

GAME OF THRONES (SPEC)
07.01

Written by
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Based on,
George R.R Martin's "*A Game of Thrones*"

EXT. CASTLE BLACK. COURTYARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...There is Olly's face. Standing directly in front of us, his gaze fixed. Pale. Lifeless. Cold. The hanging noose around his neck. Dead, yet... Not dead, almost in a WHITE WALKER form. He holds a bloody dagger firm.

OLLY
For the Watch.

He STABS at us.

Ser Alliser appearing from behind Olly, towering. He is in the same deathly state with a hanging noose also around his neck. He takes the dagger from Olly's hand THEN grabbing Olly's head from behind pulling it back-

SER ALLISER
For the Watch.

Ser Alliser takes the dagger and slices at Olly's exposed neck.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WINTERFELL. JON'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A howling GASP is let out as Jon jolts up from his sleep. Hand to his chest forcing himself to deeply inhale and exhale... Inhale, exhale... Inhale and Exhale... Every breath is cherished as he calms. Only a dream.

MOMENTS LATER

Jon now in his clothes grabs his sword then puts on his wolf's mane cloak.

EXT. WINTERFELL. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Winter is here as the snow lightly films the stone walls. Jon takes this in.

INT. WINTERFELL. SANSA'S BEDCHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Sansa lays in bed her hair in disarray, her expression solum, and her thoughts astray as she gazes into a fire across the room.

EXT. WINTERFELL. OUTSIDE SANSA'S BEDCHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Jon arrives at a shut door being guarded by Brienne. Jon gives a warm glance. Sleepless bags under her eyes...

JON
Has she been out?

BRIENNE
Not in nearly a week.

JON
Have you slept since you've been back?

BRIENNE
No M'Lord.

JON
We could be here for some time.

BRIENNE
Time is not what concerns me.

Jon gives an understanding nod, realizing.

JON
She *is* safe here.

Jon notices a slight sway of fatigue in Brienne. Two WILDLING MALES walk past them giving nods of respect as they do. Brienne looks on with suspicious eyes. Jon catches this.

JON (CONT'D)
I have fought and bled with them.

BRIENNE
You have, I haven't.

JON
Were it not for them, I wouldn't be here.

BRIENNE
You'll forgive me but I swore an oath to your mother to protect her daughters.

JON
An oath that you've since fulfilled.
(Beat)
No one within these walls holds you lesser than any man.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

The great war is upon us and we
will need our best at full
strength.

(Off her expression)

Sometimes we must first serve
ourselves to best serve others.

Brienne nods.

JON (CONT'D)

When she is able I'd like a word,
please.

Brienne again nods.

INT. GREAT HALL OF WINTERFELL - MORNING

Jon, Ser Davos, Tormund and Lord Baelish stand around the
large rectangular table that has a map of the SEVEN KINGDOMS
at it's center.

SER DAVOS

(To Jon)

Lady Stark?

Jon shakes his head "no".

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)

So you have all the lords of the
north, the Knights and Lords of the
Vale and now Winterfell. What's our
plan?

JON

For now we remain here.

SER DAVOS

I agree. But what's our plan.

Jon thinking.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)

Winter is here Jon and there aren't
just soldiers livin' behind these
walls like at Castle Black. There's
women and children.

Jon takes this in. Lord Baelish steps closer to the table.

LORD BAELISH

Lord Snow, if I may? If this impending war you speak of is to come to fruition, perhaps it best that we send word to King's Landing.

(Off Jon's expression)

Uniting the seven kingdom's is paramount if our enemy beyond the wall possess the kind of strength you claim.

TORMUND

(terse)

They do.

Tormund stares at Lord Baelish with those brooding eyes of his. Baelish swallows.

SER DAVOS

Regardless, food and water should be our immediate priority.

LORD BAELISH

Agreed Ser Davos. I also believe that any tactical strategies decided, should not be put into motion without Lady Sansa's consideration. She after all is a true Stark, Yr'grace.

Ser Davos shoots a hard gaze at Lord Baelish while Tormund takes a step towards him. The air is tense.

TORMUND

Fuck your titles, traditions and namesakes. These men will fight for Snow.

LORD BAELISH

I understand, but will all of Westeros?

TORMUND

When they see what we've seen.

LORD BAELISH

But they haven't and by the time they do it will be too late.

SER DAVOS

Lord Baelish this may not be my place but to say but I've witnessed how posh bureaucrats like those in King's Landing play with their fancy words and throw their exuberant heirlooms around while the rest of the world goes to shit. I can assure you, their money and words won't protect them from what's to come if they don't act.

LORD BAELISH

I'm aware patience is not the warrior's way but the North's alliance with the south must be mended. No matter the veracity to which you speak, I fear the remaining kingdoms will find it difficult to follow a bastard.

TORMUND

(To Baelish)

Perhaps then you should be the messenger and convince them.

JON

(Defusing)

Lord Baelish is right. I will console my sister then we will send word south.

(to Ser Davos)

In the mean time we'll gather what food and supplies we can.

(Beat)

Once the white walkers breach the wall, nothing else will matter.

EXT. WINTERFELL. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting has concluded and Jon has just exited to the corridor accompanied by Tormund who stops Jon for a quiet word.

TORMUND

I don't like him.

JON

Who?

TORMUND

The little one.

JON

Well you've never liked me much either.

TORMUND

Only when you were a crow. But I trust you.

JON

My sister trusts him.

TORMUND

Do you trust her?

Silence. Jon ponders this.

JON

Doesn't matter, the words Lord Baelish speak are true.

TORMUND

You remember your trust got you killed once Snow. Don't make it a habit, especially now that you've cast off the red witch.

Jon again thinks on this, he's got a point.

JON

To be honest, I don't like it much either but in order for us to have a chance, I don't think we have a choice.

INT. RED KEEP. ROYAL BEDCHAMBER - DAY

With his one good hand, Jamie caresses the GOLDEN CROWN previously worn by Tommen and Joffrey. He gazes out the window staring into the distance where the Great Sept of Baelor once stood, his thoughts conflicted. The door opening jars his attention. He turns to see Cersei, dressed in black, crown on her head. A proud achievement.

Noticing him, she walks across the room to a table and pours herself a cup of wine.

CERSEI

Are you going to continue scolding me or do you plan to speak?

Jamie

You really are proud of yourself.

She drinks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Have you no shame for anything?
 (Off Cersei's silence)
 Do you even mourn?

CERSEI
 He was my son, of course I mourn
 him as I've mourned all my
 children.
 (Beat)
 Have you?

JAMIE
 Have I?

Jamie approaches her. He places the crown in front of her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Joffrey... Myrcella... Tommen...
 They were my children as well. You
 have seemingly forgotten that in
 your conquest.

Cersei gives him a inquisitive look.

CERSEI
 (Confused)
 You blame me?

JAMIE
 No. I blame myself for continuing
 to love you, no matter the cost.

