

# **GAME OF THRONES**

"THE CHILDREN"

Written by David Benioff and D.B. Weiss

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

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**EXT. BEYOND THE WALL - DAY**

JON SNOW's black-booted feet march across the tramped snow, past DEAD WILDLINGS -- cut down with arrows, smashed with rocks.

And the corpse of DONGO THE DOOMED, fallen giant. Ravens now feed on his flesh.

Jon stops. He looks back over his left shoulder, where the scythe-smashed bodies of the WILDLINGS who tried to climb the Wall lie in a pile of broken and twisted limbs.

He looks forward to his right, where Mag's flaming bull mammoth stomped a swath through the wildling ranks in his panicked final moments, leaving piles of CRUSHED WILDLINGS in his wake. Faint wisps of smoke still rise from the animal's charred carcass.

Then Jon looks straight ahead, across the no-man's-land between the Wall and the woods. Somewhere in those woods lies his destination: Mance's camp.

Jon continues forward on the longest walk of his life.

**EXT. TOP OF THE WALL - DAY**

DOLOROUS EDD watches Jon, a speck of black against the snow, as he disappears into the woods.

In the distance, Mance's forest fire burns on, sending a steady curtain of black smoke into the sky.

**EXT. FOREST - OUTSKIRTS OF MANCE'S CAMP - DAY**

Through the trees ahead Jon sees the outskirts of Mance's camp: a sprawling jumble of tents and cookfires and latrine pits, children and goats wandering freely, sheep bleating among the trees, horse hides pegged up to dry. No plan to it, no order. Men and women and animals everywhere.

You don't sneak up on wildlings in the woods: the WILDLING MEN in front of Jon have been waiting for him, weapons in hand. As have the WILDLING MEN who emerge from the trees behind him.

Jon raises his hands above his head.

Saying nothing, the wildlings approach him and pat him down for weapons, of which he has none. Then they shove him forward toward the camp.

**EXT. MANCE'S CAMP - DAY**

Jon marches forward, surrounded by his wildling guards. He's in the middle of the camp now, and everyone stops what they're doing to stare at him when he passes:

CHILDREN squatting by the fires. OLD WOMEN feeding dogs. CAVE PEOPLE with painted faces. RAIDERS with claws and snakes and severed heads painted on their shields. SPEARWIVES with long hair that streams in the wind.

They've all lost friends and family to the Night's Watch in the previous day's battle. They would all like to tear Jon to pieces. But no one lays a hand on him. No one spits or throws rocks or says a word.

As he proceeds, however, many look from Jon to his final destination. Seeing them, Jon looks too -- to Mance's polar bear tent, set on a higher elevation than the others.

The entrance to the tent is fronted by a semi-circle of WILDLING CHIEFTAINS, the leaders of each of the disparate tribes that have been unified into a single army under Mance's leadership. The distinctness and specificity of their costume and makeup is stunning.

Their weapons are all at the ready as Jon is brought before them and halted with a rough hand to the shoulder.

MANCE RAYDER emerges from this tent. He's not surprised by Jon's presence; word of his arrival has evidently preceded him.

MANCE

You're wearing a black cloak again.

JON

I've been sent to negotiate with you.

Jon nods. He is definitely one of the two, or both.

Mance opens the tent and motions Jon inside. Jon enters. Six of the chieftains follow him.

**INT. MANCE'S TENT - CONTINUOUS**

The day is bright but the tent is dim, lit only by a small cookfire and a light glow from the translucent walls. A goat slowly roasts over the fire.

The chieftains take up their places, evenly spaced around the perimeter of the walls. Thinking about his self-appointed mission -- killing Mance -- Jon clocks their fearsome weapons. But the wildlings have them firmly in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A simple wooden table sits in the middle of the tent, a three-legged stool on either side of it.

Mance enters last and steps past Jon. Jon's eyes drop to Mance's sword, hanging from his side. Coming closer to Jon.

As Mance's sword passes within inches of Jon's sword hand, Jon's hand opens, weighing an immediate strike...

