

Game of Thrones — Alternate Season 7 Finale

Chapter One — The Lion's Last Sin

The war had already begun—only most of the realm did not yet know it.

In the south, beneath the fading splendor of the Red Keep, power still wore a crown and called itself order. Ravens flew with promises of unity. Lords whispered of truce. The living, at last, would stand together.

Or so they believed.

At the Dragonpit, death had been shown in chains. Jon Snow had brought proof of the end of the world, and even Cersei Lannister had seen it—watched it snarl and claw and refuse to die.

For a moment, she had been afraid.

For a moment.

A truce had been forged in that fear.

The lion, the dragon, and the wolf—bound together against the night.

In the courtyards of the Red Keep, men prepared for war.

Armor was fastened. Horses were readied. Steel was sharpened for a march north.

Inside, over a painted map of Westeros, Jaime Lannister stood still, one hand braced on stone.

Winter had already crossed the Wall.

“You won’t be needing those.”

Her voice came soft behind him.

He did not turn.

“I gave my word.”

Cersei Lannister stepped beside him, wine in hand.

“You gave your word,” she said. “I gave them nothing.”

“They’ll die without us.”

“They’ll die with us,” she replied. “The dead take the North. The dragons take what remains. And when it’s over...”

A faint smile.

“We rule what’s left.”

Jaime finally looked at her.

“That’s not ruling,” he said. “That’s waiting for the world to end.”

“It’s surviving.”

Jaime stepped away from the map.

“I’m riding North.”

“You’re not.”

He kept walking.

“I swore to fight for the living.”

“And I swore to protect our family,” Cersei snapped.

He stopped near the doors, still not turning.

“I’m choosing everyone.”

A pause.

Then a quiet laugh.

“Do you know what father used to say about you?”

He didn’t answer.

Cersei took a slow sip of wine.

Jaime’s jaw tightened.

Cersei stepped closer.

Jaime said quietly “

He turned toward the doors.

That's when steel scraped behind him.

Gregor Clegane didn't fully draw his sword—but he didn't need to.

He pulled it just far enough from the sheath to block the exit.

Jaime stopped.

Slowly turned.

His eyes went from the Mountain to Cersei.

Cersei didn't answer right away.

She looked at Jaime for a long moment.

No emotion.

No movement.

Just silence.

The Mountain waited.

Jaime didn't move either.

Finally—

Cersei spoke.

The Mountain moved first.

A heavy swing came down at Jaime's head.

Jaime barely blocked it. The force pushed him back into the table. The wood cracked under the impact.

He tried to recover, but the Mountain stayed on him.

Another strike hit his guard. Jaime's sword arm went numb.

The Mountain forced him back step by step.

Jaime managed a cut across the armor, but it did nothing.

The Mountain answered with a blow that sent him to one knee.

His sword slipped.

The Mountain raised his blade for the kill.

A bolt hit the Mountain in the helmet.

Then another.

Bronn stepped in with a crossbow.

The fight shifted.

Now two-on-one.

Jaime, bleeding and slower, pushed forward again while Bronn circled and fired. The Mountain ignored most wounds, focused only on Jaime.

A dagger from Bronn finally slowed him.

Jaime used it.

He drove his sword into the same weak point.

Bronn finished it through the knee joint and neck gap.

The Mountain collapsed.

Stillness followed.

Cersei never moved.

Only watched.

And something in her expression finally changed.

Not fear.

Recognition.

That control was slipping.

Bronn exhaled.

Jaime turned toward the exit.

Cersei moved.

Fast.

A dagger in her hand.

Jaime caught her wrist.

They struggled—close, violent, personal.

She didn't.

The blade shifted between them.

Then—

it turned.

Cersei froze.

She looked down.

Then at him.

Her voice softened.

Her strength faded.

Jaime caught her as she fell.

Silence.

Bronn spoke.

Jaime left without looking back.

Bronn followed.

Chapter Two — The Quiet Before the Dead

Winterfell had changed.

The courtyard that once held northern lords now held foreign armies. Daenerys Targaryen stood watching from the battlements of Winterfell.

Snow drifted across the walls.

Not yet a storm.

Inside, the great hall was tense.

Maps covered the table.

Voices overlapped.

“We’re running out of time,” Jon Snow said.

“We’ve been running out of time since we left King’s Landing,” Tyrion Lannister replied.

Daenerys stepped closer.

“The truce,” she said. “Let’s talk about that.”

Silence followed.

“We have no confirmation,” Sansa Stark said. “Only promises.”

“She saw the army of the dead,” Jon said.