Silence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 This was always going to be the
 outcome, wasn't it?

CERSEI
 This is not what I wanted.

JAMIE
 This is exactly what you wanted.

Beat. Cersei give Jamie a menacing stare.

CERSEI
 Get out.

Jamie storms towards the exit the stops.

JAMIE

You destroy the Sept and bury the
ashes of our son at it's
foundation.

(Beat)

He was a king and he deserved more
than that.

Jamie exits TO-

INT. RED KEEP. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The hall where Cersei's ever present subordinates, Qyburn and Ser Gregor await. Jaime stops and glances scornfully at them.

QYBURN

Condolence's on your loss Ser
Jaime.

Jamie ignores this and walks away.

INT. RED KEEP. ROYAL BEDCHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Qyburn enters the room.

QYBURN

My Queen.

Cersei gives him a tight smile.

CERSEI

I have something for you.

Qyburn approaches.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Your position has not yet been made
official.

Cersei pulls out the familiar pin and places it above his
heart.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Words cannot express the meaning of
your loyal council.

(Beat)

Qyburn, I name you hand of the
Queen.

QYBURN

(Bows)

I am honored yr'grace.

(MORE)

QYBURN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

On another note, my birds have been whispering much of late and they inform me that Lady Olenna has aligned with the Sand Snakes of Dorne.

CERSEI

Two broken houses, one led by a fossil and the other is nothing more a tribe of Neanderthals.

(Beat)

Let them come.

(Quick beat)

I will allow for you to also continue with experiments down in your chamber. You will be granted whatever resources you need.

Qyburn nods and exits. Cersei stands contemplative.

EXT. RED KEEP - DAY

Jamie stands overlooking the ledge out to Kings Landing when Bronn approaches.

JAMIE

Do you know what my father used to tell me?

BRONN

Let me guess.

(Mimicking Tywin)

You have nothing to worry about son, your rich.

JAMIE

Besides that...

(Serious)

He'd say that one day he'd be dead, his children, his grand children, all of us would eventually die. The only thing that will live on is the Lannister name. Every action must be made to ensure the perseverance of that. That's all that matters.

BRONN

I hate to ruin this tender affair, but that's a bunch of fat shit.

JAMIE

You really do know how to pick your moments.

BRONN

A rich man has the luxury to think like that. A poor man is born knowing his only guarantee is death. Really, none of it matters in the end.

JAMIE

Then why care to obtain titles and lands? Why even bother to fight for others.

BRONN

Because "others" pay.

JAMIE

No, it's more than that.

BRONN

You're right, the food taste better, the pussy smells better, life is just better.

JAMIE

No it's something more. There's always something deeper.

BRONN

It's actually quite simple, I fight for gold.

JAMIE

You fight for me.

BRONN

You pay.

JAMIE

You're a sell-sword and yet you fight *only* for me, the King slayer.

BRONN

What can I say, you've paid the best. You forget, I'm a knight now because of you. I've got honor.

JAMIE

I know you're aware that my sister
could of paid just as equally,
perhaps even more for your
services. So what is it?

Silence. Jamie and Bronn give each other a look.

BRONN

Truth is golden boy, you attract
prettier women.

JAMIE

You really are impossible.

EXT. NARROW SEA - NIGHT

Daenerys' fleet of ships calmly tread over the waters of the
Narrow Sea.

INT. SHIP. TYRION'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

BOOM! A loud thump or crash? Wakes Tyrion from his sleep. He
rises from his bed.

EXT. DAENERYS' SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Tyrion steps on to the deck. Everything is quiet apart from
the sounds of the sea UNTIL... HEAVY BREATHING grabs his
attention. He turns to SEE-

Daenerys seated in front of Drogon(*Her Dragon*). The large
beast has landed on the ship and has curled around Daenerys.
Drogon gives a deep growl but remains still.

Tyrion slowly approaches...

TYRION

My queen.

Daenerys turns to Tyrion.

TYRION (CONT'D)

I thought we crashed or were
possibly being attacked. I was
relieved to see it was only a
dragon.

(edges closer)

Only a dragon.

Daenerys takes this in as she gazes on Drogon.

TYRION (CONT'D)

I suspect that will be somewhat of a surprise in King's Landing. Just as much of a surprise as seeing a Targaryen in the flesh.

DAENERYS

Yes I suppose it will... You know I've heard stories of only the Iron Throne, The Great Sept of Baelor, the Red Keep... But never of the city itself. Never of it's people.

Tyrion hangs his eyes.

TYRION

Greed, deceit, violence, sex and the causation for what has driven men to war in both Westeros and Essos for over thousands of years.

(Beat)

It is my home. Though I doubt I will be welcomed back with open arms.

DAENERYS

Luckily as my hand, you won't have to be welcomed back.

Tyrion smiles.

TYRION

It warms my heart to hear those words. But I'm afraid the situation is far more delicate than one may perceive. The Queen Regent, my sister believes me to be the murderer of her eldest Son.

(Beat)

As you certainly know, King's Landing is not Slaver's Bay. It is not Qarth or Meereen.

DAENERYS

Yes, it appears it is just another corrupt city-

TYRION

It *is* King's Landing... It welds together the Seven Kingdoms, it is the pinnacle of achievement for any ruler. And no matter how fierce your army nor how powerful your might.

(MORE)

TYRION (CONT'D)

It is all for not unless the conclusion ends atop the Iron Throne.

DAENERYS

A city that unites and yet it stands divided.

TYRION

A direct result of it's ever changing power.

DAENERYS

I'd like to believe that good power sustains.

TYRION

If the world were perfect my queen.

Daenerys eyes drift. Tyrion notices.

TYRION (CONT'D)

Which is why we sail for Dragonstone. It's seat is vacant and it's walls will keep us safe. There we can secure our numbers and our strategy for obtaining the Iron Throne.

DAENERYS

And Dragonstone is an ancient castle?

TYRION

Of the most ancient. Older than king's Landing itself. Also it is a wonderful place for keeping dragons.

Daenerys traces the large scales of Drogon.

DAENERYS

I want the people to know... I am not my father.

TYRION

No my Queen, you undoubtedly are not.

DAENERYS

But I also want them to know that my rule will be firm.

TYRION

Well as long as you aren't burning
men in the streets with wildfire...

Silence. Tyrion notices his joke falls flat.

TYRION (CONT'D)

I have seen with my own eyes enough
to realize that though you have the
Mad King's name and blood, you do
not share his temperament.

EXT. KING'S ROAD - DAY

As the snow falls lightly through a dense fog, a horse
mounted by a figure meanders along the road. As the horse
nears details of it's rider become clearer. Red garments
notify us that this is Melisandre; both she and the horse are
exhausted and withered.

They approach a tree....

As she dismounts, nearly toppling over. She sits against the
tree; Her breath weak with both her hair and faith now
mangled. She fades...

