'm asking you to trust me.

(beat)

You might not understand this choice. You might not agree with it. But you did choose to follow me.
The Night's Watch chose to follow me, once. But after I let the Free Folk through our gates, my officers lost confidence in me. They expressed it by ambushing me in my courtyard and stabbing me to death.

Silence. This is a widely-known legend in the North, but few have heard Jon speak of it himself.

JON

There's no need for that. If you have lost confidence in me, you will say it with words, here and now. You will choose another king, or no king at all, whatever suits you. But as long as I am your leader, I will do what's best for the North, as best as I can.

(beat)

If we survive this war, it will be because we had aid from the South. And if we survive this war, it won't be the last time in our history that we will need aid from the South. With Daenerys as queen, we will have it. Now and always.

(beat)

I know we're a proud people. But survival is more important than pride. The North is stronger with the other kingdoms than we are apart from them. That is why I bent the knee.

Jon lets the silence sit for a good moment, scanning the room for reactions.

JON

Does anyone have anything to say?

The murmuring starts up again in the crowd. Jon scans the whole room, making eye contact with individuals in turn.

Finally LYANNA MORMONT stands up.

LYANNA MORMONT

We know no king but the King in the North, whose name is Stark. We chose you, your grace. We didn't choose her.

(beat)

If what you say is true, Daenerys Targaryen is a good queen. But she's a southern queen, and I can't follow her.

There's a pause, as Lyanna and Jon share eye contact.

LYANNA MORMONT

But I can follow you. If you say this is the way, House Mormont stands behind you.

She remains standing. There's more murmuring, more animated now. After a while, LORD MANDERLY stands up as well.

LORD MANDERLY
House Manderly stands behind House Stark.

More murmuring. A shorter beat this time, then Lord Glover stands up as well. He gives a nod, no words necessary.

One-by-one, the rest of the room stands up, reaffirming their allegiance to Jon, until everyone is standing.

Jon pauses for one beat longer, giving the room one last chance to speak up. Then he gives a small, subtle smile.

JON

It's time to meet your new queen.

He nods and the door opens, to Jon's left at the far end of the room. Tyrion and Missandei enter. They walk to the center aisle and stand on either side of it, facing Jon from the far end of the room.

Tyrion and Sansa share a look. This is the first time they've seen each other since King's Landing.

Finally Dany enters. She's dressed in white furs. Amidst the darkly-clad Northerners, she practically illuminates the room.

Dany walks to the center aisle and stands at the end of the hall, with Tyrion and Missandei flanking her. Every eye is turned upon her, transfixed.

MISSANDEI

(to the room)


Dany takes a step forward. Tyrion and Missandei start to follow, but Dany gives them a look, and they hang back. Dany walks alone to the center of the room and stops.

Jon walks down the center aisle and joins her there, eyes locked on hers. He draws Longclaw and holds it up.

Jon and Dany stand face-to-face together in the middle of the room. Then Jon puts the point of his sword on the ground and kneels, head bowed.

Seeing him kneel, everyone else in the room kneels as well, starting tentatively with a few individuals closest to the center, then rippling outward like a wave, all the way to the walls, as Dany watches.

Dany turns her gaze back to Jon and begins to speak. Jon looks up at her as she does.

DANY

Jon Snow, son of Eddard Stark. I swear to you this sacred oath. Your people are my people, to protect. Your lands are my lands, to defend. Your honor is my honor, to uphold. I swear to hear your counsel, hold your trust, and rain justice upon those who would harm you and yours. I swear it by the old gods and the new.
Jon gazes up at her, still kneeling, and speaks his part of the oath.

JON

Daenerys Targaryen, first of your name. I swear to you this sacred oath. Your allies are my allies. Your enemies are my enemies. Your word is my law. I swear to obey you, defend you, and come to your aid whenever called upon. I swear it by the old gods and the new.

Jon picks up his sword, holds it horizontally across both hands, and slowly lays it down at her feet.

DANY

Rise.

Jon stands up, and the room stands with him. He and Dany clasp forearms. Tentative clapping begins, then gradually grows and fills the room. The significance of the moment is reflected on the faces of the people present: Tyrion, Sansa, Missandei, Davos, various bannermen.

Alone in their own moment, Jon and Dany look at each other, the applauding crowd blurred into the background.
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANY'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANY'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

JON

Your Unsullied seemed to struggle a bit on the Kingsroad.

Jon and Dany walk together down the hallway.

DANY

They've never seen snow before.

JON

Hm. We'll have to get them used to it. Teach them proper Northern fighting.

They've reached Dany's chamber.

INT. DANY'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

JON

Our weather here is as dangerous as any army. It's said that the North can never be held by southerners.

Dany closes the door behind them as Jon continues.

JON

It's too big and too wild, and if the Northmen don't kill you, the (snows will--)

Dany pushes Jon aggressively against the wall and kisses him, hard.

Jon laughs, a little taken aback by her intensity.

JON

Dany, what--

She kisses him again and starts taking off his clothes.
CUT TO:

Dany and Jon are naked in bed, tangled up in a postcoital embrace, breathing hard as they catch their breath.

Some sudden thought makes Jon smile.

DANY

What's funny?

JON

Some girls like flowers. You seem to prefer kingdoms.

She laughs.

DANY

Did your last girl swoon for flowers?

JON

No, she wasn't the swooning sort.

DANY

Hm, neither am I. But. When a man kneels for me, and a whole kingdom kneels with him...

Jon smiles.

DANY

...I admit that does carry a certain appeal.

JON

I'll have to find you more kingdoms.

Dany grins. They kiss.

JON

I should go.

DANY

Why?

JON

People might get suspicious.

DANY

Of what?
Jon sighs at her, though he looks more amused than exasperated.

JON

I said a lot of nice things about you tonight. Reassured everyone with sensible, kingly reasons for bending the knee. We don't want my people to imagine... less kingly reasons.

He gets out of bed and starts putting his clothes back on.

Dany rolls onto her belly, chin propped on one elbow, watching him.

Dany's POV: our gaze lingers lovingly over Jon's body as he gets dressed.

DANY

(teasing)

Does it bother you that you can't call yourself king anymore?

JON

(pulling on a shirt)

You seem to keep forgetting that I'm just a bastard.

DANY

You've come a long way.

JON

So have you.

Dany smiles.

Jon finishes putting his clothes on. He un-dishevels his hair and starts making for the door.

DANY

Jon.

She gets out of bed. She's still naked. Our gaze lingers lovingly over her body.

She comes up to him, presses him against the wall, and herself against him, and kisses him again.

DANY

Stay.

JON

(deadpan)

You really like kingdoms.

She grins and starts to lean in again. Jon puts a hand against her chest and stops her with a wry smile.
JON

How's this. Marry me, and I'll warm your bed whenever you want. Until then...

He peels her hands off himself and imprisons them together in his own hands. He gives her a smile and a peck on the cheek, then leaves.

END OF EPISODE 801

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E01 - "Fealty." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site aliceshipwise.com:
- S08E01 - "Fealty"
- S08E02 - "The Truth"
- S08E03 - "Silence"
- S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
- S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
- S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
- S08E07 - "Winterfell"

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season 8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)
Bronn makes his move. Melisandre seeks vision. Jaime arrives at Winterfell. Yara has an encounter. Jon speaks with Bran.

EXT. GODSWOOD - DAY

BRAN STARK sits alone in the Winterfell godswood. We push in close on his face, his eyes warg white...

INT. LAST HEARTH - NED UMBER'S CHAMBER - DAY

...and pull out on the face of a RAVEN, sitting perched upon a bedpost. It opens its beak and caws urgently at:

Young NED UMBER -- sitting up in bed, disheveled, looking down at a raven scroll in his hands. The boy has just been urgently woken up. The MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH stands nearby, looking grave.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

Little lord...

NED UMBER

Everyone wanted this castle taken from us. Jon Snow gave it back.

Ned looks up at his maester.

NED UMBER

He gave it to me to hold it.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

And now he's asking you to ride for Winterfell.

NED UMBER

I can't.

He lifts his chin bravely, but is unable to stop tears from leaking out, undercutting the strength of his words.
NED UMBER

I am Lord of Last Hearth. This castle is mine to defend.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

This castle will be your tomb if you stay.

Ned looks up at him plaintively.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

(sitting down on the bed)

Listen to me, Ned. You are more than the Lord of Last Hearth. You are the last Umber. If you die, your house dies with you. I know this is your home. But in the end, it's just a big stone house, and houses can be rebuilt. But not by dead men.

Ned stares at him.

EXT. LAST HEARTH COURTYARD - DAY

Chaotic activity abounds as everyone in Last Hearth hurriedly prepares to leave. A trickle of people is already filtering out of the gates, some on horseback, some on foot. Others are loading basic provisions onto horses and carts.

Ned Umber hangs back, seeing everyone out of the gate.

Finally it's just him and his maester, standing alone in the courtyard. Ned is holding his own horse by the reins. He looks up at his maester.

NED UMBER

Where's your horse?

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

I gave her away. To one of the kitchen girls.

Ned gives him a confused, apprehensive look. The maester crouches down so that he is eye-to-eye with the boy.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

Ned. You are Lord Eddard of House Umber. You are more than this castle. But I am the maester of Last Hearth. I am sworn to serve whomever holds her. My oaths are not to any lord or lady, but to this castle. I am a part of her, and I cannot leave her, no more than the stones in her foundation could leave her.

NED UMBER

I won't leave you.

MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH

You must. Farewell, little lord.
Ned stares at his maester, not wanting to believe that he really intends to stay behind. The maester meets his gaze steadily, and as Ned sees his resolve and understands that this is all truly happening, he starts to cry.

Ned goes to his maester, arms outstretched, and the man gathers the boy into his arms. In that moment, Ned is not a lord or the heir to a noble house. He is a frightened child, a refugee of war, terrified and weeping.
EXT. NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

JORAH MORMONT is striking a tent, together with HADORRO, a young Dothraki rider with an inquisitive face.

JORAH

(in Dothraki, subtitled)

How do you like the North?

HADORRO

(broken English)

Too much white thing.

JORAH

"Snow."

HADORRO

Snow. Is very... lain?

JORAH

"Beautiful."

HADORRO

Beautiful. But is...

He mimes shivering.

JORAH

"Cold."

HADORRO

Cold. Beautiful but cold. Like khaleesi, zhey Jora Andahlì, sek?
He laughs and gives Jorah a brotherly thump on the shoulder, as Jorah ties the folded tent onto a packhorse. Jorah does his best to smile with good humor, but there's a pained quality to it.

A commotion of hooves and shouting makes Jorah turn his head. DOTHRASI RIDERS are letting off steam, racing each other, firing arrows from horseback.

One of the riders playfully takes aim and sends an arrow whizzing within inches of Jorah's body, only to deliberately miss and bury itself harmlessly in the ground. The riders laugh at Jorah's flinch, and Hadorro laughs along with them. Jorah shoots him a brief look, nursing his bruised pride.

HADORRO

I am happy we here. No good, Dothraki too long no fight.

JORAH

I heard you had some fighting in the South.

Hadorro snorts derisively.

HADORRO

No fight. Frightened sheeps.

JORAH

Well, you won't be facing frightened sheep up here. Dead men don't know fear.

Hadorro nods and mounts up on his horse.

HADORRO

Good.

He rides off. Jorah mounts up as well and follows after him.

Around them, other riders are breaking camp and saddling horses. And in their midst:

ARYA STARK crouches on the ground, rolling up her bedroll.

Arya picks up the bedroll and starts fastening it to the back of her saddle. She hears the sound of galloping hooves and looks up to see:

THE HOUND galloping toward her across the snowy countryside.

Arya stares at him in shock, her hands halted paused on her saddle.

The Hound slows to a trot as he approaches, then pulls up to a stop by Arya's horse. He looks down at her as she stares up at him.

HOUND

Arya Fucking Stark.

She stares at him another beat, then breaks eye contact and finishes up with her bedroll and saddle.

ARYA
(avoiding his eyes)

Thought you were dead.

HOUND

Not yet. Suppose I should be thanking you for that. Remember? How you walked away, while I screamed and begged for you to kill me?

(off her silence)

Cold-hearted bitch.

Arya hesitates, looking guilty and unsure of herself.

ARYA

I'm sorry.

HOUND

No, you're fucking not.

Arya mounts up on her horse and starts riding. The Hound falls in beside her.

ARYA

What are you doing out here?

HOUND

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm helping you.

Arya glances furtively at him, then stares straight ahead once again.

HOUND

I couldn't stand another moment in your shit castle. It's too crowded, and all the people are miserable. Heard you were out here. Figured I might as well get some fresh air before we all die.

They ride on in silence for a bit, looking ahead, not making eye contact.

ARYA

I'm glad you're not dead.

The Hound looks at her a moment, then out ahead again.

HOUND

Yeah. You too.

Arya and the Hound ride on in companionable silence, north across the snowy landscape -- two oddly-matched figures amongst the sprawling Dothraki khalasar.
EXT. KING'S LANDING - DAY

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E02_the_truth_part1.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - DAY

A wide aerial tells us we're in King's Landing.

EXT. KING'S LANDING DOCKS - DAY

A MAN IN A CLOAK pulls a small handcart along the cobblestone dockside, bearing a chest. His cloak is roughspun and nondescript. Its hood is pulled up, obscuring the man's face.

The cart hits a bump. There's a clink of coins in the chest.

All around, SAILORS and DOCK HANDS are at work, loading and unloading ships. They push past the man, never sparing him a second glance.

A ship captain stands on a dock, supervising while barrels, crates, and other items are loaded onto his ship. He's a dark-haired Volantene man.

BRONN (O.S.)

When's this ship leaving harbor?

The VOLANTENE CAPTAIN looks up with an irritated expression. He's not an unkind man, but he's busy, and he doesn't welcome this interruption.

Captain's POV: the cloaked man is BRONN, looking down at him from the dockside.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

(Volantene accent)

Too soon for you to get aboard.

BRONN

Where's she sailing?

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

Please. I am busy. Go away.

Bronn reaches inside his cloak and draws out a small drawstring pouch. He tosses it, and the captain catches it. He gives Bronn a look, loosens the drawstring, and draws out a gold coin. He hesitates,
looking down into the pouch. His expression suggests that this is generous fare. He sighs.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

East. Across the Narrow Sea.

BRONN

Good.

Bronn walks toward the captain's ship, towing his chest behind him. The captain looks down at the gold in his hand.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

(calling after Bronn)

Don't you want to know where in Essos?

Bronn either doesn't hear him or doesn't care.

INT. BRONN'S CABIN - DAY

The dockside is visible through a small porthole window.

Bronn lowers his hood. He crouches down on the floor of his cabin and opens the chest. He takes out several items of clothing and lays them aside, revealing a fortune in gold coins underneath.

Bronn runs his fingers across the coins. Precioussssss.

Bronn sits and admires his wealth for a while. Then he puts the clothing back into the chest, covering up the gold. His expression is more anxious now, almost fearful. He shuts the chest, padlocks it, and tucks the key into his pocket.

EXT. VOLANTENE SHIP - STERN - SUNSET

The ship is well under sail now.

Bronn paces anxiously back and forth across the stern of the ship, staring west toward the setting sun, toward King's Landing.


VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

You will wear a groove on my deck.

Bronn looks up. He snorts and resumes pacing. He's not really in the mood for chitchat.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

You are homesick already? What are you running to in such hurry?

Bronn ignores him.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN
Or maybe you are not running to anything. Maybe you are running from.

Bronn ignores this, but a faint crease of worry shows through his poker face. He was hoping to sneak off discreetly.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

Smart man. I hear foul rumors from the North. If they are true, Westeros is no place for living men.

Bronn breathes a small sigh of relief and nods his agreement. Yes, that's a good, anonymous cover story. It's even true.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

It is good you get aboard a ship while you still can. A cabin east will become very expensive very soon. You won't find me coming back this way. No, no. Time to go home.

BRONN

And where's that?

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

Volantis. We'll stop at Pentos on the way, pick up food to sell. I hear the Golden Company's staying in Volantis. Twenty thousand hungry sellswords. They will pay me a high price for livestock and grain. You can get off at Pentos or come with me to Volantis, your choice.

Our own sellsword permits himself one look east, down the length of the ship toward the open sea. He contemplates his future. Then he turns back and looks west again, toward King's Landing, shrinking slowly with distance. He resumes his anxious pacing.
EXT. VOLANTIS - LONG BRIDGE - DAY

The Long Bridge tells us that we're in Volantis.

INT. LONG BRIDGE TAVERN - DAY

The tavern is rowdily crowded with GOLDEN COMPANY SELLSWORDS.

Sitting at one of the tables is HARRY STRICKLAND -- the commander of the Golden Company, lounging languidly in his chair. Sitting with him is MARQ MANDRAKE -- one of his lieutenants. Marq is tense and preoccupied.

MARQ

I know a trader who swears he saw her dragons.

HARRY

(unimpressed)

I know a trader who swears he saw her cunt.

MARQ

(ignoring that)

He said the biggest one was like Balerion the Black Dread, born again.

HARRY

And how does he know that? Was he there when Aegon the Conqueror forged the Iron Throne?

MARQ

(this is serious)

Harry...

Harry looks at him: what.

MARQ
How are we going to defeat her dragons?

HARRY

It's not our job to defeat her dragons.

MARQ

Is it our job to burn alive?

HARRY

Queen Cersei says she has a way of killing them.

Marq is skeptical.

HARRY

Marq. This is the best contract we've had in years. The entire company, for well above our asking rates. You've been eating, drinking, and fucking, off the advance she paid us. So quit your whinging, and drink the ale that lovely Queen Cersei has bought you.

Harry picks up a tankard and bangs it down onto the table in front of his lieutenant, to punctuate his point.

Marq takes a reluctant sip.

MARQ

(allowing a smirk)

I'd sooner the dragon queen bought me a drink.

HARRY

If she'd offered, I would have gladly entertained her advances. But she didn't.

MARQ

The Second Sons switched sides for her. Back when she took Yunkai.

HARRY

(sharp)

The Second Sons broke their contract. Daario Naharis isn't a soldier, he's a romantic with a sword. We're the Golden Company. We don't break contract. We don't fight for romance. We fight for gold.

It's clear from his tone that this discussion is at an end. Marq sighs and drinks his ale. Then puts the ale back down.

MARQ

(getting up to go)

I need to take a piss.
EXT. LONG BRIDGE PISSING SPOT - DAY

Marq pisses off the Long Bridge into the Rhoyne River, much as Tyrion had done, some seasons ago. He stares moodily into the water, contemplating his career choices.

Marq shakes himself dry and puts away his cock. He continues gazing into the river. His eyes follow the river downstream to where it opens into the harbor. A number of ships are docked there, with another sailing in now.

EXT. VOLANTIS DOCKSIDE - DAY

MELISANDRE disembarks from her ship. She gazes up at the Long Bridge.

EXT. VOLANTIS - RED TEMPLE - DUSK

KINVARA, Flame of Truth, Light of Wisdom and First Servant of the Lord of Light, stands before the doors of the Red Temple of Volantis -- the world's largest and most glorious temple of the Lord of Light. She watches dispassionately as Melisandre approaches, climbing the temple steps.

KINVARA

(in Valyrian, subtitled)

You're back.

MELISANDRE

(in Valyrian, subtitled)

Yes, sister.

KINVARA

(cold)

I am not your sister.

MELISANDRE

We are all brothers and sisters before the eyes of our Lord. Even those of us who stray far afield.

Kinvara just looks at her. We don't know the history between these two, but it has evidently not always been entirely friendly.

KINVARA

What are you doing here, Melisandre of Asshai?

MELISANDRE

The Long Night is here.

(quoting prophecy)

"Only the one who was promised can bring the dawn."

KINVARA
"The one who was promised." Daenerys Stormborn.

MELISANDRE

(nodding assent)

I believe she has a role to play.

KINVARA

But once you believed in another. You ignored my counsel, sailed across the Narrow Sea, and whispered false prophecies into the ear of Stannis Baratheon. And when he fell, the non-believers seized upon your mistake to make mock of our faith.

MELISANDRE

Yes. I was wrong.

Three words Kinvara had never expected to hear from this woman. She regards Melisandre in silence for a moment.

KINVARA

That doesn't explain why you're here.

MELISANDRE

This is our Lord's holiest temple. I have come to gaze into the flames of His most sacred fire. To pray.

KINVARA

"To pray."

Melisandre nods.

KINVARA

Just to pray?

MELISANDRE

You say that like it is an easy thing.

KINVARA

And what do you pray for, Melisandre of Asshai?

MELISANDRE

For clarity. For vision and guidance.

(beat)

And for forgiveness.

Kinvara eyes her. She still doesn't fully trust Melisandre. But it's clear that Melisandre is not the same
priestess that she was the last time Kinvara saw her.

Kinvara nods and steps to one side. Melisandre walks past her and enters the temple.

INT. RED TEMPLE MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Melisandre walks slowly into the cavernous main hall of the Red Temple. An unseen fire sends flickering light dancing across her face.

Said fire becomes visible to us now. An enormous roaring bonfire, housed in a brazier many feet in diameter. It dominates the space, sending glowing embers upward toward a ceiling so high it is lost in darkness. There are no other lights in this hall -- no torches, no candles. Just this one great fire.

Melisandre approaches this fire with almost fearful reverence. She's not the self-important, supremely confident seer she once was. She's doing this for duty, not glory. And she's more afraid than eager about what she might see.

She stares into the flames. If fire is the source of sacred visions, then this fire is the HD, plasma-screen, fiber-optic source of sacred visions.

MELISANDRE

(whispering)

Show me.

The fire roars and flickers.
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

DAENERYS TARGARYEN and JON SNOW sit side-by-side at the high table of Winterfell's Great Hall.

TYRION LANNISTER enters the hall, with JAIME LANNISTER at his side. NORTHERN GUARDS stand at attention along the walls.

Tyrion and Jaime walk to the center of the room and stop. MISSANDEI steps forward and does the honors.

Missandei

(to Jaime)

You stand in the presence of Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen. Mother of Dragons and Protector of the Seven Kingdoms.

(beat)

And her bannerman, Jon Snow of House Stark. Former Lord Commander of the Night's Watch, and Warden of the North.

TYRION

Your grace, my lord, I present my brother, Ser Jaime Lannister.

DANY

(to Jaime)

You made very good time, Ser Jaime. Thank you for coming north.

Jaime nods, but his expression is guilty, uneasy.

DANY

I believe Lord Tyrion has already informed you that the dead have breached the Wall. We expect they will be upon us in a few weeks. Lord Snow can advise you on the placement of your campground.

JAIME
That won't be necessary.

A flicker of confusion passes over Dany's face.

DANY

...how far ahead of your army did you ride?

JAIME

I don't have an army.

Tyrion looks up at Jaime in surprise and consternation. Dany and Jon both stare warily at Jaime.

DANY

(over-articulating)

That is not what I recall.

Tyrion glances at Dany and Jon, then speaks quietly and urgently to Jaime, sorely wishing that they could have had this conversation in private.

TYRION

(to Jaime)

Cersei pledged the Lannister forces to our cause. She said she would march your armies to fight alongside us.

JAIME

(to Tyrion)

Yes, she did say that.

DANY

(cold)

You've betrayed us.

Jaime looks at Dany.

JAIME

Everything that was said in the Dragonpit... I meant it. I thought Cersei meant it too. I'm sorry.

Dany stands up, slowly, holding Jaime in an iron gaze. As she speaks, she walks slowly around the end of the high table to stand in front of it.

DANY

You killed my allies, Ser Jaime. From Dorne, the Reach, the Iron Islands. People who had named me queen, people I had sworn to protect. You tried to kill me, and I tried to kill you.

JAIME
DANY

I put that enmity aside so that together we might face our common enemy. I put my own people in danger to make peace with you. My Hand risked his life twice to speak with you. My bannerman risked everything he's fought for to be truthful with you.

JAIME

I know.

TYRION

(to Dany and Jon)

Your grace, my lord, perhaps we could speak together alone.

Jaime starts to step away.

JON

The Kingslayer will stay where I can see him.

Jaime stops and looks at Jon. The look Jon returns is hard, cold, and unyielding. He's not going to be Good Cop today.

JON

(to Tyrion)

This is my family's castle. We have not extended him the guest right. He is not free to walk our halls alone until we say he is.

(beat)

But aye, let's talk.

Jon gestures. Tyrion gives Jaime a pained look over his shoulder, then steps up to the high table to huddle with Jon and Dany.

Jon and Dany both give Tyrion a hard stare, and it's clear he has some talking to do.

TYRION

I know this isn't what any of us were hoping for. We were hoping for an army. Jaime wanted to bring us an army, but he can't. So he's brought the only thing he can bring -- himself.

DANY

What do you expect us to do with him.

TYRION

Let him help us.

JON
"Help us." Thousands of Northerners fell fighting your family. All my people want him dead. I can't afford to protect him.

TYRION
He's valuable.

DANY
He's a one-handed man with no army. How is he valuable?

TYRION
The same way that I am valuable. For his mind.

DANY
I already have one smart Lannister. For all the good it's done me.

TYRION
There are different kinds of smart. When it comes to war, Jaime is the genius and I am the fool. Our war with Cersei has taught us that much. He has more military experience than all of us combined.

Dany gives Jaime an appraising look.

DANY
How do we know he won't betray us as well?

TYRION
If he wanted to betray us, he would've stayed in the South with my sister. He wouldn't be risking his life to come here unless he had truly broken faith with her. I know him better than either of you.

DANY
You told me you knew your sister, and you were wrong about her promises.

JON
(agreeing with Dany)
Cersei could be sending him as a spy. Have him learn our weaknesses from the inside, and tell her how to defeat us. If there's anything left of us to defeat.

TYRION
(bemused)
Where did an honest man like yourself learn to think such suspicious thoughts?

JON
You do think I'm an idiot.

TYRION
No, I... I don't.

JON

(to Jaime)

Ser Jaime. Your brother says you're a man of strategy. What would you do in our position?

A beat.

JAIME

If I'm lying, you should execute me. If I'm telling the truth, you need me.

TYRION

It really does come down to that.

JON

(snapping at Tyrion)

You told me in the Dragonpit that I should learn to lie. Now you're asking me to risk everything on your brother -- an oathbreaker -- telling us the truth.

TYRION

(pained)

You want me to eat my words. Consider them eaten. You were right, Jon Snow. The truth matters.

DANY

And how do you propose we learn the truth of this matter?

Tyrion finds himself uncharacteristically stumped. Dany's question hangs heavy in the air.

Then Jon stands up.

JON

(to Dany)

Your grace, may I leave the Kingslayer in your care?

DANY

...where are you going?

JON

Bran should be waking up soon.

They share a look, and a beat of comprehension passes over Dany's face as she realizes what Jon has in mind.

Jaime is confused. Tyrion is apprehensive. Dany pauses, then nods her assent.
INT. WINTERFELL DUNGEON - DAY

Jaime sits on a cot bed in a simply-furnished room. His good hand is manacled by a long chain to a ring in the wall.

The scraping of a key in a lock makes Jaime look up.

A guardsman opens the door, revealing BRIENNE. The door is heavily reinforced with iron bars, making it apparent that this room is a cell, though a relatively comfortable one.

Brienne hesitates in the doorway, staring at Jaime. The two share a long gaze.

Finally, tentatively, she enters the room and sits down, facing Jaime. She doesn't know what to say. The silence grows awkward.

Jaime takes pity on her and breaks the silence.

JAIME

I was your prisoner the first time we met. It seems we've come full circle.

BRIENNE

You're not my prisoner.

JAIME

Bit of an unimportant technicality, when you serve the Starks.

BRIENNE

I don't serve the Starks. I serve Lady Sansa.

JAIME

Shall we review the meaning of "unimportant technicality"?

(beat)

What do you want, anyway?

She hesitates.
BRIENNE

(halted)

I wanted to see you. See if there was anything I could do for you.

Jaime smiles wryly.

JAIME

You could free me. You'd have to kill the guards, probably. Betray the lady you serve. I don't expect your honor would permit you to do any of those things.

Brienne looks tortured.

JAIME

(musing)

I freed my brother when he was sentenced to death. That's a privilege one enjoys as a man without honor. You can kill anyone you like. You can save anyone you like.

BRIENNE

I'll vouch for you. I'll talk to Lady Sansa. I'll talk to Jon Snow.

JAIME

And tell them what? That I saved you from a bear once? That I was thinking of the children when I stabbed the Mad King in the back? Do you think that will sway them?

(beat)

They think I'm here to spy for Cersei. A highly plausible suspicion, to be honest. In retrospect, I didn't think this through very carefully. What a waste of a good defection.

Brienne looks sad, helpless.

JAIME

I hear that in the North, the condemned are granted the honor of being personally beheaded by the Lord of Winterfell. I suppose that ought to be Sansa Stark, as Lady of Winterfell. She doesn't really seem like the beheading type, though.

(beat)

Maybe she'll ask you to do it. You're her sworn sword. It would be the closest thing to doing it herself. Wouldn't that be deliciously poetic. I'll look up at you from the block with sad, stoic eyes. You'll do your duty.

(beat)

Then afterward, you'll wipe the blood from the sword I gave you, and shed a single tear for Ser Jaime Lannister -- Kingslayer, Oathbreaker, Man Without Honor.

BRIENNE
(almost crying)
Jaime...

Jaime looks at her. He takes pity, in spite of himself.

JAIME

Oh, cheer up, I'm joking.

(wry)

It'll be her brother.

BRIENNE

I'll talk to him. I will.

JAIME

Good luck with that. By all accounts, he's just like his father. Ned Stark has wished me dead (since the day I--)

BRIENNE

(stubborn)

I'll talk to him. You're not losing your head, Jaime. Not today.

Jaime regards her sadly.

JAIME

That's very nice of you to say.

Brienne stares at him, her eyes bright with tears.

BRIENNE

(halting)

Is there anything else that you might want?

Jaime gives her a look. There's a loaded silence.

JAIME

Is there anything you want, Brienne of Tarth?

She stares at him. Then starts to move closer.

Jaime puts up his hand, and she stops.

JAIME

I want a great many things. That I cannot have.
BRIENNE

(whispering)

You can.

JAIME

Not in this life.

They share a long gaze. Brienne is heartbroken. Jaime is sad and stoic.

Finally she gets up, awkward in her movements.

BRIENNE

I'll talk to them.

She walks to the door and knocks for the guardsman.

JAIME

Brienne.

She looks back at him, and they share another gaze.

JAIME

Thank you for trying.
INT. THE SILENCE - BRIG - NIGHT

YARA GREYJOY is imprisoned in the brig. Quite thoroughly imprisoned. Her wrists are tied together behind her back. She's chained to the wall by a leather collar around her neck. And there's a guard standing watch above the metal grate that opens up onto the deck of the ship.

She sits on the floor, leaning against the hull, eyes dull. Her split cheek is crusted over with dried blood.

She looks up as she hears noise above the grate. They're changing the guard. She narrows her eyes and cranes her neck, trying to get a look at the NEW GUARD through the bars of the grate. The guard looks down at her, revealing his face for a quick second. Then he turns his back again to stand watch.

Yara gazes up at him. A spark of the Yara we know and love comes back into her eyes, unextinguished as yet by all the drowning and beating and humiliation.

She picks herself off the floor and moves toward the grate. Her chain pulls taut. By design, she can't quite reach it. She leans her back against the steps leading up to the deck, as close to the grate as her chain will allow.

YARA

Tris Botley.

The guard, TRIS BOTLEY, almost looks at her, but suppresses the reaction. He stares straight ahead, ignoring her.

YARA

You didn't think I remembered you? I have a good mind for names and faces, among other things.

Tris ignores her.

YARA

You're still sore at me, aren't you.

TRIS

(stiff)
No.

YARA

Yes you are. You're sore as bruised balls.

TRIS

Shut up, whore.

Yara laughs.

YARA

Whore, am I?

(beat)

I have an immodest thirst for pussy, it's true. Or a good cock, on the right man.

She looks up at him as she says that, but he resists the bait.

YARA

But I'm not a whore. That's why you're sore at me, all these years later.

TRIS

(mocking)

You still think you're better than everyone? I hope Euron drowns you.

YARA

He did. Learning to wish for things you can have, are you?

Ouch.

YARA

I was better than everyone. I could outfight, outfuck, and outsail any of you. I was captain of my own ship. And you were just another grubby hand, fit only to swab my deck.

TRIS

I told you to shut up.

YARA

Or what?

TRIS

I have permission to flog you.

YARA
You have permission to flog me. You think that's attractive, do you? "Oh, daddy Euron says I can flog you, stay back!" A true Ironborn doesn't need permission.

TRIS

So that's what I did wrong?

Yara laughs.

YARA

If you'd tried that, I would have choked you with your own cock.

TRIS

Why are you talking to me?

Yara jerks against her collar, making her chain clink.

YARA

Circumstances change.

A loaded silence.

TRIS

I'm not going to free you.

YARA

Good. That would be awkward. What could I do, if you freed me? I'm a good swimmer, but not that good. Perhaps I'll seduce a mermaid and she'll swim me back to Westeros.

TRIS

What do you want, then?

She leans back against the steps.

YARA

(seductive)

What any Ironborn wants, when they've been too long at sea.
INT. THE SILENCE - BRIG - DAY

Morning light filters down through the grate into the brig. Yara is curled up in the corner, asleep.

The grate swings open with a metal bang, waking her. Yara squints up as EURON GREYJOY comes clomping down the steps.

EURON

(chipper as always)

Good morning, niece.

Yara just deadpans stoically at him. It's keelhaul-o-clock again, is it? Yay.

EURON

I've got a very special surprise for you today.

Oh. This sounds worse. Yara tries hard not to let her uncle see her dread.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY

Euron strides bouncily along the deck of his ship, heading for the stern. He drags Yara along behind him on a leash, as is his wont.

EXT. THE SILENCE - STERN - DAY

Euron walks right up to the taffrail at the stern of the ship. He grabs Yara by the hair on the back of her head, controlling the direction of her gaze. With his other hand, he points at something in the distance.

EURON

Look. There it is! Your special surprise.

Yara gazes out and sees a lone ship, trailing far behind the rest of Euron's vast armada. She stares at it, not quite comprehending.

Euron helpfully produces a long spyglass and holds it up to her face.

EURON
Here. This will help.

Through the spyglass, Yara sees the ship properly. A look of recognition comes over her face.

EURON

It's your beloved brother. Come to save the day! Isn't that exciting?

Yara is unable to fully hide her reaction. Equal parts breathless hope and terrified dread.

EURON

Let's go say hello, shall we?

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - BOW - DAY

THEON GREYJOY stands at the bow of his ship, staring through a long spyglass of his own.

Theon's POV: three of Euron's ships are sailing toward us, led by the Silence. And there, lashed to the prow of the Silence--

Yara is tied spread-eagle, naked, adorning the prow of Euron's ship like a living figurehead.

Theon slowly lowers the spyglass. His expression is equal parts disgusted horror and bittersweet relief.

THEON

They have her.

His FIRST MATE seizes the spyglass from him and stares through it. He stares a bit too long, Theon snatches the spyglass from the man's hands and glares at him: you sick perv.

FIRST MATE

We should prepare to board.

Theon stares out at the fast-approaching ships. They're big, mean ships, far bigger and meaner than theirs. Theirs is a small, fast ship. Built for chasing. Or fleeing.

THEON

There's too many of them.

FIRST MATE

(you coward)

And?

THEON

They'll sink us before we get within a hundred feet of her.

FIRST MATE

You afraid, little Theon?
THEON

He'll kill her. As soon as he kills us, he'll kill her too.

He turns and shouts down to the rest of the crew.

THEON

Turn around!

His IRONBORN stop and stare at him from their various posts.

THEON

Now! Quickly!

Sullen, disbelieving looks. It's uncertain whether they will obey him. A tense beat passes, and then they do.

The first mate deadpans at him, unimpressed.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - DAY

Euron Greyjoy is having the best day of his life. He's walking along the deck, dragging Yara by the hair. She's still naked. Euron's men guffaw and leer at her as she passes.

EURON

(mocking Theon)

"I'm coming, Yara! I'm coming to save you! What's that? Oh no, my uncle! Run away!"

He cackles delightedly.

Euron and Yara pass Tris Botley on the deck and Yara shoots Tris a look, which Euron doesn't see. Tris and Yara share a significant gaze for a moment. Tris can't help but ogle her naked body as she walks away.

EURON

(re: Theon)

What a twat!

INT. THE SILENCE - BRIG - DAY

Euron throws Yara back down into the brig, still naked. He hands a wooden bucket to MARON VOLMARK, who's on guard duty.

EURON

Maron, throw a bucket of water on her every hour or so.

MARON

(with pleasure)
Aye, captain.

Yara is chained again by her collar, and her wrists are bound behind her back by a length of rope. Maron comes down into the brig and throws a bucket of seawater on her, drenching her. He laughs and kicks her in the ribs. Above him, the other Ironborn see this and laugh. Then Maron exits and locks the grate above her, leaving Yara alone in the dimness.

Yara sits huddled in the corner of the brig -- bruised, naked, wet, and shivering.
EXT. VOLANTENE SHIP - STERN - NIGHT

The sun has set, but Bronn is too restless to sleep. He paces back and forth across the stern of the ship, as he had before.

Bronn's POV: King's Landing is still just barely visible -- a glimmer of distant torchlight on the horizon.

Bronn stops pacing, puts his hands on the taffrail, and stares intently at the disappearing city. He stands there, holding his breath. Finally, he takes a deep breath and permits himself a small sigh of relief. He starts to turn away from the railing--

THUNK!

An unidentified noise makes Bronn nearly jump out of his skin. He scans all around, trying to find the source of the noise.

A wooden rolling sound draws his eye to a barrel on the main deck, rolling back and forth to the sway of the ship. Bronn eyes it warily, then seems embarrassed at his own alarm. Just a barrel of ship's goods that had slipped loose from its lashings. Right?

SPLASH!

...what was that?

He scans all around, spooked. And that's when he sees--

Another barrel, sailing implausibly through the air from some random point on the water. It lands on the deck with a THUNK much like the first one. But this one cracks slightly from the impact, and some kind of liquid starts trickling out of it. Bronn stares at it. It's hard to tell what it is by the light of the thin crescent moon. But he's got a bad feeling...

The Volantene captain comes hurrying onto deck, half-dressed. He looks at the rolling barrels in confused consternation, then looks up at Bronn.

VOLANTENE CAPTAIN

What is this--

More barrels now, a volley of them, pummeling the ship like a heavy wooden hailstorm. A few miss and splash into the water around them. The captain rushes to the side of his ship, searching frantically
for the source of this strange onslaught.

A dark ship cruises silently alongside them some distance away. Its sails and hull are a murky grey that causes it to blend almost perfectly into the dark waters of Blackwater Bay. No lights shine from its portholes or deck. Despite the distance, the distinctive swinging motion of trebuchets is visible on its deck under the moonlight.

Bronn is staring at the liquid pooling from multiple cracked barrels. There's enough of it now to see what it is: a bright, sulfurous, acid-green liquid. Ser Bronn of the Blackwater has seen it before.

Without a word, he turns and sprints for the railing.

**VOLANTENE CAPTAIN**

*(shouting at the ship)*

Ay! AY! What are you doing?! What--

He trails off and stares up as a different set of projectiles comes arcing toward his ship. A volley of fire arrows.

Bronn leaps from the ship.

**BOOM!**

The Volantene captain is consumed in an explosion of bright green flame, along with his ship and crew.

**EXT. CERSEI'S BALCONY - NIGHT**

Cersei watches the explosion. From her perspective, it is a tiny, bright flash of green on the distant horizon. She takes a sip of wine.

She's not smiling. This isn't triumphant, the way the Sept of Baelor had been. This is: I warned you not to betray me, motherfucker.

QYBURN appears and joins her at the balcony, looking out toward the explosion.

Qyburn

Such a pity.

Cersei

I can't say I'm surprised. The man had no loyalty to anyone but himself.

They watch the wildfire flickering on the horizon.

QYBURN

I'll ask the pyromancer to replenish our stores.

Cersei takes another sip of wine.

CERSEI

Good.
INT. Qyburn's LABORATORY - LATER

Alone in his laboratory, Qyburn removes a rat from a cage. It squeaks and wriggles as he carries it across the room.

Nearby, the wight from the Dragonpit lies spread-eagled on a large examining table. Its skin is peeled back, its rotted flesh pulled apart and held in place with pins and hooks, exposing its organs like a meticulously dissected frog.

Qyburn walks past the dead wight, carrying the rat, and takes a seat at a workbench on the far side of the room. A row of stoppered glass flasks sits lined up across the back of the workbench. They contain unpleasant-looking purplish liquids in varying hues, each neatly labeled with a number.

Qyburn unstoppers one of the flasks, one-handed, still holding the rat in his other hand. He draws some of the liquid into a medieval pipette and injects it into the rat’s mouth, forcing the concoction down its throat.

He carries the rat to a different workbench. This one is made of stone and bears a small wire cage with a solid metal pan for a floor. He locks the rat inside the cage.

He fetches an earthen jar from a shelf and pours a bright green liquid into the pan of the cage floor. The rat squeaks and moves to the far edge of the cage to avoid the liquid, but it pools out and soon covers the entire cage floor.

Qyburn puts the jar away. He returns to the caged rat and strikes a flint into the wildfire.

We don’t see the rat burn, but we hear its shrieks and see the fire’s green light illuminate Qyburn’s face, rapt with curiosity. He picks up a notebook and quill and begins taking notes as the rat’s shrieks escalate in volume and pitch.
INT. WINTERFELL DUNGEON - DAY

Jaime sits in his cell, his head leaning against the stone dungeon wall. A key scrapes in the lock, and the door opens.

Jon enters, eyeing Jaime, saying nothing. He pulls up a small bench and straddles it, leaning forward so that his elbows are resting on his knees. He regards Jaime, letting the silence hang until it's uncomfortable.

JAIME

(breaking the silence)

So you've spoken with your magic cripple.

Jon says nothing. Another long silence passes.

JAIME

Will you be taking my head today? Or are you just going to brood at me until I die?

A beat, then Jon begins.

JON

When the fighting in the North is over, someone wins. You understand that, don't you?

Jaime narrows his eyes, unsure where Jon is going with this. Then, as Jon continues, Jaime slowly realizes that Jon is quoting Jaime's own words back to him, verbatim.

JON

If the dead win, they march south and kill us all. If the living win, and we've betrayed them, they march south and kill us all. I pledged to ride North. I intend to honor that pledge.

(beat)

That's what you said to Cersei. By the courtyard with the painted floor. Before you left her.

Jaime looks completely flattened by his own shock. He gapes at Jon as though he's not sure that he's real. Jon gazes steadily back at him.
JON

You were telling me the truth. For that, you get to live.

Jon stands up and flips him the key to the manacle. It lands in Jaime's lap. He looks Jaime straight in the eye.

JON

Don't ever lie to me.

Jaime is still visibly shaken, but remembers himself enough to give a nod.

JON

You'll find a more comfortable room in the Great Keep. You've been riding hard... we'll have a bath drawn and food sent to your room. Get a good night's sleep. At first light, we tour the castle together and discuss its defense.

Jon crosses to the door and opens it. He turns, framed in the doorway, and looks back at Jaime.

JON

Welcome to Winterfell, Ser Jaime.

He departs, leaving the door open. Jaime stares down at the manacle key in his lap and picks it up with trembling fingers. He looks up and stares at the open door.

He's not entirely sure what just happened to him.
INT. THEON'S SHIP - BELOW DECK - NIGHT

THEON

We came to save her. We can't save her if we're dead.

Theon is huddling with his crew. It's clear that they're not very happy with him.

FIRST MATE

What is your plan, Theon?

THEON

We have to be patient.

FIRST MATE

(angry)

For what, Theon? How will our patience save her?

THEON

I don't know yet!

They all stare sullenly at him. They could've been happily reaving and raiding half a world from here, if it weren't for this idiot.

THEON

I'll... I'll think of something.

By their faces, he better hurry.

INT. THE SILENCE - BRIG - NIGHT

Yara is huddled in the brig, still naked, still damp from her last drenching.

The grate swings open with a rusty creak and a set of feet come down the steps. It's Tris, on for night duty. He's holding the same bucket that Maron had used on her. Tris stares at her, and Yara stares...
back. He shuts the grate and stands there, holding the bucket of seawater, looking at her.

YARA

(re: bucket)

Put that away.

TRIS

Captain's orders.

She gives him a look. Somehow, despite being naked and chained to a wall, there's power and authority in that look.

YARA

Put it away.

TRIS

Why?

YARA

I'm already wet.

Tris stares at her. The ridiculous double entendre is very much not lost on him. It's a testament to the folly of man that it's affecting him as much as it is.

He resists for a moment longer. Then he slowly upends the bucket, dumping the water harmlessly onto the floor.

He crosses the brig, grabs her roughly by her hair, and kisses her hard. Yara kisses him back, or as well as she can with her hands tied behind her back.

Years of unrequited passion well up as Tris kisses her. His mouth moves to her neck, then down to her chest. He takes a nipple in his mouth and she gasps, her back arching in pleasure.

It's only when his mouth reaches her stomach that he finally notices that her arching and wriggling is more than a side effect of pleasure. She has about six inches of play in the rope binding her wrists, and she's managed to get them underneath herself.

TRIS

What are you doing?

Yara gives one last wriggle and brings her hands in front of her. Still tied together at the wrists, but in front of her.

YARA

I'm very flexible.

He eyes her suspiciously.

YARA
Don't look so nervous, it's unattractive.

She pulls his pants down and starts blowing him. He knows he shouldn't be okay with this, but he is. Oh, he is.

He tangles a hand into her hair and leans his head back in pleasure. A moan escapes his lips. She stops and looks up.

YARA

Shh shhhh. If they hear you, they'll give your job to someone else.

He grins. She snakes up and straddles him, putting him inside herself. She grabs his face in her hands, and kisses him passionately. His arms go around her and he kisses her back as they start to move together. For a moment, he is the happiest sailor on the fourteen seas.

Then with one quick, deft motion, she presses the rope binding her hands against his throat and simultaneously loops one arm behind and around his head. His neck is trapped now within a circle formed by her two hands and the bit of rope binding them together.

Tris freaks out and his hands fly to his throat. He makes a choked gurgling noise.

YARA

Shh. Shhhhh.

She pulls the rope even tighter, cutting off any possibility of sound from him. She continues shushing at him as he struggles.

Finally he stops struggling, goes limp, and dies.

She dismounts him, and like a switch being thrown, she is instantly all-business. She strips his body and searches it for anything useful. She finds a small knife inside his boot. Oh, thank fuck. She grips it in her teeth and uses it to cut at the rope binding her hands.

Poor Tris stares unseeingly at the ceiling, but she's too busy to spare him a second glance.

Her hands free, she goes to work on the collar around her neck. The leather is thick, and she cuts her skin a bit getting it off. She doesn't care. Time is of the essence.

Free of the collar, she hacks off her hair. Then starts pulling on Tris' clothes.

EXT. THE SILENCE - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Yara emerges onto deck, holding the bucket. She closes the grate and stands where Tris had stood, mimicking his watch posture. Only her eyes move as she scans the deck.

A skeleton crew is minding the ship, and none of the men seem to notice her. From a distance, it's easy to casually mistake Yara for Tris, given that she's wearing his clothes and has hacked her hair short.

Yara waits for a moment when none of the men are looking in her direction. Then slips off.

EXT. THE SILENCE - ROWBOAT - NIGHT

Yara crouches inside a rowboat, which hangs over the side of the ship from a winch. Tris' knife is
between her teeth. She hears footsteps and holds still as an unseen sailor walks past.

The footsteps fade. She takes the knife from her teeth and starts cutting at the rope that's supporting the rowboat. She looks down at the waves below. She grimaces. It's a long drop, and the splash will probably draw attention. But she's desperate.

She turns her gaze back up to the rope she's cutting and freezes.

The OLD SAILOR is staring down at her from the railing. Yara stares back at him, not moving, barely breathing. She's caught.

She looks up at him with defiance, waiting for him to say something, to shout, to raise the alarm. At least she tried.

The old sailor stares a moment longer. Then he opens his mouth wide. He shows her the ugly wound where his tongue used to be. He smiles ironically and holds a finger to his lips. Shhhhh.

He looks over his shoulder, scanning the deck. He waits for the right moment, then works the winch, lowering her quietly and gently down toward the water.

Her rowboat touches down with hardly a whisper. She takes up the oars and looks up toward her new best friend. But he's already gone. There's nobody at the railing.

Yara takes up the oars and starts rowing.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah.... the Yara/Tris scene is why this fic is rated "explicit" rather than merely "mature." Pretty par for the course for GoT, and maybe not truly worthy of the "explicit" label, but I figured it was better to err on the strong side for rating purposes.
BRAN STARK sits alone in his room, gazing into the fireplace. Behind him, the door opens.

BRAN

(without looking up)

You've finished with Ser Jaime.

JON

Aye.

Jon closes the door.

BRAN

I have something else to tell you.

(finally looks at Jon)

Come sit.

Jon crosses over and pulls up a chair, eyeing Bran all the while.

JON

Bran...

(beat)

What happened to you beyond the Wall?

BRAN

I became the Three-Eyed Raven.

JON

(paraphrasing that)
You learned to See.

Bran nods.

BRAN

I can see anything. Things happening far away. Things that happened in the past.

He turns his head slowly and stares disconcertingly at Jon.

BRAN

I've seen your past, Jon. I watched you being born.

Jon is rather creeped out by this strange statement, though he suppresses it for Bran's sake. Then a look of realization dawns across his face.

JON

(with curiosity)

Does that mean... do you know about my mother?

BRAN

Your mother... and your father.

A beat.

JON

(confused)

...our father.

BRAN

Ned Stark was not your father. He was your uncle. Your mother was my aunt Lyanna Stark.

Jon blinks.

JON

But Lyanna died during Robert's...

His words die in his throat and a horrible realization takes him.

JON

She died giving birth to me?

Bran nods.

JON

(horrified)
After Rhaegar raped her?

BRAN

He didn't rape her. They were in love. They ran away together. The High Septon annulled Rhaegar's marriage to Elia Martell and married him to Lyanna in a secret ceremony in Dorne. And then you were born.

JON.exe stops working for a long moment. He stares wide-eyed at Bran without moving, almost without breathing.

JON

...are you certain?

BRAN

I saw it.

Jon stares at him some more.

BRAN

Your friend Samwell Tarly found a record of their marriage, in the Citadel. High Septon Maynard wrote about it in his private diary.

JON

But... if that were true... that would mean...

BRAN

You're not a bastard. Your name isn't Jon Snow. It's Aegon Targaryen.

Jon slowly absorbs this. It's... a lot to absorb.

JON

Did father know?

BRAN

He did.

JON

(with pain)

Why didn't he tell me? Why didn't he tell anyone? Why did he lie?

BRAN

Because the truth would have been your death. Robert Baratheon swore to kill every last Targaryen. They killed Rhaegar's other children. Lyanna made my father promise to protect you, before she died. And he did.

There's a long silence. Then Jon stands up abruptly.
BRAN

Where are you going?

JON

I need to visit the crypts.

He moves to the door. Then pauses just short and looks back at Bran.

JON

Does anyone else know?

BRAN

Only Sam.

(beat)

Go on, Jon.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - EVENING

Winterfell's courtyard is full of people busy with war preparations. Jon strides briskly through, blind to everyone and everything. A few people turn curiously as he passes.

EXT. CRYPT ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A wall-mounted torch flickers in the crypt entranceway. Jon's gloved hand grabs it roughly from its bracket.

INT. CRYPT STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Jon descends a set of dark, claustrophobic stone stairs. Down, and down, and down.

INT. CRYPT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Down in the crypt, a stone wolf statue stares out from one of the Stark graves. Jon's feet and cloak sweep past it. The grave he's interested in is deeper, farther down the corridor.

Jon walks so quickly he's almost running. There's something he needs to see. Something he's always needed to see. The corridor seems to stretch on and on, despite his brisk pace.

Finally, finally, he finds what he came here for. He takes the last few steps slowly, then stops, staring wide-eyed at:

Lyanna's statue, faintly illuminated by the torchlight and by crypt candles.

Very slowly, Jon reaches out and touches her stone hand. Then looks up into her face.

He lowers himself to his knees and stares up at his mother.

END OF EPISODE 802
And thus we conclude episode S08E02 - "The Truth." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site aliceshipwise.com:

**S08E01 - "Fealty"**
**S08E02 - "The Truth"**
**S08E03 - "Silence"**
**S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"**
**S08E05 - "Last Hearth"**
**S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"**
**S08E07 - "Winterfell"**

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season 8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)
Jaime begins work. Cersei cleans up loose ends. Dragons dance at Winterfell. Yara races to reunite with Theon.

EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - PRE-DAWN

The sky above Winterfell is a grey pre-dawn color.

EXT. CRYPT ENTRANCEWAY - PRE-DAWN

A flicker of torchlight, and JON SNOW emerges from the darkness of the crypt stairwell.

He comes out and puts the torch back into its wall bracket. Then leans exhaustedly against the wall and rubs at his face. He looks like he hasn't slept at all this past night.

He squints up at the sky, grey with first light. He contemplates the approaching dawn. It's going to be a long day.

He hucks himself away from the wall and starts walking across the Winterfell courtyard.

INT. JAIME'S CHAMBER - PRE-DAWN

JAIME LANNISTER stands at his window, looking out at the lightening sky as he dresses himself, one-handed.

There's a knock on the door. Jaime doesn't visibly react right away. He finishes fastening his clothes, then turns to go answer the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JAIME'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Jaime opens the door. He looks at Jon and makes a face.

JAIME

You look terrible. Slept badly?

JON

Let's go.

Jaime comes out and closes his door behind him. They start walking down the hallway together.
JAIME  
What kept you awake?  

JON  
The dead.  

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - MORNING  
Jon and Jaime walk through the main Winterfell courtyard. They pass by the blacksmith's workshop. The smiths are already busy at their forges. GENDRY is among them and gives Jon a nod as they pass.  

JAIME  
I believe this is where we first met. You were having a sword made.  

JON  
And you were mocking me for joining the Night's Watch.  

Jaime casts Jon an amused, mildly incredulous look.  

