

# **GAME OF THRONES**

"The Iron Throne"

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

**EXT. KING'S LANDING MAIN GATES - DAY**

Snow has begun to fall and will continue to fall throughout this day.

King's Landing is a smoldering wreck of a city.

TYRION LANNISTER steels himself and heads inside the ruined capital. We follow him *Son of Saul* style, tight on his face as he passes through the gates. Where the main gate once stood there is only melted steel and crumbled stone.

There is no score to soften the horror. Aside from a few distant shouts and screams, the broken city is eerily quiet.

Much of the victorious army is behind him, but we'll only see them incidentally as he passes through the gates with a small honor guard. Smoke, shallow focus.

JON SNOW and DAVOS SEAWORTH follow him with a small group of NORTHMEN at their backs, but we stay with Tyrion's perspective for the whole of this opening sequence: on his back, on his face.

On the periphery of the frame, scorched bodies lie on the sides of the main street where they fell. Tyrion sees them (and Jon and Davos behind him), but they keep walking.

People baked in their brick home as if in an oven. And a child sitting out front, crying, alone.

Another dead child, face down on the ground.

A NORTHERN SOLDIER sits on a pile of rubble in front of a stairwell, weeping amongst the wreckage.

Human silhouettes on the dragon-scorched ground where the ashes have blown away, the negative image of the Hiroshima silhouettes.

A WALKING WOUNDED MAN passes without acknowledging Tyrion and his party. As if he does not even see them.

A small, charred hand pokes out from underneath the rubble, holding a tin horse. The same little girl Arya tried to help in 805.

They all stop to look at what remains of the dead little girl.

Tyrion glances at Jon.

TYRION  
I'll find you later.

JON  
Let me send some of my men with you.

(CONTINUED)

Jon gestures to his men to go with Tyrion, but:

TYRION  
I'm going alone.

Tyrion stares at Jon for a beat. He outranks everyone here. Jon finally nods and steps aside.

Jon watches him walk through an archway framing the devastation beyond. We tilt up to reveal the distant Red Keep.

**EXT. KING'S LANDING ALLEY - DAY**

Jon, Davos and the Northmen come across GREY WORM and a platoon of Unsullied standing over a group of LANNISTER OFFICERS on their knees.

GREY WORM  
In the name of the one true queen,  
Daenerys Targaryen, I sentence you  
to die.

JON  
Grey Worm!

Grey Worm turns and watches Jon approach. He seems neither surprised nor pleased to see his queen's lover.

JON  
It's over. These men are prisoners.

GREY WORM  
It is not over until the queen's  
enemies are defeated.

DAVOS  
(incredulous)  
How much more defeated do you want  
them to be? They're on their knees!

GREY WORM  
They are breathing.

DAVOS  
Look around you, friend. We won.

GREY WORM  
I follow my queen's commands. Not  
yours.

JON  
And what are the queen's commands?

GREY WORM  
"Kill all those who follow Cersei  
Lannister."

(CONTINUED)

Grey Worm draws his knife.

GREY WORM  
These are free men. They chose to  
fight for her.

As Grey Worm steps behind the first officer in the line, Jon grabs his arm.

A dozen Unsullied level their spears at Jon.

The Northmen behind Jon draw their swords, prepared to defend their commander.

DAVOS  
Easy, men! Easy!

Grey Worm pulls his arm free and stares at Jon. He is quite ready to fight the Northerner if further provoked.

Jon stares back, but unlike Grey Worm he is plagued with doubt. These men are his allies. How did it come to this?

DAVOS  
(to Jon)  
We should speak to the Queen.

Jon hates to walk away from what he considers an injustice, but the only other choice is even greater bloodshed.

He walks away, turning once to see Grey Worm cut the first officer's throat.

**INT. MAP ROOM - DAY**

Tyrion walks past the ruined map room, snow starting to cover the ash and rubble.

**INT. SMALL COUNCIL ROOM - DAY**

He walks past the table where he and Cersei often fought, past the little office where he and his father often fought.

He grabs an unlit torch from a sconce. He's heading into the darkness.

**INT. TUNNELS- DAY**

Alone and carrying a lit torch, Tyrion makes his way down a staircase into the secret underbelly of the Red Keep.

At the end of the dark tunnel he comes upon a great mound of rubble, blocking his passage. He raises his torch and sees a small gap at the very top of the rubble. It is lighter on the other side than it is here.

(CONTINUED)

He puts down the torch and starts climbing up the rubble.

**INT. DRAGON SKULL ROOM - DAY**

Tyrion walks through what's left of the dragon skull room, toward the light provided by the hole that Drogon blasted in the ceiling.

Many of the skulls have been crushed by falling rock; even Balerion the Dread's skull has been caved in. All of the skulls have been blackened and scorched by the extreme heat of the fires that raged for hours.

And then he sees it, in the pile of rubble and ash made by Drogon's blast:

A hint of a golden hand.

Tyrion gets down on his knees and clears the rubble and ash away.

It's hard, filthy work. Tyrion starts to cry midway through but doesn't stop until he's cleared away the remains of Jaime and Cersei.

They are still in each other's arms: his golden hand resting beside her head; her lion pendant still encircling her neck.

Tyrion sits beside the remains of his brother and sister and cries for them both.

**EXT. RED KEEP FRONT GATES (AEGON'S HILL) - DAY**

High atop Aegon's Hill, we follow ARYA STARK as she heads toward the plaza. She passes a group of Unsullied as they toss dead Lannister bodies in a pile, stacking them like cordwood.

Reaching the edge of the plaza, she stays on the edge of the proceedings, observing from a distance.

Targaryen imagery is on display here: the big red and black dragon banners have been draped over the walls.

Unsullied line both sides of the steps, with Grey Worm waiting up top. All the remaining Unsullied are in formation in front of the steps.

Behind them, the Dothraki congregate, some with their horses, some on foot.

And behind the Dothraki, at the main entrance to the plaza, opposite the steps, Jon enters into the space. Arya sees him.

(CONTINUED)

We go to Jon as he looks across the crowd to the staircase and the wrecked facade that frames the top of it. The wrecked Red Keep visible in the distance.

We follow Jon as he makes his way through the Dothraki, then to the aisle in the Unsullied ranks that leads to the staircase.

Jon sees Grey Worm standing at the top of the steps, staring down at him.

They both look up when they hear the heavy beat of dragon wings.

Drogon flies overhead, over Dothraki waving their arakhs and Unsullied standing motionless, spears in hand.

Drogon lands out of sight beyond the top of the stairs. Jon climbs the stairway. When he nears the top he sees Dany, already dismounted, walking towards him. For a moment, Drogon's unfolding wings spread behind her back, an unsettling image. Her Satanic Majesty's Request.

She walks to the edge of the steps and looks out over her gathered armies, over the demolished city.

First she addresses her Dothraki in their native tongue.

DANY

Qoy goyi! Shafka vernish ei asgoy  
shafki anhaan. Shafka addrivish  
dozge anni ma khogaroon shiqethi  
mori!

