

Game of Thrones
Episode #110 (10)

AS BROADCAST SCRIPT
JUNE 1st, 2011

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[INTRODUCTION TO SHOW]

[TITLE OF SHOW]

[FADE TO BLACK]

EXT. KING'S LANDING - SEPT OF BAEOR - DAY

TILT DOWN ALONG CU BLADE OF SWORD, DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.
EXECUTIONER LIFTS NED'S HEAD FOR CROWD TO SEE.

WS EXCITED CROWD, EXECUTIONER IN BG HOLDING NED'S HEAD HIGH.
TILT DOWN TO YOREN AND ARYA. ARYA HAS HER HEAD BURIED IN
YOREN'S CHEST, EYES TIGHTLY CLOSED. YOREN PULLS HER HEAD AWAY
AND FORCES HER TO LOOK INTO HIS EYES, BRINGING HER INTO THE
MOMENT.

YOREN

Look at me. Look at me! Do you remember
me now, *boy*? Eh? Remember me? There's
a good *boy*. You'll be going with me,
boy, and you'll be keeping your mouth
shut.

ARYA STARES INTO YOREN'S EYES, CONFUSED AND IN SHOCK. YOREN
PICKS ARYA UP AND CARRIES HER SWIFTLY THROUGH THE CROWD.
SANSА FALLS TO THE GROUND WHILE ARYA WATCHES.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

YOREN CARRIES ARYA HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS OF THIS ALLEY, JUST
OFF THE SEPT OF BAEOR. THE CROWD CAN STILL BE SEEN CHEERING
IN BG. YOREN STANDS HER AGAINST THE WALL AND CONTINUES
SPEAKING.

YOREN

Keep your mouth shut, *boy*.

ARYA

I'm not a *boy*!

YOREN PULLS HIS DAGGER AND POINTS IT AT ARYA'S FACE.

YOREN

Not a smart *boy*, that what you're trying
to say? Do you want to live, *boy*?

YOREN GRABS ARYA'S HAIR AND BEGINS CHOPPING OFF LARGE CHUNKS OF
IT WITH HIS DAGGER.

YOREN

North, *boy*. We're going north.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - DAY (BRAN'S DREAM)

WS OF THREE-EYED RAVEN FLYING INTO WINTERFELL. IT LIGHTS ON A
CART OF HAY NEAR BRAN, WHO IS PRACTICING HIS ARCHERY. THE
RAVEN CAWS AT BRAN, WHO PUTS HIS BOW DOWN TO WATCH THE RAVEN.
THE RAVEN FLIES ACROSS THE COURTYARD, TO LIGHT ON ONE OF THE
DIREWOLF STATUES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT. BRAN FOLLOWS
THE RAVEN.

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - DAY

BRAN RIDES ON OSHA'S SHOULDERS THE NEXT MORNING, TOWARDS THE
CRYPT ENTRANCE.

BRAN

It had three eyes. It told me to come
with him, so I did. We went down into
the crypts... and my father was there.

OSHA

Your father's not down there, little
lord. Not for many years, yet.

BRAN

You're afraid. Just like Hodor.

OSHA

I'm not 'fraid of some hole in the
ground.

BRAN

You've lived beyond the Wall. What are
you scared of? I'm a crippled boy, and
I'm willing to go.

INT. WINTERFELL - CRYPT - DAY

OSHA CARRIES BRAN ON HER HIP. BRAN CARRIES A TORCH TO LIGHT
THEIR WAY. BRAN EXPLAINS EACH OSSUARY AS THEY PASS.

BRAN

That's my grandfather, Lord Rickard. He was burned alive by the Mad King Aerys.

THEY STOP IN FRONT OF LYANNA STARK'S STATUE.

BRAN

That's Lyanna, my father's sister. King Robert was supposed to marry her, but Rhaegar Targaryen kidnapped her. Robert started a war to win her back. He killed Rhaegar, but she died anyway.

THEY CONTINUE WALKING, AND BRAN STARES INTO THE NEXT ALCOVE, WHICH IS EMPTY.

BRAN

That's where I saw father.

OSHA

You see? He's not here.

A STRANGE NOISE FURTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL STARTLES THEM. RICKON'S DIREWOLF CHARGES OUT OF THE DARKNESS, SNARLING AND BARKING AT THEM. BRAN AND OSHA FALL TO THE GROUND, THE TORCH IN FRONT OF THEM. THE DIREWOLF STOPS AT THE EDGE OF THE TORCHLIGHT, SNARLING.

RICKON

Here, Shaggydog.

RICKON STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS, AND STANDS NEXT TO HIS DIREWOLF.

BRAN

Rickon!

OSHA

That beast is supposed to be chained in the kennels!

RICKON

He doesn't like chains.

BRAN

What are you doing down here? Come back up with us.

RICKON

No. I came to see father.

BRAN

How many times have I told you? He's in King's Landing, with Sansa and Arya.

RICKON

He was down here. I saw him.

BRAN

Saw him when?

RICKON

Last night. When I was sleeping.

RICKON TURNS BACK AND WALKS OFF INTO THE SHADOWS, WITH NO SOURCE OF LIGHT. HIS DIREWOLF FOLLOWS BEHIND.

RICKON

Here, Shaggydog...

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD (CRYPT ENTRANCE) - DAY

OSHA CARRIES BRAN AWAY FROM THE CRYPT, ACROSS THE COURTYARD.

OSHA

You both miss him. It's only natural that he should be in your thoughts and dreams, but that doesn't mean that...

OSHA STOPS SHORT, AS THEY SEE MAESTER LUWIN WAITING IN THE COURTYARD, HOLDING A SCROLL, WITH GRIM NEWS.

LUWIN

Bran...

OSHA AND BRAN ALREADY KNOW WHAT NEWS HE BRINGS. LUWIN APPROACHES AND PUTS HIS HAND ON BRAN'S ARM.

EXT. RIVERLANDS - ROBB'S ENCAMPMENT - DAY

CATELYN WALKS GRIMLY THROUGH THE CAMP, HER EYES FIXED FORWARD. AS SHE PASSES EACH SOLDIER, THEY RISE, BOW THEIR HEAD RESPECTFULLY TO HER, AND SAY "MILADY..." CATELYN DOES NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THEM, BUT WALKS OUT OF THE CAMP AND INTO THE FOREST. SHE COLLAPSES AGAINST A TREE, WEEPING FOR A MOMENT, THEN HEARS ROBB NEARBY, STRIKING A TREE WITH HIS SWORD AS HARD AS HE CAN IN FRUSTRATION AND ANGER. SHE APPROACHES HIM CAUTIOUSLY.