A pair of boots approach her as she sleeps. Melisandre slowly
wakes and notices the pair of boots belong to a WOMAN (30s).
The Woman helps Melisandre to her feet.

FADE TO:

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Melisandre lays in a bed, covered with blankets, next to a
fire. She rises up slowly gaining her bearings, looking
around at a quaint cottage. The Woman brings her a bowl of
soup.

WOMAN

How are you feeling? You were
pretty knackered.

MELISANDRE

Where am I?

WOMAN

My family's cottage. Just outside
the Barrowlands. I fed your horse
as well. I hope you didn't mind.

Melisandre looks around, taking in her surroundings then back to the Woman.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How's the porridge? I'm not much of a cook. That was more my mother's arena.

Melisandre holds an uncertain gaze at the woman.

MELISANDRE

You seem familiar. Is this our first encounter?

WOMAN

I can't say. I've never traveled much.

Melisandre takes this in.

MELISANDRE

Well, I thank you.

The woman smiles.

WOMAN

The winter has come. You are welcome to stay. Unless you are in a hurry...

MELISANDRE

No...

WOMAN

It's good to have some company.

EXT. WINTERFELL. CLEARING - DAY

With a couple of horse drawn carts being followed by several able men, they walk along looking to be gathering supplies. Jon and Ser Davos walk among them as well.

SER DAVOS

Most of the grain on this land is frozen over. We might be able to salvage some of it but not likely. Over a thousand bodies at five pounds of food a day and another 20 for livestock. Rations will be thin.

As they continue on Ser Davos notices Jon looking off into the distance.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)
Lord Snow?

Jon walks off.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)
Jon?

Ser Davos follows him.

EXT. WINTERFELL. GODSWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Jon has come to one of the most old and sacred grounds in Winterfell. The rich humus covered by fresh snow with it's pond frozen over. Jon walks over to the WEIRWOOD TREE and places his hand against it's trunk; tracing along it's ridges and grooves Jon reminisces.

JON
Growing up I wasn't allowed here. I visited only twice. Once with my father and once after he was killed. This was were he'd come to think over his troubles. Were he'd pray.

Ser Davos looks around, taking it in.

SER DAVOS
It's quite lovely.

JON
He'd always say this place brought him peace.

SER DAVOS
And what about you Lord Snow? Does it bring you peace?

JON
(Shaking his head)
I'm having dreams. Dreams about the dead.

SER DAVOS
Do they keep you up?

Jon nods.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)
Takin' a life is never easy. Takin' a life of someone you care about-- It's torture.

JON

I keep seeing Olly's face just...
Looking at me.

SER DAVOS

The watch held no pity, held no
exceptions. The boy knew that and
made his decision. You can't blame
yourself for his consequences.

Jon nods. Ser Davos holds a stare at Jon noticing something
else is bothering him.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)

But it's not just that, is it?

JON

Davos... The war is coming. How are
we to defeat the enemy when we may
not survive the winter?

Ser Davos approaches Jon.

SER DAVOS

You know, we keep tellin' ourselves
that the war is yet to come.
Perhaps we should be askin'
ourselves if in fact the war is not
already here.

(Off Jon's look)

And if it is, then Yr'Grace, people
are gonna die that's just the fact
of it. The hard part is makin' sure
those people didn't just die for
nothin'.

JON

I've seen the enemy on the
battlefield. We don't have enough
men as it is.

SER DAVOS

I don't believe in much these days,
never really did to be honest. Time
and experience can do that to a
man. Those experiences have taught
me not put my trust in the unknown.
But you were dead. Cold as the
ground we step on, yet here you
stand. I refuse to think that
whatever God's are out there would
have afforded you a second life if
not for a purpose.

(Off Jon's unsure look)

(MORE)

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)
We do what we can, and hope it's
for the better.

Jon settles on this.

SER DAVOS (CONT'D)
We should be gettin' back.

Jon nods.

EXT. FLEA BOTTOM - DAY

Jamie and Bronn make their way through the slums of the city. Passing it's locals who look to them with a hardened curiosity. Bronn has his hand on his sword, his eyes on guard.

BRONN
Remind me again where we're going?

JAMIE
To think.

As they walk, several aggressive eyes lock on to them.

BRONN
It'd be a shame to have survived
Dorne only to be killed in flea
bottom. I'm still owed a castle and
a highborn beauty from you.

JAMIE
Well I guess you'll have to really
earn your keep now won't you.

They continue on further into Flea Bottom. An ugly ANGRY LOCAL (40's) Tall and burly, watches them from a distance as they do.

INT. GIN ALLEY ALEHOUSE - DAY

Jamie and Bronn sit at a small table drinking ale from horn mugs in the corner of the establishment. Jamie's sheathed sword is next to him resting against the table. Eyes from patrons drift back and forth whispering to each other as they do.

BRONN
If I were a betting man, I'd say
that you've gone mad.

JAMIE

Can I ask you something?

BRONN

You rich bastards love to complicate things. Why can't we just sit here and drink.

JAMIE

Do you regret anything that you've done? A crime you've committed? A vow you've broken? A person you've killed?

Bronn continues to scan his surroundings.

BRONN

I'm starting to.

JAMIE

There was a time were I knew exactly where I was supposed to be at all times-- Where I stood in the world. I was certain that every action taken was for a greater purpose; For the realm, for family... For love. Now it seems... Unclear.

The angry local enters, accompanied by multiple ACCOMPLICES who take seats in several corners. Bronn notices.

BRONN

I don't think we're well liked around here.

Jamie's attention is in his horn mug.

JAMIE

I was always judged. The lion is always judged. But he knows his purpose. He remains steadfast on his duty regardless of opinions of the heard.

More men enter the building. Bronn's grip tightens around his sword as he watches the potential threats.

BRONN

(re: Jamie's horn mug)

You gonna fuck it too? Or do you plan on finishing it anytime soon?

JAMIE

Because what does the herd know?
They know only what the lion
allows.

The angry local approaches Jamie with a full mug in hand.

BRONN

(re: Angry Local)

I think you're standing a little
too close for my comfort friend.

ANGRY LOCAL

I think I'm standing right were I'm
supposed to be.

JAMIE

But if the lion is betrayed by his
own, what then? What is left in
this world?

Silence. Bronn shoots him an aggravated look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Chaos...

ANGRY LOCAL

Chaos is what your family has
caused and chaos is what you'll
reap, King Slayer.

The Angry Local pours his drink in Jamie's lap. Jamie then
stands until he is face to face with the man.

JAMIE

What do you know of it? Tell me,
what do you know of what I will
reap? While you rape, pillage,
murder-- Steal for selfish gain?
You dare condemn a knight of the
King's guard for his actions in
protecting the realm he swore to
serve. Even when he knew that
servitude would sentence and
degrade him to a life of
banishment, mockery-- humiliation?
Tell me, what do you know of that
kind of duty?