(Blood of my blood! You kept all  
your promises to me. You killed my  
enemies in their iron suits!)

The Dothraki scream and raise their arakhs into the air. We have some badass-looking Dothraki in the mix.

DANY

Shafka ohharish okrenegwin mori!  
(You tore down their stone houses!)

Her khalasar roars.

DANY

Shafka ray azhish anhaan Rhaeshis  
Andahli!  
(You have given me the Seven  
Kingdoms!)

Her Dothraki scream and wave their arakhs.

Jon watches all this, disturbed.

Next Dany addresses her Unsullied in Valyrian, first turning to Grey Worm.

(CONTINUED)

DANY

Torgo Nudho, hin Rangam ez Hozno  
ynoma dekurupta. Nedyro mentyro  
hedry pasabarje karaje iksa. Avy  
tolvio azantyro ñurho jentosy  
brozan. Dario Vilibazmaro Aeksyso.  
(Torgo Nudho, you have walked  
beside me since the Plaza of Pride.  
You are the bravest of men, the  
most loyal of soldiers. I name you  
commander of all my forces, the  
Queen's Master of War.)

Grey Worm bows his head, acknowledging this high honor.

Tyrion approaches from the Red Keep side, looking shaken and  
despondent. Jon glances at him.

Tyrion doesn't look at Jon, or at Dany's gathered forces. He  
is trapped inside his own head, thinking about what he just  
saw.

Dany turns to the Unsullied foot soldiers standing down in  
the plaza.

DANY

Dovaogedys! Jeme hen muñoti ñoghoti  
nadintaks se hae buzdaryti  
ubredaks. Sir daeremirossa iksat!  
Daro Vililio gierion hen grinio  
hilmiot daeredat!  
(Unsullied! All of you were torn  
from your mothers' arms and raised  
as slaves. Now you are liberators!  
You have freed the people of King's  
Landing from the grip of a tyrant!)

The Unsullied slam their spear butts onto the ground, three  
times in perfect synch, affirming their pride in their  
achievement and their queen.

DANY

Yn vilibazma tetos daor. Ilvra  
egralbri qubemiluty daor yn vapar  
tolvio vyho gieryndi daeredoty! Hen  
Vinterveli va Dornot, hen Laniso  
Viliniot va Qarthot, hen Jaedria va  
Zeo Embrot, abrar, valar, riñar  
toli grevo go bottis. Grevi ynoma  
pryjelat?  
(But the war is not over. We will  
not lay down our spears until we  
have liberated all the people of  
the world!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANY (CONT'D)

From Winterfell to Dorne, from Lannisport to Qarth, from the Summer Isles to the Jade Sea, women, men, and children have suffered too long beneath the wheel. Will you break the wheel with me?)

The Unsullied slam their spear butts onto the ground, again and again, eager for the fight.

Tyrion, who understands enough Valyrian to get the gist of what she's saying, looks around the ruined city. If this is liberation, he doesn't believe in liberation theology.

The Unsullied continue to drum the butts of their spears on the ground in unison, praising their queen.

Amidst the ashes of her conquest and the corpses of her enemies, Dany accepts the worship of her followers. The devastated city stretches out below her, but she shows no signs of ambivalence or doubt. She has burned the village to save it.

Arya watches from afar, cool and hooded, appraising Dany and her forces. Arya hated Cersei as much as anyone. That doesn't mean she likes the new boss. To her it looks like the Seven Kingdoms just traded one tyrant for another.

Dany turns to Tyrion.

We begin to fade down on the drumming spears.

DANY

You freed your brother. You committed treason.

Tyrion sees no point in arguing his case. He looks around the ruined city.

He begged her not to do this, and she did it anyway. Hundreds of thousands have died.

He wanted a bloodless revolution. He would have gladly died to put her on the throne without the horror they just witnessed. But he failed.

TYRION

I freed my brother. And you slaughtered a city.

He steps forward to the edge of the landing, removes his Hand pin and tosses it down the steps.

The spear butting stops abruptly. Thousands of Dany's loyal warriors stare up at this man who dares to disrespect their queen.

(CONTINUED)



At one point, this betrayal would have hurt Dany deeply. That point is long gone. She stares at her former Hand with anger, disgusted that she trusted him so deeply for so long.

DANY  
Ziry najikatas.  
(Take him.)

Grey Worm and a posse of Unsullied follow out the order as Jon watches in disbelief.

Dany walks toward the Red Keep, flanked by a large contingent of her Dothraki bodyguards.

Jon is so distracted by what he's just seen that he doesn't notice Arya now standing beside him.

Jon looks at her in disbelief.

JON  
What are you doing here?

ARYA  
I came to kill Cersei. Your queen got there first.

JON  
She's everyone's queen, now.

Arya's expression is noncommittal.

ARYA  
Try telling Sansa.

Jon needs to go deal with matters, now.

JON  
Wait for me outside the city. I'll find you.

Before he can take a step, Arya grabs his arm and looks up at him.

ARYA  
Jon.

No one else is close enough to hear their words.

ARYA  
She knows who you are. Who you really are. You'll always be a threat to her.

Arya looks to Dany, walking away with her Dothraki bodyguard.

ARYA  
And I know a killer when I see one.

**INT. MAKESHIFT CELL - DAY**

The Unsullied have found a makeshift cell for Tyrion somewhere on the Red Keep grounds. Perhaps it's one of the few intact chambers.

Tyrion sits with his back against the wall, staring up at the weak light.

We hear the bolt slide and the door opens: Jon Snow stands there. He nods to the Unsullied sentries and steps inside.

One of the sentries closes the door after him and we hear the bolt slide.

TYRION

Did you bring any wine?

JON

No.

TYRION

(disappointed)

Ah. Well, thank you for coming to see me.

(beat)

Our queen doesn't keep prisoners for long.

JON

No.

TYRION

I suppose there's a crude kind of justice. I betrayed my closest friend and watched him burn. Now Varys' ashes can tell my ashes, "See! I told you."

Jon is unable to see the humor in the situation.

TYRION

It just occurred to me: I'm talking to the only man alive who knows where I'm going. So? Is there life after death?

JON

Not that I've seen.

Tyrion takes this with his usual fatalism.

TYRION

I should be thankful. Oblivion is the best I can hope for. I strangled my lover. I shot my own father with a crossbow. I betrayed my queen.

(CONTINUED)

JON

You didn't--

TYRION

I did. And I'd do it again, now  
that I've seen what I've seen.

(shrugs)

I chose my fate. The people of  
King's Landing did not.

Jon cannot argue with this. He's seen too much horror in the  
last day. He glances towards the window.

JON

I can't justify what happened. I  
won't try. But the war is over now.

TYRION

Is it? When you heard her talking  
to her soldiers, did she sound like  
someone who's done fighting?

Jon doesn't answer, but his expression makes it clear he  
harbors the same worry.

