

# **GAME OF THRONES**

EPISODE 801

**"The Long Night Begins"**

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Based on A Song of Ice and Fire by George R.R. Martin

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**PREVIOUSLY ON GAME OF THRONES...**

-- A captured wight charges Cersei as she recoils in alarm.

-- Jon Snow warns that the coming war will involve "a general you can't negotiate with, an army that doesn't leave corpses behind on the battlefield."

-- Euron Greyjoy says he's taking his ships and going home to the Iron Islands.

-- Cersei promises a truce until Jon Snow and Daenerys can deal with the White Walker threat in the North.

-- Cersei tells Jaime that she has no intention of honoring the truce. She's sent Euron to fetch the Golden Company of sellswords. Jaime says he still plans to ride North, and Cersei threatens to have The Mountain kill him.

-- At Dragonstone, it's decided that Jon and Dany will sail together to White Harbor, in a show of unity.

-- At Winterfell, Sam and Bran discuss how Jon is really Aegon Targaryen -- heir to the Iron Throne -- and Dany is his aunt.

-- In a ship on the way to White Harbor, Jon and Dany make love.

-- At Eastwatch, the Night King -- riding the dead dragon Viserion -- destroys a section of The Wall with a gout of blue flame.

-- Atop the collapsing Wall, Tormund and Beric Dondarrion run for their lives.

-- The army of the dead marches through the breach.

**INT. EASTWATCH - FORGE - DUSK**

Firelight glints off a row of dragonglass spearheads.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! A hammer pounds steel...

GENDRY works at the forge, fashioning a spear.

AROOOOOOOOOO!

The warning trumpet sounds above.

Gentry pauses in his work, listening -- then grabs a dragonglass spear and heads for the doorway.

**EXT. EASTWATCH - COURTYARD - DUSK**

Gendry looks around for the threat.

MEN (O.S.)  
(faintly, overlapping)  
Run! Run for your lives! Go!

Gendry looks up to see The Wall glowing an unearthly blue and men running down the wooden stairs high above.

GENDRY  
Seven hells...

The Wall EXPLODES inward, pierced by blue flame.

There's a deafening ROAR as giant chunks of ice rain down from the collapsing Wall.

Gendry, wide-eyed, races back into the castle for cover.

**INT. DANY'S SHIP - DUSK**

Timbers creak faintly and waves lap gently against the hull.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN and JON SNOW lie in bed, entwined.

He whispers into her hair.

JON  
My queen...

She smiles.

He caresses the curves of her body.

JON (CONT'D)  
Is there any other way... I can  
serve you...?

She looks puzzled.

He kisses her on the mouth, slowly and tenderly... then her neck, the swell of her breast, her navel...

He heads south for the winter.

Her eyes widen and she gasps with pleasure.

**EXT. DANY'S SHIP - DUSK**

TYRION LANNISTER stands on deck, a goblet in hand, looking deeply unhappy as he stares at the darkening horizon.

Snow flurries are falling.

JORAH MORMONT comes to join him.

TYRION  
How have you endured it?

JORAH  
What?

TYRION  
Loving her... all these years...

Jorah smiles, faintly.

TYRION (CONT'D)  
Knowing she'll never love you  
back...

Jorah's smiles fades.

TYRION (CONT'D)  
Not in the way you want. Not as  
more than the doting uncle or the  
trusted adviser.

It disconcerts Jorah that Tyrion can see him so clearly. But it's also a relief to unburden himself.

JORAH  
It's my penance, I suppose...

TYRION  
For betraying her?

JORAH  
She forgave me for that. But I've  
done worse... for the love of a  
woman.

Tyrion gives him an enquiring look.

JORAH (CONT'D)  
My wife, Lynesse.

TYRION  
She was a Hightower, I believe?

Jorah nods.

JORAH

I wore her favor when I won the tournament after the Greyjoy Rebellion... And then I won her hand... but never her heart.

He stares at the horizon.

JORAH (CONT'D)

She found Bear Island... primitive and crude. I sent to the mainland for silks and delicacies, jewels and sweet-voiced bards... but it was never enough.

Tyrion looks sympathetic.

JORAH (CONT'D)

So when I caught some poachers... instead of punishing them I sold them to slavers from Essos.