Silence. The atmosphere is tense.

ANGRY LOCAL

I know you don't stab a man in his back. I know if you want to kill a man. You look him in his eyes.

JAMIE

Like you're doing now?

ANGRY LOCAL

Aye, exactly.

JAMIE

Well allow me to applaud you for being so honorable.

ANGRY LOCAL

Oh, there's nothin' honorable about what I'm gonna do to you.

Jamie smiles but holds his gazed fixed with the Angry Local.

ANGRY LOCAL (CONT'D)

And what I've got planned for that cunt sister of yours... Well, I suspect the Mad King will be smilin' in his grave once I'm done.

Jamie's smile quickly diminishes. Bronn rises from his seat and draws his sword.

BRONN

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

ANGRY LOCAL

And whose gonna stop me?

BRONN

I am-- Well I'm not gonna stop you, I'm gonna kill you.

ANGRY LOCAL

Is that right? And what's it to you?

BRONN

Well it's my keep and as of right now I'm under his employ. To which, I might add, is a very stable employ. If I allow for you to kill him. Well then you'd be directly to blame for ruining my comfortable livelihood. Then I'd have to kill you for the inconvenience. So either way I'd have to kill you.

ANGRY LOCAL

(Laughs)

You're outnumbered.

BRONN

What? With just these few simpletons you brought here with you?

(Off the Angry Local's look)

No, you'd need a bit more than that my friend.

A long silence. The Angry Local looks back at Jamie whose stare has not wavered UNTIL-

Bronn KICKS hard at the table crashing into Jamie Toppling him into the Angry Local causing them to both fall to the ground. Jamie's sword falls next to him. He grabs and unsheathes it. He STRIKES at the Angry Local who has his sword drawn as well. They CLASH.

Bronn jumps over the table as the 5 Accomplices converge on him from all angles, he now has his sword and large dagger drawn. He makes contact with the first two Accomplices and after several counter swings he easily bests them.

Jamie and the Angry Local scrape back and forth until they become tangled with their small daggers at each other's throats. FACE to FACE. Daggers inches away from each other's jugulars. a tug-of-war of strength ensues as each man nearly gets the better.

Bronn is being attacked by all three accomplices. They are giving it their all as Bronn's clear class and experience is showing with his efficient defending. The three men hack away until Bronn manages to tangle two of swordsmen together with his sword, with all three facing each other in a circular fashion. The third swordsman attempts to take advantage only to be KICKED down to the floor. Bronn then PUSHES the circle of men towards a table, pinning one against it in the process; Bronn PUSHES and PUSHES then stabs his sword until it is piercing the pinned accomplice's chest. The man falls severely wounded.

As Jamie and the Angry Local are in a stalemate of strength and stamina, knives still deadlocked at each other's throats. A fallen accomplice picks up his sword regaining his bearings. Jamie notices then with his golden plated hand he HURLS it at the fallen Accomplices head knocking him out-- This causes the Angry Local to gain the advantage turning Jamie on his back.

Bronn is going back and forth with the two remaining accomplices until fatigue has left one man's defenses weak, to which allows for Bronn to pierce the man's gut. He quickly shifts his focus to the last Accomplice who is now trembling and shaking at the realization of his situation.

BRONN (CONT'D)

(Winded)

You will fight bravely and you will die quickly.

Bronn walks towards him grabbing his sword out of the Pinned Accomplices gut as he does. The last Accomplice drops his sword and scurries out of the Alehouse.

Jamie is still tussling with the Angry Local when Bronn approaches from behind. He then forces his sword under the man's throat and his dagger behind his neck.

BRONN (CONT'D)

Told you I'd kill you.

ANGRY LOCAL

No.

Bronn quickly PULLS both blades in opposite directions spewing blood and decapitating the Angry Local's head. Jamie lays out of breath but grateful. Bronn sheathes his weapons and extends his hand.

BRONN

So, did you get that out of your system?

Jamie embarrassingly accepts Bronn's hand. Bronn Lifts him up and notices Bronn's disapproving look.

JAMIE

(Realizing)

Apologies...

BRONN

It's now two highborn beauties.

INT. WINTERFELL. SANSA'S BEDCHAMBER - DAY

Sansa stands in front of a mirror. She is covered in her wolf's mane cloak. Her long red hair is now combed straight and her tears dried. She stares at herself in the mirror and takes a breath.

EXT. WINTERFELL. OUTSIDE SANSA'S BEDCHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Brienne is standing as firm as her body will allow when Sansa suddenly appears from her bedroom. Both are surprised to see the other.

BRIENNE
Lady Stark.

SANSA
(Finding her words)
I wish to go for a walk.

BRIENNE
Certainly-

SANSA
Alone.

Awkward pause.

SANSA (CONT'D)
When I was a girl here, there was
always a shadow looming over me,
watching me. It was suffocating.

BRIENNE
As you wish M'Lady.

Sansa notices Brienne's tiresome state.

SANSA
Are you alright?

BRIENNE
Certainly M'Lady.

Sansa is not sure if she believes this but she carries on.

BRIENNE (CONT'D)
M'Lady...
(Sansa turns)
Lord Snow wishes to speak to you.

Sansa takes this in.

SANSA
Get some rest.

She walks away.

EXT. WINTERFELL GATES - DAY

Sansa is now perched up high along one of the corridors, looking down at-

The scavenging group meanders through the large gates. Jon is among them along with Ser Davos and Tormund. Jon looks up to catch Sansa's gaze. Even though he is happy to see her, both seem to have matching gloomy expressions.

EXT. WINTERFELL GATES. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jon approaches Sansa who is still looking down at the gates.

JON

It's good to see you up. You alright?

SANSA

I'm fine. I was just tired.

Jon walks up to her, he looks down at the gates.

JON

The food is going quickly. The few crops we did manage to gather are beyond saving from the cold.

Silence. Sansa continues to look out at the gates.

JON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We need to send word south. I know how you feel about it but this is what has to be.

Sansa looks at him.

SANSA

Are you talking about King's Landing?

JON

You know what I'm talking about Sansa. If by some miracle we manage to survive this winter we'll need to bridge what ever differences we have to stand a chance.

SANSA

So you want to form an alliance with the Lannister's?

JON

I want us to form alliances with
all the houses of the south. That
includes House Lannister

SANSA

After what they did to our family?

Jon thinks for a second.

JON

Yes.

Sansa looks back out at the gates.

JON (CONT'D)

I know how difficult this is for
you as it is for me. You have to
understand that if we don't build
our forces... We'll all die.

SANSA

I watched those monsters butcher my
father, tear apart this family,
force me into a marriage to carry
their seed and you stand there
proudly asking me to forgive them?

JON

I'm not asking you to forgive or
forget. I'm asking you to be strong
for a greater purpose.

Long silence. Sansa continues to hold a stare at the wall.

SANSA

You have my answer.

She walks off.