JAIME  
Are you still sore about that?  

JON  
(quoting from memory)  
"Let me thank you ahead of time for guarding us all from White Walkers and whatnot."  

JAIME  
Are all our conversations going to involve you quoting my own words back at me?  

JON  
You didn't think I could tell I was being mocked.  

JAIME  
It's not my fault you don't let on. Are you happy to be vindicated?  

JON  
No, I'm not.  

EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLERUMENTS - MORNING  
Jon and Jaime walk along the top of Winterfell's outer wall. Jaime looks down into the area just outside the walls.  

JAIME
You haven’t dug any trenches?

JON

The ground's frozen, now that winter's here.

JAIME

It would be hard labor, of course. But you said we'll soon be overrun with common people. Might as well give them something useful to do.

JON

They're already useful, as soldiers. We've been training every Northern man and woman aged ten to sixty. Besides, trenches wouldn't help us.

He looks at Jaime.

JON

The dead aren't like ordinary soldiers, Ser Jaime. I've seen them throw themselves from a cliff forty feet high, land in a heap at the bottom, then get right back up. They encounter a trench, they'll just pile themselves in until they've filled it up, and the rest will walk right over. Won't slow them down hardly at all.

Jaime absorbs all this.

JAIME

What about fire? We could form a ring of firewood around the perimeter. Set it alight when the attack comes.

JON

A few of them would burn, aye. But there's so many, they'll just stampede in and smother it.

JAIME

We can build a palisade out of crossed posts. That should slow them down enough to catch fire. Then while the first wave burns, the next wave would have to climb over them, and they'd catch fire as well.

A short pause as Jon thinks.

JON

That might work.

(beat)

Of course, the real problem is the Night King's dragon.

Jaime stops in his tracks, looking at Jon in disbelief.

JON

If he reaches Winterfell, (he'll destroy any structure we put up--)
JAIME

(interrupting)

*The Night King has a dragon?*

Jon stops too. He grimaces regretfully.

JON

That wight we showed you in the Dragonpit... I led a mission north of the Wall to capture it. The Army of the Dead trapped us there, and Queen Daenerys came with her dragons to save us.

JAIME

The Night King killed one of her dragons?

(off Jon's nod)

*How?*

JON

He threw an ice spear at him.

A beat.

JAIME

He threw a *spear* at it. With his *arm*.

(off Jon's nod)

I faced one of her dragons in the field. A hundred arrows flew at it, and a hundred arrows bounced off its scales. Even Qyburn's Scorpion only managed to wound it. How on earth did the Night King kill a dragon with a *spear*?

JON

I don't know. The dragons are magic. But the Night King has magic of his own.

(beat)

"Qyburn's Scorpion." What's that?

JAIME

A ballista that Cersei's Hand designed. Precise enough and powerful enough to kill a dragon. Or so it's meant to be.

JON

Can we make more of them? Here?

JAIME

I don't have the design.
JON
But you've seen it. If you described it to Tyrion, could he copy it?
Jaime thinks.
JAIME
He probably could.
JON
Good.
They resume walking.
JON
I never imagined the Night King could kill a dragon so easily. If I'd known, I never would have asked her to come for us. You'd think I would have learned to stop underestimating him.
They walk in silence a bit, then Jon stops and puts out a hand to stop Jaime.
JON
Two days ago, it was. When I found out that the Night King had Viserion.
Jon backs up and leans against the outer parapet wall with a thump.
JON
I went beyond the Wall to try to save everyone, and instead I made everything worse.
(beat)
But then I remembered, that as terrible as the price may be, that mission bought us peace with Cersei and the aid of her army. I consoled myself that perhaps it wasn't such a poor trade.
(beat)
Then yesterday you tell me that it hadn't bought us that at all. Instead, it bought us you.
A beat.
JAIME
Now that is a poor trade, I'm afraid.
Jon regards him for a moment, still leaning against the wall. Then he hucks himself forward and steps up close to Jaime.
JON
Do what you can to make it less so.
Jon looks Jaime in the eye for a beat, then resumes walking. Jaime lingers a moment. He moves up to the outer parapet wall and stares out into the moors beyond Winterfell, south toward King's Landing.
and his sister.
EXT. KING'S LANDING - DAY

A wide aerial of King's Landing, looking out past the Red Keep toward Blackwater Bay.

In the distance, tendrils of smoke rise up from the water.

Ext. Volantene shipwreck - DAY

The morning light reveals the aftermath of the destruction of Bronn's ship by wildfire. The main hull floats low in the water, listing deeply to one side, with a huge hole blown out of it. The tattered black remnants of burnt sails blow mournfully in the breeze.

Charred flotsam and jetsam bob up and down on the waves, some of them still smoldering and smoking. Small, isolated tongues of green flame lick the wreckage. Wooden crates and barrels float about at random.

A few poor souls have survived the attack, albeit with terrible burns. One BURNED SAILOR clings to a piece of shattered rowboat, moaning in pain.

A little ways apart from the main wreckage, another rowboat floats upside down, damaged but mostly intact.

Ext. Under the rowboat - DAY

BRONN is clinging to the inside of the overturned rowboat, his head sticking up into the small pocket of air beneath its hull. Light filters in through a splintery hole in its side.

Bronn looks ragged and exhausted, but he's alive and uninjured. He braces his hands on its submerged center thwart and kicks with his legs, moving the rowboat further from the wreckage.

Something makes him stop -- a sound, or perhaps just an intuition. He stops kicking and peers out through the hole in the hull.

Bronn's POV: a dark grey ship is approaching. Grey sails, grey hull, no insignia...

Ext. Grey ship - contINUOUS

...and on its deck, grey trebuchets. This is the ship that had attacked them in the night.

ext. VolANTENE SHIPWRECK - CONTINUOUS

The injured survivors see the ship approaching. They wave their arms and cry out for help. The ship
sails closer.

BURNED SAILOR

(hoarse)

Help me! Help me! Help--

A crossbow bolt materializes in his face.

He stares up at the grey ship in wide-eyed shock. Then slips from his piece of wreckage into the water. He floats facedown, blood slowly coloring the water around his head.

A few more crossbow bolts materialize in his back, for good measure.

Ext. Under the rowboat - DAY

Bronn watches from his hiding place as the other survivors are systematically slaughtered.

Ext. Red keep dockside - day

The grey ship rests at anchor now.

On shore, CERSEI LANNISTER confers with the GREY SHIP CAPTAIN.

Cersei

You're certain that nobody survived?

Grey ship captain

We made sure of it, your grace.

Cersei suppresses a smile. Ahh, small pleasures.

CERSEI

Thank you for your loyal service, captain.

The captain bows and departs. Cersei makes her way back to the Red Keep, accompanied by QYBURN and an escort of QUEENSGUARD.

CERSEI

(to Qyburn)

See to it that the captain and his crew receive their reward.

QyBurn

Of course, your grace.

As they draw close to the Red Keep, they see a message crudely scrawled upon the castle’s outer wall: **The gods shall punish you**, in green paint. And below it, a rough depiction of a seven-pointed star.

Cersei eyes the graffiti with distaste.
CERSEI
(to Qyburn)
Take care of that, would you? And have the City Watch take care of whomever wrote it.

QYBURN
By your leave, your grace, perhaps we could capture the perpetrators alive?

Cersei gives Qyburn an inquiring look. Is he going soft?

QyBURN
They could be of use in my research.

Ah. That makes sense. Cersei smiles.

CeRSEI

Of course.
EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

RHAEGAL trills affectionately as he hangs his head down for DAENERYS TARGARYEN to stroke. He perches atop the broken tower, as DROGON rests on the ground in front of her.

Jon appears and walks up to Dany. His expression is difficult to read.

JON

There's something I need to tell you.

EXT. GODSWOOD - HEART TREE - DAY

The godswood is a scene of winter beauty, with snow falling softly all around the heart tree.

Jon leads Dany toward it. She gazes up at the weirwood, with its pale branches, blood red leaves, and carved face. She is still getting used to this strange country.

DANY

What is this place?

JON

We keep the old gods, in the North.

He leads her right up to the heart tree. There's one trunk that reaches out low to the ground before curving upward, forming something like a bench. He leans against it and motions for her to join him.

He takes her hand in his, stares down at it a moment, then looks into her face. For a second, it looks like he's reconsidering. She looks back at him with curious anticipation.

Jon hesitates, absorbing this one moment of beauty before he goes and ruins everything. Finally, he takes a deep breath and begins.

JON

Before I tell you this thing... I promise you, I didn't know. Bran told me last night.

He hesitates another long moment.

DANY
(prodding)

Told you what.

JON

I'm not who I thought I was. I'm not Ned Stark's bastard.

This is incredibly difficult for Jon. He forces himself to spit it out.

JON

I'm the son of his sister, Lyanna Stark.

(beat)

And Rhaegar Targaryen.

A long, understated reaction as Dany absorbs this statement.

DANY

(expressionless)

What makes you think that?

JON

Bran saw it in his visions.

DANY

You trust in visions?

JON

You've seen his power yourself. He's seen things -- true things -- that nobody could have told him.

Dany is completely still, her face closed off and unreadable.

JON

(halting)

Also, my friend Sam found a record of their marriage. At the Citadel, in the High Septon's private
diary. He annulled Rhaegar's marriage to Elia Martell and (married him to Lyanna--)

Dany stands up suddenly, agitated.

DANY

Why are you telling me this?

JON

...it seemed important?
She rounds on him.

DANY

You mean to take the Iron Throne for yourself?

JON

(genuinely surprised)

No.

Dany says nothing. Her expression is fear masked with stone.

JON

(standing up too)

No! Why would I do that?

DANY

You name yourself the trueborn son of Rhaegar Targaryen. *Children* traditionally precede *siblings* in the succession.

JON

I don't care about the succession!

(beat)

That's not why your people follow you. It's not why mine follow me. It doesn't matter.

DANY

*Even if* it doesn't matter to you, it matters to others. Your mere existence will undermine my claim!

JON

It won't.

DANY

How could it not?!

JON

Because I support your claim.

This finally takes some of the fight out of her. Her expression is still guarded but becomes more vulnerable: hope mixed with caution.

JON

When I was in the Night's Watch, do you know who served as maester of Castle Black?

(off her silence)
Aemon Targaryen. Son of Maekar. Aemon could have been king. But he chose to refuse the throne, and let it pass to his younger brother Aegon. Your grandfather.

DANY

And you're saying you'll "refuse the throne."

JON

(wry)

I don't think Cersei will be offering it to me (anytime soon--)

DANY

(hard)

But you will refuse it.

Jon looks her in the face. He looks a little hurt.

JON

I'm telling you the truth about who I am, because I trust you. Can't you trust me?

A beat. Dany looks uncertain, afraid.

DANY

You don't want the Iron Throne?

Jon shakes his head.

DANY

Not even a little?

Jon half-laughs.

JON

The only thing I want is to win this war. It seems like bad luck for me to want anything else.

Dany still looks unsettled.

JON

(more serious)

If I survive this war, my place is in the North. This is my home. It's always been my home.

He sits back down and stares out into the trees.

JON

I don't know how to rule a place like King's Landing. My father tried, and failed.
(looking up at her)

You've been preparing your whole life for that throne. It should go to you.

(beat)

Don't you believe me?

Dany stares down at him, wanting so badly to believe him, to trust him. He looks up at her plaintively. Her guard finally starts to come down.

DANY

I want to.

She sits back down next to him, staring off pensively.

DANY

It just seems too easy. That we could just... carry on. And everything will be as it was.

JON

...not everything.

Dany turns her head to look at him. There's a faint look of dread in her eyes.

JON

(awkward, miserable)

We can't... be together... that way.

A short silence.

DANY

(quiet, vulnerable)

Do you feel differently about me now?

Jon stares into her face. He looks tortured, at war with himself.

JON

I don't think so.

DANY

(slight edge)

But you wish that you did.

JON

Dany, I'm your own blood.
DANY

_Targaryens_ have been marrying _other Targaryens_ for centuries.

JON

That doesn't make it right.

DANY

(rising heat)

This is about right and wrong now?

JON

Cersei lay with her brother and produced _Joffrey_, (do you want--)

DANY

(angry)

I can't have children!

JON

Even so!

Dany stares back tensely, then wrenches her eyes away.

JON

(pained)

Dany...

He starts to reach for her hand. She shifts away, and he stops.

There's a long, tense, miserable silence. Dany is staring resolutely at an invisible point in the distance. She's heartbroken, and fighting to control it.

She closes her eyes, and opens them again.

DANY

(stiff)

You're right. We should stop.

Jon chuckles sadly. Dany finally looks at him again.

DANY

What's funny?

JON
All my life I wanted so badly to know who my mother was.

(looks at her)

Right now I want nothing more than to be Ned Stark's bastard again.

The tension softens. Dany smiles sadly at him.

DANY

Life is full of these little ironies, Tyrion would say.

JON

I'm so sorry.

DANY

It's not your fault.

There's a long pause. Then Dany tries to change the subject, lighten the mood:

DANY

Do you have a Targaryen name?

JON

(makes a face)

Aegon.

The Conqueror. Dany sighs defeatedly.

DANY

Of course.

JON

I don't like it.

(wry)

No offense to your family, but so far being a Targaryen brings me no benefit at all.

There's a pause. Then suddenly a look of huge realization overtakes Dany's face. She turns her head and stares at him like she's seeing him for the first time.

JON

(wary)

...what.

CUT TO:
Dany strides briskly through the trees. Jon hurries to catch up.

JON

I don't think this is a good idea.

DANY

You have to try.

JON

They're *dragons!* They only listen to you because you're their mother.

Dany stops and rounds on him.

DANY

*The Night King has Viserion.* The only way to defeat a dragon is with other dragons.

JON

Dany...

DANY

If Rhaegal flies into battle without a rider to guide him, he will die. I won't allow it. You are blood of the dragon. You are the only other living Targaryen. It has to be you.

Dany wheels around and continues walking.

Jon watches her walk away. He looks truly scared.

Finally he gathers himself and follows her.
EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP - DAY

Chapter Notes

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EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP - DAY

TYRION

Can you make these parts?

TYRION LANNISTER is showing Gendry a hand-drawn schematic of a large ballista resembling Qyburn's Scorpion. Gendry looks like he's been interrupted mid-work. He's shirtless, sooty, and holding his blacksmith's hammer in one hand.

Gendry looks over Tyrion's drawing with a critical eye.

GENDRY

(blunt)

It won't work.

TYRION

No?

GENDRY

(pointing)

You're putting too much strain on one pin. The steel won't hold.

Tyrion frowns at his design.

TYRION

You may be right.

GENDRY

(returning to his work)

I am right.

Tyrion lifts his eyebrows at Gendry's bluntness.
TYRION
I can rework the design to avoid that problem. But aside from that, can you make these parts?

GENDRY
(without looking up)
Yes.

Tyrion watches him work. The steel sings under Gendry's hammer.

TYRION
You're Robert Baratheon's son, aren't you.

GENDRY
(slight pride)
I am.

TYRION
Are you proud that your father was a king?

Gendry looks up but says nothing, sensing a trap.

TYRION
Gods have mercy, you are. It will get you killed if you aren't careful.

Gendry gives Tyrion a dubious look, then makes a show of looking around the courtyard.

GENDRY
(skeptical)
Who here wants to kill me?

TYRION
Nobody, as far as I know. All the same, as a noble bastard, you'll be better off if you can be convincingly unambitious.

GENDRY
"Unambitious?" Jon Snow is King in the North!

TYRION
(correcting)
Warden of the North, now. And he's far better at being a bastard than you are.

Gendry isn't sure how to take that. Tyrion regards him and tries a different tack.
TYRION
Did anyone ever tell you about King Robert's other bastards?

GENDRY
He had other bastards?

Tyrion makes an incredulous, pitying face: "oh you poor clueless boy."

TYRION
(very much so)
Yes, he did.

Gendry is silent, watching Tyrion's face with faint foreboding.

TYRION
(quiet)
Your master saved your life by sending you away. The rest were slaughtered. All of them, even the baby girl. They plucked her from her mother's breast and murdered her.

GENDRY
(horrified)
Why?

TYRION
Because Joffrey was a vicious coward, and he judged you all to be dangerous.

GENDRY
(incredulous)
What could a king possibly have to fear from someone like me?

TYRION
It's an interesting thing about noble bastards. You're high enough to see power up close, and you're low enough to hate what you see.

Gendry absorbs that. He regards Tyrion for a moment.

GENDRY
What about you, m'lord? Do you think I'm dangerous?

Tyrion regards him with narrowed eyes. He smiles conspiratorially.

TYRION
(winking)
It's alright. I'm dangerous too.
EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

Chapter Notes

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EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

Outside the Broken Tower, Dany and Jon stop walking, both looking up at the sky.

Rhaegal and Drogon wheel overhead, riding the wind.

Dany raises one arm high in the air.

DANY

Rhaegal!

An answering cry echoes down. Rhaegal soars in a wide circle above them, then banks and begins to angle down toward them.

Rhaegal's POV: Jon and Dany are two tiny little creatures, standing side-by-side in the snow, staring up at us.

Dany's POV: Jon stares up at the approaching dragon. Without taking his eyes from Rhaegal, he slowly removes his gloves and tucks them into his belt.

Rhaegal's wingbeats kick up a blizzard of snow as he comes in close to land. The snow swirls in a vortex around Jon and Dany, like snow in a snow globe.

Rhaegal lands, nearly on top of them. He sits tall, head held high atop his long neck, looming over them. Jon and Dany's heads are craned back as they look up at him. Dany looks sideways at Jon.

Jon is wide-eyed, taking deliberate, steadying breaths. His common sense is screaming for him to be elsewhere, but even so, part of him is undeniably captivated.

Very deliberately, Dany takes a step backward and starts retreating away. Jon catches her movement in his peripheral vision and his eyes dart to hers in surprise and alarm: "what, by myself??" She returns him a look of stubborn insistence: "all you, baby."

Rhaegal cocks his head to one side to get a better look at Jon, like a bird of prey, peering down with one fiery eye. He rumbles with curiosity. What's this? Friend or food?

His long neck snakes down to inspect Jon more closely. Jon shifts his footing slightly but otherwise remains perfectly, carefully still. Rhaegal sniffs at him from various angles. He snorts, ruffling Jon's hair with his hot breath.
Rhaegal pulls his head up high again and looks at Dany, who's standing some distance away now. Then his head snakes down again, coming down behind Jon this time. He bumps Jon with his snout from behind, making him stumble forward a step.

Looking back over his shoulder at Rhaegal, Jon tremulously raises his right hand to just above shoulder height. Rhaegal snorts again. Then his snout noses up against the back of Jon's hand, hide to skin.

Jon lets out all the breath he's been holding. He stands still, trembling, letting Rhaegal nose at his hand.

Dany is witnessing this with intense, watchful focus. The significance of this moment is written all over her face. Fierce pride, and a deep kinship that throws into relief all her lonely years as the last Targaryen. She has family now, for the first time since Viserys. For the first time in her life, in a way.

Rhaegal seems to have satisfied himself that Jon is friend, not food. He moves forward on all fours. He's so large that his body passes right over Jon, though Jon has to duck and dodge a bit to avoid the dragon's wings and feet. Jon emerges from under Rhaegal and turns to watch as the dragon stretches his wings and launches into the air again, kicking up another swirling snowstorm around them.

Jon watches as Rhaegal climbs back up into the sky. Then his eyes shift down and meet Dany's. They share a wordless gaze.

If they hadn't just broken up, this would be the moment for a big romantic embrace. The tension between them is palpable, and they're visibly struggling with it.

Finally, Jon breaks eye contact and looks back up at Rhaegal circling high above.

INT. DANY'S CHAMBER - DAY

Tyrion frowns deeply, thinking hard. He grimaces.

TYRION

It appears you should marry him after all.

Dany gives him an inquiring look. The two of them are sitting together in her chamber.

DANY

I thought your advice was to not marry anyone.

TYRION

That was before we had this... new information. Now?

He shakes his head.

TYRION

We certainly can't risk him marrying someone else. Luckily for us, he does seem positively predisposed to you.

Dany's eyes go sad, and she looks away. Tyrion reads her expression and understands.

TYRION
He won't share your bed anymore.

Dany says nothing.

Tyrion leans forward in his chair. His voice is sympathetic.

TYRION

Between rulers, intimacy is always politics. But politics is not always intimacy. A marriage is a strategic alliance. It doesn't have to be more than that.

DANY

I don't think he'll agree to that.

TYRION

Well then, we do have a problem.

DANY

He's promised to support my claim.

TYRION

I'd figured as much, seeing as you are still on speaking terms.

(beat)

Well, he is true to his word, as we all know painfully well. He believes in you.

(beat)

But what if he stops believing in you? What if you make too many decisions he doesn't agree with, and he betrays you?

DANY

He wouldn't.

Tyrion gives her a sad and slightly incredulous look, a sort of "oh, you lovestruck kids" expression.

TYRION

But you must admit, this gives him tremendous power over you. He promises not to contest your claim, but we know he could, if he chose. Every move you make now will have to pass the Jon Snow test.

(beat)

Or the... Jon Targaryen test. No, that doesn't sound right...

DANY

His name is Aegon.

TYRION
Ah. The Conqueror.

(dry)

He may well be the least aptly-named secret non-bastard who ever lived.

Dany smiles sadly.

TYRION

It's not the worst test to hold yourself to. He's good at this, in his own way. Different, but that can be a good thing. You balance each other.

(beat)

But. It does make my job more complicated. Now, to maintain your reign, I have to stop you from being too ruthless, and I have to stop him from being too stupid. You should pay me double.

DANY

I don't believe I pay you anything.

TYRION

Then I shall consider it granted.

Tyrion raises a goblet in toast.

TYRION

To you and your nephew.
EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP - DAY

JON

It needs dragonglass, not steel.

Jon and Gendry are conferring together near Gendry's forge. Gendry is showing him a giant steel ballista bolt, fresh-forged.

GENDRY

Dragonglass would shatter on impact. We need steel to pierce the scales.

JON

But steel won't kill it, you know that.

Ext. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - Blacksmith Workshop - Continuous

GENDRY

Maybe if I find a way to inset dragonglass blades along here--

Sam

Jon.

(Jon turns)

Bran said he's told you?

A loaded silence as Jon and Sam share a look. Gendry frowns, confused about what they're talking
about.

Jon gives Gendry a parting thump on the shoulder.

JON

(to Gendry)
I'll leave you to your work.

(to Sam)

Come on.

Jon walks off, and Sam follows after him.

Int. Jon's OFFICE - day

SAM

I transcribed his diary myself.

Jon ushers Sam into the room and locks the door behind them. Sam takes a seat, carefully laying the wrapped sword on Jon's table as he does.

Jon

(chiding, good-natured)

I can't believe you didn't tell me.

SAM

Well, I... I thought it would be best if Bran told you. Given the family aspect.

Jon

(sitting down too)

Mm.

SAM

(tentative)

How do you feel?

A complicated question. Jon contemplates.

JON

Wish I could talk to my father.

SAM

Rhaegar?
JON
Ned.

(beat)
The last time I ever saw him, he promised to tell me about my mother, the next time we saw each other.

Sam watches Jon with sympathetic pain.

JoN

I used to hate that he wouldn't tell me. I couldn't understand why not. I didn't care if she was lowborn, I didn't care if she was a whore. I used to torture him with my questions. I thought he must be terribly ashamed of her, if he wouldn't even say her name.

Sam

But now you know.

JON

Now I know.

A somber beat. They stare into the fire together. Then Sam's eyes shift over to Jon.

SAM

Jon.

(Jon looks at him)

You're a prince.

Sam's statement hangs in the air, full of gravity and significance.

Then Jon's expression turns sheepish. There's an absurdity to the whole situation, and he starts to laugh.

Sam's not sure how to react -- he hadn't meant it as a joke. He smiles uncertainly and offers half-hearted chuckles as Jon continues laughing. It takes a while to pass. Jon has a strange sense of humor.

SAM

Listen. If you send a raven to the Citadel, the Archmaester can look up the High Septon's diary and confirm what I found. He can sign a statement saying that your parents were (indeed married, and--)

JON

What would I want with an Archmaester's statement? I believe you, Sam.

SAM

Well yes, of course, but when it comes time to present your claim--
JON
(are you serious)

*My claim?*

SAM

Jon, you're the heir to the Iron Throne.

JON

That doesn't mean anything. I swore an oath to Daenerys, this changes nothing.

SAM

Jon, listen to me.

JON

(warning)

Don't.

SAM

You didn't want to be Lord Commander either. I remember. But you did the job, (and you--)

JON

(sharp)

Aye, and how did that turn out?

Sam looks at him. They haven't talked about this yet. Sam casts his eyes downward -- there's something in Jon's gaze that's difficult to meet.

SAM

(quiet)

I heard.

Jon shakes his head bitterly.

JON

Fifty men. I was Lord Commander of fifty men, and I couldn't even keep command of *them*.

SAM

It wasn't your fault...

JON

(snapping)
Everything was my fault, that's what command means.

Sam looks pained, but doesn't argue.

Jon

Daenerys has proper experience. She's been queen of Meereen for years. She brought all of Slaver's Bay to heel. She knows how to rule. That's what the realm needs.

A conflicted look comes over Sam's face. He looks like he wants to say something, but can't. Jon notices.

JON

What.

SAM

I... I want to show you something.

Sam takes the heavily wrapped sword from the table and begins unwrapping it. This seems a bit of a non sequitur to Jon, but he waits and watches without comment.

The last of the wrappings come away, revealing Heartsbane in its sheath.

SAM

(tremulous)

This is Heartsbane. My family's sword.

Jon still doesn't understand where Sam is going with this.

JON

Sam?

SAM

(fighting tears)

Tyrion told me...

(gathers himself)

My father and brother fought against Daenerys on the battlefield.

A seed of dread takes root in Jon's expression.

JON

I thought the houses of the Reach were her allies.

SAM

Not all of them.
Jon infers that House Tarly was not, and that Randyll and Dickon are dead.

JON

I'm sorry, Sam.

SAM

My father hated me. I hated him back, but I didn't want him to die, not like that. And Dickon...

Sam wipes tears from his eyes.

JON

I'm sorry for your loss. War is a terrible thing.

SAM

(snapping)

She burned them with her dragon, Jon.

Jon goes still. He looks at Sam, keeping his expression carefully neutral.

SAM

After the battle was over, after she'd already won. She burned them alive.

Sam looks up at Jon, searching for some sort of reaction from him, but Jon is still wearing his guarded deadpan. There's a heavy silence. It stretches for a long time. Finally:

JON

(quiet)

She was at war.

Sam looks betrayed.

SAM

You think it was justified!

JON

Sam, I wasn't there.

SAM

It was wrong!

JON

(raising his voice)

I wasn't there!
Sam stares at him.

JON

Maybe it was wrong of her. Maybe not. I don't know. I do know that none of this is easy.

Sam does not look mollified. Jon heaves an agitated sigh.

JON

Someone once told me that leadership means getting second-guessed by everyone. But if the leader starts second-guessing himself, that's the end.

SAM

Who told you that?

JON

Alliser Thorne.

The surprise of that shocks Sam and interrupts the tension of the conversation. He gives Jon an incredulous look.

SAM

Alliser Thorne put a knife in your heart!

JON

(deadpan)

We had philosophical differences.

Now it's Sam's turn to laugh unexpectedly at the absurdity of it all. Jon offers a pained smile. Then Sam looks down at Heartsbane in his lap and grows serious again. He runs his thumb over the Tarly huntsman depicted on its hilt.

SAM

My father vowed that I would never have this sword.

(beat)

I stole it from him. He went to war without it.

JON

(quiet)

It wouldn't have saved them.

SAM

You really think she'd be a better queen than you?

Jon looks at him.
(realizing his slip-up)
A better... ruler, I meant.

JON
(quiet but firm)
I do.

Sam looks at him mournfully, then back down at Heartsbane.

JON
You don't have to agree with me, Sam. But this is what I choose. I need you to respect that.
This is painful for Sam. But he finally nods his assent.

He hands Heartsbane to Jon. Jon hesitates in confusion, then takes it from him.

SAM
Find a good home for this, will you?

JON
Sam?

SAM
It's Valyrian steel. Should be useful in the battle. I'm hopeless with a sword, you know that.

JON
Sam... this is your family sword.

Sam stands up to leave.

SAM
My family's dead.
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JON'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyrion walks along the corridor. He arrives at Jon's door and raises his hand to knock just as the door opens. Sam nearly collides with him.

SAM
(reflexive)
Oh, pardon.

TYRION
No, no, after you.

Tyrion steps to the side and gestures for Sam to exit. Sam registers who Tyrion is and hesitates for half a beat. This is awkward... the last time these two had spoken, Sam had stormed away after Tyrion told him what happened to his family.

Tyrion picks up on that tension and eyes him warily as Sam walks away.

Jon appears in the doorway, holding Heartsbane in one hand, staring at Sam's back. Tyrion looks up at him.

TYRION
May I speak with you?

INT. JON'S OFFICE - day

TYRION
I hope you appreciate how much trust our queen is placing in you. Most rulers in her position would have had you assassinated immediately.

Tyrion takes a seat, while Jon lays Heartsbane upon his mantel.

JON
Daenerys wouldn't do that.

TYRION
Indeed! Because Daenerys is not like most rulers. That was my point.

Jon comes and takes a seat opposite Tyrion.

TYRION

To be fair, most rulers in *your* position would have kept this information to themselves.

Tyrion gives Jon an appraising look.

TYRION

Let me offer you a free bit of political wisdom: Information is power. Secret information doubly so. And information like *this*...

(shakes his head)

I must say, advising the two of you is a very interesting job.

JON

You're not my Hand.

TYRION

(let's be real)

Yes, but I *do* advise you.

Jon decides to humor him.

JON

So what do you advise?

TYRION

This won't stay secret for long. It's too big, and too many people already know. Frankly, now that *I* know, I'm worried people might work it out on their own.

(listing off clues)

The timing and mysterious circumstances of your birth. Ned Stark's famously prudish honor. Your astounding good looks. It all fits. And now that you are openly petting dragons, it's not exactly subtle.

(beat)

Sooner or later, the word will get out. And then everyone will hear of it.

Tyrion puts his wine goblet down and leans toward Jon with a very serious expression.

TYRION

It's better if they hear it from you. And as soon as possible.

JON
(surprised)
You want me to tell everyone?

TYRION
Rumors and gossip are dangerous. Conspiracy has a life of its own. You must publicly reassert your support for her claim, and nip it in the bud.

JON
There won't be any conspiracy.

TYRION
No? There's nobody at all who would prefer to see you on the Iron Throne?

Jon's eyes flit to Heartsbane on the mantel, ever so briefly. But Tyrion doesn't miss a thing.

TYRION
(pointed)
I hope I wasn't interrupting anything when I came to see you.

Jon knows there's no use denying it.

JON
I told him I don't want the Iron Throne, I told him Daenerys is my queen. He won't conspire.

TYRION
He's your best friend. I imagine you trust him with your life. Do you trust him with hers? Does he know that you've told her?

Jon hesitates.

TYRION
I know that you are loyal to our queen. I know you have good intent. But you're in the great game now, Aegon Targaryen. I know you never asked for it. But with a name like that, you can never escape it, for as long as you live.

Jon is listening intently, not moving at all.

TYRION
Let me tell you a story. Let's say someone overhears Bran discussing this matter with Sam. They tell someone else what they heard, and the gossip spreads. And as it spreads, people begin to wonder why you have not made this knowledge public. One of the someones supposes that it's because you are in fear for your life from the queen. A very reasonable assumption, as we've just discussed.

(twisting the knife)
And what happens if that someone is an ambitious or overly protective sort? They'll bring you her head. A gift, if you will. To their new king.
A subtle spasm of horror crosses Jon's face.

TYRION

Gather your bannermen. Gather your family. Gather everyone of importance, and tell everyone at the same time, direct from your own mouth. Publicly reaffirm your support for Daenerys' claim. Make it absolutely clear that you will not tolerate conspiracies on your behalf, and that you will punish it as treason.

Jon stares wordlessly back at him as Tyrion's words slowly sink in.
INT. SANSA'S CHAMBER - DAY

SANSA STARK is wearing a look of total shock. Jon watches her face as Sansa processes what she has just heard.

Finally Sansa collects herself. She looks Jon up and down.

SANSA

You don't look like a Targaryen at all, you know.

Jon smiles sheepishly.

JON

Aye, I suppose Stark blood runs thicker.

SANSA

You're certain it's true?

Jon gives a wry half-laugh and nods.

JON

That's the strangest part of all this.

He stares pensively at the wall.

JON

Try to imagine being completely surprised. To your core. And in the same moment, being completely certain that it's true.

(shakes his head)

It explains a hundred and one little things that never made sense, growing up. I never even realized I'd been counting.

SANSA

I can't believe father kept it secret from all of us.
JON
Wish he could've told your mother.

SANSA
You don't think he ever did?

JON
Never.

A beat.

SANSA
She was awful to you, wasn't she.

JON
(downplaying)
I'm sure it wasn't easy for her. Being constantly reminded of the one and only time her husband broke his honor.

SANSA
Except he didn't.

JON
(echoing)
Except he didn't.

There's a somber, contemplative silence. Then Sansa shakes her head wonderingly.

SANSA
Jon, this...

She trails off, at a loss for words.

SANSA
This is really quite incredible. You're...

She stops, then an "oh shit" look comes over her face.

JON
What.

SANSA
What do we do about Daenerys?
JON

What do you mean?

Sansa gives him an impatient look.

SANSA

Don't you think she might *object* to someone else having a claim to the Iron Throne, if she finds out?

JON

No. I promised her I'd support her claim.

SANSA

You...

(beat)

*You've told her already?*

JON

Aye.

SANSA

When?

JON

Earlier today.

Sansa's "oh shit" deepens.

SANSA

(wary)

Who else have you told?

JON

...you?

SANSA

(incredulous)

You told her before you told *anyone else*?

JON

What's wrong with that?

Sansa makes a face like she's trying to explain something to a hopelessly slow child.
SANSA

What's wrong, is that she could've killed you, made it look like an accident, and nobody would've known to suspect her.

JON

Bran and Sam know.

SANSA

Did you tell her that as well?

(off his silence)

Wonderful, so she might kill them too. Well done.

JON

(exasperated)

She's not going to kill anyone. Why are you so suspicious?

SANSA

Experience.

Jon sighs.

JON

You're right. She could have. But she didn't.

(off her look)

Can you not accept that occasionally I'm right about people?

SANSA

You weren't right. You were lucky.

Jon makes a frustrated face, then looks away.

SANSA

Jon, I think the world of you. I think you're great at what you do...

Jon nails her with a "please just get to your point" look.

SANSA

...but you have to admit, better rulers than you have failed, because they never enjoyed the second chances you've had. You came back from the dead, and (you still think--)

JON

(snapping)
You think that was lucky? Why don't you try it and tell me what you think?

A long beat. Sansa looks chastised.

SANSA

(soft)

I didn't mean it like that.

JON

I know. I'm sorry.

SANSA

Don't be.

A pause. Sansa leans toward Jon.

SANSA

You trust her? You really, really trust her?

Jon turns his head, looks at Sansa a bit. Then nods.

Sansa sighs.

JON

You don't.

SANSA

Well spotted.

JON

Sansa, you don't know her like I know her.

SANSA

I don't need to. I know power.

(beat)

You simply don't achieve her kind of power unless you're ruthless. You may have promised not to challenge her, and she may have refrained from killing you immediately. But if you ever start looking like a serious threat to her claim, she will find a way to remove that threat.

(beat)

It doesn't even have to come from you. If other people start favoring you over her, that's bad enough.

JON

Which is why I'm telling everyone the truth tomorrow morning.
Sansa stares at him in confusion.

JON

I'm going to publicly reaffirm my support for her claim. I'm going to make clear that I won't tolerate conspiracies on my behalf, and that I'll behead anyone who tries.

SANSA

That was an interesting thing you just did.

JON

What.

SANSA

You moved your lips and Tyrion's words came out.

Jon sighs.

JON

Yes, we talked. But his advice makes sense.

SANSA

And what about conspiracies on her behalf. Who beheads those people?

JON

She will.

SANSA

You believe that.

JON

Maybe not beheading, that's more the Stark way...

SANSA

So Tyrion advised you to tell everyone that you're Rhaegar Targaryen's trueborn son. He probably advised you not to tell anyone early.

JON

It's not enough for everyone to know. Everyone has to know that everyone else knows.

SANSA

Or maybe it's to stop you from telling anyone before a convenient agreed-upon time. So they can kill everyone who knows -- tonight -- while the number is still small.

JON
Sansa.

SANSA

Do you think that would be anything close to the most shocking thing someone has done for a crown?

JON

We have to trust them.

SANSA

Jon, you haven't seen what I've seen.

JON

No, I was only murdered by my own men!

A ringing silence.

JON

Do you think it's easy for me to trust people now? It's a choice, Sansa.

She stares back at him.

JON

You always talk at me as if I don't understand that the things I do are dangerous. Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm just a lucky fool.

SANSA

(conciliatory)

I don't think (you're a fool--)

JON

(interrupting)

Or maybe I understand that sometimes there are no better choices available. We have to trust them. The Night King will be here in a fortnight. How well do you think we'll stand against him if we let this divide us?

(beat)

Sansa, I've united wildlings. I've united Northmen. I've united Starks and Targaryens and Lannisters. What do you think holds them all together? Do you think your "better rulers" could have done what I've done without risking their own lives? Without risking everyone who follows them?

(beat)

If I start mistrusting my people, then they start mistrusting me. They start mistrusting each other. And
then this all comes apart around us.

(beat)

We tell everyone tomorrow, with the rest of the morning announcements. Like Tyrion and I agreed.

SANSA

Jon...

JON

I made one exception, and only one, for you. Because I choose to trust you. I need you to trust me now. Can you do that for me?

A long silence, then finally Sansa nods, letting all her breath out. She rubs at her face. Jon looks at her.

JON

One more thing.

SANSA

What.

JON

What do we do about the North?

SANSA

What do you mean?

JON

I was named Warden of the North. But I'm not a Stark.

He gives her a significant look.

JON

House Stark has ruled the North for thousands of years.

Sansa stares back at him, realizing now what he means. She weighs it in her mind.

She looks at Jon.

SANSA

This is your war. This has always been your war.

JON

This is everyone's war.

SANSA
And you're leading it.

She takes a breath.

SANSA

Stark, Targaryen... it doesn't matter. You matter. This war matters. The North is yours.
INT. TYRION'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Tyrion sits at a table in his chamber, reading a book. There's a knock on his door. He goes and opens it, revealing Sansa.

TYRION
(taken aback)
Lady Sansa...

SANSA
May I speak with you?

A beat.

TYRION
Yes, of course. Come in.

Sansa enters and takes a seat at the table. Tyrion closes the door behind her, casts her a fleeting, nervous glance, then walks over to the wine stand. He pours one goblet, sets it aside, starts pouring a second one...

SANSA
(re: wine)
No, thank you.

Tyrion eyes her, nods, then puts the wine pitcher down. He hesitates, then drinks the second goblet down, still standing there by the wine stand. Then he picks up his own still-full goblet and joins her at the table.

They look at each other a moment.

TYRION
I worried about you, you know. When you disappeared.

SANSA
I was stolen away by Littlefinger.

TYRION

(grimacing)

I knew I was right to worry.

SANSA

Yes. You were.

Tyrion gives her a sad look.

TYRION

I'm sorry I couldn't protect you, Sansa.

SANSA

Don't be. No one can protect me, I've made my peace with that. My father couldn't, you couldn't. Jon can't.

TYRION

Mm. Your brother thinks very highly of you, by the way.

SANSA

My brother? Or my cousin?

She gives him a significant look. Tyrion stares.

TYRION

Jon told you.

SANSA

Don't look so worried. I promised him I wouldn't tell anyone else.

TYRION

...and will you?

Sansa smiles wryly.

SANSA

Jon trusts me, Tyrion. Which means you'll have to too.

TYRION

Which means we'll have to trust each other.

He gives her a look. She regards him.
SANSA

Do you remember our wedding night?

Tyrion grimaces uncomfortably.

TYRION

You probably remember it better. Unhappily for you, I'm sure. Myself, I was rather drunk.

SANSA

You said your father insisted that you consummate the marriage. You asked me how old I was.

TYRION

(very uncomfortable)

I am deeply, deeply sorry for all of that, Sansa. It's not what I wanted.

SANSA

And then you said that you wouldn't share my bed, not until I wanted you to. You were kind to me, when you had no reason to be.

(beat)

Why?

TYRION

What do you mean "why"?

SANSA

All my brothers and sisters were dead, or presumed dead. Our child would have been heir to Winterfell. Heir to the North. It was clearly the right move for you. So why didn't you do it?

TYRION

(incredulous)

Are you really asking me why I didn't rape you?

SANSA

(calm)

It happens all the time to ladies like me. You're a political man. Would that really have been the worst thing you've ever done, for the sake of power? You've probably killed thousands of people, or watched them being killed -- on your orders, or Joffrey's, or Daenerys'. I know what ruling looks like, Tyrion. So why didn't you do it?

Tyrion stares at her, disturbed by the calm way she asks this question, and by the ugly truth of the question itself. He struggles with it for a time. Finally:

TYRION
(near-whisper)
I couldn't. I just couldn't. You started taking off your dress...

He grimaces painfully.

TYRION
I just couldn't do it. No more than I could've sprouted wings, or touched my nose to my own asshole.

(beat)
I don't have a clever answer for you, I'm sorry.

Sansa regards him.

SANSA
What other sorts of things would you not be able to do?

Tyrion stares back at her.

TYRION
Sansa, you know I won't ever harm you. And I won't harm the people you love.

SANSA
I don't know that.

TYRION
Well, I won't. Whether you know it or not. I promise you.

Sansa looks back at him. A hint of vulnerability peeks through her dispassionate facade. She really wants to believe him.

She reins it back in.

SANSA
And I promise you... that if you ever do, winter will come for you. Even if none of us are alive to bring it. The North remembers.

There's a heavy silence after that, as Tyrion gazes back at her. He looks disturbed and saddened and more than a little intrigued.

TYRION
You've changed.

They regard each other in silence some more. Then Sansa rises to leave.

SANSA
I'll see you in the morning, Lord Tyrion.
Tyrion's eyes follow her as she departs.
EXT. NARROW SEA - UNDERWATER - MORNING

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E03_silence_part3.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. NARROW SEA - UNDERWATER - MORNING

Beneath the waves of the Narrow Sea, the OLD SAILOR's drowned corpse drags through the water by a rope bound to his wrists. His mouth gapes open lifelessly, showing the mutilated flesh where his tongue used to be.

We follow the rope up and out of the water in one smooth shot, and keep following it up...

EXT. THE SILENCE - CONTINUOUS

...onto the deck of the Silence, where the rope is secured by a winch.

[N.B.: the same winch that the old sailor had used to help Yara escape.]

There is frenetic activity on deck as EURON'S CREW work the sails. Additional topsails and gennakers are being deployed, unfurling in the wind and pulling taut against their lines. The spars groan under the load as the sails swell. The Silence leaps forward. They are moving at maximum speed and power.

EURON GREYJOY stands at the bow of his ship, a still point amidst the urgent activity around him. He stares out ahead with a cold, hungry focus, like a shark on the hunt.

EXT. SEA - YARA'S ROWBOAT

YARA GREYJOY pulls desperately at the oars. She's exhausted, and her lips are cracked from wind and thirst.

[N.B.: a rowboat moves "backward" relative to the oarsman, so Yara is facing her pursuers.]

Yara's POV: the Silence is gaining fast. It's big and dark and mean, a Goliath to her David.

She grits her teeth and redoubles her efforts through sheer force of will, crying out with exertion.

EXT. THEON'SSHIP - THEON MOMENT

THEON

Yara!

THEON GREYJOY stands at the bow of his own ship, leaning out against the head rail as they sail toward Yara. Behind him on deck, THEON'S CREW shout and scurry. Some of them work the
sails, others prepare a rope to shoot to Yara.

Theon's POV: Yara is rowing for her life, with the Silence in hot pursuit.

[N.B.: Yara is closer to Theon's ship than the Silence, but because of the direction of the wind, the Silence is closing the gap faster.]

THEON

(to the first mate)

They have the wind! They're going to catch her.

FIRST MATE

(snapping)

Get out of the way, Theon!

The FIRST MATE brusquely pushes Theon aside as he shouts orders to the crew.

FIRST MATE

Haul to!

Theon looks around helplessly, useless and ignored. He goes to the railing again and stares out at Yara with pain in his eyes.

EXT. SEA - YARA MOMENT

Yara cranes her neck to look behind her as she rows. She is so close, close enough to pick out Theon's figure standing at the rail. Tears spring to her eyes as she sees her brother again.

Then a dark shadow falls over her, and she looks up. The Silence is upon her, its black sails blotting out the sun. Euron smiles down at her from the deck.

Yara throws down her oars and dives overboard, not a moment too soon. A heavy rope net lands on the rowboat just as she disappears under the waves.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Yara holds her breath, swimming hard beneath the waves until she is forced to surface for air. She comes up, gasping.

EXT. THE SILENCE - euron moment

Euron sees her surface, then dive under again. His eyes follow her path and fix upon Theon's ship. His smile grows sadistic.

EURON

Prepare the corvus!

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - first mate moment

FIRST MATE
Ropes! Now!

An IRONBORN ARCHER draws a longbow -- the arrow has a padded float in place of an arrowhead, and a rope affixed to its shaft. He looses the arrow.

EXT. SEA - YARA MOMENT

The arrow splashes into the water some distance ahead of Yara. Yara sees it as she surfaces again for air. With grim determination, she takes in a deep gasping breath and swims for it.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - THEON MOMENT

THEON

(to first mate)

They're going to board us!

The first mate looks up. The Silence is slicing through the water toward them, its corvus raised high in the air. Euron is standing on the end, with battleaxe in hand and bloodlust in his eyes.

FIRST MATE

(to crew)

Prepare to fight!

A battle cry goes up as the Ironborn draw their weapons.

Theon slowly draws his sword. He looks at his crew, then out at the Silence. It's close enough now to see their crew brandishing their own weapons and crying out for blood.

It's obvious that Theon's crew is badly outnumbered. We see the hopelessness of the situation in Theon's eyes.

Theon's sword falls from his hand. He turns away, trembling, and begins climbing the main mast, up and away from the action.

EXT. THE SILENCE - EURON MOMENT

EURON

Get ready!

Two Ironborn hurry to the corvus' winch, standing ready to release it on Euron's signal. Above them, the sails strain against their wooden spars in the strong wind. The helmsman steers hard, angling the prow toward Theon's ship. The Silence leans hard off the wind, the corvus extended outward like a grasping claw.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - FIRST MATE MOMENT

The first mate sees the Silence nearly upon them, and grimaces. His anxious eyes pick out Yara in the water, still swimming for the rope they'd shot out to her. His eyes flit again to Euron atop the corvus, nearly on top of them now. They ought to be fleeing, but Yara is so close...

EXT. SEA - YARA MOMENT
With one final desperate stroke, Yara grabs hold of the rope. And now several things happen in very quick succession.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP

IRONBORN

We have her!

FIRST MATE

Bear away!

The helmsman steers hard and their ship tacks aggressively, her stern swinging through the eye of the wind as they turn to flee.

EXT. The SILENCE - EURON MOMENT

EURON

NOW!

The winchmen release the corvus. It comes scything down as the Silence leans hard with the wind, grasping for her fleeing quarry...

EXT. THEON MOMENT - simultaneous

...just as Theon leaps from his ship's rigging into theirs. He collides with the Silence's main sail and pierces it with a knife, tearing a vertical gash all the way to the deck as he falls.

EXT. The SILENCE - coNTINUOUS

The torn sail flaps viciously in the wind, and the sudden release of tension causes the Silence to lurch windward. Sailors are thrown off their feet...

...and the corvus misses Theon's ship by a yard. Euron just barely manages to hang on as the corvus jerks sideways with the rest of the ship.

As he regains his footing he looks up to see his quarry sailing away from him, fast. He stares at it, his expression darkening into a terrifying snarl of vengeful murderous obsession. Then he slowly turns that murderous stare around, back toward the deck of the Silence.

EXT. The SILENCE - THEON MOMENT

Theon is struggling to get up. Euron's Ironborn quickly pounce on him, dragging him to his feet.

Euron slowly walks up to him. Theon cowers under his stare. Above them, the torn main sail flaps and snaps uselessly in the wind.

EURON

Hello, little Theon.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - YARA MOMENT

IRONBORN
Pull! Pull!

The Ironborn hoist Yara out of the sea and onto the deck. She's gasping for air -- soaked, shivering, and exhausted. With a great effort of will, she pushes herself to her feet, swaying unsteadily.

The men stare at her breathlessly -- their queen, returned to them against all odds. Yara looks around at her loyalists with searching eyes.

YARA

Where's Theon?

EXT. The SILENCE - Euron/theon moment

Euron drags Theon to the end of the corvus, still extended out over the open water. He seizes a handful of Theon's hair and presses a knife to his throat. Theon whimpers and tries to pull his head away from the knife but Euron just presses harder.

EURON

Ah. There she is.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - yara moment

Yara walks slowly up to the taffrail at the edge of her ship's stern and stares out. She sees Theon being held hostage by Euron.

EXT. The SILENCE - Euron/theon moment

EURON

(to Theon)

This feels familiar, doesn't it? "Come and get her," I said. And you ran, like the cockless coward that you are. Do you think your sister will run? Do you think she'll abandon you, the way you abandoned her?

Theon stares out at Yara with tears in his eyes, silently imploring her to flee, to escape, to leave him behind.

EURON

Look at her. If she had half a brain, she'd be sailing away, while she still can. That's a good fast ship she's got. But no. She's got more balls than brains. Let's say I carve off those big balls of hers for a trophy, what do you say to that?

Theon is trembling and twitching, his traumas coming to the fore.

EURON

You've played your trick, left me dead in the water. But I've got a thousand ships. Look, there's a few of them now, coming to join us. And there's your sister, with her big balls weighing her down. I think she would die for your worthless skin.

(sadistic glee)
And you're going to watch her.

Theon is truly coming apart now. He shakes and whimpers and stutters, reverting back to Reek -- terrified, traumatized, helpless in the face of Euron's psychopathy.

EURON

You're going to watch, as I cut your sister into a thousand (little pieces--)

Theon makes his move.

He cuts his own throat on Euron's knife and throws himself off the corvus and into the sea.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - yara moment - conTINUOUS

YARA

THEON!

EXT. UNDERWATER - theon moment - CONTINUOUS

Theon splashes into the water, his momentum carrying him down below the waves.

Blood streams from his slashed throat and billows out in cloudy tendrils like ink in water, mingling with the salt of the sea. Bubbles stream toward the surface as his lungs fill with seawater. Light filters down through the seaweed and onto his upturned face. And the waves rock his body in gentle circles as the light goes out in his eyes.

EXT. THEON'S SHIP - yara moment

Yara stares in shocked horror at the spot where Theon disappeared. She cries out his name once more, then crumples in grief as his blood blooms to the surface.

Behind her, her men set the ship to full sail. The wind catches them and bears Yara away as Theon's lifeless body comes up to float facedown in the sea.

END OF EPISODE 803

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E03 - "Silence." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site aliceshipwise.com:

S08E01 - "Fealty"
S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season
8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)
Arya oversees an evacuation. Yara plans her next move. Tyrion makes a proposal. Jon declares who he is.

EXT. Narrow sea - THE SILENCE - DAY

THEON GREYJOY floats facedown in the sea.

A rope loops around his body and tugs him toward the Silence. On deck, EURON’S MEN pull in concert and drag Theon limp and dripping up the side of the hull.

EURON GREYJOY stands at the rail, staring out to sea.

EURON'S POV: Yara's ship is growing small with distance.

[N.B.: Yara is sailing west, away from Euron's fleet, which is traveling east to Essos.]

There's no hint of Euron's usual glee. He is pissed. He turns away from the railing with cold murder in his eyes.

Two of the men grab Theon by his armpits and pull him up and over the railing. They lay him faceup upon the wooden deck.

Euron walks up, crouches down, and inspects the sodden wound in Theon's neck. It's deep, and obviously mortal. The color is gone from Theon's face, and his pale eyes gaze out at nothing.

Euron grimaces in frustration. He wants to hurt Theon, but his nephew is beyond anyone's punishment now.

He looks up at his torn main sail. A few of his crew are taking it down off the main yard for repair.

EURON

Maron.

MARON VOLMARK appears at Euron's side and looks at him expectantly.

EURON

Take command of our three fastest ships. Load them with extra provisions and equip them with catapults. My niece is sailing west. Go sink her for me, won't you?
A slow smile spreads across Maron's face. This is going to be fun.

MARON

She can't run forever, captain.

Maron departs. The two Ironborn who had dragged Theon aboard catch Euron's eye.

IRONBORN Sailor

(re: Theon)

What should we do with him?

Euron looks down at his dead nephew.

EURON

Only proper burial for an Ironborn is at sea. To be sunk beneath the waves.

A beat, then a faint smirk betrays a flicker of Euron's usual sadism.

EURON

String him up into the rigging for the birds.

Euron walks away. The two Ironborn look at each other, and for a fleeting half-second, something akin to reluctance passes between them.

They bend down and take hold of Theon's arms. His head falls back as they lift, stretching open the gash in his throat. We linger on Theon's blank-eyed face as the two men drag his dead body toward the mast. We hear the sound of seabirds crying out...

EXT. NORTHERN VILLAGE - day

...which gives way to the crying of RAVENS. A flock of them are winging their way through a Northern village. Now and then, one of their eyes go white, showing that Bran is warging them.

As the ravens fly past, we see ARYA STARK riding through the village, with GHOST following close on the heels of her horse.

All around her, NORTHERN VILLAGERS are packing up and leaving, looking variously fearful, confused, and grim. There’s already a column of them heading for Winterfell, moving in the opposite direction as Arya. The stronger ones are on foot, some pulling handcarts. The weaker ones -- elderly, children, pregnant women -- are being loaded up onto horseback.

THE HOUND picks up a SMALL BOY and passes him up to a DOTHRAKI RIDER, who settles the child in front of him in the saddle. The little boy stares up at the rider with wide-eyed fascination.