But he hesitates for a beat, and the opportunity passes as Mance does. Mance steps to the table and sits on the stool facing the tent entrance. He motions to the other stool.

Jon sits opposite Mance.

MANCE

It appears my trusting nature got the better of me. It's happened before. I was hoping your loyalty was real when you pledged yourself to us, Jon Snow. Truly I was.

JON

The Halfhand ordered me to join your army and bring back whatever information I could to Castle Black. He made me kill him so you'd trust me.

(beat)

I was loyal: to him. And to my Night's Watch vows.

MANCE

All of them?

Mance has divined the obvious. Jon lowers his eyes.

MANCE

She wasn't enough to turn you, eh?  
(off his silence)  
Were you enough to turn her?

JON

She put three arrows in me when I escaped.

MANCE

Did you see her again at Castle Black?

JON

Yes.

MANCE

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JON  
She's dead.

MANCE  
Your doing?

JON  
No.

Killed by a young boy, but Jon doesn't want to mention that.

MANCE  
That's for the best.  
(beat)  
Let's drink to her.

He nods to a Chieftain. Jon notes the man sliding his hand axe into his belt so he can pour two wooden cups of fermented milk from a skin.

Jon's hands flex beneath the table.

Unfortunately for Jon, when the chieftain comes to give them the drink, he chooses the side of the table that puts the axe next to Mance, not Jon.

Mance raises his cup. Jon looks warily at his own cup for a moment. Mance smiles.

MANCE  
Of all the ways I'd kill you,  
poison would be the last.

He raises his cup.

MANCE  
To Ygritte.

JON  
To Ygritte.

They drink. Jon cannot hide the fact that fermented milk tastes like day-old cock cheese. Mance laughs at his wincing and coughing.

JON  
That's not wine.

MANCE  
No, Jon Snow. That's a proper  
Northern drink.  
(beat)  
You did well. Fought hard, killed  
some of our strongest men.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANCE (CONT'D)

One of our giants went into your tunnel and never came out again. Mag the Mighty.

JON

He's dead. He killed my friend Grenn.

MANCE

Mag was their king, you know. The last of a bloodline that stretches back before the First Men.

JON

Grenn came from a farm.

Mance raises his cup.

MANCE

Mag and Grenn.

JON

Grenn and Mag.

Mance drains his cup and Jon does the same.

Mance turns to a different CHIEFTAIN:

MANCE

Kullback, could I trouble you for something to eat? I don't imagine our guest has eaten anything for quite some time.

The wildling chieftain goes over to the fire and fetches a nasty looking carving knife. He begins carving slices from the roasting goat's haunch.

MANCE

So you're here to strike a bargain.

JON

Turn your army around and go home.

Mance chuckles.

The chieftain finishes carving the goat and slams the carving knife into a chopping block. He carries the sliced goat in his bare hands to Mance and Jon.

The knife remains in the carving block, six feet from Jon. Nothing stands between the carving knife and Jon.

Mance scrutinizes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANCE

You know that I know you're low on arrows, low on oil, low on men. How many are left? Fifty?

JON

I told Tormund and Orell. We have more than a thousand.

Mance shakes his head.

MANCE

I showed you everything I had, my whole army, a hundred thousand strong. And what did you do? You fired on us -- with everything you had. It wasn't much.

Jon's eyes flit to the carving knife when Mance looks away.

MANCE

As soon as I saw that, I sent four hundred men to climb the Wall, an unmanned stretch five miles west of here. A lot of them will die climbing, but most will make it over by the end of the day.

(beat)

Here's me being honest with you, Jon Snow, which is more than you've ever done for me. My people have bled enough. I'm not here to conquer. I'm here to hide behind your Wall, just like you. We need your tunnel. Now, we both know that winter is coming. If my people don't get south of the Wall before it comes in earnest, we'll all end up worse than dead.

Jon is here to do a dirty job. But Mance is telling the truth, and Jon knows it. Which doesn't make Jon's job any easier.

MANCE

You want to strike a bargain with me? Here's the bargain: you go back and open the gates to us, and I swear to you that no one else will die. No more raids, no more killing.

