

GAME OF THRONES

"Lightbringer"

Written by Brittany Spurlin

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

ACT ONE

EXT. KINGSROAD - NORTH OF KING'S LANDING - DAY

A thick snow blankets a quiet world. The ROYAL wheelhouse rests on the deserted Kingsroad.

THE MOUNTAIN sits on the driver's bench, huddled against the cold.

A wail slices through the chill air. It's a BABY.

INT. ROYAL WHEELHOUSE - DAY

CERSEI LANNISTER sits, wrapped in furs.

A squalling baby wriggles in a basket lined with fur blankets. Cersei eyes the infant with disdain.

QYBURN pushes open the carriage door. Giddy, he's flushed with the cold.

CERSEI LANNISTER

You better have good news. That creature is giving me a headache.

QYBURN

I do, Your Grace.

Qyburn offers Cersei his hand, but the queen gets out on her own.

EXT. KINGSROAD - NORTH OF KING'S LANDING - DAY

Qyburn leads Cersei and the Mountain over a rise to show them...

...LIMBS, hundreds of them, mangled and twisted together. Some human, some animal.

The snow around the limbs is black, soaked with old blood.

The twisted line of limbs snakes in a curve, looping and crossing over itself to form an unfinished infinity symbol, an...

...ALPHA symbol.

QYBURN

It took quite a bit of digging, My Queen, but this is the answer. This will draw the Night King to us.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Are you certain? It looks like a pile of mangled scraps.

QYBURN

This one alone, no. But I have sent an envoy ahead to mark our way to the God's Eye. This will signal the Night King our destination.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Supposing your information is accurate, this snow will likely cover it up before he can see it.

QYBURN

It needs one final touch. I thought you might want the honor.

Qyburn offers Cersei a torch, which has been staked in the ground nearby. They need to light this mother up.

Cersei stands, the corner of her mouth twitching with approval. She nods to the Mountain.

The Mountain takes the torch from Qyburn. He lowers it to the symbol.

The line of limbs catches fire unnaturally quickly. Flames lick up into the air, sending their dark message to the sky.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - DAY

A weirwood grove as ancient as Westeros. The milky trunks of the heart trees blend with the snow. Their red leaves contrast with their surroundings.

BRANDON STARK sits against the largest, the oldest tree, his hands entwined in the pale branches. Only the whites of his eyes are visible. Blood drips down his face like tears.

BRANDON STARK

No!

He gasps for air as his eyes flick back to their normal dark brown. His chest heaves as SANSA STARK rushes over.

SANSA STARK
Are you hurt?

BRANDON STARK
It's over. The war is over.

Sansa smiles, relieved.

SANSA STARK
He did it then. Jon killed the
Night King.

BRANDON STARK
Daenerys died on the battlefield.
As did Drogon.

SANSA STARK
So the chance to create the weapon
we need...

BRANDON STARK
Dead.

The smile falls from Sansa's face.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - AEGON'S HIGH HILL - DAY

A smoky ruin of King's Landing. Ash and snow float through the air, coating the city in gray silt.

Jon kneels in the filth, cradling Daenerys' head in his arms. His eyes are rimmed red, dead with the loss of his queen, his wife, his child.

RHAEGAL is curled behind them, keening for his mother and brother.

BERIC DONDARRION stands by, battling his own grief as he watches the city reel in the wake of wildfire.

Beric touches Jon's shoulder.

BERIC DONDARRION
This is a hard loss. But there will
be time to mourn later.

JON SNOW
It wasn't supposed to be like this.
I thought your god had a plan. Why
did he let her die?

BERIC DONDARRION

I don't know. We have to get you to safety or we won't have a chance to find out.

JON SNOW

We already don't have a chance.

BERIC DONDARRION

We're men who've looked death in the face and been brought back. Even in the dark, the light shines. If we stop fighting, fighting to survive, that's when it's all lost.

JON SNOW

I'm going to kill him.

Jon looks from Daenerys. King's Landing is covered in smothering smoke and wailing wounded.

The falling snow is particularly thick over Viseyna's Hill.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - VISEYNA'S HILL - DAY

On the scarred mound that used to be the Great Sept of Baelor, the Night King stands, overlooking his destruction.

Most of the city has been leveled. The screams of the survivors are muted here. The cold is so deep it stills the sound.

He raises his arms. They are starkly light against the black smoke and green fire plaguing the city.

A crisp sound, clear and loud despite the sounds of the dying capitol. The sound of ice cracking apart.

The Night King's rallying cry.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - VARIOUS - DAY

Nearby, a blacksmith shop has been destroyed. Flames billow up, larger than any man.

A WHITE WALKER LIEUTENANT emerges from behind the fire. He steps through it, flames shrinking from his presence.

He steps over corpses, leaving fresh wights in his wake.

Across the city, the Night King's LIEUTENANTS appear, shifting rubble away. They look toward Viseyna's hill.

One by one, they answer their king's call. Rumbblings of the deep cracking of ice echo through the city streets.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - VISEYNA'S HILL - DAY

The Night King calls VISERION to him.

The great ice dragon bursts out of the sky, screaming his victory.

Viserion swoops down before the Night King, lowering a scaly wing to the ground. The Night King climbs up and they take off over the city.

EXT. SKY - KING'S LANDING - DAY

The Night King and Viserion loop around the city.

As they pass over Aegon's High Hill, he sees Jon Snow cradling the body of Daenerys Targaryen.

A hint of a smile cracks across the Night King's icy face.