There’s a lot of noise -- horses whickering, babies wailing, chickens clucking, voices talking over each other in English and Dothraki.

JORAH MORMONT’s voice rises up through the noise, speaking urgently in Dothraki. Arya turns her head.

She sees some kind of argument going on between several DOTHRAKI RIDERS and an
ELDERLY COUPLE, who are standing just outside the door of a wooden hut. Jorah is attempting to mediate in Dothraki.

Arya rides up to them, with Ghost at her side.

ARYA
What's the problem here?

JORAH
These two don't want to go, my lady.

The OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN look plaintively at Arya.

ARYA
Do you know who I am?

OLD MAN
M'lady...

His eyes flit nervously to the direwolf at her side.

OLD MAN
You are... m'lady Stark. Of Winterfell.

ARYA
And do you understand what Winterfell is commanding you to do?

OLD WOMAN
M'lady, please, we've lived in this village all our lives. We built this hut ourselves. Please, we'd like to stay.

ARYA
If you stay here, you'll die.

OLD MAN
(stoic)

Then, m'lady, we'll die.

ARYA
You mistake me. You don't have my permission to die.

They stare back at her.

ARYA
If you die, the Night King raises you for his army and sends you to attack Winterfell. You're coming
with us.

Another anguished beat.

ARYA

(rising intensity)

Or, if you insist, I can cut your throats now and burn down your hut with you inside of it. One way or another, I am not leaving you behind.

She puts her hand on the hilt of her dagger. Ghost walks up closer, gazing at the old couple with his blood red eyes.

They hesitate a moment longer, then trudge defeatedly toward the Dothraki riders, with tears in their eyes. Arya looks on as they are scooped up onto horseback.

She turns away, and her tough facade cracks for a moment. She looks around, the horror of the situation reflected on her face.

More Dothraki shouts. Arya looks and sees another altercation with another cluster of VILLAGERS. She urges her horse toward them.

ARYA

What's the problem here?
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

Chapter Notes

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INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - day

JON

My sister Arya is riding north.

The Great Hall is packed with people. JON SNOW is holding court amongst them. Sitting behind him at the high table are SANSA STARK, BRAN STARK, DAVOS SEAWORTH, DAENERYS TARGARYEN, TYRION LANNISTER, and MISSANDEI.

NORTHERN GUARDMEN stand at attention along one wall. UNSULLIED stand at attention along the opposite wall, GREY WORM among them.

JON

She's gathering up all the common people and sending them here for protection. We've received word from Last Hearth and Karhold that their households are on their way as well.

(beat)

Winterfell is about to become very crowded. Many of you will be sharing much closer quarters than you are used to. I ask that you remember: when the attack comes, every person we're able to fit inside these walls is one less dead soldier that you'll need to fight.

There's lots of head-nodding and "aye"-ing and supportive table-pounding.

JON

While we're preparing for new arrivals, we need to prepare the castle for attack. We need to build a defensive perimeter. We need to build weapons. We need to organize our fighting men and women.

More supportive head-nodding throughout all that.

JON

I am assigning command of Winterfell's defense to Ser Jaime Lannister.

This statement is a lot less popular. An incredulous clamor goes up as Northerners exclaim and shake their heads in consternation and alarm.

But among them, BRIENNE is pleasantly surprised and heartened. JAIME LANNISTER catches her eye from across the room and gives her a shrug and a wry smile.
Jon raises his voice commandingly to cut through the uproar.

JON

I know as well as any of you, that there is bad blood between the Lannisters and the North. Many of you have lost people you love to the Lannisters. I have lost people I love to the Lannisters. That's all in the past now.

People are shaking their heads in disagreement. Jon gestures at Bran, sitting behind him at the high table.

JON

If anyone in this world has reason to mistrust him, it's my brother. But Bran has looked into Ser Jaime's past. He has confirmed the truth of his words. Ser Jaime is our ally now. Bran trusts him, and I trust Bran.

People continue to look skeptical, glaring suspiciously at Jaime. Jaime is eyeing the hostile Northerners with a grim expression. This is going to be a tough job.

JON

Yesterday's wars don't matter now. We all die together if this castle falls. The dead will be upon us in a fortnight, and Ser Jaime is the most experienced commander among us. You will all obey him, or you will answer to me. You might not enjoy it, but we are at war, and these are my orders.

LORD GLOVER

(standing up)

My lord, I must speak against this. Winterfell belongs to House Stark. This is your castle to defend.

Sansa stands up before Jon can respond.

SANSA

This is my castle to defend, Lord Glover.

The noise goes quiet as everyone looks to Sansa. Jon turns and gives her an intent, watchful look. He is not entirely certain if she's about to support him or undermine him. Sansa glances at him, then addresses the room.

SANSA

As Lady of Winterfell, I accept the appointment of Ser Jaime as acting commander of the Winterfell garrison, as recommended to me by the Warden of the North.

She nails Jon with a significant look at that last part. More murmuring starts up, but it's much quieter and less vociferous this time. Jon gives Sansa a grateful look. She smiles, with just a hint of "you owe me for that."

LORD GLOVER

That is your right, of course, my lady. But might I ask how the Warden of the North will be occupied, if he is not organizing the defense of the North?
Dany stands up to speak.

DANY

His queen has asked him to perform a different task, for the protection of the realm.

Everyone looks at her. Sansa is watching Dany very intently. Dany looks out over the crowd, at the sea of wary Northern faces. She meets Grey Worm's eyes for a moment, then takes a breath and gathers herself for something big.

DANY

I have two dragons, my lords. I have asked Jon Snow to attempt a bond with the dragon Rhaegal, so that we might better defend the realm during this battle, and in battles yet to come.

There's a confused silence in the hall. Davos frowns and casts a perplexed look at Jon, who is watching Dany.

LORD GLOVER

Your grace... I beg your forgiveness, but I must ask: why him?

A loaded silence follows Glover's question. Jon meets eyes with Tyrion, then Sansa, then shares a long gaze with Dany. He slowly turns to face the hall. He looks out over his confused bannermen and prepares to cross the point of no return.

JON

You all know me as Ned Stark's bastard son. It's how I have known myself, my entire life.

(beat)

Two nights ago, I came to learn the truth. I am the son of his sister -- Lyanna Stark of Winterfell -- and Rhaegar Targaryen, whom she had willingly married in secret.

There is total, utter silence. Then a deafening uproar as everyone starts talking at once.

JON

(shouting to be heard)

I have discussed this matter--

Jon shuts his mouth, realizing that being heard is hopeless in the current clamor. Sansa is still watching Dany. Davos looks gob-smacked. Jaime catches Tyrion's eye and gives him a bewildered look: "did you know about this??" Tyrion responds with a sardonic shrug: "crazy, right?"

Jon waits for the noise to die down a bit before trying again. It takes a while.

JON

I have discussed this matter with Queen Daenerys. I have discussed this matter with Lady Sansa. We are all in agreement that our understandings with each other remain unchanged.

(beat)
I continue to support Daenerys Targaryen as Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. I will continue to obey, serve, and defend her as I had sworn. With the consent of the Northern houses, I will continue to serve as Warden of the North for as long as it pleases our queen.

(beat)

Are there any questions?

There is still a great deal of noise, of people talking to their neighbors. LORD ROYCE stands up to speak.

LORD ROYCE

How do you know this to be true?

JON

Samwell Tarly discovered proof of their marriage at the Citadel. High Septon Maynard annulled Prince Rhaegar's marriage to Elia Martell and remarried him to Lyanna Stark. He wrote about it in his private diary.

Heads turn toward SAMWELL TARLY, who sits watching Jon from the audience. LORD MANDERLY stands up next.

LORD MANDERLY

My lord, I knew Ned Stark. He was the most honest man I ever met. If this is true, why would he name you his bastard?

JON

(simple, blunt)

King Robert would have killed me if he hadn't.

Murmuring as people absorb that statement.

Glover speaks up next.

LORD GLOVER

Your grace, by the laws of inheritance, you are the rightful heir to the Iron Throne.

JON

This is true.

Dany looks at Jon.

JON

But none of you seemed to care about the laws of inheritance when you named a bastard your king. It didn't matter then. It doesn't matter now.

(beat)

You were all here when I bent the knee to our queen. You all remember my reasons. Birthright was
not one of those reasons.

The murmuring grows louder. It's clear that the room is still agitated and not quite ready to look at things so simply. Dany, Tyrion, and Missandei exchange tense looks. Grey Worm's hand tightens ever so slightly on his spear.

Jon looks around, then speaks out in a voice of power and formality, bringing a sudden hush to the loud murmur.

JON

All of you here in this hall, I want you to bear witness to my words now. I am the trueborn son of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen and Lady Lyanna Stark. I am the last heir to the dragon kings.

(beat)

I hereby reject all birthrights to the throne my ancestor forged, in perpetuity.

This radical statement sends a silent shockwave through the crowd, and the quiet somehow deepens, as though everyone has stopped moving and breathing at once. Everyone is staring at Jon. Dany is rapt. Tyrion is wearing an "oh damn" expression, as is Sansa. Davos is frowning.

JON

Upon her merits, I declare our queen to be Daenerys Targaryen, first of her name. I declare that any conspiracy against that state of affairs shall be treason. Be you my friend or my foe, you will respect these words, or you will face Northern justice at my hands.

Silence in the hall.

JON

Are there any more questions?

The silence hangs.

Finally LYANNA MORMONT stands up.

LYANNA MORMONT

Your grace--

JON

(interrupting)

I'm not "your grace."

LYANNA MORMONT

Forgive me... my lord.

(beat)

What is your true name?

A short, loaded beat.
JON

Jon Snow.

Murmuring in the hall.

LYANNA MORMONT

My lord, "Snow" is a bastard name.

JON

It's the name my father gave me. My *real* father.

(beat)

It'll do.
INT. JON'S OFFICE - LATER

DAVOS

Tyrion made you do that.

Davos stands before Jon, who is sitting at his table.

Jon gives Davos a wary look, noting his advisor's agitation.

JON

Tyrion doesn't make me do anything.

DAVOS

No? So that little announcement was your idea?

JON

He advised me, and I found his advice wise.

DAVOS

I thought I was your Hand.

JON

You're not my "Hand," because I'm not a king.

DAVOS

But you could be.

Jon gives him a warning look.

JON

(soft but dangerous)

If your ambition is to advise a king, you need to find someone else to advise.

DAVOS
This isn't about my ambition. Stannis was the one true king. But now the Baratheons are gone, (and the Targaryens--)

JON

(interrupting)

This isn't about Baratheons and Targaryens and royal dynasties! Hang the dynasty. This is about what's best for the realm. Daenerys has the will, she has the strength, and she has experience.

Davos frowns.

JON

Remember when we rode to White Harbor together? You do realize that was the first time I set foot in a city? In any city? King's Landing alone has more people than the entire North.

(beat)

My father was the greatest man I ever knew, and when he rode south--

DAVOS

(with passion)

You are more than Ned Stark ever was! And you wouldn't be walking into that viper's nest of a Small Council.

JON

(standing up)

No? And what do you suppose I would be walking into, if I betray my queen?

DAVOS

Who said anything about betraying her? Did you even try to convince her to support your claim? Before her Hand got to you?

JON

(warning)

Davos...

DAVOS

You would have supporters. You wouldn't be Ned Stark. You wouldn't be some... hapless outsider, you would be king!

(beat)

Any experience you lack can be compensated for. You could attract the best minds in Westeros for your Small Council. You would have your brother to protect you against lies and treachery.

(beat)
You would be the greatest king to sit that throne in a hundred years. And it's yours, by right, if you would just take it!

Jon hasn't moved or changed expression at all during Davos' speech, and the ringing silence has an ominous quality. Davos takes an apprehensive breath, as though he already knows he's overstepped.

JON
(quiet)
Say that again. To anyone. And it will be one of the last things you ever say.

Davos looks hurt.

JON

I appreciate all you've done for me, Ser Davos. I know I wouldn't be standing here if it weren't for you. I appreciate your counsel, I appreciate your loyalty.

(beat)

But my decision is final, and if you are truly loyal to me, you will not undermine my choice, through words or otherwise. Such words are dangerous. Do you understand?

A long beat. Davos isn't happy about this. He pulls out a chair from his side of Jon's table and sits down heavily. He looks at Jon for a long while.

DAVOS

You're sure? You're really sure? This is what you truly want?

A beat.

JON

Yes.

Davos gazes at him shrewdly. Then concedes defeat.

DAVOS

Alright, then. I can respect that.

JON

(echoing)

You can respect that. But you don't agree.

DAVOS

I really shouldn't comment. I'm told it's a capital offense to have opinions on the succession.

Jon gives him a pained smile and sits back down as well.

JON
(conciliatory)
I'm not going to behead you for an opinion.

DAVOS
I seem to recall otherwise.

JON
That wasn't an opinion.

He hits Davos with a stern look as he says that.

JON
You're smart enough to know the difference. And if you're not, you shouldn't be advising me anyway.

Davos sighs.

DAVOS
You're right. I overstepped. I won't do it again without your consent.

Davos gives Jon an apologetic look. Jon nods his forgiveness.

DAVOS
(delicate)
Will you permit me to make some idle observations? Fully accepting that you won't change your mind?

Jon eyes him carefully. He nods.

DAVOS
I haven't known you as long as some. But unlike the others, I wasn't born into highborn society.

(beat)
A certain outsider status gives a man a healthy perspective on the whole nonsense. Helps him see things. I know you understand what I mean, because you have it too.

Jon looks up at Davos.

DAVOS
You always say that you never wanted any of this. And people believe it. They love you for it. I think even you believe it, because you've been playing the shadow game your whole life, and now it's simply the way you are. You don't even realize you're playing it.

Jon narrows his eyes uneasily.

DAVOS
Highborns are sensitive folk, we both know. They don't appreciate the likes of us getting... beyond our station. Men like us learn to move in their world without offending them. We learn to be modest and unthreatening, we learn to keep our heads down.

(beat)

But tell me... were you a happy child, growing up the Bastard of Winterfell?

Jon is silent.

DAVOS

No? Why not? You had a loving family. You had all the comforts of highborn life, with none of the burdens. I can tell you, every poor wretch on my street growing up would have thought they'd died and gone to the Seventh Heaven if they'd woken up into your life. So why weren't you happy?

The silence hangs for a long beat as they each watch the other.

JON

You seem like you want to tell me.

DAVOS

You were unhappy, because you wanted to be more than what you were. You've always wanted more. But it was never proper for you to want it. The highborns would've never approved. Am I wrong?

He's not wrong.

DAVOS

You couldn't get what you wanted the highborn way. So you found other ways.

JON

(skeptical)

And what is it that I wanted?

DAVOS

I've shared company with enough powerful people by now to know that what you've built doesn't happen by accident. Maybe you've buried it so deep that you've forgotten. But you've wanted to be king since you were old enough to want anything.

Jon stares at Davos, who just looks back at him calmly and knowingly.

DAVOS

You don't have to be king, Jon. But you don't have to play the shadow game either, not anymore. You're a Targaryen now. That changes everything. You can play the highborns at their own game. Do you understand?

Jon stares and says nothing.
EXT. NARROW SEA - MARON'S SHIP - DAY

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Ext. NARROW SEA - MARON'S SHIP - DAY

Maron Volmark stands at the prow of his ship, the golden kraken billowing above him on his sails.

Behind him, MARON'S IRONBORN are moving catapults into position. They carry wooden crates up from the ship's hold, each containing a projectile, and lash them to the deck near each catapult.

Two other ships sail alongside Maron's, one on each flank. The three ships cut through the water in pursuit of their quarry.

EXT. NARROW SEA - YARA'S SHIP - DAY

YARA GREYJOY stands at the stern of her ship, her FIRST MATE at her side. The two gaze out at the three ships pursuing them. From their POV, the ships are small dots in the distance.

First mate

We can outsail them.

Yara

(grim)

For a time, perhaps.

FiRST MATE

This is a fast ship, captain. They won't have an easy time catching us.

Yara

They don't need to catch us.

She turns and begins walking along the length of her ship, her first mate following after her. YARA'S IRONBORN nod to her in deference as she passes.

Yara

They only need to come within catapult range, just for a moment. One sloppy tack on our part, one lucky shot on theirs, and they sink us. If we stop for harbor, for food, they sink us.

She stops walking and leans against the rail, frowning in thought.
YARA

We can’t run forever.

FIRST MATE

So what do we do?

Yara looks back again toward the pursuing ships, thinking. Her eyes grow sad.

YARA

My brother died so I could be here.

She gazes out over the waves, in silent grief for Theon.

Her expression hardens. Sadness gives way to rage, to determination.

She turns toward her crew.

YARA

Ironborn!

Her voice cuts like a whip. Instantly, she has the rapt attention of every man on board. They gather to hear her.

YARA

You see those ships?

(they look)

Those are Euron's hounds. They mean to hunt us down for sport. They mean to chase us to exhaustion and starvation. To shoot at us like game and claim our heads for trophies.

(beat)

They expect us to run from them. They expect us to fear them. They expect us to flee, for as long as we have wind in our sails and food in our hold.

The men listen in grim silence. She holds their gaze, meeting their eyes as individuals and as a group.

YARA

We're not going to do what they expect.

Ironborn

(heartened)

Aye...

YARA

It's a moonless night tonight. We're going to change course under cover of darkness. We're going to choose a ship for the taking and fuck them from behind!
IRONBORN
Aye!
YARA
We will take their ship and their catapults and sink the others!
IRONBORN
Aye!
YARA
We will be outnumbered. The fighting will be hard and bloody. Will you kill for me, Ironborn?
IRONBORN
AYE!
YARA
Will you die for me?
IRONBORN
AYE!
YARA
_Am I truly your queen?_
Ironborn
AYE!
A great raucous cheer goes up. The men clash their swords and stomp the deck and raise their fists and their voices for their queen.
IRONBORN
YARA! YARA! YARA!
Yara gazes at her men as they continue shouting her name. The significance and bittersweetness of this moment is reflected in her eyes.
EXT. WINTERFELL SKIES - DAY

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ext. Winterfell skies - day

Dragon cries ring out as DROGON and RHAEGAL soar overhead in the skies above Winterfell.

inT. JON'S OFFICE - day

Jon stands at his window, watching them.

There's a knock on his door.

JON

Who is it?

SANSA (O.S.)

(muffled by the door)

Your cousin.

Jon pulls a face. He turns his back on the window and leans against the wall.

JON

(wry)

Get in here, Sansa.

Sansa opens the door.

JON

And don't call me cousin. You'll always be my sister to me.

She smiles at that, as she closes the door behind herself.

JON

How do you think it went?

Sansa eyes him dubiously as she takes a seat.
SANSA

(quoting him)

All birthrights, in perpetuity?
Ah. He'd wondered if this would come up.

JON

(deadpan)

Did you like that bit?

SANSA

...I never took you for a revolutionary.
Jon lifts his eyebrows at her.

JON

Do you think Joffrey would've been king for as long as he was, if it weren't for the Baratheon name? Do you think the Mad King would've, if it weren't for the Targaryen name?

SANSA

So instead we'll just use war to decide who should be king.

JON

(sarcastic deadpan)

Mm, wouldn't that be a change.

SANSA

Jon.

JON

Every highborn twat thinks they have a right to some throne.

SANSA

(offended)

"Every highborn twat."

JON

Forgive my language.

SANSA

(look who's talking)
You're a Targaryen!

JON

(sharp)

I'm the same person I've always been.

Sansa stares at him, surprised by his sudden heat.

JON

Now I have a fancy name, and suddenly everything is different. You don't find that a bit mad?

(off her silence)

I suppose you wouldn't. You've been highborn your whole life.

SANSA

Are you angry with me?

JON

No, of course not.

Sansa eyes him warily. Jon sees that, feels a bit bad, and gives her a kind, conciliatory smile.

JON

(self-deprecating)

Here I am, debating politics while the world is ending. I didn't mean it like that, Sansa. Forgive me?

Sansa sighs. She gives him a long pensive look.

SANSA

You need to be careful. You're asking people to accept a lot of change all at once.

JON

I know that.

SANSA

You were gone a long time.

JON

I'm sorry. I know it made things hard for you.

SANSA

I'm not complaining about the work I did. I'm trying to warn you.

Jon nods deferentially. Sansa stands up and comes to join him at the window. She looks up at the
dragons flying overhead.

SANSA

Are you really going to ride that?

JON

Rhaegal.

SANSA

What?

JON

His name is Rhaegal. And a betting man would say: probably not.

SANSA

But you're going to try.

JON

I have to.

Sansa doesn't speak, but Jon picks up on her discomfort.

JON

You're worried.

SANSA

It's the end of the world. Of course I'm worried.

JON

I know it's a risk, Sansa. But if I succeed, we double our firepower.

SANSA

And if you fail, you'll be dead in a blameless accident you publicly agreed to.

JON

(slight edge)

Do you realize what it means, that she's letting me try?

(off her look)

It means she trusts me. The last time Targaryens fought each other with dragons, it nearly destroyed them all.

SANSA
How do you know she won't command *Rhaegal* to roast you the first time you try to touch him?

JON

Because she didn't.

SANSA

(confused)

What do you...

(working it out)

*You've tried already?*

JON

I *did* already.

Oh damn.

SANSA

...when?

JON

Yesterday. After I spoke with her.

SANSA

You were *alone* with her and her dragons? After telling her...

Sansa does a face palm to end all face palms.

SaNSA

Jon, you *idiot.*

Jon refuses to look abashed.

SANSA

(grudging)

It's possible she doesn't want to kill you after all.

Jon is too polite to say "I told you so." Outwardly, at least.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - later

Rhaegal rests now on the ground, with Dany standing by his cheek. She rubs the ridge under Rhaegal's eye. He makes a contented noise.

DANY

They like being scratched here.

Jon stands beside her, cautiously petting Rhaegal's snout. He glances at her and moves his hand to the spot she'd indicated. Their dynamic is professional, carefully respectful, and a bit stiff in light of their recent breakup. They never quite make proper eye contact.

DANY

They can be very eager when it comes to food. And they always burn their food before eating it.

(beat)

Have you ever been burned before?

JON

By what?

DANY

Anything.

Strange question.

JON

Yes.

DANY

Mm, you'll have to be careful of that, then. They don't always realize their own power.

Jon gives Dany a look like he wants to say something, then looks away. But Dany sees it.
DANY
What is it?
Jon hesitates.
DANY
If there's something you wish to say to me, say it.
JON
When you attacked the Lannister forces on the Goldroad. Afterward, Randyll and Dickon Tarly refused to kneel for you.
DANY
And?
JON
Did you have to burn them?
Dany stops and narrows her eyes at Jon.
DANY
You think you can challenge my decisions now.
JON
It's not a challenge. It's an honest question.
Dany says nothing.
JON
Maybe the answer is yes. I wasn't there. Maybe their deaths saved others.
DANY
Who discussed this with you?
JON
(vague)
A friend.
DANY
A friend. Your friend went behind my back and approached you about my decisions.
JON
Of course he did.
Dany looks frustrated.

JON

He knows *me*. He trusts *me*. He has no reason to trust *you*, not yet.

Dany is silent. Jon picks up on her displeasure.

JON

I've supported you at every turn since we got here. I want *everyone* to support you, because I believe in you. But I can't work miracles. If you want the people of this country to trust you, you have to give them time. You have to *show* them what you are.

DANY

How did you respond to this trusted friend of yours?

Jon stops petting Rhaegal and finally makes proper eye contact with her.

JON

I told him you were at war. I told him the Tarlys chose the wrong side. I told him ruling is full of difficult decisions and impossible choices, and that it's not my place or his to question yours. I told him that you are my queen.

A beat. A glimmer of vulnerability peeks through Dany's pride. In spite of herself, she's very touched by Jon's loyalty.

JON

But did you have to burn them?

Dany stares at him, doubting herself on this for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. NARROW SEA - MARON'S FLEET - NIGHT

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. NARROW SEA - maron's fleet - night

Three ships sail in formation, with Maron's ship on point. On their sails, the golden kraken glints faintly in the starlight.

We crane down to the ship sailing on Maron's starboard flank. Warm light emanates from its portholes, along with the sounds of laughter and raucous singing.

Ext. Starboard ship - prow - night

ROGIN SALT-BEARD -- an Ironborn raider -- stands duty, gazing forward over the sea from the prow. Merrymaking continues to be heard in the background from below deck.

Rogin is joined by LUCAS CODD -- another Ironborn raider.

LUCAS

You can still see her?

rogin

Aye. We're gaining on her.

That surprises Lucas, a little. He follows Rogin's gaze. In the distance, the faint glow of a ship's lanterns can be seen upon the sea.

lucas

You're sure?

Rogin smirks in affirmation.

rogin

We'll be catching up to her in a day or two, looks to me.

lucas

(mildly disappointed)

And here we'd brought food and ale for a year.
Better get drinking, then, aye?

They laugh. Rogin thumps Lucas on the shoulder.

Be a good lad and take this watch.

Rogin departs before he can protest, leaving Lucas standing at the prow. We follow Rogin below decks as he goes to join the revelry.

The atmosphere is confident and boisterous. Ale flows freely as the men eat, drink, and boast. TORWOLD BROWNTOOTH raises a mug of ale in greeting as Rogin joins them.

Salt-Beard!

Browntooth.

Still gaining?

Aye.

So much for a fast ship, eh? And here I thought we'd have some sport!

He takes a swig of ale.

I say, instead of sinking her outright, we board her, and put them all to the sword.

You're stupid when you're drunk, you know that?

We outnumber them three to one! More, I would bet.

And our catapults outnumber theirs a dozen to nothing.
Where's your sense of fun? Besides, think how happy Euron will be, when we bring back her body. He could string her up right next to her brother. Ha!

He takes another swig of ale.

torwold

(leering)

Maybe Maron will let us have some fun with her, before we kill her.

Rogin laughs at him and pours himself some ale.

rogin

Go swim over and ask him, then.

EXT. STARBOARD SHIP - PROW - NIGHT

Lucas stands at the prow where Rogin had left him. He looks a little bored, staring out over the sea while his crewmates have fun without him.

His POV: the lights are closer than before, bobbing up and down on the waves.

As he looks out at them, a frown comes over his face. He straightens his posture and squints at them. Something is not quite right...

He draws out a spyglass for a closer look.

Ext. Narrow sea - ship lanterns - night

A cluster of rowboats bob on the waves, each bearing a number of ship lanterns. The boats are loosely tethered together to stop them from drifting apart. They are unmanned, abandoned.

EXT. STARBOARD SHIP - PROW - NIGHT

Lucas slowly lowers his spyglass. Oh shit.

We crane backward away from him until we are viewing the ship from some distance behind, from the POV of...

EXT. YARA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Yara Motherfucking Greyjoy, standing on the deck of her ship, preparing to ruin this guy's night.

No lights are shining anywhere on her ship -- they are sailing by starlight and gumption. Yara's Ironborn are massed behind her, weapons drawn, eerily silent in their stealth, yet clearly amped up to kill and die.

EXT. STARBOARD SHIP - main deck - NIGHT

The alarm has been raised, and there is commotion on deck now. Men crank the catapults and lock them in their ready-to-fire positions. Others ready melee weapons, or frantically scan the sea searching for Yara's ship. One man blows a war horn across the water, alerting Maron's ship to the crisis.
LUCAS

There! Astern!

They've finally spotted Yara's ship, coming after them from behind. The captain of the vessel barks orders at the crew.

STARBOARD SHIP CAPTAIN

Bear away! Bring the catapults around!

The catapults are facing forward -- the wrong way. We watch one of the catapult teams grunt and struggle as they rotate it around to face the stern--

BOOM!

Out of nowhere, a flaming catapult projectile lands right in their midst, obliterating the catapult team and smashing a big hole in the deck. Men scream as they fall.

Confusion and chaos. The captain rushes to the railing, bewildered, just in time to see more flaming projectiles arcing toward them...

...from Maron's ship.

The flaming light of the projectiles grows closer and brighter, reflecting off the captain's shocked face--

BOOM!

EXT. YARA'S SHIP - NIGHT

YARA

(with confusion)

Hold off...

Yara's POV: Maron's ship is firing projectiles at both of the ships on its flanks. The sounds of impacts and screaming carry over the water as the two secondary ships are reduced to burning driftwood.

FIRST MATE

What are they doing?

Whatever is going on, it seems to be a positive development for them, but fuck if Yara knows.

ext. Maron's ship - Maron moment

Maron's ship sails toward us, flanked by the listing wreckages of its erstwhile companion ships.

Maron stands at the bow, gazing calmly at Yara's ship as he coasts up to within shouting distance. Before him, a white flag of truce flutters from the prow.

MARON

(shouting across the water)
Queen Yara.

ext. YARA'S SHIP - Yara MOMENT

Yara stares at Maron. She's not sure if his salutation is sincere or mocking, and she is still very confused by what just happened.

Ext. Maron'S SHIP - maRON MOMENT

Maron

Permission to come aboard for parley?

Ext. YARA'S SHIP - yarA MOMENT

Well, isn't this interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. YARA'S SHIP - BELOW DECK - LATER

Yara

I know you.

Yara and Maron sit across from each other at a table.

Yara

You hit me harder than anyone.

Maron

(unapologetic)

I did. I was known for it.

(beat)

Do you think Euron would have trusted me if I'd gone easy on you?

Yara eyes him warily. That makes a lot of sense, actually, but there is still much that doesn't.

Yara

You declared for him. At the Kingsmoot. You shouted his name and called him king.

Maron

Aye. You going to have a cry about it?

Yara says nothing.

Maron

He was right, you know. Your father was a terrible king.

Yara

I know that.
MARON

It didn't stop you from staking your claim on his name.

Touché.

MaRON

His plan was better than yours, too. The dragon queen would've made for a strong ally.

YarA

And then I got to her first.

MaRON

You did.

(beat)

Euron ranted on about how your father kept leading us into wars we couldn't win. Then he goes and declares war against *her*.

He shakes his head: "how's that for hypocrisy?"

MARON

I saw those fuckers flying over King's Landing. We're Ironborn. Our strength comes from the sea. You can't outsail a dragon.

YARA

So you've come to join the winning side.

MARON

Aye.

YARA

(faintly accusing)

You sank your own men tonight.

MARON

(intoning)

What is dead may never die.

He grimaces.

MaRON

Had to be done. There are a thousand ships in the Iron Fleet. All of them will burn if Euron remains king, and our people with them. What's the loss of two ships, against all that?
(beat)

I chose Euron’s most loyal men to crew them, best as I could tell. Brave men, all of them. But not smart men.

Yara

And you’re a smart man?

MARON

I’m not the only one. We all saw those beasts flying over Blackwater Bay. Euron cuts the tongue out of anyone who lets it show. So we hold our treasonous thoughts in silence.

Yara is eyeing Maron with interest. His story is making more and more sense.

YARA

You would follow me then? You would sail for me, fight for me, name me your queen?

MARON

Don’t go asking me to curtsy and kiss your hand. I fight for the Ironborn and the Drowned God.

YARA

As do I.

MARON

Now you have two ships.

YARA

And my ally has two dragons.

Maron smirks.

MARON

And what do you intend to do with them?

Yara shares a gaze with her new loyalist.

YARA

I will take what is mine.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - NIGHT

Chapter Notes

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Ext. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - NIGHT

A LARGE BULL lies dead in the snow, its flesh seared dark. An enormous set of teeth enters frame and tears at it. It's Rhaegal. He opens the bull's abdomen, and its steaming entrails spill out, darkening the snow with blood.

A respectful distance away, Jon sits on a bench and watches the dragon eat.

JAIME (O.S.)

So, you're a Targaryen.

Jon looks up and sees Jaime approaching.

JAIME

(flippant)
Sorry about killing your grandfather.

Jon gives a wry snort, and goes back to watching Rhaegal.

JON

That grandfather burned alive my other grandfather.

A beat as Jaime mentally fact-checks what Jon just said. He makes an interested face.

JAIME

So he did.

JON

Brienne told me he would've burned King's Landing.

(beat)
It's good that you killed him.

Jaime looks at Jon, who is still looking at Rhaegal. Something subtle but very poignant comes into
Jaime's expression... Jaime who has been reviled as an oathbreaker ever since that act.

JAIME

That wasn't Ned Stark's attitude.

JON

Aye, well. My father always took that sort of oath very literally.

JAIME

You keep calling him your father. *Rhaegar Targaryen* was your father.

JON

He would have been. If my father's best friend hadn't killed him.

Jaime eyes him.

JAIME

Does that make you angry?

JON

What's the point. Won't bring him back. Won't change anything. In a different life, aye, Rhaegar Targaryen would've been my father. In this life?

(beat)

I have Rhaegar's name, and I have his blood. Everything else I have is Ned Stark's.

Jaime leans forward and squints at Jon, until Jon turns to look at him.

JON

What.

JAIME

He hid you right under our noses. But I see it now.

Jon looks back at him quizzically.

JAIME


JON

You knew him?

JAIME

I was Kingsguard to his father, of course I knew him.
Bit of a bore, to be honest. Like you. Sad all the time.

JON

Why?

JAIME

(sardonic)

Oh, it's a hard life, being the crown prince. Heir to the throne, gifted at everything, beautiful, beloved by all...

JON

But?

Jaime considers.

JAIME

He watched his father go mad, for one thing. Supposedly, when Rhaegar was a boy, the Mad King was quite different.

(beat)

This dragon is named for him, isn't it?

JON

Aye.

JAIME

You think you'll be able to ride it?

JON

I don't know.

JAIME

You don't look optimistic.

JON

We don't have much time.

JAIME

Mm.

(beat)

I need to be honest with you. We're working night and day on the Scorpions, but they're a last resort,
at best. If the Night King's dragon makes it to our walls, we'll have a few seconds to shoot before it destroys them. And the odds are not good.

JON

I know.

(beat)

What are you thinking?

JAIME

Do you trust me, Jon Snow?

JON

Does that make me a fool?

JAIME

(wry)

I almost got myself killed by coming here, until I was rescued by the word of a boy I once pushed out a window. Who's the fool?

Jon looks back at him expressionlessly.

JAIME

I shouldn't joke about Bran. I'm sorry.

Jon just keeps looking at him.

JAIME

...for pushing your brother out a window.

(awkward beat)

Do you think you'll ever forgive me?

JON

No.

(beat)

But I do trust you, strangely enough.

Jaime makes a "fair enough" face.

JAIME

I wish there were a better way. But I can't think of one, and I've been thinking of little else. When the dead arrive, we need Daenerys to fly out and meet the Night King in battle. Alone, away from the castle. And you, if you manage to get anywhere with this one.
Jon grimaces.

JAIME

I promise I'm not just trying to get the both of you killed. It's a risk...

JON

...but we have to take it.

A beat, both of them staring at Rhaegal.

JAIME

I'll leave you to it then.

Jaime departs, leaving Jon alone with his dragon. The bull carcass is nearly stripped bare now.
Rhaegal crunches at the bones.

Jon slowly stands up and takes a few steps toward him. Rhaegal turns his head and snarls at Jon, warning him away from his kill. Jon freezes, then backs off.

This is going to be a lot of work.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
TYRION (O.S.)

There you are.

Jon turns to see a different Lannister approaching him now through the snow. Tyrion keeps a wary eye on Rhaegal, still growling over his dinner.

TYRION

Getting in touch with your Targaryen side, I see.

JON

Too soon to say.

TYRION

(re: Rhaegal)

You think this one lets just anyone walk up and pet him like a puppy?

Jon doesn't answer. Rhaegal returns to his meal, and Jon returns to his dragon-watching bench.

TYRION

You did well, this morning.

JON

(bitter)

That was the last thing we needed right now.

TYRION

It was necessary. But yes, such matters are often distracting.

JON

(snapping)
I threatened to kill my friends.
That gets a look from Tyrion. He looks a bit sorry for Jon, but also a bit impressed.

TYRION
You know. There exists an extremely obvious solution to this problem.
A loaded silence.

JON
(toneless)
What are you talking about?

TYRION
Do I have to spell it out for you?
A beat.

JON
I can't.

TYRION
...do you not know the words, or...

JON
Do I have to spell it out for you? She's my aunt!

TYRION
And what of it?

JON
(incredulous)
...what of it?

TYRION
You're overthinking this. A marriage is a strategic alliance. Nothing more. Say the words, unite your claims, and put this issue to rest. Why is that so difficult?

Jon looks away.

TYRION
(answering his own question)
You still love her, don't you.
Jon casts him a dark look.

TYRION
Don't look at me that way. You think I'm going to judge you?

Tyrion sits down next to Jon.

TYRION
We don't choose whom we love.

JON
It's not right.

Tyrion gives him a pitying look.

TYRION
And what about your friends conspiring against the woman you love. Is that right?

JON
They won't conspire.

TYRION
You're missing the point.

Jon looks at him.

TYRION
I know it would be... complicated... for you, personally. But ruling is all about putting aside your personal feelings and doing what's best for the realm.

JON
And this is what's best for the realm? A sham marriage.

TYRION
Sham marriages have forged more peace than any other single technique.

Jon sighs and looks away again.

TYRION
I know you have a lot on your mind right now. You don't have to decide now. Just keep an open mind, won't you?

Jon says nothing.

TYRION
Anyway. In the meantime, you've just made "Snow" a very fashionable name. Ironic, for someone
so hung up on Northern morals. Northerners will be having bastards left and right now.

Tyrion smiles at his own joke. Jon doesn’t look amused.

TYRION

Intriguing choice, by the way. You cast aside your namesake -- the greatest conqueror who ever lived -- in favor of a lowly bastard name. But I suppose there is a sort of strength in modesty.

Tyrion gets up and starts to walk away.

JON

Tyrion.

Tyrion stops and looks back.

JON

You think I call myself "Jon Snow" out of modesty?

Tyrion frowns. He's not quite sure where Jon's going with this, which is rare for Tyrion.

TYRION

If I'm to take you at your word, it's out of respect for Ned Stark.

JON

Where are we?

TYRION

Outside.

JON

Where are we?

Tyrion sighs. He can tell Jon is trying to make some kind of Point at him, so he decides to play along.

TYRION

Winterfell.

JON

And where is Winterfell?

TYRION

(over-articulating)

In the North.

JON
Aye. In the North.

Jon stands up slowly.

JON

You're the political mind. But you're not from here. Let me offer you a free bit of Northern wisdom.

He walks closer and stands looking down at Tyrion.

JON

"Aegon Targaryen" has no power in the North. "Jon Snow" is a bastard, aye. But he's a *Northern* bastard. He has more power here than a thousand dragon princes. *That's* who I need to be right now. You understand me?

Tyrion says nothing, but he's looking at Jon with a strange, shrewd fascination.

Rhaegal rumbles and stretches his wings, interrupting the moment. The bull carcass is gone now. Rhaegal snuffles in the bloodied snow, licks his chops, and turns toward them.

Jon takes a steadying breath, and moves slowly toward the dragon, hand outstretched. Tyrion watches him with rapt attention.

Rhaegal approaches and noses at Jon, like a horse sniffing hopefully for a hidden apple. Coming up empty, Rhaegal snorts, turns his back, and takes flight.

Tyrion comes up to stand beside Jon, and they both watch in quiet awe as the dragon climbs into the air. Their clothing whips in the wind of Rhaegal's wingbeats.

Jon turns to look at Tyrion once more, as the wind settles down.

JON

Do me a favor, and don't speak so loudly of my "namesake."

He walks away. Tyrion watches him go, then turns his gaze upward again toward the soaring dragon, as Rhaegal's cries echo in the cold winter air.

END OF EPISODE 804

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E04 - "The Queen's Man." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site [aliceshipwise.com](http://aliceshipwise.com):

- S08E01 - "Fealty"
- S08E02 - "The Truth"
- S08E03 - "Silence"
- S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
- S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
- S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season 8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)

S08E07 - "Winterfell"
Cold open

EXT. LONG LAKE NORTHWESTERN SHORE - DAY

The UMBER REFUGEE TRAIN makes its way down the Kingsroad, moving along the northwestern shore of the Long Lake.

[N.B.: The lake sits high in the Lonely Hills, giving it a view of the surrounding forests and countryside.]

Men, women, and children struggle forward in the snow, on foot and horseback. They look frozen and exhausted.

Young NED UMBER is on horseback, watching people as they pass by, scanning for stragglers.

An eerie shriek echoes in the distance. Ned turns and looks toward the sound, back the way they came.

EXT. LAST HEARTH - OUTER WALL - DAY

Blue flames fill our vision.

We pull back to see VISERION breathing fire upon the walls of Last Hearth. He blasts fire again and again, focusing his terrible flames upon the base of the outer wall.

The NIGHT KING sits ominous and terrible on his dragon's back.

The ARMY OF THE DEAD stands in a massive legion nearby, still and silent, the light of the dragon-flame reflecting off their dead faces. WHITE WALKERS sit upon their dead horses, watching and waiting.

EXT. LONG LAKE NORTHWESTERN SHORE - DAY

Tears stream silently down young Ned Umber's face as he stares past us into the distance.

Ned's POV: past the snow-covered lake, past the forests and open countryside, we see distant flashes of blue on the horizon. Its light reflects off the clouds above and the snow below, like lightning. Even from this distance, the effect is otherworldly and terrifying.
Under the sustained blasts of fire, the stones glow red, then white, then melt into slag and collapse. The stones above collapse down into the void, and a section of wall comes tumbling down.

For a moment, there is utter silence.

Then as one, the army of the dead lurches forward and streams into the breach.

INT. LAST HEARTH - DAY

We creep softly through Last Hearth's abandoned interior, panning slowly and eerily through its rooms, lingering on the signs of everyone having left very suddenly.

A dining hall, the benches pushed back haphazardly, food half-eaten, ale half-drunk.

A parsnip, half-chopped, a knife left askew on the cutting board.

A broom, laying in the middle of the floor where it was dropped.

A blacksmith's forge, a single coal still smoldering a dull, weak red. Then a gust of intense cold makes the coal go dark, emitting a faint, ghostly tendril of white smoke.

Now we see waist-level shots of HUMAN FORMS moving through the rooms, slowly refilling the empty castle with people. We can't see their faces... it is only by context and by the uncanniness of their movement that we know they are dead people.

INT. LAST HEARTH - RAVENRY - DAY

The MAESTER OF LAST HEARTH is methodically attaching scrolls to ravens, leaving the cage doors open as he goes. He's shivering, his breath gusting fog in the intensely cold air.

The ravens refuse to leave their open cages. They cower, cawing their alarm.

Finally, he finishes with the last raven. Shaking violently, he sits down, facing the open window, his back to the door. He squeezes his eyes shut and rocks back and forth, his lips moving with some prayer we can't hear.

Around him, the ravens caw louder and louder, the noise rising up in a cacophonous crescendo of fear.

Over the maester's shoulder, out of focus, the door slowly swings open.

There's an explosion of noise as all the ravens burst simultaneously out of their cages, filling the room with their panic. It's a chaos of flapping wings and frantic cawing. The noise dies down as they empty out through the window, fleeing into the sky.

Now it is completely, utterly, profoundly silent. A few black feathers float in the air, rocking slowing back and forth on the air currents, drifting down toward the floor.

Near-paralyzed with dread, the maester slowly turns to look behind him.

The Night King stands alone and terrible in the center of the room.

Slowly and deliberately, the Night King lifts his ice blade and points it at the maester's heart. We hear that faint high-pitched ringing, on the edge of hearing.

The maester stares up at him, frozen in terror.
The Night King draws the blade back and the ringing grows louder and more painful, louder and louder, then--

CUT TO BLACK

END OF COLD OPEN

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - DAY

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Main episode

EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - DAY

NW BROTHER (O.S.)

Open the gates!

DOLOROUS EDD stands just inside the gates of Castle Black, as two NW BROTHERS open the gates.

Edd steps through the gates and looks out. A stunned expression comes over his face.

Edd's POV: a gathering of about four thousand WILDLINGS is assembled in a great crowd -- the entirety of the surviving Free Folk. In front of them stand TORMUND and BERIC.

Tormund steps forward.

TORMUND

May we come in?

EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - LATER

Tormund walks through the courtyard of Castle Black, which is now packed to the brim with wildling children, new mothers, and old people. The squalling of babies and other noise fills the air. He checks on a few people as he passes.

Tormund ascends a set of stairs, on his way to the Lord Commander's chamber.

We crane up and see a sprawling wildling encampment outside the gates, for all the people who can't fit within the walls of Castle Black.

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

Edd sits at his table, reading a raven scroll.

Tormund enters.

TORMUND
What's that?

EDD

We got a raven from Last Hearth.

TORMUND

And?

EDD

(toneless)

The castle's fallen. The Night King's dragon blasted the walls and the dead overran the place. But it says the people got away, at least. Fled to Winterfell. Except whatever poor sod sent this.

TORMUND

Have you heard from Winterfell?

Edd nods glumly.

EDD

They're preparing for attack. Jon thinks the dead will hit Karhold next. Then Winterfell in a week or so. They'll try to bring down the Night King's dragon when they do, if they can.

Tormund absorbs all that. He pulls up a chair in front of Edd's table and sits.

TORMUND

Our fighters are dead. Most all of them. But. When you came to us at Hardhome, we promised Jon we would stand beside him when the fight came. It's here now. What does he want us to do?

Edd sets down the scroll and gazes dolorously at Tormund.

EDD

"Stay alive."

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - PRE-DAWN

A camping bedroll lies in the snow, heaped with thick furs, dusted with a layer of fresh snowfall.

RHAEGAL'S snout appears and pushes at it. No response. The dragon pushes again, rumbling petulantly.

Movement, then a head of tousled bed-hair emerges from the end of the bedroll. It's JON SNOW, lying buried under the furs.

He lifts his head a few inches and squints at the sky. It's still a dark pre-dawn, though the eastern horizon is just barely beginning to show some color.

Rhaegal noses him again, and Jon pushes his snout away.
(mumbling)

After sunrise.

Rhaegal rolls Jon over with his snout -- bedroll, furs, and all. He snorts into Jon's face, making him squeeze his eyes shut against the hot smelly breath. Rhaegal growls more loudly and insistently.

Jon opens his eyes and huffs a sigh.

CUT TO:

A sheep steps through the snow. Jon is leading a ram by the horns. He looks half-asleep, disheveled, and like he hasn't bathed in a week.

Jon walks up to Rhaegal with the ram. Rhaegal eagerly blasts it with fire, forcing Jon to jump away from the flames.

JON

(scolding)

*Easy. Easy.*

Rhaegal grabs the singed ram with his teeth and shakes it like a dog shaking a rabbit.

JON

(still groggy)

Roast me, and you won't get lunch.

Rhaegal starts feeding on the ram, as Jon watches him blearily.

Jon's POV: Rhaegal's teeth rip into the ram. Our gaze travels along the crest of the dragon's neck, up to the spot atop his shoulders where a rider would sit.

Jon stares up at that spot.

He walks slowly to where Rhaegal's wing meets his body and pauses there, facing his tail. Rhaegal's shoulders are hunched low as he eats. Jon lays one hand against the dragon's neck and looks back over his shoulder to gauge his reaction. Rhaegal looks back at him, swallows, then continues feeding, seemingly unconcerned.

Jon pauses a moment longer. Then he places his other hand on the wing joint and hoists himself upward.

At that, Rhaegal turns his head and lifts his shoulder high, leaving Jon hanging onto the wing joint by his hands. Rhaegal makes a confused noise, like a draconic "...what are you doing?"

Jon tries to hang on. He does a pull up, grabs for one of Rhaegal's back spikes, misses, and drops back down to the ground, rolling backward into a heap. He pushes himself into a sitting position, panting and covered in snow. He looks up at where he'd dropped from, then over to Rhaegal's face.

Rhaegal makes another confused noise and picks up the sheep carcass in his teeth. He shuffles
around so that his tail is presented to Jon, and resumes eating.

SAM (O.S.)

You're making progress.

Jon turns and sees SAMWELL TARLY watching from some distance away. Sam is holding a tray with food steaming on it. Jon walks toward him.

JON

Slowly.

SAM

You'll get it. I know you will. You've only been at it a week.

JON

Which means I'm halfway out of time.

SAM

(insisting)

You'll get it.

Jon and Sam sit on a bench under a cloth awning. Sam hands him the food: a hot stew of some sort and some bread. Jon tears off a piece of the bread and dips it in the stew.

SAM

I still can't believe you're a prince.

JON

Don't call me that.

SAM

Whatever you say, your grace.

JON

(mouth full)

Stop it.

SAM

You shouldn't talk with your mouth full. It's not very regal.

Jon flicks a splat of stew into Sam's face with his spoon. Sam laughs. Jon smiles, and resumes eating.

JON

How's your work coming?
SAM
Slowly as well. These old texts... they read more like songs or myths than proper histories. It's a lot of work trying to sort out anything useful from them.

JON
Mm, maybe someone will write a song about us one day. If the dead don't kill every person alive.

SAM
About you maybe. I'm not really hero material.

JON
Who says you're not?

SAM
Every song ever written says I'm not. Every hero is a swordy adventure type.

JON
(amused)
"Swordy adventure type."

SAM
In the Westerosi legends of the Long Night, there's a man they called "the last hero." It's said that he went searching for the Children of the Forest... that he had a sword, a horse, a dog, and a dozen companions.

(beat)

In the legends from the far east, there's a hero from Asshai called Azor Ahai. It's said that he forged a legendary sword called Lightbringer, and to forge it, he plunged the hot blade into the living heart of his beloved wife.

Jon stops chewing, looking disturbed.

JON
Why?

SAM
Blood magic, supposedly. It's said that her soul combined with the steel, and with this blade he was able to kill White Walkers.

JON
That's... grim.

SAM
(eager)
Jon... I think Lightbringer must have been Valyrian steel. If that's true, then Valyrian steel was invented much earlier than previously thought. Isn't that interesting?

Jon looks down at Longclaw, hanging on his hip.

JON

...does that mean every Valyrian steel sword was--

SAM

Plunged into a loving wife's heart? I don't think so. References to Valyrian steel don't really become commonplace until thousands of years later. And there's no further mention of... that technique. They must've found other ways by then.

JON

Mm.

SAM

But I just think it's so interesting that perhaps Valyrian steel was originally invented for the express purpose of defeating White Walkers.

Jon is beginning to lose interest in this tangent.

SAM

And after all these years, history (has forgotten its origins--)

JON

(interrupting)

We already know Valyrian steel kills Walkers, Sam. Have you found anything useful in your books?

Sam pauses, considering.

SAM

Would you consider prophecies to be useful?

JON

Am I about to hear one?

SAM

In Asshai, there's a very old prophecy that Azor Ahai would be reborn one day. The one who stabbed his wife in the heart. I copied it down.

He takes a scrap of paper from inside his coat. It's torn from the corner of a larger piece of paper, giving it a distinctive, irregular triangle shape. We linger on Jon's face as Sam reads.

SAM

(reading)
"There will come a day after a long summer when the cold breath of darkness falls heavy on the world. In this dread hour a warrior shall draw from the fire a burning sword. That sword shall be Lightbringer, and he who clasps it shall be Azor Ahai come again, and the darkness shall flee before him."

We're still watching Jon's face.

JON (unmoved)

They make it sound so simple.

This prophecy means nothing to Jon. Whatever significance it has to us is lost on him. He resumes eating.

SAM

The part that's ridiculous to me is this fixation on one hero. All the legends of the Long Night claim that one hero rose up and led all the world's people to victory. But that can't possibly be true. Asshai is about as far away from Westeros as it's possible to be. There's no way this Azor Ahai could be the same as this Westerosi hero, with the horse, and the dog. It's absurd.

Jon smiles at how worked up Sam seems to be getting over this point.

JON

So nothing useful, then.

Sam hesitates uncertainly.

SAM

There was one other thing.

Jon looks at him expectantly.

SAM

...I could be misinterpreting. These texts are so old that it's like reading a different language.

JON

What is it, Sam?

SAM

I keep finding references to "The Fourteen." It's never explained what that means. But they seem to use "The Fourteen" interchangeably with "White Walkers."

Jon furrows his brow, thinking.

SAM

How many White Walkers are there, do you suppose?

JoN
More than that, surely.

SAM

I suppose the number could have grown in the last eight thousand years.

Jon frowns more deeply, thinking hard.

JON

Keep reading, Sam.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - DAY

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

ext. Winterfell landscape - day

A wide landscape view of Winterfell shows REFUGEES lined up outside the gates, in a long winding procession of people, carts, and horses.

DOTHRAKI RIDERS deposit their human cargo with rough-handed efficiency before wheeling and galloping off again into the countryside.

ext. Winterfell gates - day

At the gates of Winterfell, the procession moves slowly into the castle. The people look tired, hungry, and very cold. Among them, we see the ELDERLY COUPLE that Arya had threatened, in 804. They stare dully at the ground as they shuffle along with the rest of the crowd, guided by STARK GUARDSMEN.

A dragon's cry rings out from above. Everyone stops and looks up. Mouths gape open as the Northern commoners behold a sight straight out of myth and legend. The old man and woman reflexively clasp each other. Their eyes are huge with awe -- half fearful, half amazed. We hear the flapping of dragon wings and see an enormous shadow fall over them.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY

Small boy

Is it true that you can ride them?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN is sitting in the Winterfell courtyard, surrounded by a gaggle of wide-eyed NORTHERN CHILDREN. The courtyard is packed with refugees of all ages, resting after their long journey.

DANY

Yes, it is. Would you like to see one day?

SMALL BOY

(eager)

Could I ride with you?
Dany laughs.

DANY

I don't imagine your mother would approve.

SMALL BOY

I don't have a mother. She died when I was a baby.

DANY

I'm very sorry to hear that, Benny. My mother died when I was a baby too.

A little REDHEAD GIRL pipes up.

Redhead girl

Why is your hair white?

DANY

It runs in my family. Does red hair run in your family?

REDHEAD GIRL

Mother says my nan used to have hair like mine. But now it's white like yours. Only it's not so long and pretty.

DANY

You're very kind, Palla. I think your hair is beautiful. Is it your mother who braids it for you?

The little girl nods, smiling shyly.

Ext. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - elsewhere - day

SANSA

How much room do we have left?

SANSA STARK is walking through the Winterfell courtyard with MAESTER WOLKAN, her eyes scanning the crowd critically.