AROUND THE CORNER

Baelish stands with a thin wiry smile after overhearing the
conversation.

INT. OUTSIDE DUNGEON - DAY

Cersei stands with a GUARD who opens the door to a cell-

INT. DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

Cersei enters and the guard closes the door behind her. She finds Unella (*The Nun*) seated in a corner; Bruises and Dried blood on her face with her clothes dirty, tattered and torn. Unella stands as Cersei approaches her. Unella holds a piercing gaze at Cersei who reciprocates with a condescending smile.

CERSEI

You look well, all things considered... How is Ser Gregor treating you? Contrary to what you might think, he's enjoyed his frequent visits with you. I presume sometimes he could be quite rough... But I think we both can agree sometimes that is more... Satisfying.

Unella's expression has not wavered. Cersei reaches out to fix a strand of hair coming from Unella's veil. Unella quickly retracts in a "don't touch me manner". Cersei decides to fix it anyway.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

As fate would have it, I have come here in search of your council. I believe you are the only one who can relate to my current quandary.

Unella is confused by this.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Say I forgave all that you have done to me. All the berating, the thrashing, the embarrassment... the shaming. If I were to forgive all of it and allow for you to walk free. What would you do? Would you go on continue living your life as the monastic nun? Would you search for a simpler life on a hillside in some far off country? Or would you seek vengeance on those who wronged you? Those who wronged the people you love?

As Cersei gazes on the beaten down woman. The rage in her eyes is unmistakable.

UNELLA

I would pray for the God's to have mercy on your tainted soul.

CERSEI

Yes, I'm sure you would.

(Beat)

Faith is a funny thing. You Septons spent all your time trying to convince others of your Gods. Now it seems it is you, who is in need convincing... Thank you.

Cersei walks over to the door and knocks for the Guard to open.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Melisandre drinks from a cup staring out the window watching the Woman gather fire wood. For the first time she seems calm. She drifts her attention to the fireplace. The flame catches her attention. STARING... STARING... STARING UNTIL-

The Woman enters the house.

WOMAN

Oh, you're up. That's good. Apologies, we're having more of the same to eat. It's about all I can make that's bearable.

MELISANDRE

I saw you wielding the axe. You're quite handy.

WOMAN

Yeah, my father taught me.

MELISANDRE

You've spoken a great deal about you're parents. What did you say happened to them.

WOMAN

I didn't say...

Awkward silence.

MELISANDRE

Apologies.

WOMAN

They died some time ago.

The woman goes over to the kitchen like area and stirs a large pot of food.

Melisandre looks over in a far corner to notice a blanket covering what appears to be something shiny. She slowly goes to investigate.

MELISANDRE

How did this come to be? If you don't mind me asking?

The Woman takes a beat from stirring.

WOMAN

They were killed.

Melisandre is now by the blanket.

MELISANDRE

So you are alone?

WOMAN

Yes, unfortunately.

Just as Melisandre is about to unveil the blanket, the woman turns and approaches her with a bowl of soup. She hands it to Melisandre. As she does, she stops and catches Melisandre peeking at the blanket.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Careful, it's hot.

Melisandre looks closer at the girl's eyes as she accepts the bowl. Her eyes go back to the fire... STARING...

MELISANDRE

(To herself)

In that darkness, eyes starring back at me. Brown eyes, blue eyes, green eyes...

WOMAN

I see a darkness in you. Those eyes you'll shut forever.

As Melisandre turns back to the Woman, her gaze is met by the tip of a small sword; Arya's Needle. Melisandre looks into the woman's eyes again.

MELISANDRE

And you have cast several eyes into that darkness, as you will continue to do on your journey.

The woman takes her masked face away to reveal herself to be Arya.

ARYA

You were right and now my journey
has brought me back to you. To kill
you.

MELISANDRE

Yes, the darkness has indeed grown
in you. But kill me, you will not.

ARYA

You murdered my friend. He was
innocent and good and you let them
take him. You will die for what
you've done.

Melisandre looks at Arya, confident, unmoved, curious.
Melisandre moves closer to Arya.

MELISANDRE

Tell me girl, what is your name?

Arya, for the first time in a long time seems uncertain.

MELISANDRE (CONT'D)

Go on...

ARYA

I- I'm... I am Arya Stark of
Winterfell. Daughter of Ned Stark.

MELISANDRE

Yes...

Melisandre turns towards the window, her thoughts piecing a
picture together.

MELISANDRE (CONT'D)

And Jon Snow is-

ARYA

Was my brother...

(Beat)

You knew Jon?

MELISANDRE

No young Stark, I know...

ARYA

He's alive?

MELISANDRE

(Nods)

As is your love.

ARYA

How do you know this? You could be lying. You could be wrong?

Melisandre approaches the fire a confidence in her eyes.

MELISANDRE

Yes, I could be... But the Lord of light is never wrong.

(Beat)

Our champion will be reborn to wake dragons from stone and reforge the great sword Lightbringer that defeated the darkness those thousands of years ago.

EXT. NARROW SEA - DAY

Daenerys' fleet of ships approach Blackwater bay, several miles out.

EXT. DAENERYS' SHIP. DECK - DAY

Daenerys stands towards the bow of the massive ship accompanied by Missandei, Grey Worm, Varys and Tyrion. They all look OUT TO-

The mammoth sized gloomy bay; at it's center sits the island of Dragonstone. A large stronghold that we've seen before, chiseled from out the mountains of the island, once occupied by Stannis Baratheon.

As the ships sail closer towards the island, the size and scale of the dark castle become apparent.

MISSANDEI

The vanity of the castle is...

DAENERYS

Nonexistent.

Tyrion steps forward.

TYRION

My Queen, welcome to Dragonstone.

VARYS

Well it certainly lives up to it's name.

GREY WORM

Very Ugly.

DAENERYS

Indeed...

TYRION

Oh don't let it's appearance fool you. There is a reason it stands as a barricade between The Narrow Sea and King's Landing. One who lays claim to this glimmering stronghold commands the allegiance of most of it's neighboring islands, like that of High Tide or like the one over there in the distance.

Tyrion points and everybody looks to an island in the far off distance hard to see through the fog.

TYRION (CONT'D)

That is Driftmark, the ancestral castle of House Velaryon. A distant relative of House Targaryen.

VARYS

I have heard the walls of Dragonstone are of a mystic sort. The castle was said to be constructed with ancient Valyrian sorcery.

TYRION

Yes, the specifics of it's creation remain quite the mystery. But what is certain is it's fortitude in battle. If there is such a fortress that is unable to be breached, your money is safe with Dragonstone.

EXT. GREYJOY'S SHIP. DECK - SAME

A few ships back from Daenerys', Yara and Theon Greyjoy look out from the stern of their ship towards the looming Castle. Yara spots something head of the fleet. That gets her attention. She makes her way to the bow of the ship to grab a closer look.

BOW OF SHIP

Yara jesters to one of her OFFICERS.