The Night King turns Viserion north. They fly over Flea Bottom, over the Dragonpit, past the Dragon Gate, and disappear from view.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - AEGON'S HIGH HILL - DAY

Smallfolk shriek as a fresh wave of wights attack. Jon and Beric look out over the city, taking in this hell.

A shadow passes over them. They look up, squinting against the sun.

The Night King rides Viserion overhead. Jon glares at his enemy, inhuman fury building in his dark eyes.

Jon shifts Daenerys' body to Beric.

JON SNOW

I need you to take care of her.

BERIC DONDARRION

Of course. I'll give my life before letting anything happen to her.

JON SNOW

Thank you.

Jon nods, mouth set in a grim line. He grasps Beric's forearm.

Jon stands and climbs atop Rhaegal.

Rhaegal gives two mighty beats of his wings and they are aloft, following in the wake of the Night King and Viserion.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. ISLE OF FACES - DAY**

Sansa, Bran, and BRIENNE OF TARTH form a semicircle in the middle of the weirwood grove.

A few CHILDREN OF THE FOREST observe from the shadows.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

If the Night King is on his way,
it's not safe here. We should fall
back to Harrenhal immediately.

BRANDON STARK

It's not safe anywhere.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

At least in a castle we have some
hope of defending ourselves. Here
we're open to attack on all sides.

ASH moves toward them.

ASH

There is another option. I can help
Bran into his destiny.

BRANDON STARK

I've already accepted my fate as
the Three-eyed Raven.

ASH

You've learned tricks and gained
wisdom, certainly. But you have yet
to embrace what it fully means to
hold that title.

Ash places a hand on the trunk of the weirwood. A twiggy tendril starts growing from a low branch, twisting its way toward Bran. Sansa moves to grab it.

SANSA STARK

What are you doing? Stop!

BRANDON STARK

You made a promise.

The tendril touches his skin. Bran is thrown into a warg with a gasp. His eyes roam white, searching for something they can't see.

Within seconds he's back to Bran.

BRANDON STARK (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter now. The Night
King is on his way.

They all look at one another, concern etched on their faces.

EXT. SKY - NORTH OF KING'S LANDING - DAY

Viserion flies over a frozen Westeros.

The Night King sits on Viserion. A spiral of smoke catches his attention.

Viserion gently banks, and they fly toward it. Only a moment passes before they see the fire.

It's a pattern -- burning bodies arranged into the ALPHA symbol.

The Night King looks into the air, across the land toward the Gods Eye. Another burning Alpha symbol is a distance away, beckoning him.

His azure eyes flick to milky white as he wargs into...

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - DAY

...Bran. Bran's dark brown eyes flash to blue, the Night King's eyes. He begins seizing, gasping for air.

His arms thrash in front of him, as though attacking someone trying to strangle him.

His hand grabs onto a weirwood and holds fast. The seizing gets worse.

Brienne rushes to slice the tendril with her sword.

ASH
You cannot. The Three-eyed Raven
made a promise.

BRANDON STARK
They say the best swords have
names.

This stops Brienne short.

Sansa moves to help Bran, but Ash grabs her wrist. Ash is stronger than she looks.

ASH

You cannot.

SANSA STARK

The tree is killing him.

ASH

You made a promise.

SANSA STARK

He'll understand if I break it. He can't breathe.

BRANDON STARK

I will shield your back and keep your counsel...

Sansa turns to Brienne.

SANSA STARK

That's what you said to me.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

And I pledged it to your mother.

ASH

You both made promises. The gods see everything that happens in front of the weirwoods. Do you think they'll react well to a broken pact?

Brienne grips Oathkeeper. Sansa puts her hand out.

SANSA STARK

Brienne, stop. We must let this happen.

Brienne nods to her Lady.

EXT. GODS EYE - NIGHT

The lake surrounding the Isle of Faces is quiet, its glassy waters reflecting the stars.

Ripples disturb the serenity as a rowboat glides across. The Mountain pulls at the oars. Powerful. Methodical.

Cersei and Qyburn sit opposite each other in the body of the boat. Cersei carries the baby, who is sleeping soundly. She looks at the baby's sleeping face. Her face softens. Almost imperceptible. But there.

Qyburn sees this.

QYBURN

I think that went rather well. I'd be shocked if he didn't take the bait.

CERSEI LANNISTER

If your research holds true.

QYBURN

Oh, it will. Of that I have no doubt.

The baby wakes and cries, cold and hungry. Cersei moves to hand him to Qyburn.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Shut it up.

QYBURN

Of course, My Queen. Do you have a method you recommend?

CERSEI LANNISTER

Are you challenging me?

QYBURN

Never. You're known for your skills as a mother. You were so doting on your children.

CERSEI LANNISTER

It is not my child. I had three perfect angels. Now I have three perfect ghosts. Take it and shut it up.

The icy glare she levels at Qyburn could rival the Night King. He takes the infant without another word.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - NIGHT

Still raging wildfire illuminates the war-torn streets.

Burned and bloody, smallfolk wail. The remaining wights terrorize the city, intent on killing as many as they can.

Beric carries Daenerys' body in his arms. He looks at the carnage.

A HOODED MAN walks toward him. Beric tenses, glances at the sheathed sword strapped to his own hip. He can't reach it, not without dropping Daenerys's body.

The man pulls back his hood, revealing himself to be VARYS. He looks at Daenerys, crestfallen.

VARYS

My birds were right. I had hoped they would be wrong, in this instance.

BERIC DONDARRION

I'm to keep anything from happening to her, keep her from changing. But it's going to be nearly impossible getting to safety through this.

VARYS

I know a way. Follow me.

Varys pulls his hood back up and walks away. Beric follows.

