

Game of Thrones
Season 8, Episode 5

"The River and the Tree"

Written by
A.O. Monk

A.O. Monk
P.O. Box 1404
Mt Pleasant, SC 29465
(415) 236-2259
aomonk.com@gmail.com

INT. IRON THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

CERSEI LANNISTER as we left her in the last episode: sobbing on the floor of the throne room. IRONBORN SOLDIERS stand around her.

The floor is still thick with the bodies of PRIESTS, PALACE GUARDS, LANNISTER SOLDIERS, and a few IRONBORN SOLDIERS here and there.

EURON GREYJOY stands next to the throne, now empty save for a CLOTTED, BLOODY MASS on the seat. Black fire burns in his eyes.

EURON

I present to you, Bloodboy Lannister,
First of His Name, King of the
Andals, the Rhonyar, and the First
Men, Protector of the Realm,
Destroyer of Dynasties, Harbinger of
Endless Night.

He looks down at Cersei.

EURON (cont'd)

Long may he reign.

Cersei howls. Euron walks down the steps and stands over her.

EURON (cont'd)

Your every action, thought, feeling,
and dream was in service of this
moment. This was your purpose.

Cersei struggles to get up.

CERSEI

Black hatred flows through your
veins, not blood. How have I wronged
you? How has my baby wronged you? My
baby!

EURON

Your baby shall be reborn in mine own
image.

With his foot, Euron presses Cersei down, gently but firmly, back to the ground.

EURON (cont'd)

It is good to bow in the presence of
a God.

CERSEI

I will never bow to you or to any man
on this earth.

EURON

I am beyond your men and your earth,
my love.

He walks back to the Iron Throne. A few IRONBORN SOLDIERS are ringed around it, holding CANDLES adorned with strange glyphs.

As Cersei's screams and wails crescendo, we...

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

ARYA STARK, in WIGHT DISGUISE, the BABY DRAGON concealed in her cloak. It's writhing and moving against her, making cute baby dragon sounds--the one thing she doesn't need. She's shuffling, carefully, toward the stairs leading outside.

REVERSE SHOT: the night sky, seen through the open crypt doorway. The stars are brilliant through the opening, since there isn't a light for miles and miles...

The dragon coos softly as she shuffles to the entrance.

A WHITE WALKER, in silhouette, appears above her in the doorway. He's a big boy. BEAT as they stare at each other, not moving. Then he walks down the steps, unhurried, and draws his ICE SWORD.

Arya backs up, walk-runs, then runs, full-tilt. He's keeping pace, without seeming to hurry his stride.

The White Walker's coming closer, gaining ground. Arya ducks, but he comes within millimeters of killing her.

They spar--well, she parries as best she can. She's good, but he's on a different level. Really, a different planet.

She tries to nick him with Needle, but he won't let her. She doesn't even come close. He almost stabs her through the chest, right where the dragon is, but she feints away just in time.

The White Walker's enjoying this. Finally, a real fight! He's not letting her win, but he's not killing her yet.

Where's the dragon? Arya doesn't have him under her tunic anymore. Oh shit. A moment of hesitation. The White Walker's ice sword cleaves her head from her body in one casual stroke.

SLOW MOTION. Arya's body's still standing. The White Walker turns away, but we don't. BABY DRAGON emerges from the back of Arya's tunic and lets out a tiny jet of flame. It sings the Whiter Walker's hair.

White Walker turns, looks--another, stronger jet of flame; this one connects. His eyes widen before he BREAKS APART into ice shards.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - NIGHT

Back with BRIENNE, JAIME, and BRAN on the river, surrounded by WIGHTS on the riverbanks. The wights COLLAPSE, as one, just as the WINTERFELL RUINS appear on the horizon.

Bran smiles.

JAIME

What's happened?

BRAN

We have half a day, maybe less. One of you must go to Winterfell and--

BRIENNE

Nobody is disembarking without good cause.

BRAN

A dragon was just born in the crypts. It will die without someone to protect it.

BEAT as they absorb this information.

BRIENNE

We have no torches.

JAIME

I've had enough of dragons, to be honest.

BRIENNE

If the dragon dies now, it poses no threat to anyone.

(MORE)

BRIENNE (cont'd)
 In six months, a year, two years...if
 the Night King gets to it at any
 point...

JAIME
 Ser Brienne is right. We cannot risk
 our lives for something (so
 uncertain--)

BRAN
 (OVER, to BRIENNE)
 You swore an oath to protect my
 sisters. That oath is at an end.

Brienne's heart breaks at these words.

BRAN (cont'd)
 As the last of the Starks, I charge
 you to rescue this dragon. It may be
 the best weapon--the only weapon--we
 will ever have to defeat the Night
 King in the years to come.

Brienne and Jaime look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINTERFELL BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Brienne, alone, in starlit darkness, trudging across the
 battlefield, past corpses and a few guttering BLUE FLAMES.

This is a truly empty place, absent all life and un-life.
 Brienne hardens herself against the silence as she walks.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - NIGHT

BRIENNE shuffles through the darkness. A few of the blue-lit
 torches still remain, but not many.

A tiny dragon shriek fills the silence. A small ORANGE FLAME
 blooms in the air, deep within the crypt. Brienne shrinks
 back, stumbles on something, looks down. It's SANSA'S body.

She gasps, nearly breaks down, then forces herself to keep
 going.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - MINUTES LATER

BRIENNE comes to our BABY DRAGON, now with WHITE EYES, standing over ARYA'S decapitated body. What remains of the WHITE WALKER lies on the ground in shards. Brienne sinks to the ground, trying incredibly hard to hold it together.

BRIENNE

Lady Arya, I have failed you. I should have died beside you, died in your place. I...you poor child...

Brienne masters her anguish with extreme difficulty. The Baby Dragon climbs into Brienne's lap and regards her with cool white eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL CRYPTS - MINUTES LATER

Brienne holds Arya's head unsteadily in her arms. Baby Dragon, still white-eyed, sits on her shoulder. She walks, with difficulty, to a dark spot in the hall and sets down Arya's head--we don't see where, yet, but we see ARYA'S BODY nearby, evidently DRAGGED to its present location.

Brienne places the head, then stands up and walks to the door, the dragon chirping at her shoulder.

OFF Arya's body--now lying next to SANSA in the crypt. They're holding hands. Sansa cradles Arya's head under her free arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELOW THE RILLS - NIGHT

JON and DAENERYS hike through a vast snowy expanse beneath large mountains and cliffs. For miles around all is snow and rock.