“And still demanded we fight her war first,” Sansa replied.

Tyrion exhaled.

“It’s Cersei,” he said. “She doesn’t act on belief. Only calculation.”

Daenerys looked at him.

“And what does your calculation tell you?”

Tyrion hesitated.

“She will send troops,” he said. “But only if she believes it benefits her survival.”

Sansa scoffed softly.

“So we trust survival now?”

Jon stepped in.

“We don’t have a choice.”

Daenerys turned away.

“I don’t trust her,” she said.

No one spoke immediately.

Jon looked at her, waiting for more.

Sansa Stark didn’t react—she already agreed.

Tyrion exhaled slowly.

“That’s understandable,” he said.

Daenerys shook her head once.

“No,” she said. “It’s not just that I don’t trust her.”

She turned back toward the table.

“It’s that I don’t see anything in her that would stop her from saying whatever she needs to say in the moment.”

A pause.

“She stood in front of us at the Dragonpit,” she continued.

“And agreed.”

Her voice sharpened slightly.

“And yet here we are—preparing as if that agreement ever meant anything.”

Tyrion nodded slowly.

“At the Dragonpit,” he said carefully. “Yes. She stood there. She saw the army beyond the Wall.”

Jon stepped in, quieter.

“She saw the dead.”

Daenerys didn’t look at him.

“And still,” she said, “she waited. She delayed. She made sure she would lose nothing by agreeing.”

Silence followed.

Sansa finally spoke.

“She didn’t break a promise,” Sansa said. “She made one that cost her nothing to keep.”

That distinction landed heavily.

Tyrion looked at her.

“That’s... accurate.”

Daenerys placed her hands on the edge of the table.

“So what does that make this?” she asked. “Another agreement that costs her nothing until it costs us everything?”

Jon answered this time.

“We don’t have the luxury of refusing help.”

Sansa replied immediately.

“And we don’t have the luxury of mistaking convenience for loyalty.”

The room tightened again.

Daenerys turned slightly toward Tyrion.

“And if she chooses not to send anything when the time comes?”

Tyrion met her gaze.

“Then we fight without her.”

A beat.

“And hope we’re not already too late.”

Daenerys looked down at the map.

The North felt smaller than it should have.

“I don’t trust her,” she said again, quieter now—but firmer.

This time, no one contradicted her.

Because no one did.

But no one could afford to act on it either.

Jon broke the silence.

“We prepare for war,” he said.

No one disagreed.

Later, outside the hall, Daenerys walked the ramparts with Tyrion.

“I need your advice,” she said.

Tyrion nodded.

“Tell me about her,” Daenerys said.

Tyrion understood immediately.

He spoke carefully.

“Cersei doesn’t want love,” he said. “She wants control. Certainty. The feeling that nothing can be taken from her unless she allows it.”

“And Jaime?” Daenerys asked.

“The only thing she never controlled.” Tyrion answered.

A pause.

“And it terrified her.”

Daenerys stopped walking.

“So you think she’ll send the army.”

“I think she’ll send something,” Tyrion said. “Whether it helps us depends on what she gains from it.”

Daenerys’ voice tightened.

“And what do you believe she gains?”

Tyrion didn’t answer immediately.

Their footsteps filled the silence for a moment.

Finally, he said:

“I don’t think it’s about gain.”

Daenerys glanced at him.

Tyrion continued, watching the dark horizon beyond the walls.

“It’s about control.”

A beat.

“Cersei doesn’t make decisions based on advantage. She makes them based on what she refuses to lose.”

Daenerys slowed slightly, but kept walking.

“And if she stands to lose everything?” she asked.

Tyrion’s expression tightened.

“Then she makes sure everyone else loses first.”

That made her stop for a fraction of a second.

Not long.

Just enough to feel it.

Daenerys looked back toward the courtyard.

“So she would risk the realm,” she said, “just to avoid being powerless.”

Tyrion nodded once.

“Yes.”

A pause.

“And she would call it survival.”

Wind moved between them.

Neither spoke for a moment after that.

But the understanding was there now—uncomfortable, but clear.

King’s Landing — The Return of Truth

Inside the war chamber of the Red Keep, the remaining Lannister military command stood assembled.

Not nobles.

Not courtiers.

This was the war staff—captains of the Gold Cloaks, field officers, and bannermen who still had soldiers under their names.

Outside the chamber, those same soldiers waited in barracks silence, unaware their chain of command was breaking in real time.

Jaime Lannister stood at the map table.

Bronn stayed near the edge of the room—watching faces, not the speaker.