CATELYN

Robb... Robb?

ROBB CANNOT HEAR HER, JUST KEEPS STRIKING THE TREE AS HARD AS HE CAN.

CATELYN

Robb!

ROBB FINALLY STOPS AND LOOKS AT CATELYN. HE IS CRYING, EXHAUSTED, PANTING.

CATELYN

You've ruined your sword.

ROBB LOOKS DOWN AT HIS SWORD, AND DROPS IT WEARILY. HE APPROACHES CATELYN, AND SHE HOLDS HIM CLOSE AGAINST HER.

CATELYN

Shhh...

ROBB

I'll kill them all. Every one of them.
I'm gonna kill them all.

CATELYN

My boy... They have your sisters. We have to get the girls back... and then, we will kill them all.

CATELYN'S EYES ARE NOW DRY, HER LOOK DETERMINED.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY

KING JOFFREY HOLDS COURT, WITH CERSEI AND THE HOUND TO HIS SIDES. MARILLION SITS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COURT, THE CENTER OF ATTENTION AS HE IS FORCED TO REPLAY HIS SONG, SITTING ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THE THRONE. SANSА LOOKS ON FROM THE SIDE, STILL IN SHOCK FROM THE EXECUTION.

MARILLION

(singing)

*The boar's great tusks, they boded ill
for good King Robert's health.
And the beast was every bit as fat as
Robert was himself.
But our brave king cried, "Do your*

worst! I'll have your ugly head!"
"You're nowhere near as murd'rous as the
lion in my bed."
King Robert lost his battle and...
He failed his final test.
The lion ripped his balls off and...
The boar did all the rest.

MARILLION SEEMS RELUCTANT TO SING THE LAST LINE, BUT HURRIES THROUGH IT. A QUIET MURMUR RUNS THROUGH THE ROOM. KING JOFFREY BEGINS A SLOW, MEANINGFUL CLAP. THE CROWD PICKS UP ON THIS AND GIVES A VERY SHORT AND AWKWARD APPLAUSE.

JOFFREY

Very amusing! Isn't it a funny song?

THE ROOM IS SILENT.

JOFFREY

Thank you for the rendition. I imagine it was even better received at that tavern.

MARILLION

I'm so sorry, Your Grace... I'll never sing it again, I swear...

JOFFREY

Tell me, which do you favor: your fingers or your tongue?

MARILLION

Your Grace?

JOFFREY

Fingers? Or your tongue? If you got to keep one, which would it be?

MARILLION STAMMERS, UNSURE HOW TO RESPOND.

JOFFREY

Or I could just cut your throat...

MARILLION

E-every man needs hands, Your Grace.

JOFFREY

Good. Tongue it is.

MARILLION

Your Grace, please. I won't... Your Grace...

JOFFREY

Ser Ilyn. Who better than you to carry out the sentence?

SER ILYN WALKS ACROSS THE COURT, DRAWING A DAGGER AND TONGS FROM HIS BELT. HE PAUSES AT A BRAZIER TO HEAT THE DAGGER IN THE FIRE.

MARILLION

No! Your Grace, please! I beg your mercy.

JOFFREY

I'm done for the day. I leave the rest of the matters to you, Mother.

JOFFREY REMOVES THE CROWN AND HANDS IT TO THE HOUND. CERSEI WATCHES AFTER HIM, DISAPPROVING BUT EXPRESSIONLESS. JOFFREY APPROACHES SANSA, WHILE MARILLION SCREAMS IN THE BG AS HIS TONGUE IS CUT OUT.

JOFFREY

You look quite nice.

SANSA

Thank you, my lord.

JOFFREY

'Your Grace.' I'm king now. Walk with me. I want to show you something.

JOFFREY WALKS AWAY, BUT SANSA STANDS STILL, WATCHING HIM. THE HOUND APPROACHES HER, AN UNCERTAIN LOOK IN HIS EYE.

HOUND

Do as you're bid, child.

SANSA FOLLOWS JOFFREY AT THIS, AND THE HOUND AND SER MERYN FOLLOW ALONG BEHIND.

EXT. RED KEEP - BATTLEMENTS - DAY

JOFFREY AND SANSA WALK ALONG THE BATTLEMENTS, WITH THE HOUND, SER MERYN, AND TWO GUARDS FOLLOWING.

JOFFREY

...and as soon as you've had your blood,
I'll put a son in you. Mother says that
shouldn't be long...

JOFFREY SLOWLY TURNS A CORNER AS HE FINISHES SPEAKING. THE TWO
GUARDS STOP A FEW FEET SHORT OF THE OTHERS. SANSA LOOKS AT HIM
A MOMENT, THEN FOLLOWS HIS GAZE TO THE ROW OF SEVERED HEADS
SPIKED ON THE OUTER WALL.

SANSA

No! Please, no!

SANSA LOOKS AWAY AND TRIES TO FLEE, BUT SER MERYN HOLDS HER BY
HER SHOULDERS. SHE TURNS HER HEAD DOWN AND REFUSES TO LOOK.
JOFFREY IGNORES HER, ADMIRING HIS HANDIWORK.

JOFFREY

This one's your father, this one here.
Look at it, and see what happens to
traitors.

SANSA

You promised to be merciful!

JOFFREY

I was. I gave him a clean death. Look
at him.

SANSA

Please, let me go home. I won't do any
treason, I swear. I'll...

JOFFREY

Mother says I'm still to marry you, so
you'll stay here and obey. *Look at him!*

SANSA REALIZES SHE HAS NO CHOICE, AND LOOKS AT HER FATHER'S
HEAD ON THE WALL. A STRANGE CALM COMES OVER HER.

JOFFREY

Well?

SANSA

How long do I have to look?

JOFFREY

As long as it pleases me. Do you want
to see the rest?

SANSA
If it please Your Grace.

JOFFREY
That's your Septa there...

SANSA LOOKS OVER TO THE SEPTA'S HEAD, EXPRESSIONLESS. JOFFREY TRIES AGAIN TO GET A REACTION.

JOFFREY
I'll tell you what: I'm going to give you a present. After I raise my armies and kill your traitor brother, I'm going to give you his head as well.

SANSA
Or maybe he will give me yours.

