

GAME OF THRONES
SEASON 8, EPISODE 4

"NIGHTFALL"

Written by

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INT. CERSEI'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Everything is a picture of voluptuous debauchery, from the empty wine glasses to the embroidered, ruffled bedspread. EURON GREYJOY gets out of bed, nude. CERSEI LANNISTER rouses for a moment, looks at him, then returns to sleep.

In this shot, as in all others this episode, Cersei is about FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT and starting to show.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CERSEI'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Euron, some time later, half-dressed, staring into nothingness. LIGHT SNOW falls around him. He takes a small flat stone from the table, murmurs something to it in a vaguely demonic language, and lobs it into the sea.

CUT TO:

INT. CERSEI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An hour or so later, judging by the snow piling up outside. Euron's about to walk back to bed when a WRAPPED OBJECT by the door grabs his attention. It wasn't there before. It's large and vaguely U-shaped, wrapped in strange embroidered cloth.

Euron watches Cersei carefully as he picks up the object.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CERSEI'S BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Euron, with the object on the table before him. He unwraps the cloth, revealing an antique, sinister-looking HORN. As he looks at it, the last traces of Euron's goofy, theatrical persona melt away, leaving a stony core.

Euron glances behind him at Cersei, without lust--without any human feeling. He re-wraps the horn and stares out at the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT KEEP STORAGE ROOM RAFTERS - NIGHT

ARYA STARK clings to the rafters, high above the STORAGE ROOM from EPISODE 3. She looks down as WIGHTS storm into the room. Carefully, quietly, she makes her way up through the rafters, holding her breath.

We follow ARYA up through the rafters. It's hard going, with only one arm. She ventures a look down, and so do we--

P.O.V. SHOT of TWO WHITE WALKERS standing in the doorway. THEON'S corpse lies near them. They survey the room, look up. They wait, but hear and see nothing.

One walker looks over, sees the SERVANT'S DOORWAY behind the large pile, walks to it. He flings it open, dispersing the heavy grain bags. He shakes his head.

The other White Walker surveys the room, waiting for--a sound, a drop of blood, any tell. Arya stays absolutely still in the darkness.

The White Walkers survey the room, prod Theon's corpse. One raises his arms; Theon opens his eyes, now bright blue, and gets to his feet. The White Walkers leave the room. All the WIGHTS, Theon included, follow.

ARYA climbs up and up into the darkness. Thumping and rattling from the WINTERFELL CRYPTS rises on the soundtrack as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LYANNA'S CRYPT - NIGHT

MISSANDEI and FIRST GUARD stare at something at the crypt's back wall. Dimmer lighting than EPISODE 3--a few torches have gone out.

REVERSE SHOT: It's the cavern from EPISODE 3. A DRAGON'S EGG stands inside it, just visible in the half-light. It's dark, beautiful, reptilian, and yet somehow Stark-like in its design.

MISSANDEI

It's not going to bite you.

FIRST GUARD

You pick it up, then.

She does, hefting it by the bottom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSANDEI

It's heavy.

FIRST GUARD

Could be decorative.

MISSANDEI

It's not.

FIRST GUARD

How do you know? You ever seen a dragon's egg?

MISSANDEI

My Queen has.

As Second Guard talks, Missandei realizes that Daenerys is dead.

FIRST GUARD

Queen Daenerys? I saw her when she came through the gates. Are you her Lady-in-Waiting?

MISSANDEI

I was her advisor.

BEAT.

FIRST GUARD

You need help carrying that?

MISSANDEI

You'll need your sword.

FIRST GUARD

For what?

BEAT. They look again to Lyanna's tomb.

FIRST GUARD (cont'd)

Maybe they'll break themselves apart against the stone.

First Guard walks out of the crypt. Missandei, still holding the dragon egg, pauses and places a hand on Lyanna's tomb.

A faint sound of FALLING BRICKS enters the soundtrack, rising until the cut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MISSANDEI
 (in Naathi)
 (May the Lord of Harmony restore you
 to grace.)

Missandei leaves, with a fearful look toward the back of the crypt.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYJOY SHIP DECK - NIGHT

YARA GREYJOY paces the deck. SNOW falls gently around her; the sea around her is glass-still. We can see her breath in the cold. An IRONBORN ADVISOR sidles up to her.

YARA
 It'll take ages to reach Pyke, with
 wind like this.

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 Our ravens have already reached our
 men. They will expect Queen Daenerys
 and her dragons, should it come to
 that. No one will harm them.

YARA
 None of ours, you mean.

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 Worry about your uncle's fleet, if
 you must. We cannot weather storms in
 other seas.

YARA
 We don't have the provisions for an
 extra month. We're almost out of
 lemons.
 (looking up)
 What is the hour? Feels like dawn
 should have come ages ago.

The Ironborn Advisor looks up at the sky. A few stars peek out behind the clouds. Something he sees there troubles him. When he looks back to Yara, he's distracted.

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 Please excuse me, My Queen. I must
 consult the almanac. That
 constellation, the Sword of the
 Morning, should not be there, and
 yet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

What's wrong?

IRONBORN ADVISOR

Pray that it is nothing.

Yara nods, dismissing him. The Ironborn Advisor hurries away. Yara looks up into the cloud-covered sky; the sails hang, deflated and black against the gloom.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

JON and DAENERYS, as we left them in EPISODE 3: wounded and stranded. Snow falls thickly around them. Dany's gone numb, beyond tears or screaming. Jon holds her close, tries to keep her warm.

JON

We must leave, Your Grace.

Jon tries pulling her to her feet, but she's dead weight in his arms.

JON (cont'd)

The snow isn't going to stop. If we're to survive--

DAENERYS

I don't want to survive.

(BEAT)

My children are dead. Worse than dead. Their bodies move without them.

JON

You may be the only person who can put them to rest. All the mothers in the world could lose their children-- could feel the pain you're feeling right now--if you stop fighting.

DAENERYS

If I stop fighting, the pain will end. For all of us.