YARA

Hand me your scope.

He complies. She looks into the distance. Theon walks up to her.

THEON
Is everything alright?

YARA
Look out there.

She hands him the scope and he looks.

SCOPE POV: Nothing really is clear just the fog.

THEON
(re: scope)
It's only fog. Just fog...

Yara's sea captain alarm senses are ringing. She takes another look through the scope.

SCOPE POV: Black Sails barely whiff through the dense fog.

THEON (CONT'D)
What is it? What do you see.

YARA
Prepare for battle little brother.

Yara hurries back towards the stern.

STERN OF SHIP

Yara approaches one of her LIEUTENANTS.

YARA (CONT'D)
Sound the horn.

LIEUTENANT
Captain?

YARA
Sound the damn horn!

EXT. DAENERYS' SHIP. DECK - SAME

BURRRB!!! The loud horn echoes in the air grabbing everybody's attention causing them to look back at the Greyjoy's ship. Grey Worm looks out towards Dragonstone.

GREY WORM
Ships approach.

Everybody turns and looks out towards Dragonstone. But there is just a dense fog.

DAENERYS

I thought there was no occupier of this castle?

TYRION

I am certain there is not.

GREY WORM

Perhaps you are mistaken.

Tyrion is trying to find his words.

VARYS

On this account Tyrion is correct, Stannis was defeated at winterfell making him the last of his name, which by the Targaryen ancestral right places this castle back in the hands of... you my Queen.

BURRRB!!! The horn sounds again.

GREY WORM

We will get men in fight positions.

Grey Worm goes off shouting commands at the men.

Daenerys looks out and through the fog the materialization of an entire naval fleet appears approaching fast. Tyrion also notices and his face says it all...

TYRION

If Stannis is dead then who could be...

VARYS

What could possibly scavenge an empty castle housed at the mouth of a large bay... Pirates.

EXT. OLENNAS SHIP. DECK - SAME

On a much more posh looking ship, Olenna Tyrell steps from her quarters on to the deck, annoyed. She attempts to look out towards Daenerys' ship but no luck.

OLENNA

What in the seven kingdoms is going on?

A SEAMAN offers her a scope, she takes it and peeks through.

EXT. NARROW SEA - CONTINUOUS

The fleet of Pirate ships approaches fast...

EXT. GREYJOY'S SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Yara stands firm with Theon. Her eyes fixed on Daenerys' ship.

YARA

We hold for commands.

EXT. DAENERYS' SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Daenerys and her crew look on towards the approaching danger. She then looks at Tyrion who catches her eyes. He gives an uncertain look...

DAENERYS

We will not attack unless provoked.

TYRION

I understand your hesitation but they may not reciprocate your generosity.

DAENERYS

No they may not... And if they chose to do battle then they will understand that my generosity can quickly be dispelled by the inferno of my wrath.

Tyrion is satisfied with that answer and settles in.

EXT. NARROW SEA - MOMENTS LATER

A lone Pirate ship appears from the center of the fleet heading towards Daenerys' ship.

Daenerys' ship follows suit, emerging from the rest of the pack of ships.

EXT. DAENERYS' SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Daenerys looks on towards the lone pirate ship heading towards her. Curious but confident.

MOMENTS LATER

The Pirate ship is upon them... As it sails closer, something becomes strangely apparent... The ship is empty or appears to be empty. It sails past, Daenerys and her crew get a closer look over the edge. The pirate ship is empty ghostlike. As they watch the ship go past a voice speaks out...

SALLADHOR (O.C.)

I must say, the rumors of your
exquisite beauty do you no
justice...

The entire ship turns to SEE- SALLADHOR SAAN standing on the railing of the bow of the ship, eating an apple.

SALLADHOR (CONT'D)

Daenerys Targaryen.

ALL WEAPONS ARE DRAWN towards him. He smiles.

SALLADHOR (CONT'D)

Come, if I really wanted to attack,
I would of just attacked.

DAENERYS

How did you...

SALLADHOR

Get on your ship, I climbed. Well I
rowed then I climbed.

Grey Worm looks over the side to SEE-

A small rowboat hitched to the side of the ship.

TYRION

Crafty trick....

SALLADHOR

An old pirate trick, very basic for
robbing big beautiful boats.

VARYS

And what other tricks do you intend
on performing for us?

Salladhor again smiles.

SALLADHOR

Please let us all be friends, I am
merely a messenger.

DAENERYS

And what message have you come to deliver.

SALLADHOR

That you have been expected Daenerys Targaryen. And that I am to escort you into Dragonstone.

Tyrion looks surprised.

VARYS

And what's to say this is not one of your tricks?

SALLADHOR

Have you not heard of Salladhor Saan?

VARYS

Yes, a very well known Pirate of the Narrow Sea.

SALLADHOR

Salladhor Saan is not *just* a pirate, but an excellent one. An honest one.

TYRION

You are Salladhor Saan?

SALLADHOR

In the flesh.

DAENERYS

And Salladhor, who is this person you speak for?

SALLADHOR

Perhaps it is best that I show you.

Grey Worm approaches Salladhor, with his grip firmly on his dagger.

GREY WORM

I don't believe you.

SALLADHOR

I can assure you that killing me would not be of your best interest.

DAENERYS

And what do you know of my interest pirate?

SALLADHOR

I know you seek to sack King's Landing. I know you wish to sit atop the Iron Throne... I also know that you have the means to do so.

(Off Daenerys' look)

My alluring Queen, it is my job to know all kinds of things.

Long contemplative beat. Daenerys ponders this then looks to Grey Worm and nods. Grey Worm relaxes his grip on his pommel.

SALLADHOR (CONT'D)

Now keep our heading straight into blackwater.

EXT. GREYJOY'S SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Yara gives a disapproving look towards daenerys' ship. Theon notices.

THEON

What are your orders?

YARA

We follow our queen.

Theon nods and commands the men.

EXT. OLENNAS SHIP. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Oleanna hands back the scope.

OLENNA

What is the world coming to when queens must take orders from pirates.

SEAMAN

Lady Olenna what are your commands?

OLENNA

Follow their damn ships obviously.

The seaman nods.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Arya paces back and forth with her Needle in her hand trying to make out what has been said to her. Melisandre watches her intently.

ARYA

So let me recount your story again.
My brother-

MELISANDRE

Jon-

ARYA

Jon, was-

MELISANDRE

Killed.

ARYA

But only he wasn't killed because
you brought him back to life?

MELISANDRE

No, it was the lord of light who
allowed for life to be brought to
him again.

ARYA

Right. And my sister, Sansa was
married twice and widowed twice but
now has returned home with Jon?

MELISANDRE

Yes.

ARYA

And you were exiled by my brother-

MELISANDRE

For putting my faith of the
prophecy in the wrong man. I was
blinded.

Arya thinks hard about this.