JOFFREY STARTS TOWARDS HER AS IF TO STRIKE HER, BUT STOPS. SANSA LOOKS AWAY FROM THE HEADS TO GLARE AT HIM DEFIANTLY.

JOFFREY
My mother tells me a king should never strike his lady. Ser Meryn.

OBEYING, SER MERYN TURNS SANSA TOWARDS HIM AND SLAPS HER TWICE ACROSS THE FACE WITH HIS GAUNTLETED HAND. SHE REMAINS STANDING, BUT HER LIP IS BLEEDING. JOFFREY LOOKS SATISFIED, AND TURNS BACK TO ADMIRE HIS COLLECTION OF HEADS. SANSA CONSIDERS THE STEEP DROP NEXT TO THEM, AND WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS JOFFREY. THE HOUND STOPS HER, NOT BETRAYING HER ACT BUT HANDING HER A CLOTH TO WIPE HER MOUTH.

HOUND
Here, girl.

JOFFREY
Will you obey now? Or do you need another lesson?

JOFFREY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, BUT SANSA DOES NOT ANSWER.

JOFFREY
I'll look for you in court.

JOFFREY AND SER MERYN WALK AWAY. THE HOUND STAYS FOR A MOMENT LONGER.

HOUND

Save yourself some pain, girl. Give him
what he wants.

SANSA TRIES TO HAND THE HOUND HIS CLOTH BACK, BUT HE REFUSES.

HOUND
You'll be needing that again.

THE HOUND TURNS AND WALKS AFTER THE KING, LEAVING SANSA ALONE
ON THE BATTLEMENTS.

EXT. RIVERLANDS - ROBB'S ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

LONG TABLES ARE ARRANGED OUTSIDE THE COMMAND TENT. THE
REMNANTS OF A FEAST CLUTTER THE TABLES, BUT NOW THE NORTHERN
LORDS, RIVER LORDS, AND MANY LESSER LORDS ARE HOLDING A HEATED
MEETING.

LORD BRACKEN
The proper course is clear: pledge
fealty to King Renly and move south to
join our forces with his.

ROBB
Renly is not the king.

LORD BRACKEN
You cannot mean to hold to Joffrey, my
lord. He put your father to death.

ROBB
That doesn't make Renly king. He's
Robert's youngest brother. Now Bran
can't be lord of Winterfell before me,
Renly can't be king before Stannis.

LORD BRACKEN
So do you mean to declare us for
Stannis?

THE ASSEMBLED LORDS BEGIN ARGUING AT THIS POINT. SHOUTS CAN BE
HEARD ABOVE THE REST: "RENLY HAS NO RIGHT!" "I WON'T FIGHT FOR
STANNIS!" THE GREATJON STANDS, COMMANDING ATTENTION.

GREATJON
My lords... MY LORDS! Here is what I say
to these two kings!

HE SPITS ON THE GROUND. THIS QUIETS THE LAST OF THE ARGUING,
AND EARNS A ROUND OF LAUGHTER FROM THE LORDS. HE HAS THEIR
ATTENTION.

GREATJON

Renly Baratheon is nothing to me, nor
Stannis neither. Why should they rule
over me and mine, from some flowery seat
in the south? What do they know of the
Wall or the Wolfswood? Even their *gods*
are wrong!

ANOTHER ROUND OF LAUGHTER.

GREATJON

Why shouldn't we rule ourselves again?
It was the dragons we bowed to, and now
the dragons are dead!

GREATJON DRAWS HIS SWORD, POINTING IT TOWARDS ROBB.

GREATJON

*There sits the only king I mean to bend
my knee to. The King in the North!*

GREATJON KNEELS AT ROBB'S FEET. ROBB LOOKS SHAKEN FOR A
MOMENT, THEN STANDS, ACCEPTING THIS ROLE. OTHER LORDS BEGIN TO
STAND.

LORD KARSTARK

I'll have peace on those terms. They
can keep their red castle, and their
iron chair, too.

LORD KARSTARK DRAWS HIS SWORD, AND KNEELS BESIDE GREATJON.

LORD KARSTARK

The King in the North!

THEON STANDS AND ADDRESSES ROBB.

THEON

Am I your brother, now and always?

ROBB

Now and always.

THEON DRAWS HIS SWORD AND KNEELS AT ROBBS FEET.

THEON

My sword is yours, in victory and
defeat, from this day until my last day.

GREATJON

The King in the North!

LORDS

(chanting)

The King in the North! The King in the
North!

WS AS THE ASSEMBLED LORDS ALL RISE TO THEIR FEET, DRAW SWORDS,
AND KNEEL IN FEALTY TO ROBB. AS THEY CONTINUE CHANTING, ROBB
LOOKS OVER THE SEA OF HEADS. CATELYN LOOKS ON, PROUD BUT
WORRIED. SHE MUSTERS A SMILE AS HE LOOKS AT HER, BUT IT
QUICKLY FADES AS HE LOOKS AWAY.

EXT. ROBB'S ENCAMPMENT - STOCKADE - NIGHT

MS CATELYN APPROACHES THE STOCKADE GUARDS.

STARK GUARD

Lady Stark...

CATELYN

I want to see him.

THE GUARDS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, UNSURE.

CATELYN

Now.

WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, THE GUARDS LEAD CATELYN THROUGH THE
STOCKADE. THEY PASS SEVERAL WOODEN PENS FULL OF PRISONERS,
MANY OF WHICH ARE SICK, COUGHING. AWAY FROM THE PENS, JAIME
LANNISTER IS CHAINED TO A HEAVY WOODEN POLE, SITTING IN
MANACLES.

CATELYN

Leave us.

THE GUARD HESITATES A MOMENT, THEN NODS HIS HEAD AND WALKS BACK
THROUGH THE STOCKADE.

JAIME

You look lovely tonight, Lady Stark.

Widowhood becomes you.

CATELYN BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP A LARGE ROCK, JUST SMALL ENOUGH THAT SHE CAN LIFT IT WITH ONE HAND, AND SLOWLY APPROACHES JAIME AS HE SPEAKS.

JAIME

Your bed must be lonely. Is that why you came? I'm not at my best, but I think I could be of service. Slip out of that gown and we'll see if I'm up to it.

WITH THAT, CATELYN HITS JAIME AS HARD AS SHE CAN IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD WITH THE ROCK. JAIME IS VISIBLY SHOCKED FOR A MOMENT, BUT RECOVERS QUICKLY.

JAIME

Oh, I do like a violent woman.