OFF Jon, horrified.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

I must sleep now. I have never been so tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JON
Your Grace. Daenerys--Dany! You
mustn't--

Daenerys collapses in the snow. Jon kneels down to her, looks around. There must be some way down this cliff. In the distance, RHAEGAL wheels around the ruins of Winterfell.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE WINTERFELL - NIGHT

A WHITE WALKER rides RHAEGAL, as he circles the GREAT KEEP.

Down below, WIGHTS file out of the Great Keep, out of WINTERFELL, and trudge down the BATTLEFIELD. They're headed south, headed by a long procession of WHITE WALKERS. More white walkers bring up the rear.

Back to Rhaegal, now inhaling, gathering strength for a giant fire blast.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT KEEP RAFTERS - NIGHT

Silence. For what feels like minutes, nothing happens; not even a sound. A distant dragon roar fills the air.

Blue fire fills the screen, obliterating the wood and melting the stone.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT KEEP STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Melted stones, dripping with blue cinders, fall in the empty room. We PUSH IN on the SERVANT'S DOORWAY as the walls melt.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT KEEP SERVANT'S PASSAGE - NIGHT

ARYA STARK, running somewhere deep in the castle, the stones glowing blue around her. She finds and enters an EARTHEN TUNNEL behind a modest door. The stones glow brighter and brighter; the door catches fire and smolders.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

The door of the crypt, still intact--for now. CORPSES of the other guards, hastily impaled with DRAGONGLASS SHARDS, lay in heaps on the steps and the ground nearby. RHAEGAL'S roars and dragonfire come through the door.

FALLING BRICKS, from the other end of the tunnel, fill the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. WELL-LIT WINTERFELL CRYPT - NIGHT

A crypt closer to the entrance and better lit than Lyanna's, basically identical but without a cave in back. FIRST GUARD and MISSANDEI, the latter holding the DRAGON'S EGG, lie flat in the back.

FIRST GUARD

That's them, then? Those falling bricks. I wonder if they'll get us before the dragons do.

MISSANDEI

I used to wonder what my last words would be. Now...what is there to say?

FIRST GUARD

I wish my mother was here. It's been so long since I saw her. I can't remember her face.

MISSANDEI

My mother. Perhaps we will--

BACK TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

DRACARYS! Blue flames burn through the CRYPT DOORWAY and roll down the main hall and into the crypts, burning everything in their path.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BELOW WINTERFELL - NIGHT

Narrow, cramped tunnels. Roots break through the roof. The walls are part ancient stone, part earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Art and decoration down here is conspicuously older, ancient even. JAIME and BRIENNE--the latter hefting BRAN, and still wearing the CLOAK Jaime gave her in EPISODE 3--walk stooped over. Jaime holds a guttering torch.

RHAEGAL'S roaring carries over, muted and at a distance, into this shot; ambient VIBRATIONS and HUMS tell us that something big is going on, not directly overhead, but within a few miles. Dirt crumbles and falls from the ceiling.

JAIME

That's not our dragon, is it? Do we have a dragon anymore?

No response. THUMP. A clump of dirt falls and hits Jaime square on the head.

JAIME (cont'd)

Did you ever think you'd spend your last hours stooped over, in full armor, running through a mole maze in the North?

No reaction from Brienne, whose thousand-yard stare rivals Bran's.

JAIME (cont'd)

What songs do you think they'll write about us? The bards, I mean. What kind of legends will live on after we're dead?

Nothing. Jaime, worried, affects a comically arrogant manner.

JAIME (cont'd)

They'll sing songs about you. "Brienne the Beauty." Not a word about your swordsmanship or your honor. Just your flaxen hair and the shape of your mouth. Nothing like the real you at all.

(BEAT)

Maybe they'll say we're cowards. The lone survivors of the Battle of Winterfell, Brienne the Beauty and the Kingslayer, running from a good death...

BRIENNE

Protectors of the Three-Eyed Raven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAIME

You make it sound heroic.

BRIENNE

Guardians of the Last Greenseer.

JAIME

Marvelous.

BRIENNE

They won't say how you dragged me from battle and tried to fuck me when you thought we'd die.

JAIME

(astonished,
delighted)

Ser Brienne, the very idea! We aren't even married.

BRIENNE

Are we not?

BEAT. The question lingers in the air. Brienne instinctively pulls Jaime's cloak around herself. She's badly hurt; blackish bruises cover parts of her face and chest. The nasty cut on her forehead still weeps with blood. Jaime takes a step toward her.

JAIME

That cut'll get infected without dressing. If we had some moldy bread...

(searches himself)

Or wine. Beer. Any spirits...I think I dropped my flask while we were running for our lives. You don't have a flask on you, do you Bran?

BRAN

No.

JAIME

Thought not. What is it you drink, anyway? Or eat. Do you eat anything?

No answer.

JAIME (cont'd)

Maybe we'll find the only underground brewery in Westeros, if we keep walking long enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIENNE
I have a flask.

OFF Jaime's astonishment.

JAIME
(laughs)
Do you?

BRIENNE
(shifting to get it)
We could have been out there for
days. No supply lines--

JAIME
Of course.

Brienne smiles back, a little, as she hands him her FLASK. He opens it, pours a little wine over her head wound. Ouch. He offers it to her. She takes the flask and hands it to Bran.

BRIENNE
(to both)
This must last.

Bran drinks. Jaime sits down, watches Brienne take a drink. she holds out the flask to him. Smoke from the torch pools above them.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTERFELL RUINS - NIGHT

What's left of Winterfell lies in melted heaps. SNOW and SLUSH cover the ruins, and the ground. A few bodies litter the battlefield, impaled by dragonglass or burnt beyond recognition. A few bloody feathers float on the breeze.

A WHITE WALKER ON HORSEBACK surveys the ruins, looks around. If we can see Rhaegal, he's a speck in the distance.

A distant echo of BRICKS FALLING rises on the soundtrack as the White Walker turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

JON holds a numb, grief-stricken DAENERYS. SNOW FALLS thickly around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JON

Your Grace.

(no response)

We must take the path down before
more snow falls.