(beat)

Refuse and we'll kill every last man in Castle Black.

Jon's eyes dart to the knife again. This time Mance sees it, and it all becomes clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MANCE

Ah. *That's* why you're here.

His chieftains pick up on his meaning and ready their weapons -- but he stays their hands with a gesture.

Mance doesn't go for his own sword. On the contrary, he puts his hands on the table. He looks to the knife, then back to Jon.

MANCE

I reckon you could do it before any of them could stop you. They'd kill you, of course, they'd kill you slow. But you knew that when you came in here.

Jon looks to the knife openly now, and to the men who will torture him to death if he goes for it, whether or not he succeeds in killing Mance.

MANCE

Are you capable of that, Jon Snow? Killing a man in his own tent when he's just offered you peace? Is that what the Night's Watch is? Is that what you are?

Yes. Here and now, that is what Jon is. His eyes, his breathing, the tensing of his legs and arms and fingers are all telling us so. He is getting ready to kill and to die.

And outside the tent, a horn blows.

The chieftains look to each other and to Mance.

Mance stands and draws on Jon, bringing his blade tip within inches of Jon's face.

MANCE

Are you attacking us?

JON

No. It's just like you said. We don't have the men.

MANCE

If you're lying to me, you're a dead man.

Mance storms from the tent, followed by his chieftains. Two of them grab Jon Snow and drag him along.



**EXT. MANCE'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS**

Jon emerges to find utter chaos. People running every which way. Wildlings fleeing into the fog, some of them throwing down their weapons in panic.

MANCE

Hold! To me! To me!

It's no use. The downside of freedom is how easily it falls apart. Mance's generals form up around him, however, protecting their leader.

The source of the threat is ahead, to the east; whatever people are running from is coming from that direction. We hear it before we see it: trumpets, not war horns. The heavy footfalls of armored horses and clangor of full plate.

And then they break through the fog: a great, well-formed column of heavy cavalry, charging up the middle of the wildling encampment like a spear of horseflesh and black steel. They're cutting down the wildlings, setting fire to their tents, driving implacably forward.

And flying the burning heart banner of Stannis Baratheon.

Mance and Jon look to the left, where another cavalry column is coming at them in the same fashion. The same on the right. A pincer maneuver designed to do one thing: encircle Mance Rayder.

Which they do presently, 100 HEAVILY ARMORED MEN surrounding fourteen or so wildlings in skins and furs.

And down the middle of the center column, STANNIS BARATHEON comes riding, with DAVOS SEAWORTH riding at his side and an HONOR GUARD of Baratheon knights.

But the Free Folk don't give up their freedom easily. A few spit in the snow, hefting their weapons, ready to die fighting.

Stannis was expecting as much. He draws his sword, signaling the attack.

His mounted men attack.

Mance's men defend their king. Members of a dozen different tribes who have been killing each other for centuries, all prepared to die for this man.

And die they do. With their armor, their horses and their numbers, Stannis' men are too much for Mance's honor guard. One by one, the leaders of the wildling tribes begin to fall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the chieftains presses a dagger to Jon's throat. If this ends badly for them, it is going to end badly for Jon as well. He prepares to cut Jon's throat.

MANCE

Stand down.

They all look to him, making sure.

MANCE

Stand down. I said my people have bled enough, and I meant it.

Mance throws his sword at Stannis' feet. He looks to his men, and they all throw down their weapons as well.

The wildling chieftain lets Jon go.

Stannis' men look to their own king. He sheathes his sword, dismounts, and approaches Mance. Davos dismounts behind him and follows his king.

STANNIS

You're the King Beyond the Wall.

Mance offers a nod but nothing more.

STANNIS

Do you know who I am?

MANCE

Never had the pleasure.

DAVOS

This is Stannis Baratheon, the one true king of the Seven Kingdoms.

MANCE

We're not in the Seven Kingdoms. And you're not dressed for this weather.

STANNIS

It is customary to kneel when surrendering to a king.

MANCE

We do not kneel.