INT. RED KEEP - PASSAGE - NIGHT

It is dark and dank in the tunnel under Aegon's Hill.

Varys carries a torch. Beric follows.

Dragon skulls loom from carved crevices. Their shadows dance on the walls in the torchlight.

BERIC DONDARRION

Do you think Rhaegal will ever get so big?

VARYS

That would require him surviving this long night.

BERIC DONDARRION

This is not what I saw in the flames. I don't see how this can possibly be what the Lord of Light intended.

VARYS

The entire city is on fire. Seems fitting for such a god.

BERIC DONDARRION

What do you know of Him?

VARYS

I don't presume to know anything where gods are concerned. But a god of shadow demons and burned children...it's not a stretch to think this is exactly what he wanted.

BERIC DONDARRION

Those had a purpose. We came here to fill a prophecy. The prophecy to save us.

VARYS

Prophecies are tricky things. More often than not, they are misread. Or, carried out differently than expected.

They near the end of the tunnel.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The throne room is a shadow of its former glory. The ceiling is blown away, its charred rafters letting snow and ash drift in. The hall is coated in a soft white layer.

The stained glass windows are shattered.

The IRON THRONE sits at the head of the room. The glass panel behind it is gone. The iron outline of the seven-pointed star remains.

A door opens on the side of the room. Beric and Varys walk in, footsteps muffled. They marvel at the great hall, once so regal, now just another ruin.

Beric gently places Daenerys' body at the base of the Iron Throne. He sits on the steps, looking bleakly across the hall.

BERIC DONDARRION

This is not the future I came back six times to fight for.

VARYS

This is what all battles lead to, even for the most just and righteous of causes.

BERIC DONDARRION

I really thought she was the answer. That we had enough to beat that icy bastard.

VARYS

It's easier to have more living at the end of a war when your dead don't fight for the enemy.

The men start as a door creaks open. Beric draws his sword.

MELISANDRE enters, her eyes as red as her hair. She has been crying.

MELISANDRE

So this is where our hope is laid to rest.

VARYS

Jon Snow could still prevail.

MELISANDRE

Daenerys was to play a role in bringing the light back to this world. Now there is nothing to stop the Great Other.

They all stare at Daenerys' body.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

The rowboat gets closer to shore. The baby, still in Qyburn's arms, is crying harder than ever.

Qyburn pulls out a small vial of a dark liquid and pops the stopper out.

CERSEI LANNISTER

What do you think you're doing?

QYBURN

Putting a stop to this incessant crying.

CERSEI LANNISTER

I don't want to give this Night King spoiled goods.

QYBURN

This is merely a sleeping draught.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Not at the expense of my deal. Put
that vial away or I'll see to it
that you get the first drink.

Oyburn glances at the shore and is awestruck.

The Night King stands at the water's edge, torch in hand.

Determined, Cersei smiles. It's finally time to make this
deal, to seal her fate as the last living Queen of Westeros.

The boat scrapes against the icy shore. The Mountain climbs
out and pulls it onto land. Cersei steps onto the snow.

EXT. SKY - ISLE OF FACES - SAME

High above, Jon circles on Rhaegal. He sees the boat landing,
sees the Night King waiting for its occupants.

The weirwood grove is just over a ridge, blocking it from the
Night King's view. It's too small to land Rhaegal.

Jon angles Rhaegal down to a clearing.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - CLEARING - NIGHT

Jon leaps off and draws his sword.

Rhaegal takes off into the sky as Jon moves silently toward
the Night King.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

Bran sits nestled in the weirwood trunk, eyes white. Sansa
studies her brother's face for insights on his condition.

Brienne stands guard.

Brienne sees a dragon dive down, then take to the sky once
more.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

Lady Sansa, stay here.

Brienne heads for the clearing.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

On shore, Cersei strides toward the Night King, baby cradled in her arms. The baby has finally stopped crying.

Across the ridge, Jon moves closer, taking time to keep surprise on his side. Longclaw is ready for blood.

Cersei and the Night King face off.

CERSEI LANNISTER

Do you understand the common
tongue?

(no response)

They say you were of the First Men.
Shall we be of the last?

Cersei holds the baby out to the Night King. The baby giggles and waves, oblivious to its impending transformation and demise.

Jon raises his sword as he rushes in. He's intent on saving the child, murdering everyone else.

The Night King turns to look at this new attacker.

Brown eyes meet blue. The Night King's face is filled with hate as he draws his sword DAWN.

Cersei slips the CATSPAW DAGGER from her cloak.

Brienne charges over the ridge to kill this evil bitch of a woman.

CERSEI LANNISTER (CONT'D)

No, Brienne!

Alarmed, Cersei's hand moves to her neck, pulling skin away to reveal...

...ARYA STARK.

Jon skids to a halt, shocked

JON SNOW

Arya!

The Night King wheels around as...

...Arya plunges the dagger toward the Night King's chest. Steel arcs toward ice, closer and closer until--

The Night King grabs her wrist just before the tip of the blade connects. He wrenches Arya's wrist, forcing her to her knees.

Jon sees his sister in peril and runs harder. He won't lose Arya like he lost Rickon.

Furious, Qyburn turns to the Mountain.

QYBURN
Kill that bitch!

The Mountain draws his monstrous sword. He looks at Arya, then back at Qyburn.

The Mountain swipes his sword down, cleaving Qyburn from shoulder to groin. The Mountain pulls off his helmet, showing he's THE HOUND -- SANDOR CLEAGANE.

SANDOR CLEAGANE
Fucking smelled like death in there.

BATTLING THE NIGHT KING, Jon brings Longclaw down in a deadly strike. The Night King releases Arya and parries Jon in one fluid motion.