Tyrion looks mildly shocked.

JORAH (CONT'D)

I disgraced my family -- drove my father to the Night's Watch. And rather than face my punishment, I fled with my wife across the narrow sea... and joined the Golden Company.

Tyrion sips his wine and takes this in.

TYRION

Where is she now? Your wife?

JORAH

Concubine to a merchant-lord in the Free City of Lys... last I heard.

Tyrion hands up his goblet -- Jorah needs it more than he does.

Jorah takes a deep drink.

TYRION

It seems we have something in common, then...

Jorah looks down at him.

TYRION (CONT'D)

We both were betrayed by women we loved. And we would both give our lives... for the love of a queen.

JORAH

If I can just live to see the world she makes... If I can stand at her side when she does it...

TYRION

It would be enough...?

He's asking himself the question as well.

MISSANDEI comes up to them.

MISSANDEI

Have you seen the queen?

JORAH

She went to her cabin.

Missandei heads off in that direction.

TYRION

I wouldn't disturb her... if I were you...

Missandei stops and looks at him, puzzled.

Jorah eyes Tyrion -- what do you know?

Then he understands... and his heart aches a little more.

**INT. RED KEEP - CERSEI'S CHAMBER - DUSK**

CERSEI LANNISTER stands at the window with a goblet of wine, looking out at the snow falling on the roofs of King's Landing.

She nears the bottom of her goblet... and tosses the dregs into a brazier, making it HISS and steam.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

CERSEI

Come!

QYBURN enters as she goes to pour herself more wine.

QYBURN

Your Grace...

He bows.

THE MOUNTAIN closes the door behind him.

Qyburn eyes the carafe like he's hoping Cersei will offer him some wine.

She doesn't.

She goes back to the window and watches seagulls wheeling above the harbor.

CERSEI

That device you constructed -- to kill the dragons?

QYBURN

The Scorpion?

CERSEI

I want you to build more... Many more... Put them all around the city, on every tower. And have the men practice -- daily. If that bitch comes back with her pets, I want to do more than just wound them.

QYBURN

Yes, your grace.

She eyes him over her wine goblet.

CERSEI

There was something you wished to discuss?

QYBURN

Yes, your grace. Now that winter has come... there is the issue of food...

Cersei plucks a grape from a bowl and eats it.

CERSEI

Food?

Qyburn eyes the grapes. He'd like one of those, too.

QYBURN

Most of the grain seized from Hightower was lost at the Battle of the Goldroad.

CERSEI

Jaime said there was enough left to feed the army.

QYBURN

Yes -- the Lannister army. But not the Golden Company.

He gestures out the window.

QYBURN (CONT'D)

And not... the people.

CERSEI

(scornfully)

The people...?

She looks out the window.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

You mean the ones who pelted me with filth on my walk from the Great Sept?

QYBURN

(mildly)

Among others...

He eyes her goblet, thirstily.

QYBURN (CONT'D)

We've had a long summer -- the longest in living memory. But there will be no more harvests until winter's end.

He gestures out the window.

QYBURN (CONT'D)

Already, prices in the markets have doubled...

CERSEI

And what is your solution?

QYBURN

Your grace?

CERSEI

As the Hand of the Queen, surely you would not come to me with a problem... without also bringing me the solution?



Qyburn considers this.

QYBURN

Well... there are several, I suppose. You could... borrow more from the Iron Bank.

CERSEI

No. What else?

QYBURN

You could import food from across the Narrow Sea...

CERSEI

That also requires gold. What else?

Qyburn struggles, at a loss. Economics isn't exactly his forte.

Cersei's losing patience with him. She gives him a hint.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

I'm already paying the Golden Company. Surely they can be put to use?

QYBURN

Well, yes. But Hightower has already been picked clean.

CERSEI

I'm sure the sellswords can find something Jaime missed. They're not as tender-hearted as he is. What of Dorne?

QYBURN

It is in large part a desert... except for the valleys along the Greenblood. It has little left to export -- except, of course, for wine.

Cersei smiles.

CERSEI

Then we will empty its cellars... and drink well this winter...

She takes another sip and sets down her goblet.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

That reminds me... I haven't  
visited our "guests" in a while...

She heads for the door.