STANNIS

I'll have thousands of your men in chains by nightfall. I've got nowhere to put them. I've got nothing to feed them.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STANNIS (CONT'D)

I'm not here to slaughter beat  
dogs. Their fate depends on their  
king.

MANCE

All the same. We do not kneel.

Stannis stares at Mance for a beat before gesturing to his subordinates.

STANNIS

Take these men away.

As Stannis' men begin taking the prisoners, Davos notices Jon Snow and points him out to Stannis.

DAVOS

Your Grace.

Stannis sees Jon and turns toward him.

DAVOS

What's a man of the Night's Watch  
doing in a wildling camp?

JON

I was sent to discuss terms with  
the King Beyond the Wall.

DAVOS

You're speaking to the one true  
King, boy. You will address him as  
Your Grace.

JON

I know he's the King. My father  
died for him.

(to Stannis)

My name is Jon Snow, Your Grace.  
I'm Ned Stark's son.

For the moment, Jon has become more interesting to Stannis than the King Beyond the Wall.

STANNIS

Your father was an honorable man.

JON

He was, Your Grace.

STANNIS

(re: Mance)

What do you think your father would  
have done with him?

Jon looks to Mance, whom he had been on the verge of killing minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mance and the wildling chieftains all look to Jon; Stannis doesn't seem like the kind of man who asks a question if he's not interested in the answer.

JON

(looking at Mance)

I was this man's prisoner once. He could have tortured me. He could have killed me. But he spared my life.

(beat)

I think my father would have taken him prisoner, and listened to what he had to say.

Stannis weighs this advice.

STANNIS

Very well, then. Ser Davos -- take him.

Davos leads Mance Rayder to Stannis' honor guard. Stannis turns to walk away.

JON

Your Grace.

Stannis turns back.

JON

If my father had seen the things I've seen, he'd also tell you to burn the dead before nightfall. All of them.

**INT. LABORATORY (PYCELLE'S ROOM) - DAY**

An equally horrible sight: THE MOUNTAIN, lying on a massive table. As we move along his leg, we see the gruesome rot creeping around his knee, from the place where Oberyn's poisoned spear hamstrung him.

We hear his shallow, irregular breaths, the death rattle sound -- and when we get to the wound in his midsection, it is far worse, festering and blackening. The one beneath his arm doesn't look so hot, either.

And we keep moving onto QYBURN's face, inches from the wound, examining it, fixated upon it.

GRAND MAESTER PYCELLE and CERSEI LANNISTER both hold scented handkerchiefs to their noses. Qyburn does not, even though he is much closer to the body.

Cersei is not pleased. Her champion is dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PYCELLE

I would suggest milk of the poppy to ease his pain, but he is completely insensate.

Timidly, Pycelle pokes the Mountain's body with a long, thin metal prod. Nothing.

CERSEI

Bloody Martells.

PYCELLE

The cause appears to be manticore venom.

QYBURN

It is. The Death's Head manticore.

Pycelle is mildly annoyed that the man would deign to speak, even though Qyburn is agreeing with him.

PYCELLE

I've read a great deal about it. A horrible poison, usually Mantari in origin. Once it enters the bloodstream...

Pycelle pokes the wound with his prod.

PYCELLE

Mm. Nothing to be done.

QYBURN

Yes there is.

This is Qyburn's passion; we see as much on his face. He does not ask for permission before leaping into action, commandeering paraphernalia from Pycelle's lab, setting it up around the Mountain's body: jars, oddly shaped herbs, vials of colored liquids.

PYCELLE

May I ask what you think you're doing?

QYBURN

Saving him.

PYCELLE

Your Grace... I wish it were otherwise, but Ser Gregor is beyond saving. Well beyond. And this, this man is not even a Maester, let alone Grand Maester--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QYBURN

That's for the best. No Maester knows how to save him.

Qyburn lays out his personal collection of dubious medical devices on a table and begins to pick out the ones he needs.

PYCELLE

That is exactly the sort of arrogance that got him expelled from the Citadel, Your Grace.

But Cersei isn't listening to him. She's watching Qyburn drawing fluids from the Mountain's body: inserting a thick needle into his arm so his thickening, diseased blood can trickle out of his body and into a draining pan on the floor.