TYRION

She's a conqueror. She liberated  
the people of Slaver's Bay. She  
liberated the people of King's  
Landing. She'll go on liberating  
until all the people of the world  
are free... and she rules them all.

JON

And you've been by her side,  
counseling her. Until today.

TYRION

Until today.

(beat)

Varys was right. I was wrong. It  
was vanity to think I could guide  
her. Our queen's nature is fire and  
blood.

JON

(angry)

You think our house words are  
stamped on our bodies when we're  
born and that's who we are? Then  
I'd be fire and blood, too.

(quieter)

She's not her father. No more than  
you're Tywin Lannister.

Tyrion considers this point.

TYRION

My father was an evil man. My sister was an evil woman. Pile up all the bodies of all the people they ever killed. Throw in Ramsay Bolton's victims for good measure. Add them all up, and they still won't be half as many as our beautiful queen slaughtered in a single day. A million people lived in this filthy city before we attacked. How many are living now?

The argument gets more heated, both men impassioned.

JON

Cersei left her no choice--

TYRION

The moment the gates fell the battle was over. She burned families alive in their homes.

JON

She saw her best friend beheaded. She saw her dragon shot out of the sky. Your sister betrayed her.

TYRION

And she burnt down a city for it!

JON

It's easy to judge when you're standing far from the battlefield--

TYRION

Would you have done it?

JON

What?

TYRION

You've been up there, on a dragon's back. You've had that power. Would you have burnt the city down?

JON

I don't know.

TYRION

Yes, you do. You won't say it because you don't want to betray her. But you know.

JON

What does it matter, what I would do?

(CONTINUED)

TYRION

It matters more than anything.

Tyrion looks up at Jon. It's important that Jon listens and Tyrion makes sure he is before beginning his argument.

TYRION

When she murdered the slavers of Astapor, I'm sure no one but the slavers complained. After all, they were evil men. When she crucified hundreds of Meereenese nobles, who could argue? They were evil men. The Dothraki khals she burnt alive? They would have done worse to her. Everywhere she goes, evil men die and we cheer her for it. And she grows more powerful, and more sure that she is Good and Right.

(beat)

She believes her destiny is to build a better world, for everyone. To fix what is broken for every man, woman and child. If you believed that, if you *truly* believed it... wouldn't you kill whoever stands between you and paradise?

The two men are silent for a moment.

TYRION

I know you love her. I love her, too. Not as successfully as you. But I believed in her with all my heart.

(beat)

Love is more powerful than reason. We all know that. Look at my brother.

Jon remembers what Aemon told him so many years ago.

JON

"Love is the death of duty."

The words surprise Tyrion.

TYRION

You just came up with that?

JON

Maester Aemon said it.

Tyrion nods, thinking about it.

TYRION

Sometimes duty is the death of love. "You are the shield that guards the realm of men." You've always tried to do the right thing. Always, no matter the cost, you've tried to protect people. Who is the greatest threat to the people now?

He lets Jon think about that for a moment.

Tyrion looks old and weary as he admits the great failure of his life.

TYRION

You won't be able to hold her in check. You won't be able to guide her. I thought I could. I thought she'd listen to me. I was wrong.

(beat)

You're the last hope.

Jon realizes that Tyrion is overtly asking him to turn on Dany.

JON

I love her.

TYRION

I know.

(beat)

It's a terrible thing I'm asking. It's also the right thing.

(beat)

You think I'm the last man she'll execute? If you don't stop her, everyone who stands against her will share my fate. And who is more dangerous than the rightful heir to the Iron Throne?

Jon shakes his head. He's long past caring about himself or his personal safety.

JON

If that's her decision... she's the queen.

He looks around the cell.

JON

I'm sorry it came to this.

He knocks on the door of the cell and waits for the Unsullied to come get him.

TYRION

And your sisters?

(CONTINUED)

Jon turns to look at Tyrion. He doesn't care about his own skin but his sisters -- that's a very different matter.

TYRION

They're both as stubborn as their mother ever was. Do you see them bending the knee? Sansa swearing eternal loyalty to a queen she neither likes nor trusts?

Jon's response is neither convinced nor convincing:

JON

My sisters will be loyal to the Throne.

We hear the footsteps of the Unsullied approaching the cell.

TYRION

Why do you think Sansa told me the truth about you? Because she doesn't want Dany to be queen--

JON

She doesn't get to choose!

TYRION

No. But you do.  
(beat)  
And you have to choose now.

We hear the bolt slide and the door opens.

Jon stares at Tyrion for a beat and walks out.

The door shuts. The bolt slides. And Tyrion waits.

**EXT. RED KEEP - RUINS - DAY**

Jon walks through the ruins of the Red Keep.

The approach to the throne room is lined with Unsullied, dozens of them. None of them stop Jon. They all know who he is, and what he means to their queen.

The red-and-black Targaryen banners hang at regular intervals.

**EXT. RED KEEP - OUTSIDE THE THRONE ROOM - DAY**

Turning a corner, Jon arrives at the building that houses the throne room.

(CONTINUED)

Jon looks up at the wreckage, then down to the entryway; it looks a bit like the frontage of a cathedral wrecked in the Blitz, surrounded by monumental chunks of fire-blackened masonry. But the doors are intact.

Jon steps forward, but stops.

Amidst the mountains of black rubble, Drogon lies next to the entrance, cleaning his claws with his long tongue.

He's been hidden in plain sight for much of this time, his dusty black scales almost a part of the rubble.

Jon takes a deep breath and heads for the doors.

Drogon sees him. He lifts his head, blocking the way.

The massive dragon stares at the diminutive man, studying him with eyes that seem just as intelligent as Jon's own.

For a long, tense beat, Drogon considers this suitor for his mother's attentions.

His head comes in close. He takes a big sniff.

Jon is a friend, not a threat. Drogon's head snakes away, back to his claws to resume his cleaning.

Jon walks past the dragon and into the keep.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY**

Dany stands in the Throne Room. It looks just like it did in her vision, only the area behind the Iron Throne has been destroyed altogether. I.e., no window behind throne, Lannister or otherwise.

The snow falls lightly through the collapsed roof as she steps past the pillars, down the central aisle. Rubble from the fallen roof is visible on the floor, covered in a layer of snow.

For a few seconds, the conquering queen disappears and she looks like a young girl again, entranced by the beauty of the moment, and the object of her greatest desire.

It is right there. The reason for her long journey across two continents, the endless conflicts, the deaths of her loved ones:

The Iron Throne.

She slowly climbs the snow-covered stairs.

She reaches out to touch it, and hesitates. Perhaps she remembers the vision in which the throne was a temptation to avoid.

(CONTINUED)



But this isn't a vision. This is real. She touches the arm of the throne, resting her hand on the cold metal where so many of her ancestors' hands rested for so many centuries.

She is standing directly in front of it. All she has to do is sit and the journey is complete.

She turns to sit. In doing so, she sees Jon enter the throne room.

The throne can wait. She steps down to meet him on the floor in front of the throne platform.