CATELYN

I will kill you tonight, ser. Pack your head in a box and send it to your sister.

JAIME

Let me show you how. Hit me again, over the ear. And again, and again. You're stronger than you look, it shouldn't take long.

CATELYN

That is what you want the world to believe, isn't it? That you don't fear death?

JAIME

But I don't, m'lady. The dark is coming for all of us. Why cry about it?

CATELYN

Because you are going to the deepest of the seven hells, if the gods are just.

JAIME

What gods are those? The trees your husband prayed to? Where were the trees when his head was getting chopped off?

If your gods are real, and if they are just, why is the world so full of injustice?

CATELYN
Because of men like you.

JAIME
There are no men like me. Only me.

CATELYN
My son, Bran... how did he come to fall from that tower?

JAIME
I pushed him out the window.

CATELYN
Why?

JAIME
I hoped the fall would kill him.

CATELYN
Why?

CU AS JAIME CONSIDERS THIS A MOMENT, SATISFIED THAT HE HAS SHAKEN HER.

JAIME
You should get some sleep. It's going to be a long war.

CATELYN STANDS OVER HIM A MOMENT, CONSIDERING WHETHER OR NOT TO CRUSH HIS SKULL. SHE THEN DROPS THE ROCK AND WALKS AWAY.

INT. RED KEEP - CERSEI'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

MWS CERSEI'S ROOM. TRUCK L PAST LANCEL, SITTING NAKED AT TABLE CUTTING A FRUIT, TO LAND ON CERSEI READING A PARCHMENT.

LANCEL
I can't believe we're actually at war.
Was it this exciting last time, when you were young?

LANCEL STANDS AND WALKS UP BEHIND CERSEI. SHE IS CONSIDERING THE PARCHMENT, NOT RESPONDING TO HIM.

LANCEL

What does it say? Have we captured Robb Stark yet? What's our next move?

CERSEI

Stop talking. Get back into bed.

CERSEI STALKS AWAY. LANCEL LOOKS OFFENDED, BUT OBEYS CERSEI'S COMMAND.

INT. TYWIN'S TENT - DAY

TYWIN READS A MESSAGE THAT HE JUST RECEIVED. TYWIN'S WAR COUNCIL IS ASSEMBLED AT THE TABLE.

TYWIN

They have my son.

TYRION

The Stark boy appears to be less green than we'd hoped.

LORD LEFFORD

I've heard his wolf killed a dozen men and as many horses.

LORD SWIFT

Is it true about Stannis and Renly?

KEVAN

Both Baratheon brothers have taken up against us. Jaime captured, his armies scattered... it's a catastrophe. Perhaps we should sue for peace.

TYRION BATS HIS WINE GLASS OFF THE TABLE, TO SHATTER ON THE FLOOR.

TYRION

There's your peace. Joffrey saw to that when he decided to remove Ned Stark's head. You'll have an easier time drinking from that cup, than you will bringing Robb Stark to the table now. He's winning, in case you hadn't noticed.

KEVAN

I'm told we still have his sisters...

LORD REFFORD

The first order of business is ransoming
Ser Jaime.

LORD SWYFT

No truces. We can't afford to look
weak. We should march on them at once.

KEVAN

First, we must return to Casterly Rock
to raise more men...

TYWIN

They have my son! Get out, all of you.

EVERYONE BEGINS TO LEAVE SILENTLY FROM THE TENT. TYWIN STOPS
TYRION BEFORE HE LEAVES.

TYWIN

Not you.

TYRION SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE. HE REACHES FOR THE WINE JUG,
BUT TYWIN TAKES IT, POURING A GLASS FOR TYRION AND THEN FOR
HIMSELF.

TYWIN

You were right about Eddard Stark. If
he were alive, we could have used him to
broker a peace with Winterfell and
Riverrun, which would have given us more
time to deal with Robert's brothers.
But now... madness. Madness and
stupidity.

TYWIN SLAMS DOWN THE CRUMPLED RANSOM LETTER ON THE TABLE. THE
CONVERSATION IS AWKWARD FOR BOTH OF THEM.

TYWIN

I always thought you were a stunted
fool. Perhaps I was wrong.

TYRION

Half wrong... I'm new to strategy, but
unless we want to be surrounded by the
three armies, it appears we can't stay
here.

TYWIN

No one will stay here. Ser Gregor will head out with five hundred riders and set the riverland on fire from God's Eye to the Red Fork. The rest of us will regroup at Harrenhall... and you will go to King's Landing.

TYRION LOOKS CONFUSED, AND A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS.

TYRION

And do what?

TYWIN

Rule. You will serve as Hand of the King in my stead. You will bring that boy king to heel, and his mother too, if needs be. And if you get a whiff of treason from any of the rest: Baelish, Varys, Pycelle...

TYRION

Heads, spikes, walls... Why not my uncle? Why not *anyone*? Why me?

TYWIN

You're my son.

TYRION SOAKS ALL THIS IN, AS TYWIN STANDS TO LEAVE. JUST BEFORE LEAVING THE TENT, TYWIN TURNS AROUND TO ADD ONE MORE THOUGHT.

TYWIN

Oh, one more thing. You will not take that whore to court. Do you understand?

TYRION DOES NOT RESPOND, AND SHOWS NO EMOTION. TYWIN WALKS OUT.

INT DANY'S TENT - DAY

DANY LIES ON THE BED IN THE DARKENED TENT, LOOKING ROUGH AND WEARY. SHE WAKES TO FIND SER JORAH SITTING ACROSS FROM HER, ASLEEP IN HIS ARMOR, HIS SWORD DRAWN.

DANY

Ser Jorah...

JORAH WAKES WITH A JOLT, SHEATHES HIS SWORD AND RUSHES TO HER SIDE.

JORAH
Gently... gently...

DANY TRIES TO SIT UP, BUT CANNOT.

DANY
My son... where is he? I want him.

JORAH LOWERS HIS EYES.

DANY
Where is he?

JORAH
The boy did not live...

DANY
Tell me.

JORAH
What is there to tell?

DANY
How did my son die?

JORAH
He never lived, my princess... The women say...

DANY
What do the women say?

JORAH
They say the child was...

MIRRI MAZ DUUR
Monstrous...

DANY AND JORAH GROW QUIET, NOT MEETING THE MAEGI'S GAZE.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR
Twisted... I pulled him out myself. He was scaled like a lizard, blind, with leather wings like the wings of a bat. When I touched him, the skin fell from his bones. Inside, he was full of graveworms. I warned you that only death can pay for life. You knew the price.