DAENERYS

How is it still night?

JON

Time seems to pass strangely strangely during great trials--

DAENERYS

We descended a mountain. We slept in that cave for ages. That was before we started walking. The dawn is late.

JON

We'll start a fire when we make camp.
(pointing)
That black spot is Torrhen's Square. We should reach it by tomorrow evening, if not earlier--

DAENERYS

Do my words fall silent from my lips? The morning has not come. How can you speak of the evening?
(pointing)
That black spot has stayed black all this time. Not one light. Not one guardsman's torch or candle in a window.

JON

They may not wish to draw attention.

Resigned pause. Jon and Dany pull closer together.

JON (cont'd)

As long as men draw breath, all is not lost. I will fight for you, and the living, as long as I breathe.

DAENERYS

We still haven't talked about your family. Our family.

JON

My father...Lord Stark swore to protect me. He was an honorable man, to a fault, but he stained his own honor for me. And my mother.

DAENERYS

How can it be true? I've worked so hard, for so long, to take what was rightfully mine, and it never was. All this time, you've been the true heir to the Iron Throne--

JON

Do you think that matters to me?

He wheels on her, angry.

JON (cont'd)

The game of thrones is finished. The Iron Throne is but a chair in an empty room. The gods only know where the Night King is right now. If we cannot stop him--

He stops short, seeing the effect this speech is having on Daenerys.

JON (cont'd)

(softer)

I swore off all honors and titles when I joined the Night's Watch. I have no wish to take them up again.

DAENERYS

Your watch ended at your death.

Jon kneels before her. Daenerys looks down, numb.

JON

I hereby renounce all claims to the Iron Throne. I swear it on the memory of Lord Eddard Stark, who stained his own honor to save my life. I hail Daenerys Stormborn as the rightful Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, as long as she shall live.

Daenerys looks down. He's earnest, loyal--and right.

DAENERYS

Arise.

Jon does. Dany reaches for him. They walk together, arm in arm.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

Lord Stark must have been quite a man.

JON

He was a great man who inspired other great men, even after his death.

DAENERYS

Including you.

BEAT.

DAENERYS (cont'd)
 You said you'd give me your cloak if
 I were cold. A man gives the woman
 his cloak during a marriage ceremony.

Jon pulls up short. Dany turns to face him.

DAENERYS (cont'd)
 Is it not so?

JON
 (stammering)
 It is one of our customs, yes.

Long BEAT as Jon takes the hint.

JON (cont'd)
 (double meaning)
 I will give you my cloak, my Queen,
 if you will have it.

DAENERYS
 I am ice itself without its warmth.

Jon takes off his cloak and puts it around Dany's shoulders.
 She looks at him--the barest flicker of a smile on her
 grief-numbed face--and takes his hands in hers.

JON
 Now?

DAENERYS
 When if not now?

LONG BEAT. Jon nods. He squeezes her hand.

JON
 I don't actually know how the
 ceremony goes. It's been years since
 I've been to one.

DAENERYS
 I don't know either.

They stand like this for a moment, holding hands. Jon fishes
 into his coat, pulls out a length of bandage.

JON
 (apologizing)
 Will this do?

Dany nods. They bind their hands together.

JON (cont'd)
 (OVER, non-sync)
 I am hers, and she is--oh, sorry

DAENERYS
 (OVER, non-sync)
 I am h--I mean--wait--

They laugh, then the laugh slowly dies and they stare deeply into each other's eyes.

JON
 With this kiss I pledge my love, and
 take you for my Lady and wife.

He kisses her.

DAENERYS
 With this kiss I pledge my love, and
 take you for my Lord and husband.

She kisses him.

DAENERYS (cont'd)
 (OVER, sync)
 You are mine, and I am yours, from
 this day until the end of my days.

JON
 (OVER, sync)
 You are mine, and I am yours, from
 this day until the end of my days.

They kiss and break away, stunned. What just happened? And then she takes off the cloak.

DAENERYS
 You will need this.
 (handing CLOAK back,
 almost flirting)
 Am I Daenerys Snow now, or am I still
 Daenerys Targaryen?

JON
 We'll do a real ceremony when we can.
 We have no septon. No witnesses--

DAENERYS
 No witnesses?
 (pointing up)
 What of them?

Jon looks up.

P.O.V. SHOT - the stars, overhead, shining brightly in a cloudless, unpolluted sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - NIGHT

JAIME stands on the bank of the river, poised for a fight. He bears the fresh scars of a recent attack. EX-WIGHT CORPSES crowd the banks; eagle-eyed viewers will notice a "NEW" CORPSE lying nearby. BRAN lies, white-eyed, at the bottom of the riverboat, moored with an old length of rope tied to a corpse's leg.

Footsteps through the darkness. Jaime stands poised and ready.

BRIENNE, with a white-eyed BABY DRAGON on her shoulder, emerges from the darkness. Jaime's never seen her look so low, ever. He tries to rally...

JAIME

So that's our dragon.

BRIENNE

We swore an oath to Lady Catelyn.

She looks around, then bends down to undo the rope. Jaime comes to grips with what she's just said.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

I should never have followed you into that tower. I should have defied you with all my strength.

Brienne steps gingerly into the boat, sits down, pulls Bran into her arms. As she does this, Bran's eyes, and the dragon's eyes, both return to normal.

Jaime carefully boards the boat and picks up the oar. As they talk, he pushes off the bank. The boat begins to float downstream.

JAIME

You'd lost buckets of blood. It amazed me that you could stand. You were--

BRIENNE

You could not have taken me if I did not want you to. My terror eclipsed my honor because I let it.

(MORE)

BRIENNE (cont'd)
 Every oath I ever swore became
 worthless in that moment.

JAIME
 Ser Brienne--

BRIENNE
 Don't call me that. I am unworthy to
 bear that title.

JAIME
 I hate to think what that makes me,
 then. Jaime the Grub? Has a nice ring
 to it.

(BEAT)
 That crowd was deaf to your orders.
 You would have died underfoot of your
 own men before the wights ever got to
 you.

BRIENNE
 Better than running like a coward.

JAIME
 Ser Brienne. I have known few men as
 honorable as you, knighted or not. We
 swore to return the Stark girls to
 Winterfell, and return they did. You
 helped them as best you could. You
 kept your oath.