DAENERYS

Why? Die here, die there, die from
the dead. Die in an amber room
beneath a golden blanket. It matters
not.

JON

It matters to those who live after
us.

DAENERYS

None will live after us. Did you not
see? The age of man is at an end.

(BEAT)

Khal Drogo's baby died in my womb. I
didn't know I could feel such pain. I
thought I would die from it. This is
worse.

JON

Your Grace.

She looks to him.

JON (cont'd)

If you had died instead, your
dragons--your children would have
burnt the world down for you. If you
truly don't care how you die, then
die with me. Fighting. Honor them
thus.

OFF Daenerys, still unmoved.

JON (cont'd)

I can't leave you, and I can't stay
here. I can try to carry you down,
but that would kill us both.

DAENERYS

Carry me down then.

LONG BEAT. Jon struggles for something to say.

JON

"A Targaryen alone in the world is a
terrible thing."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JON (cont'd)

Maester Aemon said that to me once,
when I first came to Castle Black.

A flicker of recognition in Dany's eyes.

JON (cont'd)

Your great-uncle was a good man, full
of love for his family. His last
years were marked by tremendous
sorrow, but he did his duty with
honor and strength. The same strength
I see in you.

(BEAT)

That strength led you here, back to
Westeros, after enduring trials that
would have broken stronger men.

(taking her hand)

And you're not alone now.

DAENERYS

The last Targaryen in Westeros.

(BEAT)

Where was Maester Aemon when Jaime
Lannister slaughtered my father and
Robert Baratheon usurped the throne?
Where was he when my uncle's children
were killed like dogs? Where was his
strength then? Where was his love for
his family?

OFF Jon's relief. Finally, an emotion!

JON

It was love for his family that led
him North, away from the intrigues of
King's Landing. His love let your
grandfather and father rule in his
stead. When all the world dismissed
the Army of the Dead, Maester Aemon
sent ravens to all the houses of the
Seven Kingdoms. Warning them. Asking
for help.

(BEAT)

Sam told him about you and your
dragons. He knew that you fought
alone for your birthright while he
lay dying at the Wall. He loved you,
Your Grace. If he could have met you,
he would have...

Jon, overcome by emotion, turns away. Daenerys takes his
hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAENERYS

Perhaps he has met me, through you. I
can almost see his eyes in yours.

Dany kisses Jon's forehead, then gets up and walks toward
the path. Jon, mystified by this comment, watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CERSEI'S BALCONY - MORNING

CERSEI, shrouded in a beautiful coat, drinks wine and gazes
at the sea. She's not quite drunk, but close to it. It's a
beautiful day, with just a LIGHT DUSTING OF SNOW.

EURON enters without looking at her, walks to the rail, and
stares out at the sea. Something's on his mind; something
dark. She smiles absently at him.

CERSEI

I almost didn't recognize you. Did
you sleep well?

EURON

How many priests are there in King's
Landing?

Cersei recoils from the stony, unfeeling tone of Euron's
voice. She recoils more when he turns and stares at her with
shark eyes.

CERSEI

(playing innocent)
Priests of what faith?

EURON

Any faith. The Seven, the Drowned
God, the Lord of Light, the God of
Many Faces. The Apple Goddess. The
Butter-Colored Monarch. How many are
there?

CERSEI

(trying to play
innocent)
Thousands, I'm sure. Why?

EURON

The Army of the Dead draw closer by
the day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EURON (cont'd)

What's to stop Daenerys Targaryen from flying to safety, letting the dead destroy all of Westeros, and burning down whatever's left? What stops her from becoming Queen of the ashes?

CERSEI

Do be serious, Lord Euron. "The Army of the Dead." They'll trip over their own anklebones before they reach the neck. Even if they do have a dragon.

EURON

Can you win a war against two armies and three dragons?

CERSEI

What second army? The Stark and Targaryen forces will be decimated by the fighting up north. Whatever remnants survive will be too exhausted to mount an attack.

(BEAT)

What does this have to do with... priests?

EURON

Rumors have swirled around you ever since the destruction of the Sept.

Cersei moves to speak. Euron holds up his hand.

EURON (cont'd)

The people of King's Landing call you the Godless Queen. They say you would slay the Seven if it bought you an hour on the throne. Things are even worse at court. Men openly plot against you to curry favor with Septons. You have no allies. You have no friends.

He takes her hand.

EURON (cont'd)

Except one.

Euron's awful, William-Sargent-esque stare fills the silence. Cersei forces herself not to recoil; there really is something wrong with this boy, but what he says is true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EURON (cont'd)
Fetch all of your priests and holy
men. Bring them to the throne room.
When they come to your side, so will
the city.

Cersei gives Euron her best enigmatic look, suppressing the
discomfort, even terror, she now feels.

CERSEI
You have a way of putting things.

She forces herself squeeze his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BELOW WINTERFELL - NIGHT

An impassive, white-eyed BRAN, carried over JAIME'S
shoulder. BRIENNE, mid-laugh, holds a torch and walks before
them.

BRIENNE
(to JAIME)
He did not.

JAIME
He did. Well, he asked me if a stag
could mount a lion. At the time, I
thought it was a political jab, but
in hindsight--

BRIENNE
A black lie. You flatter yourself.

JAIME
Of course I flatter myself. Does that
surprise you? Do you not know me?
(BEAT)
Would you like to?

Brienne doesn't yield to temptation, but she blushes.

BRIENNE
The dead could attack us at any
moment.

JAIME
Then we must live while we can.

BRIENNE
Until we reach safety--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAIME

--we shall never reach safety.

Brienne turns to him. This, again? Attraction and anger meld on her face. Jaime takes a step towards her.

BEAT as they teeter on the precipice.

BRIENNE

You saved the innocent from
destruction once. Save them again.

(nodding to Bran)

At least save this one.

Jaime looks at Bran, sighs. Cockblocked yet again. It's what he deserves!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

JON and DAENERYS make their way carefully down the cliff face via a narrow, steep path. The WOLFSWOOD stretches out beyond them, as far as the eye can see.

DAENERYS

Where are we?