Maester wolkan

The Great Keep is nearly full, my lady, but there is still room in the western tower.

SANSA

We're going to need more room soon, at this rate. We can't very well turn people away once we run out of rooms in the castle.

MAESTER WOLKAN

Perhaps we could house the newcomers in the winter town?
SANSA

The winter town won't be safe when the attack comes. We need to make room within the walls of Winterfell. Do we have tents, perhaps?

MAESTER WOLKAN

I'm sure we do, my lady.

SANSA

Instruct the guardsmen to pitch tents wherever there's open ground. In the godswood, even. Everywhere except the lawn of the broken tower.

MAESTER WOLKAN

Yes, my lady.

Maester Wolkan bows and departs. Sansa stops walking and looks around at the people in the courtyard with a pensive expression.

Sansa's POV: our gaze lingers on individual Northerners. A little boy tugging at his father's arm, pointing at the Stark wolf banners. A young mother shushing her crying infant. A teenaged youth draping a blanket around an old woman's shoulders.

DaNY

You look troubled, Lady Stark.

Sansa turns to see Dany approaching her.

SANSA

(reserved, polite)

Your grace.

DANY

What's on your mind?

SANSA

Surviving the war, your grace.

DANY

Anything in particular, just now?

Sansa hesitates, thinking. Snow crunches underfoot as they walk together through the courtyard.

DANY

I hope you feel you can speak freely with me, Lady Stark.

SaNSA
In truth, your grace, I was thinking that we haven't dug enough latrine pits.

DANY

(musing)

Latrine pits.

(beat)

They don't put that part in the songs, do they?

SANSA

No, your grace.

Dany casts Sansa a quizzical, mildly amused look.

DANY

Did you used to daydream about being a lady, as a child? About ruling a castle?

SANSA

Yes, your grace.

DANY

Did you imagine it would be like this?

SANSA

No, your grace.

Dany gives her a look. Sansa realizes what she just said -- she glances back at Dany, a look of sheepishness briefly disrupting her perfect poise. Dany laughs.

SANSA

I'm sorry. It's a habit.

DANY

No need for apologies.

They walk on in silence for a bit.

DANY
Is there anything I can do for you, Sansa? To lighten your burden?

Sansa

That's kind of you. But unless you know how to double the size of our castle, or turn snow into wheat...

Dany

You're short on food?

Sansa pauses, weighing her words carefully.

Sansa

We might have had enough for our own people. And we're deeply grateful for your aid in this war, of course, more than we can express.

Dany

But?

Sansa

(careful, diplomatic)

Feeding your armies and your dragons is necessary for the living to prevail. I'm glad for their presence. But as it stands now, thousands of my people will starve to death by winter's end.

Dany regards Sansa soberly.

Dany

It isn't easy, is it?

(beat)

Without my armies, your people face slaughter. With my armies, your people face starvation. These people look to you for protection, and yet you know already that you will fail them. I know how hard it is.

Sansa watches Dany's face, saying nothing. Dany lets the silence hang for a moment.

Dany

My fleet is not as large as it was. But it should be enough. If the living prevail, you should expect regular shipments from White Harbor.

Sansa stops walking, surprised.

Sansa

...your grace?

Dany

The first voyage is already underway. After your brother and I disembarked with my Unsullied, I
ordered the fleet to set sail for Braavos and pick up as much food as they can carry.

Sansa is still staring, slowly absorbing this bit of unexpected good news. Dany watches her expression with a slight smile.

DANY

I can't very well let my citizens starve, can I?

Sansa finally finds her voice.

SaNSA

Thank you, your grace.

There's sincerity in her voice. Dany gives her a nod and a smile, and together they resume walking through the Winterfell courtyards.
EXT. VOLANTENE SHIPWRECK - DAY

The burnt remains of Bronn's Volantene ship bob up and down on the waves of Blackwater Bay -- the work of Dany's rival queen. Sailors' corpses float amidst smoldering wreckage.

EXT. BRONN'S ROWBOAT - DAY

A good distance away now, BRONN pulls exhaustedly at makeshift oars in his damaged rowboat.

He is not in good shape. His skin is badly sunburnt and crusted with salt. His lips are chapped and bleeding. His arms tremble as he rows.

The hole in the rowboat's hull is plugged with Bronn's wadded-up jacket, though water still seeps in around it, and several inches of seawater slosh about the bottom of the boat. As Bronn rows, the makeshift plug pops loose, and water begins pouring in.

Bronn grabs the jacket and hurriedly works to plug up the hole once more, his hands shaking and fumbling with weakness. He jams it back into place and begins bailing water out of the boat with cupped hands.

He pauses mid-motion and stares down at the seawater in his hands. Sunlight ripples tantalizingly across its surface. He is breathing raggedly, and we can tell how dry his mouth is.

He closes his eyes, gets a grip on himself, and resumes bailing.

In his preoccupied, half-delirious state, he doesn't notice the ship approaching, at first.

Still bailing water, he hears the creaking of sails, looks up, and freezes at the sight of a MERCHANT SHIP sailing toward him. He ducks down and flattens himself into the bottom of the rowboat, his movements made clumsy by exhaustion and urgency. He lies there, partially submerged, hoping he hasn't been spotted, not daring to risk a peek over the edge.

The sun beats relentlessly down onto his already abused face. He drapes an arm over his eyes in an effort to gain some small relief from it.

A shadow falls over him. He opens his eyes. The ship is upon him. On deck, sailors are calling out and pointing down at him.

Bronn gazes dimly up at them, too weak to fight whatever fate these strangers may have in store for him.
Bronn's POV: our view of the sailors fuzzes out as Bronn loses consciousness.

Int. Merchant ship cabin - later

Darkness gives way to a blurry view of a ship's cabin, and then finally to clarity.

Bronn blinks awake, disoriented. He shifts his body and inspects himself. He's lying in a bed. Someone has bathed him, changed him out of his sodden clothes, and bandaged his salt sores. He looks around, and starts when he realizes he is not alone.

An UNKNOWN WOMAN is sitting beside his bed, watching him. She is middle-aged but handsome, with a face that looks like it is more lined than it ought to be for her age. She is dressed simply, in a manner typical of King's Landing commoners.

She smiles when she sees that Bronn is awake. Her smile looks tired, but kind.

[N.B.: her name is LEMORE, but Bronn doesn't know that.]

Lemore

There you are. Here.

She holds out a wooden bowl. Bronn just stares at it. She proffers it closer, and the motion makes her necklace swing. It's a simple pendant -- a small copper seven-pointed star, green with corrosion, hanging from her neck by a thin leather cord.

LeMORE

It's water. Drink.

Bronn takes the bowl from her, slowly, eyeing her mistrustfully. He looks down at the clean water sloshing in the bowl, and it's clear that the temptation is agonizing.

He looks at her once more, then back down at the water.

Ah, fuck it.

He takes an experimental sip, then his thirst takes over control of his body. He takes down the water in great desperate gulps.

LEMORE

Shhh, not so fast. You'll retch it back up.

Bronn has already drained the little bowl.

Bronn

(gasping, hoarse)

More.

She nods and takes the bowl back from him.

LeMORE

The crew were making bets on whether you would wake up.
She gets up to refill the bowl from a small open barrel with a ladle sticking out of it.

LEMORE

That burnt wreckage out there. You were one of its sailors, yes?

Bronn says nothing. Lemore shakes her head as she ladles water into the bowl.

LEMORE

Terrible. The captain wanted to stay well clear of it, but I convinced him to go in, see if there were survivors...

She shakes her head again.

LEMORE

I don't suppose you know which passenger had crossed her?

BrONN

"Her?"

LEMORE

The queen. Who else could do such a thing?

She returns to Bronn's bedside with the bowl of water.

LEMORE

Here. Slowly this time.

She gives him the water and watches as he drinks it down.

LEMORE

You're very lucky to be alive. The gods must have plans for you.

Luck had nothing to do with it, and Bronn doesn't give two shits about the gods. But he's not about to tell this stranger that.

He drains the bowl a second time and hands it back to her. As she takes it from him, the ringing of the ship's bell makes them both look up.

LEMORE

Already, hm? Sounds like it's time to go ashore.

BroNN

(reflexive)

No!

She looks at him quizzically.
BRONN

I don't want... I'm not going back to King's Landing.

A beat.

LEMORE

We're not at King's Landing.

Bronn stares back at her in confusion.

Ext. Dragonstone island - day

Indeed, we are not at King's Landing. We are at Dragonstone.

A wide aerial of the island shows us the distinctive angular lines of its castle, with Lemore's merchant ship sailing into its harbor.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. DRAGONSTONE AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

Chapter Notes

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INT. DRAGONSTONE AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

Lemore enters Dragonstone's audience chamber. And standing there, waiting for her...

VARYS

Septa Lemore, so very good to be meeting you at last.

VARYS approaches and clasps her hand warmly in both of his.

LEMORE

Lord Varys. You speak very prettily, but you must know I haven't been a true septa in years.

VARYS

A title of courtesy, if it pleases you.

LEMORE

An insult to the title, in the eyes of the Faith.

VARYS

(pointed)

And whose eyes would that be, at present?

Lemore regards him.

LEMORE

Do you know what I saw, on my way to your island?

(off his look)

A merchant ship was destroyed by wildfire, on its way out of King's Landing. We sailed past the wreckage. Saw the burnt corpses floating in the Blackwater.

VARYS
Your queen appears to be developing a habit for wildfire.

(beat)

I appreciate that you are taking a great risk in accepting my invitation here. But after all, we do share a common enemy. Your Great Sept destroyed, your High Sparrow murdered, your Faith Militant turned to ash. All the Faith's power destroyed, in a single stroke.

LEMORE

Buildings can be destroyed, Lord Varys. Men and women can be killed. But Faith does not die so easily.

VARYS

Indeed, it does not. It carries on, doesn't it? In orphanages, poorhouses, humble neighborhood septs. Day by day, the work continues. And you, my friend. You have an impressive capacity for work. You weren't easy to identify, but I imagine you are now the closest thing the Faith has to a leader, in practice if not in title. Don't you want to avenge your murdered brothers and sisters?

LEMORE

I want a great many things, Lord Varys. But you are not interested in removing Cersei to punish her for her sins, are you? You're interested in clearing the way for a new queen.

VARYS

I am interested in the same thing you are. To see the common people prosper again.

LEMORE

(politely dubious)

And that's what will happen under the Mad King's daughter?

VARYS

Queen Daenerys has always kept cause with the lowest of her people. She freed countless slaves across the Narrow Sea. The people under your care may not be slaves, but they suffer chains of their own -- hunger, injustice, the murder of innocents. Daenerys Stormborn is here to break those chains.

LEMORE

It's said that she burns men alive.

That pulls Varys up short, for a brief moment.

VARYS

War is war, I'm afraid. But when the peace is won, the realm will prosper in a way that it never will under Cersei.

He steps closer to her.

VARYS
The Targaryens and the Faith worked together peacefully for hundreds of years. You are needed now more than ever. The people look to their holy men and women for strength in these troubled times. If you spread the word that Daenerys is the true queen, the rightful queen, the common people will listen. And Cersei shall be queen in name only.

LEMORE

(with an edge)

You mean to ask the poor to take up arms against the queen?

VARYS

Nothing so ostentatious as that. We are not asking you to fight.

LEMORE

Then what would you have us do?

VARYS

Pray. Pray for the return of your true queen. Drink secret toasts to her health.

Lemore eyes him, saying nothing.

VARYS

I understand you will need time to consider all of this. Our queen appreciates that she must earn your allegiance with time. This conversation is but the beginning of a new relationship. But before you return to your ship, I have something for you.

LEMORE

Lord Varys, if you think you can buy my confidence with gold...

VARYS

Not gold. Grain.

Men enter the room, bearing large chests between them. They open them, revealing their contents, as Varys continues.

VARYS

Clothing and shoes. Linen and medicine. Provisions for your orphanages and your poorhouses. We both know you are in desperately short supply.

Lemore stares at the open chests. She slowly reaches down and picks up a child-sized shoe from one of the chests. She turns it over in her hands. Her face betrays how badly she needs such supplies.

VARYS

I only ask...

Lemore looks up, waiting for the inevitable catch.

VARYS
...that you continue the work you have been doing.

A beat.

LEMORE

(still doubtful)

You're saying this is a gift? That you expect nothing in return?

VARYS

Not a gift. A duty. From a queen to her people.

Lemore absorbs that. She stares as more chests are brought in, full of their humble-yet-precious cargo.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - NIGHT

DANY

A queen's word is law.

LARENCE SNOW stands at attention in the middle of the Great Hall, visibly afraid. He is a young man of typical Northern looks. The room is full of Northerners, and a few give him sympathetic looks.

Dany is presiding at the High Table, with Sansa seated at her side. JAIME LANNISTER is seated on her other side, his face bloodied. A few Northerners give him hostile glances.

LARENCE SNOW

With respect, your grace, I did what I did for the North. If I'm to be judged, let a Northerner do the judging.

He looks to Sansa. Sansa looks back at him, and realizes that he's referring to her. Sansa looks at Dany, who returns her gaze watchfully. She looks back at Larence, and considers a beat before speaking.

SANSA

I cannot pass judgment on you, Larence Snow. My brother is Warden of the North, not me.

A beat.

LARENCE SNOW

Then I would ask to hear Jon Snow's judgment, my lady.

Sansa and Dany exchange a look. Dany regards Larence for a beat, then shifts her gaze to the wary-eyed Northmen watching her.

She considers a moment. Then nods her assent. Her eyes shift to TYRION LANNISTER, standing to one side. Tyrion nods to her and departs to go fetch Jon.

There's a long silence as everyone waits for Tyrion to return. The mood is tense.

Finally, the door swings open with a sudden bang, and Jon enters with a gust of wind and snow. He
halts a few steps into the hall, the door still open behind him.

JON

(brusque)

I'm told you stand accused of attempting to murder Ser Jaime Lannister. What do you have to say for yourself?

LARENCE SNOW

My lord... my brother Daryn Hornwood was in King Robb's personal guard. The Kingslayer killed him at the Battle of the Whispering Wood. He cut down ten of your brother's men that day. He's long been an enemy to the North.

JON

(snapping)

Do you think I've forgotten? What gives your grief a greater weight than mine?

Larence goes quiet and stares back at him. Jon points at Jaime. When he speaks, his voice starts quiet and then rises in passion until he's practically shouting.

JON

This man threw my little brother from a tower and crippled him for life. His son had my father beheaded on false charges. His father had my brother butchered at a wedding!

There's a ringing silence. Jon is really worked up now.

JON

I loved my father! I loved Robb! They were taken from me, and I will NEVER forget that!

Jon nails Jaime with a death-glare at that part.

JON

But they're dead! Your brother's dead! This war is for the living. ALL the living, against ALL the dead! Jaime Lannister fights for the living now. If you're going to shelter behind our walls, you will do the same. And you will make your choice now, once and for all, because I don't have time for any of this!

Jon takes one step forward and draws his sword eight inches clear of its scabbard, lifting it by its crossguard with his fingers.

JON

Do you wish to fight for the dead?

Larence shakes his head, looking terrified. The whole room is uncannily still and silent.

LARENCE SNOW

(shaky)
No, your grace.

JON

(snapping)

I'm not "your grace."

LARENCE SNOW

No, my lord.

Jon stares him down a second longer. He looks around, scanning the whole room, still furious, still holding his sword partially out of its sheath.

JON

(to the room)

Anyone harms any of my allies ever again, and I take your head from your shoulders myself.

He resheaths his sword loudly, then storms out of the still-open door.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - NIGHT

TYRION

I've never seen you lose your temper before.

Tyrion and Jon are walking through the Winterfell courtyards, on their way back to the Broken Tower.

JON

Did I lose my temper?

TYRION

(wry)

You scared that poor man half to death.

JON

That man should have been executed.

Tyrion looks up at him.

JON

He disobeyed my direct orders. He attacked a guest under my roof, my most senior officer. He endangered the entire war effort. Any reasonable commander would have had him hanged in the square.

TYRION

And yet you chose to show mercy.

JON

(snapping)

Do you think I got where I am by showing mercy to people who refuse my orders? I've beheaded men for far less.
Tyrion takes that in. This is a side of Jon that Tyrion hasn't seen before.

TYRION

(prodding)

So, if not mercy...

Jon stops walking and gives Tyrion a look. He casts a glance over his shoulder, checking for eavesdroppers.

JON

(low voice)

What do you think happens to my hold on the North if I kill a man for trying to take justice for Northern dead?

Tyrion narrows his eyes warily.

TYRION

(echoing ominously)

"Your hold on the North."

Jon says nothing, just looks at him. Tyrion's eyes widen a bit in alarm.

TYRION

...Jon?

JON

(low, conspiratorial)

I've been gone from here for months. Now I'm back, and in my first week, I've asked them to kneel for a Targaryen queen. I've asked them to take orders from the Kingslayer. And I've confessed that I'm not Ned Stark's son.

(beat)

These aren't meek southerners, Tyrion. For how much longer can we expect Northmen to follow me -- a Targaryen born in the South -- if I keep asking for things like that? This would've been the last straw.

Jon resumes walking. Tyrion follows.

TYRION

You'd told me they see you as a Northerner. As one of them.

JON

There are whispers.

(beat)
There are some who find it suspicious that I handed the North to a Targaryen, and then the next day I conveniently find out I'm a Targaryen too.

(beat)

Some others think perhaps I'm not a Targaryen at all, and I'm just saying I am because I'm trying to marry the queen. That perhaps I'm just an ambitious bastard, and this is my latest big move. That I purposefully waited for all my trueborn brothers to die before taking Winterfell for myself.

(beat)

That perhaps even the Army of the Dead is just a story that me and the wildlings made up together. And what's really coming now is the rest of the wildling horde, here to conquer the Seven Kingdoms for me.

Tyrion is taking all this in with intense, alarmed interest. He's watching Jon's expression, reading past his stoic exterior.

TYRION

That is quite the story. Sadly for you, your true story is both stranger and more uncomfortable to believe.

Jon says nothing.

TYRION

When I was Hand to Joffrey, the common people blamed me for his crimes. After I saved them all from Stannis, my father took all the credit. Some time later, he publicly sentenced me to death for a crime I didn't commit.

(quiet)

What we do is thankless work, as often as not. It's not your fault. People will always be tempted by falsehoods in the face of frightening truths.

Jon says nothing.

TYRION

(careful)

Jon... how do you know all this?

JON

Sansa.

(beat)

She asked Bran to look.

TYRION

(incredulous)
You're *spying* on your own bannermen?

JON

You don't approve?

TYRION

I *do*, actually. I'm just surprised.

JON

We can't lose the North. Not now.

Tyrion is wearing a very *interested* look, a sort of "do I even know you people anymore?"

TYRION

And what are you doing about these whispers?

JON

Sansa's handling it.

TYRION

How?

JON

I didn't ask.

A beat.

TYRION

I daresay the whispers will cease, once they've all laid eyes on the Night King.

JON

Wish he would hurry.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Sansa sits alone at the high table in Winterfell's Great Hall, which is empty now except for a dozen or so UNSULLIED GUARDS standing at attention along the walls. An empty chair sits before her, facing the high table.

The door opens, and LORD GLOVER enters, escorted by GREY WORM. Glover balks a few feet into the hall, casting a wary eye about, noting the Unsullied guards.

SANSA

My lord. Thank you for accepting my summons at this late hour.

Glover looks behind him. Grey Worm is standing there, stony-faced, blocking his path to the door.

LORD GLOVER

(pointed, re: Unsullied)

I was told you wished to speak with me alone, Lady Stark.

SANSA

Please. Come sit.

Glover stares at her. Grey Worm closes the door and puts a hand on Glover's shoulder. Glover brusquely shrugs it off and begins walking toward Sansa on his own, slowly, like a man walking to the gallows. She watches him serenely.

SANSA

Do I frighten you?

LORD GLOVER

(haltingly)

Pardons, my lady. This is a strange meeting.

He sits in the chair that's been set out for him, facing Sansa.
LORD GLOVER

If I may beg the courtesy of being informed as to the topic (of this meeting--)

SANSA

(interrupting)
You know why you're here. Why else would you be so afraid?

Glover stares back at her.

SANSA

You wish for me to spell it out for you? Very well. You've been conspiring against my brother. You've named him a liar. You're working to instill doubts among his bannermen, doubts that would undermine our war efforts and doom us all to death and worse.

LORD GLOVER

My lady, I beg your pardon for the offense I've given, but whatever you've heard, I meant no harm. I intended to bring my concerns to you as soon as possible.

SANSA

I doubt that. But in any case, first you brought them to Lord Royce. First you brought them to Lord Manderly. First you sought to gather support, so that you could have forced me to act against my own brother whether I wanted to or not, on threat of losing the Northern army.

LORD GLOVER

My lady, everything I did was out of loyalty to you, for your own (good--)

SANSA

(interrupting)
Do not insult me, my lord. I am not a child. I am not an idiot. I am the Lady of Winterfell, and I do not have time for your denials and your excuses. You will speak to me plainly and truthfully, or you will speak not at all.

Glover stares at her. There's a long, tense silence.

LORD GLOVER

Which of them told you?

SANSA

I do not owe you that knowledge.

LORD GLOVER

It was Royce, wasn't it.

SANSA
(more cold)

I do not owe you that knowledge.

(beat)

You're scared. I understand that, I'm scared too. But not as scared as you. You were willing to believe a very complicated falsehood, because you were too scared of the simpler truth, which is that my brother is exactly what he appears to be. And what's coming now is exactly what he says is coming.

(condescending)

I understand that all of this is very frightening. But I can't have you spreading lies about my brother.

LORD GLOVER

What are you going to do with me?

SANSA

That's a good question.

She eyes him appraisingly, as a wolf eyes its dinner.

SANSA

I could execute you. Expose your conspiracy and sentence you for treason.

Glover is trying his best to conceal his fear.

SANSA

But if I do that... what better way to breathe life into your stories? Right now, these lies are only whispers, traded in dark corridors between a small number of frightened men.

She eyes him for another beat, letting him sweat in the suspense. Then:

SANSA

We're sending half the queen's Unsullied south to Torrhen's Square. We're over-garrisoned here, and should the attack become a seige, we will need a reserve force to lift it.

Lord Glover frowns in confusion. This seems like a non sequitur, but he knows better than to interrupt.

SANSA

Tomorrow morning, I shall announce for all to hear that you have been granted the honor of leading this force. I will tell everyone that you and Royce and Manderly departed before dawn to prepare the way.

(beat)

But first, tonight, you shall surrender to me your horses, your banners, your armor, and your clothes. I shall give them to others, to ride in your guise. You and your co-conspirators shall remain in my
custody. Not in the darkness of a dungeon. But in a tower, with a good view.

(beat)

Maybe you'll turn out to be right. Maybe my brother is secretly the most skillful liar who ever lived, and you'll see his wildling host fall upon us. Or maybe he's not, and you'll see something much worse. We'll all know soon enough. Grey Worm will be escorting you from now on.

Glover knows he's been checkmated. He heaves a defeated sigh and gives Sansa a look.

**LORD GLOVER**

May I speak my mind, my lady? Just once, before I'm dragged off to my secret cell?

Sansa regards him a moment. Then nods.

**LORD GLOVER**

You love your brother. It makes you blind. You don't see how dangerous he is.

**SANSA**

Jon is who he says he is.

**LORD GLOVER**

And you know this because your little brother received a vision from a tree.

**SANSA**

Bran's visions are real. And Samwell Tarly found proof at the Citadel.

**LORD GLOVER**

So you gave away your kingdom on the word of Jon Snow's best friend.

Sansa narrows her eyes at him.

**SANSA**

I know Jon better than you ever could.

**LORD GLOVER**

Do you?

**SANSA**

He would never lie about this. He is Rhaegar Targaryen's trueborn son.

**LORD GLOVER**

Even if that's true, he's still a bastard. He'll always be a bastard. In his heart, if not in name. Do you think he has great love for us? The people who looked down on him all his life? Do you think his queen has great love for the people who chased her into exile?

(beat)
Perhaps you're imagining that they'll rule over us in peace? You imagine they'll honor our great houses and our traditions?

Sansa stares back at him dispassionately, not letting him see that he's getting to her. Grey Worm is glaring at Lord Glover.

LoRD GLOVER

No. I don't think so. They'll burn it to the ground. And whatever world they build from the ashes... I'll bet my life it won't be as pleasant for people like you and me.

SANSA

(growing angry)

Jon has fought for the good of his people over and over again.

LORD GLOVER

Oh, aye. They both have. Daenerys Targaryen, the Breaker of Chains, who crucified the rich to gain favor with the poor. Jon Snow, hero-savior to the wildling horde, who hanged every officer of the Night's Watch when they dared protest the invasion of their homeland.

(beat)

They'll rule well for their people, I'm sure. And you're a fool if you think that means you.

Sansa is trembling now with suppressed rage.

SANSA

Take him.

Grey Worm comes forward. He removes Glover's cloak. Glover chuckles as his hands are bound behind his back, as a different cloak is draped over him -- rough-spun, oversized, concealing. He laughs until a gag is shoved into his mouth. Grey Worm pulls the hood of the cloak over Glover's head, concealing his face, and leads him away.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. JAIME'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Jaime paces in his chamber, his face bandaged where he had been bloodied. There's a knock on the door.

JAIME

Come in.

BRIENNE enters.

BRIENNE

Ser Jaime. You wanted to see me?

JAIME

Brienne of Tarth. Thank you for coming.

Brienne nods and closes the door behind her. She looks him over.

BRIENNE

(soft)

How's your head?

JAIME

I've had worse. These Northmen will have to try harder if they want to kill me.

BRIENNE

They won't try again.

JAIME

No? You heard the man. I've long been an enemy to the North.

BRIENNE
You're competent. Everyone sees that, whether they like you or not. The smart ones accept that we need you. As for the stupid ones...

(shaking her head)

It seems Jon Snow does have some dragon in him after all.

JAIME

(wry)

I must say, watching that man lose his temper was well worth getting my head nearly bashed in.

BRIENNE

They won't try again. Not before the battle. And once everyone sees what we're fighting, with their own eyes...

JAIME

Here's hoping we live long enough to see me enjoy some popularity for once.

They both smile.

A beat. The silence stretches on, until it begins to grow awkward. Brienne casts a furtive glance at the bed.

BRIENNE

Jaime.

JAIME

What?

BRIENNE

Why did you call me here?

JAIME

To discuss the defense of Winterfell, of course. You're one of our best swords, and you have the trust of (the Northern Houses--)

BRIENNE

(interrupting)

Why here?

A loaded silence.

JAIME

What's wrong with here?

Brienne eyes him. She walks up to him, slowly, watching him carefully, trying to gauge his reaction.
He doesn't move, standing perfectly still as she comes right up close to him. Their faces are inches apart now.

She looks him in the eyes, her expression watchful and questioning. He stares back at her. She takes his good hand, hesitating all the while, and holds it in her own. He doesn't pull away.

Brienne pauses a moment longer. Then leans in -- very tentatively -- and brushes her lips against his.

Jaime's breath catches in his throat. His body stiffens. She looks into his face a beat, trying to assess his reaction. Then kisses him again. This time he kisses her back. Their arms go around each other...

Then suddenly Jaime breaks it off.

JAIME
(breathless)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

BRIENNE
Too much?

JAIME
No. I mean, yes. I just...

She stares at him.

JAIME
I can't. I'm sorry.

She stares at him another beat. Then abruptly pulls away. She walks to the bed, sinks down on the edge, and puts her face in her hands. Her shoulders start to silently shake. Jaime looks stricken.

BRIENNE
(muffled, choked)
I'm an idiot.

JAIME
Brienne, no...

He comes and sits next to her on the bed.

BRIENNE
(tearful)
I should've learned by now.

JAIME
(hand on her shoulder)
No, no, no, no. It's not you. It's--

BRIENNE

(pushing him away)

I don't want your pity!

JAIME

You're beautiful.

Brienne looks up at him, her face wet with tears. She eyes him warily, mistrustful of his sincerity.

JAIME

You're beautiful, and you're brave, and you're kind, and I'm...

(beat)

I'm not... I'm not right for you.

Brienne searches his face.

BRIENNE

You still love your sister.

A pained look comes over Jaime's face. Brienne's expression turns stubborn.

BRIENNE

I don't care.

JAIME

Brienne...

BRIENNE

I don't care. Love her until your dying day. You can't choose whom you love. And neither can I.

JAIME

(with pain)

I don't want to love her. I wish I didn't.

BRIENNE

I know. I don't care.

JAIME

You should. You deserve better than that.

BRIENNE
Nobody gets what they deserve, in this world.
Jaime laughs sardonically.

JAIME

That's a very cynical thing for a knight to say.

BRIENNE

I'm not a knight.

JAIME

Yes you are.

BRIENNE

I was never anointed.

JAIME

No? Well I have been. And you are more a knight than I've ever been.

BRIENNE

That's not true.

A beat. Jaime is trying to come up with something snarky to say. But when he opens his mouth, what comes out instead is:

JAIME

What are we doing then? What place is there for knights when every good deed is met with lies and murder and worse? In this world where nobody gets what they deserve?

BRIENNE

(echoing)

Nobody gets what they deserve. But maybe we can get what we want.

He looks at her. His eyes are vulnerable.

BRIENNE

I want you. I want you as you are.

She slowly undoes the laces securing his golden hand to his arm. She removes it, baring his stump, and sets the hand carefully aside. Then she looks him in the face, her expression soft and open.

BRIENNE

Do you want me?

Jaime looks like he's been ripped wide open. He's utterly helpless. He gives her the tiniest of nods.
A beat, then Brienne leans toward him and rests her forehead against his, closing her eyes. They breathe together like that for a few moments. Jaime slowly reaches up with his good hand, trembling, and rests it gingerly on her shoulder, then behind her neck. He strokes her skin with his thumb.

Very, very slowly, he moves his lips to hers once more, and they kiss. It's a soft, vulnerable thing -- careful, and questioning, and hopeful, and frightened, all at once. It lingers on and on as they explore each other.

They kiss again. Then again. Then they move up onto the bed together and begin to make love.

**END OF EPISODE 805**

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E05 - "Last Hearth." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site aliceshipwise.com:

S08E01 - "Fealty"
S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season 8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)

EXT. NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We fade up on a desolate Northern landscape, where the forest meets the moorlands. It's brooding and atmospheric, like the backdrop of an Edwin Landseer painting.

In the distance, the air grows murky as a cold front pushes slowly toward the camera -- a frigid breath of swirling snow and dark foreboding. We don't see the White Walkers or their army, but the soundtrack and cinematography tell us they are close, somewhere unseen within the approaching gloom.

Overhead, the sound of ravens can be heard, distantly at first, then louder and closer.

EXT. NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - hare moment

The ravens' flapping shadows skim over the snow-covered ground as they caw overhead. A snow hare pokes its face out of the heather and hovers nervously -- nose twitching, ears quivering, all senses stretched taut.

EXT. NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - migration moment

A series of shots shows the wild animals of the land fleeing anxiously from some unseen threat. Rabbits, foxes, deer, mice, wolves... predator and prey alike leave their dens and run, heedless of each other's presence. It's unnatural, unsettling -- a mass-migration of disparate species, their unease palpable in their movements.

Ext. winter sky - geese moment

A flock of geese fly overhead, honking cacophonously. We focus in on an individual goose--

Abruptly, an arrow drills it from below. With a scream, the goose collapses like a broken kite and falls from the sky. More arrows perforate the air, scattering the flock.

EXT. lonely hills countryside - cONTINUOUS

DOTHRAKI RIDERS fire arrows from horseback as they canter across a snow-covered landscape. Dead geese thump to the ground to the sound of frantic honking overhead.

The terrain is different here. Low grassy hummocks and rocky hills rise from the heath. The khalasar's innumerable riders flow between the outcrops like water.
JORAH MORMONT rides in their midst, a Dothraki recurve bow in hand. He trots up to a fallen goose, swings down, and collects his prize, tying the dead bird to his saddle.

HOUND (O.S.)

Won't be long now.

Jorah looks up to see THE HOUND riding up. He's scanning the northern horizon with a dour expression. Jorah looks too.

JORAH

I think you're right. The next village will likely be our last.

Jorah mounts up again and falls in beside the Hound as they ride.

HOUND

Why does anyone live up in these frozen fucking hills? What are these people even doing here?

JORAH

I could ask the same of you.

HOUND

Fuck off.

JORAH

You're here to protect her, aren't you.

He nods at ARYA STARK, riding ahead of them, out of earshot.

HOUND

That one doesn't need protecting anymore.

JORAH

Yet here you are.

The Hound snorts.

HOUND

(two can play this game)

And you're here to get away from the sound of her brother fucking your queen.

Jorah looks away.

HOUND

It's not working, is it. You close your eyes, and all you can see is that pretty little bastard putting his pretty little cock inside your pretty little woman.
JORAH
She's not my woman.

HOUND
Your truest words.

JORAH
My queen commanded me to save these people. I'm here because she wills it.

HOUND
Got tired of you mooning about, did she?

JORAH
I'm right for this mission. I'm a Northerner. I know this land. I speak Dothraki.

HOUND
That's all very convenient. How do you say "lovesick cunt fool" in Dothraki?

Jorah doesn't answer. We stay with him, watching his face as the Hound continues:

HOUND

Jorah says nothing.

HOUND
You can't even bring yourself to hate him. Does that make it better or worse?

Jorah says nothing.

HOUND
Why do you bother?

JORAH
For her.

HOUND
Idiot. You'll never have her.

JORAH
I don't fight for the hope of having her. I fight to serve.

HOUND
You’re a fucking romantic. I’ve always hated romantics.

Jorah just smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

DAENERYS TARGARYEN is feeding RHAEGAL whole roasted chickens from a sack. He takes them eagerly. Each chicken is like a single dog treat to him.

JON SNOW is standing where Rhaegal’s wing meets his body, watching the dragon eat. He turns his gaze up to where a rider would sit, takes a breath, and hoists himself up.

Rhaegal turns his head and looks at Jon, growling slightly in annoyance. Dany soothes him and distracts him with another chicken. Rhaegal takes the chicken in his teeth, and Jon climbs onward up to his shoulders.

Moving tentatively, Jon maneuvers himself into a riding posture, trying to imitate how he’s seen Dany do it. He looks out toward the horizon.

For one beautiful, heroic moment, we drink in the image of Jon sitting tall on his dragon’s back.

Then Rhaegal starts to complain again. He wiggles his shoulders. Jon grabs onto his spikes to hang on. Dany tries to quiet him, but Rhaegal shakes again, like a dog, harder this time. Jon makes a valiant effort to stay on, but finally loses his seat. He rolls down Rhaegal's wing, and takes a hard fall onto the ground.

DANY

Jon!

She runs over to him.

DANY

Are you alright?

Jon has had all the wind knocked out of him, but he nods and waves her away when she tries to help him up. He rolls to his knees and rests there with his hands on the ground. Finally, he recovers his breath enough to speak.

JON

(still winded)
What am I doing wrong?

DANY

Nothing. You just need more time.

JON

That's the one thing we don't have.

DANY

You're making progress.

Jon is skeptical.

DANY

You are. Nobody alive has done what you just did, except me.

JON

"Progress" won't help us against the Night King. Either I can ride him, or I can't. And if I can't...

DANY

There's still me.

JON

I don't want you alone up there.

Dany's eyes go sad. She misses Jon. He notices her silence and looks up at her.

Dany quickly buries the feeling, returning her focus to practical matters.

DANY

I won't be alone. Ser Jaime ran trials and picked out your best archers. They'll be with me on Drogon.

JON

It's not enough.

DANY

It's what we have.

Jon can't think of anything else to say. He picks himself up and goes over to Rhaegal. Rhaegal pokes Jon with his snout, snuffling hopefully for treats. Jon rubs Rhaegal's face with his hand, frowning pensively.
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - LATER

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E06_the_lonely_hills_part2.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. WINTERFELL battlements - later

Jon walks with JAIME LANNISTER along the top of Winterfell's outer wall. This time the walls are lined with scorpions, in varying stages of completion. Jon eyes one of the scorpions.

JON

They won't hit ours by accident?

JAIME

"Red flames, hold. Blue flames, fire." I make them repeat it constantly -- when they're drilling, when they're eating, when they're shitting...

As they walk, a dragon's cry pulls their attention to Dany, who is flying DROGON, some distance away from the castle. Drogon has been fitted with a leather harness, and a crew of four or five archers are strapped on, firing arrows at a target mounted high on a makeshift wooden scaffold.

Jon stops walking. He and Jaime watch the drill, as Dany makes a pass at the target. The archers are struggling. They may be the North's finest, but they are understandably unaccustomed to shooting from dragonback. Jaime studies Jon's face as Jon watches Dany.

JAIME

You know it won't get any better.

JON

What?

JAIME

Your feelings for her.

Jon casts him an annoyed glance and resumes walking. Jaime's expression grows sly as he watches Jon walk away. He's finally found something that gets under Jon's skin. He follows after him.

JAIME

Are you just going to torture yourself for the rest of your life? That sounds... pointlessly pathetic. You're Targaryens. Nobody will blink an eye.
Jon ignores him.

JAIME

It's expected of you, even. Seems a terrible waste not to (take advantage--)

JON

(interrupting)

Not about to discuss it with you.

JAIME

Who better?

Jon walks a bit faster, as though trying to escape this conversation.

JAIME

You're afraid of it, aren't you. And you're afraid to talk to me, because you're afraid you might start to like me. Afraid you'll stop being disgusted with me just because I fuck my own sister. And then where would that leave you?

JON

(correcting his tense)

"Fucked."

JAIME

Indeed.

JON

You *fucked* your sister. You don't anymore, and you never will again.

Jon stops walking, finally, and faces Jaime.

JON

How does that make you feel?

A difficult question.

JAIME

We don't choose whom we love.

(beat)

My sister is an evil woman. I know it. I think I've always known it. I still love her.

JON

Does Brienne know that?
That pulls Jaime up short. He makes a "how do you know about that" face.

JAIME

Please don't tell me you've set your brother to spying on us.

JON

So there's an "us" now.

Jaime sighs.

JAIME

I tried to talk her out of it.

JON

Did you.

JAIME

(defensive)

She's not easy to dissuade. And yes, she knows.

Jon regards Jaime for a long moment.

JON

You've known your whole life what Cersei is. It's taken you over forty years to do anything about it. You threw my little brother from a tower for her. Because you love her.

Jaime nods. It's harsh but true.

JON

(bitter)

Why should I listen to anything you have to say?

JAIME

I never said you should. I only said that it won't get better.

(off his look)

Don't look at me that way. You're the one who told me to never lie to you. You regretting that now?

JON

(terse)

Thank you for your honesty, Ser Jaime. Do you have anything helpful to offer?

JAIME
Daenerys isn't evil. You should count yourself lucky.

Jaime gives Jon a brotherly thump on the shoulder and resumes walking. Jon's eyes follow Jaime as he leaves, then he looks up again at Dany, flying on Drogon. He stares at her, conflicted.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
Ext. Sept of Baelor Ruins - WIDE AERIAL - DAY

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ext. Sept of baelor ruins - WIDE AERIAL - day

Speaking of Cersei: from above, a wide view of the Great Sept's ruins. The fire that leveled it has long since burned down and gone cold, the bodies and debris long since removed, but destruction of such magnitude is not easily cleaned up.

At the epicenter, it's just ash and black rubble. Moving outward, the rubble gradually transitions to half-destroyed buildings, collapsed but for a few walls, and then to mostly-intact buildings, though their facades remained darkened by soot stains, resistant to even the most determined scrubbing.

Ext. Sept of baelor ruins - STREET level - day

Panning through half-ruined streets, we see little memorial shrines interspersed among the rubble. Miniature mounds of stacked stone fragments, accompanied by candles, flowers, humble little personal mementos and offerings. One mound features a handmade prayer wheel, propped up against the stones -- a seven-spoked wheel fashioned out of wood and woven reed, with an intricately carved wooden figurine at each point, lovingly painted. Tiny monuments to nameless dead commoners that we don't know.

As we linger over these shrines, we see various messages and drawings scrawled upon half-collapsed walls, written in charcoal, in chalk, in green paint, authored by a dozen different hands: The gods send vengeance. Fire sown, fire reaped. Justice comes. Here and there, a seven-pointed star, paint dripping down in rivulets, bright green against the soot.

ext. GRAFFITI wall - day

In one street, a small group of COMMONERS add their contributions to the graffiti, spread out along the wall. They're mostly teenage boys, with bitter, angry eyes.

One of the boys (GERREN) is working on a fresh seven-pointed star, slapping the paint onto the blackened bricks in long, dripping strokes. The arms of the star are rough-edged and wavy, as though made of flame. Gerren looks about 12 or 13 years old, though it's hard to tell if he's young or just underfed.

Up the street, one of the other kids cries a warning. Gerren looks up, and gets bowled over as a CLUMSY BOY accidentally bumps into him, knocking over his paint pot in the process.

GERREN

Watch yourself!
Gold cloaks! Get out of here!

Gerren picks himself up, as the other kids run past and the tromp of marching feet becomes audible. He looks down in dismay at the paint that has splattered onto his clothes in his fall, then flees after his companions, disappearing up a narrow alley just as a troop of soldiers rounds the corner.

It's a mixed group of City Watch GOLD CLOAKS and red-garbed LANNISTER SOLDIERS. They halt in the street.

LORD LEO LEFFORD steps up and inspects the fresh graffiti, paint still oozing slowly down the brick. He’s about Tywin’s age, stern and sour, armored like a Lannister general. His bearing makes clear that he’s in charge of this group.

He does not look surprised or angry to see the graffiti, or to indeed feel any strong emotions about it whatsoever.

LORD LEFFORD

(to his men)

Alright then. This neighborhood as well.

Ext. Sept district tavern - day

A quiet, dimly lit tavern hosts a few afternoon CUSTOMERS. They sit at trestle tables, drinking ale and slurping soup.

Tavern customer #1

Never dreamed I'd see one in the flesh. Thought I'd piss myself for sure.

Tavern customer #2

Well, she can't be worse than Cersei.

With a sudden bang, the door bursts open. Light pours in from the street along with a group of Lannister soldiers. The customers look up, startled. A SERVING GIRL screams.

The soldiers round everyone up and herd them out the door. Clay cups fall and smash in the chaos. Room doors are kicked in as the soldiers search the building, making sure they don't miss anyone.

Ext. Sept district square - day

A crowd of confused citizens stands huddled in the square, surrounded on all sides by gold cloaks and soldiers, who keep them under armed guard. All around, shouting and smashing can be heard throughout the neighborhood, as more people are pulled from homes and shops, and herded into the square.

Ext. SEPT DISTRICT - DeNNIS' WORKSHOP - day

Gerren bursts into his home, jump-scaring his father: DENNIS. Dennis is an artisan woodcarver, and their home doubles as his workshop, full of half-finished pieces, wood shavings, and little paint pots with brushes sticking out.
DENNIS
(startled)

Gerren!

Gerren shuts the door behind himself and bars it, breathless and fumbling.

DENNIS

What is this, what's wrong?

Gerren

I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Dennis goes to Gerren and sees the smudges of green paint on the boy's clothes and arms.

Dennis

Seven save us, you fool child. Change out of these clothes, quickly. Quickly!

Gerren strips out of his incriminating clothing, as Dennis hurriedly fetches a washbasin. He fills it with water from a jug, then leaves it on the table as he crosses over to the fireplace. He sets to work coaxing the lukewarm coals back to life, poking and blowing urgently.

Gerren has changed into clean clothes and is scrubbing his hands and arms in the washbasin. Dennis gathers up the stained clothing from the floor and throws them into the coals. He jabs at the cloth with a poker, cursing under his breath as it reluctantly begins to smolder.

A loud crash rattles the whole building. Another crash, and the door busts clean off its hinges. A pair of Lannister soldiers shoulder their way into the small workshop.

Dennis and Gerren stare up at them, caught. Dennis slowly straightens from where he'd been bent over the fireplace, holding his hands in a gesture of surrender. He comes slowly forward, reflexively positioning himself between his boy and the soldiers.

INT. RED KEEP - MAP ROOM - DAY

CERSEI LANNISTER stands on the painted map, gazing down at King's Landing at her feet. THE MOUNTAIN stands a respectful distance away, her ever-present shadow.

Lord Lefford enters and stands at attention at the edge of the room.

LORD LEFFORD

You summoned, your grace?

Cersei

Lord Lefford. Please, come join me.

Lefford walks up to stand beside her, both of them looming over King's Landing.
Cersei

How is it going?

Lefford speaks in the lifeless tone of a man giving a mandatory status update.

LORD LEFFORD

The malcontents were most densely concentrated in the district where the Sept of Baelor once stood. We've captured several dozen agitators and established a secure perimeter around the most troubled neighborhoods. Nobody shall leave until we've identified your grace's slanderers to your grace's satisfaction. The known traitors have been given over to your lord Hand.

Cersei picks up on something in his tone -- distaste, perhaps even disapproval.

CERSEI

Are you displeased about something, my lord?

Lefford takes his time answering. He eyes her coolly.

LORD LEFFORD

You must forgive me, your grace.

CERSEI

Why must I forgive you? Have you wronged me?

LORD LEFFORD

When you called your banners, you said our swords were needed to stand against the Mad King's daughter. To fight back her foreign savages and slave soldiers.

CERSEI

So I did.

LORD LEFFORD

My men are among the finest soldiers to hail from the Westerlands. I did not imagine I was bringing them here to lead them against gutter rats and street urchins.

CERSEI

You brought them here to defend the queen's peace. That is your solemn duty, my lord, whether that peace be threatened by foreign usurpers, or by traitors within our own city.

Lefford deadpans at her without comment.

CERSEI

However, I agree that you deserve a more exalted assignment. You are the Lord of Golden Tooth, after all -- the highest of my bannermen.

She gives him a magnanimous smile.
CERSEI

Lord Lefford, I would name you Master of War. You shall serve as my highest-ranking general and command all the royal forces in my name. I can think of no man better suited for this honor.

A beat. Lefford hasn't reacted or changed his expression at all during this pronouncement. It throws Cersei for a bit of a loop, though she conceals it well.

LORD LEFFORD

Has your brother fallen from favor, your grace?

Cersei's smile takes on a somewhat frozen quality.

CERSEI

Ser Jaime is away on a sensitive diplomatic mission.

LORD LEFFORD

He did not confer with me before departing. He did not confer with any of us.

CERSEI

There was no time for that, I'm afraid. I assured him I would pass along his apologies, and work with you directly concerning our ongoing campaigns.

LORD LEFFORD

The last time I spoke with Ser Jaime, he insisted we must march north immediately. To deal with an army of dead men.

It's unclear from Lefford's manner what he personally makes of this otherworldly threat.

CERSEI

Ah yes, these dead men. I assure you, my lord, you need not be troubled by them, for the time being.

LORD LEFFORD

Your brother seemed to believe otherwise. He said he saw one with his own eyes.

CERSEI

Indeed, he saw one of these creatures, as did I. For all we know, it was the only one of its kind. The enemies of the realm would have us believe otherwise, of course, but it serves their interest to sow fear among us.

LORD LEFFORD

But if they're right?

CERSEI

The Hand of the Queen is devising a solution for that eventuality. In the meantime, I suggest you focus your attention on the living.
Cersei turns away from King's Landing on the map floor and walks a few steps southwest: the Reach.

Cersei

Now. The Tarlys supported us in the Reach, before the Mad King's daughter saw fit to burn them alive. Now that they're gone, we need to assert our position there. Some of these lords chose to follow the traitor Olenna Tyrell. Once peace has been re-established in King's Landing, I'd like for you to ride out and bring these lords to heel.

Lefford is silent, eyes flitting over the map as Cersei speaks. Now she walks from the Reach to the Westerlands.

CERSEI

Afterward, you'll want to head west, to gather our remaining forces from the Westerlands. And of course, you'll want to lay claim to your new lands and castle.

Lefford frowns, unsure what she's talking about. She gives him a significant smile and looks down at the castle that she's standing over: Casterly Rock.

LORD LEFFORD

Your grace... Casterly Rock is your family home.

CERSEI

The Red Keep is my family home now. Serve me well and Casterly Rock belongs to you. To be held by your sons and grandsons, until the end of time.

(beat)

You're blessed with a large family, I understand. One of your sons can rule as lord of the Rock, commanding the harbor and the city of Lannisport.

She walks from Casterly Rock east to the Golden Tooth, a painted castle guarding the only pass through the mountains that comprise the eastern border of the Westerlands.

CERSEI

And another can rule the Golden Tooth and command the mountain pass, as you have, and your father before you.

She turns, overlooking the whole of the Westerlands from her vantage point over the Golden Tooth.

CERSEI

And between your two seats would lie the entirety of the Westerlands. Which is only fitting, for our new Warden of the West.

Lefford lifts his eyes from the map up to Cersei's face, to confirm he'd understood her correctly. Cersei smiles at him, with an air of generous benevolence. He absorbs this information in silence a moment.

LORD LEFFORD
You are truly gracious, my queen. I shall confer with my family at once. These honors are all so unexpected... I must ponder whether I am worthy of these exalted titles that you offer.

He turns his back on her and begins walking away. Cersei’s surprise and affront flares in her eyes. She had not meant for this to be a mere offer, and she had not dismissed him from her presence.

Before Cersei can get her claws out, Lefford pauses, as though suddenly remembering his manners. He gives a half turn toward her and dips his head.

LORD LEFFORD

Your grace.

Cersei is not pleased with how this conversation is ending, but she has little leverage to force the support that she needs from this man. He takes her silence for assent, and walks away, leaving Cersei to stare at his back in frustration.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. DRAGONSTONE ISLAND - DAY

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

EXT. DRAGONSTONE ISLAND - DAY

A wide shot establishes us at Dragonstone.

Int. Dragonstone - bronn's chamber - day

BRONN has been put up in a tower room. He stands at the window, overlooking the winding stone stair that climbs from Dragonstone's beaches up to the castle.

Bronn looks much better than the last time we saw him. He's healthy, dressed in clean clothes. His room is comfortably furnished, with a bed, a crackling fireplace, a washbasin, and a table with food and drink set out.

Someone knocks on his door, then enters without waiting for a response. It's VARYS. Bronn addresses him in a flat, unimpressed tone.

Bronn

A cell. Really.

Varys casts his gaze all around the comfortable chamber.

Varys

(polite innocence)

Have you been uncomfortable here?

BRONN

There's guards outside my door. That makes this a cell, no matter how you fancy it up.

VARYS

It's good to see you've recovered to your usual spirits, friend.

BRONN

I'm not your friend.

VARYS
My dear ser, you wound me.

Varys takes a seat at the table and helps himself to refreshment.

VaRYS

I cannot say I feel contrite for confining you to this cell, as you call it. The last we'd heard, you were under the employ of Queen Cersei.

BrONN

(sarcastic)

Oh, the last you'd heard? You sure about that?

VARYS

Your troubles upon the Blackwater do suggest that you've displeased her in some fashion. A promising development, to be sure, but it does not make you trustworthy, I'm afraid.

Bronn does not deign to comment. He's never claimed to be trustworthy.

VARYS

It does suggest that you are currently without contract, perhaps?

BRONN

And you've come here to change that, I suppose?

Varys' expression indicates that he has. Bronn's expression indicates that he won't have an easy time of it. He shakes his head.

BroNN

I'm done with this game. I've been promised and promised -- gold, lands, castles. I've served and served, and what do I have to show for it now?

VARYS

You would prefer to languish in this cell?

BRONN

I would prefer to languish across the Narrow Sea, to be honest.

VARYS

(serious)

You cannot run from what's coming, Bronn. No one can. If we fail, there will be no safe place left in this world. Sooner or later, the dead will come for you.

BRONN

I think I'll stick with "later," if it's all the same to you.
VARYS
It's not.

BRONN
(impatient)
Right, what is it that you fucking want from me?

Varys
The Great War has begun, and Cersei has broken faith with the living. A divided Westeros is vulnerable -- Cersei cannot be allowed to remain in power. For the sake of all who draw breath, she must be deposed.

BRONN
(adamant)
I am not going back to King's Landing.

VARYS
Cersei's days are numbered. Her own brother has turned his back on her cause. Once that becomes common knowledge, the lords of the Westerlands will be close behind. Her allies in the Reach are gone, the common people despise her, the Faith is working against her. It is only a matter of time before her final downfall.

BRONN
Sounds like you don't need me, then.

VARYS
Not to defeat Cersei.

BRONN
Then what.

VARYS
In the end, Cersei will be left with nobody but her Queensguard... and the City Watch.

Bronn looks up at him. It sounds like Varys might finally be arriving at the point.

Varys
Two thousand gold cloaks, pledged directly to the Crown. Not enough to save her, to be sure. However, given that the real war is between the living and the dead, we would prefer to take the city without bloodshed, if we can.

Varys leans toward Bronn.

Varys
You are the former commander of the City Watch. For a short time, yes, but you did well during that time, and the men will remember you. I assure you, by the time your role is at hand, Cersei will already be defeated for all practical purposes. You will have ample gold for bribes, and a compelling case for defection. No man wants to die for a lost cause, fighting for a hated monarch. Bring the gold cloaks onto our side. You will be richly rewarded, and for very little risk.

Bronn makes no wisecracks this time. The silence hangs for a few beats as Bronn eyes Varys dispassionately.

BRONN

You're a clever man, Varys.

Varys smiles, glad that he's winning Bronn over.

BRONN

Very smart, very reasonable.

(beat)

Trouble is, Cersei's not. And that's a problem for you. Smart, reasonable people will do what needs done to benefit themselves. Cersei will do things that don't benefit anyone. And that's where your clever plans go wrong.

Varys' smile fades. Bronn leans forward and fixes Varys with a serious look.

BRONN

The last time Cersei was backed into a corner, she blew up the Great Sept. What do you imagine she might do this time?

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. QYBURN'S DUNGEONS - DAY

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Int. Qyburn's dungeons - day

It's pitch-black in here, solid darkness punctuated only by one man's frightened breathing.

Somewhere unseen, there's the indistinct sound of a heavy door opening, then closing, then footsteps walking along a stone corridor. And with it, the faint, indirect glow of an approaching torch.

Now we see that the prisoner is Dennis the woodcarver, father to Gerren the aspiring street artist. He blinks, adjusting his eyes to the dim flickering light. He looks around, taking in his surroundings.