(BEAT)
 The bards will sing your praises long
 after your death. Why shouldn't they?
 Your oath to Catelyn Stark governed
 your every act for--since the day we
 met. How long ago was that? Feels
 like ages.

BRAN
 It was--

JAIME
 (not now, Bran)
 You did not make the women and
 children hide in the crypts. Even my
 brother didn't foresee that an army
 that can raise the dead...
 (BEAT)
 Even you said nothing, Bran. Why not?

BRAN

I thought we would all die. At least that way they'd die quickly, rather than starving in the woods.

BRIENNE

They died in terror and pain.

BRAN

Most people die in terror and pain.

BEAT. Thanks, Bran.

JAIME

They say that you see everything that has ever happened, Lord Bran. Do you see the gods, as well?

BRAN

I know nothing of the gods, save what men say about them.

JAIME

I see.

(to BRIENNE)

I'm not a godly man, but I wonder if they had a hand in this. Who better to protect the last Stark than Brienne the Beauty, the first Lady Knight of Westeros?

BRIENNE

The first?

JAIME

First I've ever heard of. I wish you could have known the man who knighted me, Ser Arthur Dayne. He was the bravest man I ever met. You would have astounded him.

OFF Brienne.

CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

LANNISTER SOLDIERS, bloodied and tightly bound, stand in a large ring around the IRON THRONE. STRANGE GLYPHS are carved on their foreheads--glyphs that should be familiar from the beginning of EPISODE 5.

They're held there by IRONBORN SOLDIERS who stand behind them. Bodies litter the steps around this circle.

The Lannister soldiers stare at a lone IRONBORN SOLDIER standing before the throne, holding a knife to a TODDLER'S throat. Two or three DEAD TODDLERS, their throats slit, lie on the steps at his feet.

The Lannister soldiers chant haltingly, anxious for the child's safety and their own. The sound is dark, guttural-- and awkward. This is clearly not their mother tongue.

LANNISTER SOLDIERS

(CHANT)

Ahf'ah mglw'nafh ahornah mgsyha'h
 ah'mglw'nafh. Ahf'ah mglw'nafh
 ahornah mgsyha'h ah'mglw'nafh. Ahf'ah
 mglw'nafh ahornah mgsyha'h
 ah'mglw'nafh...
 [What is dead may never die...]

This chant continues throughout this entire scene.

We PULL BACK from the Iron Throne, over the mess of bodies filling the room--and onto CERSEI, now in chains, watching and weeping. EURON stands near her. His face is painted with bloody glyphs.

CERSEI

My men will cut your heart out while
 it beats in your breast. You will
 watch it spasm in their hands.
 Unbearable, unending pain shall be
 your reward for this blasphemy.

EURON

Your people did not kill you. Why
 should they kill me? When this night
 is over, they will love me as they
 have never loved before. Even now, I
 am beyond the reach of every arrow,
 sword, and spear.

CERSEI

My men will (not stand)--

EURON

(OVER)

You have no men. Not anymore.

(MORE)

EURON (cont'd)
 (leaning down to her,
 nodding to chanting
 circle)

What do you think they're saying up
 there?

Cersei lunges for him, baring her teeth. He catches her face
 between his hands, regards it dispassionately, and then--

POFF! Without apparent cause, Cersei's eyeballs implode into
 goop and blood. She falls, screaming, to the ground.

EURON (cont'd)
 "What is dead may never die."

He stands, raises his arms overhead, and transforms from the
 inside out--like a rock star going onstage--into a shark-
 eyed, irresistible monster.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELOW THE RILLS - NIGHT

At the very edge of the valley, near the bottom of a
 mountain. DAENERYS and JON sit by a FIRE, fed by sticks, a
 few small branches, and little pieces of moss.

A strange sound fills the emptiness. It's a SONG. Jon
 stands, draws his sword, wheels about in the darkness--but
 he can't see for the fire. The song rises out of
 meaninglessness into intelligible words.

RAYNOR
 (singing)
 Now the kneelers down South are a
 terrible lot
 Thems that have much take much more
 from thems that have not
 While children die starving alone in
 the street
 Their dear lords grow fat off their
 barley and wheat!

A DARK MALE FIGURE, walking toward them, holds up his hand.
 He's shabbily dressed; beyond that, we can see little of
 him. A DARK FEMALE FIGURE follows.

RAYNOR (cont'd)
 (SHOUTS)
 WHAT HO! IS THAT LIFE I SPY?

Jon, nerves stretched to the breaking point, holds up his sword. The figures come closer.

RAYNOR (cont'd)
 (SHOUTS)
 YOU CAN PUT THAT AWAY! I shall harm
 no man this night.

RAYNOR, a well-preserved, fifty-ish wildling, comes into the firelight. He's improbably cheery. KARSANA, a shy forty-ish wildling woman, follows after. Jon goggles at them, slowly lowers his sword.

RAYNOR (cont'd)
 (delighted)
 The Lord Commander. We'd given you up
 for dead. Perhaps you are a god.
 (noting Daenerys)
 We're strangers, aren't we? What's
 your name, love?

JON
 This is my wife, Queen Daenerys
 Stormborn of House Targaryen. She led
 the procession into Winterfell.

As Raynor talks, Karsana puts something in the fire that burns GREEN for a moment.

RAYNOR
 Karsana and I skipped out before you
 left for Dragonstone. Took one look
 around and thought, "Fuck it. If the
 dead want to kill us, let them climb
 a few mountains first." It's lucky
 them dragons didn't see us, though.
 Those blue-fire-breathing bastards?
 There was one who--his belly was
 inches away. Inches. Nearly singed me
 beard.

JON
 They were the Queen's dragons before
 the Night King turned them.

Raynor reads Dany's grief-stricken face. Whoops.

RAYNOR
 I suppose you two wouldn't be out
 here if you'd won the battle.

Karsana fiddles with her bag, takes out a piece of dried, smoked meat while Raynor talks.

RAYNOR (cont'd)

We saw the lot of 'em marching south. Two hundred thousand, there must have been. More. There's a few wandering about, but not as many as you'd think. Stupid bastards, but strong.

Karsana hands the meat to Daenerys, who takes it gratefully.

KARSANA

That's elk. We have more in the cave. Eat now. Gather your strength.

(to RAYNOR)

You two carry her up. A fall now would spell disaster.

DAENERYS

I climbed down one mountain. I can climb another.

KARSANA

You must take care in your state.

DAENERYS

What state? This sorrow is a part of me now. My dragons were the only children I'll ever...