JON

At the Eastern edge of the Rills.

(pointing)

That's the Wolfswood to our North.

The closest town is South of here, on
Lake Tallhart.

DAENERYS

Perhaps they've fallen as well.

JON

Perhaps.

(change the subject)

We should reach ground by nightfall.

We'll make camp South of the
mountain, away from the wind. I have
enough bread for both of us.

DAENERYS

I wonder if the fish have died in
Lake Tallhart.

JON

I'm sure some have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAENERYS

I mean all of them.

BEAT. Jon squints up at the sky. How much time do they really have?

JON

The Night King cannot raise the dead from underwater. Not that I have ever seen or heard. We might fish--

DAENERYS

We should have died with our men.

JON

We survive because of your dragon's love for you. There is no dishonor in that.

DAENERYS

It isn't dishonor I fear.

JON

What do you fear then?

DAENERYS

I no longer know. I feel nothing beyond this pain.

OFF Jon's heartbreak and powerlessness.

JON

I have no children. I don't know what it's like to lose them. I would bring them back for you if I could--

(very poor choice of words!)

Forgive me, Your Grace. I only meant that I would take your pain into myself.

DAENERYS

You would not.

JON

I would, for you.

(BEAT)

Do you need another cloak? I'll give you mine, if you're cold.

DAENERYS

What is it like to die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jon hesitates. There's a dangerous look in Dany's eye.

JON

Swear to me that you won't find out for yourself. I would never let you die alone in the snow. Please do me the same courtesy.

LONG BEAT as Dany considers this.

DAENERYS

(with difficulty)

I swear to it, on the names of my dragons, Drogon, Viserion, and Rhaegal. I will honor them through my pain.

Jon walks to Dany and pulls her into an embrace. She neither returns nor resists it.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BELOW WINTERFELL - NIGHT

ARYA makes her way through absolute darkness, listening to the silence. Her left arm is in a makeshift RAG SLING.

She turns a corner, hears VOICES, and sees a distant, guttering light.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BELOW WINTERFELL - MOMENTS LATER

The source of the voices: JAIME and BRIENNE, the latter holding a nearly-extinguished torch. BRAN, still white-eyed, is slung over Brienne's shoulder. Jaime pushes against a solid WOODEN DOORWAY.

BRIENNE

Can you not shift it?

JAIME

I can feel it give.

BRIENNE

Does it give, or do you only think it does?

JAIME

Try it yourself, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands up, glares at Brienne--but she's looking over his shoulder. He turns and sees ARYA standing silent behind him, her arm still in a sling.

JAIME (cont'd)
 Seven hells!
 (to ARYA)
 Where'd you come from?

ARYA
 That door doesn't work. The real exit
 is two miles up. Come.

They follow her through the darkness.

BRIENNE
 (to ARYA)
 Lord Theon is dead.

Arya nods solemnly.

BRIENNE (cont'd)
 Is he one of the others?

ARYA
 He was when I saw him last. It
 wasn't...there was nothing of him
 left. His body stood and walked out
 with the rest. Then the dragon
 destroyed the Great Keep. I saw
 stones glowing and melting from blue
 fire.

BRIENNE
 How did you escape?

ARYA
 Secret passage. It was a near thing.

JAIME
 The Gods must favor you above all
 others. We thought you were dead.

ARYA
 I should be, by rights.

JAIME
 We all should be.

CUT TO:

INT. WOLFSWOOD TUNNEL EXIT - NIGHT

A cramped, stony cave. Twilight issues from the narrow passage above them. BRIENNE, JAIME and ARYA stoop over, Brienne holding BRAN across her body. Jaime holds the almost-extinguished torch.

ARYA

I'll go up first to scout. If it's safe, I'll clap twice.

(dead serious)

Count down from two hundred in your mind. If you do not hear two claps, go back the way you came. Turn right at the path by the broken clay statue. That will take you to the East fork of White Knife.

Arya clammers up the rock face to the passage above, using her one good arm to steady herself.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFSWOOD FOREST - NIGHT

The Wolfswood, a dense, old-growth forest in winter. Growls, roars, and gargles--animal and undead--fill the air. A distant sound of RUSHING WATER underlays the quiet of the scene.

Arya emerges from a small hole in the ground, half-hidden under a bush. She has her head out when she stops, eyes wide.

A WHITE WALKER and a dozen-odd WIGHTS do battle with about seventy WOLVES and a few DIREWOLVES. They're pretty evenly matched, though the wights seem to have the upper hand. One of the wolves has WHITE EYES.

The White Walker stares down Arya. The WHITE-EYED WOLF latches onto his leg. He looks down and kicks it off as if it's a chihuahua. Wolfie flies into the fray. When he looks back up, Arya's in front of him. NEEDLE's already piercing his throat.

Ruh-roh. White Walker go boom. All but one of the wights fall like their strings were cut. The remaining wolves gore this wight until he's mush.

Arya surveys the wight and wolf corpses. The living wolves and direwolves slowly walk towards her, submissively. Our WHITE-EYED WOLF walks with NYMERIA. Arya smiles.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFSWOOD FOREST - NIGHT

Hours later. JAIME and BRIENNE, BRAN, on BRIENNE'S back, and ARYA walk together, surrounded by NYMERIA and the WOLVES. Bran and the WHITE-EYED WOLF'S eyes are back to normal.

The sound of the RIVER grows louder as they walk.

ARYA

There's a riverboat hidden by the banks. We can take White Knife past the Barrowlands. They may not have fallen at White Harbor.

BRAN

They are falling now.

Arya rallies.

ARYA

We can make landfall on the Sister Islands. They will come to our aid.

BRAN

Would you trust an old riverboat in the waters of the Bite?

JAIME

We cannot stay in the woods. How many wights are within five miles of us?

BRAN

Fifty-eight.

JAIME

Oh, lovely.

BRAN

Give or take a quarter-mile.

JAIME

Well. That quarter-mile makes all the difference.

As the conversation continues, Jaime looks to Bran. Was that a joke? Is he developing a personality?