PYCELLE

His curiosity was deemed dangerous and unnatural, and rightly so, in my opinion.

CERSEI

You're dismissed, Grand Maester.

PYCELLE

But-- but, Your Grace, this is my laboratory.

CERSEI

Not anymore.

Pycelle prepares to speak, but Cersei's expression tells him this would be a horrible idea.

Exit Pycelle.

Cersei addresses Qyburn.

CERSEI

You can save him?

QYBURN

Difficult to say, Your Grace.

(beat)

But if my past work is any guide, we stand a chance.

As the Mountain's bodily fluids continue to drain into the pan on the floor, Qyburn prepares to replace them with a large medieval syringe.

CERSEI

Do everything you can. Come to me for anything you need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QYBURN

Thank you, Your Grace.

Qyburn fills the syringe from a jar of evil, viscous liquid.

QYBURN

You should know that the process may... change him. Somewhat.

CERSEI

Will it weaken him?

QYBURN

(very much the contrary)  
Oh no.

CERSEI

Very well, then.

Exit Cersei, as Qyburn slides the tip of the syringe into the Mountain's festering wound.

**INT. CHAMBER OF THE HAND - DAY**

Cersei sits before TYWIN LANNISTER at his desk.

TYWIN

Not another word. We've been over this. The matter is closed.

CERSEI

I'm opening it again.

TYWIN

You were betrothed to Loras Tyrell, you are still betrothed to Loras Tyrell, and you will marry him as soon as Tommen is married to Margaery.

CERSEI

I will not.

TYWIN

Jaime cannot marry or inherit lands. Tyrion's sentence will be carried out tomorrow. You have, on several occasions, made great claims about your commitment to this family's future. Your role in that future is more vital now than it ever was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CERSEI

I don't care. I will stay in King's Landing where I belong. With my son. The King.

Tywin thinks about this ultimatum for a moment.

TYWIN

When you were nine years old, I was called to the capital. I decided to take your brother with me, but not you. Do you remember? You insisted you would not be left behind at Casterly Rock, under any circumstances. And if you recall--

CERSEI

I'm not interested in hearing another one of your smug stories about the time you won. This isn't going to be one of those times.

Tywin stares at his daughter. She stares back.

TYWIN

Do you think you'll be the first person dragged into a Sept and married against their will?

Cersei came here knowing that this would be her last chance to avoid an awful fate. She came prepared to go all-in. Now she does.

CERSEI

When you marched into the throne room to tell me we'd won the Battle of Blackwater... do you remember? I was sitting on the Iron Throne with Tommen. I was about to give him essence of nightshade. That's how far I was willing to go when I thought someone awful had come to take my son away.

(re: Tywin himself)

Someone awful is coming to take him away. Joffrey's dead, Myrcella's been sold off like livestock, and now you want to ship me to Highgarden and steal my boy. My last boy. You'll dig your claws in, and Margaery will dig her claws in, and you'll fight over him like beasts until you rip him apart.

(beat)

I will burn our House to the ground before I let that happen.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TYWIN

And how will you do that?

CERSEI

I'll tell everyone the truth.

TYWIN

Which truth would that be?

She scrutinizes her father for a long while, until she realizes it for certain:

CERSEI

You don't know, do you?

(beat)

You never believed it. How is that possible?

In what may be the most tense moment of her very tense life with her father, she cannot suppress a laugh.

CERSEI

What am I saying, of course it's possible. How could someone so consumed by the *idea* of his family have any conception what his actual family was doing?

(beat)

We were right there in front of you and you didn't see us. One look in the past twenty years, one real look at your own children and you would have known.

(beat)

Everything they say is true, about Jaime and me. Your legacy is a lie.

Silence.

TYWIN

I don't believe you.

She examines his face.

CERSEI

Yes you do.

Cersei turns her back on her father and walks away.

**INT. KINGSGUARD CHAMBER - DAY**

JAIME LANNISTER looks at his page in the Kingsguard's white book, his name prominently featured at the top.