Dany is at ease for the first time in as long as we can remember. Maybe the first time ever. She has won.

She looks back at the throne.

DANY

When I was a girl, my brother told me it was made with a thousand swords from Aegon's fallen enemies.

She smiles at the memory as she turns back to Jon.

DANY

What do a thousand swords look like in the mind of a little girl who can't count to twenty? I imagined a mountain of swords too high to climb. So many fallen enemies you could only see the soles of Aegon's feet.

(beat)

But many years later, I saw it. The real thing.

JON

How?

DANY

In a vision. The roof, the snow, the throne...

(beat)

It all looked exactly like this.

In this room, at this very moment, the sense of Dany's destiny is pervasive. Shattering its spell is difficult. But Jon does, because he has to.

JON

I saw them executing Lannister prisoners in the street. They said they were acting on your orders.

She can see that Jon is deeply troubled. She does not condescend. On the contrary, she loves him for it.

(CONTINUED)

DANY

It was necessary.

But Dany hasn't seen the things Jon has seen, on the ground.

JON

Have you been down there? Have you seen?

Dany has not. Thinking about it, Jon is shaken.

JON

Children. Little children, burned.

DANY

I tried to make peace with Cersei. And she used their innocence as a weapon against me. She thought it would cripple me, leave me unable to do what needed to be done.

(beat)

She left me no choice.

Jon takes this in.

JON

And Tyrion?

DANY

He conspired behind my back with my enemies. How have you treated people who've done the same to you? Even when it broke your heart?

JON

Forgive him.

DANY

I can't.

JON

You can. You can forgive all of them. Make them see that they made a mistake. Make them understand.

Looking at her, his need to believe is almost overwhelming.

JON

Please, Dany.

She considers his plea for clemency for a long moment. But she cannot grant it.

DANY

We can't hide behind small mercies. The world we need won't be built by men loyal to the world we have.

(CONTINUED)

JON

The world we need *is* a world of  
mercy. It has to be.

She starts to close the gap between them.

DANY

It will be.

She takes his hands.

DANY

It's not easy to see something  
that's never been before. A good  
world.

JON

How do you know?  
(off her questioning look)  
That it will be good?

DANY

Because I know what is good. I know  
what is right.  
(beat)  
And so do you.

Jon shakes his head. He's near tears now, struggling to keep  
it together.

JON

I don't.

DANY

You do. You've always known.

He looks into the eyes of the woman he loves.

JON

What about everyone else? All the  
other people who think they know  
what's good and right?

The fire of the conqueror flares in Dany's eyes.

DANY

They don't get to choose.

Jon understands what this means for the people he loves the  
most.

She puts her hands on his face.

DANY

Be with me, build the new world  
with me. This is our reason, it has  
been from the beginning.

(MORE)

DANY (CONT'D)

Since you were a little boy with a bastard's name, and I was a little girl who couldn't count to twenty. We do it together. We break the wheel together.

Jon nods.

JON

You are my Queen, now and always.

Standing before the Iron Throne, Dany steps forward and kisses the man she loves. A perfect kiss, an expression of pure love and passion.

We push in on them until we're tight on their faces -- their eyes closed, his hand behind her head, her hand on his cheek.

Dany's eyes open suddenly as she draws a sharp breath.

Jon's eyes open as well, already filling with tears. For a moment, neither moves, as if moving will make this real.

In a wider angle, we see Jon with his hand still on the hilt of the dagger he just lodged in Dany's heart.

Her strength leaves her and she collapses to the marble; he keeps her in his arms as she falls, kneeling down to the floor beside her.

He looks down at what he's done. Terrible. And necessary. He hopes for one last moment with her.

But her eyes are already glazing over. Winter has come to the Throne Room. Dany lies dead in his arms, Pieta-style, as the snow drifts down.

Jon buries his head next to hers and cries.

His mourning is brought to an end by the sound of beating wings, coming closer, and a great roar.

Jon looks to the place the ceiling used to be, and sees Drogon wheeling in the sky, heading for the Throne Room.

Drogon lands before him, shaking the throne room's foundations. His wings fall to his side, displacing enough air that Jon has to steel himself against the gust.

Jon doesn't flee. He has no interest in avoiding death; he has nothing left to live for. He stands and steps away from Dany's body.

Drogon moves his head close to Dany's body. He sniffs at her. He nudges her gently.

(CONTINUED)

Drogon's huge brow lowers and his pupils dilate as the worst is confirmed. His lips raise over teeth as long as short swords.

The dragon rises up on his hind legs, towering over Jon.

In a beautiful, terrifying tableaux, he roars to the sky, the embodiment of rage.

He looks down at Jon. We see the fire build up in his throat.

Jon sees it as well. He prepares to die.

But the blast is not for him. Drogon wants to burn the world but he will not kill Jon.

He breathes fire on the back wall, blasting down what remains of the great red blocks of stone.

We look over Jon's shoulder as the fire sweeps toward the throne-- not the target of Drogon's wrath, just a dumb bystander caught up in the conflagration.

We look through the blades of the throne as the flames engulf it, and blast the wall behind it.

We see the throne in the flames, turning red, then white, then beginning to lose its form.

We get tight shots of the details melting in silhouette: the armrests, the iconic fan of swords on the backrest.

The fire stops. The smoke clears revealing a puddle of smouldering slag where the throne once stood.

Who will sit on the Iron Throne? No one.

Drogon turns back to Dany's lifeless body and delicately gathers her up with a claw.

With heavy thrusts of his wings, Drogon takes to the air, and flies away through the missing roof.

Jon watches him recede, with his mother's corpse in his grasp.

**EXT. SKY OVER KING'S LANDING - DAY**

We follow Drogon over the ruined city with Dany's lifeless body clutched in his claw.

He heads out toward the eastern sky, flying over Blackwater Bay. It's not a dusky beauty shot; it's gray and lifeless, as befits a funeral.

We fade to black.

**INT. TYRION'S CELL - DAY**

Tyrion is in a proper cell now, as befits a condemned man. The intervening weeks have been hard ones; he hasn't slept, bathed or eaten well in a long time. His beard is longer, his hair matted down and filthy.

He sits on the ground in the half light and thinks about the enormity of all that has happened, and his role in it.

He has no plans, no wants, no desire to effect change or avoid suffering.

He failed. He is finished.

The bolt slides and the door opens. Grey Worm has come for him, with four Unsullied. He does not tell Tyrion where he is going, and Tyrion does not ask.

**INT. RED KEEP CORRIDORS - DAY**

Grey Worm leads a manacled Tyrion down Red Keep corridors with the Unsullied behind them. Is Tyrion heading to his own death? He'll find out soon enough.

Tyrion walks toward us.

**EXT. DRAGON PIT ENTRY TUNNEL - DAY**

In the entryway to the Dragonpit, Tyrion walks between two lines of Unsullied with Grey Worm still at his side.

[The number of Unsullied has grown, to about 20.]

Tyrion looks at the crumbled walls rising up on either side of him, still patched with snow on the top.