BRIENNE

How large is this riverboat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARYA

I haven't seen it since I was a child. It might have a plate-sized hole in its side by now.

BRIENNE

Will there be room for all of us?

BEAT as they realize that there won't be. Bran's eyes go white, and stay that way, but no one pays much attention.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

Lady Arya. You and Ser Jaime must escort Bran--

ARYA

You do not order me. I will not ride down (alone with the Kingslayer.)

BRIENNE

(OVER)

We must fight together or--

ARYA

"Together"? With him?

(to JAIME)

You stabbed your King in the back. You fucked your own sister and let your bastards sit on the Iron Throne. My father died (for your sin.)

BRIENNE

(OVER)

Ser Jaime has--

ARYA

(OVER, to BRIENNE)

You would have me ride down with a man I cannot trust? Sansa may have accepted him out of necessity, but--

Arya stops short. Her sister is dead. The thought never entered her mind until this moment. She stumbles away, grief-shocked.

JAIME

I will stay behind. Ser Brienne is seven times the fighter I am.

ARYA

Ser Brienne? Are there Lady Knights now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAIME

Ser Brienne's valor is beyond question. She's a better knight than many knights I've known. Better than I've ever been.

Three wolves rush into the forest. WIGHT GARGLES and WOLF YELPS reach them through the darkness. The wight sounds cease. One bloodied wolf, gored and already dying, emerges from the woods and collapses on the path.

Bran laughs, as if surprised. It's just as disturbing as it sounds. His eyes return to normal. They all slow to stare at him, even the wolves.

BRAN

We must go to Winterfell.

JAIME

Back through the tunnels?

BRAN

There are eighty wights between us and the tunnels. We'll have to take the river.

JAIME

What happened to fifty-eight within five miles?

BRAN

They're closing in.

They speed up. More wolves rush into the darkness--more screams, more yelps. This time none stumble out, but there are no more sounds.

ARYA

(quietly)

Winterfell is but rubble now.

JAIME

If we're lucky.

BRAN

There's life there. There isn't anywhere else close to White Knife.

JAIME

Most comforting.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE RIVER - NIGHT

A small river with water rushing through. BRIENNE and JAIME carry a large, dilapidated WOODEN BOAT to its shore.

ARYA carries BRAN on her shoulders. NYMERIA stands beside her, her hair up. She's looking around, worried. The pack is severely diminished in size; maybe three other wolves survive.

Bran whispers something to Arya.

JAIME

(to BRIENNE)

Don't fall overboard. You'll sink like a stone in armor like that.

(BEAT)

You should have accepted my invitation. We'll never get another chance.

In the background, Arya takes a few steps towards them. She's brandishing NEEDLE.

BRIENNE

(trying to tease)

Is it 'we' already?

A WOLF SCREAM jolts their attention away. WIGHTS crash through the underbrush, too numerous to count. NYMERIA rushes into the darkness.

Jaime rushes forward, drawing his sword.

Arya, still hefting Bran, runs to Brienne. We follow Brienne as she takes Bran, loads him into the boat. When she turns back, Arya's disappeared--it's only WIGHTS now. More and more rush out of the trees. Hopeless.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

(to JAIME)

COME ON!

Brienne helps Jaime board the riverboat. They push off from the shore, inches from the grasping hands of the wights. Brienne stabs a wight that latches onto Bran and nearly pulls him under.

The boat drifts away from the banks. The remaining wolves and direwolves die on the shore.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. RED KEEP BALCONY - DAY

CERSEI stands by the window, holding a goblet of wine. The rich midday snowlight gives the balcony a silvery ambience. Cersei radiates beauty, but she's unsettled.

Bernadette stands in the doorway, eyes downcast.

CERSEI

There must be no oysters at dinner tonight. I'm not a fishwife. If they're low on meat, we shall have swordfish.

BERNADETTE

Yes, Your Grace.

There's something on Cersei's mind. She studies Bernadette.

CERSEI

Do the people really call me the Godless Queen?

Bernadette's eyes answer for her. She can't bring herself to speak.

CERSEI (cont'd)

It is a great evil not to answer a Queen.

(softer)

It is not disloyal to report disloyalty.

Bernadette, terrified, struggles to answer.

BERNADETTE

I have heard many lies, Your Grace. I do not heed them. The dogs bark, but the caravan--

CERSEI

What sort of lies?

BERNADETTE

Some say falsely that you ordered the Wildfire to be put beneath the Sept. That you ordered its destruction. They say you hate the Gods.

CERSEI

Lies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CERSEI (cont'd)

(testing)

All my children are dead. My brothers betrayed me to fight for a Targaryen. The High Sparrow paraded me naked through King's Landing while my subjects threw food and shouted and laughed. They do not love me. Some do not even fear me, if what you say is true. Tell me, why should I not hate the gods? What mercies have they shown me?

BEAT.

BERNADETTE

I do not know, Your Grace.

CERSEI

Who lies to you so brazenly?

BERNADETTE

Other servants tell me what they themselves have heard. Some ask me if such rumors are true.

CERSEI

And what do you tell them?

BEAT as Bernadette considers her options.

BERNADETTE

The truth, Your Grace. That you are an honorable, just, and pious Queen.

Cersei, smiling, turns back to the window, but--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. RED KEEP BALCONY - NIGHT

Night fell, just like that. There are few, if any, lights in the city, adding to the ominous feeling. It takes Cersei a moment to realize what's happened. When she does, she stumbles away from the window. She even spills some wine.

CERSEI

What is this? What's happened?

Cersei stares out. A few lights wink on across the city. Shouts, screams, panicked footsteps, and horse's hooves echo from down below. Bernadette scrabbles for a candle in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CERSEI (cont'd)
 (to BERNADETTE)
 Fetch Qyburn at once.

BERNADETTE
 Yes, Your Grace.

Bernadette curtsies and leaves without lighting a candle.
 Cersei turns back to the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYJOY SHIP DECK - NIGHT

Same as before, with greater unrest. Everyone is tired and worried. IRONBORN ADVISOR consults with a DROWNED PRIEST, glancing up at the stars, while YARA looks across the sea.