DANY

Where is Kal Drogo? Show him to me.
Show me what I bought with my son's
life.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR

As you command, lady. Come, I will take
you to him.

JORAH

Time enough for that later...

DANY

I want to see him now.

EXT. ESSOS - DOTHRAKI CAMP - DAY

DANY AND JORAH STEP OUT INTO THE MIDDAY SUN, FOLLOWING MIRRI
MAZ DUUR THROUGH A MOSTLY ABANDONED CAMP. RAKHARO APPROACHES
AND JOINS THEM.

DANY

The khalasar is gone.

JORAH

A khal who cannot ride is no khal. The
Dothraki follow only the strong. I'm
sorry, my princess.

THEY FOLLOW MIRRI MAZ DUUR A SHORT DISTANCE FROM CAMP, WHERE
DROGO LIES MOTIONLESS IN THE SUN, EYES STARING BLANKLY AHEAD.

DANY

Drogo! Shekh ma shíeraki ánni.
(*Drogo! My sun and stars.*)

DROGO DOES NOT RESPOND.

DANY

Why is he out here alone?

JORAH

He seems to like the warmth, princess.

DANY LEANS IN TO KISS DROGO, BUT HE STILL LIES MOTIONLESS,
STARING THROUGH HER.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR

He lives. You asked for life. You paid

for life.

DANY

This is not life. When will he be as he was?

MIRRI MAZ DUUR

When the sun rises in the west, and sets in the east. When the seas go dry, and when the mountains blow in the wind like leaves.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR TURNS AND WALKS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY. DANY STAND TO FOLLOW HER.

DANY

Leave us.

JORAH

I don't want you alone with this sorceress...

DANY

I have nothing more to fear from this woman. Go.

DANY WALKS AWAY, LEAVING THEM BEHIND AND APPROACHING THE SPOT WHERE MIRRI MAZ DUUL SITS.

DANY

You knew what I was buying, and you knew the price.

MIRRI MAZ DUUL

It was wrong of them to burn my temple. It angered the Great Shepherd.

DANY

This was not god's work. My child was innocent.

MIRRI MAZ DUUL

Innocent? He would have been the Stallion Who Mounts the World. Now he will burn no cities. Now his khalasar will trample no nations into dust.

DANY

I spoke for you. I saved you.

MIRRI MAZ DUUL

Saved me? Three of those riders had already raped me before you saved me, girl. I saw my god's house burn. There, where I had healed men and women beyond counting. In the streets I saw piles of heads. The head of a baker who makes my bread. The head of a boy who I had cured of fever, just three months past. So, tell me again exactly what it was, that you saved.

DANY

Your life.

MIRRI MAZ DUUL

Why don't you take a look at your khal? Then you will see exactly what life is worth, when all the rest has gone.

EXT. CASTLE BLACK - COURTYARD - NIGHT

JON OPENS THE CASTLE GATES, AND HURRIEDLY PREPARES A HORSE.
SAMWELL IS FOLLOWING ALONG BEHIND HIM.

SAMWELL

You can't.

JON

Get out of my way, Sam.

SAMWELL

They'll put out the word, they'll send out ravens... people will come after you. Do you know what happens to traitors?

JON

Better than you do.

SAMWELL

Well, what you going to do?

JON

Gonna find my brother... and put a sword through King Joffrey's throat.

SAMWELL

You can't leave us now. We need you

here.

JON

Move.

SAMWELL

I won't let you go.

JON

Move.

SAMWELL

No.

JON SPURS THE HORSE ON, KNOCKING SAMWELL TO THE GROUND AS HE RIDES OUT. GHOST FOLLOWS ALONG, A FEW PACES BEHIND.

INT. TYRION'S TENT - NIGHT

TYRION LIES ON HIS BED, AS SHAE PACKS HIS TRUNK.

SHAE

Hand of the King.

TYRION

So it would seem.

SHAE

And your father said you couldn't take anyone with you to King's Landing?

TYRION

No, he said I couldn't take you with me to King's Landing. He was very specific on that point.

SHAE

He knew my name?

TYRION

What?

SHAE

He said, "Don't bring Shae with you to King's Landing?"

TYRION

I believe he used the word "whore."

SHAE

Are you ashamed of me? Are you afraid
that I'm dancing around the court with
my tits out?

TYRION CHUCKLES AT THIS.

SHAE

I'm funny now. I'm Shae, the funny
whore.

TYRION

My father's probably the most powerful
man in the country certainly the
richest. He has all Seven Kingdoms in
his pockets. Everybody, everywhere
always has to do exactly what my father
says... he's always been a cunt.

THIS BREAKS SHAE OUT OF HER ANGER, AND SHE STOPS TO LISTEN
AGAIN.

TYRION

I believe the ladies of the court could
learn a great deal from a girl like you.
Why don't you come with me? Be the
Hand's lady. Because the King needs a
Hand, and the Hand...

SHAE

I know what a Hand needs...

SHAE JUMPS ON TOP OF HIM, PLAYFULLY.

EXT. NORTHERN WOODS - NIGHT

JON RIDES THROUGH THE WOODS, WITH GHOST RUNNING CLOSE BY. JON
HEARS HOOFBEATS FROM APPROACHING RIDERS, AND SPURS HIS HORSE
FASTER. JON DUCKS UNDER A LOW BRANCH, AND ONE OF HIS PURSUERS
IS KNOCKED FROM HIS HORSE BY THE SAME BRANCH. THE OTHER RIDERS
STOP TO HELP, AND JON SLOWS AS HE HEARS THEM SPEAK.

JON

Ghost.

GRENN

Samwell!

SAMWELL

Did we get him?

GRENN

Come on...

JON RIDES BACK TO HIS COMRADES.

PYP

Lucky you've got plenty of padding.

JON DISMOUNTS AND APPROACHES THEM. PYP HELPS SAMWELL UP AND
TURNS TO JON.

PYP

We're taking you back where you belong.

JON

I belong with my brother.

SAMWELL

We're your brothers now.

GRENN

They'll kill you if they find out you've
gone.

JON

They'll kill you if they know you came
after me. Go back.

PYP

Sam told us everything. We're sorry
about your father.

GRENN

But it doesn't matter. You took the
oath. You can't leave.

JON

I have to.

GRENN

You can't. You said the words.

JON

I don't care about...

SAMWELL

Hear my words, and bear witness to my

VOW...