The landscape is showing signs of a thaw. Weeks have passed since the day of Dany's assassination.

Tyrion looks to Grey Worm, who stares straight ahead.

Tyrion faces forward as they emerge into the Dragonpit.

**EXT. DRAGON PIT - CONTINUOUS**

The most powerful lords and ladies of Westeros are here, representing all Seven Kingdoms, sitting in similar circumstances to the summit meeting in 707, though arrayed in a semicircle.

When they see Tyrion and the Unsullied, they all stand. The tension is palpable.

(CONTINUED)

Present are: The Lady of Winterfell and Wardeness of the North, SANSA STARK, who sits in the middle of the semicircle. Arya and BRAN STARK sit to her right. To her left: the Onion Knight, Davos.

The Lord of the Vale and Warden of the East, ROBIN ARRYN, with LORD ROYCE beside him.

The Lady of the Iron Islands, YARA GREYJOY. The Lord of the Stormlands and Warden of the South, GENDRY BARATHEON. The lord of the Riverlands, EDMURE TULLY. The new PRINCE OF DORNE.

BRIENNE OF TARTH. SAMWELL TARLY. A smattering of ND lords.

And behind them all, and on either side, lining the walls of the Dragonpit: sixty Unsullied. A show of force that leaves no doubt as to who controls King's Landing.

Grey Worm leads Tyrion up onto the platform.

For a moment there is silence.

Tyrion and Sansa look at each other for a beat before Sansa sits. The other lords follow suit. She turns to Grey Worm.

SANSA  
Where is Jon?

GREY WORM  
We have him. He is our prisoner.

SANSA  
So is Lord Tyrion. They were both to be brought to this gathering.

GREY WORM  
We will decide what we do with our prisoners. This is our city now.

SANSA  
If you look outside the walls of *your* city, you'll find thousands of Northmen who will explain to you why harming Jon Snow is not in your interest.

GREY WORM  
And you will find thousands of Unsullied who believe that it is.

Some murmurs of support. And some dissent. Yara stands:

YARA  
Some of you may be quick to forgive. The Ironborn are not. I swore to follow Daenerys Targaryen.

SANSA

You swore to follow a tyrant.

YARA

She freed us from a tyrant. Cersei is gone because of her. And Jon Snow put a knife in her heart. Let the Unsullied give him what he deserves.

ARYA

Say another word about killing my brother and I'll cut your throat.

Yara opens her mouth to respond but sees the look on Arya's face. Yara is as tough as they come, but Arya-- Arya's different.

She sits as Davos stands.

DAVOS

Friends. Please. We've been cutting each other's throats long enough.

(to Grey Worm)

Torgo Nudho... am I saying that properly?

Grey Worm just stares back at him, giving him nothing.

DAVOS

If it weren't for you and your men, we would have lost the war with the dead. This country owes you a debt we can never repay.

(beat)

But let us try.

He looks to the men and women around him, then proceeds with the proposition they've discussed.

DAVOS

There's land in the Reach, good land. The people who used to live there are gone. Make it your own. Start your own House, with the Unsullied as your bannermen.

(beat)

We've had enough war. Thousands of you, thousands of them... you know how it ends. We need to find a better way.

GREY WORM

We do not need payment. We need justice. All of us who owe our lives and freedom to Daenerys Stormborn need justice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



GREY WORM (CONT'D)

Jon Snow killed our Queen. He cannot go free.

TYRION

It's not for you to decide.

These are the first words Tyrion has spoken. Everyone turns to look at him.

GREY WORM

You are not here to speak. Everyone has heard enough words from you.

TYRION

You're right. And no one's any the better for it.

(beat)

But it's not for you to decide.

Sansa is pleased, until he turns to her:

TYRION

And it's not for you to decide, either.

SANSA

Who, then?

TYRION

The rightful ruler of Westeros. Jon Snow committed his crime here. His fate is for our king to decide. Or our queen.

ROYCE

We don't have a king or queen.

Tyrion's gaze passes over the assembled lords and ladies.

TYRION

You're the most powerful people in Westeros. Choose one.

Tyrion looks up at his keeper, Grey Worm.

Grey Worm does not trust anything Tyrion says or does. But he looks to the lords and ladies.

GREY WORM

Make your choice, then.

Everyone looks at everyone else. This is not what they came here to do. But they don't appear to have any better options.

Edmure stands proudly.

EDMURE

My lords and ladies. I suppose this is the most important moment of our lives. What we decide today will reverberate through the annals of history. I stand before you as one of the senior lords in the country, a veteran of two wars. I'd like to think my experience has led to some small skill in statecraft and-

SANSA

Uncle.

Edmure is a little annoyed to be cut off in mid-flow, especially by his niece.

SANSA

Please sit.

Edmure can't quite believe what he's seeing, but the chuckles and suppressed grins of the other lords make him realize that his newborn hopes of being king were just squashed by a girl.

He sits.

A tense silence as various lords and ladies glance around the circle, wondering who will vie for power next.

ROYCE

We have to choose someone.

SAMWELL

Why just us?

Everyone looks at Samwell. He stands uncomfortably, steels himself and soldiers on.

SAMWELL

We represent all the great houses. But whomever we choose, they won't just rule over lords and ladies. Maybe the decision about what's best for everyone should be left to... well, everyone.

The attending lords and ladies stare at him for an incredulous moment before breaking out into laughter.

EDMURE

Maybe we should give the dogs a vote as well.

ROYCE

I'll ask my horse!

They laugh at Sam until he sits back down.

EDMURE

(to Tyrion)

I suppose you want the crown?

TYRION

Me? The Imp? Half the people hate me for serving Daenerys. The other half hate me for betraying her. I can't think of a worse choice.

DAVOS

Who, then?

Tyrion has no immediate answer.

No one else does, either.

Grey Worm grows impatient.

TYRION

I've had nothing to do but think these past few weeks. About our bloody history. About the mistakes we've made.

He looks from face to face.

TYRION

What unites people? Armies? Gold? Flags?

(shaking his head)

Stories. There is nothing in the world more powerful than a good story. Nothing can stop it, no enemy can defeat it.

(beat)

And who has a better story than Bran the Broken?

With astonishment, all the gathered lords turn to look at Bran, sitting in his wheelchair.

Sansa and Arya look more shocked than anyone.

Bran doesn't look shocked. Simply uninterested. But that doesn't bother Tyrion.

TYRION

The boy who fell from a high tower and lived. He knew he'd never walk again. So he learned to fly.

All of the gathered lords and ladies study Bran as Tyrion speaks.

TYRION

He crossed beyond the Wall -- a crippled boy -- and became the Three Eyed Raven. He is our memory, the keeper of all our stories -- all the tragedy, all the comedy, the wars, the weddings and births and massacres and famines. Our triumphs. Our defeats. Our past.

(beat)

Who better to lead us into the future?

As Tyrion speaks, Bran looks down at the armrest of his wheelchair. A tiny pill bug crawls along the wood.