DROWNED PRIEST
 I've heard tell of this. "The Long Night."

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 It defies all that we know of the stars.

DROWNED PRIEST
 The Army of the Dead defy all we know of life. They cannot be reasoned away. Neither can this.

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 How do you explain it, then?

DROWNED PRIEST
 How do you?

The Ironborn Advisor looks hopelessly up at the stars.

IRONBORN ADVISOR
 The course of the stars measures the course of time. Perhaps time itself has stopped, and we are bound together in this eternal moment, beyond life and death. It would explain the lack of wind.

The Drowned Priest comforts the Ironborn Advisor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DROWNED PRIEST

Have faith. The Drowned God protects us, no matter how dark the night. Or how long.

IRONBORN ADVISOR

What is dead may never die.

DROWNED PRIEST

Aye, what is dead may never die. Perhaps we have entered another age of myths, where time and eternity meet again.

Yara, who's been half-listening, turns to them.

YARA

Does the West Wind still blow in the age of myths?

A horrible WIGHT DRAGON SCREECH fills the air. They look out, see nothing, then--a distant flash of BLUE FIRE, briefly illuminating DROGON'S enormous, eyeless body in the sky.

We linger on the Ironborn for a moment, stunned at what they've seen. When the wind picks up, we...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

JON and DAENERYS, huddled together, in a small cave on the lee side of the cliff they've just scaled. Dany nibbles at a piece of bread. She's still numb throughout this interaction, but trying to feel something. Anything.

DAENERYS

I could devour seven whitefish right now. Smoked whitefish with sweet lemon sauce.

JON

Sounds lovely.

DAENERYS

It's even lovelier than it sounds. And ripe persimmons, plucked right off the tree. I could eat five persimmons in a row.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JON

I could eat a pork pie or three,
myself.

DAENERYS

Are pork pies the height of Northern
cookery?

JON

You've clearly never had a really
good pork pie.

DAENERYS

(trying to flirt)

I may have, once or twice.

Jon laughs, but Dany, still numb, doesn't return his smile. He strokes her hair. She tries to hand him the bread. He waves her off.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

I'm useless with a sword. You cannot
defend us on an empty stomach.

JON

I'm not hungry.

DAENERYS

It's a great evil to lie to a Queen.
You just said you could eat three
pork pies.

JON

I have more bread. Finish that one.

DAENERYS

Lies piled on lies. Some day, they'll
crash down on your head and cut it
clean off.

Jon, put off by this comment, stares at Dany. She holds his stare while biting into the bread, then corpses. Not a happy laugh--more hysteria and nerves than anything. Even still. it's the closest thing to a real smile he's seen on her face since landing in Westeros. He's glad, but troubled. She snuggles into him.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

I never knew snow could be so
beautiful.

JON

Thanks very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAENERYS

You are wicked.

(gesturing outside
cave)

Look at how it glows against the
darkness. How long will it fall?

JON

Two weeks. Maybe longer. Long summers
mean hard winters.

DAENERYS

How far is Torrhen's Square?

JON

Two day's walking. They'll have
stores for the winter there. Their
castle is strong. And we didn't see
the dragons flying over them, so they
may not have...

Dany's face falls. Jon pulls her close.

JON (cont'd)

Forgive me, Your Grace. Gather your
strength. We shall find more people
tomorrow.

(seeing her doubt)

You can't know that we won't.

Daenerys curls up beside him. They're both still troubled.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CAVE - NIGHT

Glamor shots of THE CAVE MOUTH, THE RILLS, and the beautiful
SNOWY EXPANSE, all blanketed in THICK, UNTOUCHED SNOW. Not a
footprint in sight.

No wildlife sounds--no cooing owls, howling wolves, chirping
birds, crickets. Nothing. Just wind howling through the
mountains.

A WIGHT FOX lurches into frame. It runs, lopsidedly, across
the expanse, its blue eyes focused on nothing. It's heading
NORTH.

DAENERYS

(V.O.)

We're going to die here, aren't we?

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE RIVER - NIGHT

JAIME, BRIENNE, and BRAN on the riverboat, heading South.

JAIME

Will we reach Winterfell by tomorrow morning?

BRAN

There will be no tomorrow morning. We've entered the Long Night. The first Long Night lasted a generation; old men died having never seen the sun. I do not know how long this one will last.

BRIENNE

(archly)

Thank you, Lord Bran.

BRAN

It pleases me to serve.

Jaime and Brienne share a look. Did Bran just make a funny? Is he being weird again? Bran wears the same impassive expression as always.

WIGHTS gather along the banks of the river as they pass. Brienne watches them carefully as she paddles downstream.

BRAN (cont'd)

We should reach Winterfell in three hours.

JAIME

And then what?

(gestures to WIGHTS)

We can't fight our way through this crowd.

BRAN

We won't have to.

BRIENNE

Why not?

(BEAT)

If you cannot explain yourself, we cannot disembark. I will not risk our lives without an explanation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bran says nothing. More wights gather on the banks.

JAIME

(to BRAN)

If you've got the Night King's mark on you, why doesn't he come for you now? We're defenseless against a dragon attack. Or an eagle attack, for that matter.

BRIENNE

Quiet. You invite such attacks when you speak of them.

JAIME

Perhaps I should speak of a dozen lambs and a fire big enough to roast them all. Or a hero to come rescue us from this mess. Or a singer to entertain us. Waiting to die is so bloody boring.

(to BRAN)

In all seriousness. Why does he let us live?

BRAN

I do not know. The Night King has prepared for this battle for eight thousand years. Perhaps he trusts in my downfall at the hands of his army. He may wish to extinguish all life before he comes to me.

BRIENNE

Where is he now?

BRAN

I do not know. There is so little life in the North. Even the trees are dying.

BEAT. Jaime looks at Bran wonderingly.

JAIME

You said in the Great Keep that you spoke to a King. Has this king fallen yet?

BRAN

You don't remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAIME

I remember staring at the door,
waiting for all the dead in the world
to stream through it. I don't
remember any kings.