BEAT as Dany understands what Karsana's implying. She rankles at the familiarity and the implication.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

That is not possible.

KARSANA

Aye, but it is so.

DAENERYS

Check your impudence. You could not tell by looking.

KARSANA

I have midwived many a woman in my time. When did you last bleed? Must be two moons ago, maybe three.

Dany slowly realizes that she's right. It has been awhile. Even still...

DAENERYS

I cannot have children.

Karsana, seeing the look in Dany's eye, decides not to directly contradict her. She turns to the fire.

While this happens, Raynor picks up a BURNING STICK from the fire, gets up, and slowly circles them.

KARSANA

How many times have I heard such words. My womb has closed, I do not bleed, I am too old, I was cursed... you could make a clan from all the babies who could never have been born.

DAENERYS

I have not been ill, or tired. No food upsets me. I can sleep...well, I could.

KARSANA

It sometimes happens like that. Maybe you haven't felt any different. Maybe you haven't let yourself feel it.

Dany rankles at the insolence, but Jon checks her with a look. It's the end of the world, hon.

RAYNOR

There's a dozen wights moving North. Look yonder.

He does. In the very far distance, near TORRHEN'S SQUARE, a few tiny black figures wander through the snow, barely visible in the darkness.

RAYNOR (cont'd)

We've a cave high in that mountain, and enough provisions for a year.

JON

For all of us?

RAYNOR

For whatever stray eagle finds our bodies.

(laughs)

We had a hundred of those blue-eyed bastards swoop down at us earlier. Gods, that was a near thing.

Raynor walks away, chuckling. Jon takes a moment to really look at this guy. Who is he? How can he be so cheerful in the face of death? Is he real?

CUT TO:

INT. KING'S LANDING PRISON CELL - NIGHT

CERSEI, eyeless, sobbing, bleeding, lies chained and forlorn in a cell. Shouting and wailing voices--not hers--rise on the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

EXT. KING'S LANDING STREET - NIGHT

The source of the shouting revealed: rioting SMALLFOLK, men and women, young and old, in the streets. Some bear the marks of religious fanaticism--shorn heads, carved foreheads--but most are in normal dress. LANNISTER SOLDIERS try to contain the chaos, but they're failing.

YOUNG MAN

Kill the Queen! Kill the Queen!

MATRON

Burn the godless bitch!

VERTICAL PAN up to the THRONE ROOM. Candlelight flickers in the windows of the throne room far above.

CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

As before: a circle of bound LANNISTER SOLDIERS, surrounded by IRONBORN SOLDIERS. The toddlers have been cleared away, but the steps are still stained with blood. EURON stands before the throne, naked, bloodied, and covered in strange glyphs. The Lannister Soldiers chant, now in a trance, all awkwardness erased from their speech. The sound of the riots dims to a low murmur, if it's heard at all.

Euron sits himself on the throne. A peculiar change comes over him as he sits, as if he comes alive--or gets possessed. The chanting intensifies.

LANNISTER SOLDIERS

(CHANT)

A mgepnah r'luhhor yog nafl'fhtagn ot
orr'enah gn'th'bthnk.

(MORE)

LANNISTER SOLDIERS (cont'd)

A mgepnah r'luhhor mggoka lw'nafh hup
 n'gha ng ahuh'eog ph'shuggog ng
 nilgh'ri h'yogfm'll.
 [A new god rises out of mortal blood.
 A new god takes life from death and
 rules over the world and all its
 stars.]

Euron mesmerizes with his intense, inhuman stare.

LANNISTER SOLDIERS (cont'd)

(CHANT)

A mgepnah r'luhhor ah'mgehye nilgh'ri
 ot fhtagn shuggothh, epgoka uh'eor
 syha'h n'ghftyar. Mgah'ehye nilgh'ri
 hnahh h'vulgtagln l'yar yog ot yar.
 [A new god destroys all dreams of
 men, leaving only endless night. Let
 all things worship him to the time
 outside of time.]

An IRONBORN SOLDIER crowns him with a DRIFTWOOD CROWN that's more ornate, angular, and demonic-looking than any we've seen. It, too, is adorned with strange glyphs.

LANNISTER SOLDIERS (cont'd)

(CHANT)

Ahf'ah mglw'nafh ahornah mgsyha'h
 ah'mglw'nafh. Ahf'ah mglw'nafh
 ahornah mgsyha'h ah'mglw'nafh. Ahf'ah
 mglw'nafh ahornah mgsyha'h
 ah'mglw'nafh.
 [What is dead may never die...]

Euron becomes the god he's always wanted to be--in his own mind, and perhaps in reality as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. THRONE ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

A huge crowd of SMALLFOLK gather underneath the balcony, screaming for blood.

EURON, now clean and clothed in dark, gorgeous robes, walks onto the balcony, holding an ENORMOUS TORCH. He walks to the very edge of the balcony, regarding the crowd impassively.

Who is this man? His aura of absolute power cows the crowd into silence.

For a LONG BEAT he holds the crowd in suspense. He steps out to the edge of the balcony, throws up his hands, and then shouts, loud enough for the stars to hear:

EURON
THE GODLESS QUEEN NO LONGER PROFANES
THE IRON THRONE.

The crowd takes a moment to process this, then erupts. Euron lets them rally for a LONG BEAT, then silences them with a gesture.

EURON (cont'd)
Her blasphemies shall no longer stain
this city, and her name shall be the
blackest curse in all the world. From
this day forward, I, Euron of House
Greyjoy, will rule the Seven Kingdoms
and restore our realm to grace. I
shall earn the good favor of the gods
and BRING BACK THE DAWN!

The crowd sighs with relief. Euron raises his torch overhead. A new sun in the sky.

YOUNG MAN
(from crowd)
All hail the new king!

CROWD
ALL HAIL!

The crowd erupts with cheers and screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - NIGHT

A bit farther south. The snow is not as thick, but it's still present. JAIME, BRIENNE, BRAN, and BABY DRAGON are in the riverboat, heading downstream.

WIGHTS mass on the banks here, but the river is wider. BRIENNE holds BRAN upright. JAIME steers, watching the banks uneasily. BABY DRAGON perches on Brienne's shoulder. Bran's eyes turn WHITE, but nobody notices.

Brienne suddenly starts to disrobe, throwing her armor over the side of the boat.

JAIME
What are you doing?

BRIENNE

We're sinking. Take your armor off.