This cell is less comfortable than Bronn's, that's for sure. It's a metal cage barely large enough to lie down in, with a bare metal pan floor and not even a pot to piss in. It rather resembles a human-sized version of the rat cage Qyburn used in 802, though of course Dennis wouldn't know that.

On three sides of the cage, stone walls press close just outside the bars. The fourth side looks perpendicularly across a plain stone passageway -- a few feet of stone-slab floor, then the far wall of the corridor, stone like everything else. To the right, the dim torchlight is growing brighter with the approaching footsteps.

Dennis moves up to the bars and peers out as QYBURN comes into frame, carrying the torch. He offers Dennis a kindly smile and sets the torch in a bracket on the wall. He finds a simple wooden stool and sits, facing his prisoner.

DENNIS

My son. M'lord, please, where is my son?

Qyburn

He has not come to any harm, I assure you.

A small relief, in a grim situation.

DENNIS

Might... might I see him, m'lord?

Qyburn regards him gravely.

QYBURN
Your son has committed treason, you understand. Slandering the queen in time of war, rousing traitors against her -- this is a grave crime. Your son awaits the queen's justice.

DENNIS

No. No, please, mercy m'lord, I beg you. He's only a boy, he doesn't understand what it is that he does, he doesn't understand.

Qyburn’s forehead creases with sympathetic concern.

QYBURN

He's quite young, that's true.

DENNIS

He's a good lad, I swear it. Please, m'lord.

QYBURN

Sons learn from their fathers, do they not? How did he come to harbor such treacherous anger toward her grace?

Dennis hesitates, afraid, trying to find the right words to defend himself against the implied accusation. Then he realizes the opportunity, as indeed Qyburn had meant for him to.

DENNIS

Let me bear the queen's justice in his place, m'lord. I'll submit to anything, I swear it, just spare him, please.

Qyburn makes a show of weighing this idea.

QYBURN

Hmm. There is precedent for that. The queen is not without mercy. Are you quite certain of this? Would you swear me your absolute cooperation?

DENNIS

(trying to be brave)

Yes... yes, m'lord.

Qyburn regards him for a long time.

QYBURN

Very well. I shall record his transgressions under your name, and see to it that he is released unharmed.

DENNIS

Do you promise, m'lord?

QYBURN
DENNIS

(bittersweet)

Thank you, m'lord.

Qyburn nods. Dennis struggles to hang onto his composure.

DENNIS

Might I... might I see him for a moment, before...

(beat)

So I can explain. And, and...

"And say goodbye." He cannot bring himself to say it.

QYBURN

I do not think that would be wise, my friend. Such a passionate boy, who can say what treasonous outbursts that might provoke in him. It would be a shame for him to incriminate himself again, after we've so carefully expunged his record.

Dennis stares at Qyburn. What little hope he'd had of seeing his son again, we watch that hope ending now on his face.

DENNIS

Tell him... tell him to stay alive.

QYBURN

I'll tell him.

Qyburn stands up and produces a flask from inside his robe. It's full of an evil-looking thick purplish liquid. He unstoppers it.

QYBURN

I shall require you to drink this, please.

Dennis stares at the flask. He had hoped for some time to come to grips with his doom -- a night, an hour even -- but no, apparently the time is now.

DENNIS

...what is it?

Qyburn just smiles enigmatically. Dennis sees that he will not have the privilege of an answer. He takes the flask with trembling hands.

He closes his eyes, murmurs some indistinct prayer, and takes a hesitant sip. He nearly gags on it -- whatever it is, the taste is clearly appalling. He breathes heavily for a few moments, working up his resolve, then tilts his head back and takes down the rest in one long tortured swallow.
watches serenely, and takes the flask back from him when he's finished, stowing it in his robes.

Dennis lowers himself to the floor of the cage, hugging his knees, trembling in fear, waiting for something unknown and terrible to happen to him.

Qyburn takes the torch from the wall, the better to see with. He peers at Dennis with intent curiosity. Dennis stares up at him.

Qyburn turns and pulls a lever that had been out of sight somewhere off to the side. There's a loud clanking of chains, and the cage begins slowly lowering down into a hidden pit in the stone floor, rattling and jolting as it goes. Dennis looks around, confused and terrified.

Dennis' POV: Qyburn's curious face rises higher as we sink lower, down into some dark stone pit. There's a soft wet splash, then suddenly a bright green liquid comes spilling into the pan floor as the cage sinks down into it.

Dennis scrambles up, the liquid sloshing at his ankles. He backs up against the bars, staring down at it. He looks up at Qyburn, still visible over the lip of the stone floor, which now comes up to Dennis' shoulder. Qyburn moves closer, with the torch.

DENNIS

(panicking)

M'lord, wait! Please, not like this. Not like this!

Qyburn drops the torch.

Bright green flame roars up, filling all our vision as Dennis screams.

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. LONELY HILLS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ext. LonELY HILLS COUNTRYSIDE - day

Fire gives way to ice, and snow. We're back in the North.

EXT. LONELY HILLS VILLAGE - DAY

A wide shot establishes us in a large Northern village, situated in the Lonely Hills. The Dothraki and their horses can be seen moving amongst the villagers and their huts.

EXT. LONELY HILLS VILLAGE - EVACUATION LINES - DAY

A crowd of villagers stands in the snow, waiting to be evacuated. Jorah and the Hound move amongst them, organizing the crowd into a series of parallel lines. Jorah gestures and calls out in Dothraki, directing riders to take villagers from the head of each line. The riders pull frightened-looking villagers up onto their horses with them.

HOUND

(to a villager)

You can't bring all that.

The VILLAGER looks up with plaintive eyes. He's holding all his meager earthly possessions in a large pack, and now he's being asked to give up even these.

HOUND

Give it here.

The man hesitates, but the Hound is like a TSA agent from hell. He surrenders the pack. The Hound grabs it and chucks it into a growing heap off to one side.

HOUND

(shouting at the crowd)

Bring warm clothes, weapons, and food. Leave everything else behind.

The Hound moves among the lines, confiscating excess belongings.

He comes upon Jorah, who is handing a child up to one of the Dothraki riders. Then something in
the far distance catches the Hound's eye. We can't see what he sees, but the Hound's expression tells us that it's not good.

HOUND

Jorah...

Jorah looks up too. And now we see what they see: an approaching winter storm. They stare at it with foreboding.

JORAH

Go tell the Stark girl to ride for Winterfell.

HOUND

Don't stay too long yourself.

JORAH

Don't worry about me. Go.

The Hound looks at him, then goes to his horse, mounts up, and rides off without another word.

Jorah shouts in Dothraki, gesturing toward the coming storm. Everybody quickens their pace.

EXT. LONELY HILLS VILLAGE - ARYA MOMENT - DAY

Arya is on straggler duty, as per usual. She's on horseback, speaking with OLD MAN #2 and OLD WOMAN #2 -- not unlike the elderly couple she had intimidated earlier this season.

ARYA

You have to.

OLD WOMAN #2

Please, m'lady...

The Hound comes charging through the snow on his horse.

HOUND

Back to Winterfell, girl. Now.

Arya looks at him, then looks toward the horizon. She sees the coming storm.

She turns back to the old couple.

ARYA

Go with them, please. Don't pack anything. Just go.

HOUND

(impatient)
You promised your brother, girl.

ARYA

(to the couple)

Get in line, now. Before it's too late.

The Hound is out of patience. He smacks the rump of Arya's horse with the flat of his sword. It whinnies and bolts. Arya curses, but manages to keep her seat as the horse gallops off with her. The Hound puts his heels to his own horse and follows.

EXT. LONELY HILLS VILLAGE - EVACUATION LINES - DAY

Villagers are starting to take notice of the approaching storm. As the fear mounts, discipline begins to fray. Villagers press forward, jostling the people ahead of them. Jorah paces the lines, sword drawn, doing his best to keep order.

JORAH

(shouting)

Stay in line! Stay in line!

HADORRO

(in Dothraki, subtitled)

You should get back on your horse, Jorah the Andal.

HADORRO is on horseback, holding Jorah's riderless horse by the reins, alongside his own. Jorah looks up at him. He hesitates a moment. Then a man breaks out of line and makes a dash for the riders. Jorah whirls around and cuts down the queue-jumper with his sword. The man falls to the ground, dying.

JORAH

STAY IN LINE!

[N.B.: Jorah is between the mass of villagers and the mass of Dothraki. The villagers are closer to the approaching storm.]

Intimidated by the slaying of the queue-jumper, the villagers stay in line. The Dothraki load villagers up onto their horses faster, and then faster still. The tension mounts and mounts.

Then, suddenly, the ARMY OF THE DEAD crests a hill. As one mass, they halt, staring sightlessly down into the village, as still as death. A WHITE WALKER rides up alongside them, blue eyes burning.

A shocked hush ripples through the crowd of villagers as they gradually become aware of the horror atop the hill. They turn and freeze in paralyzed incomprehension, staring up at this impossible spectacle.

A beat.

The White Walker lifts his ice blade and lets out an ear-splitting shriek. A terrible growl goes up as
the wights lurch forward and charge headlong down the hill.

With a panicked cry, the villagers turn en masse and stampede toward the Dothraki riders. Jorah is knocked to the ground. He struggles to rise but is trampled again and again.

Spooked by the sudden rush of people, Jorah's horse whinnies in fear and rears up, lashing out with its hooves. Hadorro manages to hold onto it, but just barely.

HADORRO

Zhey Jora Andahli!

(Jorah the Andal!)

Jorah struggles back to his feet, with difficulty. He looks around, wide-eyed and disoriented in the jostling crowd. He tries to fight his way through to the riders, but everyone else is trying to do the same, and he's on the wrong side of the crush. The sound of wights grows loud, and he turns his head to see the dead nearly upon them.

Jorah picks Hadorro out amongst the riders, locking eyes with him over the heads of the crowd. He calls out to him.

JORAH

(in Dothraki, subtitled)

Give my apologies to the khaleesi.

Slowly, he raises his sword and turns to face the coming onslaught.

With a terrible noise, the wights hit the lines in a tidal wave of death. Villagers scream and die, trying desperately to flee as wights attack them from behind.

Jorah alone is facing the opposite direction, meeting the end face-on. He makes a heroic stand, cutting down wights left and right, fighting like a berserker, refusing to go down easy.

Then, suddenly, Hadorro comes crashing through the fray on his horse, towing Jorah's mount alongside his own. He cuts mercilessly through the crowd, arakh swinging, and charges up to Jorah.

HADORRO

(in Dothraki, subtitled)

Quickly!

Jorah scrambles onto his horse, as villagers pull at his clothes, begging for help. With anguish, Jorah fends them off with his sword, knowing he cannot save them. He rides out of the crush on Hadorro's heels, the two men slashing at wights and villagers alike as they cut their way free.

EXT. LONELY HILLS VILLAGE - SMALL GIRL MOMENT

A SMALL GIRL is running, stumbling through the snow, terrified and crying. Behind her, a Hordes of wights bears down upon this single poor child.

Out of nowhere, Hadorro appears, hanging deeply out of his saddle to one side -- an impressive feat of Dothraki horsemanship of the sort that we previously saw in the Battle of the Goldroad. He
snatches the girl up and gallops off with her.

Beside him, Jorah twists in his saddle, and fires dragonglass-tipped arrows from his Dothraki bow. The arrows find their marks, felling wights one after another. But there are far too many of them.

Jorah looks around, and it’s red slaughter, everywhere.

Jorah watches as the crowd swarms one of the riders, pulling at his saddle and his clothes, begging to be saved. A woman tries to hand her infant up to him but is knocked sideways by the crowd. She disappears, falling to the ground with her baby.

The rider draws his arakh and slashes at the villagers indiscriminately, shouting, trying to cut his way free. People fall, bleeding from their faces and their throats. Then his horse stumbles, tripped up by the grasping hands. The horse goes down, and then a wave of wights overwhelms them all – horse, rider, and villagers.

The old couple that Arya had been cajoling stand side-by-side, holding hands, watching the slaughter. They are a still point in the chaos. Their hands squeeze each other tight, then the dead are upon them too.

A chilling screech makes Jorah look up. High above, the NIGHT KING is circling above the mayhem like a vulture, cool and dispassionate on VISERION.

In Hadorro’s arms, the small girl is sobbing.

Jorah puts his heels to his horse and asks for more speed.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated.
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

BRAN

They're coming back.

BRAN STARK is giving his latest debrief on what's going on outside of Winterfell. After the turmoil of the previous scene, his dispassion is jarring.

Jon, Dany, and Jaime are in attendance, along with TYRION LANNISTER, SANSA STARK, DAVOS SEAWORTH, GREY WORM, and MISSANDEI.

JON

Arya?

BRAN

She's unhurt.

SANSA

How many villagers did they save?

BRAN


Sansa and Jon look at each other. They share a moment of unspoken grief for all the Northern people they've failed to protect.

JAIME

How long until the Night King's army reaches Winterfell?

BRAN

Four or five days, perhaps.

Everyone absorbs that.
TYRION

(to Jon)

How are things coming with Rhaegal?

Jon grimaces.

DANY

Jon is progressing very quickly.

JON

Not quickly enough.

JAIME

Keep trying, Jon. Even a small chance is worth it.

Jon nods glumly.

JAIME

(to Dany)

You should keep drilling with the archers, your grace. But don't overdo it. We don't want you all exhausted on the day of the battle.

JON

If I fail with Rhaegal...

JAIME

We can still use you at Winterfell. Rhaegal can help us defend the castle while her grace deals with the Night King and his dragon.

JON

I can't control him, Jaime.

TYRION

(musing)

I don't think anyone ever really controls a dragon. You ask nicely and if the dragon likes you, maybe he'll do as you suggest.

Jon

(frustrated)

It's not enough that he likes me. If it were, you may as well ride him yourself.

TYRION
Wouldn't that be grand. Alas that I was born a Lannister.

BRAN

You're not a Lannister.

Everyone looks at Bran.

TYRION

...I beg your pardon?

Bran's voice is totally, inappropriately, disconcertingly matter-of-fact as he continues:

BRAN

You're the Mad King's bastard. He raped your mother and threatened her into silence. Tywin always suspected, but never had proof. That's why he was always trying to have you killed.

Everyone stares at Bran in shock.

JON

(mortified)

Bran...

One-by-one, everyone turns to look at Tyrion.

Tyrion stares at Bran as his entire life narrative slowly and seismically upends itself.

JON

Tyrion, I'm so sorry.

A beat of pain and vulnerability on Tyrion's face. Then:

TYRION

(petulant, re: Jon)

Why does he get to ride the other dragon?

Jon, bless his heart, actually looks abashed.

JON

I didn't know (you were--)

TYRION


The tension in the room relaxes somewhat in the face of Tyrion's humor. Tyrion looks around the room, then thrusts his hand brusquely into the air.

TYRION
Is anyone else a secret Targaryen? Hm? Come on out now. You're in abundant company.

Tyrion looks around the room.

TYRION

No?

(beat)

Might I have a moment alone with my... family?

Another beat, then an awkward scraping and shuffling ensues as people start filtering out of the room.

Sansa moves behind Bran and takes hold of his wheeled chair. She looks at Jon, but he hasn't moved, and his eyes are on Tyrion, not her. He's staying for the Targ powwow, evidently.

Sansa wheels Bran out in his chair. Bran is either unaware or unconcerned that he had spoken inappropriately at all.

Jaime is last to leave. He shares a gaze with Tyrion, then departs. They'll talk later.

Now only Tyrion, Dany, and Jon remain in the hall.

JON

(to Tyrion)

I'm sorry about...

(beat)

Bran should've told you in private.

TYRION

(closing the door)

No, no, it's better this way. More efficient.

The door clicks shut. Tyrion turns toward the other two and spreads his arms wide.

TYRION

Beloved relations.

Dany crosses the space between them, crouches down, and pulls Tyrion into a tight hug, startling him. He goes bug-eyed, and his whole body freezes. She laughs at his reaction.

DANY

Do I frighten you?

TYRION

No, I...
I'm just... you're being very familiar.

DANY

Can I not be familiar toward my family?

Tyrion boggles at that as Dany beams at him. He backs up a step and puts out one shaky hand to lean against the door frame. He stares at Dany, then at Jon. Jon gives Tyrion a sympathetic look, a sort of: "I feel you, bro."

TYRION

Shall we sit?

They pull up chairs and sit facing each other, in a triangle. Tyrion squeezes his eyes shut and pinches the bridge of his nose. He points a hand at Dany.

TYRION

So if the Mad King was my father, that makes you...

DANY

Your half-sister.

Tyrion points his other hand at Jon.

TYRION

And you would be my... nephew? Cousin? Half-nephew?

JON

I don't know that there is a special word for our relationship.

TYRION

I need a drink.

Tyrion gets up and pours three goblets of wine, passing them out to the others as he pours. Then he sits back down and looks at them sardonically.

TYRION

Well, here we are. The lion dragon, the wolf dragon, and the dragon dragon. Why didn't I get to be pretty too?

(beat)

Let's drink.

Tyrion raises his goblet high.
TYRION

To the great Targaryen restoration, to us, and to our fucked-up families.

They all drink.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. LONELY HILLS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E06_the_lonely_hills_part7.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. LONELY HILLS COUNTRYSIDE - day

The bedraggled Dothraki khalasar moves south through the Lonely Hills. The horses move at a loose, ground-covering jog, pacing themselves for the long journey back to Winterfell.

Some of the rescued villagers sob quietly as they're carried along. Others are shell-shocked and silent. The small girl that Hadorro had rescued has been moved to Jorah's horse. She sways in the saddle between his arms, a thousand-yard stare in her reddened eyes, too exhausted now to cry.

Arya rides with GHOST jogging alongside her horse. The Hound follows close behind.

Ghost suddenly growls low in his throat. Arya's horse whickers nervously at the sound and skitters sideways, shying away from him. Arya shushes the horse, stroking its neck, reining its head back under control.

Arya looks down at Ghost. He is looking back over his shoulder as he moves, rumbling darkly, his ears tucked flat, his hackles raised in a furry crest down his neck and back. He stops suddenly, glowering into the trees behind them.

Arya

Stay with me, Ghost. Come on.

He obeys, loping up alongside her again. The horse tosses its head nervously, but Arya murmurs reassuring words, and they keep moving, pressing forward through the snow. A few quiet moments pass.

Then Ghost stops again, turning once more to stare into the trees. He stands there a moment, as motionless as a hound pointing game. Then suddenly he takes off, dashing back the way they came.

ARYA

Ghost, no! Come back here!

Dothraki horses shy and rear up as Ghost charges through their midst, dodging away from him as their riders curse and wrestle with their mounts.

Arya reins up, turning around to pursue the errant direwolf, but the Hound cuts her off.

HoUND
Keep moving, girl.

ARYA

Where is he going?

HOUND

The wrong way. Keep moving, he'll catch up.

Arya watches Ghost disappear into the trees. With a grimace of frustration, she turns her horse southward once more. She and the Hound ride alongside each other. The Hound spurs his horse to a quicker trot, and Arya keeps pace with him, casting anxious glances over her shoulder in search of Ghost.

Around them, the horses of the khalasar are showing their unease. They whicker and toss their heads, eyes wide and rimmed with white. Their ears twitch and swivel, and their tails lash nervously.

The Dothraki are picking up on their horses' disquiet. Hands tighten on reins and arakhs. Hadorro takes a handful of arrows from his quiver and stages them in his bow hand, his dark eyes scanning the trees. A flock of geese flies overhead, honking as they overtake the khalasar. Nobody shoots at them this time.

Suddenly, a wolf's howl rings out, a chilling and urgent sound. Horses whinny in fear.

Ghost comes charging back out of the trees. Snarling, he snaps viciously at horses' flanks as he passes. They spook and bolt, their riders fighting futilely to control them. The herd begins to stampede. A rider swings angrily at Ghost with his arakh. Ghost dodges it, dancing nimbly away.

ARYA

No, don't! Ghost! Ghost, to me!

Still snarling, Ghost lowers his head and charges at her. Arya's horse screams in terror and breaks into a hard gallop. Arya tries in vain to bring it under control. She looks over her shoulder.

Arya's POV: Ghost is running at us like a demon from hell, his eyes red as blood. Then suddenly, behind him, a pack of wolves materializes silently out of the trees.

There's something wrong with these wolves. Their movements are off somehow, and some of them are missing chunks of fur and flesh. Their eyes burn bright and blue as they slowly emerge -- dozens of them, scores of them, with more still coming.

Arya stares at them from atop her fleeing mount. Then she turns her gaze forward and puts her heels to its flanks, no longer attempting to curb its flight.

As one, the WOLF WIGHTS charge the khalasar.

An unlucky rider near the back goes down as the wolves overwhelm his horse, so thick that we quickly cannot see him or his horse or his passenger. The sounds of tearing flesh and screaming fill the air.

Dothraki archers twist in their saddles and shoot at the pursuing monsters. Hadorro nocks a dragonglass-tipped arrow and fires. A wolf wight catches it in its throat and collapses, somersaulting forward and skidding a trench into the snow before finally coming to rest. Another wolf snaps at his
horse's belly, running directly alongside him. He reaches his drawing arm behind his head and takes it out with a jarmakee — a totally awesome Turkish trick shot that you should definitely google.

More wolves fall — the Dothraki are great shots, and their arrows find their marks one after the other. But the wolves just keep coming, materializing out of the trees, faster than the riders can shoot them down.

Ghost is sprinting flat out, his red eyes locked on Arya galloping ahead. A wolf wight leaps at him from behind. He ducks, it sails over him, and he dodges away. Another wolf leaps at him from the side. He catches it by the neck and tears out its throat, pinning the smaller canine beneath him in the snow. The wolf wight continues snapping at him, completely unfazed, blue eyes blazing. He tears off its lower jaw as well.

More wolf wights emerge from alongside their flanks, attacking riders near the front of the stampede. Arya draws her Valyrian steel dagger as they come at her. The Hound screams a furious curse and catches a wolf mid-leap with his sword, cutting it cleanly in two. Arya dodges one wolf and dispatches another with her dagger as it leaps at her horse's neck.

As she wrenches her dagger free, a horrible sound makes her turn. A hulking black DIREWOLF WIGHT stares at her with terrible, impassive blue eyes, standing nearly as tall as her horse. Its entrails hang out of its ripped abdomen, dark with old blood.

Arya reflexively brings her dagger up as its leaps at her.

There's a snarl and a blur of white fur, and Ghost collides with the monster mid-air. The two direwolves go down in a tangle of fur and teeth and claws. They tear at each other, wrestling in the snow, evenly matched. Then a pack of ordinary wolf wights descends on them, and Ghost's snarls turn into cries of pain. They swarm over him, thick as ants.

AryA

GHOST!

Another direwolf leaps into her path. Arya reins up hard. Her horse rears, screaming in fear. The direwolf stares up at her--

There's a beat of shocked silence.

ARYA

...Nymeria?

NYMERIA bares her teeth and leaps. Arya gasps, raising her dagger--

--as Nymeria takes down a wolf wight leaping for the flank of her horse. She tears it limb from limb as Arya watches, stunned. Then something catches Arya's eye. She looks up.

Nymeria's wolf pack is on the scene. No, not a pack. A veritable ARMY OF WOLVES. Dozens of them, scores of them, hundreds of them, rushing up from the south and into the fray, their golden eyes bright with life.

The living wolves sweep into the dead wolves like two waves crashing together, turning the tide in an epic aerial battle shot to end all epic aerial battle shots.

Down on the ground, it's a brutal chaotic fog of war, all fur and fangs and the horrible canine sounds
of hundreds of wolves tearing each other to pieces.

When it's finally over, the quiet is deep and sudden and unsettling. The disembodied head of a wolf wight lies twitching in the snow, blue eyes staring, jaws snapping ineffectually.

We pan up and see the aftermath of the wolf battle, full of twitchy wight parts and freshly-killed wolves staining the snow bright red with their blood. A few dead horses lie amongst them, their bellies ripped open, entrails spilling out in slippery ropes, with the remains of their Dothraki and Northern riders alongside them.

But even so, the battle is a victory for the living. Most of the khalasar has escaped alive, and Nymeria's surviving wolves roam through the battle-torn snow, sniffing at the carcasses.

Arya rides through the aftermath, eyes scanning and searching. She finds Nymeria and stops, staring. She dismounts and steps slowly through the snow, reaching out with one hand.

Nymeria watches her approach, holding Arya in an alert golden gaze. She holds still as Arya comes right up to her. Arya reaches out, her fingers trembling. Nymeria does not move away. They touch.

There are tears in Arya's eyes. Nymeria is covered in wight blood, but she doesn't care. She puts her arms around her direwolf's neck and buries her face in the thick fur, overcome with emotion. Nymeria sits there, quietly letting Arya hold her.

Arya finally pulls away, blinking away tears as she gazes at her long-lost friend.

Nymeria returns her gaze. Then stands up and moves past Arya. Arya blinks, puzzled, and turns to watch Nymeria as she walks away, heading toward--

Ghost's body, lying crumpled in the bloodied snow. Nymeria goes to him, sniffing, a thin whine in her throat. She noses at his wounds, licks his face. Ghost's features are motionless under her soft tongue, red eyes half-lidded and dull.

Grief comes slowly over Arya's face as she comprehends. She stands up, begins to stumble toward them. Then the Hound cuts in front of her on his horse, blocking her path.

Hound

Back on your horse, girl.

Arya

(choking on grief)

I need to bring him back to Jon.

HouND

Jon wants you home alive. If he were here, he'd tell you to leave him.

Arya stares past the Hound at Ghost. Nymeria lifts her head, shares another gaze with Arya. Then turns and moves off into the forest. Her wolf army follows, melting quietly back into the trees as though they were never there.

HOUND

We can't spare a horse to carry him, and we can't risk him waking up with blue eyes. It's time to go.
Jorah has dismounted, and is pouring oil over Ghost's corpse. It runs in sluggish rivulets, darkening his coat as it seeps into the white fur. In the background, other bodies are already alight -- wolf, horse, and human.

Arya stares a moment longer. Then finally tears her gaze away, fighting with her grief. She mounts up and turns her horse's head south, toward Winterfell. The Hound follows close behind her.

At the top of a ridge, Arya looks back one last time. Ghost's body is wreathed in flames now, engulfing him but not yet consuming him. The riders give him a wide berth, flowing past on either side like a stream diverting around a rock.

Tears run quietly down Arya's face as she watches her brother's wolf burn. Then she nudges her horse forward and disappears over the ridge.

We stay with Ghost, pushing in close as the flames burn higher and brighter, crackling and hissing. Flickering light goes dancing across his face, and for a moment, his red eye is alive with fire.

**END OF EPISODE 806**

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills." :) There's a total of twelve episodes planned, of which seven are currently finished and available through my site aliceshipwise.com:

S08E01 - "Fealty"
S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I port the episodes over to AO3. The season 8 episodes will all be appended to this fic as additional chapters.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... it only believes in comments, the silly thing. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)
The living make a stand at Winterfell.

Ext. Winterfell landscape - day

The KHALASAR has arrived at Winterfell. Their vast numbers fan out across the wide landscape, funneling in toward the castle.

Ext. Winterfell courtyard - dAY

JON SNOW emerges from the godswood and makes his way to Winterfell's main courtyard. It's full of chaos and noise. DOTHRAKI RIDERS roam about on horseback like they own the place, taking in the unfamiliar sights with curiosity. A growing crowd of rescued VILLAGERS stands huddled together -- exhausted, cold, and shell-shocked. Across the courtyard, SANSA STARK stands in the epicenter of activity, giving orders to SERVANTS, ushering villagers in various directions. She looks harried but competent.

Jon stops just inside the open gates, looking out as riders stream in past him on either side. Jon's eyes flit searchingly over each rider as they enter.

Finally the person he'd been looking for rides in: ARYA STARK, with THE HOUND on her flank.

Arya dismounts. She looks like she's been through an ordeal, as indeed she has. A STABLEBOY hurries up, and Arya gives her horse over to him. Then she turns, and sees Jon.

Jon goes to her. They embrace each other tightly.

ARYA

(whisper)

I saw them.

Jon closes his eyes and squeezes her closer.

The sound of nervous horses makes him look up. He freezes in surprise.

JON

...is that Nymeria?
Arya turns to look, breaking out of the hug. NYMERIA is standing some distance outside the gates, sniffing the air warily as she peers in at the courtyard. The horses shy away from her as their riders try to urge them into the castle.

Jon walks toward her, with Arya at his side. Nymeria's ears go flat as she sees him approaching -- she bares her teeth to warn him not to come closer. He stops. Arya goes to her.

ARYA

Girl, easy. Don't you remember Jon?

JON

Gone a bit wild, hasn't she.

Arya nods. Nymeria sniffs Arya carefully, picking up Jon's scent on her clothes.

After a long cautious moment, Nymeria seems grudgingly satisfied. She turns and lopes away, heading for the wolfswood.

ARYA

She has her own wolf pack now. Hundreds of them.

JON

Ghost must have been happy to see her.

Arya goes still. She looks up at Jon with pain in her eyes. He sees the look and realizes something terrible must have happened.

ARYA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Jon stares at her.

ARYA

We were attacked. And Ghost...

Arya has difficulty continuing, but Jon understands. He absorbs the news with quiet grief.

ARYA

I'm sorry.

Jon is quiet for another beat, looking out into the moorlands beyond Winterfell. Then he collects himself.

JON

It's alright.

Arya shakes her head.

JON
He did what he had to. He was a good boy. Now come on. Let's get you inside.

He puts an arm around her, and together they set off through the courtyard, heading for the Great Keep.

The Hound by now has dismounted as well, and relinquished his horse. He watches Arya as she walks away with Jon.

BRIENNE (O.S.)

You still watch over her.

He turns to see BRIENNE walking up to him. The sight does not appear to enthuse him. He returns his gaze to where it had been -- away from her.

HOUND

What do you want?

BRIENNE

I have something for you.

The Hound gives her a glance, full of suspicion.

BRIENNE

You don't look excited.

HOUND

The last gift you gave me was a broken leg.

BRIENNE

It's not a gift.

She produces a sheathed sword from within her cloak.

BRIENNE

It's a loan. Until the fighting is over.

The Hound looks at the sword in her hands, frowning quizzically. He takes it from her, then pulls it a few inches out of its sheath.

His eyes widen. We go into closeup and see the distinctive ripple of Valyrian steel in its blade, and the Tarly huntsman on its hilt.

BRIENNE

It's called Heartsbane. The family blade of House Tarly. The Warden of the North asked me to recommend someone for it.

HOUND

Why me?
BRIENNE

Because you'll use it to protect her.

The Hound looks at her, then back at the sword. He draws Heartsbane fully from the sheath and hefts it in his hand, feeling out its weight and balance.

The Hound doesn't generally smile, as a rule, but that almost looks like a smile.

HOUND

Always wanted me some Valyrian steel.

BRIENNE

I remember.

She gives him a nod, and an almost-smile of her own. Then turns and walks away. The Hound watches her go, briefly, then returns to admiring Heartsbane.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY (CONT'D)

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E07_winterfell_part1.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY (CONT'D)

Elsewhere in the courtyard, JORAH MORMONT rides in, the SMALL GIRL asleep in the saddle in front of him. A SERVANT WOMAN comes up to him, and he carefully hands the girl down. As he dismounts, DAENERYS TARGARYEN approaches him from across the courtyard.

DANY

You've returned to me.

Jorah turns at the sound of her voice. He kneels before her.

JORAH

I promised I would, your grace.

Dany smiles and raises him back up to his feet. Jorah looks at her with a grim expression in his eyes.

JorAH

They're close, your grace. Three days' march, perhaps two.

DANY

I know.

(beat)

You saw them?

Jorah nods.

DANY

And you saw...

She trails off, her voice constricting, but Jorah understands.

JORAH

The Night King has him. Just as we were told. I saw them flying overhead.
Pain comes over Dany's face. Jorah gazes at her, grimacing sympathetically.

DANY

(quiet fury)
I will destroy him for this. I swear by all the gods. I will see his body shatter and his armies burn.

JORAH

(gentle)
You must see Viserion destroyed as well, khaleesi.
A sadness comes into her eyes, tempering her rage.

DANY
I know.

JORAH
Do we have a plan?

Dany gives him a look. She begins walking, nodding to indicate that he should follow her.

DANY
You're not going to like it.

Ext. winterfell battlements - moments later

Jorah stands with Dany upon the walls of Winterfell. They gaze up at DROGON flying overhead.

DANY
You're oddly quiet.

JORAH
Experience has taught me that you are not one to be dissuaded from danger. Least of all by me.

DANY
(resolute)
Only a dragon can defeat another dragon.

JORAH
You'll be flying alone into the most dangerous part of the battle.

DANY
I won't be alone.

JORAH
No?

DANY

I'll have a crew of archers. The finest in the North.

JORAH

Your grace, listen to me.

DANY

(growing impatient)

It has to be me.

JORAH

(louder)

The Dothraki are far more capable as mounted archers than any Northman.

Dany looks up in surprise. This is not the objection she had expected.

JORAH

Westerosi archers are trained to stand behind a shield wall and shoot standing up. *Dothraki* begin shooting from horseback as soon as they are old enough to walk. They can shoot a pigeon out of the air at full gallop.

He takes a step toward her, his gaze intent.

JORAH

Allow me to choose a crew to ride with you into battle. I know the men, I've ridden with them. Run a mounted trial of them against your Northern archers, if you are not convinced.

Dany is looking pleasantly surprised, and intrigued by the idea.

JORAH

And allow me to ride with you as well.

Dany's eyes meet Jorah's. He takes a knee before her, gazing earnestly up at her.

JORAH

I would die for you, khaleesi. You know that. Don't ask me to stay behind while you risk your life up there. Let me fight beside you.

Dany finds herself unexpectedly overcome with emotion. She hangs onto her queenly composure with difficulty, as she returns Jorah's gaze.

Chapter End Notes
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. CRYPT - LYANNA'S STATUE - DAY

ARYA

So this is your mother.

Jon nods. He and Arya gaze up at Lyanna's statue together.

ARYA

Father never talked about her.

JON

The two women he never talked about: his sister, and my mother. And I never put two and two together.

ARYA

And you were never a bastard.

(beat)

Sansa must feel like an idiot.

JON

(chiding)

Be kind.

ARYA

(disapproving)

You're very forgiving.

JON

(correcting)
I'm very tired. Where you find the strength to be angry all the time is what I want to know.

That makes her smile, despite everything. Then the smile fades as she grows pensive.

ARYA

She would've married Joffrey. Even after father...

(beat)

If the Lannisters had told her to, she would've walked into that sept, and she would've said the words.

JON

She wouldn't have had a choice.

ARYA

Everyone has a choice. Even prisoners. They can always choose death.

Jon gives her a glance.

JON

(delicate)

Do you think she should have?

ARYA

No.

(beat)

But I would have.

Jon looks at her.

ARYA

I would have never said the words. I would have died before I said the words.

(beat)

I would have never survived what Sansa survived.

JON

We're surviving together now.

They smile at each other.

Jon looks up again at his mother's statue.

JON
Wish I knew what she was like.

ARYA

(suddenly remembering)

Father did tell me something about her, once.

He looks at her in surprise.

JON

When?

Arya shakes her head, trying to pull up the full memory.

ARYA

I was being a shit about something or other.

JON

(deadpan)

You'll have to be more specific.

Arya hits him on the ear.

JON

Ow!

Arya laughs.

JON

That hurt a lot!

ARYA

Sorry. I thought you would dodge.

JON

I thought you would... not hit so hard. Seven Hells, Arya.

ARYA

So next time you'll dodge?

Jon glowers at her, still holding his ear.

JON

(on-the-nose)

So you were being a shit about something?
I was angry. Father was trying to talk me down. He was starting to lose patience, just a little, so I said something mean. I don't remember what exactly. I wanted to make him yell, but instead he laughed.

(beat)

That just made me more angry. "Why are you laughing?" I said. "It's not funny!"

(beat)

He said: "I'm sorry. I'm not laughing at you. You just reminded me of my sister then, is all."

Jon looks at Arya.

I asked him what she was like. He said: "She was a bit like you. Wild and stubborn and brave. And -- occasionally -- very, very annoying."

Jon is staring at Arya -- his favorite sibling -- with a poignant expression on his face. Then he looks up at Lyanna's statue.

(solemn)

You're telling me that my dead mother was a little shit like you?

Arya takes a swipe at him. This time, Jon dodges it.

You're learning.

Jon glares at her, but fails to completely keep the fondness from his face.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. CRYPT ENTRANCEWAY - LATER

Chapter Notes

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EXT. CRYPT ENTRANCEDWAY - LATER

Arya emerges alone from the darkness of the crypt stairwell. She puts her torch into a bracket on the wall.

Gendry (O.S.)

Arya.

Arya looks up. She sees GENDRY--

The sheer shock drives her explosively backward, away from him, her body reacting to the sudden adrenaline before her mind fully processes what she's seeing. Her dagger materializes in her hand, unthinkingly. She stares at him, eyes wide, face pale, backed up against the far wall in a taut defensive posture.

Gendry blinks.

GENDRY

I... are you alright?

Arya doesn't speak, nor hardly seems to be breathing. She's staring at him like he's a ghost.

GENDRY

It's me. Gendry. Don't you remember?

Arya

You're dead.

GENDRY

I...

(beat)

I shouldn't argue with m'lady, but I don't think I am.

Arya stares. The dagger starts to come down as she slowly recovers from her shock.
ARYA
(tremulous)
...Gendry?

Gendry gives her a smile, a pained and bittersweet thing.

ARYA
I don't... how...

She starts to move toward him. Gendry backs up a step and she stops, confused.

GENDRY
Somewhere private, maybe?

Int. Winterfell store room - MOMENTS LATER

Arya ushers Gendry into a deserted store room. He speaks as she comes in after him and locks the door behind them.

GENDRY
Ser Davos let slip that you were here, when he fetched me.

Gendry ducks around ropes of hanging sausages and takes a seat on a crate, amidst sacks of potatoes and onions.

GENDRY
He doesn't know that I knew you. None of them do.

Arya is still hovering near the door, staring at Gendry like she doesn't quite trust that he's real.

ARYA
Why didn't you tell them?

Gendry heaves a sigh and gives Arya a long, searching look. She looks back at him, waiting for his reply, a bit puzzled by his reticence.

GENDRY
You really have no idea, do you? How terrifying you are.

A flush of sullen pain creeps up Arya's face, and Gendry hurries to clarify:

GENDRY
Not... you in particular. All of you. Highborns.

ARYA
Highborns?
GENDRY

We all learn, from the time we're little. Don't speak to them unless spoken to. Keep your eyes down. Call them m'lord, call them m'lady. *Never* insult them. And *anything* can insult them. One wrong word, one wrong look, and you're dead.

ARYA

(sad, bitter)

Don't speak to them, don't look at them, don't be friends with them.

GENDRY

Arya...

ARYA

(hot, pained)

Why did you come here?

Gendry regards her in silence for a long beat.

GENDRY

I found out why the Lannisters wanted me.

ARYA

Don't change the subject.

GENDRY

(louder)

I'm a son of King Robert's. His bastard son.

This is very much news to Arya. She gapes at him.

GENDRY

Maybe... maybe that doesn't change anything. I tried to forget it, tried to keep my head down like I'd always done. Like a mouse hoping the cats wouldn't notice me.

He stares pensively at the floor, with the thousand-yard stare of fraught memory.

GENDRY

You remember Harrenhal.

It's not a question.

ARYA

I remember.
GENDRY

Every day, they came, and we'd stare at our feet, trying to be invisible. And every day, they killed us just the same.

Gendry stares at the floor a moment longer, remembering, then lifts his gaze to Arya's face. He looks her steadily in the eyes from across the store room.

GENDRY

I'll be honest with you. I don't know how to do this. How to be one of you. But here's something I do know: I'm tired of being a mouse. I want to fight. It's like you said.

Tears have been welling up in Arya's eyes, and now they spill over.

She moves forward suddenly. Gendry stands up to meet her, and they come together in a crushing embrace.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. WINTERFELL ARMOURY - DAY

Chapter Notes

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Int. Winterfell armoury - day

Brienne

(stubborn)

My place is beside the Stark girls.

Brienne is walking through the armoury with JAIME LANNISTER. Around them, WORKERS bustle around, racking dragonglass spears, axes, and other weapons.

Jaime

I'm just saying, we could really use you on the walls.

BRIENNE

You have half the North to man the walls.

JAIME

And not one of them is half as good as you.

BRIENNE

I see. It's my legendary fighting prowess that you're so reluctant to be parted from.

JAIME

Are you accusing me of sentimentality?

BRIENNE

Are you denying it?

Jaime opens his mouth, but his customary easy retort fails to materialize. He stops walking and glowers at her instead. Brienne tries and fails to suppress a smile. They're standing in a relatively isolated corner of the armoury now, away from the main bustle of activity.

JAIME
Stubborn oaf.

BRIENNE

Luckily for you.

Jaime

Lucky? It's like trying to fend off a starving bear.

BRIENNE

And you hate every moment of it, is that what you're saying?

He narrows his eyes petulantly. A loaded moment passes between them.

Jaime

Come here.

He pulls her into a storage closet, crowded with baskets of dragonglass. He closes the door, presses her against it, and kisses her passionately.
ext. Godswood - EVENING

The fading evening light slants through the red leaves of the heart tree. BRAN STARK sits beneath it, his eyes warg white.

Sansa stands nearby, pacing slightly and rubbing her arms for warmth. She looks like she's been waiting for some time.

Finally, Bran returns to himself. He sees Sansa.

Bran
Hello, Sansa.

Sansa
I brought you some food.

Bran
Thank you.

Sansa picks up a tray from the ground, bearing a covered dish wrapped in cloths to keep it warm. She sets it down across the armrests of his wheeled chair. Bran begins eating, robotically.

SANSA
It's getting dark.

(off Bran's non-reaction)

You should come inside.

BRAN
I need to stay here.

SANSA
You haven't been sleeping enough.
BRAN

He's very close now. I need to watch him. I need to be ready for him.

SANSA

(cajoling)

You've already done everything you can to prepare us. We know they're close. We're as ready as we'll ever be.

Bran just continues eating. Sansa crouches down in front of him.

SANSA

Please, Bran. Winterfell could come under attack any day now, (and when it does--)

Bran

Winterfell doesn't matter.

Sansa is shocked, and hurt.

SANSA

...how can you say that?

BRAN

The Night King doesn't want Winterfell. He wants the dragons. I have to help the dragons, when it's time.

SANSA

(confused)

How?

BRAN

I've been getting stronger. And this is where I'm strongest.

He turns his head as he says that, gazing at the heart tree's red face, as Sansa watches with disquiet.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY

Chapter Notes

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Ext. Winterfell - broken tower - DAY

The sound of RHAEGAL's complaints lead us into the next scene -- another day. Jon falls off his dragon once again, in a tumble of limbs and frustration. He rolls with the landing, and comes up onto his feet, dirtied but mostly unfazed.

Jon has yet to succeed in riding a dragon. But he appears to have mastered falling off of one.

He closes his eyes, trying to calm the urgency of his desperation.

An ominous sound makes him open them: an approaching winter storm. Roiling wintry clouds are gathering now, north of Winterfell. They loom tall, full of dark promise.

Jon gazes stoically up at the familiar sight. By this point, it's practically an old friend.

He walks up to Rhaegal's head, unhurried now in his movements. He scratches him where he knows he likes to be scratched. Rhaegal croons at him.

Jon's POV: our gaze travels lingeringly up along Rhaegal's neck, up to the spot where a rider would sit.

There's a deep sadness to Jon's affect as he gazes up at that spot. Despite all the skepticism he had voiced to others, he had really truly hoped this would work out.

He stands quietly with Rhaegal a moment more. Then gives him one last rub on the snout.

JON

Be good.

He backs slowly away from his would-be dragon. Then turns and walks off, never looking back.

ext. Winterfell battlements - day

Upon the battlement walls, the atmosphere is taut as a bowstring. LONGBOW ARCHERS are forming up into ranks along the parapet, as their CAPTAINS bark orders and direct men and women into position. PAGE BOYS AND GIRLS hurriedly push bundles of arrows into cylindrical containers beneath each crenellation, while others roll barrels up ramps and along the walkway. A SCORPION TEAM loads a giant steel bolt into its groove. We focus in on its tip -- sharp dragonglass fins protected by a robust steel point.
In the distance, the winter storm broods and rumbles as it pushes inexorably closer to Winterfell.

Jaime is conferring with Jorah and his team of Dothraki archers -- HADORRO, plus THREE OTHERS. They're all bundled in warm furs for their impending flight, each carrying a Dothraki recurve bow and a well-stocked quiver of dragonglass arrows.

JAIME

(to Jorah)

Remember, don't try to be a hero, just put as many holes in its wings as you can. If you have a clean shot, you can try for the wound in its neck, or the Night King himself. Otherwise, be patient. Focus on rate-of-fire. The more you wear it down, the easier it will be to kill once an opportunity presents itself.

Jorah nods, turns, and translates for the other archers. Dany and TYRION LANNISTER stand nearby, listening. Dany is dressed for flying.

Jon walks along the battlements toward them, deadly calm, passing through the archers and pages busy with their preparations. Tyrion sees him approaching and speaks up as Jon joins them.

TYRION

Any last-minute luck with Rhaegal?

Jon ignores him and stops in front of Dany.

JON

I'm coming with you.

Everyone turns and looks at him. Dany stares at Jon, a strangely vulnerable expression on her face. He looks her steadily in the eye, his gaze full of cool authority.

Jorah makes a resigned face: "this bullshit again."

TYRION

Jon, don't be ridiculous.

JON

I know the Night King better than anyone here. I've faced him more times than anyone here.

TYRION

If her grace dies fighting the Night King, we're fucked. If you both die fighting the Night King, we're double-fucked.

JON

And if we fail this mission, everyone dies. What's your point?

Tyrion doesn't have a quick retort for that.

JON
This is the moment. Right here, right now. Whatever happens today turns the tide of the war, for better or for worse. This isn't the time for contingency plans. It's time to hit them with everything we have. I'm coming with you.

TYRION

What do we do with Rhaegal without you?

JON

I leave him in your care.

TYRION

I can't control him, Jon.

JON

*Neither can I.*

Tyrion looks to Jaime, hoping for some backup, but none seems to be forthcoming. Jaime is looking at Jon with a grim, appraising look, saying nothing.

Jon turns to face Jorah and the archers.

JON

I need one of you to give up your seat.

Jorah looks at Jon. The two men stare each other down. Jorah's eyes move to Dany, who doesn't intervene, and he reluctantly translates for the other archers.

The archers all look at each other, and at Jorah. Being selected for this crew was a great honor, and none of them are eager to give it up.

Jon is giving Jorah a hard look: "come on, dude."

Hadorro watches this miniature drama playing out. He sighs, exasperated, and decides to do his boy Jorah a solid. He steps out of line, unslings his bow and his quiver and pushes them brusquely into Jon's hands.

There's a subtle release of tension in Jorah's posture. He gives Hadorro a grateful look. Hadorro glances at him knowingly, then departs.

Jon stares Jorah down for one more beat, then looks away as he puts on the quiver.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. GODSWOOD - DAY

Chapter Notes

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Ext. GoDSWOOD - day

Bran sits beneath the heart tree, his eyes warg white. Sansa and Arya stand protectively nearby, flanked by Brienne and the Hound. PODRICK PAYNE hovers at Brienne's shoulder.

A detachment of NORTHERN GUARDSMEN and UNSULLIED SOLDIERS stand around the heart tree in a loose ring. The mood is restless and tense. Bran sits motionless in the center of it all.

Gendry stands among the Northern soldiers, dressed like the rest of them, armed with his warhammer. Arya catches his eye for a fleeting moment and gives him a very small, fond smile. Sansa notices Arya's expression and blinks quizzically. She turns her head to see who she's looking at, but by then, the moment has passed -- to her, it just looks like a nondescript group of Northern soldiers. Sansa glances back at Arya, bemused. Strange.

Bran returns to himself then, though his eyes look distant, gazing calmly at nothing in particular.

Bran

It's time.

Ext. winterfell aerial - day

A FLOCK OF RAVENS rises up out of the godswood toward us, cawing as they fly. As we pull back from them, Winterfell falls away, spread out below us in a wide landscape.

With a majestic roar, Drogon sweeps up into frame, following the ravens, with Dany et al mounted upon his back.

As they fly out of frame, we pan down for a wide view of Winterfell's fortifications. Three concentric rings of defensive palisade stand silent guard around the castle -- rough-built structures of crossed posts and unmortared stone. Sharp stakes and caltrops bristle outside each of the gates, which are additionally defended by dedicated scorpions atop the walls.

Ext. Winterfell battlements - jaime/DEFENDERS moment

On the walls, the atmosphere has become strangely quiet and still. Jaime stands at attention, looking out at the approaching storm.

Stretching out in a line beyond him, longbow archers stand ready, identical in their postures. Small braziers burn every couple feet, between canisters stuffed with arrows.
Behind the archers, GREY WORM stands with a line of UNSULLIED SPEARMEN.

A SCORPION OPERATOR stands with his hand poised on the firing lever.

Nobody speaks. Nobody moves.

Panning up over the walls, we see the godswood to the east, the red leaves of the heart tree visible above the other trees.

Ext. Godswood - bran moment

Close on Bran's warg face, as we hear a sound advance of cawing ravens.

Ext. Sky - ravens/DROGON moment

The ravens' eyes go white in random rapid succession, as Bran flits from one bird to another, looking in a dozen directions at once.

Following behind the ravens, Drogon appears, huge and dark and badass. And mounted upon him, strapped into his leather flying harness: Dany, Jon, Jorah, ARCHER #1, ARCHER #2, ARCHER #3 (in order, front to back).

There's an eerie tension in the air, punctuated only by the sounds of Drogon's wingbeats, and the ravens' cawing, and the blowing wind. Dany gazes ahead, a look of focus upon her face.

Dany's POV: the ravens are leading us straight into the heart of the storm.

As we enter, visibility becomes suddenly very bad. Jon, Jorah, and the other archers tighten their grips on their bows, as Drogon is buffeted by the strong winds.

Ext. winterfell landscape - Wolfswood

Finally, slowly, the ARMY OF THE DEAD emerges out of the wolfswood.

Ext. Winterfell battlements - cONTINUOUS

Jaime's expression shifts as he lays eyes upon the approaching enemy. He is deeply affected by the sight, though he keeps his reaction tightly controlled.

JaIME

(to archery captain)

Now.

ARCHERY CAPTAIN

Archers! Light your arrows!

Moving in unison, the archers thrust the points of their arrows into the braziers along the walls.

Archery captain

Nock!

(archers nock)
Draw!

(archers draw)

LOOSE!

Points of flame arc outward and away, all along the walls of Winterfell.

Ext. palisades - continuous

The arrows land with a rain of thunks amidst the brush and firewood stacked just outside the first palisade -- the outermost of the three.

Now we see the structure up close: a tall barrier built from green rough-hewn timbers, lashed together to form an X-shaped cross-section. Just outside of that, a low stacked-stone wall acts as a firebreak, and just outside of that is a low wall of firewood, stacked criss-cross, with brush and kindling thrust into the spaces between the logs.

The kindling quickly takes light, crackling as the flames spread.

Ext. Winterfell AERIAL - continuous

We watch from above as the fire spreads to form an unbroken ring, completely encircling Winterfell. Meanwhile, the Army of the Dead continues to emerge and surround the castle.

Ext. Palisades - wights moment

As one, the wights halt just outside the ring of fire. We see their dead expressionless faces through the smoke and flames.

Ext. Winterfell battlements - jaime/defenders moment

Jaime takes in the spectacle with barely-concealed horror. Seeing one wight in the Dragonpit was bad enough. This is something else entirely.

Grey Worm has never seen even one wight before this moment. He sets his jaw, as his hand tightens on his spear.

A series of shots shows us the reactions of various NORTHERN BANNERMEN and common soldiers. Their fear is shot through with a kind of speechless disbelief. Deep down, they had all been hoping Jon Snow was either lying or mistaken about what they're now seeing before them.

LYANNA MORMONT stands bravely beside her tiny force of Mormont archers. No incredulity here -- she's been a true believer from the beginning. She is frightened, like any sane person would be, but her young features are set in a fierce scowl that will inspire a thousand Lyanna Mormont fan tributes.

Int. glover's tower cell - concurrent

High in his tower cell, LORD GLOVER is staring out the window at the horror show, soiling his pants.

EXT. SKY - dany MOMENT

Dany flies through the storm, looking all around, searching.
A sudden loud crescendo of cawing pulls her attention. She corrects course, heading toward the sound. She squints against the wind, trying to see through the blowing snow.

An eerie cry echoes out, just as a draconic silhouette becomes visible through the storm haze.

Dany

Dracarys!

Drogon lets loose a great fireball, aimed straight ahead.

And in a terrifyingly epic shot -- a masterwork of VFX -- the NIGHT KING sails right through it, completely indifferent to the flames, coming straight at us on VISERION's back.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. PALISADES - WIGHTS MOMENT

With a ghastly cry, the wights rush the palisade, simultaneously.

Ext. WinterFELL BATTLEMENTS - jaime moment

JaIME

(to archers)

Hold.

The nervous archers stand down, relaxing the tension of their bows.

Ext. Palisades - wights moment

Wights clamber over the firewood en masse, collapsing as they each succumb to the flames. A few of them make it over the firebreak, only to topple backward as they attempt to scale the palisade. We follow one of them as it scrabbles up the incline of the wet timbers, its clothes burning on its back, only to be stymied at the overhang. It slides back down, landing in a crumpled burning mess at the base of the palisade.

We linger on its face. Deanimated, it's no longer a monster, just a sad corpse. A fresh one, from the recent attacks, perhaps even someone we recognize from the Lonely Hills.

As we brood upon the tragedy of human mortality, we hear the shrill ululations of Dothraki war cries, and the thunder of their hooves.

Ext. Winterfell landscape - dothraki moment

DOTHRAKI SCREAMERS come pouring around a bluff, a raging rapids of horseflesh and battle lust.

The riders are in their element, out here in an open field, hemming in the dense masses of unskilled foot soldiers. They lop off wight heads and limbs with ease, arakhs twirling.