ARYA

That doesn't make sense. Jon
wouldn't just throw you out. Even
if you wronged him he would try and
look past it. You must have done
something... Something terrible.

MELISANDRE

Haven't we all in this journey to
defeat what is yet to come. What of
your terrible deeds young stark? Do
they account for the losses you've
suffered at the hands of others?

Arya stays silent.

MELISANDRE (CONT'D)

Jon Snow is the one who was promised. This I know even if he refuses to believe it. His spirit has now traveled into the darkness of the dead. He truly understands the great war is the only thing that matters and yet he must contend and fight with those around him who seek to overthrow him for selfish gain. You must take me back to him.

Silence. Arya is thinking.

ARYA

I don't trust you.

MELISANDRE

I have nothing to gain.

ARYA

It doesn't make sense for you to want to go back if you weren't sure of this... Prophecy.

(Beat)

Ok, fine. I'll let you come with me back to Winterfell. But if you try anything, do anything or say anything that I don't like. I will kill you. And I promise this time you won't see it coming.

Melisandre complies.

INT. WINTERFELL. GLASS GARDENS - DAY

Lord Baelish walks into the gardens to find Sansa on her knees uprooting the weeds from the dirt. She does not notice him.

LORD BAELISH

Your mother loved this garden house. Even with her gone it still breathes her essence.

(Watching Sansa)

You have her spirit.

SANSA

Why are you here?

LORD BAELISH
I overheard you and your brother's
conversation.

Sansa looks up.

SANSA
Why am I not surprised.

LORD BAELISH
As much as it ails me to say, Jon
Snow is partially correct. Though
his means for victory may be
skewed.

SANSA
You think.

Beat.

LORD BAELISH
As you know, your father and I had
a fractured relationship.

SANSA
It wasn't fractured, he hated you.

LORD BAELISH
Though we had our obvious
differences and I couldn't bare to
stand his holier than thou
rhetoric. There was one moniker I
did agree with... The winter is
long and unforgiving. The last one
lasted 10 years, you northerners
survived as best you could.
Fortunately, back then there wasn't
an impending war transpiring on the
horizon.

SANSA
So you're agreeing with him?

Lord Baelish walks up to Sansa and helps her to her feet.

LORD BAELISH
Your mother Catelyn was my first
love. Every time I saw her with Ned
Stark it was like a thousand blades
ripping my heart to shreds. But I
bared it, I accepted it. A fate
that was not of my control. I
addressed him as Lord and her the
same. Do you know why?

Sansa gives an empty look.

LORD BAELISH (CONT'D)

Because I knew it was for the greater good. I was but an orphan with no lands, no name, no titles just a heart on fire coupled with burning ambition to climb to the greatest of heights. Her family would never have accepted our union, nor should they have. Ned Stark could afford her a life I was unable to at the time and that was good for the realm. The realm must always succeed regardless of one's desires.

SANSA

You say all this and yet you still seek to sit on the throne.

LORD BAELISH

I do... And I will do all I can to see it a reality.

SANSA

Then if you loved her as you claimed, why care about the survival of a hideous iron chair?

LORD BAELISH

This world is a barbaric cage. Filled with starving savages. The realm is all that gives it order.

Sansa takes this in.

SANSA

Maybe we are all fighting different wars. Wars that may not seem apparent but are there and are real.

LORD BAELISH

I believe we are my lady. But this war with the dead is also very real and we won't win it divided.

FADE TO:

INT. QYBURN'S CHAMBER'S - DAY

Cersei cautiously enters Qyburn's Dark laboratory where he is mixing potions of some sort. Even she is uneasy in this room. He stops and does a slight bow to her.

QYBURN

Yr'Grace.

CERSEI

I was told you had something of urgency you needed to discuss.

QYBURN

Yes... I have received word of a rumor that might interest you.

CERSEI

What kind of rumor?

QYBURN

Remember the whispering of my birds I told you about?

CERSEI

Yes, go on.

QYBURN

A fleet of ships was seen coming from the Narrow Sea into Blackwater bay. Most of the sails carried Sand Snake and Tyrell banners.

Cersei interest is peaked.

CERSEI

They've moved fast. Though their houses combined present a greater threat, they do not have the numbers to defeat the King's Guard. I thank you for your caution but this is a matter of no concern

Cersei turns to exit.

QYBURN

That is not the part that concerns me.

Cersei stops and turns back towards him.

QYBURN (CONT'D)

Also amidst their convoy of ships
was said to be Targaryen sails.

Cersei's face turns to that of worry.

CERSEI

Impossible... My former husband
struck down the last Targaryen at
the battle of the Trident. The
stain of Rhaegar's blood still
paints the ground from Roberts
hammer.

(Beat)

Is this the silly game they want to
play?

QYBURN

Yr'Grace-

CERSEI

They think this will cause an
uprising from me, then they are
mistaken. My husband killed the
last heir and my brother killed
their last king...

Silence. Cersei notice Qyburn hanging his eyes.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Qyburn?

QYBURN

There is one more thing, Yr'Grace.
(Off Cersei's look)
There has been whispers but no
confirmation of sorts... There
could be a dragon.

CERSEI

Dragon?

QYBURN

Just rumors...

Silence. Cersei has a look of dread on her face.

CERSEI

(Calmly)
Is that all.

QYBURN

Yes, my queen.

CERSEI

Thank you, I shall leave you to
your work.

Cersei exits.

EXT. WINTERFELL. STABLES - DAY

Jon is tending to the horses. Ghost (*His Dire wolf*) lays on a stack of hay close by. A shiver travels down Jon's spine. He starts to notice that he can see each breath as he exhales. He looks into the corner of the stable. There is Olly, standing in the same deathly state that we first saw him in. He stares at Jon. Jon tries to get his words out...

JON

I-I'm-I'm sorry. Forgive me...

Olly takes a step forward and grabs at Jon's arm.

SANSA (O.S.)

Jon...

Jon turns quickly to see Sansa petting Ghost...

SANSA (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Jon looks back at the corner. Olly is gone. He comes to his senses, just another dream.

JON

What is it?

SANSA

I said, Ghost has grown so much.

JON

Oh... Yeah, I keep running out of things to feed him. I wish Rob and Bran could see him now.

Sansa walks over to Jon.

SANSA

I've given your proposal some thought... You have my blessing to send word south. Not that you needed it, after all you are the king of the north.

JON

No matter what, we're family. We make decisions as a family.

Sansa nods.

JON (CONT'D)

You know what this means?

Sansa nods.

JON (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

SANSA

You told me that in order for us to survive we must trust each other. I know you loved this family even when you had no reason to. I trust in you to do what's right.

Jon nods.

SANSA (CONT'D)

Come with me, I have something to show you.

Jon intrigued, follows Sansa.

INT. WINTERFELL. GLASS GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Sansa and Jon walk into the gardens. Jon looks around and smiles.

JON

You and Arya used to come here when we'd play hide n' seek.