Jaime looks down. Sure enough, two inches of water pool in the bottom of the boat. It's coming through numerous cracks in the wood. No bailing out of this one--not for long.

JAIME

And Lord Bran?

BRIENNE

(still disrobing)

We'll carry him. Or he'll die. Take your breastplate off, that's the heaviest.

He does, throwing his armor over the side as she discards it. Jaime, mostly dis-armored, starts bailing out the boat with his hands. Water's rushing in. Baby Dragon squeals. The wights on the banks continue to stare.

JAIME

Never thought I'd get undressed before such an audience. Pity it's so cold.

BRIENNE

Can you swim?

JAIME

I once fell into a lake in full armor. The gods must adore me to let me survive that.

BRIENNE

Can you swim?

JAIME

Do you think our swords will drag us to the bottom? I suppose it doesn't matter. Yes, I can swim.

Jaime hoists Bran on his back. The boat is lowering in the water. No reaction from the wights.

JAIME (cont'd)

Freezing water is a quick death. I've heard it's peaceful. Like going to sleep.

(to BRIENNE)

I should have taken you by force when we were in that tunnel.

BRIENNE

I would have run you through with
your own sword.

JAIME

And I would have died gazing up at
your face, utterly happy. And a
little warmer than I am now.

They're low in the water. Bran's eyes are still white. The
wights stand still, on the banks.

BRIENNE

It wouldn't be a quick death.

JAIME

Yes it would.

BEAT.

BRIENNE

There may be a shoal in the middle of
the river.

JAIME

Or an island full of sapphires the
size of your fist. Can you swim?

BRIENNE

Indeed, Ser Jaime. I often swam in
the sea around Tarth as a child.

JAIME

I saw Tarth once, while sailing back
from Dorne. It was beautiful.

Jaime takes Brienne's hand. Water fills the bottom of the
boat.

We PUSH IN on Bran's eyes, still white.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAN'S HEAD - NIGHT

A PSYCHEDELIC PRISMA-COLLAGE of scenes from the first days
of history until now, including:

The FIRST MEN arriving on the shores of Westeros;

The CHILDREN OF THE FOREST confronting them;

The Children stabbing THE PROTO-NIGHT KING;
His eyes turning blue;
The First Men fighting with WHITE WALKERS and WIGHTS, aeons ago;
Brief shots of BATTLES across time;
SMALLFOLK going about various daily tasks, including COOKING, BAKING, FARMING, GARDENING;
KING AERYS II screaming;
WEIRWOOD TREES growing in time-lapse;
WHITE KNIFE RIVER in spring, summer, fall, and winter;
Couples kissing, including RHAEGAR and LYANNA;
Faces in every extreme of emotional expression: crying, laughing, twisted in anger, yelling, vacant;
YOUNG HODOR'S eyes turning WHITE;
RAVENS flying around;
The previous THREE-EYED RAVEN, sitting in his hollow.
These images flash by, more and more quickly as the sequence progresses.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - DAY

A summer's day many, many centuries ago. We're farther down the river, past a bend or slight curve. A NORTHERN WOMAN, lowborn and plain, gathers water in a PITCHER along the riverbank. She looks up to a tiny RIVER ISLAND in the center of the stream. Her eyes turn WHITE.

She bends down, picks something up from the banks, and wades into the water. When it comes up to her chin she starts swimming and works doggedly against the current.

She reaches the island and climbs onto it, one fist closed around--what? She pulls herself up to sitting and opens her fist. A large WEIRWOOD NUT. She starts digging.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - DAY

An hour or two later. Our NORTHERN WOMAN, still WHITE-EYED, has dug a large hole in the river island; the EARTH from this hole lies beside her. She puts the WEIRWOOD NUT in the hole, and covers it with a handful of earth. Then another handful.

NORTHERN MATRON

(O.C.)

OY!

NORTHERN WOMAN looks up, her eyes no longer white. A NORTHERN MATRON, sixties or older, stares at her from the bank, holding the younger woman's discarded PITCHER.

Northern Woman looks from the matron to the hole she's just dug.

NORTHERN MAN

(yells)

What dost thou instead of drawing water?

NORTHERN WOMAN

(yells)

Plantree.

NORTHERN MATRON

(yells)

What? Thou art tardy anon.

NORTHERN WOMAN

(as if explaining something)

Plantree. Plantree, plantree, plantree. Plantree?

NORTHERN MATRON

Come thee back. I'll hear no more of thy nonsense.

Our Northern Woman turns back to the hole, smooths dirt over it, and pours a handful of river water over the dirt. She looks at the scowling Northern Matron and smiles. An innocent's smile. She dives into the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - NIGHT

Same section of the river as previous scene, but in the show's present: wights on banks, snow falling. The small RIVER ISLAND now contains a large WEIRWOOD TREE, its gnarled branches reaching to the sky.

No more riverboat. JAIME's swimming, with considerable difficulty, with BRAN on his back. BRIENNE, with a squawking BABY DRAGON on her head, swims ably ahead of them. Jaime's lips are barely above the water's surface; he's pale.

JAIME

So this is how it ends.

BRAN

It has not ended.

Brienne reaches the river island, climbs onto it, and puts the Baby Dragon on a low-hanging tree branch. A few minutes later, Jaime and Bran reach her. She helps them up and puts Bran by the base of the tree.

Jaime's shivering. We see, for the first time, that he's lost his golden hand, leaving only the stump.

The three of them are wearing the Westerosi equivalent of WOOLEN LONG UNDERWEAR, with LINEN UNDERSHIRTS just visible beneath them. Conspicuously absent: their swords.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Four people climb a snow-covered mountain. RAYNOR leads the group. JON carries DAENERYS in his arms. KARSANA follows behind.

RAYNOR

(singing)

As I was a-walking for my recreation
Down by the black river I silently
strayed
There I heard a fair maid making
great lamentation
My love shall be slain at the wall,
I'm afraid.
The blackbirds and ravens sang with
the young maiden
The river itself seemed to mourn for
this maid
And the song that she sang concerning
her true love
He surely is slain at the wall, I'm
afraid.

(to JON)

They ever sing that one down south?

JON

They sing one like it.

RAYNOR

Join me then.

JON

I haven't the voice for it.

RAYNOR

Don't be so modest. You're not that
great. Even for a man who's come back
from the dead.

(sings)

She took down her hair and dove into
the water
The blackbirds and ravens fell silent
and grave
She cried out, I'm foresaken, my poor
heart is breaking,
My love has been slain at the wall,
I'm afraid.