CERSEI

Jaime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jaime looks to see her in the doorway, then looks away.

JAIME

You won. One fewer brother. You must be proud of yourself.

She enters the room, closes the door behind her.

JAIME

There's really nothing you wouldn't do, is there?

She is flush with power off the previous scene. She steps toward him and answers without hesitation:

CERSEI

For my family? No. Nothing. I would do things for my family that you couldn't imagine.

JAIME

Tyrion is your family.

CERSEI

He is not.

JAIME

You don't get to choose.

CERSEI

I do. So do you. You can choose the creature that killed our mother to come into this world--

JAIME

Are you really mad enough to blame him for that? He didn't *decide* to kill her, he was an infant--

CERSEI

A disease doesn't *decide* to kill you. All the same, you cut it out before it does.

She moves in closer still.

CERSEI

So what do you decide? What do you choose?

She is asking him to make the most difficult choice of his life. Her recent behavior has made it more difficult still.

JAIME

The things I did to get back to you... to endure all that, and return to find you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She cuts him off by pressing her mouth to his.

CERSEI  
I choose you.

JAIME  
Those are words.

CERSEI  
Yes. Just like the ones I said to  
father.  
(beat)  
I told him.

JAIME  
Told him what?

CERSEI  
I told him about us.

Jaime has always been the one pushing to bring their  
relationship out into the open, but he is dumbstruck.

JAIME  
You told him--

CERSEI  
I told him I won't marry Loras  
Tyrell. I told him I'm staying  
right here, with Tommen, with you.

JAIME  
And you think he'll just accept  
that?

CERSEI  
Go ask him.

Jaime knows his sister better than anyone in the world. He  
doesn't know how she did it, but he can see that, somehow,  
she has brought their father to heel.

JAIME  
What did you say?

CERSEI  
I don't want to talk about Tywin  
Lannister. I don't choose Tywin  
Lannister, I don't love Tywin  
Lannister. I love my brother, I  
love my lover.

She kisses Jaime again.

CERSEI  
People will whisper, they'll make  
their jokes... let them.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CERSEI (CONT'D)

They're all so small I can't even  
see them. I only see what matters.

She kisses him again until they're both breathless. She pulls away and starts to unbutton his shirt.

JAIME

Someone will walk in.

She takes his golden hand in her hands.

CERSEI

I don't care.

She kisses his golden fingers.

He grabs the hair at the back of her head and kisses her, the way he kissed her at Casterly Rock twenty years ago. He swings her around and lays her out on the Kingsguard table.

**INT. GREAT PYRAMID - AUDIENCE HALL - DAY**

DAENERYS TARGARYEN sits on her bench at the top of the steps. She looks tired. She hasn't slept much in the past few nights. GREY WORM and SER BARRISTAN SELMY stand at ease on either side of her.

A pace in front of her, MISSANDEI does the honors, in Valyrian:

MISSANDEI

Daenerys Jelmazmo ao naejot demas,  
Dorzalty, Mirino Daria, Andalot se  
Rhoinaro se Elio Valot Daria...  
(You stand before Daenerys  
Stormborn, the Unburnt, Queen of  
Meereen, Queen of the Andals and  
the Rhoynar and the First Men...)

At the foot of the steps, an old man (FENNESZ) stands with bowed head.

MISSANDEI (O.S.)

Hen Parmenko Embazma Khaleesi,  
Belmot Pryjatys se Muña Zaldrizoti.  
(Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea,  
Breaker of Chains, and Mother of  
Dragons.)

DANY

Aot vaodekuragon.  
(You may approach.)

The old man climbs the steps, with some difficulty. Dany motions for Grey Worm and Barristan to help him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Together, the two men help Fennesz up the stairs.

As he nears the top, Grey Worm has a slight smile for Missandei. Missandei smiles back until she sees Dany noticing, at which point she suppresses it.

FENNESZ

Yne urnio syt kirimvose avy  
rytsuran, Aohys Eglivys. Ñuha brozi  
Fennesz issa.

(Thank you for seeing me, Your  
Grace. My name is Fennesz.)