The trapped wights turn away from the palisade and launch themselves toward the riders, fighting back, but the Dothraki dance nimbly away as a unit, continuing to cull wights as they retreat. They are masters of herd dynamics, using their greater mobility to their advantage, an ever-shifting force out for DPS.
Hadorro thrusts his arakh in the air as he gallops along, screaming his zeal.

Wight POV: Hadorro comes charging up, his arakh flashing out to decapitate us.

Ext. SKY - dragons moment

A flight of arrows punch upward through Viserion's leathery wings. Viserion shrieks in zombie indignation and sends down a jet of blue flame. Dany and team see it coming and dodge.

Dany urges Drogon into a climb. He beats the air, gaining altitude, then locks his wings as he sweeps into a smooth banking glide, giving the crew a stable platform to shoot from. Jon, Jorah, and the archers search for their target, their hands held poised on their bowstrings.

Their raven alert system raises a cry, giving away the enemy's position. The men loose their arrows, aiming down at the Night King himself.

The Night King is forced into a roll, deflecting the arrows off the scales of Viserion's belly.

Above him, Drogon roars his dominance.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - JAIME MOMENT

JAIME
Nock!

EXT. PALISADES - WIGHTS MOMENT

The wights’ deanimated remains are piled so thick outside the first palisade, that fresh wights are beginning to come over the barrier in certain places, scrambling up a ramp of smoldering corpses.

JAIME
Draw!

EXT. PALISADES - WIGHTS MOMENT

Wights tumble over the top of the palisade, landing in a jumble of bodies inside the defensive ring. They scramble to their feet and keep coming.

JAIME
LOOSE!

EXT. PALISADES - WIGHTS MOMENT

A horde of wights comes sprinting over the open ground. They reach the second palisade, and--

WHOOSH!

--they go up in flames as the second ring catches fire with a vengeance, ignited by a hailstorm of fresh fire arrows.

TEAM DRAGON ON THE HUNT, ARROWS NOCKED, SCANNING THE BLIZZARD FOR THEIR UNDEAD QUARRY.
A burst of cawing makes them swivel, drawing their bows. But there's something frantic about the cawing this time--

Dany gasps and dodges hard, just as an ice blade comes arrowing down at them with a high unearthly ring. It passes so close that Dany's hair and clothes flutter in its wake. Behind her, the men clutch at Drogon's spikes, whiplashed by the sudden dodge.

Dany is badly shaken. That was close, way too close. She looks up, scanning fearfully for the Night King.

**EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - JAIME MOMENT**

Jaime is squinting out at something, wearing a "what the hell is that" expression.

Until it changes to "holy fucking shit."

Jaime

Scorpions!

**EXT. PALISADES - MAMMOTH MOMENT**

A MAMMOTH WIGHT comes crashing through the first palisade, the smoking timbers bursting into splinters before it. It trumpets mightily, rearing up, then lowers its head and charges.

Scorpion bolts thump into the ground behind it as it bulls right through the second and third palisades, before finally collapsing in flames beneath the walls of Winterfell.

Behind it, a stampede of wight foot soldiers come pouring in through the breach. A few of them go down in flames, but they are so dense and numerous that the path is clearly on its way to being trampled cold.

**EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - JAIME MOMENT**

Jaime

Oil, now! Archers, fire at will!

**EXT. PALISADES - MAMMOTHs MOMENT**

MORE MAMMOTHS are opening more breaches at more points along the perimeter, their shaggy hair flaming bright before they succumb. Some of them get taken out by scorpion bolts before they can complete their charge, but even so, the palisades are clearly done for.

Ext. beneath the walls - wights moment

The wight horde crashes against the walls like a breaking wave. Dragonglass arrows rain down, but the wights are swarming like ants nonetheless, scrabbling at the stone, climbing over each other.

**EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - OIL MOMENT**

A pair of DEFENDERS hoist a kettle up into a crenellation, supporting it by long iron handles. A third defender holds a torch to its mouth as they pour out the oil, sending a waterfall of flame down upon the attackers.

ext. SKY - dRAGONS MOMENT
A horizontal jet of blue flame comes billowing at Dany and her team, head on, forcing them to duck. They pass just under it, close enough to singe the clothes on their backs.

Unbidden, Drogon points his nose up and sends up an answering jet of orange flame -- it's ineffectual, but clearly a reflex not easily curbed.

The men swivel and shoot as the dragons pass each other. More holes appear in Viserion's wings. Then the Night King banks him around for another attack, forcing them onto the defensive once again.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. GODSWOOD - SANSA MOMENT

Sansa is crouched at Bran's side, looking around and listening fearfully to the sounds of battle. She freezes as she hears a faint, ominous rumbling sound. She looks down and sees pebbles shivering and rattling on the ground as the earth shakes. The rumbling grows louder and louder.

Ext. Godswood wall - ARMORED MAMMOTH MOMENT

A huge ARMORED MAMMOTH charges up and bulls right into the wall surrounding the godswood, close to where it meets the main castle. The wall shivers as snow and debris come tumbling down, dislodged by the impact.

Every mammoth has been, well, mammoth, but this particular specimen is a true monstrosity. It rears up on its hind legs and smashes with its front feet, over and over again.

Up on the walls, archers rain arrows down at it. The mammoth soon bristles with feathers, but the dragonglass arrows fail to penetrate its armor and its thick hide. Fire arrows ignite its hair, but it continues smashing, unfazed for now.

 Smash, smash, smash. Stones begin to fall from the increasingly weakened wall.

Suddenly, a scorpion bolt drills it right through the skull, with a satisfying KACHUNK. It collapses--

Just as TWO MORE MAMMOTHS emerge from the storm and charge straight into the compromised wall.

 SMASH!

A breach opens up. Archers scream as they fall into the gap.

EXT. GODSWOOD - HEART TREE

The color drains from Sansa's face as she hears the collapsing of the wall, and the sounds of incoming wights.

The Unsullied form up into a shield wall, encircling the heart tree in a ring, bristling with spears. The Northern soldiers ready themselves with longbows and pikes. Gendry hefts his warhammer. Arya,
Brienne, Pod, and the Hound all draw their steel.

EXT. GODSWOOD - WALL BREACH - wights moment

The wights rush past in an incoherent blur of running bodies, growling and shrieking as they come. Arrows and burning oil come pouring down from the walls above, but it's woefully inadequate in the face of their sheer numbers. The wights pour in like water through a broken dam, filling the area closest to the main castle, cutting off any retreat out of the godswood.

EXT. GODSWOOD - HEART TREE

A pitched battle rages around the heart tree. The Unsullied are impeccably professional, holding the line with utter discipline. Behind their shield wall, Northern archers send dragonglass arrows arcing out at the attacking monsters, while other soldiers thrust pikes at them between the shields.

The wights drag a hapless Unsullied spearman out of line and into their midst. Four or five wights shove through the gap, making a beeline for Bran, before the Unsullied close ranks again.

Gendry steps into their path and takes down a wight with one swing of his hammer. The rest continue past him and are dispatched by the others.

As the Hound cleaves a wight in half, something makes him look up. Whatever it is, we know it must be bad if it can make even the Hound look this afraid.

A WHITE WALKER steps slowly through the trees, his piercing blue eyes fixed upon Bran, like everyone else is irrelevant.

Beneath the heart tree, Bran sits motionless in his chair, silent and insensate -- the eye of the storm.

The Hound grabs Brienne by the arm.

Hound

The Walker! We have to take out the Walker.

Brienne's eyes follow to where the Hound is pointing with his sword. Pod looks up at them both.

Hound

If we kill him, the foot soldiers fall too.

BRIENNE

Are you sure?

HOUND

It's the best chance we have.

Brienne hesitates, looking back at Sansa and Arya, the girls she's sworn to protect. Arya is crouched defensively in front of Sansa, fierce and focused and deadly. Gendry stands guard over Bran with his warhammer.

Brienne looks out at the wights, her eyes flitting as she assesses the situation.
She turns to Pod.

Brienne

Guard the Stark girls.

Pod looks up at his boss. He has a bad feeling, but he knows better than to argue with that tone of voice. He nods meekly.

Brienne

(adamant)

Don't leave their side for any reason!

POD

Yes, my lady.

Brienne turns toward the Hound and gives a single, grim nod.

The two BAMFs move out, side-by-side, and shoulder their way through the shield wall and into the fray.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - JAIME/TYRION MOMENT

On the walls, Jaime finds Tyrion and grabs him roughly by the shoulder.

JAIME

We could really use that dragon in the breach!

Tyrion looks out and sees Rhaegal flying some distance away, burning wights at random.

TYRION

What do you want me to do, whistle for him?

JAIME

(impatient)

You're the Targaryen! You tell me!

TYRION

I'm not technically (a Targaryen--)

JAIME

(snapping)

Think of something! Pretend you're Daenerys!

Jaime rushes off, shouting orders, leaving Tyrion dumbfounded behind him.

ext. Sky - drAGONS MOMENT

The ravens cry a warning as Viserion lets loose a jet of blue flame.

Dany dives, but not quickly enough to evade the attack entirely. Archer #3 takes a direct hit and is instantly reduced to ash and black bone.

In front of him, Archer #2 is completely engulfed in flame. He flails, dying and screaming horribly.
Dany looks back over her shoulder at the horror behind her.

JON

(looking ahead)

DANY!

Dany looks forward again, just in time to evade another gout of blue flame.

Archer #2's flaming corpse slumps forward onto Archer #1, who screams in pain as the flames spread to his clothing too. He tries to push Archer #2 away, but they're all strapped in together. His screams escalate as he tries to beat out the flames with his hands.

Jorah is leaning forward as far as he can, grimacing as Archer #1 flails just behind him.

Jon stows his bow, draws his dagger, and leans around Jorah to cut at the straps holding them all onto Drogon's back. One strap snaps free, and there's a visible resulting shift in their positions. Jon grabs one of Drogon's spikes with his free hand to steady himself and goes for another strap.

ARCHER #1

Vos! VOS!

(No! NO!)

The burning archer tries to stop Jon from cutting him loose, swatting desperately at his hands. Jon grits his teeth and plunges the dagger into the man's heart.

The screams abruptly cease. Jon stares into the man's wide eyes, his face full of sympathetic pain.

The archer slumps dead as Jon yanks his dagger free, splattering himself and Jorah with blood. He resumes cutting at the straps, bearing down with grim determination.

Jorah puts an arm through his bow, stowing it, and grabs hold of Drogon's spikes, bracing himself for the release.

The last strap snaps free. The dead archers plummet toward the ground and disappear into the swirling snow. Jon loses his seat too, and nearly falls, but he's still holding on with his free hand. He dangles precariously behind Jorah as Drogon dodges another attack.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. GODSWOOD - BRIENNE/HOUND MOMENT

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. GODSWOOD - BRIENNE/HOUND MOMENT

Brienne and the Hound have cut their way out of the thickest part of the press and are moving through the godswood as quickly as they can, evading and fighting wight foot soldiers as they work their way toward the White Walker. They fight as a team, back-to-back, each guarding the other. The wights are preoccupied with attacking the heart tree, and the two press toward their target like a double-ended weed whacker of Valyrian steel and badassery.

As they draw near, the White Walker finally notices that he's in trouble, taking his gaze away from Bran for the first time since he'd entered the godswood. He hefts his ice blade defensively in his hands. As he does, the wights suddenly turn away from the heart tree and rush toward them.

BriENNE

Now! Go, GO!

The Hound doesn't need to be told twice. He charges at the White Walker, while Brienne stands to face the coming onslaught.

EXT. GODSWOOD - HOUND MOMENT

With a fearsome yell, the Hound closes the gap and engages the White Walker. The ice blade rings painfully as it clashes against Heartsbane.

EXT. GODSWOOD - BRIENNE MOMENT

Intercut with the Hound's duel, Brienne fights heroically as she fends off the wight foot soldiers, keeping them from aiding the Walker. As she fights, the wights come at her thicker and faster as more of them rush up from the direction of the heart tree. Brienne stands her ground, wielding Oathkeeper with berserker fury, never flinching from her duty as the wights swarm up all around her.

EXT. GODSWOOD - wall breach - hound MOMENT

The Hound presses his attack, driving the Walker back toward the breach.

EXT. GODSWOOD - BRIENNE MOMENT

Brienne disappears under a swarming mess of wights. Their weapons rise and fall methodically, almost robotically, hacking brutishly at her, somewhere unseen in their midst.
With a wordless animalistic battle yell, Brienne regains her feet through raw force of will, punching violently up through the throng like a swimmer surfacing for air. She's covered in blood and looks almost inhuman in her ferocity. Oathkeeper flashes as she slashes at the seething monsters all around her, before disappearing again.

EXT. GODSWOOD - WALL BREACH - HOUND MOMENT

The wights rush up in a great snarling pack, bearing down on the Hound, who is still locked up in a fierce duel.

With a final climactic swing, the Hound brings Heartsbane down upon the White Walker, shattering him in a sudden shower of ice crystals.

The wights collapse to pieces. The momentum of their charge sends deanimated parts skittering across the ground at the Hound's feet.

Ext. GodSWOOD - hEART TREE

The heart tree defenders watch as the vast majority of the godswood wights deanimate and fall to the ground.

EXT. GODSWOOD - WALL BREACH - HOUND MOMENT

The Hound pants in the sudden silence, surrounded by finely shattered Walker remnants and dead wight bits. His duel has carried him right up to the breach in the godswood wall.

As he recovers from his exertion, he looks up and freezes.

Hound's POV: a fresh horde of wights is emerging out of the woods, off in the middle distance. They're still a ways off, but they're coming for us, fast.

The Hound spins and sprints back the way he came, running for the heart tree.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. SKY - JON/JORAH MOMENT

Jon is hanging onto Drogon for dear life, dangling by one hand.

He lets his dagger fall from his grip and grabs another of Drogon's spikes, his legs flailing in the wind. He shouts at Jorah, who is still clinging to Drogon's back, just behind Dany.

JON

Keep shooting!

JORAH

I'll fall!

Jon sets his teeth and pulls himself higher onto Drogon's back, grimacing with exertion. He comes up behind Jorah, hooks an arm around Jorah's waist and grabs onto Drogon's spikes with both hands.

JON

I have you!

Jorah hesitates.

JON

I won't let you fall! Keep shooting!

Jorah musters his courage and lets go of Drogon's spikes. He takes hold of his bow and nocks an arrow, fumbling a bit from the adrenaline. He scans the sky, looking for Viserion in the swirling murk all around them.

We hear the snap of leathery wings, an eerie sensation of motion, but it's hard to tell from which direction. The wind gusts and tears at their clothes, and Viserion is nowhere to be seen.

ext. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - tyrion moment

Tyrion

Lower me over the wall!
The WALL DEFENDERS stare at Tyrion like he's crazy.

Defender

M'lord?

TYRION

No time to explain! Do it now!

Tyrion puts every ounce of authority he can muster into his bark, and the defenders comply, though they continue to look bewildered. They find a rope and use it to lower Tyrion over the wall of the main castle and into the godswood.

Ext. GODSWOOD - main castle wall - continUOUS

Tyrion stumbles a bit as he lands in the snow, letting go of the rope. He picks himself up and looks skyward. The defenders are looking down at him in bemused concern, but they're not what he's looking for.

The castle wall presses close, and the cloud cover is thick overhead, obscuring his view. Tyrion takes a deep breath. Alright. On faith, then.

He turns and begins walking toward the breach.

Ext. GODSWOOD - WALL BREACH - TyRION MOMENT

Tyrion's POV: the wights rush across the open field toward the godswood, toward Tyrion. They're close enough now that we can hear their snarling and the gnashing of their teeth.

Tyrion grimaces and forces himself to keep placing one foot in front of the other. He is straining every fiber of his courage, to not turn and run for his life.

As the horde rapidly shrinks the remaining distance, Tyrion ponders which is more unfortunate: how much this is going to hurt, or how stupid this is going to sound in his obituary.

He clambers over the rubble and finally stops just outside the breach, standing there looking out at the wights, one man against an army. He looks up into the sky one last time, desperate. Nothing.

Tyrion gazes at his impending doom. Oh well. It was worth a try.

He squeezes his eyes shut. The wights rush up--

And Rhaegal comes strafing down out of the cloud cover to save Tyrion's ass.

With a roar and a blast of flame, he incinerates the wights moments before they would have engulfed Tyrion. Tyrion instinctively drops to the ground, covering his head as the flames shoot forward over him.

Rhaegal swoops up from his strafing dive, banking hard as he comes back around. Tyrion stares up at him in open-mouthed awe as he rises shakily back to his feet.

Rhaegal drops out of the sky like a stone, shaking the earth as he lands over top of Tyrion, facing outward, one wing on either side of him. His head descends down in front of Tyrion, obscuring him from view. Where once Tyrion had stood, now all we see is MOTHERFUCKING DRAGON.
Rhaegal opens his mouth, and fire comes boiling out.

Ext. GoDSWOOD - starks moment - concurrent

The Starks and their contingent are running through the godswood, heading for the main castle as fast as they can. The Hound is on point, cutting down the occasional wight that survived the White Walker's destruction. Bran is still warged -- Gendry carries him in his arms as he runs, the wheeled chair evidently abandoned. Arya and Sansa run alongside him, with Pod shadowing them. Unsullied and Northern soldiers guard their flanks and their rear.

[N.B.: Brienne is not with them, though it's easy not to notice in the chaos.]

Ext. GODSWOOD - MAIN CASTLE WALL - continuOUS

Hound

OPEN THE GATE!

The defenders jump to it -- there's no refusing that terrifying roar. The Hound stands and guards their passage as the Starks hurry to safety.

Rhaegel is crouched in the breach, holding it against incoming wights. His fire glows bright as the last of the group makes it inside the gates.

EXT. GODSWOOD - WALL BREACH - TYRION MOMENT

The area outside the breach has turned into an appalling mess of charred bodies and mud and slush. The coast is clear, for now.

Rhaegal snakes his head around to nose at Tyrion, who is weak-kneed and inarticulate with relief.

Tyrion

Good dragon. Good, good dragon.

Rhaegal rumbles as he sniffs at him: "what are you doing out here, dummy?"

Satisfied that Tyrion is not hurt, Rhaegal stretches his wings.

TyRION

Wait. No no no, wait. Rhaegal!

Rhaegal launches into the air, despite Tyrion's protests.

Tyrion watches him fly away from the castle. For a man who just survived a near brush with death, he looks quite dejected.

A gust of wind pulls his attention back to the ominous moorlands beyond Winterfell's walls, where there be monsters.

He turns and hauls ass back to the main castle.

Chapter End Notes
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - STARKS MOMENT

Chapter Notes

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INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - STARKS MOMENT

The Starks take refuge in the Great Hall, which is densely crowded with CHILDREN, ELDERLY, and others who cannot fight (GILLY and LITTLE SAM among them).

Gendry settles Bran into a chair. Sansa hovers anxiously, shaken by their close call, while Arya stands watchfully nearby.

The Starks safely inside, Pod looks up and searches their group with his eyes. With mounting alarm, he realizes that Brienne is not with them.

SANSA

Bran?

Sansa cups Bran's face in her hands, but he is still deeply warged. We push in close on his white eyes.

ext. Sky - dRAGONS MOMENT

A sudden explosion of frantic cawing makes Jorah, Jon, and Dany look up. Viserion is dive bombing them from above.

Jorah swivels and aims up for a shot, just as Dany tries to dodge the attack. Jorah's arrow misses the wound in Viserion's neck, by inches.

Jon tucks his chin and braces for impact.

With a horrible sound, Viserion strikes Jon with talons bunched into fists, like a falcon striking a pigeon. The impact punches Jon off of Drogon's back, and Jorah with him. Jorah cries out, grasping futilely for something to hold onto as they fall.

DANY

JON!

Even falling to his death, Jorah hears that. And it breaks his poor heart.

The tip of Viserion's tail strikes Dany's face as his dive carries him past Drogon. The blow knocks her violently sideways.
Above her, the flock of ravens scatter in every direction, cawing their alarm.

INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - STARKS MOMENT

Bran comes to, with a jerk that suggests his unwarging was not voluntary. He looks up and sees Sansa and Arya standing over him.

SANSA
Bran...
Bran looks up into their faces.

BRAN
Jon's fallen.

Sansa's breath catches in her throat, as the color drains from Arya's face. Sansa clutches at Arya's arm.

ARYA
(reflexive, desperate)
You're lying.

EXT. SKY - jorah/jon MOMENT

Two figures fall through the blowing snow, in mournful slow motion.

Jorah is staring upward, with heartbreak in his eyes. Jon's face is hidden from view.

Dragon claws materialize suddenly out of the murky air, talons splayed. They close themselves around Jon and Jorah, one man in each claw. The men's bodies jerk as they are caught, whiplashed by the sudden deceleration.

Ext. Sky - dany moment

Dany is reeling from the blow to her face, nearly falling as she slumps sideways. Drogon cries out and jinks to the side to rebalance her. She blinks and clutches at Drogon's spikes, pulling herself back together. The side of her face is covered in blood.

She leans out to one side, staring down toward the ground.

Dany's POV: the storm is an opaque mess of swirling snow. Jon and Jorah are nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly, with a distinctive eerie hurtling sound, an ice blade comes darting up, straight toward us.

Dany cries out and dodges. It misses by a hair.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. SNOWY GROUND - JORAH/JON MOMENT

Chapter Notes

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EXT. SNOWY GROUND - JORAH/JON MOMENT

Jorah is lying in a disoriented heap on the snowy ground. With a struggle, he flops himself onto his back, blinking dazedly, completely confused at being alive.

A dragon's concerned crooning pulls his attention. He looks and sees:

Rhaegal, the goodest boy. The dragon is nosing at something on the ground. It's Jon, facing away from us, lying crumpled in the snow.

He is not moving.

The sound of APPROACHING WIGHTS catches Jorah's attention. He rolls himself painfully up onto one elbow and sees a group of them charging. Rhaegal crouches protectively over Jon and lets loose a blast of flame.

Jorah struggles to his feet as Rhaegal burns the wights. He half-runs, half-stumbles his way to Jon's side.

JoRAH

Jon! JON!

He rolls Jon onto his back. Jon's eyes are half-lidded and dull -- it's unclear if he's alive.

Jorah repeats his name, frantic, and slaps at his face. That produces a dazed blink. Jon is alive, but injured... how badly, Jorah can't say. He says his name again, shaking him, trying to revive him.

Jorah stops when he hears wights close at hand. He looks up and sees that a few of them have made it past Rhaegal's line of fire. They brandish bronze and iron weapons as they charge.

Jorah reaches down and pulls Longclaw from Jon's sword belt. His father's sword, the Mormont family blade. He stands up and fights the wights heroically, defending himself and protecting Jon.

Jon is still gazing hazily up at the sky. His breath is coming in tight, weak, distressed gasps.

Jon's POV: high above us, an aerial battle is raging, blurry and abstract in our dazed state. Fuzzy flashes of orange and blue flames light up the wintry muck.

Chapter End Notes
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. SKY - DANY/NK MOMENT

Dany dodges a jet of blue flame. Drogon sends back an answering fireball.

The Night King sails through it unscathed and lets loose another burst of blue fire. This time Dany takes a partial hit.

She's fireproof, but her clothing is not. She loses a glove and a sleeve up to her collar.

EXT. SNOWY GROUND - JORAH/JON MOMENT

Jorah cuts down the last of his wights and returns to Jon's side.

Jorah

Get up! You have to get up!

Jon is barely lucid, but Jorah hauls him bodily to his feet. He pulls Jon's left arm around his own shoulders and supports him under his right armpit with his other hand, still grasping Longclaw.

Rhaegal is still busy burning oncoming wights. Together, the two men stumble toward the dragon's shoulder, side-by-side.

EXT. SKY - DANY/NK MOMENT

Dany dodges yet another attack, just barely. Drogon lets out a frustrated growl as he levels out again. He's beginning to tire.

Dany's teeth are chattering from the cold, partially exposed as she is. She is frightened and desperate, aware of the unsustainability of her situation.

As she ducks and passes beneath Viserion, she notices the wind whistling through the holes in his wings. A look of realization dawns on her face.

She banks Drogon around and urges him into a steep climb.

EXT. SNOWY GROUND - JORAH/JON MOMENT

Jon gasps and goes down on one knee. His mouth gapes as he struggles painfully to breathe.

Jorah is completely beside himself. His khaleesi is in danger. No way in hells is he going to let Jon's
dragonboy ass tap out on them now.

JoRAH

(furious)

She's alone up there! You have to help her, get UP!

Jon's ribs are fractured, he's in no condition to fight, but Jorah's raw passion somehow gets him back on his feet. He leans heavily on Jorah. The two men struggle through the snow together, moved by sheer determination, and by devotion to the woman they both love.

EXT. SKY - DANY/NK MOMENT

Dany squints painfully against the cold as Drogon gains altitude. Frost is caked into her hair, her brows, even her eyelashes. She is shivering violently. She tucks her exposed arm against her body and flexes her fingers, which are beginning to succumb to frostbite. The pain makes her gasp.

In a wide shot, we see Drogon flying almost straight up, with Viserion in pursuit.

Viserion's wing membranes are full of holes, their torn edges fluttering as he beats the air. He lags farther and farther behind, unable to fly as powerfully as Drogon.

EXT. SNOWY GROUND - JORAH/JON MOMENT

Jon and Jorah have reached Rhaegal's shoulder. The dragon is hunched low, his long neck sweeping back and forth as he breathes fire at the incoming wights.

Jorah lets Longclaw drop to the snow and uses both hands to throw Jon up and onto Rhaegal's shoulder. Jon gropes weakly for a handhold and drags himself painfully upward, with Jorah boosting him from below. As Jon gains the top, Jorah reaches down and finds Longclaw in the snow.

The growling of wights makes him look up. Another cluster has made it past Rhaegal. They run toward him, closing fast.

For the briefest split second, Jorah looks at them, then up at the sky where Dany is battling for her life. He sets his jaw, hurriedly hands Longclaw up to Jon, and scrambles up after him.

A rotted hand closes around Jorah's ankle.

The hand yanks Jorah back toward the ground, hard. He slips a few feet before checking his fall, clinging to Rhaegal's wing as the WIGHT growls and pulls at him.

JON

Jorah!

Jon reaches down a hand, but Jorah is just out of reach. Jorah kicks desperately at the wight, but it has him in a grip like a bear trap, and doesn't seem to register his blows at all.

Jorah looks up into Jon's face.

JORAH

Go! Go to her, now! Fly!
He lets go, falling to the ground as the wight drags him down.

JON

JORAH!

Jorah's POV: Jon is looking down at us from atop his dragon, horrorstruck, clutching Longclaw in one hand, reaching futilely toward us with his other.

It's going to be the last thing Jorah ever sees.

Jorah stares up at this sight as more wights rush up, engulfing him like a pack of ravenous wolves. They tear at him, leaving deep bloody gouges in his face.

A great wind whips the snow, buffeting Jorah backward and out of frame as the camera rises up above the trees.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. SKY - DANY/NK MOMENT

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EXT. SKY - DANY/NK MOMENT

Having gained elevation, Dany wheels Drogon around for a dive. Her face is etched with grief and a cold, unstoppable fury. She is a terrible avatar of vengeance.

Drogon power-dives and seizes Viserion violently around the neck with his teeth. The two dragons wheel around wildly, locked together.

Dany clings desperately to Drogon's back as they spin. She looks up--

The Night King is gazing at her, only a few feet away on Viserion's back. Behind him, the world is a blur as the dragons carousel through the air, but the Night King himself is still and clear, full of otherworldly composure.

Slowly, he raises an ice blade and points it directly at Dany's heart.

She stares up at him, face to face with her impending death, unable to do anything to stop it.

The Night King pulls back his arm for the strike.

There's a sudden violent impact, and the Night King disappears off Viserion's back in a sudden blur of motion. A furious roar splits the air.

Dany had ducked, reflexively. Now she looks up and sees:

Rhaegal, wheeling around for another attack. He banks sharply, and as his wings drop on the downstroke we see:

Jon Motherfucking Snow, riding high on his shoulders, sword drawn. Rhaegal cuts in underneath Viserion, and as he does, Jon rises up in heroic slow motion, and slices through Viserion's wing bone.

Viserion shrieks and begins to fall. He is still locked together with Drogon, and his weight jerks them into a heart-stopping drop. Drogon lets go and pulls up as Viserion plummets toward earth, pinwheeling in circles, one wing stretched taut while the other streams limp and broken and useless in the wind. He disappears out of sight, down into the swirling snowstorm below.

Dany watches him fall, then looks up to see Jon looking down at her from Rhaegal's back. She gazes up at him in awe.
For a moment, they just cruise through the sky together, looking at each other. Their relief on seeing each other alive is exquisite.

Then Dany's expression shifts. She looks down toward the ground, toward where Viserion had disappeared. Anger clouds her bloodied face -- anger and deadly determination. She has unfinished business.

She looks up at Jon. A wordless communication passes between them.

Dany tilts away into a sloping descent, her eyes scanning below as she searches. Rhaegal follows after his mother, with Jon along for the ride.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. SNOWY GROUND - VISERION MOMENT

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EXT. SNOWY GROUND - VISERION MOMENT

Viserion hisses up at us from the snow-covered ground, his wings sticking out at ungainly angles like a broken umbrella.

As Rhaegal descends toward him, Viserion spits a column of blue fire up into the air. Jon flinches, Rhaegal dodges away, and Dany comes pounding straight down through the flame like the fireproof mofo that she is. Viserion shrieks as Drogon pins his head and neck to the ground with his feet.

Rhaegal lands beside them, and Jon dismounts, half-climbing and half-falling his way to the ground. He lands on his hands and knees, grimacing in pain as Viserion writhes violently beneath Drogon's talons.

Jon puts the point of his sword on the ground and pushes himself heroically to his feet. He staggers over to Viserion's head and plunges Longclaw deep into his eye. Viserion screams and--

A violent vibrating shiver travels up Longclaw's blade to the hilt. A high-pitched otherworldly metallic ringing splits the air. Jon cries out and lets go in surprise and pain.

Viserion slumps dead and goes quiet. Dany stares down at him, her fight suddenly gone to grief.

Jon grasps Longclaw and wrenches it free. He holds it out at arm's length as the blade smokes in a strange and unnatural way. Jon stares at it with confused foreboding.

Jon's POV: A darkness seems to bloom from within the blade, until it gleams a molten black, as though forged from dragonglass. Spider cracks appear and run all up and down its length until it is more gray than black. Then it crumbles and falls away like ash, leaving only the hilt, smoking darkly where the blade once was.

We push focus from the smoking hilt, out to a dim humanoid silhouette, approaching slowly through the blowing snowstorm.

An "oh shit" look comes over Jon's face.

JON

(to Dany)

Go, go! Fly away, now!
Jon turns and stumbles frantically back toward Rhaegal, as Dany looks up and sees the Night King walking toward them. He reaches back over his shoulder, his hand closing around the shaft of his ice blade.

Dany gasps and urges Drogon forward into takeoff. Jon scrambles up Rhaegal's shoulder as Drogon beats the air with his wings.

The Night King pulls his arm back, aiming for his throw. Drogon is climbing for altitude, as Rhaegal labors for takeoff.

With a great kick of his legs, Rhaegal leaps up into the air, with Jon clinging to his back.

The Night King's arm comes arcing forward.

With a terrifying hurtling sound, the ice blade flies at Rhaegal, straight as an arrow, closer and closer and--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GODSWOOD - MAIN CASTLE WALL - WIGHTS MOMENT

The godswood is once again swarming with wights. A makeshift ramp has been laid against the wall to the main castle, formed from trees ripped whole from the godswood itself. DEANIMATED WIGHT GIANTS lay sprawled beside the ramp, pierced by arrows and scorpion bolts.

ext. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - jaime/grey worm moment

The fighting is dense and desperate atop the walls, as wight foot soldiers scrabble up the ramp like spiders. Jaime is right in the thick of it, fighting alongside his soldiers with a courage that will forever rehabilitate his reputation in the North. Grey Worm and his Unsullied are likewise distinguishing themselves, as they always do, no matter that today they happen to be fighting mythical undead horrors.

Suddenly, the wights all stop, simultaneously. The defenders fight on for half a beat, then they too stop, confused by the sudden respite.

The wights are motionless for a moment. Then they turn en masse and begin retreating down the ramp.

ext. GodSWOOD - WALL BREACH - wights moment

The wights bottleneck at the breach as they crowd their way out of the godswood, swarming thickly over each other.

ext. WinTERFELL LANDSCAPE - wights moment

All around the walls of Winterfell, wights turn tail and run, heading toward the cover of the wolfswood.

EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEMENTS - JAIME/GREY WORM MOMENT

Jaime meets Grey Worm's eyes in confusion. What the hell is going on?

That's when Dany bursts on the scene like a motherfucker.
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. GODSWOOD - MAIN CASTLE WALL - DANY MOMENT

Chapter Notes

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EXT. GODSWOOD - MAIN CASTLE WALL - DANY MOMENT

The ramp explodes into flame as Drogon incinerates the godwood wights. We see the heart tree shimmering through the heat haze as they burn.

ext. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - dany moment

Dany strafes the wights repeatedly as they flee into the forest, burning huge dark scorch marks into the landscape.

Ext. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - concurrent

The courtyard is full of awestruck onlookers, staring up at Dany as she soars overhead, laying waste to the retreating monsters.

We see it on face after face. These once-skeptical Westerosi are converting, hard. Long live the fucking queen.

Sansa and Arya rush out into the courtyard from the Great Keep, with Pod on their heels. The sisters swivel anxiously until they find Dany flying overhead. As she banks, they see for themselves what Bran had told them:

Jon is not with her.

Sansa’s face collapses. She puts her arms around Arya, who is standing frozen in place as she stares up into the sky.

A dragon’s cry rings out.

And Jon Snow descends majestically out of the clouds on Rhaegal's back.

Ext. Winterfell COURTYARD - moments later

Drogon has landed. Dany is gingerly making her way down. She is violently cold, her clothing scorched and tattered, her face bruised and bloodied.

Sansa comes over with a thick Stark cloak and drapes it over her. Dany clutches the warm fur to herself, frostbitten and shaking. Her lips are blue, her hair encrusted with ice.

Rhaegal flaps down for a landing, sending people scurrying for cover. He lets out a screech, and then
an awed silence prevails.

Everyone is staring at Jon. Sansa and Arya. DAVOS SEAWORTH and SAMWELL TARLY. Lyanna Mormont. All the lords bannermen. Tyrion's expression is bittersweet -- part vicarious triumph, part mournful envy.

Jon sits atop Rhaegal's shoulders, clinging weakly, too injured and exhausted to really register all the eyes that are on him.

He looks around. The castle is standing. His friends and family are alive. He closes his eyes in relief. Then opens them, finds Dany, and locks eyes with her.

Slowly, she walks toward him, her eyes never leaving his face. She speaks no command, yet everyone knows to hang back. Drogon and Rhaegal rumble to each other, punctuating what is otherwise a profound silence.

Jon dismounts, with difficulty.

The two come together, stiff from cold and from injury, and embrace. Everyone is watching, but Jon and Dany don't seem to care.

They stand together quietly, leaning against each other for support in their exhaustion. They're battle-soiled, beaten and bleeding, relieved to both be alive.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. GODSWOOD - EVENING

JaIME

Brienne!

Jaime calls her name repeatedly as he searches through the godswood. The air is murky with smoke. No answer. Jaime stands beneath the red leaves of the heart tree, looking around helplessly. The ground is thickly strewn with smoldering wight bodies.

Jaime gathers his courage and begins walking through the godswood once more, this time searching amongst the bodies, desperately hoping not to find what he's looking for.

We see Jaime's reaction first.

And then we see her.

Dragon fire has rendered Brienne completely unrecognizable, if not for her armor. The armor that Jaime himself had given her.

Jaime stares down at her in numb silence, blankly willing for this to somehow not be so.

A glint of gold pulls his eye to a smoldering wight corpse laying nearby. He looks closer and sees Oathkeeper's distinctive lion hilt poking out of its body. Not knowing what else to do, he reaches for it, then flinches back -- even through his glove, the sword is too hot to touch.

He wraps his good hand in his cloak and pulls free the burning sword. Its blade is smoking with gory char. He stares at it a moment.

He props his golden hand underneath the blade, supporting it horizontally, and slowly lays Oathkeeper down on the ground in front of Brienne's body. The blade sizzles as it meets the damp ground.

Jaime kneels there, head bowed, a picture of chivalric respect.

Then his face crumples. He sinks backward onto the ground, puts his head in his arms, and dissolves into grief.
Comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Brienne's armor has been cleaned, as well as could be. Oathkeeper has been cleaned. Both have been carefully laid out upon a table.

Sansa stares down at them. Arya stands at her shoulder, Bran sits at her other shoulder, and Pod hovers nearby. He's still dutifully carrying out Brienne's last order to him, though he looks like he's barely holding himself together.

Jaime stands across from them all, looking down at the relics from his side of the table. For the Starks' sake, he has arranged his face into a mask of stoic decorum.

Sansa

I refused her service. When she first found me.

ARYA

(for Sansa's benefit)

So did I.

SANSA

It didn't stop her. Nothing ever did.

A flash of pain briefly shows itself through Jaime's mask. He buries it, reaches out, and lightly touches Oathkeeper with the fingers of his good hand.

Jaime

(to Sansa)

This sword belongs to you now. To your family. I gave it to Lady Brienne when I sent her to fulfill my oath to your mother.

Sansa looks up at Jaime, a little surprised.

SANSA

You want us to have your family sword?
JAIME

This is your family sword, Lady Stark. It always has been.

Sansa is confused. Before Jaime can elaborate:

BrAN

It's Ice.

They all look at Bran.

BraN

(to Sansa)

Tywin Lannister took our father's sword after he was killed. He had it reforged into this one.

Sansa and Arya stare at Bran, then look down at Oathkeeper with new eyes. Neither of them had ever imagined they would be getting Ice back. It's an unexpected, poignant moment.

BRAN

I often see it in my visions.

SANSA

See what?

BRAN

Ice. It's important somehow.

He gazes at Oathkeeper for a long moment, with a faraway look in his eyes. Then he looks back up at Sansa.

BRAN

I'd like to return to the godswood now.

SANSA

...Bran, this is hardly the time.

BRAN

I have work to do.

SANSA

Can't you rest for one night? We finally have a bit of respite.

Bran

We do. Which means my real work can begin.

He returns his gaze to Oathkeeper, while Sansa casts a helpless look at the others.
Bran
(to nobody in particular)
I need to learn more about Ice. I need to learn more about the first War for the Dawn...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Bran (V.O.)
...and how to defeat the Night King for good.

Dany is standing outside Jon's closed door. She's dressed in fresh clothes now, and the side of her face has been cleaned and bandaged. She stands there hesitating — a reversal of their final scene in 707.

Dany gathers her courage and knocks.

Footsteps, then Jon opens the door, just a crack. He hesitates, glances inside, then back at her.

JON
I'm not properly dressed.

She pushes lightly on the door, and he relents.

Int. Jon's chamber - conTINUOUS

Jon stands close behind the door as he opens it inward, hiding behind it like a shield. Dany enters, and he closes the door behind her.

Jon is shirtless, with part of his ribcage wrapped in a poultice, which only partially obscures his spectacular bruising. His hair is loose and slightly damp from a recent bath.

Jon glances shyly at Dany, then fishes a loose linen shirt from his bed. He puts it on, with some difficulty, his movements made awkward by his injury.

His decency restored, he turns to look at her. A beat of silence passes.

JON
(quiet)
I'm sorry about Ser Jorah.

Dany's eyes go soft with grief. She nods wordlessly.

Jon hesitates another beat, then walks up to her. He touches the bandage on her face, gently.

JON
The maester thinks this will be alright?

DANY
It's not deep.
JON
Mm. Don't let it fester.

He picks up one of her hands. Her fingers are darkened, discolored.

JON
Frostbite?

DANY
I shouldn't lose the fingers.

Jon inspects her hand more closely, until she pulls it out of his grip.

DANY
I'm alright. Really. Your maester was very thorough.

She takes a deep breath.

DANY
You were right, by the way.

JON
About?

DANY
The witch not being a reliable source of information.

Jon looks at her, confused. Then his expression changes hugely as her meaning dawns on him. She returns his gaze steadily, meaningfully.

Jon backs up a few steps and sinks down onto the edge of his bed, eyes wide.

JON
(whisper)
You're sure?

DANY
(halting)
I know you don't wish for us to be together. We don't have to be, in that way. But for the sake of the realm, and for the child--

JON
(blurts)
Marry me.
Her carefully rehearsed words die in her throat. She stares at him, hardly daring to trust her ears.

Jon takes a moment to collect himself. She needs to know he means it. He looks her in the eye and repeats himself, more deliberately.

JON

Daenerys, will you marry me?

A beat.

DANY

Yes.

Another beat, then he laughs shakily and jumps up to embrace her. He's visibly trembling.

DANY

Are you alright?

JON

No.

He pulls away, smiling tenuously.

JON

I'm terrified.

Dany smiles sympathetically.

DANY

I've heard there's a saying: "Every time a Targaryen is born, the gods flip a coin."

A beat.

JON

(deadpan)

...that's not very polite.

DANY

They don't say it to our faces.

Jon laughs again. He looks down at her belly. He's rather overwhelmed.

He looks up into her face again.

JON

Let's hope we're lucky.
DANY

I think we will be.

Jon smiles. Dany pulls him in for another embrace. He mistakes it as her going in for a kiss, and he kisses her reflexively, unthinkingly, practically by accident. Then remembers himself and stops abruptly, flustered.

JON

I'm sorry. I didn't... we should...

She pushes him gently so that he's sitting on the edge of the bed once again, then leans down and lays another kiss on him, a longer one, tender and lingering. She pulls back and looks him in the face, searchingly, imploringly, looking for some kind of response from him.

Jon just stares. He's wide-eyed, helpless, frozen in place.

Finally:

DANY

I want you. All of you.

He continues just staring at her. Dany deflates. Jon sees that, and it visibly breaks his heart.

DANY

(resigned)

But you don't want me.

JON

I just...

He trails off, looking utterly lost and confused.

JON

(helpless)

I don't know anymore.

Daenerys pauses a beat, then straightens up away from him, respectfully. She gives his shoulder a chaste squeeze.

JON

(pained, vulnerable)

Are you upset with me?

DANY

(gentle)
No. It's alright.

She squeezes his shoulder again. Her eyes are kind.

DANY

We'll work it out together.

JON

I love you.

DANY

I know.

She does know. At some level, despite everything, she never stopped knowing it.

Her hand still rests on his shoulder. He reaches up and squeezes her forearm. They share a long, contemplative, companionable silence. No rush, no pressure, no judgment.

Jon is gazing intently up into Dany's face.

Fuck it. Fuck it all. He wants this.

Slowly, deliberately, he pulls her down by her elbow and kisses her properly.

**END OF EPISODE 807**

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E07 - "Winterfell." :)

I'm now going to take a short hiatus from updating this fic, because the next episode is not yet fully-written. I will begin porting it over once it is. If you really cannot wait, you can go read Part 1 of the next episode [here](#). My website [aliceshipwise.com](http://aliceshipwise.com) is my main platform for publishing these scripts.

If you subscribe to my ao3 profile, I may post some of my "deleted scenes" during the hiatus. They're mostly Jon/Dany one-shots, and can also be found on my website.

By the way, I LOVE reading your comments... to me, they are my primary reward for the unreasonable amounts of time and effort that I put into this passion project. They light up my whole day, every one. If you've been lurking along, I'd love to hear your thoughts! And regardless, thanks so much for reading along. <3
(start of episode) --> S08E08 - "Seven Kingdoms"

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E08_seven_kingdoms_part1.html, where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The dead press on from Winterfell. The Free Folk seek safety. A takeover of Westeros begins.

EXT. GODSWOOD - HEART TREE - DAY

We fade up on the red leaves of the heart tree, and the sound of a whetstone scraping along a blade.

NED STARK sits with Ice propped against one knee, running a whetstone meditatively down its length. It's summer, and his reflection is clear in the still water beneath the tree's branches.

We hear the muffled approach of footsteps on the soft forest floor, but Ned does not look up.

BRAN STARK halts a few steps away from his father. He stands watching Ned in silence. We go close on Ice's blade as Ned's hands continue their work.

Bran shifts his gaze from Ice to the face in the heart tree. It stares out from the white trunk, full of mysterious and ominous knowledge.

Moving slowly, Bran walks up to the weirwood, hand outstretched. He pauses a moment, his palm hovering an inch from the carved trunk. Then presses his hand against it.

Instantly, time begins to fly backward.

Ned gets up and disappears backward out of the godswood. Light fades as the sun sets in the east. Stars wheel across the night sky, and the sun rises again in the west.

Time accelerates and snow spreads across the ground like a flood of water, before falling upward into the sky, sucking away from the ground to reveal autumn grass. Summer flowers close up into buds and retreat into the ground. Rotting logs stand up to become proud sentinel pines, then shrink down into saplings, then shoots, then nothing.

Time rushes faster and faster until it's an incoherent blur. Bran turns his gaze eastward, toward the backward-sunrise. The eastern horizon rushes toward him. He is a still point while the world rushes past beneath his feet. East, and east, and over the sea. East, and east, until he's under the Shadow, in the land of Asshai.

INT. ASSHAI'I BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP - DAY

The ringing of a hammer echoes against the walls of a blacksmith's workshop, dimly lit by the glow of a forge.
An ASSISTANT BLACKSMITH is holding a hot blade against an anvil, gripping it with locked tongs as a MUSCULAR MAN beats on it with a hammer. The blade is very large, clearly meant for a two-handed greatsword.

[N.B.: the man is AZOR AHAI himself, though this is not immediately apparent.]

Azor Ahai stops hammering and dons a set of thick blacksmith mitts. He takes the blade from his assistant, gripping it by the tongs, and carries it to the forge. He moves it back and forth in the flames as the assistant works the bellows, the fire glaring white with each puff. The blade takes on a fiery red glow.

NISSA NISSA

(in Asshai'i, subtitled)

Leave us.

We see NISSA NISSA for the first time -- she had been standing out of frame in the shadows. She is tall and striking, dressed and armored like a warrior.

The assistant nods to her and departs. Azor Ahai sets the blade down in the fire, staring broodily into its red glow, not looking at her.

[N.B.: All dialogue is subtitled. They are speaking an ancient Asshai'i language.]

NISSA NISSA

It's time.

No reply. She starts taking off her armor, watching him all the while.

NISSA NISSA

You're afraid.

AZOR AHAI

What if you're wrong?

NISSA NISSA

The dreams are never wrong.

He doesn't move.

NISSA NISSA

Look at me.

Nissa Nissa goes to him and kisses him. She holds his face, making him look at her. His eyes are full of dread and doubt and grief.

NISSA NISSA

We are prophesied to bring the dawn. You and I. It's alright, love.

He shakes his head at her, too choked to speak.
NISSA NISSA

I'll be with you. Every foe, every battle. We will strike them down together. I will drink death into my steel, and the darkness shall flee before us.

(beat)

It's time.

Tears are welling in his eyes. He pulls her in for another kiss, a long one, full of desperate passion. At last, she pulls out of it, gently, and takes off the last of her armor. She lays it aside and kneels on the ground, gazing up at him with heroic calm.

Tears are streaming unchecked down Azor Ahai's face. He grips the blade by the tongs and draws it from the fire. It's red-hot, and its glow illuminates Nissa Nissa's face as he brings it near.

With a strangled sob, he drives the point down and into her chest.

Nissa Nissa cries out. Her back arches as the hot blade enters her, sending up a great cloud of white smoke. She starts to fall. Azor Ahai catches her by the shoulders, holding her in place as he drives the steel all the way through her body. It flares up in flame, throwing light up into his face -- crumpled and devastated by tears.

He draws the steel out of her and puts it aside on the ground, almost thoughtlessly. He gathers Nissa Nissa into his arms.

Her wound gapes raw and red and black, burnt and bleeding. Her eyes are glassy and unfocused, and her body trembles weakly.

Azor Ahai supports Nissa Nissa's head in one hand and looks into her face.

AZOR AHAI

Nissa...

Her eyes find focus on his face, with difficulty. His face contorts into a bittersweet smile. She can still see him.

AZOR AHAI

(whisper)

It worked.

A faint smile from her. Then her eyes start to drift and lose focus again.

AZOR AHAI

Stay with me now. Look at me.

Her eyes refocus on his face.

AZOR AHAI

I'm right here, love. I'm with you. I'm with you.
Her mouth opens, as though to draw breath.

Then her face goes still and her body stops trembling and relaxes. Her eyes stop moving, and her pupils go wide and dark as she dies.

AZOR AHAI

I'm with you...

It's not true anymore.

Azor Ahai collapses in on himself. He clutches her body, shaking and gasping with grief.

Chapter End Notes

Hiiiiii, I'm back! :D

FYI, I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings). Even general impressions are kinda spoilery to me. I'm SUPER excited for the new season, I just want to stay immersed in my version of the timeline for just a bit longer, since I'm so close to finishing it.

Other than that, comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated.

<3
INT. ASSHAI'I BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP - DAY (CONT'D)

Bran walks over to the freshly-quenched blade, still smoking on the floor. Nissa Nissa's blood is black upon it -- Bran watches as it absorbs into the steel, which takes on the distinctive rippled pattern of Valyrian steel.

A sudden look of surprise and recognition comes over Bran's face. He turns his head and stands over it, eyes traveling up along its length.

Bran's POV: slow pan from the point of the sword up its length. As we pan up along it, the shot transitions to:

INT. CRYPT - NED'S STATUE - DAY

Slow pan up the blade of another sword, identical in form and shape to the one we just saw being forged. Keep panning to reveal:

Ned Stark's crypt statue, grasping a replica of Ice -- Lightbringer, its true name and history lost to the ages, until now.

JON SNOW steps up into frame and leans Oathkeeper up against the Ice replica, balancing the sword on its point -- Lightbringer, reforged.

BRAN

(reading aloud)

"And he who clasps it shall be Azor Ahai come again, and the darkness shall flee before him."

Jon takes a step back and looks at Oathkeeper. Bran sits beside him in his wheeled chair, holding the triangular scrap of paper on which Sam had copied the Azor Ahai prophecy.

BRAN

(re: Oathkeeper)

You should take it.

JON

Prophecies don't win wars.
BRAN

(significant emphasis)

*Leaders* win wars.

JON

Any fool could tell you that.

BRAN

You don't believe in prophecy.

JON

(sardonic)

Stannis Baratheon did. What good has prophecy ever done for anyone?

BRAN

You were born because of this prophecy.

Jon looks to Bran for an explanation.

BRAN

Rhaegar was convinced that the one who was promised would come from his line. He was convinced that he must father three children, for the three heads of the dragon. His wife Elia was too frail to bear a third child. So she told him to take a second wife, as Aegon the Conquerer had once done.

Jon stares at Bran. His gaze shifts to Lyanna's statue, one grave over from Ned's.

JON

You're saying they started a war so that I could be born.

BRAN

They didn't mean to.

JON

(unimpressed)

I'm sure that's a great comfort to the tens of thousands (of people who died--)

BRAN

(interrupting)

Lyanna left a note.

Jon looks at him.
The night she left, she wrote a letter to her family, explaining everything. That same night, Robert Baratheon came to her chambers. He'd meant to surprise her before their wedding. He found the letter on Lyanna's pillow. He read it. Then he destroyed the letter and half the room in his anger.

(beat)

When our grandfather came and found Lyanna missing and the room in ruins, Robert declared that Lyanna had been raped and kidnapped.

Jon has been listening to all of this with mounting horror.

JON

What?

Bran just gazes back at him, matter-of-fact.

JON

How could he...

(angered)

Our grandfather and uncle burned alive trying to get her back.

BRAN

Robert didn't mean for it to go that far. But by then it was too late.

JON

Too late for what?

BRAN

To tell the truth.

JON

(heated)

It was wrong!

Jon is really quite angry now, but there's nowhere to put his anger, here in this lonely crypt, decades after the fact. He takes a moment to calm himself. It's not easy.

JON

(bitter, re: Robert)

He should never have been king.

BRAN

No one knew that he lied. Not until now.
They share a somber silence. Jon is brooding at Lyanna's statue.

A slight frown creases Jon's face. He returns his gaze to Ned's statue. He can't quite put his finger on it yet. But something is not right.

JON

You told me that father knew my name.

BRAN

He did.

JON

If he knew my name, then he knew Lyanna and Rhaegar had married.

He slowly turns to look at Bran, with the dread of realizing something he'd rather not.

JON

He knew Rhaegar hadn't raped her.

BRAN

She might have married against her will.

Jon's eyes travel once again to Lyanna's statue. He stares at her, remembering his conversation with Arya.

JON

No. No, she would have never said the words. She would have died before she said the words.

His eyes travel back to Ned's statue. There's something wounded and accusing in his gaze now.

JON

He knew.

Bran absorbs this. He thinks for a moment.

BRAN

Robert was his friend. Perhaps he thought it was an honest mistake.

JON

(with pain)

Then why didn't he tell him? Why didn't he tell anyone?

BRAN

I don't know.

JON
It was wrong. He knew it was wrong! He knew my father never raped--

He stops, suddenly realizing what he just said. He'd said "my father", and this time he'd meant Rhaegar Targaryen. A deep confusion comes over his face.

Bran looks at Jon. Bran's not really the most emotionally attuned person these days, but even he can tell that Jon is not well.

BRAN

Jon. My father risked everything to (protect you--)

JON

(overlapping)

Protect me from being murdered in my crib by his own best friend. Yes, it was very kind of him to spare a baby's life. They took away my family, my throne, my name, but they left me that much, and named me the Bastard of Winterfell.

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - LATER

The godswood is full of fresh snowfall. It's picturesque, like a medieval Christmas card.

Jon appears, striding briskly toward the broken tower. He's full of cold anger. RHAEGAL flaps down for a landing. Somehow, the dragon knows he's needed.

Without breaking stride, Jon mounts up and takes off into the air. No hesitation or nervousness this time. Jon looks like he was born to ride dragons.

Together they climb for altitude.

EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

They soar over a beautiful wintry landscape, north of Winterfell. Rhaegal's shadow skims over an open, deserted plain -- smooth and white and pristine with fresh snowfall.

JON

(cold)

Dracarys.

A terrible column of flame materializes between Rhaegal's mouth and the ground below. It draws a line across the field, like a laser cutter, leaving ugly muddy scars across the beautiful landscape. The snow hisses as it erupts into steam.

The fire's orange light reflects off the white ground. It flickers against Jon's face, which is hard with fury. In this moment, he is not Jon Snow anymore. He's Aegon Targaryen. He's fire and blood.

INT. CRYPT - LATER

A stone wolf stares solemnly from a Stark grave.

Jon walks alone down the crypt corridor, toward Ned and Lyanna's statues. He doesn't look angry anymore. Now he just looks tired.
He reaches their statues and stands halfway between them, looking from one stone face to the other. Who is he really? Stark or Targaryen?

Jon's eyes fall upon Oathkeeper, still standing where he'd left it, leaning up against the replica of Ned Stark's sword. The sword of destiny. He broods at it for a time. Then goes and picks it up. He does a practice swing, feeling its weight and balance.

He picks up its scabbard from the floor and slides Oathkeeper into it. He puts it on. Then turns to go.

Stark, Targaryen, it doesn't matter. He's the Prince That Was Promised, and he has work to do.

Chapter End Notes

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<3
EXT. WOLFSWOOD - DAY

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EXT. WOLFSWOOD - DAY

Fire fills our vision.

Pulling out, we see Rhaegal flying overhead with Jon on his back. DAENERYS TARGARYEN swoops past him on DROGON.

On the ground, wights move through a snow-covered forest. They are sparsely distributed, and their cover is thick. Trees burst into flame as Dany blasts them from above. A few wights fall, burning as they deanimate. But the rest scatter away from the fire, melting into the shadows beneath snow-laden trees.

Dany and Jon cruise low over the forest, trying to see through the foliage, picking off wights a few at a time. It's apparent that the effort is slow-going and difficult.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD CLEARING - NIGHT KING MOMENT

The NIGHT KING stands motionless in a clearing, gazing steadily up and out at something.

Night King’s POV: the dragons are still small with distance. But growing larger and closer.

The Night King's face is a mask of cool patience. He holds an ice blade ready in his hands, waiting for the dragons to come into range.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - JON MOMENT

A cacophony of cawing ravens flies past Jon and makes him look up from the ground. He sees Dany flying ahead of him, and -- beyond her -- a storm gathering.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - DANY MOMENT

Dany is focused on the hunt below, not registering the way the air around her is growing thicker and more opaque with blowing snow.

Jon appears suddenly and cuts her off. Drogon growls his annoyance as he pulls up sharply and dodges to avoid a collision with Rhaegal.

DANY

(shouting over the wind)
What are you doing?

JON

We have to turn back!

Dany stares at him.

JON

The Night King is close, and we can't see!

Dany looks around, realizing now how dark and stormy the air has become.

She looks down at the wight-infested forest, visibly frustrated. But she knows he's right.

She banks Drogon around and heads back the way they came, abandoning the hunt. Jon follows after her on Rhaegal.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD CLEARING - NIGHT KING MOMENT

The Night King watches as the dragons fly away.

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INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

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INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

TYRION

How many did you burn?

Dany and Jon are debriefing with TYRION LANNISTER, JAIME LANNISTER, and Bran. A large map of Westeros lays spread out upon a table.

DANY

(grimacing)

Not many. A few hundred, perhaps.

JAIME

Let's never do that again.

Dany shoots him a look, ruffled by his impertinence.

DANY

I don't recall asking your permission.

JAIME

Your grace permitted me to live so that I could advise you on how to win this war. Permit me to advise you.

Dany reluctantly concedes the point. Jaime continues.

JAIME

A well-defended castle can hold off thousands of dead. But if the Night King takes another dragon, no castle is safe. You need to be more careful. We have to prevent the dragons from falling into his hands at any cost.

(beat)

Which way were they headed?
Jon shakes his head doubtfully.

JON

East, and west, and south, all at once.

Jaime frowns down at the map. He's silent for a long time. Jon watches his face as Jaime thinks.

JAIME

(in frustration)

I can't predict an enemy I don't understand. Where did they come from? What do they want?

BRAN

They came from men.

Everyone looks at Bran.

BRAN

The Night King was once a man. Then the Children of the Forest put a shard of dragonglass into his heart.

JON

And that made him into a White Walker?

BRAN

It wasn't the dragonglass that made him what he is. It was the Children's anger. They were at war, and losing. And so, as they pushed the dragonglass into the Night King's heart, they wished for him to kill all men.

Everyone takes a moment to process this bit of lore.

BRAN

(to Jon)

They did the same to Uncle Benjen, after he was stabbed by a Walker. Only with him, they wished for him to remain himself, and help the living.

Jon absorbs that. He stares down at the map.

JON

If you wanted to kill as many people as you could, what would you do? Where would you go?

Jaime frowns down at the map.

JAIME

I'd go wherever there are people. Unarmed and unsuspecting, ideally. As many as possible...

His voice trails off. His face freezes. He stares at a point on the map with dawning horror.
Jon glances up at Jaime's face, noting his expression, then follows his gaze.

We go close on the map: King’s Landing.

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EXT. KING'S LANDING LANDSCAPE - DAY

A wide landscape perspective shows us King's Landing in the distance.

EXT. GOLDROAD - LEFFORD'S ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A sea of pitched tents flutters just off the Goldroad, with King's Landing visible in the far background, about a day's ride away. Between the rows of tents, horses and soldiers move about, decked out in the red garb of a Westerlands army.

LORD LEFFORD (SOUND ADVANCE)

It seems we've suffered a failure of communication, your grace. I do apologize.

INT. LEFFORD'S COMMAND TENT - DAY

LORD LEO LEFFORD and CERSEI LANNISTER sit facing each other in Lefford's command tent. THE MOUNTAIN stands silent guard at Cersei's shoulder.

CERSEI

You will not play coy with me, my lord. You knew your orders. You knowingly disobeyed them.

LORD LEFFORD

(correcting)

I took your wishes into advisement, your grace. However, in light of new information, I deemed an alternate course to be more prudent.

CERSEI

(cold)

Did you.

Lefford holds her gaze, uncowed by the threat in her tone.

LORD LEFFORD

My castellan received a raven from the castle of Last Hearth, in the North. It seems this army of dead
CERSEI

According to our enemies.

LORD LEFFORD

According to a man that my own maester knows and trusts.

Lefford is confident in his knowledge. Cersei’s FUD is powerless now, and she knows it. It pisses her off, but she keeps her composure.

CERSEI

Assuming this army is everything this man says it is. The entire kingdom of the North still stands between us and them.

LORD LEFFORD

And if that kingdom falls? What then? What happens when the dead come south?

(beat)

Your grace, my children and grandchildren are at the Golden Tooth. My duty compels me home. I wish you good fortune in the wars to come.

He stands and starts to leave.

CERSEI

Don't you walk away from me.

The Mountain takes a step toward Lefford, his hand on his sword. Lefford stops, casts the Mountain a glance, and looks to Cersei. She rises to her feet.

CERSEI

I am your queen. You will not leave until you are dismissed.

If Lefford feels cowed by the admonishment, he does not show it in his face. He holds her in a cool, calculating, expressionless gaze, saying nothing.

LORD LEFFORD

I respected your father, your grace. He was harsh, but he was also clever. He wielded strength with confidence, and understood his weaknesses with clarity.

(beat)

With all due respect, your grace, you are not Tywin. Cut me down, by all means, and hope that the men outside see the wisdom of your choices.

CERSEI

The lords of the Westerlands are sworn to me.
LORD LEFFORD

The lords of the Westerlands are going home. You cannot stop us from leaving.

CERSEI

I have the Golden Company. Euron Greyjoy is collecting them for me as we speak. Soon they will cross the Narrow Sea to kill my enemies. Walk away from me, and they will kill you first.

Even backed into a corner as she is, Cersei's force of personality comes through in her voice. Her eyes are full of deadly promise.

Lefford gazes back at her appraisingly.

LORD LEFFORD

With respect, your grace, I'll take my chances with the Golden Company.

He turns on his heel and exits the tent, as Cersei watches.

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<3
A wide shot establishes us at the north side of the Wall. We can see the closed gate of Castle Black's tunnel at its base.

A chunk of ice the size of a bowling ball sails down from on high and shatters against the ground.

EXT. CASTLE BLACK, TOP OF THE WALL - DAY

TORMUND heaves another chunk of ice from the top of the Wall, putting all his strength into the throw. He looks deeply upset about something. The ice falls away from the Wall in a long slow arc.

A collection of ice rubble lays in a heap by Tormund's feet, along with an axe.

DOLOROUS EDD appears, as Tormund continues moodily chucking chunks of ice out into empty space. Edd deadpans at the ice rubble, and at the section of parapet wall that it had been hacked from.

EDD

You're ruining my nice Wall.

Tormund ignores him and chucks another piece of ice over the edge. Edd walks up to stand beside him.

EDD

I'm sorry about your lady.

A pang of grief comes over Tormund's face. He's silent for a few beats as he continues throwing ice.

TORMUND

She was never really mine. But she would have been. If we'd only had more time.

Edd casts him a look of profound skepticism, which Tormund doesn't see. But he politely refrains from comment.

EDD

The raven brought other news.
Tormund throws another chunk of ice. But grunts to show he's listening.

EDD

Jon says they brought down the Night King's dragon. And about a third of his army.

TORMUND

Aye?

EDD

(dour)

Yes. The world is ending slightly more slowly than before. Hurrah.

Tormund finally stops throwing ice and looks at Edd.

EDD

The dead are roaming, attacking vulnerable people where they can. Your people are vulnerable. Nice big army of children and old people, all gathered up in one place.

Edd steps over to the southern edge of the Wall, looking down at Castle Black and the surrounding wildling encampment. Tormund joins him there, his face creased with worry.

TORMUND

You think they'll come this far north again?

EDD

Maybe they will. Maybe they won't. It won't matter.

Tormund gives him a quizzical look.

Edd heaves a weary sigh.

EDD

We're running out of food. Our stores weren't meant to feed four thousand wildlings. So either the dead kill us, or hunger does.

(resigned)

I expect Jon would want us to set ourselves on fire first.

TORMUND

(with heat)

No, Jon would want us to stay alive.

EDD

Oh. I'd forgotten. I suppose I won't die then.
TORMUND
We need to find a way. Keep them safe.

EDD
The dead are south of the Wall now. There's nowhere left that's safe.

A brooding silence follows Edd's pronouncement. The two men stare down into Castle Black together.

Suddenly, a look of huge epiphany overtakes Tormund's face. He turns his head and fixes Edd with a wide-eyed stare.

Edd looks up at him and freezes.

EDD
(wary)
...what.

TORMUND
(slow emphasis)
The dead. Are south. Of the Wall.

Slowly, ponderously, he turns his eyes north. Edd follows his gaze. An "oh shit" look comes over his face as he realizes what Tormund is thinking.

Tormund steps up to the northern edge of the Wall and stares down into the lands beyond -- his once and future home.

EDD
(are you crazy)
We can't survive out there. Winter is here.

TORMUND
Aye. Crows can't.

He leans toward Edd with a wild glint in his eye.

TORMUND
But we can.

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INT. JON'S OFFICE - DAY

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INT. JON'S OFFICE - DAY

SANSA

The dead are roaming deeper into the wolfswood, according to his scouts.

Sansa sets down an opened raven scroll upon Deepwood Motte, leaning over a large map of the North, spread out on Jon's desk.

Jon stands silently at Sansa's side. His gaze is achingly sad as it moves lingeringly over their kingdom. Sansa is too preoccupied to see it.

She sets down another raven scroll, this time on Torrhen's Square.

SANSA

Beren Tallhart reports Walkers moving south into the Barrowlands. That's open ground -- you might have more luck with your dragon there.

Jon looks up at her. She finally notices his expression and trails off.

SANSA

...what is it?

Jon is visibly struggling.

SANSA

Jon?

JON

I'm leaving.

A stunned silence.

SANSA

What?
JON
I'm flying south. With Daenerys and Tyrion.

Sansa looks utterly stricken.

SANSA
Jon, you can't.

JON
I have to.

SANSA
We need you here!

JON
People in the North have been preparing for this. People in the South have no idea what's about to hit them.

SANSA
There are still tens of thousands of dead in the North! They're killing our people, your people.

JON
I'm married to the queen now. All of them are my people.

(beat)

A million people live in King's Landing alone. If we don't save them, the Night King will kill everyone and return to march on the North with a hundred times the soldiers. This war is moving south. I have to move with it.

SANSA
Jon...

JON
We're leaving all the queen's forces with you. We'll raise our own army in the South.

SANSA
(panicking)

Jon, I can't, I don't know anything about armies or fighting or...

JON
You do.

(off her look)
You do. You won't be able to save everyone. But with luck, and the right hard choices, you'll make this an even fight. They'll be looking for easy victories, people they can kill without losing more soldiers than they gain.

(beat)

You're smart, and you're brave. And besides: this is what you were always meant to be.

SANSA

What do you mean?

He looks her over.

JON

Sansa Stark. We would name you Wardeness of the North.

Sansa stares back at him. In some part of her, this is what she's always wanted. And yet:

SANSA

How long will you be gone?

JON

I don't know. I'm taking this war one battle at a time.

SANSA

After the war?

JON

I'll go wherever my queen needs me to be.

Sansa takes a shaky breath. She's fighting tears, and Jon is not quite dry-eyed himself.

SANSA

I don't want you to leave.

JON

Me neither.

She pulls him in, and they hug. The camera slowly pulls out on them: two Starks, with the North behind them on the desk.

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INTERIOR. JAIME'S CHAMBER - DAY

Jaime sits at his table, polishing one of the pauldrons of Brienne's armor. A few other pieces are laying on the tabletop, with the rest arranged on a humanoid armor form nearby.

There's a knock on the door, followed by Tyrion's muffled voice.

TYRION (O.S.)
Jaime?

JAIME

Come in.

Tyrion enters. He sees what Jaime is doing, and understands the significance of it. He quietly closes the door and takes a seat at the table. He watches Jaime work for a few moments.

TYRION

A profoundly impressive woman.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Jaime.

Jaime doesn't bother to conceal his grief.

JAIME

You know who isn't? Brienne of Tarth. I never met anyone who wanted a hero's death so badly.

TYRION

Mm, well. She certainly got it, from what I hear.

JAIME

She deserved better. In everything.

Tyrion picks up on the subtext.
TYRION
You never stopped loving Cersei.
Jaime hates himself right now, he truly does.

JAIME
(re: Brienne)
I tried to warn her.

TYRION
I believe you. But she loved you anyway. Funny thing, how we love people anyway.
Jaime picks up on the subtext. He willfully ignores it.
Tyrion picks up on Jaime's willful ignoring of the subtext. He presses on.

TYRION
You know we can't let Cersei stay on the throne.
Jaime avoids Tyrion's eyes. He'd known this was coming.

TYRION
And you know we don't have time for a siege or for protracted negotiations.

JAIME
(slight edge)
Why are you bothering to tell me?

TYRION
You're our general, our best military mind. We can't very well withhold important strategic plans from you.

(beat)
However. We know you won't help us kill Cersei, even if the world depends on it.
Jaime looks up.

TYRION
Queen Daenerys is prepared to offer a deal. She still controls three great cities in Essos. Cersei can take her pick of any of them and live out her days as a wealthy woman, under her grace's sworn protection. We will leave her in peace, as long as she does not interfere with Westerosi affairs ever again. You could join her there, if you wish -- live together openly as husband and wife.
Jaime is still wary, but definitely listening.

TYRION
To your unborn child, we offer this. When they are old enough, they would be allowed the opportunity to foster with the royal family. With your permission, of course. They would be treated well, kept safe from all harm, and if they favor their father in temperament, they will have a high place in court and be allowed to reclaim Casterly Rock.

Jaime stares at him. The terms are generous, and he knows it.

TYRION

Your child would have a future. Our family would have a future.

JAIME

What do you want in return?

TYRION

You.

(off Jaime's look)

We need you, Jaime. Help us win this war for the living. Reassume command of the Lannister bannermen and the Lannister army and bring them onto our side. Bring our terms to Cersei and convince her to renounce the throne peacefully.

JAIME

And if she refuses?

A beat. Tyrion considers.

TYRION

You'll always be my brother. I hope you know that. And Cersei is still my sister, hateful bitch that she is. Meaning no offense.

None taken.

TYRION

But she is no longer my only sister. I convinced Daenerys to agree to this plan, but I can't work miracles. If Cersei refuses our terms, there will be no mercy for her. And if you stand with her in her defiance, there will be no mercy for you either.

Jaime absorbs that.

TYRION

Jaime, you've seen more war than any of us. You know these terms are absurdly generous. Think carefully. There will not be a better offer.

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EXT. GODSWOOD - DAY

SAM

But I... Jon, I'm still a brother of the Night's Watch.

Jon is walking through the godswood with SAMWELL TARLY.

JON

So was I.

SAM

I'm not you.

JON

"The shield that guards the realms of men." That's what we swore to be. You pledged your life, you pledged your sword. But we don't need your life or your sword.

Jon stops walking and looks Sam in the eye.

JON

We need your name. We need your House. Olenna Tyrell declared for Daenerys before she died, and half the Reach stood with her. Your father...

Jon hesitates a bit. Sam has warmed up to Daenerys considerably, by now, but this is still a touchy subject.

JON

Your father declared for Cersei. Without him, and without Olenna, the Reach's allegiance is uncertain.

Sam is looking rather uncertain himself.

JON

Sam, I need you to claim the lordship of Horn Hill. I need you to convince the lords of the Reach to
talk to us.

SAM

I want to help you, you know I do. And that makes sense, about the vows. But I don't know that those lords will care much for our interpretations. If they hang me as a deserter, I won't be much good to you.

JON

You swore before the gods. Traditionally, the High Septon has the power to annul such vows. The Faith has reformed itself, with Daenerys' help. The new High Septon will release you from your oath if she asks him to.

Sam stares at him, looking rather overwhelmed by all this.

Finally, he recovers himself. He looks toward the heart tree.

SAM

Technically, I swore my vows before the old gods.

If Jon were the kind of person to roll his eyes, he'd be doing it now.

JON

My gods will understand.

Sam is still hesitating over something.

JON

I need you, Sam. You'll have letters from the queen, the High Septon, and the Wardeness of the North. How's that for interpretations?

SAM

Does... does this mean I can marry Gilly?

Jon gives him an incredulous look.

SAM

Sorry. I shouldn't have... it was a silly question.

JON

Why are you asking?

SAM

(ashamed)

Well, I just thought that... if all my vows are annulled...

JON
You're a free man, Sam. Marry who you want.

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INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

DANY

You're Robert Baratheon's bastard.

Dany is seated at the high table of Winterfell's Great Hall. GENDRY stands before her, in his blacksmith's garb. The hall is otherwise empty, except for a complement of UNSULLIED GUARDS.

GENDRY

Yes, your grace.

DANY

And what do you know of your father, Gendry?

Gendry eyes her warily, knowing full well the bad blood between Robert Baratheon and House Targaryen.

GENDRY

Mostly what everyone knows, your grace. I know he was a great fighter. I know he was king. I know he overthrew your father and killed your brother.

Dany gives him a look. He doesn't look away. She's intrigued by his bluntness.

DANY

And what do you know of lords and ladies? Of highborn society.

Gendry is confused about where she's going with this.

GENDRY

I been making arms and armor for them since I was little. My master taught me proper titles and manners. Not that I often used them.

Dany is silent for a long moment, weighing him with her eyes.
DANY

Would you serve me, Gendry? If I asked you to?

GENDRY

(still confused)

I'll fight, if it's the dead you're fighting. I been doing that already.

DANY

Yes, you have. You fought beyond the Wall, you fought here at Winterfell. Bravely, I'm told.

She stands up.

DANY

I shall ask more of you now, Gendry. I shall ask you not just to fight, but to lead.

GENDRY

...your grace?

DANY

All the Baratheons are dead now. You're the last of the bloodline. Ser Jaime says you look just like Robert did when he was young.

(beat)

Before he usurped my family throne, Robert was Lord Paramount of the Stormlands. The Baratheon bannermen stopped supporting the Crown after the death of Tommen Baratheon, but neither did they support me.

(beat)

It's time for them to enter the fray. A greater threat is coming now. For them, for everyone. The prince and I are flying south. I want you to come with us. I want you to talk to these storm lords and convince them to accept an audience with us.

GENDRY

I... I don't think I can do that, your grace.

DANY

Why not?

GENDRY

(flustered)

They're hightborns. They won't listen to me.

DANY
Kneel before me. Pledge me your service. Pledge to help us win this war for the living. And you shall rise as Gendry Baratheon, Lord of Storm's End.

Gendry stares at her in disbelief, too overwhelmed to speak.

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INT. WINTERFELL - GREAT KEEP HALLWAY - DAY

ARYA STARK is hurrying through Winterfell, searching for someone.

ARYA

Jon. Jon!

He hears her and turns around. She comes up to him.

ARYA

Sansa says you're flying south.

Jon looks at her sadly. He nods.

ARYA

Take me with you.

Jon blinks in surprise. For a moment, he looks like he's considering it. Then:

JON

I can't.

ARYA

Why not?

JON

I want to. I do. (But you're--)

ARYA

(interrupting)

Jon, listen to me. I can help you take King's Landing. I can help you like no one else can.

Jon is confused.
JON

What do you mean?

ARYA

I'll show you.

She turns and walks off. Jon watches her in confusion for a half-beat, then follows.

INT. ARYA’S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Jon follows Arya into her room. She retrieves her bag from under the bed.

ARYA

Close the door.

Jon does so, wordlessly, then stands and watches as Arya takes a face from her bag. Jon eyes it, carefully neutral in his expression.

ARYA

I'm going to change into someone else. Don't be afraid.

Jon's POV: Arya turns away. We can't quite see what she's doing.

She turns back around, and it's not Arya anymore. Standing there in the room is ANOTHER GIRL ENTIRELY, a stranger. She looks at Jon.

Jon looks back at her. He hasn't moved, but the tension in his breath and the stillness of his posture tells us that he is profoundly disturbed by what he sees.

The girl takes a step forward and Jon takes a simultaneous, reflexive step backward.

JON

(tense)

Take it off.

STRANGE GIRL

Jon, it's me.

Even her voice is wrong. It's too much for him.

JON

(freaking out)

Take it off, take it off!

She takes off the face, and now Arya is back. She stares at Jon, rather wounded by his reaction. He's shaking, breathing hard.

JON
Where did you... how...

He takes a moment to collect himself.

JON

(demanding)

What was that?

ARYA

The Faceless Men taught me.

JON

(echoing)

"The Faceless Men."

ARYA

I learned a lot from them. How to lie, how to change faces. How to kill.

Jon stares at her.

ARYA

Let me kill Cersei.

JON

...what?

ARYA

I can do it. I know I can.

Jon continues just staring at her. Arya mistakes his reticence for doubt in her abilities. She elaborates:

ARYA

I killed Walder Frey. I took his face, and killed all the rest of the Freys too.

This is news to Jon.

ARYA

I got revenge for us, Jon. For Robb, for our family. I can do it again.

Jon is wildly unnerved by all of this, but he brings it under control, for Arya's sake.

JON

I can't let you kill Cersei.

Arya was not expecting this at all. It takes her a moment to process, then:
ARYA

(demanding)

Why not?

JON

We made a deal with Jaime. He's going to help us take over the Lannister armies.

ARYA

(aghast)

You're going to let her live?

JON

If she accepts the terms.

ARYA

You want me to forget father, but you won't ask Jaime to forget Cersei?

JON

I'm not asking you to forget father.

ARYA

But you don't want to avenge him?

JON

I want a great many things. But we have more important things (to worry about now--)

ARYA

More important?

JON

(harsh, stern)

Yes, more important!

Arya has never heard Jon use this tone before, and it pulls her up short.

JON

(more conciliatory)

Arya, we need every army behind us if we're going to survive. For the Lannister armies, we need Jaime. If we send assassins after his sister...

ARYA
You don't need Jaime.

JON

Yes, we do!

Arya takes a step closer.

ARYA

You only need his face.

Jon stares at her as he realizes what she's suggesting. It happens slowly -- everything in him is resisting the thought that Arya would do such a thing.

He collects himself.

JON

(soft but dangerous)

You shouldn't say things that you don't mean.

Arya opens her mouth to retort, but she's stopped by something in Jon's look -- an icy threat that she's never seen before. A tense stare-down ensues.

Arya backs down, hurt and frustrated. She looks away.

Jon lets out his breath, half-faint from the release of tension. A heavy silence prevails -- a horrible miserable awkwardness that we've never seen before, between Jon and Arya.

Jon finally breaks the silence, speaking as gently as he can.

JON

I know this is hard for you. But Sansa needs you. Bran needs you. Your place is here.

ARYA

Your place is here.

JON

My place is wherever the enemy is. But you're a Stark of Winterfell.

ARYA

...and you're not anymore?

Jon hesitates just half a beat too long.

ARYA

(re: Dany and Tyrion)

They're your new family now? You've chosen them?
JON
I haven't chosen anyone.

ARYA
(swift)
Liar!

JON
(equally swift)
They *are* my family. And you are my family. You and Sansa and Bran *and* Dany *and* Tyrion, you are *all* my family.

ARYA
But some more than others now.
Jon gives her a pained look.

JON
I'm doing this for you as much as for anyone. If the South falls, the North falls too. I have to do this.
Arya says nothing.

JON
Come here.
He goes for a hug, but she pulls away from him.

ARYA
You're going to die. Like father. Like Robb. You're abandoning us, just like they did.

JON
(frustrated)
I don't have a choice, Arya.

ARYA
Everyone has a choice. And you've made yours.

JON
(stern)
Yes, Arya, I have.

His stare is implacable, immovable. Arya stares back. She starts backing away, covering up her heartbreak with a terrible anger.
JON

(weary)

Don't do that, Arya.

ARYA

(stiff)

I wish you good fortune in the wars to come, your grace.

She pushes past him and flees, leaving Jon alone in the room.

Chapter End Notes

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<3
INT. QYBURN'S LABORATORY - DAY

Chapter Notes

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INT. QYBURN'S LABORATORY - DAY

We see Cersei through the bars of Qyburn's rat cages. They parallax as she walks along the row, eyes moving expressionlessly over their contents, which we can't see from our POV.

Behind her, across the room, QYBURN is busy at a workbench. Rows of stoppered flasks line the shelves above him.

[N.B.: Qyburn is filling a vial from one of his flasks, though this may not be apparent from what we're able to see.]

The deanimated wight from the Dragonpit is still spread-eagled on Qyburn's examining table.

Qyburn finishes what he's doing and walks over to Cersei. She turns to face him.

He holds up a sealed crystal vial. It's full of a sinister purplish liquid. A golden necklace chain is affixed to its neck.

QYBURN

For when the time comes.

Cersei takes the vial from him and holds it up to the light.

Her gaze shifts down to meet Qyburn's.

CERSEI

When the time comes.

EXT. CASTLE BLACK, NORTH SIDE OF THE WALL - DAY

The ponderous rumbling of Castle Black's tunnel gate leads us into the next scene.

Tormund, Edd, and BERIC stand on the north side of the Wall, watching the gate slowly descend. Behind them: the entirety of the surviving FREE FOLK and NIGHT'S WATCH. Packhorses stand placidly in the snow, loaded down with provisions, their breath steaming in the cold air.

Their POV: the tunnel has been blocked up with rocks and chunks of ice, sealed in much the same way that Jon Snow had once suggested to Alliser Thorne.
With heavy finality, the gate meets the earth. The impact trembles through the frozen ground. There's an iron clinking as the chains go slack, then a solemn silence.

EDD

Oh wait. I forgot something.

Beric smiles at Edd's joke.

A NW BROTHER stands at the foot of the wall with a climber's rope looped around his waist, belaying down the man who had stayed behind to lower the gate.

Tormund turns his back on the Wall and takes a few steps north, breathing deep and gazing out into his beloved lands. He looks almost chipper.

Edd comes up to stand beside him.

EDD

This feels wrong.

TORMUND

Why? Because you're trapped on the wrong side of the Wall, with an army of wildlings?

He laughs heartily and thumps Edd on the back, nearly knocking him over. He beams and moves off northward. So does Beric, moving past Edd as he follows after Tormund.

Edd takes one last lingering look, craning his head back as he gazes up at the Wall where he's spent the better part of his life.

Finally he turns his gaze northward. A look of fatalistic resignation resumes its customary position on his face. He gazes dolorously at the great crowd of wildlings, already putting distance between themselves and the Wall.

This is his life now. Edd heaves a sigh and follows after them.

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY

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EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY

Muffled growling emanates from a bound and hooded wight. It wriggles impotently as THE HOUND scowls down at it. He's dressed warmly, for flying.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - SAM/GILLY MOMENT

Elsewhere in the courtyard, Sam and GILLY are sharing a heartfelt farewell.

SAM

I'll be back.

GILLY

When?

SAM

I don't know.

GILLY

(stubborn)

Wherever you go, I go too.

SAM

(be reasonable)

We can't bring a child on a dragon.

Gilly frowns, but has no retort prepared.

LITTLE SAM is fussing, tugging tearfully at Sam's sleeve. The boy can tell that something is wrong. Sam crouches down and gathers the child into his arms, shushing him. Gilly stares down reproachfully. Sam peers up at her over Little Sam's shoulder.

SAM
Winterfell is the safest place in Westeros right now. To the extent that anywhere can be called safe anymore.

A sad look comes over Gilly's face. She doesn't like this, but she knows he's right.

GILLY

Don't die.

SAM

I won't.

He picks Little Sam up, holding him with one arm against his hip, and pulls Gilly into a hug with his other arm. Their little family stands together quietly for a moment, with Little Sam sandwiched between his parents.

SAM

I promise I'll always come back to you, Gilly. You're my wife.

Gilly peers up at him. She nods, with unspilled tears in her eyes. They share a kiss.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - GENDRY MOMENT

Gendry walks past them. He's decked out in badass Baratheon armor, carefully crafted to make him resemble Young Robert Baratheon as much as humanly possible.

DAVSOS SEAWORTH appears. He gives Gendry an appraising look.

Davos

Fancy getup, for a lad from Flea Bottom.

Gendry smiles self-consciously.

GENDRY

If all goes well, I'll have a bowl o'brown there soon.

DAVOS

(rippling ominously)

"If all goes well."

(beat)

You've always known how to make me shit myself with worry.

Gendry laughs. He gazes fondly at Davos.

GENDRY

I know how much I owe you. And I won't blame you if this all goes terribly.

DAVOS
That's comforting.

Davos catches sight of Arya coming toward them, approaching from behind Gendry.

He offers Gendry his hand, and they clasp each other farewell.

**DAVOS**

Take care of yourself, lad.

**GENDRY**

I will.

Davos extricates his hand and turns Gendry slightly toward Arya with a touch to his arm, winking as he does.

This confuses Gendry greatly.

**ARYA**

(incredulous)

...did you make this yourself?

Gendry turns to see Arya gawking at him. Davos tactfully skedaddles.

**GENDRY**

(yes I did)

Do you like it?

**ARYA**

It's...

(beat)

You're a very good smith.

**GENDRY**

(wry)

A smith pretending at being a lord.

**ARYA**

You're not pretending.

**GENDRY**

What, because I got a piece of paper from the queen?

(beat)
I'm the same person I've always been. But they needed a Baratheon, so...

(he shrugs)

Least I could do was try to look the part.

ARYA

You look...

She trails off, finding herself uncharacteristically tongue-tied, almost shy. Gendry looks hot. She's never properly noticed before.

ARYA

It's very good armor.

Gendry beams with a craftsman's pride.

GENDRY

You should see the dragon armor that Sansa had me make. For Jon and the queen.

The smile fades off Arya's face. She's still upset with Jon. Gendry looks confused and a little abashed, unsure what he's said wrong.

ARYA

I'm sure he looks like a proper Targaryen now.

GENDRY

(wry)

As much as I'm a proper Baratheon, I suppose.

That makes her feel just a little bit better.

She steps forward, and they hug farewell.

ARYA

I wish I were coming with you.

Gendry gives her a look, then looks up and around at Winterfell.

GENDRY

I wouldn't be in such a hurry to leave, if I had this. Never had a proper home. Or a proper family.

ARYA

Jon's my family too.

Ah. That's why the dragon armor makes her sad. Gendry gets it now.
He'll come back to you.

Arya's grief cracks through her stubborn exterior, for just a moment.

**GENDRY**

And so will I.

Arya looks up at him. A loaded silence passes between them.

A murmur passes through the courtyard as everyone turns to look at something. Arya and Gendry notice and turn to look too.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - JON/DANY MOMENT**

Jon and Dany are walking into the courtyard, side-by-side in glorious new Targaryen armor. The camera indulges us with some costume porn. The armor is matte black, accented in dark red, and comprised of tapered ridged scales. Curving back over the shoulders, the pauldrons are shaped to resemble stylized dragon wings. A gorget encircles each of their necks and extends down over the upper chest, where the three-headed dragon sigil is picked out in red enamel. Small rubies are inlaid, one for each dragon's eye.

Jon's grooming has been updated as well. He's clean-shaven now, and his hair is down and loosely braided the way Rhaegar used to wear it. Walking next to Dany, he looks every inch a Targaryen prince.

Jon stops when he sees Sansa coming to say farewell. Dany continues on.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - JON/SANSA MOMENT**

Sansa looks Jon up and down, approvingly.

**SANSA**

You look very princely.

Jon is embarrassed.

**JON**

You really shouldn't have.

**SANSA**

Shush.

**JON**

This is uncomfortably extravagant.

**SANSA**

You're flying south, to rally southerners to war. You could use a little extravagance.

Jon considers that.
SANSA

You need to look like a prince. And you need to think like one. Can you do that for us?

JON

I'll try.

They hug.

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DANY/MISSANDEI/GREY WORM MOMENT

MISSANDEI and GREY WORM are waiting for Dany. She looks at them, and they look at her. They sure have come a long way together.

DANY

Farewell, for now.

MISSANDEI

Safe travels, your grace.

GREY WORM

When our queen will come back?

A tricky question.

DANY

I don't know.

(to both of them)

I shall rely on you, now more than ever. You must speak with my voice and act with my authority. I cannot command you from afar. You must command yourselves.

(beat)

I trust you more than anyone. This country is yours to protect.

Missandei and Grey Worm take this to heart, solemn as ever.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - STARKS MOMENT

Arya comes up to join Jon and Sansa, pushing Bran in his chair.

She can't quite meet Jon's eyes. She gazes instead at the Targaryen sigil on his armor.
Jon looks at Arya apprehensively for a beat. Then turns to Bran.

**JON**

Thank you for everything, Bran. I'll see you when I return.

**BRAN**

I see you always. You're not really leaving, to me.

This weird-ass remark earns Bran a Jon Snow Deadpan™.

Jon gives Arya the subtlest little glance, a look that says: "why is Bran so weird?" Arya finds this look extremely funny, in spite of herself. She suppresses a smile.

Jon gives Bran a hug, which Bran -- as per usual -- doesn't really reciprocate. Then he pulls out of the hug and turns at last to face Arya.

They stare at each other in silence. Arya's face reveals her struggle as she wrestles with resentment, fear, affection, and sadness. Jon watches her, waiting for her to say something.

Sansa watches them both. She's frustrated, but she knows her siblings need to work this out on their own.

**ARYA**

Try not to get killed again.

Jon gives her a sad smile.

**JON**

I'll do my best.

They look at each other another beat, then finally come together in a hug.

Jon blinks rapidly, suddenly fighting tears. He closes his eyes and tightens his embrace, and Arya does the same. They stand there like that for a while, then pull apart.

**JON**

(hoarse)

I'm sorry. I really am.

**ARYA**

Don't be. Just come home.

Jon nods. They hug again, and now Jon really is crying, voicelessly. He squeezes Arya tight.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DRAGONS MOMENT**

Dany raises an arm and the two dragons descend toward the courtyard. People scuttle to the periphery to make space as the dragons land, screeching and stretching their wings. They've been outfitted with leather flying harnesses to make the long flight a bit more tolerable for their riders.
EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - STARKS MOMENT

Jon kisses Arya on the forehead, and breaks away brusquely, wiping at his face as he walks away. Arya stares after him as he goes.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - RHAEGAL MOMENT

Jon mounts up on Rhaegal. He extends an arm down and helps Jaime climb up behind him. Jaime looks at Jon's face and for once in his life doesn't say anything snarky.

Sam and Gendry clamber up after Jaime, and finally the Hound brings up the rear, carrying the wight over his shoulder. Everyone straps in.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DROGON MOMENT

Dany and Tyrion are already mounted up on Drogon. He takes off, buffeting the courtyard with the force of his wingbeats.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - JON MOMENT

Jon lingers, taking in one last look at Winterfell, at the home he's leaving behind.

His eyes find Sansa, Bran, and Arya. They're standing together in a little cluster, looking up at him. He raises a hand in farewell, and they return the gesture, in unison.

Jon stares after Drogon, already starting to grow small with distance. He takes a breath, gathering himself.

EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - ARYA MOMENT

ARYA

Wait.

He doesn't hear her. Rhaegal takes off into the air.

Arya breaks away from her siblings and runs forward, calling.

ARYA

Jon, wait!

Too late. Arya watches him fly away, the reality of his departure suddenly hitting her. Her face crumples with grief as she starts to cry.

END OF EPISODE 808

Chapter End Notes

And thus we conclude episode S08E08 - "Seven Kingdoms." :) FYI, I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings).
There's a total of eleven episodes currently planned, of which nine are fully written. I primarily publish via my site aliceshipwise.com and my Patreon:

S08E01 - "Fealty"
S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"
S08E08 - "Seven Kingdoms"
S08E09 - "Three Queens"

I will continue posting daily-ish updates as I begin porting S08E09 over to AO3.

Btw, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... the silly thing only believes in comments. Even though I've been publishing this project since June 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)
EXT. GODSWOOD - HEART TREE - DAY

BRAN STARK sits in a warg trance beneath the leaves of the heart tree, as is his wont.

EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WEIRWOOD - DAY

In his vision, Bran stops walking in front of another weirwood. It is larger than Winterfell's heart tree, with a more fearsome face. It stands a silent watch in the center of an abandoned wildling village.

BENJEN (O.S.)

This makes four.

Bran turns to see BENJEN STARK walking toward him with a small party of NW RANGERS, including JAFER FLOWERS and OTHOR. They gaze grimly around at the tumbledown hovels that comprise the deserted village.

BENJEN

All abandoned.

The brothers stop in front of the weirwood, oblivious to Bran's presence. Bran gazes at his uncle. This is Season 1 Benjen, still very much alive and un-zombified.

OTHOR

(re: weirwood)

Fearsome thing.

JAFER

I'd like to take an axe to it, myself.

OTHOR

(mock outrage)

Watch yourself. This is our First Ranger's god you're speaking of.

Benjen is not in a joking mood.
BENJEN
(re: village)

Let's see what we can learn here.

EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - HOVELS - DAY

The rangers carefully spread out through the village, searching the various hovels in groups of two and three, swords at the ready.

OTHOR

Benjen, look at this.

Benjen turns to see Othor standing over the cold remains of a funeral pyre, in an open area between the hovels. Bran follows as Benjen joins Othor and crouches to inspect the blackened skeleton.

BENJEN

Looks like a young woman's bones. Wide hips, full grown, good teeth.

OTHOR

How do you think she died?

Benjen wishes he knew.

BENJEN

If only bones could talk. She could tell us where the other wildlings have gone. And why.

He broods down at the recalcitrant dead.

Jafer appears and approaches Benjen.

JAFER

They've left nothing behind, that we could find. Just ashes and old bedding straw.

Benjen nods. It's much as he'd expected.

OTHOR

Gone to join this King Beyond the Wall, perhaps?

BeNJEN

That's what Mormont thinks.

It's unclear what Benjen himself thinks. There's a dubious, uneasy undertone to his voice.

He looks around at the empty village.

BENJEN

We'll camp here tonight. It's as good a place as any. Bring the horses, and see if that well is still
EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WELL - DAY

Jafer draws a bucket of water from the depths of the village well, as Othor walks past leading a horse. Benjen joins Jafer at the well and helps hold the water skins for refilling. Jafer glances toward the old funeral pyre as he pours.

JAFER

You ever wondered why the wildlings burn their dead?

BENJEN

Hm?

Jafer turns to draw more water from the well.

JAFER

You Northerners bury your dead, don't you?

BENJEN

Aye.

JAFER

So why do the wildlings burn theirs? You're both descended from the First Men, aren't you?

Benjen frowns in thought. That is a very good question.

His expression shifts as he notices something else odd. Jafer is holding the full bucket in his hands as he waits for Benjen to say something. The surface of the water is freezing over before Benjen's eyes.

Before Benjen can remark on this, a frightened whinny rings out. The two men turn to see a horse galloping past in a panic. The same horse that Othor had been leading a moment ago.

Benjen turns toward Jafer, disquieted. Then a look of sudden alarm flares in his eyes.

BENJEN

(warning)

Jafer!

Jafer turns, still holding the bucket and is promptly stabbed through the heart with a spear. The bucket falls from his hands, splashing its contents onto the ground.

Gripping the shaft end of the spear, a WIGHT screams in Jafer's shocked face.

Benjen draws his sword and lops off the wight's head. The headless wight yanks its spear free, unfazed by this injury, and charges at Benjen. Jafer falls to the ground as Benjen fights the headless wight.

He parries its blows and sweeps his sword through its midsection, cutting the wight in two. The headless torso drags itself toward him as Benjen backs away in horror. He turns to run and warn his
An ice blade punches through Benjen's lower gut.

Benjen stares up into the terrible blue eyes of a WHITE WALKER.

He sinks to his knees, impaled clean through, his hands wrapped reflexively around the shaft of the blade. The cold of it penetrates through his gloves, and frost goes spreading up over his fingers and along his hands.

With a rough yank, the Walker pulls the blade free, jerking Benjen forward.

The White Walker slowly moves forward, passing close to Benjen as our First Ranger crouches weakly on his hands and knees. The ice blade is dark with frozen streaks of Benjen's blood. On the ground, water sits puddled around the dropped bucket -- it freezes solid as the Walker moves past.

Off-screen, the air is full of the sounds of Benjen's men being slaughtered.

Benjen collapses over onto his side as the Walker leaves.

The village falls deathly quiet. In its center, the fearsome weirwood gazes out upon the slaughter with blood-red eyes.

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WEIRWOOD - PRESENT DAY

Chapter Notes

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WEIRWOOD - PRESENT DAY

The shot seamlessly transitions to the same weirwood and village, but in the present day.

DOLOROUS EDD is sitting next to a campfire, despondently picking the last scraps of meat off a roasted rabbit carcass.

TORMUND

You gotta eat the guts too.

Edd looks up at TORMUND. Then shifts his gaze to the small pile of entrails laying on a flat stone next to the fire.

TORMUND

Here.

Tormund takes the rabbit carcass from him and cracks open the skull with a rock. He picks out the brain with his fingers and offers it to Edd.

Edd gazes unenthusiastically at the lump of rabbit brain and reluctantly takes it from him.

TORMUND

It's good eating. And it makes you smart.

Tormund taps his own temple with his finger. Edd deadpans at him.

EDD

Is that your secret?

EXT. FOREST, NEAR WHITETREE VILLAGE - TRAP LINE - DAY

Some distance away from the village, a YOUNG WILDLING WOMAN is working her way along a trap line. Snares have been laid in the rabbit runs that tunnel through the dense underbrush.

The young woman is carrying an infant on a board strapped to her back. Mother and child are both heavily bundled up against the cold. The baby coos and babbles to himself as his mother works.
She crouches and extricates a strangled rabbit from the underbrush. She breaks its neck for good measure and disentangles it from the snare. She adds the carcass to a sack slung from one shoulder, then begins resetting the snare.

She carefully positions the loop within the rabbit run, balancing it delicately on twigs. As she works, a creeping frost develops along the twisting branches of the underbrush.

She pulls her furs closer about herself, but is otherwise unperturbed. On her back, her baby starts to fuss. She shushes him, reaching behind her shoulder to stroke his head, without turning around.

POV from behind: the baby is pointing at us and babbling. We push closer. The baby lets out a wail. Exasperated, the young mother sets down the sack of rabbits. She slings the baby off her back and into her arms. She sings and shushes as she bounces him.

Behind her, out of focus, something moves.

POV from behind: the mother tenses up, and slowly turns toward us. A look of terror comes over her face. She reflexively clutches the baby close to her chest and opens her mouth to scream--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFSWOOD LANDSCAPE - DAY

A wide aerial shot establishes us over the wolfswood, with Winterfell visible in the distance.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - WIGHTS MOMENT

Down on the ground, WIGHTS are moving through the forest -- monsters in the woods.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - DOTHRACKI MOMENT

Elsewhere in the forest: DOTHRACKI RIDERS. They ride in search of their yet-invisible quarry. The thudding of their hooves shakes snow loose from the treetops as they pass. The riders scan the shadows with quick, alert eyes.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - WIGHTS MOMENT

Back among the wights, the rumble of approaching riders becomes audible. The wights growl as they pick up their pace.

EXT. WOLFSWOOD - DOTHRACKI MOMENT

A cry goes up as the riders catch a glimpse of fleeing wights. They brandish their arakhs as they spur their horses forward.

Suddenly, a hidden wight bursts from the near underbrush and wraps itself around a horse's foreleg. The horse screams and crashes to the earth, throwing its rider end over end. More wights fall upon the rider before he has a chance to get up. Blood splatters as they make short work of him.

A chaotic fog of war commences, as other riders rapidly meet the same fate.

One rider dodges away from the grasping wights. He slashes fiercely down at them with his arakh. He doesn't see the wight dropping down on him from the trees above. It lands on his back and tears open his throat.
HADORRO threads his way through the slaughter, going back the way they'd come. It is a one-sided bloodbath -- here in the dense forest, the wights have an overwhelming advantage over the outnumbered, plains-adapted Dothraki.

Hadorro careens from one close call to another -- ducking, dodging, slashing, and fleeing. He is straining every fiber of his horsemanship and fighting prowess, weaving between the trees and enemies, never more than a half-step ahead of death.

He finally breaks clear of the fighting. QHONO -- bringing up the rest of the KHALASAR -- reins his horse to a halt as Hadorro gallops toward them, covered in blood, his mount wild-eyed and lathered beneath him.

Qhono's alarmed eyes move from Hadorro, to the murky gloom of the trees behind him. The woods are echoing with the unseen sounds of wights snarling and riders dying.

Hadorro reins up in front of Qhono, and his face tells the Dothraki lieutenant everything he needs to know.

Chapter End Notes

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<3
INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY

MISSANDEI
(translating for Qhono)

The Dothraki vanguard was ambushed by wights and suffered heavy losses. The rest retreated out of the forest.

Sansa takes that in. Qhono continues speaking -- there's a frustrated, aggressive undertone in his voice. Missandei translates:

MISSANDEI

Qhono insists that the Dothraki have no match on an open plain. Your forested lands are foreign to them. Qhono believes they should ride out to hunt wights over the open moors.

SANSA

And what do you think?

Missandei hesitates, considering.

MISSANDEI

Our queen would urge whatever course saves the most lives. As for what course that is, you know this land better than we do.

Sansa holds Missandei's gaze a moment, then looks down at the map spread out upon the high table. She is silent as she weighs grave tradeoffs in her head.

She sighs. Time for some hard choices.

SANSA

There are crofters living in that forest, but it would be too costly to send more men to save them. They will need to fend for themselves as best they can.
Sansa hates that she is abandoning part of her populace to near-certain death. But she knows she must.

SANSA

Qhono is right. The Dothraki should keep to open ground, where they are strongest. But they shouldn't engage the dead. They should ride out ahead of them and focus on moving the common people to the safety of their nearest castles.

Missandei absorbs that and translates for Qhono. She continues translating as Sansa continues.

SANSA

The Night King will be looking for easy victories. His biggest prize is to the south -- it doesn't benefit him to attack in the North except where he can gain more soldiers than he loses. He's not likely to attack castles or prepared field armies. The Unsullied--

She meets Grey Worm's eyes.

SANSA

--should march out and reinforce any castle garrisons that are undermanned.

(beat)

Above all, we must avoid losing more fighters. If my brother and the queen fail to hold the South--

Arya looks up at that.

SANSA

--we will need all the strength we have to hold the Neck against the returning army.

(to Wolkan)

Maester Wolkan, you'll send word to the other castles? Tell them to expect refugees and reinforcements.

Maester Wolkan bows his head in assent.

GREY WORM

I will prepare Unsullied for marching.

Sansa nods, adjourning the meeting. Everyone begins filtering out. Arya takes hold of Bran's chair and begins pushing him toward the door.

SANSA

Arya, could I speak with you alone?

Arya looks back at her. Davos glances between the two sisters and comes to quietly take over Bran's chair. Arya lets him, with just a hint of sullenness.

The two Stark women gaze at each other while they wait for the room to clear.

When they're finally alone:
SANSA

You've been very quiet.

ARYA

I don't have anything to say.

SANSA

(knowing)

You're upset that Jon has gone.

ARYA

At least one of us is.

That stings. Sansa is hurt, and annoyed.

SANSA

Do you think this is easy for me?

Arya is stubbornly silent.

SANSA

Arya, I swear. For all you've been through, sometimes you still act like such a child.

ARYA

Did you even try to convince him to stay?

Sansa meets Arya's challenging gaze without flinching or looking away.

SANSA

No. Because I understand that sometimes there are no better choices available.

ARYA

And because he named you Wardeness of the North.

Sansa is really fed up with Arya now.

SANSA

Why are you doing this? The world is ending around us, Jon and I are doing everything we can to stop it, and what are you doing? All you've done is torture us.

(beat)

You're being cruel and stupid and selfish. Jon thinks so too, he was just too kind to tell you so.

She gathers up the map from the table and departs without another word, leaving Arya alone with that thought.
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<3
Hi everyone! Author here. Sorry to interrupt the flow of the fic, but I wanted to make a couple gentle PSAs about comments that reference Actual Season 8. I'll post today's update in just a sec, right after this. :)

First: friendly reminder that I haven't watched Actual Season 8 yet, and am trying to remain a "blank slate" as much as possible. Even really general remarks, which most people wouldn't consider to be spoilers, I try to avoid. Everyone's been really great about keeping major spoilers out of the comments, though -- I know it must be tough not to mention things, so I really appreciate it! I'm really excited to watch the new season, btw, it's just that I'm really close to finishing my version and want to stay focused a little longer.

Second: The last couple weeks, I've gotten a fair number of comments (via reddit and AO3 and private messages), that basically say: I don't like the new season, and I like your version better.

This is tricky for me to address, because on the one hand I am sincerely flattered by the high opinion and don't want to seem ungrateful for the praise. However, be advised that I love the show A LOT, including and especially the most recent seasons. True, I have not seen Season 8 yet, but given that I have never disliked any episode of Game of Thrones ever, I think odds are pretty good that I will like it too. Most people get a little sad when others insult a thing that they like, and I am only human.

Also, keep in mind that I aspire to write TV for real, and thus I look up to D&D a lot, professionally-speaking. These scripts have been an exercise in self-education, but I am very much a nobody, and D&D are proven veterans of the industry. It would be extremely socially inappropriate for me to presume to place myself above them, and I have never wanted to -- the mere suggestion makes me wildly uncomfortable. Sometimes I fantasize that D&D will somehow catch wind of my lil fan project through the internet grapevine, and I'll get to say hi. But when I imagine them hearing about it framed like: this fan is trying to one-up you -- like that is ACTUALLY deeply mortifying. Try to imagine the equivalent social scenario in whatever your area of endeavor happens to be.

I wrote these scripts because I was so fired up and inspired by Season 7 that my subconscious simply could not bear to wait two years for my next fix -- something in my brain just broke and started vomiting Season 8 ideas uncontrollably. This project is a result of pure love and enthusiasm and admiration -- nothing else.

If you happen to be one of the people who left me a show-critical comment, please know that I am not mad at you, and you don't need to feel bad. This is all just for your future reference. And also, I might not respond to you individually, but that's just cuz it takes energy to navigate the delicate social
nuances of: "thank you, but FYI insulting the show makes me uncomfortable, but also for real, thank you for the praise part." Again, I'm not mad, just trying to save my energy for writing 810/811.

If you've read all the way down to here: first, thank you!! Second, if you feel so inspired, I would really appreciate you nicely stepping in when you see people using my scripts to denigrate the actual show. Arguably, it would be a Good Problem To Have if my scripts became popular enough to make this be an issue, but I really, REALLY do not want my project to become associated with GoT show haterdom. Basically, I'd like it to be generally known that I love the show and admire D&D, and that while I respect people's right to NOT like the show if that's their honest experience, I don't endorse it personally when people insult the show through the medium of complimenting my scripts. Feel free to link to this, or paraphrase me.

As always, thanks for reading my scripts! And I hope the above does not discourage you from commenting in general. I love reading your comments -- I get excited every time I see a notification, and they sincerely light up my whole day. <3

Cheers,
Alice
EXT. GOLDEN TOOTH LANDSCAPE - DAY

From our familiar Winterfell, we transition to our first-ever look at the Golden Tooth. The castle sits atop a mountain peak, overlooking the hill road that winds through the pass -- the gateway into the Westerlands from the east.

The conical peak of the mountain looks as though it had been sliced vertically, and the half nearest the road discarded. The keep nestles against the vertical face of the remaining half, its curtain wall surrounding it in a semicircle, rising smoothly from the surrounding rock. The castle looks like a seamless part of the mountain itself, an effect enhanced by the way its stones match its color. From the main gate, a narrow track winds back and forth down the side of the mountain to the hill road below.

RHAEGAL soars overhead, his cries echoing off the mountains as his shadow falls over the castle.

JON (SOUND ADVANCE)

Lord Lefford, is it?

INT. GOLDEN TOOTH KEEP CORRIDORS - DAY

JON SNOW walks through the corridors of the castle keep, dressed as he was at the end of 808. JAIME LANNISTER walks beside him.

JAIME

Yes. Leo Lefford.