BRAN

You weren't there when I spoke to
him. You met him later. He told you
some of what I said.

As Bran speaks, Jaime slowly comes to understand what he's
saying.

BRAN (cont'd)

He couldn't see me. He kept telling
me to show myself. I explained how to
defeat the dead. He heard me, but my
words only fed his madness.

JAIME

Not King Aerys.

Brienne stares.

BRAN

Second of His Name. "The Mad King." I
could not help him.

JAIME

You weren't even thought of when he
died. How could you...how could
anyone...

BRAN

I thought we were going to die. I had
to try something.

JAIME

Something, yes, but...why him?

BRAN

Whom would you pick? Robert
Baratheon? Joffrey? Young Tommen?
Your sister?

JAIME

My father, I suppose.

BRAN

Did your father have three dragon's
eggs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAIME

Not that I ever knew of...How on earth did you do it, though?

BRAN

If I asked you how to win a swordfight, could you tell me in words? This is something one does more than understands. Perhaps I'll have your answer in twenty years.

JAIME

If any of us live that long...

Jaime sits back and takes in the wights streaming in, staring at them from the riverbanks. Brienne looks around as she rows. Something's on her mind.

More and more wights gather at the riverbanks, snow falling on their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFSWOOD FOREST - NIGHT

WIGHTS mill through the forest. A few trip and fall among the tree roots.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Looking SOUTH down to Winterfell. A few wights shamble around the empty field.

One SHORT WIGHT--seen only from the back--stumbles into frame. It makes no sound as it moves. The others do not notice it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTERFELL RUINS - NIGHT

Melted stones, burnt wood, and trampled snow are all that remain of the castle. Our short wight walks silently through, pausing at places. It seems almost sad.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTERFELL RUINS OUTSIDE CRYPT DOOR - NIGHT

Short Wight pauses at the threshold of the crypts. The doors have burned away, revealing the MELTED STONE STEPS and part of the COLLAPSED ROOF in the darkness below.

A WIGHT FOX runs past our Short Wight. Its SHRIEK echoes throughout the crypt.

CUT TO:

INT. CERSEI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cersei, frantic, pacing. The room's filled to bursting with lit CANDLES. A soft knock. BERNADETTE appears and bows deeply.

BERNADETTE

Qyburn, Your Grace.

CERSEI

Show him in.

Bernadette nods and leaves. A moment later, QYBURN enters, looking like someone beat him up from the inside out. Pale, jaundiced skin, sunken eyes, bloodstains on his tunic. He's also sweating.

QYBURN

(bows)

Your Grace.

CERSEI

(gesturing outside)

What is this obscenity? What has happened?

QYBURN

The maesters work tirelessly to find an explanation, Your Grace. Every telescope in King's Landing is in use tonight.

CERSEI

I should hope so. What about you, Qyburn? What is your explanation for this outrage?

QYBURN

I believe another heavenly body has come between us and the sun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QYBURN (cont'd)

How or why I do not yet know. I know of no magic that could darken the sky.

Cersei turns away from him.

CERSEI

For a moment, I thought that the Gods were punishing me for my insolence.

(turning back)

I've never known you to take poorly, Lord Qyburn.

QYBURN

Forgive me, Your Grace. I've never taken so poorly before either.

CERSEI

Is it poison?

QYBURN

I fear it may be. My symptoms are fully consistent with the Long Farewell.

CERSEI

Surely you have taken the antidote.

QYBURN

I have.

CERSEI

And?

QYBURN

Now I wait to see if it works.

Cersei nods sadly.

QYBURN (cont'd)

There is something else, Your Grace. We have received fewer than a dozen ravens from the North since the wall fell. Normally we should receive a hundred or more per week.

CERSEI

"Winter is coming."

(gestures outside)

Perhaps the snow has delayed them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QYBURN

I fear that may not explain it. A few lost ravens would be understandable, but not such a dramatic cessation.

(BEAT)

And it is not only their absence that troubles me. Our last raven from Bear Island reported that a raft washed ashore full of Wildlings. They described a "black dragon" that brought corpses out of their graves and breathed blue fire.

CERSEI

Is it blue? I've heard their fire is orange. You told me once that blue fire burns the hottest.

QYBURN

We believe that the wight dragon's fire burns hotter than their living counterparts, yes. Ravens from Sisterton, Blacktyde, and Widow's Watch tell of blue-fire dragons in the sky.

CERSEI

Rumors. One dragon could not travel such a distance in so short a time.

QYBURN

It is as you say, Your Grace. All the same, we must treat this disruption with utmost seriousness. We have heard nothing of Daenerys Targaryen or her dragons. Either they have fled Westeros, or they have fallen to the dead. Either possibility is... concerning.

(BEAT)

We shall need as many scorpions as we can make, in every window in every tower--

CERSEI

Of course.

(thinking)

How big is this "Army of the Dead," anyhow?

QYBURN

We do not know. At least fifty thousand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QYBURN (cont'd)

Given the reports, or lack thereof, it may have swelled to double or triple this size. There is no expectation that their ranks will diminish.

OFF Cersei, mid-sip. Oh. Oh. She puts her wine down.

CERSEI

How much Wildfire is left in the cellars?

QYBURN

Two hundred barrels, I should think.

CERSEI

Don't think. Find out for certain. Make as many barrels as you can. Scorpions...the crypts. How do we stop our dead from rising from the crypts?

QYBURN

The literature suggests that fire, Valyrian steel and dragonglass are all--

CERSEI

Burn every skeleton and corpse to ashes. Any new deaths in the city must be cremated, from today on.

QYBURN

(with reservations)
As you wish, Your Grace.

BEAT.

CERSEI

Whatever is the matter?

QYBURN

Forgive me, Your Grace...I rather fear that your subjects may fail to see the wisdom in--

CERSEI

I don't care what they see. I am their Queen, and I see death rushing towards them like a black wave. If they wish to live, they will obey me. As will you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

QYBURN
Of course, Your Grace.

Qyburn bows and begins shuffling out of the room. Cersei holds up her hand.