(in perfect English)

I can speak the Common Tongue, if  
you wish.

DANY

You speak it very well.

FENNESZ

Before you freed me, I belonged to  
Master Mighdal. I was tutor to his  
children, I taught them languages  
and history. They know a great deal  
about your family because of me.  
Little Calla is only seven, but she  
admires you very much.

DANY

I hope I prove worthy of her  
admiration. What can I do for you?

FENNESZ

When you took the city, the  
children begged me not to leave the  
house, but Master Migdhal and I  
agreed that I must. So I lost my  
home. Now I live on the streets.

DANY

I've outfitted mess halls to feed  
all former slaves, and barracks to  
shelter them.

FENNESZ

I do not mean to offend, Your  
Grace, but these places... I went  
to one, for three nights. The young  
prey on the old, take what they  
want and beat us if we resist. I'd  
rather take my chances on the  
street.

Dany's anger upon hearing this is plain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANY

My Unsullied will make them safe in short order, my friend. This I promise you.

FENNESZ

Even if they are safe, who would I be there? What purpose would I serve? With my Master I was a teacher, I had the respect and love of his children.

DANY

What is it that you want from me?

FENNESZ

Your Grace, I ask that you let me sell myself back to Master Mighdal.

The request shocks Dany into silence for a moment.

DANY

You want to return to a man who owned you, like a goat or a chair?

FENNESZ

Please, Your Grace. The young may rejoice in the new world you have built for them, but for those of us too old to change, there is only fear and squalor.

He looks back to the chamber door.

FENNESZ

I am not alone. There are many outside, waiting to beg the same of you.

Dany faces a serious conundrum.

DANY

I did not take this city to preside over the injustice I've fought to destroy. I took it to bring people freedom.

(beat)

But freedom means making your own choices. I will allow you to sign a contract with your former master. It may not cover a period longer than a year.

FENNESZ

Thank you, Your Grace. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Satisfied, the man heads back down the stairs with Grey Worm's help.

BARRISTAN

The Masters will take advantage of this situation. The men serving them will be slaves in all but name.

Dany's silence acknowledges the ugly fact that there are no easy choices in this situation.

She's not happy about it, but she doesn't know what else to do for the moment, and a new supplicant is entering her chamber: a GOATHERD, with a bundle in his arms.

Dany notes the state of this man: his eyes are bloodshot and dead, his bundle trembles in his arms.

DANY

Approach, my friend.

The man looks at her, uncomprehending.

GOATHERD

(in low Valyrian)  
Tha shifang, nya Thal.  
(I do not understand, my Queen.)

Dany does not understand his guttural speech: Low Valyrian again. She looks to Missandei.

MISSANDEI

Ye Thal poghash koth nyasha.  
(The Queen says you may approach.)

The man climbs the stairs with his bundle. He is an empty shell. He looks like the wind would blow him away. He speaks, and Missandei translates:

GOATHERD

A yenjehang... mathash cha  
yeng we yedhrol... ye sovla,  
we shindhrol shpa chnyeny...  
(I brought you... he came  
down from the sky... the  
black one, the winged  
shadow...)

MISSANDEI

I have brought you... he came  
down from the sky... the  
black one, the winged  
shadow...

Missandei is confused by what she's translating, but Dany is not. She is already looking with foreboding at the bundle in the man's arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GOATHERD  
Mathash cha yeng we yedhrol,  
she... she...  
(He came down from the sky,  
and... and...)

MISSANDEI  
He came down from the sky,  
and...

Crying, the man empties his bundle onto the floor at Dany's feet:

Bones, small bones, charred on the ends. And a little skull. A child's remains. It is all Missandei can do to translate.

GOATHERD  
Nya pikh... Nya pikhisht...  
(My girl... my little  
girl...)

MISSANDEI  
My girl... my little girl...

Dany stares at the horror before her.

**INT. DANY'S PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Dany sits, toying with one of the necklaces Drogo gave her long ago.

Missandei stands nearby, and Grey Worm not far away.

DANY  
What was her name?

Missandei hesitates, until Dany looks up at her.

MISSANDEI  
Zala, your Grace.