SANSA

Bran has no interest in ruling. And he can't father children.

Bran puts his hand down and lets the bug crawl into his palm.

TYRION

Good. He'll never thrust his awful spawn upon us to rule after he dies.

Tyrion looks up at Grey Worm, still standing next to him.

TYRION

That is the wheel our queen wanted to break.

As much as Grey Worm hates it, he knows Tyrion is at least partly right.

TYRION

From now on, when a monarch dies, the lords of Westeros can gather on this spot and pick the next one, just as we're doing now.

Nods all around display general consensus on this notion.

Tyrion looks at Bran.

TYRION

I know you don't want it. I know you don't care about power. But I ask you now: if we choose you, will you wear the crown? Will you lead the Seven Kingdoms, to the best of your abilities, from this day until your last day?

Bran sets his hand back on the arm rest and lets the pill bug crawl off and resume his journey.

(CONTINUED)

Finally Bran looks around, at all the important people waiting to hear his decision. He looks at Tyrion.

Bran doesn't really smile anymore but there is the smallest hint of amusement on his face as he answers.

BRAN

Why do you think I came all this way?

A strange response but Tyrion has come to expect strange answers from Bran.

TYRION

To Brandon of House Stark, first of his name, I say: Aye.

Tyrion looks around the circle.

Edmure is still be miffed he wasn't given serious consideration, but he expects he'll have influence at court if his crippled nephew is ruling.

EDMURE

Aye.

Gendry is happy to go along.

GENDRY

Aye.

Yara has heard that her brother died defending Bran. She knows this choice would make Theon happy.

YARA

Aye.

Brienne is a Stark loyalist and represents House Tarth.

BRIENNE

Aye.

DAVOS

I'm not sure I get a vote. But aye.

One by one, the lords of Westeros express their support for Bran. Tyrion is very pleased.

Finally, it comes to Sansa. She does not address Tyrion. She turns and speaks directly to Bran.

SANSA

I love you, little brother. I always will. You'll be a good king.

(beat)

But tens of thousands of Northmen fell in the Great War, defending all of Westeros.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANSA (CONT'D)

And those who survived have seen  
too much and fought too hard ever  
to kneel again.

(beat)

The North will remain an  
independent kingdom, as it was for  
thousands of years.

Arya smiles.

Tyrion is stunned but also a little impressed. He looks to  
Bran.

Everyone in attendance, the most powerful men and women in  
Westeros, they all look to their new king, eager to see how  
he handles the first crisis of his reign.

Bran watches Sansa for a beat. He nods.

Tyrion looks around for objections or further secessions.  
Yara? Gendry? Edmure?

None of them speak.

TYRION

All hail Bran the Broken, First of  
his Name, King of the Andals and  
the First Men, Lord of the Six  
Kingdoms, and Protector of the  
Realm.

All stand and shout Bran's name:

ALL

All hail Bran the Broken!

For the first time in a long time, Tyrion dares to feel a  
tiny bit good about something. Until:

BRAN

Lord Tyrion. You will be my Hand.

Tyrion truly hates this suggestion.

TYRION

No, your grace. I don't want it.

BRAN

And I don't want to be king.

TYRION

I don't deserve it. I thought I was  
wise, but I wasn't. I thought I  
knew what was right, but I didn't.  
Choose Ser Davos, choose anyone  
else...

(CONTINUED)

BRAN

I choose you.

Grey Worm protests:

GREY WORM

You cannot.

BRAN

Yes I can. I'm King.

Grey Worm pulls a still-manacled Tyrion closer.

GREY WORM

This man is a criminal. He deserves justice.

BRAN

He just got it. He's made many terrible mistakes. He's going to spend the rest of his life fixing them.

Grey Worm is not sold. He looks right at Bran.

GREY WORM

It is not enough.

Tyrion looks to Bran as well. His life depends on the new king's response to this impasse.

**INT. CELL - DUSK**

Jon looks ragged. He hasn't slept, hasn't eaten, hasn't bathed. He looks like a man who doesn't care whether he lives or dies.

Tyrion has been explaining the outcome of the kingsmoot to Jon, who barely seems to listen.

TYRION

Giving you to the Unsullied for execution would start a war. Letting you walk free would start a war.

Tyrion waits but Jon doesn't look at him.

TYRION

So our new king has chosen to send you to the Night's Watch.

JON

There's still a Night's Watch?

(CONTINUED)

TYRION

Just because winter's over doesn't mean it won't come again. You shall take no wife, hold no lands, father no children.

(beat)

The Unsullied wanted your head, of course. But Grey Worm has accepted the justice of a life sentence.

(beat)

Sansa and Arya wanted you freed, but they understand our king has to make peace.

(beat)

No one's very happy. Which means it's a good compromise, I suppose.

Tyrion steps closer to Jon.

TYRION

The world will always need a home for bastards and broken men.

Jon nods.

JON

Was it right?

Tyrion stares at Jon, not quite sure he understands.

JON

What I did.

TYRION

What we did.

JON

It doesn't feel right.

Tyrion thinks about it.

TYRION

Ask me in ten years.

He holds out his hand.

Jon shakes his hand.

JON

I don't expect we'll ever see each other again.

Tyrion smiles as he heads for the door.



TYRION

I wouldn't be so sure. A few years as Hand of the King will make anyone want to piss off the edge of the world.

**EXT. RED KEEP BATTLEMENT - DAY**

Jon exits the tower that once was his prison.

Two NIGHT'S WATCHMEN wait for him. His escort to his life sentence at the Wall.

Together, they walk along the battlements.

Jon stops to look down on Blackwater Bay, far beneath him, and sees the remaining ships of Dany's fleet. Most are anchored, a few are still sailing in.

From this vantage point, we can see the remaining Unsullied waiting to board with characteristic orderliness.

The remaining Dothraki do the same; they have dismounted their horses, and walk them up gangplanks.

**EXT. KING'S LANDING - DOCKS - DAY**

At sea level now, Jon passes a couple of Dothraki leading their horses. He looks up to a ship deck and sees Grey Worm. [Jon continues walking, followed by his Night's Watch guards.]

They make eye contact. Jon doesn't say or do anything; he knows Grey Worm hates him more than any man alive, and he understands why.

Grey Worm turns away without acknowledging Jon.

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY**

Grey Worm walks to the helm. In the background, his men (not wearing helmets), raise the sails, pull in the gangplank, etc.

An UNSULLIED CAPTAIN (no helmet) speaks to him in Valyrian.

UNSULLIED CAPTAIN

Uni vali lis va loghor.  
(All the men have boarded.)

GREY WORM

Syz.  
(Good.)

Grey Worm stares out towards the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

GREY WORM  
Suli va v'Ajo Naath.  
(We sail for the Isle of Naath.)

The Captain nods and goes off to carry out his orders, leaving Grey Worm alone with his thoughts.

**EXT. PRIVATE BEACH - DAY**

Jon walks across the small beach, followed by the Night's Watch guards.

From behind, we can see the Stark siblings standing on the distant dock.