JON
To hell with all of you.

JON TURNS TO LEAVE, AND PYP BLOCKS HIS WAY.

PYP
Night gathers, and now my watch begins.
It shall not end until my death. I
shall live and die at my post.

GRENN
I am the sword in the darkness.

SAMWELL
The watcher on the walls.

GRENN, PYP AND SAMWELL
The shield that guards the realms of
men. I pledge my life and honor to the
Night's Watch.

GRENN, PYP, SAMWELL AND JON
For this night, and for all nights to
come.

SAMWELL RETRIEVES LONGCLAW FROM THE GROUND, WHERE IT FELL WHEN
SAMWELL WAS KNOCKED FROM HIS HORSE. HE HANDS IT TO JON. JON
HESITATES FOR ONLY A MOMENT, THEN TAKES IT.

INT. DANY'S TENT - NIGHT

PUSH IN FROM TENT ENTRANCE TO DANY BATHING DROGO WITH A CLOTH.

DANY
Hash yer víneseri dothrákh átaki
kíshi niyanqóy, zhey shekh ma
shíeraki ánni?
*(Do you remember our first ride together,
my sun and stars?)*

DANY
Hash yer laz chári áнна; hash yer ray
vos o, attihás áнна.
*(If you can hear me in there, if you
haven't gone away, show me.)*

DANY

Yer lajáak. Yer ayyeyoón lajakoón. Ánha
zigerék yeroón laját ajjín.
*(You're a fighter. You've always been a
fighter. I need you to fight now.)*

DANY
Affín shekh yóla she jímma ma
drívoe she títha... Arrék yer ájadi
sáve, shekh ma shíeraki ánni.
*(I know you're very far away. But come
back to me, my sun and stars.)*

THROUGH ALL OF THIS, DRAGO DOES NOT SHOW ANY INDICATION THAT HE
CAN HEAR HER. HE STARES BLANKLY FORWARD. CUT TO A SHORT TIME
LATER, DANY IS LYING IN BED AGAINST DRAGO, WEEPING.

DANY
When the sun rises in the west, and sets
in the east... Then you shall return to
me, my sun and stars.

DANY PULLS HERSELF UP AND KISSES DRAGO, WEEPING. SHE PULLS A
NEARBY PILLOW OVER, AND HOLDS IT FIRMLY OVER DRAGO'S FACE, AS
HIS BODY TWITCHES SLIGHTLY.

INT. RED KEEP - PYCELLE'S BEDCHAMBER - DAY

PYCELLE SITS ON THE SIDE OF HIS BED, SPEAKING AND OCCASIONALLY
COUGHING, AS ROS CLEANS HERSELF AND GETS DRESSED.

PYCELLE
Kings? Oh, I can tell you all there is
to know about kings. The thing you need
to understand about kings... Over the past
sixty-seven years, I've known, truly
known more kings than any man alive.
Complicated men... but I know how to serve
them, and keep on serving them... [COUGH]
Aerys Targaryen... of all the thousand
thousand maladies the gods visit upon
us, madness is the worst. He was a good
man, such a charmer. But to watch him
melt away before my eyes, consumed by
dreams of fire and blood... Robert
Baratheon was an entirely different
animal. A powerful man, great warrior...
but alas, winning a kingdom and ruling a
kingdom are rather different things.

They say that a man goes through life with battle visor down; he can often be blind to the enemies at his side. Now I serve his son, King Joffrey, may the gods bless his reign. He is a capable young man, strong military mind. Stern... but sternness in the defense of the realm is no vice. Well, it's far too soon to know what manner of king he will be, but I sense true greatness on the horizon for our new king. True greatness...

ROS, OBVIOUSLY BORED WITH THE MONOLOGUE, SITS ACROSS FROM HIM IMPATIENTLY.

ROS
So what's the thing?

PYCELLE
W-what thing?

ROS
About kings... You said, "The thing you need to understand about kings..."

PYCELLE
W-what? Things? What?

ROS
When you started, you... never mind.

PYCELLE
Let me see you out, my dear...

ROS
It's alright. No need.

PYCELLE
Yes, yes... until the next time...

ROS LEAVES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND YOU. PYCELLE HOPS UP FROM THE BED WITH UNCHARACTERISTIC GRACE, STRETCHING AND SHAKING HIS ARMS. HE STRIDES EASILY ACROSS THE ROOM. CUT TO A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS HE CHECKS HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR, BACK IN HIS HEAVY ROBES. PYCELLE WALKS TO THE DOOR, LETS OUT A DEEP SIGH AS HE SLUMPS INTO HIS CHARACTER HUNCHED-OVER POSE, AND WALKS OUT INTO THE HALLWAY.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY

WS FROM OVER THE IRON THRONE, WHERE LITTLEFINGER STANDS IN AN EMPTY THRONE ROOM, STARING UP AT THE IRON THRONE. VARYS APPROACHES HIM.

VARYS

When you imagine yourself up there, how do you look? Does the crown fit? Do all the lords and ladies simper and bow, the ones who sneered at you for years?

LITTLEFINGER

It's hard for them to simper and bow without heads.

VARYS

A man with great ambition and no morals... I wouldn't bet against you.

LITTLEFINGER

And what would you do, my friend, if you found yourself sitting up there?

VARYS

I must be one of the few men in this city who doesn't want to be king.

LITTLEFINGER

You must be one of the few men in this city who isn't a man.

VARYS

You can do better than that.

THEY BEGIN WALKING AWAY FROM THE THRONE, TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE ROOM, SLOWLY, ENJOYING THE WITTY CONVERSATION.

LITTLEFINGER

When they castrated you, did they take the pillar with the stones? I've always wondered.

VARYS

Have you? Do you spend a lot of time wondering what's between my legs?

LITTLEFINGER

I picture a gash... like a woman's... Is that

about right?

VARYS

I'm flattered, of course, to be pictured at all.

LITTLEFINGER

It must be strange for you, even after all these years. A man from another land, despised by most, feared by all.

VARYS

Am I? That is good to know. Do you lie awake at night, fearing my gash?

LITTLEFINGER

But you carry on, whispering in one king's ear, and then the next. I admire you.

VARYS

And I admire you, Lord Baelish. A grasper from a minor house, with a major talent for befriending powerful men and women.

LITTLEFINGER

A useful talent, I'm sure you'd agree.

VARYS

So... here we stand, in mutual admiration and respect...

LITTLEFINGER

Playing our roles...