**INT. RED KEEP - DUNGEON - DUSK**

ELLARIA SAND's wrists are chained to the wall of her cell.  
She squats in the filthy straw, sharpening a fragment of  
chicken bone against the stone.

There's the CLOMP of boots approaching.

She looks up, her eyes haunted, and hides the bone fragment  
in her hand.

Cersei appears, accompanied by The Mountain and Qyburn.  
Cersei holds a pomander ball to her nose, to mask the stench.

Ellaria glares at her, feral in her anger.

Cersei smirks.

CERSEI

I'm afraid I've been a terrible  
host....leaving you and your  
daughter down here to rot...

She glances at what remains of Tyene Sand -- a decaying  
horror swarming with rats and maggots.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

But I see she's making excellent  
progress.

She sniffs at the clove-studded pomander.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Your Dornish oranges make such  
lovely pomanders... I hardly notice  
the stench.

ELLARIA

What do you want?

CERSEI

To tell you about my plans for  
Dorne.

Ellaria looks skeptical.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
You are still its leader, I  
believe?

She looks around the cell.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
Even though your territory is much  
diminished...

Ellaria just glares at her.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
How many of your sand snakes are  
left?

ELLARIA  
I still have four daughters to  
avenge me and their father.

She glares at The Mountain.

Cersei glances at her mid-section.

CERSEI  
You Dornish breed like rats...

She glances at one of them feeding on Tyene.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
So you must feel at home here.

She grimaces and sniffs at her pomander.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
I remember how much I missed  
Myrcella, when she was in Dorne...  
I was hoping your other daughters  
might join you, to ease your  
loneliness...

Ellaria's eyes widen with horror, but she controls herself.

CERSEI (CONT'D)  
Obella, I believe, is at Sunspear --  
cupbearer to the wife of Manfred  
Martell. How old is she now --  
twelve?

QYBURN  
Thirteen.

CERSEI

(to Ellaria)

Shall I send her your regards? I'll ask my sellswords to call on her... when they sack Sunspear.

ELLARIA

(scoffing)

You think this will be an easy task?

CERSEI

The Golden Company has 20,000 men. I don't foresee any difficulties.

ELLARIA

The Threefold Gate has never fallen... not even to dragonfire. My daughters will outlive you.

CERSEI

Will they? Dorea, I believe, is still at the Water Gardens. Such a pleasant place, I'm told -- and not at all well-defended. Perhaps I'll let the Golden Company rest there a few days... and amuse themselves with your daughter.

Ellaria glares at her.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

And then there's your baby, Loreza. Only eight years old, I think? You sent her to your father at Hellholt, before you murdered Doran Martell.

She glances at Qyburn, then back at Ellaria.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

Are you surprised that I have little birds in Dorne? You were wise to disperse your daughters. But you see, I know where they all are. And one by one... I will bring them to you.... so they can join their sister.

She glances at the decaying corpse and sniffs her pomander.

Ellaria struggles to retain her bravado.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

What a happy family reunion THAT  
will be...

She smiles.

CERSEI (CONT'D)

There's one last Sand Snake, though  
-- the one Oberyn fathered on a  
Summer Islander... Her mother was a  
pirate queen, they say... How  
romantic.

ELLARIA

(proudly)

Sarella...

CERSEI

Where is she, I wonder?

She studies Ellaria, speculatively.

**INT. THE CITADEL - DISSECTION ROOM - DUSK**

A SERVANT rolls a gurney into the room. A body's on it,  
covered by a sheet.

ARCHMAESTER EBROSE addresses a half-dozen ACOLYTES.

ALLERAS (19) has dark brown skin, curly black hair, and black  
eyes. "He" is, of course, Sarella Sand.

The Archmaester pulls the sheet off the gurney.

It's the body of a teenage girl, wearing a coarse,  
bloodstained shift.

ARCHMAESTER EBROSE

Robert Frey -- what do you observe?

ROBERT FREY (18) steps forward.

ROBERT FREY

A young woman -- lowborn, judging  
by her shift. About 14. In an  
advanced state of pregnancy.

ARCHMAESTER EBROSE

She died not half an hour ago,  
after laboring for three days. Her  
bereaved husband sold her to us in  
exchange for enough silver to drown  
his grief for a considerable time.