Jaime spoke once.

“I killed Cersei Lannister.”

The room didn’t react immediately.

It stalled.

Then—

a captain laughed once, sharp and disbelieving.

“That’s not something you say in a war room.”

Another stepped forward.

“She was our queen. Kingslayer wasn’t enough for you?”

That was the fracture point.

Not anger yet.

But identity.

Jaime didn't interrupt.

He let it land.

A senior captain's hand moved near his hilt.

"So what now?" he said. "You take command? After that?"

Jaime answered immediately.

"No."

That stopped them more than agreement would have.

A pause.

He continued.

"I'm not asking you to follow me as your lord."

A beat.

"I'm telling you what's happening north of here."

A different captain snapped in:

"You think we don't know? We've heard the same stories from every raven and deserter in the city."

Jaime nodded once.

"Good."

Then he corrected them.

"Then you also know those stories are getting closer every day."

Silence—but not agreement.

Tension rose again.

One captain finally said what the room was resisting:

"If we march after this... it looks like betrayal."

That word changed the temperature.

Betrayal.

Not strategy.

Not survival.

Jaime turned slightly toward him.

“No,” he said.

“It looks like an army deciding it doesn’t want to be the last army standing when the dead arrive.”

A pause.

Bronn finally spoke from the side.

“I’ve worked for a lot of men,” he said casually. “Most of them died insisting they were right.”

A few eyes flicked to him.

He shrugged.

“This one’s just telling you you might not survive being principled.”

That landed differently.

Not persuasion.

Discomfort.

A captain stepped forward again—more controlled now.

“If we move, it won’t be under a Lannister banner.”

Jaime answered:

“It already isn’t.”

That caused a ripple.

Because it was true.

The Lannister name had already fractured:

- Cersei dead
- command uncertain
- loyalty split between fear, memory, and survival

Another captain spoke, quieter:

“And if we refuse?”

Jaime didn't hesitate.

“Then you stay here and wait for a war you already know is coming.”

No threat.

Just consequence.

“Now tell me you haven't seen it.” Jaime continued.

Silence tightened.

“You were at the Dragonpit.”

That landed harder than anything so far.

Because they were.

“You saw it,” he said.

“The dead man pulled apart and still moving. The dragon burning ships like they were wax. The Dothraki horde screaming across the field like the world had already ended.”

His voice stayed controlled.

Not emotional.

Final.

“And you still want to stand here and tell me this is something we can afford to hesitate on?”

A pause.

He looked around the room.

“One of those things got loose beyond the Wall. It's not a story anymore.”

Silence.

A captain muttered, uneasy:

“That doesn't change what you did.”

Jaime nodded immediately.

“No.”

“That's not what I'm asking you to forget.”

He stepped back slightly.

“I’m asking you to decide if you want to argue about me... or survive what’s already marching south.”

Bronn finally spoke from the side.

“I’ve worked for men who spent their last moments being very morally satisfied,” he said. “Didn’t help them much.”

Silence stretched.

Just running out of alternatives.

Finally—the senior captain spoke again, slower this time:

“If we march... it is not as your house.”

Jaime nodded.

“I don’t have a house anymore.”

A pause.

The man studied him for a long moment.

Then:

“Then we march as soldiers. For the living”

Not acceptance.

Reclassification.

A structural decision, not emotional loyalty.

Jaime answered simply:

“Good.”

Bronn exhaled.

“Finally,” he muttered. “A sensible disaster.”

Toward Winterfell

At dawn, the gates of King’s Landing opened.

The Lannister forces did not march as one unified command.

They marched as a fractured army held together by timing, uncertainty, and the refusal to stay behind.

Jaime Lannister rode at the front because no one replaced him—not because he was accepted.

Behind him, captains rode at distance from each other, not yet trusting alignment, only movement.

Bronn rode slightly off-center.

“So,” Bronn said, watching the uneven formation, “this is what happens when nobody agrees but everyone moves anyway.”

Jaime didn’t look back.

“This is what armies look like right before they either become something... or fall apart.”

Bronn nodded.

“Yeah,” he said. “I’ve seen that version before.”

They rode north.

Not unified.

Not redeemed.

But in motion.

A few moments later, the wind shifted.

Then it came.

Light snow—barely enough to notice at first—falling into King’s Landing for the first time in a long while.

One flake drifted down and landed on Jaime’s golden hand.

He looked down at it.

Didn’t speak.

Then, slowly, he looked up toward the sky.

Bronn noticed but said nothing.

The army kept moving.

Winter is here...