**EXT. PRIVATE DOCKS - DAY**

Jon stands in front of Sansa. He hasn't entirely forgiven her for betraying the oath he made her swear in the godswood.

SANSA  
I wish there had been another way.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry it had to be you.

Jon nods. He knows she loves him. He knows she only wants what's best for the North. But still...

SANSA  
Can you forgive me?

He hesitates.

JON  
The North is free, thanks to you.

She accepts the compliment.

SANSA  
But they've lost their true king.

JON  
Ned Stark's daughter will speak for them. She's the best they could ask for.

Jon and Sansa embrace.

Over Sansa's shoulder, Jon sees Arya crying. She hasn't cried in years but she does now, for the brother she always loved most.

He lets go of Sansa to embrace Arya, and she hugs him fiercely. He wipes her tears away.

(CONTINUED)

JON

You can come and see me, you know,  
at Castle Black.

ARYA

I can't.

Misunderstanding what she means, Jon manages a slight smile for his little sister.

JON

You think anyone will dare tell  
you women aren't allowed?

But he misunderstands her:

ARYA

I'm not going back north.

News to Jon and Sansa both.

SANSA

Where are you going?

ARYA

What's west of Westeros?

Jon and Sansa look at each other. They both failed geography.

JON

I don't know.

ARYA

No one knows. It's where the maps  
stop. That's where I'm going.

Jon was not prepared for this. This is the last time he will ever see his favorite sibling.

JON

You have your Needle?

It's right there on her hip. She shows him.

JON

Wherever you go, I'm right there  
beside you.

Jon kisses Arya on her forehead.

Lastly, he steps over to Bran, kneels before the king's wheelchair and bows his head.

JON

Your grace.

(beat)

I'm sorry I wasn't there when you  
needed me.

(CONTINUED)

BRAN

You were exactly where you were  
supposed to be.

Hard to argue with omniscience. Jon stands and walks to the skiff that's waiting for him at the end of the pier. Two SAILORS are there to row it, accompanied by the two NIGHT'S WATCHMEN. Jon climbs in.

Together, Sansa, Arya and Bran watch their brother recede, as he heads toward the ship that will carry him to Eastwatch by the Sea.

**INT. RED KEEP - KINGSGUARD CHAMBER - DAY**

The cover of *The White Book* smacks the table, as Brienne flips it open.

Wearing her new Kingsguard uniform, Brienne pages through the book. We see the names on the pages:

*Ser Duncan the Tall. Ser Arthur Dayne. Ser Barristan Selmy.*

Finally, she finds it: *Ser Jaime Lannister.*

Jaime's page is brief and unfinished, as it was the last time we saw it.

Brienne dips a quill in ink and begins to write, to finish the rest of Jaime's story. We watch her face as she does, and catch snippets of her writing:

*...took Riverrun without loss of life... outwitted the Targaryen forces to seize Highgarden... fought the Army of the Dead at Winterfell... died protecting his Queen.*

Brienne takes a moment to think about a man she both hated and loved, often at the same time.

Then she collects herself, her duty done. She has somewhere important to be. She closes *The White Book*.

**INT. SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY**

Tyrion enters along the colonnade. The council chamber is empty, as is the map room.

He looks out at the map, his sister's plan for world domination, smashed to pieces where the falling masonry hit.

Then he turns and steps into the council chamber. He looks at the Hand emblem on the chair at the far side of the table. Then down at the same emblem pinned to his chest.

(CONTINUED)

He sits in the Hand's chair. How the fuck did this happen? How the fuck did he end up here, alive, with power he no longer wants or believes he deserves?

He glances around at the other chairs surrounding the table.

Hmm.

He stands up and does some rearranging. He's not being theatrical about it like the time he dragged the chair to annoy Cersei. He just wants everything to be right this time.

Hearing approaching footsteps, he sits done again in the Hand chair.

The rest of the council arrives: SAMWELL TARLY, BRONN, Davos. He nods at them, and they nod back as they head to their seats. Davos sits to Tyrion's left, next to two empty chairs. Across from Davos, Bronn sits next to another two empty chairs.

Samwell carries a book. He wears the Grandmaester robes and a chain with a single healing link.

TYRION

What's this?

Sam drops the book down in front of Tyrion, its title embossed on its leather cover: *A Song of Ice and Fire*.

SAMWELL

*A Song of Ice and Fire*.

Tyrion takes the book in hand.

SAMWELL

Archmaester Ebrose's history of the wars following the death of King Robert.

(beat)

I helped him with the title.

Tyrion flips the book open and grins ruefully.

TYRION

I suppose I come in for some heavy criticism.

SAMWELL

I wouldn't say that.

Tyrion is surprised and gratified.

TYRION

He's kind to me? Well. I never would have guessed.

He clocks Sam's nervous expression, and is confused.

(CONTINUED)

TYRION  
He isn't kind.

SAMWELL  
He...

Sam isn't sure how to put it.

TYRION  
He what? What does he say about me?

SAMWELL  
I don't believe you're mentioned.

Tyrion pages through the book to verify his absence therein.  
God dammit!

Hearing approaching footsteps and the squeaking of wheels,  
Tyrion closes the book.

Brienne and King Bran enter. A Kingsguard pushes Bran, and  
two more follow behind them. Brienne wears no helmet, but the  
other three do.

Everyone stands as they wheel Bran to the head of the table.

EVERYONE  
Your grace.

Everyone sits. Brienne sits down next to Bran. He surveys the  
table.

BRAN  
We appear to be missing a Master of  
Whisperers. And a Master of Laws.  
And a Master of War.

TYRION  
Yes, your grace. Suitable prospects  
will be brought to you for an  
audience in the coming weeks.

BRAN  
And Drogon? Any word?

SAMWELL  
He was last spotted flying east.

BRONN  
The farther away the better.

BRAN  
Perhaps I can find him. Do carry on  
with the rest.

That's weird. But so is the new king.

TYRION  
As you wish, your grace.

BRIENNE  
Ser Podrick?

One of the Kingsguard steps forward: PODRICK PAYNE, in a Kingsguard uniform. He pulls Bran away from the head of the table, and they all rise.

TYRION  
We serve at your pleasure, King  
Bran the Broken, Ruler of the Six  
Kingdoms and Protector of the  
Realm.

With a sloppy lack of unison the group says:

ALL  
Long may he reign.

Tyrion smiles apologetically at the young king.

TYRION  
That will improve.

Bran smiles slightly and nods.

BRAN  
I'm sure it will.

Pod swings him around and pushes him from the room.

Exit Bran. Everyone sits back down.

Looking around the table, Tyrion gets down to business.

TYRION  
Ser Bronn of the Blackwater, Lord  
of Highgarden, Lord Paramount of  
the Reach and Master of Coin --  
would you say the crown's debt to  
you has been paid?

BRONN  
In full, my Lord Hand.

TYRION  
Good. Time to start incurring a new  
one. We have hungry people to feed.  
Can we expect some assistance in  
this regard?