Jon kicks the Night King solidly in the chest. The Night King stumbles back, stunned by the blow.

Suddenly, a red-eyed blur of white fur LEAPS past Jon. Snarling, jaws snapping, GHOST sinks his teeth into the Night King's arm and knocks the creature over.

Jon pulls up Arya. He looks at the baby in her arms.

JON SNOW
Get to safety!

ARYA STARK
I can help.

JON SNOW
You already have.

Brienne steps in.

BRIENNE OF TARTH
I've got her.

JON SNOW
Please, keep her safe.

JON whirls as...

...Ghost YELPS. The Night King shoves the direwolf off.

The Night King stands. Jon advances on him. Snarling viciously, Ghost circles behind the Night King.

Jon and the Night King duel. Each time Jon advances, he presses the Night King back. Ghost is there, snapping at the Night King's heels and preventing the Night King from retreating.

Even so, the Night King is better. Parrying every strike, giving as many blows as he gets.

The Night King looks off to the distance, sensing the arrival of another presence.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - RIDGE - NIGHT

Bran and Sansa crest the ridge. Bran examines the duel with grim serenity. He's making a plan.

Bran's eyes go milky white as he wargs into the Night King, who suddenly cannot force himself to move or fight.

The Night King is frozen.

BRANDON STARK

Jon! Now!

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

Seizing this opportunity, Jon angles his blade for the Night King's chest. He hits the Night King perfectly in the heart.

As the blade stabs into the icy chest, it SHATTERS.

Longclaw is destroyed.

Jon looks at the fragments of Valyrian steel in the snow, at the hilt in his hand. Hope drains from his face.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT**

Beric, Varys, and Melisandre surround Daenerys' body. Beric is bowed over his queen, silently praying.

BERIC DONDARRION

We serve the same god. Help me send her to the Lord of Light.

MELISANDRE

Without sacrifice, words are simply smoke in the wind.

BERIC DONDARRION

Surely you don't mean that.

MELISANDRE

There are other ways to serve the dead.

Varys clasps his hands and steps backward. He is not a religious man. He will give them space.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

The Night King struggles to break free of Bran's warg. He strains, unable to move his body.

Jon stares at the hilt in his hand. He fumbles for a backup.

Bran struggles to keep control over the Night King's mind. He pulls him to...

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY - VISION

Not the ruins they left behind, but a Winterfell from years ago surrounded by misty green hills.

Present day Bran climbs the Broken Tower, moving just as nimbly as the day he was pushed.

Summer, just a puppy, paces at the foot of the tower, barking frantically.

The Night King pursues Bran, climbing impossibly fast. He reaches for Bran's ankle with his icy blue hand. He grasps Bran's leg, stalling him.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

Bran is caught in the warg. Veins straining in his neck with his internal struggle, mouth open in a soundless scream.

Everyone gathers around Bran. Jon joins to them.

JON SNOW

Brienne, you need to take everyone to safety.

ARYA STARK

Like hell she will. I didn't come all this way to run like a Southern coward now.

JON SNOW

Did you see? Valyrian steel won't kill him. We are out of options.

SANSA STARK

I agree. We need to get as far away from here as possible.

JON SNOW

Good. You need to go.

SANSA STARK

Wait. You're not coming?

JON SNOW

I have to finish it. If I can't end him, I can slow him down.

ARYA STARK

I won't leave you.

ASH

There is another way.

Everyone looks at the Child. But Bran speaks, still trapped in the warg.

BRANDON STARK

Night King.

JON SNOW

Yes, that's what we're trying to figure out.

ASH

Listen to him.

BRANDON STARK
Jon, Night King. Steel.

ARYA STARK
Bran, what are you saying?

ASH
He cannot speak fully. He cannot
break the warg and keep control of
the Night King.

SANDOR CLEGANE
Seven fucking hells. I'll distract
that frozen cunt of a king.

The Hound draws his sword. Brienne holds hers aloft as well.

BRIENNE OF TARTH
I'll join you.

SANDOR CLEGANE
I don't need help. Not for this.

BRIENNE OF TARTH
My duty is to defend the Starks.
Together we stand a chance.

Together, they run out at the Night King.

Bran comes out of the warg. Blood drips from his eyes.

BRANDON STARK
Jon must become a Night King. Only
then will he have the power to
defeat this one.

SANSA STARK
I won't let that happen.

JON SNOW
It's not up to you, Sansa. Bran,
what are you saying?

BRANDON STARK
When the Wall falls, all the fires
will go out. We need fire and ice
to win this war.

JON SNOW
This fight is between the living
and the dead. I can't just step
over to the other side.

BRANDON STARK

You've been prepared to give your
life for quite a while now.

JON SNOW

Not like this.

BRANDON STARK

You are Targaryen and Stark. Your
blood sings the balance needed for
this to work. You're the only one
who can.

The ringing of steel and a roar of pain echo from across the
ridge.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - CLEARING - NIGHT

Brienne and the Hound duel with the Night King. Their swords
ring heavy as they rain powerful blows against him.

The Night King SWINGS his sword, landing a blow on Brienne's
breastplate. It shatters.

The Hound roars and attacks the Night King with unparalleled
hot fury. His blows are so quick and powerful the Night King
can only defend.

The Hound might win this.

The Hound forces the Night King to kneel under his attack.

Suddenly the Night King's hands fly up, catching the Hound's
sword in his frozen grip. The Hound struggles, pressing down
with all his strength. His scarred face twitches with effort.