CERSEI
Wait. Send for every priest of every faith in King's Landing. Call them to the Throne Room. We must impress upon them the gravity of the...
(seeing QYBURN'S expression)
What is it?

QYBURN
Forgive me, Your Grace, but...has it not already been done? The priests of King's Landing are assembled in the Throne Room now. Lord Euron speaks to them in strictest confidence, as you commanded...were these not your orders?

OFF Cersei's reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Focus on the QUEEN'S ENTRANCE to the throne room, from where a guttering light issues. It's the only light in the scene; the actual throne room is in near darkness.

An IRONBORN SOLDIER stands in the entrance, backlit by the unseen torch. He stands resolute in the entrance as CERSEI appears behind him, followed by BERNADETTE, THE MOUNTAIN, and OTHER SERVANTS.

CERSEI
I am your Queen. Step aside.

He does not.

CERSEI (cont'd)
Step aside or I shall have you gutted and hung above the city gates.

BEAT. She's about to gesture to the Mountain when Euron speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EURON
(O.C., from deep in
the THRONE ROOM)
Do as our Queen commands, my good
man.

The guard steps aside. Cersei, still miffed, enters the dark room. Confusion, then horror, fills her face.

REVERSE SHOT: The Throne Room. Even in the darkness, the enormous PILE OF BODIES is apparent in the center of the room. The moon glints in huge BLOOD PUDDLES on the floor. Dozens of IRONBORN SOLDIERS stand around with thousand-yard stares, their clothes and weapons dripping with blood.

EURON (cont'd)
(O.C.)
It is wonderful to see you, Your
Grace.

EURON emerges from the darkness. Blood covers every inch of him. He holds a large knife with an eldritch, decidedly otherworldly feel; it's inscribed with glyphs from an unknown language.

Cersei, too horrified to speak, stares at him as he approaches her. Same dead expression, now even more intense.

EURON (cont'd)
Bleed.

Cersei flinches away. The next moment, a horrible spasm overtakes her. She clutches her stomach and groans in pain.

CERSEI
Don't touch me.

EURON
You say this now?

BEAT. She realizes what's happening.

CERSEI
You're a monster.

EURON
What is a god but a monster that
cannot be killed?

The Mountain lumbers towards Euron. Euron cleaves the Mountain's head from his body with one graceful arc of his sword. The Mountain's hands reach out to Euron's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

One deft jump back, and another two slices, and the Mountain's forearms lie on the ground. Black liquid--we won't call it blood--seeps from the stumps and onto the floor. Another slice. What's left of the Mountain falls.

In the background, Ironborn soldiers slit Bernadette's throat and the throats of the other servants.

Euron returns his attentions to Cersei, now blocked from leaving by the same Ironborn soldier.

Euron throws Cersei onto the stones and lifts her skirts. Cersei screams in agony as he leans over her, his hands in her crotch. We don't see exactly what he does, but it's not pleasant. Euron stands up, holding up a BLOODY, CLOTTED MASS.

In the silence, punctuated by Cersei's sobbing, we watch as Euron places the Clotted Mass on the throne. Cersei howls in wordless, primal outrage.

A dozen-odd PALACE GUARDS, some holding torches, stream in through the Queen's entrance. Now at last we get a good look at the dead: SEPTONS, SEPTAS, RED PRIESTS and PRIESTESSES, PRIESTS OF THE DROWNED GOD, WIZENED OLD SAGES, and MISCELLANEOUS CLERGY from obscure religions--maybe even a YELLOW PRIEST. A crowd BANGS on the door, which is held shut from inside with a WOODEN BEAM.

EURON (cont'd)
(thunders)
BEHOLD YOUR NEW KING!

The Ironborn Soldiers, animated by primal bloodlust, slaughter the palace guards. The BANGING intensifies as we...

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

LANNISTER SOLDIERS pound on the door. IRONBORN SOLDIERS skirmish with them. The Lannister forces outnumber the Ironborn, but the Ironborn are crazier. They're easily winning.

BACK TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

CERSEI, sobbing on the ground, while men fight around her. She is more alone than she's ever been.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

The crypts post-dragonfire, now charred, full of piles of MELTED STONE and COLLAPSED CRYPTS. BLUE FIRE burns at points along the ground, but otherwise all is darkness. Silence. No sounds of the dead writhing in their crypts.

Our SHORT WIGHT--still seen only from the back--moves soundlessly through the ruins.

The WIGHT ANIMAL SHRIEKS draw closer and closer. Our Short Wight draws closer until she comes to the Crypt where Missandei and First Guard hid.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPT - NIGHT

A crypt with melted and partially collapsed stone walls, blackened with soot. Our Short Wight moves toward the back of the crypt.

A WIGHT FOX snaps viciously and relentlessly at a BABY DRAGON, very much alive, holding it off with short bursts of fire--and the meagre protection of two broken, charred RIBCAGES.

In our first front-facing shot, we see that Short Wight has brown eyes. She reaches for her sword--NEEDLE--and dispatches the fox with one flick of the blade.

The mask falls, revealing Short Wight's true face. Look who it is! Actual cannibal ARYA STARK!

Arya bends down and looks at the Dragon, which shies away from her. It's deep black and silver, almost wolf-like in its coloration. It lets out a tiny jet of flame.

Slowly, Arya coaxes the Baby Dragon onto her hand. She smiles--a genuine, child-like smile.

ARYA

There you are. You beautiful thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRASH! CASCADING BRICKS fill the silence. Arya whips around to see what's happening.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS fill the soundtrack as we cut to the next scene.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

ARYA emerges from the crypt, re-disguised, BABY DRAGON tucked in her tunic. The dragon squeals.

Arya looks over and her face falls. WIGHT SANSA'S running towards her. Two more WIGHT WOMEN, and a WIGHT LITTLE SAM, run towards her. The lone survivors of the blast.

Arya runs Sansa through with Needle, and dispatches the women and Little Sam with ruthless efficiency. When she's done, she stares out into the darkness. The Baby Dragon coos in her arms.

Where does she go from here?

END OF EPISODE