SANSA

You knew?

JON

We all knew. But it was more fun to pretend we didn't.

Sansa laughs a much needed laugh but it quickly diminishes at a nostalgia.

SANSA

I miss her so much. I treated her so bad because she was different. I was so ashamed of her.

JON
You were a kid. We were all kids.

Sansa nods in reflection.

JON (CONT'D)
What was it you wanted to show me?

SANSA
Mother used to drill me for hours on what a lady of the north should and shouldn't do. How to sit, how to stand, how to walk-- Things I never conceived I would ever need... But here I am. Everything she taught me, everything I hated has allowed for me to survive. Even now... Her and father were always fearful that a long winter could turn into a siege. A siege that had no end in sight and if not properly prepared could be the end for all of us.

Sansa picks up a dead flower.

SANSA (CONT'D)
She told me if ever I found myself caged behind these walls to stand firm, be brave and-

JON
Be prepared, winter is coming.

SANSA (CONT'D)
Be prepared, winter is coming.

Sansa and Jon share a smile. Sansa takes a shovel and begins to dig up the row of flowers. DIGGING... DIGGING... DIGGING... Until she reaches a large wooden door. Jon looks for another shovel, finds one and assists his sister.

DIGGING... DIGGING... DIGGING... The first section reveals the wooden door in it's entirety. Jon and Sansa are out of breath. Together they then open the door revealing a surplus of food and grain. Jon laughs of relief.

SANSA (CONT'D)
The entire garden is the same.

Jon looks at the long rows of dead flowers that will keep them alive.

JON
Thank you mother.

Jon and Sansa get back to digging.

EXT. DRAGONSTONE. SHORE - DAY

As everybody has made it to the rocky shore, Olenna is last, being helped off of a smaller boat by a DORNE MAN. Ellaria looks up at the castle with much disdain.

OLENNA

(To the Dorne Man)

I can walk myself. I'm not crippled, I'm old.

DORNE MAN

Yes, Lady Olenna.

OLENNA

(re: castle)

Just as decrepit and lifeless as ever. I imagine this suited Stannis just fine.

Everybody is taking in their surroundings. Grey Worm remains suspicious of the Pirate men they have met up with.

DAENERYS

So this is Westeros.

SALLADHOR

Please, follow me.

The GROUP follows Salladhor towards the castle.

AS THEY WALK

TYRION

Salladhor, can you give any hints as to who we are meeting?

SALLADHOR

You and Lord Varys have indeed already met with this person.

TYRION

We- I have? I'm afraid you're mistaken. I have never actually been inside dragonstone. And unless Stannis Baratheon has returned from the dead, I'm afraid I don't know who I would know here.

SALLADHOR

This person said you were a man who loves to talk, but do not listen so much. And Varys is the one to listen but not say too much.

(MORE)

SALLADHOR (CONT'D)

Together you are the perfect
confidant.

VARYS

What kind of a person is this, that
would seem to know us so
intimately.

SALLADHOR

They are of... The divine sort.

DAENERYS

And me? How is it you seem to know
so much about me and yet I have
never heard of you?

SALLADHOR

(Smiling)

My dear girl. It is quite difficult
to have a dragon and people not
know who you are.

TYRION

He's got a point.

INT. DRAGONSTONE. CHAMBER OF THE PAINTED TABLE - LATER

The group enters the room with the massive jagged table at
it's center. The group surrounds it.

OLENNA

Can we conclude with this blasted
mystery and get on with it. As if
this damn place doesn't have enough
shadows looming about.

Daenerys shines a slight grin at Olenna.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lady Olenna, your strong natured
reputation precedes you.

The room turns towards the door to see KINVARA (*The other red
woman*) approaching the head of the table.

KINVARA

It is good to finally meet you.
Lord varys and Tyrion Lannister.

Varys and Tyrion are shocked and speechless.

KINVARA (CONT'D)

(Approaching Daenerys)

As I said before, we serve the same Queen.

(Beat)

Daenerys Targaryen. Mother of dragons. Breaker of chains. Khaleesi of the great Grass Sea. Soon to be Queen of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men. Protector of the realm and lady Regnant of the Seven Kingdoms.

(Beat)

You are probably wondering why it is I am here with pirates.

OLENNA

The thought had crossed my mind...

KINVARA

I have come to Dragonstone for the same reasons as you. You wish to fortify your numbers and a sound strategy for penetrating the city. I wish to ensure that you do. As Daenerys birthed dragons in fire, she is the one who was promised as the lord of light prophesied. The Seven Kingdoms were forged in blood and it shall sustain the same way. This castle is the stronghold from which we shall grow our forces and strengthen your dragons.

DAENERYS

As I appreciate your devotion. I believe my dragons have grown strong enough. Our numbers will strengthen and we will take King's Landing.

KINVARA

Young Queen, you see-- As you all see only the battle that is in front of you.

EXT. KING'S ROAD - DAY

Arya and Melisandre have mounted the horse and begin their travel back towards Winterfell.

KINVARA (V.O.)
You fail to understand, the real
war has yet to arrive. The war
beyond man...

INT. GREAT HALL OF WINTERFELL - DAY

The hall is filled with people. Northerners, wildlings, citizens of the Vale etc... People singing and eating as a feast is going on. Jon sits at a table conversing with Davos and Tormund.

KINVARA (V.O.)
The war beyond love.

Sansa gives a tight smile as she watches from a far. Head towards a door to where Lord Baelish is Standing alone. She walks up to him lovingly touches his forearm and kisses him on the cheek. She exits. Lord Baelish is left blushing like a schoolboy...

Jon notices from amidst his conversation

EXT. SEPT OF BAELOR RUBBLE - DAY

Bronn watches Jamie as he stands there a raging sadness is in his eyes as he looks at the remains of the collapsed structure.

KINVARA (V.O.)
The war beyond the wall that shall
change the very nature of what our
purpose is.

INT. WINTERFELL. SANSA'S BEDCHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Sansa hurries into her chamber and closes the door behind her. She quickly grabs a bucket and throws up.

Sansa stands in front of her mirror looking at herself with the same gloomy expression she started the episode with. She slowly gets out of her wolf's mane cloak. Then her clothes, until she is only in her undergarments. She lifts her shirt to reveal... A pregnant belly.

KINVARA (V.O.)
What our duty is. The alliance of
all houses against one enemy will
be all that matters.

INT. DRAGONSTONE. CHAMBER OF THE PAINTED TABLE - DAY

Back in the chamber all eyes are on Kinvara.

KINVARA

Allow for me to present to you my
queen, a gift from the very pirates
that escorted you... A boy was cast
out to sea, condemned to die by his
own father and uncle, only to find
refuge amongst these noble
scavengers.

Out from the shadows of the doorway appears Gendry Baratheon.

KINVARA (CONT'D)

The last surviving son and heir of
Robert Baratheon.

CLOSE IN on Gendry.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END