The Night King rises, pushes back against the blade. Its hilt
catches the Hound under his jaw. The man stumbles back, dazed
long enough for the Night King to slit his throat.

Dark blood spatters against the snow as Brienne roars.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

Sandor!

The Night King heads for the weirwood grove.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

The group hears Brienne let loose a wail that can only mean
death.

BRANDON STARK

It needs to happen at the oldest
heart tree, where the first was
made. Goodbye, brother.

The Night King crests the ridge. Bran slips back into the
warg, which...

...stops the Night King in his tracks.

EXT. WINTERFELL - BROKEN TOWER - DAY - VISION

Bran kicks the Night King, who loses his grip. The Night King
tumbles.

Bran climbs higher, higher, to the window -- that window
where Bran met his fate so many years ago.

Bran climbs onto the ledge and looks in.

NED STARK stands there, his hands clasped behind his back.

BRANDON STARK

Father.

EDDARD STARK

The man who passes the sentence
must swing the sword.

Bran steps into the broken tower.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

Jon turns to the largest weirwood, its massive trunk rising
into the night sky.

ARYA STARK

You can't be considering this.

JON SNOW

We can't make Lightbringer.

SANSA STARK

Wouldn't we need magic?

ASH

Bran has it. As do we.

JON SNOW

If I do this, would I still
be...me?

ASH

No.

JON SNOW

So I live undying, watching my family grow old and die and their children grow old and die.

ASH

No. You must go North.

ARYA STARK

Can you reverse it?

ASH

No.

SANSA STARK

You seem fond of that word. Surely, you can explain more.

ASH

(speaking only to Jon)

If you do this, there is no changing back. If you survive, you will be exiled to the deep North, never to return.

JON SNOW

What if this doesn't work?

ASH

The Long Night comes. Man may cease.

JON SNOW

There has to be another way.

ASH

It is our best chance at fixing this problem.

JON SNOW

A problem of your creation. You made this Night King. You should be making the sacrifices.

ASH

We would if we could, but it must be man. And for your sacrifice, we offer this: to fade away. No more will we meddle in the affairs of man.

JON SNOW

And how do I know you'll keep your
end?

ASH

A pact made in front of a heart
tree cannot be broken.

Jon looks at his sisters, at the Children. At the Night King, glaring down from the ridge.

Jon offers his arm. Ash takes it. A pact is made.

INT. BROKEN TOWER - DAY - VISION

Bran and Ned smile at each other.

EDDARD STARK

Bran. You've come a long way from
that boy who couldn't hit a target.

BRANDON STARK

I still can't.

EDDARD STARK

No. You can do much more.

A SOUND from the window behind Bran. He turns to look, sees the Night King grasp the ledge and pull himself into the window.

Bran turns back to Ned. Ned holds his great sword ICE, offering the grip to Bran.

Slowly, Bran unsheathes the great blade. He turns to face the Night King as Ned steps back.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Beric holds his hands over Daenerys' heart and wounds. He prays quickly to the Lord of Light to save her.

Much more methodical, practical, Melisandre washes her Queen's body as best she can. Carefully wiping away the grime of war.

She pulls Beric's knife from his belt and slices off a lock of Daenerys' short hair.

She takes it, chanting lowly in High Valyrian, and lets the hair fall into the flames of Varys' torch.

INT. BROKEN TOWER - DAY - VISION

Bran swings the mighty sword, bringing it crashing down against the Night King's blade.

Bran pushes down, pressing the Night King back against the window ledge.

The Night King slips out from the attack, using Bran's momentum against him. He grabs Bran by the throat, holding the boy out over the open air.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

Blood flows out of Bran's eyes. The frost creeps further up his leg.

Across the ridge, the Night King glares at them.

He pushes a foot, taking a step. Then another. His fingers tighten on Dawn's hilt.

Bran's warg is breaking.

Jon sees the Night King moving.

JON SNOW

We haven't any dragonglass. Is there another way?

ASH

Valyrian steel would work just as well. Dragonglass is forged into the metal.

BRANDON STARK

The Catspaw dagger.

Arya looks at the dagger.

ARYA STARK

(to Bran)

Is this why you gave it to me? You knew Jon would need the dagger.

Bran remains in his warg.

SANSA STARK

You can't be serious.

JON SNOW

Ash, are you able to do this?

ASH

I am. Arya, give me the dagger.

ARYA STARK

I won't.

JON SNOW

Arya-- [you can't stop this.]

ARYA STARK

If you're going to do this, it should be one of us. A Stark.

Arya looks at her siblings. Sansa nods.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)

It should be me.

JON SNOW

I can't ask you to do that.

ARYA STARK

You're not.

JON SNOW

Can she do it?

ASH

We'll have some magic to work, but she can push the blade, yes.

ARYA STARK

Do you really want a stranger to end your life?

Jon nods his assent.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Melisandre lays hands with Beric. She continues chanting in High Valyrian as he does in the Common Tongue.

In the shadows, Varys cannot look away.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

The moment of truth.

As Jon is bound to the heart tree, Sansa hugs him. She can't let him do this without him knowing how much she loves him.

She's letting him go.

Arya holds the Catspaw, not ready to do what she must. Ash murmurs ancient words of magic. Jon nods to Arya.

Arya looks between its sharp tip and her brother's bare chest. She places the pointy end on the center of his chest.

ARYA STARK
The North will remember.

Arya looks into his dark brown eyes, so like her own. Years of memories pour between them in an instant.

Arya gives one push, shoving the blade into Jon Snow in a single motion.

Another push of her wrist, and the hilt breaks off. The steel is buried in Jon's chest, with no way out.

Jon GRUNTS in pain, struggles against the bonds.