DAENERYS

Quite a sad song.

RAYNOR

My father said a good song held joy
and sorrow in every word.

DAENERYS

Was your father a singer?

Raynor gives her an odd look.

RAYNOR

Of course he sang. Are there men who do not sing? I have met a few, come to think of it.

DAENERYS

Was that his occupation?

RAYNOR

Many things occupied him in their time. Hunting, fishing, fucking, fighting. Like all men.

Daenerys bristles at the casual obscenity.

RAYNOR (cont'd)

I used to sit at his knee and watch him hammer flint with an antler. He was the greatest arrowsmith in our clan--or at least the fastest. His arrows are still killing men to this day, I'm sure.

(to DAENERYS)

What sort of songs do they sing across the sea?

DAENERYS

Many songs in many languages. I can't think of any to sing.

RAYNOR

No matter. Your husband and I can sing hundreds between us. Isn't that right, Lord Commander?

JON

How far is it to the cave?

RAYNOR

Seven miles. Not far.

Jon looks down into the valley below, and sees nothing.

JON

The wights must be after us.

RAYNOR

They haven't found us yet. We have Karsana to thank for that.

(MORE)

RAYNOR (cont'd)
 (to KARSANA)
 You've shielded our guests too,
 haven't you love?

Karsana nods.

JON
 Shielded us how? With magic?

RAYNOR
 Much older than your magic. Karsana's
 great-great-grandmother was a child
 of the forest. Their powers run in
 her blood.

JON
 (skeptical)
 Why did you run, then? We could have
 shielded Winterfell with your help.

RAYNOR
 We'd need a thousand Karsanas for
 that.
 (to DAENERYS)
 Do you need a rest? No shame in
 resting, in your condition.

DAENERYS
 Ask my husband.

Jon shakes his head. He's alright so far. They continue walking.

RAYNOR
 (sings)
 When her love returned with his heart
 full of yearning
 He found his dear girl in her watery
 grave
 He cried out, I'm foresaken, my poor
 heart is breaking
 I wish I had never left this fair
 maid.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYJOY SHIP DECK - NIGHT

As in the previous episode. YARA GREYJOY, an IRONBORN
 ADVISOR, and a DROWNED PRIEST stare out at the water. All is
 black around them, save the stars.

DROWNED PRIEST

We can mark mealtimes by the course of the moon. It will keep the men at ease. How many fish do we have?

IRONBORN ADVISOR

Enough for the next three days. Three...cycles, that is.

YARA

There are no lights along the coast. Not one light since sunset. In all your years at sea, have you ever seen the like?

IRONBORN ADVISOR

Fear not, my Queen. We shall not run aground. We know where we are.

YARA

Even the lighthouses are dark.

IRONBORN ADVISOR

We have clear skies tonight, and a full moon. And we know this part of the sea well. We shall soon be home.

YARA

What awaits us there?

DROWNED PRIEST

We cannot weather storms in other seas, My Queen.

YARA

Aye.

Yara walks off. The Ironborn Advisor and Drowned Priest exchange a look.

Back to Yara, who looks up at the moon before walking purposely to the prow of the ship.

CUT TO:

INT. INN ROOM - NIGHT

A room in a village inn just off the Kingsroad, North of Harrenhall. An empty pitcher of wine lies on its side on the nightstand. A FIRE burns in the fireplace.

BRONN sleeps on the bed in a state of undress. a LOCAL GIRL pads carefully through the room, watching BRONN for any signs of wakefulness.

She sees a coin purse by Bronn's foot, half-hidden in the rumpled bedsheets. With her eyes on his face, she sloooowly bends down. Just as she's about to touch it, a loud scream issues from outside the window. Bronn stirs but doesn't wake. With deft hands, LOCAL GIRL grabs the purse and steps quietly to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

We follow LOCAL GIRL, purse in hand, along an unpaved path through modest houses and shanties. SNOW softens everything; the street itself is muddy slush.

A distant scream checks her, but no other sound comes. No other sound--no owls, no animal cries, no crickets. Not even a wind.

Local Girl pauses at the threshold of a small house. Guttering light comes through the open door. Quite a lot of light; more than would come from a candle or a fireplace.

She walks inside to see...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There's nobody in the house. It's been ransacked--by animals, not thieves. A pot in the fireplace has fallen over, spilling out soup onto the floor. The fire gutters beneath it.

LOCAL GIRL stands in the threshold of the house, momentarily stunned.

She rushes to a crib. It's empty.

LOCAL GIRL
(screams)
SYLVAN!

BACK TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

LOCAL GIRL runs out into the darkness, eyes wild. Where is the baby? This one question fills her mind.

LOCAL GIRL
(screams)
SYLVAN!

We follow Local Girl on a frantic run through the village, as she screams her little boy's name. She peeks into house after house--but they're all empty. No one answers her call. Not one light turns on.

Where is everybody?

Local Girl runs, then falls to the ground, dead. Impaled by an ice spear. A WHITE WALKER, holding a BABY, retrieves the spear and glances at her body without interest. He turns and walks away.

We follow the White Walker as he walks out of the village. Utter silence reigns. White Walker doesn't even look as he walks farther and farther into the woods, where a WIGHT HORSE waits for him. He mounts the horse. The baby coos in its blanket.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE TREE ISLAND - NIGHT

A small fire, fed by wood, burns on the island, away from the WEIRWOOD TREE. BRAN lies at the base of the tree, eyes white. He's still wearing WOOLEN LONG UNDERWEAR. Whatever they have in the way of BLANKETS lie piled on his lap. The BABY DRAGON sits on his shoulder.

In the fire's flickering light, we see dark LINEN UNDERCLOTHES hanging stiffly from low Weirwood tree branches.

WIGHTS stand on the banks, dumb, unmoving, throughout this shot.

A laugh. We pull back, to the other side of the fire. JAIME and BRIENNE are entwined together. They're wearing long underwear themselves, though it's not quite all the way on. Their faces are flushed and sweaty, their hair's mussed. Jaime traces Brienne's BEARCLAW SCAR on her neck.

JAIME
That bear would have killed us both.

BRIENNE

I don't like to think of it.
Sometimes I can still feel its claws
slicing through my flesh.

JAIME

How many times have we cheated death?

BRIENNE

Together or separately?