AS VARYS SPEAKS, KING JOFFREY AND HIS ENTOURAGE ENTER FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM, BEHIND LITTLEFINGER. THE HUMOR OF HIS TIMING IS NOT LOST ON EITHER OF THEM. VARYS BOWS.

VARYS

Serving a new king...

LITTLEFINGER

Long may he reign...

LITTLEFINGER TURNS TO BOW AS WELL.

LITTLEFINGER

My king!

VARYS

My king!

KING JOFFREY ACKNOWLEDGES THEM, BUT DOES NOT SLOW HIS PACE
TOWARD THE THRONE.

JOFFREY

My lords... shall we begin?

VARYS AND LITTLEFINGER FALL INTO STEP BEHIND JOFFREY.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - OLD GATE - DAY

YOREN LEADS ARYA THROUGH THE ALLEYWAYS TO THE OLD GATE.

YOREN

You're Arry now, hear me? Arry the
orphan boy. No one asks an orphan too
many questions. 'Cause nobody gives
three shits.

YOREN STOPS FOR A MOMENT, SLAPPING ARYA ON THE ARM TO MAKE SURE
SHE'S PAYING ATTENTION.

YOREN

What's your name?

ARYA

Arry.

THEY KEEP WALKING TOWARDS THE OLD GATE.

YOREN

Ahh. You've a long way to travel, and
in bad company. I've twenty this time,
men and boys, all bound for the Wall.
Your lords father gave me the pick of
the dungeons, and I didn't find no
little lordlings down there. This lot,
half of them would turn you over to the
king quick as spit for a pardon. And
the other half would do the same, except
they'd rape you first. So keep to
yourself... and when you piss, you do it
in the woods, alone.

YOREN AND ARYA REACH THE CARAVAN INSIDE THE OLD GATE.

YOREN

You stay here with this lot, boy. And stay. Or I'll lock you in the back of the wagon with these three.

ARYA GAPES AT THE PRISONERS AS SHE PASSES, AND CANNOT STOP STARING AS SHE BACKS INTO HOT PIE.

HOT PIE
Watch yourself, midget!

LOMMY
He's got a sword, this one.

HOT PIE
What's a gutter rat like you doing with a sword?

LOMMY
Maybe he's a little squire.

HOT PIE
He ain't no squire. Look at him. Looks like a girl. I bet he stole that sword.

LOMMY
Let's have a look.

LOMMY REACHES FOR THE SWORD. ARYA JUMPS AWAY, RIGHT INTO HOT PIE, WHO PUSHES HER TO THE GROUND.

HOT PIE
I could use me a sword like that.

LOMMY
Well take it off him.

HOT PIE
Give it here, midget.

LOMMY
Look at him! You better give Hot Pie the sword. I've seen him kick a boy to death.

HOT PIE
I knocked him down and I kicked him in the balls, and I kept kicking him 'til he was dead. I kicked him all to pieces. You better give me that sword.

HOT PIE REACHES FOR THE SWORD. IN ONE PRACTICED MOTION, ARYA DRAWS THE SWORD AND HOLDS IT TO HOT PIE'S THROAT. BEFORE HE CAN REACT, SHE GRABS HIS OUTSTRECHED HAND AND PULLS HERSELF TO HER FEET, KEEPING THE SWORD TO HIS THROAT. ARYA KEEPS ADVANCING ON HIM, MAKING HIM STAGGER BACKWARDS.

ARYA

You want it? I'll give it to you. I already killed one fat boy. I bet you never killed anyone. I bet you're a liar. But I'm not. I'm good at killing fat boys. I like killing fat boys.

WITH THAT, ARYA BACKS HOT PIE INTO GENDRY, WHO HAS BEEN PAYING SOME ATTENTION TO THE CONFRONTATION. HE HAS STOPPED READYING THE CART, AND IS READY TO INTIMIDATE HOT PIE WHEN THEY CONNECT.

GENDRY

Oh, you like picking on the little ones, do ya? You know, I been hammering an anvil these past ten years. When I hit that steel, it sings. You gonna sing when I hit you?

HOT PIE AND LOMMY SCURRY AWAY IN TERROR. GENDRY STANDS NEXT TO ARYA. HE NOTICES HER SWORD, LIFTS IT UP BY THE BLADE.

GENDRY

This is castle-forged steel. Where'd you steal it?

ARYA

It was a gift.

GENDRY

Don't matter now. Where we're going, they don't care what you done. Got rapers, pickpockets, highwaymen, murderers...

ARYA

Which are you?

GENDRY

Armorer's apprentice. But my master got sick of me. So, here I am...

THE PREPARATIONS FINISHED, YOREN STANDS UP ON THE FIRST WAGON AND ADDRESSES THE CARAVAN.

YOREN

Come on, you sorry sons of whores! It's a thousand leagues from here to the Wall, and winter is coming!

ARYA AND GENDRY FALL IN LINE WITH THE WAGONS, WALKING BETWEEN THEM AS THE CARAVAN LEAVES THROUGH THE OLD GATE.

INT. CASTLE BLACK - MORMONT'S CHAMBER - DAY

MORMONT SITS AT HIS TABLE READING A LETTER, AS JON SERVES HIM BREAKFAST.

MORMONT

Ham... How many days in a row must a man be expected to start his day with ham? Bring me some beer, at least. You look exhausted. Was your moonlight ride that tiring?

JON IS POURING A FLAGON OF BEER FOR MORMONT. HE STOPS, STUNNED, AND TURNS SLOWLY TO MORMONT.

MORMONT

Don't look so terrified. If we beheaded everyone who ran away for a night, only ghosts would guard the Wall. At least you weren't whoring in Mole's Town... Honor made you leave. Honor brought you back.

JON

My friends brought me back.

MORMONT

I didn't say it was your honor.

JON

They killed my father.

MORMONT

Oh, and you're going to bring him back to life, are you? No? Good. We've had enough of that sort of thing. Beyond the wall, the rangers are reporting

whole villages abandoned. At night, they see fires blazing in the mountains from dusk until dawn. A captured wildling swears their tribes are uniting in some secret strongholds, to what ends the gods only know. Outside Eastwatch, Cotter Pikesmen discovered four blue-eyed corpses. Unlike us, they were wise enough to burn them. Do you think your brother's war is more important than ours?

JON

No.

MORMONT

When dead men and worse come hunting for us in the night, do you think it matters who sits on the Iron Throne?

JON

No.