His head falls forward, limp against his chest. Arya looks at Ash. This wasn't supposed to happen.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)
What did you do? What have I done?

SANSA STARK
Jon. Jon!

Jon Snow is dead.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Beric and Melisandre pray over Daenerys' body. Varys steps forward.

VARYS
Perhaps it's time.

Suddenly, Beric and Melisandre both jolt upright as though stricken by lightning. They collapse, their faces frozen in awe and ecstasy.

Varys approaches, apprehensive. He examines the bodies, never touching them. The bodies' dead eyes stare.

Varys steps back, looking at three corpses where there was only one.

Then, a CLAP of celestial thunder as Daenerys Stormborn of the House Targaryen, first of her name, the Unburnt, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains, Mother of Dragons, the woman forged in ice and fire--

The AZOR AHAI

Gasps for air and bolts upright.

She looks around. Takes in the death and ruin. She gasps in horror at the bodies lying next to her. Pushes herself away from them.

Daenerys sees Varys. Upon meeting her gaze, the Spider drops to his knees.

He cannot meet her gaze.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
What has happened here?

VARYS
A miracle, Your Grace.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Drogon?

She touches her wound, remembering.

VARYS
I am sorry for your loss.
(beat)
What of your other child?

Daenerys places a hand over her womb and closes her eyes.

Her eyes snap open.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
He lives.

Daenerys has fire in her eyes.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

Jon's head droops. Dark blood marks his wound.

Sansa weeps over her dead brother.

Arya is a hollow shell. She prepares a torch to burn her brother's body.

Suddenly, Jon's head snaps up. He gasps for air.

His dark eyes turn azure blue.

His body FREEZES, leaching it of color. His tissue desiccates, forming deep grooves in his flesh. His form becomes leaner, somehow more efficient. It becomes something else entirely.

Jon Snow is a Night King.

The bonds securing him to the tree freeze and shatter.

He looks at his hand, undead and translucent. He looks around at his family, expression unreadable.

Sansa is horrified. Arya searches for a hint of her brother in that cold face.

ARYA STARK

Jon?

SANSA STARK

Arya, don't.

Brienne's hand closes on her sword hilt, ready to draw.

Jon bends down and picks up Longclaw's hilt. He runs his hand from the hilt to the length of a sword. He forges a blade of glacier ice.

ARYA STARK

What are you doing?

Jon hefts the sword in the moonlight.

BRIENNE OF TARTH

Everyone, stay behind me.

Brienne draws her blade.

Jon looks at the group and readies his sword.

INT. BROKEN TOWER - DAY - VISION

The Night King holds Bran out the window. Thunder claps in the background. Clouds gather, unnaturally fast.

Bran looks past the Night King, to his father.

EDDARD STARK

You think my life is such a precious thing to me?

(MORE)

EDDARD STARK (CONT'D)

What of my family? Now that is
worth trading one's honor.

Ned nods gravely.

Bran disappears, just as LIGHTNING STRIKES the broken tower
with a blinding flash.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - WEIRWOOD GROVE - NIGHT

Exhausted, Bran releases the Night King from the warg. The
Night King immediately charges at the group, moving inhumanly
fast.

Jon charges.

Jon's sword clashes with the Night King's.

Ice meets Dawn.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT**

Daenerys is overwhelmed by the destruction. She turns to Varys.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Where is Jon?

VARYS

He flew to the Gods Eye, intent on avenging you and killing the Night King.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

He's in for quite a shock.

VARYS

Of a lifetime.

(beat)

I am overjoyed that you and your child live again. I wish you both and your husband many happy years.

Screams of anguish from the smallfolk in the streets rip through the moment.

Daenerys moves toward the pain.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - NIGHT

Drogon's body is a massive silhouette against the burning city. It is torn and bloody.

MISCREANTS approach. The LEADER brandishes a knife.

EXT. RED KEEP - BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT

Daenerys looks over her city. Varys by her side.

Wights attack every living thing. People try to fend them off. Most are too wounded and succumb to death. The lucky ones fall into flames. The rest change into wights themselves.

Near Daenerys, two men wrestle in the bloody mud.

VARYS

Cities in the wake of a war need good leaders to pull them out. Most people think it's the winner who makes the dynasty, but it's the one who rebuilds.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

That's not me.

VARYS

You gathered armies, freed slaves, and journeyed across the narrow sea to find your destiny. Now you turn your back?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

They deserve someone better. A leader who didn't just burn their city to ash and ruin. I'm not worthy of them.

VARYS

If that were true, you'd still be lying dead at the foot of that godforsaken chair your ancestors built.

A HORN sounds in the distance. Daenerys and Varys look for its source. ATHCHO arrives, flanked by a small contingent of Dothraki.

Riding proudly, Athcho leads his people through the streets.

Athcho finds his Khalessi. When Daenerys nods, he motions to his men. They fan out, helping the wounded and fighting the bone men.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - NIGHT

The leader of the miscreants approaches Drogon's body. Firelight glints off the steel of his knife.

Drogon's wing TWITCHES, sending ripples through the dragon's body. The men draw back in fear and awe.

EXT. RED KEEP - STREETS - NIGHT

Athcho parries with a wight, slicing him down.

A CHILD screams from a burning shack. Athcho sheathes his blade and rushes to her aid. The flames are too intense -- he stumbles back from the heat.

Athcho prepares to brave the flames again, when a HAND lands on his shoulder.

It's Daenerys Targaryen.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN
Fire cannot harm the dragon.