JAIME

Together, of course. Separately, we'd
still be listing them into our
eighties. Do you think the sun has
risen in the rest of the world? Maybe
it's blazing daylight in King's
Landing right now. Or Tarth.

He traces her scar again, leans down to kiss it.

JAIME (cont'd)

How long has it been since that day?

BRIENNE

I don't like to think of it.
(nods to Bran)
Ask him.

Jaime looks to Bran. Memories and guilt return as Brienne
speaks.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

He will never walk again. Never
stand. Can you imagine? Entirely
dependent on the whims of others, for
the rest of your life.

JAIME

I don't like to think of it.

BRIENNE

He will never marry, never father
children. There will be no more
Starks after him. A house of the
First Men, gone.

JAIME

Because of me.

BRIENNE

What?

JAIME

I traveled with King Robert to Winterfell. Bran climbed up to my window and looked in. I pushed him off...

BRIENNE

(drawing away)

Why on earth would you...he must have been a boy. He's still a boy!

JAIME

He saw my sister and I together. If he told anyone...

They both look at Bran, white-eyed, sitting at the base of the tree.

JAIME (cont'd)

I thought I loved her. I do love her, but...it was and is a love that destroys, like a blaze that consumes a house. Not like...

(gesturing to fire)

Not like this.

Brienne rankles. This fire is much, much smaller than a blaze. She walks to the tree and takes down the linen underclothes.

BRIENNE

They're not bone-dry.

She walks to Bran and attends to his body.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

Don't just sit there. Help me keep him warm.

Jaime looks out at the wights lining the banks. What's the endgame here? Is there one? He pushes himself to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The room's still bloody, but it's now brilliantly lit by a thousand torches. There's a bloody toddler-sized handprint on the steps that nobody notices--yet. IRONBORN SOLDIERS line the walls while EURON GREYJOY sits on the throne, radiating absolute assurance and power.

Seven YOUNG MEN, clad in rags, stand before him. One, a LEADER of sorts, has a SEVEN-POINTED SCAR on his forehead.

EURON

We are almost helpless against the Army of the Dead. But the gods can work through monsters and apostates, when it is their will. The Godless Queen was stockpiling Wildfire before her death. We shall guard the city with rings of the stuff. If we can evacuate the houses closest to the walls, we can defend the city and hold off the army indefinitely.

(to LEADER)

You may not be the High Sparrow, but you command respect and offer comfort in the wake of his savage murder.

LEADER

I am the least among equals.

EURON

The least.

Euron meditates on that for a BEAT.

EURON (cont'd)

You have been holding services in the ruins of the Sept without permission. You have the voice of an educated man. You know the risk you take.

LEADER

My life belongs to the gods.

EURON

And the gods have spared it for you. As the least among equals, you know the terror running through this city's veins. You can provide comfort to our people, and bring them into the city center, where they will be safest. Far from battle.

The Leader looks down at the bloodstains on the steps of the throne.

EURON (cont'd)

After this threat is passed, I shall need a good man to oversee restoration of the Sept.

(MORE)

EURON (cont'd)

You may not be an architect, but surely I could consult you. You must know how to honor the Gods in the proper way.

LEADER

What do you know of the true gods? You hail from the Iron Islands, which worships the Drowned God. A monster from the sea. What do you know of the Seven? How can you restore a faith you do not share?

EURON

I have traveled far across this world, to places beyond any map. Who knows more of gods than I? Horse gods and fire gods, gods made of gold with gemstone eyes, gods carved of cedar wood, gods chiseled into mountains, gods of empty air. I know them all. I have seen their peoples garland them with flowers, and shed the blood of goats and bulls and children in their names--

LEADER

This is blasphemy.

The words ring out in the silence. Euron's unphased, even enjoying it behind his pious exterior.

EURON

I'll clip your tongue for that.

LEADER

You'll clip my tongue regardless.

The Leader gets to his feet.

LEADER (cont'd)

It was not Lannister soldiers who killed a child on the steps of the Iron Throne. Nor did Lannister swords draw blood from every priest of every faith in the Seven Kingdoms.

EURON

Lies from blackest hell.

LEADER

They did not utter Westerosi curses in this room.

(MORE)

LEADER (cont'd)
 Foreign curses, from beyond the
 Hidden Lake. From places beyond any
 map. From blackest hell.

EURON
 Where have you heard this?

LEADER
 (gesturing to
 bloodstained steps)
 Whose blood is that? Not the queen's.
 That handprint is much too small,
 even for a woman.

Brief shot of a toddler's bloody handprint on the stone.
 Euron looks up. Time to turn on the charm.

EURON
 Will you rebel against me? Shall the
 least among equals sit on the Iron
 Throne?

LEADER
 The throne has been profaned. I would
 cleanse this place and rid it of
 filth.

EURON
 Do you wish to die in agony? Is that
 why you speak thus? You would offer
 your agony to the glory of the gods
 that you happen to worship, by
 accident of birth.

The Leader's stony against this provocation.

EURON (cont'd)
 It does not please me to hurt any man
 without cause. You shall speak in the
 ruins of the Sept, when the moon
 rises directly above them. Say
 whatever you wish. I shall ensure no
 harm comes to you. Until then...
 (to IRONBORN SOLDIERS)
 Take him down.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE - NIGHT

JON SNOW, DAENERYS TARGARYEN, and RAYNOR sit around a small fire. KARSANA hands them all DRIED MEAT and FRUIT, giving an extra portion to Daenerys.

DAENERYS

Thank you.

Karsana nods and walks away. Again Dany bristles at the familiarity, but this time she checks herself.

DAENERYS (cont'd)

I am tired.

RAYNOR

I'm afraid we don't have beds, but there's a smooth patch of stone near the back.

DAENERYS

You're most kind.

RAYNOR

It's nothing. Anything for a gravid woman. 'Specially in these times.

(to JON)

Finish that quick. I'll show you the rest of the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

We're higher up, overlooking a vast snowy expanse on all sides. We can see WINTERFELL, TORRHEN'S SQUARE, THE LONG LAKE, and a few other black, tiny settlements that might have been villages or encampments.

JON

Why did you desert us? A few men, invisible to the wights, could have meant the difference between victory and defeat.

RAYNOR

You cannot know that.

JON

No one can know that, now. With Karsana's protection, one of us could have slipped past their defenses. Arya...

Jon realizes that Arya is dead, and probably everyone else that he cares about.

RAYNOR

Who's Arya?

JON

Arya Stark, my younger sister. She was a great swordsman. And quick.