JON

You showed him the wight?

JAIME

I don't think it helped.

Jon looks at him for elaboration.

JAIME

(bitter)
It seems to have convinced him that he ought to stay holed up on his mountaintop and have nothing
to do with us. But he agreed to meet with you before he threw me out, so...

Jaime shrugs pessimistically. Jon takes that in.

They've reached a set of double doors. A pair of guardsmen open them as they approach.

**EXT. GOLDEN TOOTH COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

**LORD LEO LEFFORD** is waiting for them in a small open air courtyard. It's a semicircle, like the
rest of the castle, with its flat edge walled off by the mountain peak's sheer cliff face.

Jon sizes up the old lord with his eyes as Jaime does the honors. Judging by Lefford's sour
expression, he is not going to be an easy sell.

**JAIME**

(to Jon)

Your grace, I present Lord Leo of House Lefford, Lord of the Golden Tooth, and Guardian of the
Pass.

(to Lefford)

Lord Lefford, you stand before Prince Aegon Targaryen, the Wolf Dragon. Prince of Dragonstone,
son of Rhaegar Targaryen, and consort to Queen Daenerys Targaryen, first of her name.

If Jon is embarrassed by his new titles, he does not let it show. He is watching Lefford's face with
quiet composure.

Lefford bows, but it looks almost sarcastic.

Jon nods for Jaime to leave them. Jaime exits and the guardsmen close the door behind him. Jon
watches Jaime go, then looks at Lefford once more.

Lefford looks Jon up and down for a beat.

**LORD LEFFORD**

So you're this dragon prince?

He does not sound impressed. Jon says nothing. To affirm would cheapen what ought to be obvious.

**LORD LEFFORD**

Let's sit.

There's a small table with chairs in the middle of the courtyard, close to the cliff face. Lefford talks as
they walk to it.

**LORD LEFFORD**

I saw Rhaegar, once. A great tournament at Harrenhal -- everyone was there, it seemed. That was
over twenty years ago now. But I never forget a face.

He squints into Jon's face as they sit, scrutinizing him with a closeness bordering on rudeness. He
sighs, as though Jon has done something to annoy him.

LORD LEFFORD

Dammit, you do look like him.

JON

So I'm told. Not that I would know.

LORD LEFFORD

He was well-liked, here in the Westerlands. Your grandfather wasn't, of course. But everyone loved Rhaegar.

He pours himself a goblet of wine, neglecting to pour one for Jon.

LORD LEFFORD

We all thought he would marry Tywin's daughter and rule with Tywin as his Hand, once his damn father was finally dead. I looked forward to that, I'll admit it. We all did.

He sips his wine.

LORD LEFFORD

But then, of course, he was married off to that Dornishwoman. Then left her to run off with your mother, which started a war. I remember the end of that war. When Tywin finally called his banners and we all marched to the capital. Sacked the city. Killed your grandfather and your half-sister and your little baby half-brother.

Lefford gives Jon a challenging look, but Jon doesn't rise to the bait. Lefford tries a different tack.

LORD LEFFORD

You grew up with the Starks, I'm told. I remember that war as well. I was there when your cousin Robb played his trick on us at the Green Fork. People called him the Young Wolf, didn't they? Never lost a battle. Lost the war, all the same. What do they call it, up in the North? The Red Wedding?

This jab bothers Jon a lot more. We see it in his face, though again he refrains from taking the bait. Lefford regards him with shrewd, narrowed eyes.

LORD LEFFORD

You're a rare person, you know. Not many survive being on the losing side of war twice. Against Tywin of all people.

(condescending)

Came to try your hand at winning for once? Did you come here for advice?

JON

You know why I'm here.
Lefford somehow manages to make this sound like the harshest insult in the world:

LORD LEFFORD

You want me to fight for you.

He laughs rudely.

LORD LEFFORD

Gods, you're young. You thought you could dance in here with your dragon armor and your dragon titles, and have me swooning at your feet. Are you going to give me a speech now? About how yesterday's wars don't matter? Go on, then.

He sits back in his chair and gives Jon a scornful look. Jon eyes him for a moment, unhurried, letting the silence sit.

JON

You're right. Both sides of my family have been an enemy to yours. So don't fight for me. Don't fight for the queen. Don't fight for honor, for glory, or for riches. You won't get any.

Lefford stares at Jon unimpressedly. He makes a face: is there more?

LORD LEFFORD

I thought you came here to raise an army.

JON

I did.

LORD LEFFORD

You're not making a very good case. Why should I abandon my castle and my lands to march with you?

JON

For the oldest reason, and the best one. To save your own skin. To save your wife, and your children, and your grandchildren. Everyone you've ever known or cared about.

LORD LEFFORD

Don't threaten me, boy.

A beat. Jon looks up at the castle walls around them.

JON

How old is this castle? How long has it stood?

LORD LEFFORD

Thousands of years.

JON
The Night King is marching for King's Landing. If the city falls, he adds a million soldiers to the Army of the Dead. Can your castle stand against a million soldiers?

Lefford hesitates.

JON

I've faced that army, my lord. Three times. I've seen your castle from the air. Would you like to hear exactly how your castle will fall, when the dead come for it?

Jon is totally dispassionate as he goes on to paint a picture for Lord Lefford. He states his words as facts, because he knows that they are. He requires validation from no one.

JON

They'll attack your walls. You'll rain arrows, to no effect. You'll rain oil and pitch. You'll see them burning and feel a moment of hope, until more of them come and smother the flames with their own bodies.

(beat)

They'll have no ladders or siege weapons, but they'll have giants. They'll have mammoths. And if somehow you stop them from breaking down your gates, the foot soldiers will swarm over each other like ants, crawling higher and higher until you're fighting them atop your walls.

(beat)

Then just when you think it can't get worse, you'll hear a sound like a rockfall. You'll turn around...

He turns his head and looks up at the cliff overlooking the keep. Lefford follows his gaze.

JON

This cliff has acted as a natural fortification for thousands of years. The dead don't care. They can climb like spiders. This courtyard we're sitting in... it'll fill up with bodies, raining down on you from above.

(beat)

And then those bodies will stand up. They'll slaughter your family. And if you're very lucky, they'll slaughter you too, before you get a chance to see what your grandchildren become after they die.

Lefford is not an easy man to rattle, but this vision shakes him. Jon's tired deadpan makes it all the worse.

JON

That's the truth. It'll happen within the year. Unless you come with me now.

Lefford stares at him, at a loss for words.

Chapter End Notes
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EXT. VOLANTIS HARBOR - DAY

The golden kraken ripples on a thousand black sails, resting at anchor in the great harbor of Volantis. The Silence is dominant among them.

EXT. VOLANTIS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

It's been a while since we've been here. We take a moment to remind ourselves that this place exists, along with its various landmarks -- the Long Bridge, the Red Temple of Volantis. We end with an exterior shot of a lavishly upscale inn.

EURON (SOUND ADVANCE)

I shouldn't be meeting with you, you know.

INT. UPSCALE VOLANTENE INN - MEETING ROOM - DAY

EURON GREYJOY is meeting with DAENERYS TARGARYEN in the inn's large, stately meeting chamber -- neutral territory. They are alone except for a force of HIRED GUARDS.

EURON

My betrothed wouldn't like it.

DANY

(quizzical)

Your "betrothed."

Euron smiles.

DANY

And when will your "betrothed" become your wife?

EURON

In good time.

DANY
You know that Cersei will never win this war, Lord Greyjoy. Her own brother has abandoned her. Her own armies have abandoned her.

(off Euron's look)

Though I suppose news doesn't travel so well over the Narrow Sea.

EURON

Well. With her brother gone, I suppose Cersei will be very lonely, and that much happier to see me again.

DANY

You're a bold man to assume you'll see her again.

EURON

And bold men rule the world.

He grins winningly at her. Dany holds his gaze.

DANY

Tell me, how well do you think your wooden fleet would fare against fire-breathing dragons?

EURON

Is this your notion of courtship? I like it.

He grins again.

EURON

You could have torched me the moment you arrived. But you're smarter than that. My niece and nephew are dead, you're low on ships, and you know the Iron Fleet won't ever sail for an outsider. You know that with my support, your war against Cersei is as good as won. So here you are. And here I am.

DANY

You're not a very loyal man, are you?

EURON

I'm a very simple man. All I ever wanted was to marry the most beautiful woman in the world.

And there it is. Cards on the table. Dany holds his gaze.

DANY

And if you did?

EURON

She would find me a generous husband. For her bride gift, she would have the greatest armada this world has ever seen, led by the greatest captain on the fourteen seas.
Dany is well used to braggarts and blowhards -- a fortunate thing, in this moment.

DANY

You would swear to me now? To sail for me and fight for me? Only for me?

EURON

One condition. We marry tomorrow, aboard my ship. Before the eyes of the Drowned God and my senior captains.

Dany lifts her eyebrows at him.

DANY

You're in quite a hurry.

EURON

I've been recently unlucky in love. It's soured me on long engagements.

Dany makes a show of weighing this choice.

DANY

I suppose that's fair.

EURON

And of course, by Westerosi tradition, a marriage is no true marriage until it's been... consummated.

Euron's smile is bordering on a leer.

Dany favors him with a serene smile. We recognize this particular smile, but poor Euron does not.

DANY

I will do my duty by my husband. You have my word on that.

Euron looks very pleased.

Chapter End Notes

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EXT. VOLANTIS HARBOR - MORNING

An early morning fog lies heavy over Volantis harbor. The masts of Euron’s ships poke out of the thick mist like trees.

EXT. SILENCE - MAIN DECK - MORNING

Aboard his flagship, Euron is dressed to the nines, or at least the Ironborn equivalent. He beams across the water. It’s a good day to be king.

EXT. SILENCE - PORT SIDE - MORNING

A rowboat pulls up alongside the Silence’s port side, where a ladder hangs down to the water. AERON DAMPHAIR stands up, a little unsteady in the small craft. He is dressed in his priestly Drowned Man robes. He grabs hold of the ladder and begins to climb.

Dozens of other rowboats are queued up, bearing IRONBORN CAPTAINS, here to witness the wedding of their king.

EXT. SILENCE - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Aeron pulls himself up and onto the main deck, assisted by a few of Euron’s crew. He finds his feet, and casts his gaze over the deck.

Aeron’s POV: a number of captains are already assembled, milling about as they wait. Euron spots Aeron and nods to him, smiling.

Aeron comes over to join him. As an Ironborn, he doesn’t mince words:

AERON

Where’s your bride?

EURON

She’ll be here soon.

EXT. VOLANTIS DOCKSIDE - MORNING

A rowboat launches from the Volantis docks. This one is large and ornate, befitting a queen on her wedding day. Five rows of OARSMEN pull at the long painted oars, propelling the craft out into the
At the bow, a silken canopy in the colors of House Targaryen flutters over a cushioned seating area. Our silver-haired beauty rests there at her leisure.

[N.B.: we only see her from behind, but her hair, costuming, and context all tell us that this is Dany.]

**EXT. SILENCE - MAIN DECK - MORNING**

By now, the rest of Euron's guests have arrived -- the who's who of the Ironborn leadership. They stand assembled in a crowd at the stern of the ship. At the bow, an Ironborn wedding altar has been prepared. Aeron stands beside it, stern and grey, holding a vessel of seawater for the ceremony.

Euron is at the railing, gazing searchingly across the water.

He sees something, and a hungry smile spreads across his face.

**EURON**

There she is.

The guests all turn to look.

Their **POV:** Dany's vessel slowly emerges into view through the shrouding mists. It cruises toward us at an unhurried, regal pace.

**EXT. DANY'S BOAT - CONCURRENT**

Down on the waves, Dany's boat grows larger as it rows toward us, bearing its royal passenger in its bow.

It's not obvious at first. But as we push in close on her, it suddenly becomes apparent that she is not Dany at all. She is a **SILVER-HAIRED LOOKALIKE.** Perhaps even the same lookalike that Tyrion and Varys had once observed in a Volantene brothel, where Tyrion was subsequently kidnapped by Jorah Mormont.

**EXT. SILENCE - MAIN DECK - CONCURRENT**

But out on the Silence, the ornate boat is still too far away to make out its passenger's face. Euron watches its approach, blissfully unaware as yet that anything is amiss.

The vessel draws near, and something slowly changes in Euron's face. Nobody else here has met Dany face-to-face. But he has. It takes longer than it should to realize that something is off -- he was not expecting her to be someone else.

Euron is frowning, trying to make sense of it, when one of his crewmen shouts a sudden warning.

**IRONBORN SAILOR**

Captain! On our flanks!

Euron turns to see two ships sailing at them fast, bearing down on the Silence from opposite sides. They are almost on top of them -- everyone had been so distracted watching "Dany" that they did not notice the ships emerging from the mist.

The two ships are bearing the Greyjoy kraken on their sails, confusing Euron deeply. He has enough
presence of mind to seize his axe and let out a rallying battle yell--

A violent impact explodes upon the Silence as the two ships ram them simultaneously, at speed. Wood explodes into splinters. Men are thrown off their feet.

Leading the charge, YARA MOTHERFUCKING GREYJOY comes roaring down a boarding plank, a screaming pack of Ironborn killers at her back. MARON VOLMARK leads a similar charge from his own ship.

A brief battle ensues. Euron’s group is outnumbered, outflanked, and surprised. A few of them fight back and are promptly butchered for their trouble. The rest throw down their arms in surrender, because they are Very Smart Boys.

Euron does not surrender. He is a one-man violence machine, cutting down fighters despite being outnumbered and surrounded. Maron sees him mowing down his men and charges in to engage him, locking up in a fierce duel.

Yara weaves in, staying deftly hidden in Euron’s blind spot, and slices his hamstring to the bone. Euron grunts in pain and goes down on his knee, his leg useless beneath him.

Maron disarms him, taking away Euron’s axe as his former king kneels bleeding on the deck. Euron glowers up at him: you fucking traitor.

Maron gives him a sort of shrug: don’t take it personally, dude.

Yara slowly walks around Euron to face him. His blood drips down her sword and spatters on the deck, leaving a trail alongside her.

EURON

Hello, niece.

He says it with his customary manic confidence, the same way he used to when he was torturing her during her captivity. The gathered captains look to see Yara’s reaction.

She doesn’t respond, nor seems to have even noticed that Euron has spoken. She paces the deck in front of him, eyes moving appraisingly over her uncle, as though deciding how exactly she’s going to carve him up.

EURON

(musing)

If you’ve been alive this whole time... why didn't you come sooner? I would have thought you'd come try to save your brother.

That gets her attention. She finally looks him in the face, a faint puzzlement in her eyes.

EURON

After all, he came to save you.

YARA

My brother is with the Drowned God.
Euron

Is he?

Euron is crippled, bleeding, and about to die, but you wouldn't know it from his face. His grin is smug, sadistic.

He uses his eyeline to direct Yara's attention to the top of the Silence's main mast. She looks--

Weeks of exposure to wind, sun, birds, and salt have rendered him nearly unrecognizable, but Yara recognizes him all the same. Theon Greyjoy's abused and dessicated corpse dangles with the rocking of the waves, naked and trussed up with ropes.

Euron smiles to see Yara's horror and grief. If he must die, at least he can die with this one last joyful memory on his--

Yara strikes almost quicker than we can see, dashing Euron viciously across the face with the flat of her sword, laying him out on the deck. She slashes open his pants as Euron lies dazed, and carves off his cock. Euron screams.

Yara's ruthlessness is frightening to behold -- her eyes are black pits of ice-cold hate. She locks an arm around Euron's head and crams his severed member down his windpipe, making him gag and choke. She forces it all the way in and locks his jaw shut with a vice grip around his head.

Euron is weakened by blood loss and head trauma, but he's a strong man, and full of mortal adrenaline. His hands tear fistfuls of hair from Yara's head. His nails gouge at her flesh. But she hardly even winces.

Maron moves forward uncertainly as Euron thrashes, knocking Yara against the deck as she maintains her vice grip. She stops Maron in his tracks with a death glare: don't you _dare_ help me.

The assembled captains watch the horrible spectacle with a mixture of shock and admiration. Yara is truly terrifying in this moment. Being Ironborn, they are rather impressed.

Euron's struggles begin to weaken as he succumbs to blood loss and asphyxiation. His body puts in one last burst of frantic energy, thrashing wildly on the deck. And then it's over.

Euron Greyjoy is dead.

Yara holds her vice grip another few moments to make sure. Then lets go. Euron's head drops to the deck with an ignominious wooden thud. Yara stands up, bleeding from where Euron's nails had scratched her. She stares down at her dead uncle.

She turns her back on him.

The captains are still watching her. Yara walks up and halts in front of them, casting her gaze over them, meeting their eyes individually and as a group.

For a moment, the only sounds are the wind and the waves and the creaking of the ship.

Aeron Damphair is the first to kneel. And then, as if on cue, the entire Ironborn leadership kneels the fuck down for their queen.

Chapter End Notes
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INT. UPSCALE VOLANTENE INN - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Chapter Notes

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INT. UPSCALE VOLANTENE INN - MEETING ROOM - DAY

We return to the meeting chamber where Dany had callously lied to poor Euron. This time, it is occupied by TYRION LANNISTER and HARRY STRICKLAND, the commander of the Golden Company. Harry is accompanied by a few of his LIEUTENANTS, including MARQ MANDRAKE, who had fretted to him about Dany's dragons back in 802.

Harry is scowling at something Tyrion has just suggested.

HARRY

The Golden Company never breaks a contract.

TYRION

Yes, that is your reputation.

HARRY

We have already accepted Cersei’s gold, loaded provisions onto her ships...

TYRION

Mm, about that. Those are our ships now.

Harry is confused.

TYRION

You haven't heard? Yes, the Iron Fleet has undergone a bit of a coup. Euron Greyjoy is dead, with our help, and his niece Yara has taken the Salt Throne for herself. She's a friend of ours, you see.

Tyrion pours himself a goblet of wine.

TYRION

At minimum, your contract now faces a substantial logistical challenge. Do you intend to swim to Westeros?

Harry is silent.
TYRION

Of course, if you insist on honoring your contract, there's no need to leave Volantis. You were hired to fight us, and here we are. Very convenient, wouldn't you agree?

He sips his wine, savoring the vintage luxuriantly.

TYRION

Today, we drink, sharing my excellent wine under the peace banner of diplomacy. Tomorrow, if you so crave, we would be happy to indulge you in battle. You have 20,000 men. We have a dragon.

Marq had been skeptical of this Cersei contract from the beginning. He is giving Harry a hard stare: please don't be stupid about this, bro.

TYRION

Cersei's war is over, and lost. By any reasonable interpretation, that releases you from your contract. Nobody expects mercenaries to fight on once their client is defeated.

HARRY

Has Cersei surrendered?

TYRION

If she hasn't, it is a mere pending formality. Her own brother has joined our cause, her bannermen have abandoned her. She has no army left, no allies. Only you.

Cersei's last remaining military officers look at each other, silently conferring amongst themselves.

Finally, Harry turns his gaze back on Tyrion. He sizes him up with his eyes.

The commander of the Golden Company reaches over the table, picks up the decanter, and pours himself a generous drink of Tyrion's excellent wine.

HARRY

Alright then.

He leans back in his chair, goblet in hand.

HARRY

Let's talk.

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EXT. VOLANTIS DOCKSIDE - DAY

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EXT. VOLANTIS DOCKSIDE - DAY

The docks bustle with activity as the Golden Company load themselves onto Yara's ships. Horses are led onto ships. SOLDIERS pile into rowboats. Barrels, crates, and bales of hay swing by on cranes.

Ext. Volantis - seaside balcony - concurrent

Dany and Tyrion watch the load-up from a plaza balcony overlooking the docks. A small force of YARA'S IRONBORN stand guard for them nearby.

DANY

How many men?

TYRION

20,000 or so, if you include the laborers and stewards.

Dany is pleased.

DANY

This worked out rather well.

TYRION

Yes, my brilliant diplomacy swayed them from Cersei's cause.

Dany smiles, humoring him.

One of Yara's Ironborn approaches them.

Ironborn

Queen Daenerys. This woman says she knows you.

He steps aside to reveal MELISANDRE, being escorted along by two more Ironborn.

Dany is surprised to see her, though not unpleasantly so. She nods to the Ironborn, and they retreat, allowing them their space. Melisandre bows her head deferentially.
MELISANDRE

Your grace.

DANY

This is an unexpected reunion.

MELISANDRE

For you, perhaps.

DANY

Well. We don't all have your gift for prophecy.

Once, Melisandre would have been pleased by this bit of flattery. Now it only makes her sad. She gives Dany a strange look, a look that almost resembles pity. Or guilt.

Dany picks up on it. She's puzzled, but then again Melisandre has always been puzzling. She mentally shrugs it off.

DANY

What can I do for you?

MELISANDRE

The first time we met, I urged you to summon Jon Snow. I trust that you do not regret following my advice.

Rather an understatement. Dany smiles affirmingly.

MELISANDRE

You sail for Westeros soon. There you will wage one final war for the dawn.

DANY

The dawn that was prophesied?

MELISANDRE

Yes. In prophecies old, and new.

Dany picks up on the significant emphasis.

DANY

You've seen a vision in the flames?

Melisandre holds Dany's gaze with an uncanny intensity.

MELISANDRE

Bring me back with you when you sail, your grace.
Dany hesitates. Tyrion chimes in.

TYRION

Forgive me: to what end?

MELISANDRE

There are things I have seen that you need to hear. All three of you.

Dany and Tyrion look at each other, disquieted.

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WELL - DAY

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - WELL - DAY

Speaking of visions: Bran stands in the abandoned wildling village, watching his uncle die in the past.

If we didn't know better, we might think Benjen is already dead. He lays motionless, curled up on his side with his frozen hands clutched to the wound in his belly. His eyes are closed, his face frostbitten and discolored and cadaverous, looking much as he did when he rescued Bran and Meera in Season 6.

Nearby, the bucket that Jafer Flowers had dropped still lays on the ground amid its frozen puddle. Jafer's blood is likewise puddled on the ground.

Jafer himself is notably absent. Only Benjen remains.

Bran is watching Benjen so intently that he doesn't notice LEAF emerging warily from the trees behind him, silent as a cat. Not until the Child of the Forest passes within inches of him. Bran jumps back from her, startled.

Leaf turns her head and looks at him -- directly at Bran. Bran stares back, confused and disconcerted. Can she see him?

She turns her gaze back upon Benjen and creeps cautiously toward him, her hand hovering ready over the hilt of her dagger.

She reaches out and touches his arm, his face. Benjen's eyes flutter open. Leaf relaxes when she sees that they have not turned wight-blue.

Benjen is hypothermic and disoriented, and it takes him a while to focus on her. He blinks. He's never seen a Child of the Forest before. But until recently, he'd also never seen a wight, or a White Walker, or his dead friends rising as monsters. Leaf is relatively unalarming in comparison. That, and he is too close to death to have much energy for alarm.

Leaf gently lifts Benjen's cold hands away from his wound. It is an ugly sight, and obviously mortal. Around the wound, his belly is frozen hard, unyielding to her touch.

Benjen struggles to speak. He is so cold and weak that at first he can only manage incoherent stutters.

BENJEN
(stuttering)

Don't let me turn.

Leaf looks up and fixes him with her uncanny stare.

Wordlessly, she pulls out a shard of dragonglass, sharper than a razor. Fear flares in Benjen's eyes. He doesn't want to die.

He closes his eyes, his lips moving in silent prayer. Leaf creeps closer with the dragonglass and cups her free hand under Benjen's head, making him look at her.

LEAF

Defend the living.

Benjen stares at her, confused.

Leaf positions the tip of the shard directly over Benjen's heart. It's reminiscent of when she had done the same thing in another of Bran's visions -- when she had created the Night King.

She pushes the dragonglass in, slowly, as Benjen screams.

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - PRESENT DAY - EVENING

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EXT. WHITETREE VILLAGE - PRESENT DAY - EVENING

Back in the present day, evening is settling. A thousand cookfires burn as the wildlings prepare to bed down for the night. There's not enough room in the village proper for everyone -- their tents and pop-up huts sprawl chaotically through the surrounding forest.

Panning through the camp, we see the surviving Free Folk up close. A dozen different tribes are represented in their costuming and makeup. Children run and fight each other with stick swords. Mothers nurse their babies. Old folks huddle close to the fires for warmth, bundled in leather and fur, shooing away the hopeful dogs who come sniffing for handouts. There is a notable scarcity of fighting men and women.

Tormund is at the well, doling out water. A long line snakes between the village hovels.

A WILDLING GRANDMOTHER finds him and hurries to speak with him. Her eyes are wild with worry.

GRANDMOTHER

Tormund. Tormund, please help me.

TORMUND

(absent-minded)

You'll need to wait for water.

GRANDMOTHER

My daughter hasn't returned from foraging.

Tormund looks up.

GRANDMOTHER

It's getting dark. She should have returned by now. Please, I can't find her anywhere. My daughter, my grandson...

She's beginning to tear up, making it difficult for her to continue.

Tormund puts down his bucket, frowning with disquiet.
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EXT. FOREST, NEAR WHITETREE VILLAGE - TRAP LINE - NIGHT

Tormund leads a search party for the missing woman. Edd and BERIC accompany him, along with a small handful of WILDLING HUNTERS.

They've been searching for some time. Night has fallen by now, and the torchlight gives a paranoid, claustrophobic feeling to the scene, as though a jump scare could come at us any moment from just outside the light.

Tormund sweeps his torch in wide arcs as he searches for signs. The light falls upon a dead rabbit, lying frozen and unharvested in its snare. He peers at it through the underbrush, bringing his torch closer. The flickering light dances in the rabbit's round eye, making it look almost alive.

WILDLING HUNTER

We found something.

Tormund looks up to see one of his men standing over some small bundle in the snow. He comes over, dreading what he might find, hoping it's not a dead baby.

It's not. Just a game bag, half-full of rabbit carcasses. He pulls one out -- it is frozen rock solid.

EDD

Tormund...

Edd is crouching in the snow nearby, and his tone makes clear that whatever he's found, it is Not Good.

Tormund slowly joins him and sees it for himself: a substantial amount of blood, dark and frozen on the cold ground.

Grief comes over his face. As a leader, Tormund takes this woman's likely death to be a personal failure on his part.

BERIC

No body nearby.

It's an ominous observation, and everyone knows it. Hands tighten uneasily on weapons as the
searchers try to see past the glare of the torches into the black woods, feeling suddenly very exposed and conspicuous.

BERIC

She couldn't have gone far after this. Unless...

EDD

Maybe wolves got her?

TORMUND

(snapping)

Do you see any wolf sign, crow?

Tormund's distress is making him testy.

Some thought occurs to Edd.

EDD

Did you say she had a baby on her?

TORMUND

Aye.

Edd frowns pensively.

TORMUND

What does that mean to you?

EDD

Maybe nothing.

TORMUND

It means something. Or you wouldn't have asked about it.

Fair enough.

EDD

Craster used to leave his newborn sons out in the woods.

Tormund's face darkens. He doesn't like Craster, or his implied association with the Free Folk.

TORMUND

Did he?

EDD
Jon followed him one time. Said he saw a White Walker come to take the boy.

BERIC

What did it do with him?

EDD

We never learned.

A chilling silence.

TORMUND

The White Walkers have gone south. With the Night King.

He says it emphatically, as though to force the words to be true.

BERIC

Perhaps the Night King left a few of his Walkers behind.

(beat)

There's a way to find out.

Tormund looks at Beric. There's a cold utilitarianism in Beric's one-eyed stare.

TORMUND

No.

BERIC

If we're wrong, the test won't do any harm. But if we're right, and there's more of them -- here, north of the Wall -- we best find out now. How many of your people might die, otherwise?

Tormund stares at him, trying desperately to think of a retort that will make Beric wrong.

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EXT. FOREST, NEAR WHITETREE VILLAGE - TRAP LINE - DAY

Daylight now. A BABY BOY gazes up from Tormund's arms with large trusting eyes -- some poor orphan with nobody to protest for him. Tormund looks down at him, thoroughly hating himself.

The rest of the group has already hidden themselves in the underbrush, near the site of the young mother's disappearance. They're armed with dragonglass weapons and grim purpose.

Tormund smoothes out a patch of snow, out in the relative open. He carefully sets the baby down, bundled up in thick layers of cloth and warm fur.

He joins the others in hiding, readying a dragonglass halberd in his hands. They wait.

For a long time, nothing happens. Through the magic of good directing, this is tense and suspenseful, rather than boring.

The baby begins to fuss. He's hungry, or poopy, or perhaps just tired of being left alone on the ground as monster-bait.

The sound makes Tormund fidgety with angst. Beric turns his head and nails him with a hard, unforgiving look: stay strong. Don't blow this.

They wait some more.

Mystery POV: we slowly push toward the baby from some unknown perspective, out in the woods.

Tormund's group shivers as the air grows colder. Their hands tighten on their weapons. They are still and silent, hardly daring to breathe.

The baby is full-on wailing by now.

Mystery POV: we push even closer, close enough to make out the infant's pink little face, screwed-up and wrinkled as he bawls.

Now, suddenly, the camera pulls backward to reveal what it is that this way comes.

From behind, it appears that we're looking at the Night King, which should confuse us deeply. Then the camera swings around to his front, revealing a MYSTERY WALKER. He has a similar crown of horns, similar strange dark armor, but his facial features are distinctly different.
Tormund's breath stops in his throat as he sees this figure emerging from the gloom beneath the trees. Beric has gone very still and intense, gazing out like a cat watching prey. The baby continues crying, filling what is otherwise a profound silence.

The Mystery Walker halts, gazing down at the offering. He begins to bend down, reaching out toward his prize--

Tormund can't stand it anymore. He charges out from hiding, bellowing a challenge. Beric curses to himself and follows suit, along with the rest of the party.

The Walker's gaze snaps up at the sound of Tormund's charge.

Tormund swings his halberd in a vicious down cut, which the Walker blocks with his ice blade. He catches Tormund with the butt end of his weapon on the pivot. The superhuman strength of the blow throws Tormund clear off his feet. He lands hard on the ground several yards away, dazed and winded.

The rest of the group has closed the gap by now, attacking together. The Walker knocks a few of them to the ground, then shears his ice blade right through a redshirt's bladed club, through his shoulder, and into his chest. Beric ducks in before he can pull it free and buries a dragonglass dagger in the Walker's neck.

The Walker turns, lifts Beric by the throat, and screams into his face. Beric dangles, gasping from the intense cold. He gets a good close look at the monster's face.

Then the Mystery Walker crystallizes to ice, starting from the site of the wound. He cracks apart into fragments and collapses to nothing. Beric falls heavily to the ground.

In the sudden stillness, the fighters look at each other, wild-eyed and shaken. Beric rubs at his neck, frost-burned from the Walker's grip, his breath tight and pained. Edd crouches over Tormund, coaxing him back to lucidity.

Edd, Tormund, and Beric share a look: what the fuck does this mean?

The orphan baby wails into the shocked silence.

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EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - DAY

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EXT. WINTERFELL LANDSCAPE - DAY

A distant landscape shot of Winterfell re-establishes us south of the Wall. We're looking at it from the south, across a wide expanse of open moorland.

EXT. BARROWLANDS - BURIAL MOUNDS - DAY

Now we're a bit farther south, in the barrowlands that lie between Winterfell and Moat Cailin. Gentle mounds rise up from the vast open plain, in endless rows -- too orderly to be natural formations.

We gaze across the snowy, hummocked landscape from ground level. A cold front pushes toward us, bringing wind and snow with it.

From the depths of the storm, the Night King appears -- a lone horseman of the apocalypse.

Night King’s POV: A sea of burial mounds stretches before us, as far as the eye can see. Ancient graves, dating back to the days of the First Men.

He rides through them, the mounds passing by in the foreground as we watch him ride past on his dead horse. It is eerily quiet, quiet enough to hear the faint jingle of the horse's bridle. Nothing is happening. Again, the magic of cinematography makes this compellingly disconcerting.

As the Night King rides, a faint sound becomes just barely audible. A sort of muffled scratching. It rises to a low whispery rumble.

A skeletal hand bursts from the ground right in front of our face, jump-scaring us.

The sound is louder now, and muffled growling can be heard within it. The hand flails and claws the air. It wriggles out to the elbow, grabs at the ground, and pulls. A SKELETON WIGHT fights its way out of the burial mound where it had lain for hundreds -- perhaps thousands -- of years.

Panning up, we see the same thing happening all across the vast plain. An army of ANCIENT DEAD, clawing their way out of the snow. Tattered scraps of rotted clothing cling to their skeletal frames. Their cold hands grasp strange old weapons, bronze and iron and discolored with corrosion.

The Night King rides on, cool and steady as always.

His new soldiers fall in behind him as they continue to emerge by the hundreds and thousands. We pull out on them, slowly absorbing the horror and scale of it as we ascend to a wide aerial.
And now, from every direction, the Night King's existing army joins the host. WHITE WALKERS and GIANTS and MAMMOTHS and lots and lots of FOOT SOLDIERS. Among them are the Dothraki who fell in the wolfswood, eyes blue, arakhs dangling from their frozen dead hands.

The army masses behind their leader, still riding along at his same unbroken, unhurried pace. Together they march inexorably forward -- south, and south, and south.

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EXT. KING'S LANDING LANDSCAPE - DAY

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EXT. KING'S LANDING LANDSCAPE - DAY

Far to the south, King's Landing sits peacefully by the sea, oblivious as yet to the horror marching its way.

INT. RED KEEP CORRIDORS - DAY

Jaime and THE HOUND are walking through the Red Keep, escorted by four non-Mountain members of Cersei's QUEENSGUARD -- one leading, one following, and two on their flanks.

Jaime looks around at the eerily deserted castle.

JAIME

(to a Queensguard)

Where have all the people gone?

The knight thoroughly ignores him, as though he did not even hear the question. Jaime eyes him uneasily, unable to read the man's face beneath his big black helmet.

HOUND

Fled the castle, most likely. Which makes them smarter than us.

Jaime absorbs this grim observation. He continues gazing around the empty corridors as they walk on.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, RED KEEP THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the main entranceway to the throne room. Two more Queensguard open the tall doors for them--

INT. RED KEEP THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--revealing CERSEI LANNISTER, first of her name, Queen of the Andals and the First Men. She sits upon the Iron Throne, staring down the empty audience chamber at them. THE MOUNTAIN stands protectively at her side. Qyburn's crystal vial hangs from her throat on its golden chain. QYBURN himself stands at her other side.

Behind the throne, twenty or so barrels are stacked up against the wall. It's not visually obvious
what's in them, but it's an ominous thing to see.

The Queensguard escort Jaime and the Hound down the length of the silent hall. It's a long walk. Jaime and Cersei stare each other down as the distance shrinks, their faces revealing a subtle storm of complex and conflicting emotions.

The Hound is not looking at Cersei. He's looking at his brother. The Mountain looms atop the dais, face hidden except for his cadaverous eyes.

Finally they halt, standing a short distance from the foot of the dais -- close enough to speak, far enough to convey the tension and mistrust that is inherent here. The Queensguard stand alert, hands ready upon their swords.

Jaime gazes up at Cersei, the most murderous woman in the world, a woman who has variously been his sister, his lover, his queen, and his enemy. He waits for her to speak the first word.

CERSEI

(enunciating dangerously)

You're back.

JAIME

(re: Queensguard and Qyburn)

I'd like to speak with you alone.

CERSEI

My Queensguard stays with me.

JAIME

They leave. Or I do.

Cersei glares down at him, the man she had loved and trusted more than anyone.

CERSEI

You dare to come back here, after betraying me to that whore and her pet bastard, (and now you--)

JAIME

(interrupting)

If you're going to execute me for it, do it now, and we can both save our breath. But if you want to hear what I've come to say, you will send them all away.

The Mountain turns and looks to Cersei, awaiting her signal. Qyburn looks at them both, watchfully.

Cersei holds Jaime's gaze, her face full of pride and anger, shot through with a tiny hint of lonely vulnerability.

Her eyes shift to the Mountain's. She gives a single nod.

The Mountain begins walking down the dais steps.
The Hound tenses. It's unclear what that nod meant, and the Mountain could very well be coming to kill him and Jaime both. He's almost upon them. The Hound reaches for his sword--

--and the Mountain walks right past, coming within feet of his little brother as he does. The Hound follows him with his eyes, his hand still white-knuckling Heartsbane's hilt, the Valyrian blade hovering eight inches clear of its scabbard.

The Mountain keeps walking, down the length of the hall toward the exit. The rest of the Queensguard follow suit, and Qyburn as well. The Hound slowly releases his grip, and the blade slides back home, the *schnick!* clearly audible in the deep quiet.

JAIME

(to Hound)

Leave me with her.

The Hound looks at Jaime, then starts to turn away. Jaime puts a hand on his arm, stopping him. He speaks quietly, so that only the Hound can hear.

JAIME

Watch your back. And get as far from here as you can.

The Hound takes that in, eyeing Jaime for what may be the last time, silently wishing him good luck. He pulls away and heads for the doors.

Jaime and Cersei look at each other as the Hound's footsteps retreat away. Finally, the doors swing shut, the sound echoing through the chamber. The twins are alone together at last.

A beat.

CERSEI

Did you have fun in the North? Enjoying your new friends?

JAIME

They want to offer you a deal.

Cersei makes a face, a sarcastic: oh do they really?

CERSEI

Is it better than the one they offered in the Dragonpit?

JAIME

(be real)

They didn't owe you anything in the Dragonpit, you were losing. And they certainly don't owe you anything now.

He begins walking toward her as he continues.

JAIME
Jon Snow has turned out to be the secret son of Rhaegar Targaryen. He's tamed Daenerys' second dragon, married her, and brought the rest of the kingdoms to their cause on her behalf. He's flying here now with an army at his back.

A version of this story had already reached Cersei's attention, but hearing it like this from Jaime is much worse.

JAIME

Daenerys, meanwhile, has helped Yara Greyjoy seize the throne of the Iron Islands. Euron Greyjoy is dead, and his thousand ships belong to your enemies now. Tyrion has swayed the Golden Company to their side as well. They're sailing here now, to join the fight against the dead. And against you, if need be.

Jaime has reached the top of the dais by now. He looks down at Cersei as she sits upon her meaningless throne.

JAIME

It's over, Cersei. You've lost.

Even faced with this harsh reality, Cersei clings to her regal bearing. She refuses to break down in despair, refuses to avert her defiant gaze from Jaime's face.

CERSEI

Why did you come here?

Jaime hesitates. He kneels down at Cersei's side and looks earnestly up into her face.

JAIME

I came to help you.

CERSEI

Rather late for that.

JAIME

It's not. There's a way.

Cersei is listening, hopeful in spite of everything, hating herself for it.

JAIME

They're going to win no matter what you do. But they'd rather do it quickly and without bloodshed.

CERSEI

Of course they do.

JAIME

Listen to me. The dead are coming south. If the Night King takes King's Landing, it's over, for everyone. Daenerys is willing to let you escape to Essos, if you yield the city peacefully.
CERSEI

(acerbic)

You believe that.

JAIME

I know it, I know them.

CERSEI

No. Not here, not in my hearing--

JAIME

Cersei...

CERSEI

The moment I board my ship, they'll torch it from the sky, or are you so stupid (as to believe that they'll--)

JAIME

(interrupting)

Do you remember Jon Snow in the Dragonpit? Do you really think he would start lying now? They don't need to be clever with you, they've already won. They're telling the truth.

For all her pride, Cersei realizes that he's right. Uncertainty and self-doubt play openly on her face now.

JAIME

Please, Cersei. We'll go together, we'll leave it all behind. We'll be together like we always wanted -- nobody will say a word.

Part of Cersei wants that so badly that it hurts. She hesitates.

JAIME

Please. They'll even let our child reclaim Casterly Rock. If you won't do it for yourself, do it for them. Give our child a chance to live.

A change comes over Cersei's face. Tears begin welling in her eyes despite her fierce efforts to hold them back. Her walls begin to crumble before Jaime's eyes.

JAIME

...Cersei?

CERSEI

(whisper)

I lost the child.
Jaime is sincerely shocked. Cersei collapses into her grief.

CERSEI

(tearful)

Everything was going well. We were so healthy, both of us. Then one night I woke up, and I was bleeding, and...

She starts to cry in earnest -- ugly wracking sobs. Jaime moves up and wraps his arms around her. She cries helplessly into his shoulder. In this moment, they are two bereaved parents. Everything else has fallen away.

The empty throne room echoes with the sound of Cersei's grief. Jaime rocks her, murmuring indistinctly to her.

Finally, at long last, Cersei pulls herself back together. She pushes Jaime away, fighting her way out of his embrace. Jaime looks stricken.

CERSEI

You should leave.

JAIME

Cersei...

CERSEI

There's nothing left for you here.

JAIME

There's you.

Cersei is silent.

JAIME

Cersei, you have to surrender. You have no choice.

CERSEI

I always have a choice.

Jaime cannot believe it. He stares at her, hardly able to comprehend what he sees in Cersei's face: she's refusing the terms. She's refusing to surrender.

JAIME

What will you do?

Cersei is silent.

Jaime is trapped in a nightmare. He backs away from her, casting his gaze helplessly around the throne room. It lands upon the barrels stacked up behind the throne.
JAIME

What's in these barrels?

He says it like it's a question, even though he knows the answer. Cersei's silence only confirms it.

JAIME

What are you planning to do with this?

(starting to panic)

What. Are you going. To do?

CERSEI

You should leave this city.

She'd meant it as a threat, but it comes out sounding almost like a plea. A flicker of frightened humanity shows itself in her eyes, just for a moment.

Jaime stares at her.

JAIME

I can't leave.

CERSEI

You think I'll let you take me prisoner? Drag me before my enemies? You think you'll make it (out of this--)

JAIME

(interrupting)

I love you.

A long beat. She looks like she's trying to come up with something acidic to say. But what finally comes out is:

CERSEI

Even after all I've done?

JAIME

Even after all you've done.

He moves back toward her.

JAIME

You're mine, and I'm yours. I followed you into this world. I will follow you out of it.

He touches her cheek with his good hand.
JAIME

I will never leave you again.

She stares at him, fighting herself, but finally she's unable to hold it in. A look of exquisite vulnerability and love comes over her face. She pulls him in. They kiss each other tenderly, passionately. It lingers on and on.

Then, with a sudden violent motion, Jaime grabs her by the neck and slams her back against the throne. Cersei thrashes reflexively, her hands flying to her throat. She claws frantically at his hand. Her eyes are wide and horrified, staring at him in disbelief.

Around her neck, beneath Jaime's strangling grip, Qyburn's vial hangs useless -- its seal unbroken, its contents undrunk.

JAIME

(crying)

I love you. I love you. I'm sorry. I love you.

He repeats this until he is crying too hard to speak anymore. Cersei kicks and writhes, her body taken over by an uncontrollable animal survival instinct. Her eyes roll back as she heaves futilely for air, then return to stare at him, terrified and pleading. The terrible moment seems to go on forever.

Then -- finally -- the life fades from Cersei's eyes as her scrabbling hands slow in their movements, then stop, then fall limp to her sides. Her eyes gaze out, frozen in a look of helpless heartbreak.

Jaime slowly releases his hold, shaking and weeping. Cersei's body slumps forward against his shoulder. He kisses her temple and gently closes her eyes. He gathers her limp body into his arms, picks her up from the Iron Throne, and lays her gently down upon the dais.

He walks to a candle burning on the wall, draws his sword, and slices off the tip. It falls to the floor, extinguishing as it lands. He walks over to the barrels and pierces one of them. Bright green liquid spills out and begins to pool on the floor.

He lets his sword fall to the ground with a careless clatter -- Widow's Wail, the sword that his dead son had named, a sword that had been reforged from Ice to be an heirloom for their soon-to-be-extinct family.

He picks up the candle nub and re-lights it from another wall-mounted candle. He sets the burning nub down in the gathering puddle of wildfire.

Then he returns to Cersei and lays down next to her, gathering her body tenderly into his arms. He gazes into her face, and kisses her gently, lovingly -- on her forehead, on her closed eyes, on her lips. Then squeezes her tight and closes his eyes.

BOOM.

END OF EPISODE 809

Chapter End Notes
And thus we conclude episode S08E09 - "Three Queens."

FYI, I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings). Other than that, I'd love to hear any comments or reactions you might have! It's strange, but my brain has a really hard time believing that hits, kudos etc represent real people... the silly thing only believes in comments. Even though I've been publishing this project since May 2018, every single new comment still lights up my whole day. :)

There's a total of eleven episodes currently planned. S08E10 is still in progress, but I will continue publishing daily for now. Normally I wait until an episode is completely written before I begin porting it to AO3, but right now I'm excited to keep momentum up. Just be advised that I might have to take a short mid-episode hiatus to rebuild my backlog.

You can find more GoT fic (e.g. one-shots, "deleted scenes") on my website. My own site is my primary publishing platform, and will always have the most recently-released content for S8 as well:

S08E01 - "Fealty"
S08E02 - "The Truth"
S08E03 - "Silence"
S08E04 - "The Queen's Man"
S08E05 - "Last Hearth"
S08E06 - "The Lonely Hills"
S08E07 - "Winterfell"
S08E08 - "Seven Kingdoms"
S08E09 - "Three Queens"
S08E10 - "The One Who Was Promised"

Thanks for reading. <3
**Army converge on King's Landing.**

**EXT. STREETS OF KING'S LANDING - DAY**

TONGUE OF GREEN FLAME flicker within the slow-churning mushroom cloud. A crowd gathers as KING'S LANDING COMMONERS come out into the streets to stare, murmuring their alarm and confusion. They throng up all around the Hound, every eye fixed upon the spectacle.

**INT. RED KEEP - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THRONE ROOM - DAY**

QYBURN coughs violently, sprawled on the floor. THE MOUNTAIN crouches over him, shielding him with his armored body.

Qyburn moves him aside, squinting painfully against the smoke.

Qyburn's POV: smoke drifts out of the throne room entranceway and up toward the corridor's high ceiling. The throne room's heavy doors have been blasted open. The bodies of Cersei's non-Mountain QUEENSGUARD lay on the floor, indistinct in the haze.

Qyburn takes a few moments to absorb this change in circumstances.

He picks himself up off the floor. He's still coughing, and his eyes are watery from the smoke, but he is otherwise remarkably composed.

QYBURN

Come, Ser Gregor.

Slowly, ominously, Frankenstein and his Monster disappear into the shadowy depths of the deserted castle.
FYI, I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings). Even general impressions are kinda spoilery to me. I'm SUPER excited for the new season, I just want to stay immersed in my version for just a bit longer, since I'm so close to finishing it.

Also, I will be happier and more productive if you do not insult the canon TV series. I like the show a lot, I like D&D, and insults make me sad.

Other than that, comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3
EXT. NARROW SEA - DAY

Chapter Notes

I am using a custom work skin to get authentic-looking script formatting. If it's not rendering correctly for you, you can also view this chapter at https://www.aliceshipwise.com/gameofthrones/scripts/S08E10_the_one_who_was_promised_part1.html where I have deeper control over the HTML/CSS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EXT. NARROW SEA - DAY

The golden kraken flies proud on a thousand black sails as they sail in formation over the open sea. The ships are full of GOLDEN COMPANY MEN and horses and elephants.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN flies between the ships on DROGON's back. Sails snap and strain with the wind of his passing wingbeats. Dany pulls him up, swooping upward on the sea breeze.

YARA GREYJOY looks up from the bow of her ship. Her stance is strong -- warrior-like and queenly, her great armada at her back. She watches Drogon fly overhead.

Elsewhere, TYRION LANNISTER, MELISANDRE, and HARRY STRICKLAND stand alert on deck, the wind blowing in their hair.

Yara turns her gaze forward -- west across the Narrow Sea.

EXT. KING'S LANDING LANDSCAPE - DAY

Meanwhile: a huge land army marches east toward King's Landing, just visible on the horizon. Dozens of different sigils fly on countless banners, fluttering over rank after rank of WESTEROSI SOLDIERS. LORD LEO LEFFORD, GENDRY, and SAMWELL TARLY ride at the heads of their respective columns.

Behind the army: a refugee horde. COMMONERS from throughout the kingdoms. These are the people with no other fortress to run to, whose lords had no room in their castles. The people who were smart enough and mobile enough to run, at least.

We spend a humanizing moment on one little family among thousands. The FATHER tows a two-wheeled handcart loaded with meager supplies and provisions. The MOTHER carries a BABY in her arms. The ELDERLY GRANDPARENTS lead a gaggle of CHILDREN of varying ages, holding hands in a daisy chain. They all look tired and sore from hard travel.

A shadow falls over them. They look up.

JON SNOW flies overhead on RHAEGAL's back. His gaze is intent, looking ahead to the great city that he's here to claim.

EXT. KING'S LANDING BATTLEMENTS - LATER

Jon's army has arrived. The soldiers stand at attention in a sea of orderly formations, just outside the
walls of King's Landing. Rhaegal circles commandingly overhead like a monstrous bird of prey.

BRONN stands atop the battlements, looking out at them all. Around him, the GOLD CLOAKS of the City Watch look about ready to shit themselves.

Bronn turns to them.

BRONN

Alright, lads. Open the gates.

They give him a look: we really, really hope you know what you're doing.

They open the gates.

EXT. STREETS OF KING'S LANDING - DAY

The citizens of King's Landing hide in their homes, peering fearfully through the chinks of their boarded-up windows. But there is no burning, no pillaging, no raping. No violence of any kind. Soldiers march past in an endless steady tromp. It is a bloodless conquest.

Rhaegar's cries echo triumphally over the capital.

EXT. KING'S LANDING AERIAL - DAY

His shadow skims across the red-tiled roofs of King's Landing -- an image straight out of Bran's rapid-fire Three-Eyed Raven visions.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Jon looks down upon the city from the air, scanning the ground like an eagle.

EXT. RED KEEP AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Jon's POV: the Red Keep throne room sits exposed below, its roof a blasted ruin.

[N.B.: by now, the wildfire has burned itself away, and the smoke has had time to clear.]

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Jon stares down at this troubling sight.

Chapter End Notes

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Other than that, comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated.

<3
EXT. DRAGONSTONE HARBOR - DAY

The Iron Fleet has arrived now at Dragonstone. The ships rock gently at anchor as men climb gingerly down rope ladders into waiting rowboats.

EXT. DRAGONSTONE CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Dany stands upon a cliff, with the castle visible behind her. She waits, gazing up into the sky.

Dany's POV: Rhaegal soars in over Dragonstone's harbor, proud and majestic as he comes in over her head for a landing. The sight directly echoes Dany's own Dragonstone arrival over Jon's head, back in 705.

Rhaegal lands, shaking the ground beneath his feet. Jon dismounts, climbing down Rhaegal's shoulder and wing with practiced ease. Dany watches him with an intensity that is almost indecent.

[N.B.: Jon is carrying a sword-shaped bundle in one hand, wrapped in cloth.]

Jon locks eyes with Dany as Rhaegal stretches his wings and takes off into the sky once more, whipping the cliff with a turbulent wind.

Without even a word of hello, they come together in a kiss. They've missed each other, and it shows. Jon looks her in the face as they pull apart. He's been saving this line for weeks:

JON

(deadpan)

I found you more kingdoms.

Dany gives him a look. There's no need to wrap this in poetry: the look is Pure Horniness.

She pulls him bodily to the ground, right there on the cliff.

CUT TO:

Targaryen armor lies discarded in a sexy, careless heap.

Some distance away, our power couple walks along the cliff, mildly disheveled, talkin' shop.
JON
The dragons would be safer here on the island.

DANY
If we leave them here, we limit our possibilities.

JON
We can't risk them, Dany.

DANY
We'll keep our distance when the attack comes -- out over the bay where the Night King can't follow. We'll be able to see everything that's happening. And we won't use them unless we must.

Jon gives her a skeptical look.

DANY
You're cautious. But sometimes boldness is wiser than caution.

That provokes a sudden smile.

DANY
What's funny?

JON
Do you know you're the only person who calls me cautious?

Dany gives him a look that's half annoyed, half fond.

JON
We'll always be tempted to use the dragons. Even when we shouldn't.

DANY
You sound like Ser Jaime.

Jon's expression changes. Dany picks up on it.

DANY
What.

JON
(quiet)

Jaime's dead.

She stops walking.
DANY

What?

JON

He took our terms to Cersei. She refused them.

He hesitates.

DANY

And?

JON

He blew up the throne room with both of them in it.

Dany absorbs that. They stand together in silence for a beat.

Dany takes a deep breath.

DANY

Well...

She looks at him.

DANY

(anticlimactic)

I suppose I'm queen now.

Jon appreciates the dark humor.

JON

Long may she reign.

They stand together in silence for Jaime, a bit longer. Then Jon gives Dany a look and begins unraveling the cloth from the long bundle he's carrying.

JON

The Hound retrieved this from the throne room, after.

The cloth falls away, revealing a sheathed sword with a hilt styled in Targaryen fashion.

JON

I had a new hilt made for you.

He hands it to her.

She gives him a quizzical look, then slips it out of its sheath by an inch. Her eyes widen at the distinctive rippled pattern of Valyrian steel.
JON

You came closer to the Night King than any of us. He was half a heartbeat from killing you at Winterfell. If that happens again... I think you should at least be armed.

DANY

Jon, I'm not a warrior.

JON

Yes you are.

(beat)

You won't become a swordsman overnight, but I can teach you a few basics.

He takes it from her, draws it fully from the sheath and offers her the hilt. She takes it, gingerly.

JON

It's the sister blade to mine. I think you were meant to have it.

Dany looks up at him, absorbing the significant implication. She turns Widow's Wail this way and that in the light. Jon watches her, then moves in close to correct her grip.

Chapter End Notes

**FYI, I haven't watched any Actual Season 8 yet**, so please kindly keep spoilers out of your comments for now (or use spoiler warnings).

Other than that, comments, reactions, and feedback of any kind are eagerly appreciated. <3

Unfortunately I have to take a bit of hiatus until my backlog has built back up. But in the meantime, you can find more GoT fic (e.g. one-shots, "deleted scenes") on my [website](#).

Btw, sorry for not replying to comments lately. My scripts have been blowing up on the internet and stuff is crazy. But I do see every one and appreciate every one. <3 You're the best.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!