MORMONT

Good. Because I want you and your wolf with us, when we ride out beyond the Wall tomorrow.

MORMONT THROWS THE LETTER INTO THE FIRE.

JON

Beyond the Wall?

MORMONT

I'll not sit meekly by and wait for the snows. I mean to find out what's happening.

MORMONT CONTINUES TALKING AS VOICEOVER DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE.

EXT. CASTLE BLACK - COURTYARD - DAY

A LARGE GATHERING OF NIGHT'S WATCH READY THEIR HORSES AND EQUIPMENT IN THE COURTYARD. THEY LINE UP IN TWO COLUMNS. JON SNOW IS WITH THEM.

MORMONT (V.O.)

The Night's Watch will ride in force
against the wildlings, the White
Walkers, and whatever else is out there.
And we will find Benjen Stark. Alive,
or dead. I will command them myself.
So I'll only ask you once, Lord Snow:
Are you a brother of the Night's Watch...
or a bastard boy who wants to play at
war?

AT THIS MOMENT IN MORMONT'S VOICEOVER, JON SPURS HIS HORSE
FORWARD, JOINING THE COLUMNS OF RIDERS AS THEY HEAD THROUGH THE
TUNNEL UNDER THE WALL.

EXT. ESSOS - FUNERAL PYRE - EVENING

MS DRAGO WRAPPED IN BURIAL SHROUD. TILT UP TO DANY, THE
REMAINING DOTHRAKI, ATTENDING THE FUNERAL. MIRRI MAZ DUUR IS
HERE IN CHAINS.

CU RAKHARO, PULLING THE DRAGON EGGS FROM THEIR BOX. HE LOOKS
UNCERTAIN. HE APPROACHES DANY WITH THE EGGS.

RAKHARO
Hash jíni áse sháfki, zhey
kháleesi?
(Is this your command, khaleesi?)

DANY GIVES A SLIGHT NOD. RAKHARO TAKES THE EGGS INTO THE UNLIT
PYRE, PLACING THEM WITH DRAGO. JORAH APPROACHES, HOPING TO
TALK SOME SENSE INTO HER.

JORAH
Drogo will have no use for dragon eggs
in the night lands. Sell them. You can
return to the Free Cities and live as a
wealthy woman for all your days.

DANY
They were not given to me to sell.

JORAH
Khaleesi... My queen... I vow to serve you,
obey you, to die for you if need be... but
let him go, khaleesi. I know what you
intend. Do not.

DANY
I must. You don't understand.

JORAH

Don't ask me to stand aside as you climb
on that pyre. I won't watch you burn.

DANY

Is that what you fear?

DANY KISSES HIM GENTLY ON THE CHEEK. SHE THEN TURNS TO ADDRESS
THE DOTHRAKI.

DANY

You will be my khalasar. I see the
faces of slaves. I free you. Take off
your collars. Go if you wish, no one
will stop you. But if you stay, it will
be as brothers and sisters, as husbands
and wives.

ABOUT A QUARTER OF THE ASSEMBLED DOTHRAKI FLEE INTO THE DESERT
AT THIS. MIRRI MAZ DUUR SNEERS AT THIS.

DANY

Ser Jorah, bind this woman to the pyre.

JORAH HESITATES.

DANY

You swore to obey me.

JORAH DRAGS MIRRI MAZ DUUR TO HER FEET, AND LEADS HER TO THE
PYRE.

DANY

I am Daenerys Stormborn, of House
Targaryen, of the blood of old Valyria.
I am the dragon's daughter, and I swear
to you that those who would harm you
will die screaming.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR

You will not hear me scream.

DANY

I will. But it is not your screams I
want. Only your life.

DANY TAKES RAKHARO'S TORCH, LIGHTING THE OUTERMOST RING OF THE
FUNERAL PYRE. THE FLAMES SPREAD QUICKLY AROUND THE OUTER RING,

AND INTO THE MIDDLE. JORAH MOVES TO HER SIDE, TRYING TO READ HER EXPRESSION AS MIRRI MAZ DUUR BEGINS TO BURN.

MIRRI MAZ DUUR BEGINS SINGING LOUDLY, BUT HER SINGING QUICKLY DEVOLVES INTO GASPS OF PAIN, THEN OPEN SCREAMING. THE DOTHRAKI LOOK ON IN SHOCK. AS THE SCREAMS HIT THEIR PEAK, DANY LOOKS INTO JORAH'S EYES, THEN WALKS PURPOSEFULLY INTO THE FLAMES. JORAH TRIES TO FOLLOW BUT IS TURNED BACK BY THE FLAMES.

MANY OF THE DOTHRAKI FALL TO THEIR KNEES, NOW MOURNING THE LOSS OF BOTH LEADERS. MIRRI MAZ DUUR THRASHES IN THE FIRE, THEN IS SILENT. DANY MAKES IT TO THE CENTER OF THE PYRE, AND OUT OF FRAME.

MS DRAGO WRAPPED IN BURIAL SHROUD, AS THE FLAMES GROW HIGHER. TILT UP TO BLACK SKY.

EXT. ESSOS - FUNERAL PYRE - MORNING

THE FLAMES OF THE PYRE HAVE BURNED OUT, AND THE DOTHRAKI ARE JUST WAKING NEAR THE FIRE. JORAH, RAKHARO, AND OTHERS WALK SLOWLY TO THE CENTER OF THE PYRE, FINDING CHARRED BONES. DANY, COVERED IN SOOT, NAKED, AND UNHARMED, SITS NEXT TO THE PYRE'S CENTER. SHE LOOKS UP AT JORAH, CRADLING A DRAGON HATCHLING. ANOTHER HATCHLING IS AT HER FEET, AND A THIRD CRAWLS OVER HER SHOULDER TO LOOK AT JORAH. JORAH DROPS TO HIS KNEES.

JORAH
Blood of my blood...

DANY STANDS, NAKED, WITH THE THREE DRAGON HATCHLINGS CLIMBING OVER HER. ALL THE REMAINING DOTHRAKI FALL TO THE GROUND, PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THEIR QUEEN. THE HATCHLING ON HER SHOULDER SPREADS ITS WINGS AND CRIES OUT, AND THE OTHERS FOLLOW SUIT. PULL BACK OVER THE PYRE AND DOTHRAKI, END IN WS OF ESSOS, DRAGON CRIES IN THE AIR.

[CUT TO BLACK]

[END OF EPISODE]

[CREDITS]

[CUT TO BLACK]