RAYNOR

I'm sorry.

JON

We would die without your hospitality. I truly am grateful for it. But if you'd stayed at Winterfell, the living might have won. When winter comes, the lone wolf dies, but the pack survives.

BEAT.

RAYNOR

There were others with us. Young men and women. We thought, if it all went wrongways, there must be some remnant to stay alive. Because the Southerners aren't ready. They've no idea what's coming for them.

JON

I tried to warn them.

RAYNOR

Aye, I heard about your expedition. Stupidest fucking thing I ever heard in all me life. That's how they got their first dragon, wasn't it?

Jon nods.

RAYNOR (cont'd)

And now they have all three. And the wall, too. I don't much fancy taking orders from a man who brought on the Long Night by accident.

JON

I had to try something--

RAYNOR

Something, yes. Why not something that could work?

JON

What would you have done, then?

RAYNOR

Every man and woman in my tribe's lost a brother or daughter or someone to watch. You could bring a dozen of us, plus a few of your soldiers, have them tell their stories. You had dragons. Why not visit every kingdom in the South? One of them was bound to give you something.

(recovering)

Well. No use fighting shadows. I might have done worse in your place. Now we think of your little one.

JON

How much food do you have left?

RAYNOR

Six weeks, between the four of us. Two months, if we stretch it. Though we can't measure time by days now, can we?

Jon shakes his head. They both look up at the moon.

RAYNOR (cont'd)

All my life, I heard stories of the first Long Night. I never thought it would actually happen. Not for a thousand years.

JON

What happened to the others?

RAYNOR

They grew sick. Couldn't keep down anything, even snow. Shit blood and water for a week before they died. One of the women was heavy with child. The baby was side-on and wouldn't turn.

(MORE)

RAYNOR (cont'd)
Karsana tried to move the baby for
four days, while the mother
screamed...

Raynor looks down at the snowy expanse below them, works to
master his feelings.

RAYNOR (cont'd)
If there's any life hiding, it'll
show itself in time. Then we'll kill
it and roast its guts over the fire.

He gets up and walks back to the cave.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYJOY SHIP DECK - NIGHT

YARA GREYJOY looks out at the black mass of PYKE, an island
without any light, looming on the horizon. What's waiting
for them there?

She holds up her hand.

YARA
(to CREW)
We cannot land yet.

Rumblings of unrest, even outrage, from the crew.

YARA (cont'd)
We do not know if the dead have risen
on Pyke.

CREWMAN
Our people may be in need of rescue.

YARA
They are past rescuing if the Night
King's come. We'll send out a flare,
wait for a response. If none comes,
we must seek safety.

CREWMAN
What safety? The word is a farce.

YARA
Then we'll drag out this farce as
long as we can.

She gives a signal to an ARCHER, who dips an arrow in oil
and holds it, taut, in his bow.

Another crew member lights it--the flame turns red--and the archer lets the arrow go. We follow the course of the flaming arrow, arcing through the sky over the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE KNIFE - NIGHT

An ICE SPEAR arcs high above the river and wintery darkness, in a matching motion cut. It's headed, as we can see quickly, for BRAN STARK--now sitting, white-eyed, between a sleeping JAIME and BRIENNE. As it's headed for its destination, a white-eyed BABY DRAGON flies up and breathes fire on it. It disintegrates mid-air, raining down ICY SHARDS on our three musketeers.

Brienne and Jaime wake up, bat away the shards. Bran's eyes return to normal.

BRIENNE

Ow! Seven Hells!

Jaime's briefly distracted by the novelty of Brienne swearing--and then he comes back to himself. She doesn't look at him as she gets up, wheels around. She looks down at him, without tenderness.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

What are you doing? Get up and defend yourself!

Jaime scrambles to his feet. Not that it'll do him much good without a sword. He looks out into the darkness. Nothing-- just the same old wights, staring dumbly from the banks. In the background, Bran's eyes TURN WHITE again.

We hold on this tense BEAT. And then all the wights COLLAPSE in one motion, as if their strings were cut. We hold for another BEAT; they turn and look around, waiting for the penny to drop.

BRIENNE (cont'd)

Is it over now?

BRAN

No.

BRIENNE

Do you know where the Night King is?

BRAN

He's flying East, over Braavos.

JAIME

That's across the Narrow Sea.

BRAN

It is.

Oh, fuck. No way to kill him now. Bran's eyes TURN WHITE. Brienne gives Jaime a look that could melt glass.

BRIENNE

We should have died at Winterfell.

She looks down at the fire. A moment later, a WHITE-EYED FISH flops itself onto the island. Baby Dragon lunges for it and wrings its neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. THRONE ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

A great commotion from the CROWD below. They're all looking up. EURON GREYJOY, and his RETINUE, walk onto the balcony. One member, a SILENT SERVANT, holds a familiar PACKAGE from Episode 4: the horn, wrapped in a strange, glyph-covered cloth.

In the sky, an eyeless, undead DROGON flies, his beautiful black wings outstretched against the stars. He's swooping in, swooping down, and then--

DRACARYS! Brilliant BLUE FIRE burns through King's Landing. Scorpions impotently fire on him, but he's out of range. Even if he wasn't...what would they do, exactly?

The crowd screams, panics. Euron doesn't. He takes the package from his Silent Servant and unwraps it. Drogon, and his blue fire, draw closer and closer...

Euron blows on the horn, filling the air with an enormously loud, low BLARE. The effect is electric. Drogon stops burning King's Landing and hovers in space. For a moment he almost forgets how to fly.

Euron's still blowing the horn as Drogon veers towards him, entranced. Euron's retinue falls back, and the crowd below stampedes. Drogon lands on the balcony.

Euron walks up, unhurriedly, to the WHITE WALKER on Drogon's back. The Walker is incredibly disturbed by Euron's presence. What the hell is this guy?

Euron pets the dragon's head, whispers something in his ear. He purrs like a kitten and rests his head. Euron beckons to the White Walker.

The White Walker lobs his ICE SPEAR at Euron. It breaks apart at his body, without entering an inch. The White Walker's still looking, utterly perplexed, as Euron strides up the dragon's wing and wrenches the WHITE WALKER'S HEAD from his body.

Euron sits down on the dragon's back and takes out his horn. He strokes the dragon's scales, almost tenderly, and plants a kiss on its neck.

EURON
Bring me this world.

He looks up at the stars and blows his horn. Drogon flies up, Euron on his back.

END EPISODE