Dany walks into the fire. In a moment, she returns with the child in her arms. She shields the young one from the flames with her unburnt arms.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)
Take all the wounded to the
Dragonpit. Set up a healing center
there. Any strong enough to fight,
attack those bone men and show them
you are worthy of your braids.

The Dothraki around her cry out their approval. The smallfolk marvel.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - NIGHT

Drogon's eye FLICKS open and shut, almost too quickly for anyone to see.

Almost.

The miscreants run for their lives, or fall to their knees.

Drogon's wings SNAP open to their full breadth.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - NIGHT

Jon and the Night King parry, fighting to the death. They are evenly matched in power and ability. Their blades are a frantic blur of precision fighting.

As Jon raises Ice for another blow, the Night King kicks Jon in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

Jon struggles to his feet as--

The Night King places a hand in the snow. A rumbling comes from deep in the earth, until--

The oldest weirwood tree SPLITS in half.

The Children of the Forest cry out, as though they have been split as well.

The Night King rains blows on Jon.

With a SHRIEK, Rhaegal and Viserion swoop over the clearing. They fight, shooting bursts of flame and snapping at one another.

Rhaegal whips his tail around, clipping Viserion in the wing. Rhaegal's jaws clamp around the icy neck.

Jon gains strength from his dragon's victory. He pushes back on the attack.

The Night King lets out an icy ROAR and races at Jon, scrabbling to claw the Valyrian steel out of Jon's chest.

Their blows are deadly in the snow. Ghost races in, leaping at the Night King to knock him over--

The Night King slices at the direwolf's fur, leaving a deep red gash in Dawn's wake.

Jon takes the distraction and swings Ice against the Night King's leg, chopping it off at the knee. The Night King falls to his knee, staring at Jon in amazement.

With a mighty blow, Ice knocks Dawn from the Night King's grasp.

Jon PLUNGES his fist into the Night King's chest.

Slowly, inch by inch, he pulls that ancient dragonglass from the Night King.

The Children marvel.

The Night King falls to his knees. He watches Viserion slowly dissolve into snow, flakes twisting away on the wind as though that's all they ever were.

EXT. RED KEEP - STREETS - DAWN

Dothraki soldiers fight the wights.

Covered in ash and blood, Daenerys carries the child she saved.

Suddenly, the wights fall. Nothing but dust in the air.

The Dothraki and smallfolk gaze in wonder.

Daenerys, still holding the child she rescued, looks to the sky, looks north.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Jon.

Then, she hears a mighty roar.

Drogon SOARS over the city.

Daenerys sees her child, overjoyed he survived.

Drogon lands near his mother.

She approaches him. She touches his muzzle.

Tentatively, the girl in her arms raises her small hand, placing it next to Daenerys' on Drogon.

Dany turns to see the smallfolk watching, apprehensive. This is the pair that burned their city to the ground, and the pair that saved it.

Varys steps forward.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

Come forward, my lord.

VARYS

Your Grace.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

I presume your little birds are tucked away safely in the city?

VARYS

You presume correctly.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Send them out and tell the world what has happened here. Tell them that Daenerys Targaryen, first of her name, the Unburnt, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons, has been reborn out of the fires of the long night.

VARYS

What shall I tell them of your reign?

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Let all know that so long as they
steal no property and take no
lives, they have nothing to fear
from me. They will live as free
people.

Daenerys speaks to the crowd.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

If you'll have me as your queen, I
will devote my life to serving you.
Keeping you fed in famine, clothed
in winter. I will break the wheel
that has kept you down your entire
lives.

(beat)

But only if you'll have me.

Silence. A silence that seems to stretch for an eternity.

Then, a VOICE from the crowd.

VOICE

My Queen! My Queen! My Queen!

On and on the voice chants, more voices joining with each
repetition. Soon the whole crowd is cheering their support.

Varys disappears into the crowd to send the message out.

Daenerys Targaryen has been chosen.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - DAWN

The Night King looks at the coming dawn. His body slowly
fades into snow and air.

Jon looks at the dragonglass arrow in his fist. He crushes it
into dust.

He looks at the cracked weirwood tree. He sees the body of
the Hound, Bran's blood-streaked face. Arya's burns and
frostbite. The weeping gash across Ghost's belly.

This is only a fraction of the cost of the Great War.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The capital is still frozen and snowy, but it's a winter far
less harsh than what the Long Night promised.

The dead have been cleared from the streets. People go about their lives. Children laugh and throw snowballs.

Throughout the city, maesters meet with Builders. They plan the city's reconstruction.

This is a King's Landing at peace with itself and the outside world.

INT. RED KEEP - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Simple yet elegant chambers, worthy of a queen who broke the wheel. Daenerys stares out the window, listening to her city.

A knock at the door.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Enter.

Jorah opens the door. The look on his face gets Daenerys' attention. Hope rises on her face.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

Is it him?

He opens the door wider.

There stands Arya. Daenerys' face falls. Arya steps in the room. Jorah gives a small bow, closes the door behind him.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

ARYA STARK

No.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Then why isn't he here?

ARYA STARK

I'm here to tell you his goodbye.
You won't be seeing Jon again.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

So the raven was true.

ARYA STARK

Yes.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Jon said his child wouldn't be a
bastard, but now he abandons him?

ARYA STARK

He thought you were dead and it was the only way to win the war.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

When we can travel, I will take his son to him.

ARYA STARK

You cannot. He's not Jon anymore.

Daenerys turns away, tears welling in her eyes.

ARYA STARK (CONT'D)

The Starks pledge their support to House Targaryen.

(a beat)

We are family now.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

You are so much like him.

(a beat)

What will you do now?

EXT. KING'S LANDING - STREETS - DAY

Arya walks the streets of the capital, seamlessly weaving through the tight throng of people.