BRONN  
Indeed we can.

TYRION

Lord Davos, we have an armada to rebuild and ports to repair.

DAVOS

We have.

(looks at Bronn)

These projects will begin at once, as soon as the Master of Coin and Lord of Lofty Titles provides funding.

BRONN

The Master of Coin looks forward to helping the Master of Ships. But first he has to insure we're not wasting coin, or soon there won't be no more coin.

DAVOS

Any more.

BRONN

You Master of Grammar now, too?

Moving on:

TYRION

Grandmaester, it is my theory, based on my years of work on the Casterly Rock sewers, that clean water leads to a healthier population.

Sam agrees and begins to expound.

SAMWELL

I've done some research on this subject [and it turns out]--

Bronn interrupts.

BRONN

The strong live and the weak don't.

TYRION

(ignoring Bronn)

Let's find the best builders and set them to the task.

We begin to drift away from the table as these smart, experienced people plan a better future.

BRONN

Speaking of builders... all the best brothels burned down. The Master of Coin is willing to fund reconstruction.

(CONTINUED)



Brienne gives him a disapproving look.

We pull back through the columns, and across the rubble-covered map room.

SAMWELL

Archmaester Ebrose is less than enthusiastic about the salutary effects of brothels.

BRONN

I imagine he isn't using them properly.

BRIENNE

I think we can all agree that ships take precedence over brothels.

BRONN

I think that is a very presumptuous statement.

TYRION

You know, I once brought a jackass and a honeycomb into a brothel...

**EXT. THE WALL/CASTLE BLACK - DAY**

Spring is coming, and it is slowly starting to warm up.

The Wall weeps, as the temperature rises above freezing for the first time in many months.

Looking down the Wall to Castle Black, three riders approach the castle gates.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK GATES - DAY**

A NW BROTHER opens the gates of Castle Black to find a mounted Jon Snow and his companions.

From atop his horse, Jon sees who is waiting for him on the balcony where Lord Commander Mormont used to stand: TORMUND.

Jon and his companions enter the courtyard, and the gates close behind them.

**INT. CASTLE BLACK CHAMBER - DAY**

Longclaw in its scabbard. Jon's hand reaches into frame and takes it from the table.

**INT. SHIP CABIN - DAY**

Hands fasten a sword belt around a waist -- but the sword in the belt is Needle, not Longclaw, and the hands belong to Arya (we do not see her face). Match cut on her hand to

**INT. WINTERFELL CHAMBER - DAY**

A leather glove sliding onto Sansa's hand with the aid of an ATTENDANT. From here we move to shots of other costume pieces being put on Sansa by the attendant, including leather armor pieces. We do not see Sansa's face.

**INT. CASTLE BLACK CHAMBER - DAY**

Jon puts the last item in his pack and fastens it shut. We see a bit more of him, but at an oblique angle and/or shrouded in shadow.

**INT. SHIP CABIN - DAY**

We see where Arya is for the first time: below decks on a ship. We see her obliquely as well, as she turns to the stairs and the light above.

**INT. WINTERFELL CHAMBER - DAY**

We tilt down on Sansa as the final piece of her costume is put on. When the dresser steps away, we see Sansa unobstructed for the first time.

Sansa stands, lifting her head from frame, and we match cut to

**INT. CASTLE BLACK CHAMBER - DAY**

As Jon puts on his cloak, we tilt up from his torso to his face. Once again, he wears all black. It always was his color.

He steps forward, and we pan with him as he wipes camera into

**INT. WINTERFELL CORRIDOR - DAY**

We follow Sansa down a Winterfell corridor.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK WALKWAY - DAY**

We follow Jon down a Castle Black walkway.

**INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY**

We follow Arya down a ship's corridor, up the stairs toward the light.

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Arya emerges into the sunlight into a close up. She takes in the scene for a beat, then steps forward.

**INT. WINTERFELL GREAT HALL - DAY**

We're behind Sansa as she turns the corner into a room full of Northern lords.

She regards her new subjects as she approaches them.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK MAIN COURTYARD - DAY**

Jon walks down the last few stairs to the ground level, where the last of the Free Folk await him: a few hundred men, women and children.

Jon steps forward into the sea of waiting faces. There is no suspicion in those faces, and no awe. Only trust. The Night's Watch used to hunt them, but they will follow this Night's Watchman.

We follow Jon in profile as he passes through the wildlings to his left and his right (closer to camera). We match cut on their passing vertical shapes to

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY**

Arya proceeding in profile down the deck, past deckhands, ship's masts and riggings. A similar match cut to

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

Sansa, as she moves down the center of the Great Hall, with northern lords on either side of her. As she passes them, they drop to one knee and bow their heads.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - DAY**

Overhead shot tracking Jon's progress through the wildlings.

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY**

Matching overhead shot of Arya, as she approaches the bow.

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

Matching overhead shot of Sansa, as she approaches the throne at the end of the room.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - DAY**

Jon meets up with Tormund who is already on horseback.

Someone else is waiting for him as well here: GHOST. The wolf nuzzle's Jon's face, and he pets the scruff of Ghost's neck.

Then Jon takes his horse from the Night's Watchman holding it, and mounts up.

**INT. CASTLE BLACK TUNNEL - DAY**

In a shot mirroring the first image of the pilot, we see Jon and Tormund through the grate of the tunnel as the gate rises, from a POV inside the tunnel.

[We do not see the wildlings behind them.]

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY**

On the bow of the ship, Arya steps into frame and looks west.

The Arya who left for Braavos was still a girl. This is a different person altogether. She has been No One. She has been Arya Stark of Winterfell. Who will she be next?

We wrap around Arya and pull back down the deck as her ship sails west.

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

In contrary motion to the above pull-back, we push down the aisle as someone puts a crown on Sansa's head.

On either side of the camera, the lords rise to their feet and raise their swords to the ceiling.

**NORTHERN LORDS**

The Queen in the North! The Queen  
in the North! The Queen in the  
North!

We clear the lords and continue to move into a close up of Sansa's face.

The Queen in the North.

**EXT. TUNNEL - DAY**

In a two shot that mirrors another shot from the pilot, Jon and Tormund wait for the gate to finish opening.

We see them emerge from the tunnel. Things still look very similar to the pilot shots, except Ghost is with them.

Then some Free Folk step into the fg, following them.

Overhead, from the top of the wall, we see more emerge, following Jon and Tormund.

And in a much wider side angle: Jon and Tormund with hundreds of Free Folk following behind them, walking away from the Wall. Many children are amongst them.

They all cross the No Man's Land between the Wall and the northern forest. Patches of grass show through what used to be frozen tundra.

Ghost lopes out ahead of Jon, as Jon rides toward camera. Tormund rides beside him, and the last of the Free Folk are behind them.

Jon and company ride away from camera. As Ghost, Jon and the rest cross the treeline, we slowly pull back, and watch them disappear into the forest.

**END OF SEASON 8**

**END OF GAME OF THRONES**