A BLIND BEGGAR CHILD sits in the snow, covered by a thin shawl.

Arya puts coins in his bowl. She takes her outermost cloak and drapes it around the child.

Arya puts a hand in her bag as she stands and looks at the crowd of people. She looks back down at the beggar child, face hidden.

When she turns back, her face has changed.

A stranger walks down the streets of Kings Landing, Needle swaying from her hip.

EXT. GREYJOY SHIP - DAY

Yara stares across the rolling waves. The distant shore is frozen white. They've sailed north.

A SAILOR brings Theon's body on a slab to a break in the railings.

The CREW assembles as Yara steps forward.

YARA GREYJOY

You were an Ironborn, and a man of Winterfell. We lay you to rest in the northern sea.

She pushes the slab forward and dumps Theon's body into the sea.

YARA GREYJOY (CONT'D)

Be at peace with the knowledge I will do better for the Iron Islands than our father.

She hears a scuffle behind her. A sailor pushes forward a YOUNG GIRL.

YARA GREYJOY (CONT'D)

What's this now?

SAILOR

Found her hiding below deck.

YARA GREYJOY

A stowaway? Do you know what we do to stowaways, girl? What's your name?

The Young Girl stares defiantly.

YOUNG GIRL

Dany.

YARA GREYJOY

Interesting. We've just got a new queen with a similar name. Where are you from?

YOUNG GIRL

King's Landing. I saw you fight that other man. I want you to teach me.

YARA GREYJOY

You want to fight and sail? It's a hard life, girl. Best we drop you at the nearest port.

YOUNG GIRL

I won't.

YARA GREYJOY

You want to be my ward? I won't go
easy on you.

YOUNG GIRL

I'll do whatever it takes.

Yara ponders a moment, extends her hand.

YARA GREYJOY

Welcome aboard, Dany.

She leads Dany up to the helm and lets the girl grasp it,
guide it over the waters.

EXT. ISLE OF FACES - DAY

The weirwood grove is destroyed, the oldest tree cracked in
half.

The Children of the Forest circle the perimeter. Ash leads
them in a magical chant.

The edges of the grove flicker. Slowly, the feet of the
Children disappear. As though a curtain of invisibility is
being drawn upward.

Inside the curtain is dark. As it closes, Ash looks up for a
final glimpse of the light.

Slowly, the Children and the grove disappear. Sealed off from
the world so their existence might fade in peace.

The curtain seals, leaving only snowy hills behind. Not a
trace of the heart tree nor the stone formations remains.

EXT. WINTERFELL RUINS - DAY

Bran Stark places his hands on a recently constructed
foundation of Winterfell's walls. He closes his eyes and
whispers an incantation.

Waves of glistening LIGHT radiate from Bran's hands. The
light spreads over the stones...

...as Sansa watches. The light dissipates and Bran sits back
in his chair. Bran stares for a beat.

BRANDON STARK

Yes. As long as there is a Stark in
Winterfell.

SANSA STARK

Yes, what?

BRANDON STARK

You wanted to know if the magic
will keep the Night King out.

SANSA STARK

Jon is a Stark.

BRANDON STARK

Jon is the Night King...

A wolf HOWLS in the distance.

BRANDON STARK (CONT'D)

...just as I'm the Three-eyed
Raven. And you are the Lady of
Winterfell.

SANSA STARK

The other Night King came back.

BRANDON STARK

After thousands of years.

SANSA STARK

What happened once can happen
again. Tell me what you see.

BRANDON STARK

The sun is setting on the Children
of the Forest. Their magic will
fade. Beyond that, it isn't written
yet.

Sansa nods, satisfied. She turns to watch the stonemasons
reconstruct Winterfell's walls.

Bran looks north, as if he is keeping a sorrowful secret.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Jon Snow stands atop the Wall, his hardened face gazing
south.

Below, masons carve mammoth blocks of ice. They place the
blocks in the breach made by Viserion.

Ghost appears, silent as ever. He looks up at Jon. Red eyes
meet blue.

Jon nods. He turns to face the vast North. He and Ghost begin the descent into his empty kingdom.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY

The throne room has been rebuilt. The room itself is full of nobles, craftsmen, and smallfolk alike. They mingle, discussing affairs.

Daenerys sits on the dais, pregnant enough to show. She negotiates peace talks between two merchants. They shake hands, bow to her in thanks. She sends them away.

Varys approaches.

VARYS

Your restoration efforts are unlike any this city has seen. The people wish to thank you. A gift for you.

He motions to QUEENSGUARDS behind him. They carry a large object forward, covered by a drape.

Varys unveils...

...a crib.

Daenerys steps down to examine the gift.

The wood is stained an impossible red, revealing a grain that ripples like Valyrian steel.

Three of the posts are topped with ornately carved dragon heads. The fourth a white direwolf with red eyes.

VARYS (CONT'D)

The people love you.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Please thank the artisans who crafted such a masterful work. The heir will have many sound nights' sleep protected in such a cradle.

Daenerys runs a hand over the direwolf figure as she touches her stomach.

INT. RED KEEP - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Drogon soars in the sky outside the window, a flying speck.

Daenerys is alone in the room, the fires burning low. She should be asleep.

The crib has been moved in.

Dany goes to a chest at the foot of her bed, opens it. Inside is Varys' wedding gift -- the Winterfell crypt dragon egg. She runs her fingers over the azure scales, picks it up.

Daenerys places the dragon egg inside the empty crib where it will wait for the heir.

Dany stares out at her city, lights burning brightly against the night.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SERIES