DANY  
How old was she?

MISSANDEI  
(lowering her eyes)  
Three.

DANY  
Three.

There is something heartbreaking about the number three, in context.

DANY  
(to Grey Worm)  
Se vasir Drogon undetoks daor?  
(And still no word of Drogon?)

GREY WORM  
Luhtys vi ornilis soveggho jao  
Gavori Zobri hari tovis go, nya  
Dare. Doru himbar.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GREY WORM (CONT'D)  
(Sailors saw him flying over the  
Black Cliffs three days ago, my  
Queen. Nothing since then.)

Dany is silent for a moment.

Finally she stands and heads for the door, issuing a command  
to Grey Worm:

DANY  
Goviliriot yne imazumbas.  
(Meet me at the catacombs.)

Grey Worm nods. Missandei glances at him, worried. He stares  
back at her, impassive.

#### **INT. CATACOMBS- DAY**

Two roasted goats' carcasses have been left for the dragons  
in the center of the cavernous chamber. The hungry beasts  
descend, tearing the goats to pieces and devouring them.

Dany's babies have grown into powerful monsters. But they're  
still her babies. She crouches by them, stroking their long  
necks as they eat, whispering quiet words to soothe them.

They don't notice the massive collars and chains on the  
floor, chains normally used to anchor ships.

Dany snaps one collar in place around Viserion's neck, then  
the other around Rhaegal's, whispering soothing words the  
whole time. They're too hungry to notice much or care.

They don't realize their mother is crying.

Dany walks away from them. At the double doors she turns and  
looks back at her dragons.

Now the dragons realize something is wrong. They try to shuck  
out of their collars but can't. They cry to her for help.

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

The castle is crowded with BARATHEON TROOPS wearing the  
Flaming Heart sigil.

But the courtyard is given over now to the brothers of the  
Night's Watch. The bodies of all the dead brothers who died  
in the battle have been piled onto a tiered funeral pyre.

GRENN. PYP. Dozens of men whose names we never learned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AEMON

They came to us from White Harbor and Barrowton, from Fairmarket and King's Landing, from north and south, from east and west. They died protecting men, women and children who will never know their names. It is for us to remember them, our brothers. We shall never see their like again.

BROTHERS

(together)

*And now their watch is ended.*

AEMON

And now their watch is ended.

SAMWELL TARLY hands a torch to MAESTER AEMON and guides the old man to the pyre, helping him to light the first kindling.

Aemon hands the torch to Sam, who lights more kindling.

Sam hands the torch to Jon, and Jon to Edd, and so on, a communal lighting of the pyre.

Only JANOS SLYNT refuses the torch, when Edd offers it to him. Edd hands the torch to OLLY, the next man (boy) in line.

Jon looks up and sees Stannis and Davos standing on the walkway where Lord Commander Mormont used to watch the recruits.

SELYSE BARATHEON is here too, watching the ritual with grim fascination. SHIREEN BARATHEON sits by herself on the landing by the mess hall, her feet dangling over the edge. There is something incongruous about a child in Castle Black.

Jon Snow turns his gaze back to the funeral pyre, watching the flames devour his friends.

He looks up and sees someone through the flames staring right back at him. A beautiful woman dressed all in red, completely out of place in the black and white world of Castle Black.

MELISANDRE watches Jon curiously: she sees something interesting in this young man. It's impossible to tell if her smile is admiring or mocking.

**INT. CASTLE BLACK - CELL - DAY**

Lacking proper cells, the brothers have turned this room into a makeshift holding cell for TORMUND and two other WILDLING captives (no Thenns, Thenns don't get captured alive), who sit on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tormund's wounds have been bandaged.

The prisoners are all shackled, hands tied behind their backs. Unlike virtually everyone else in Westeros, the Night's Watch knows how to keep prisoners imprisoned.

Jon approaches. Tormund glares up at him.

TORMUND

Your old blind man patched me up.  
(off Jon's nod)  
Why?

JON

He's sworn to treat all wounded men. Friend or foe.

This is an alien concept to Tormund. There must be a logical explanation.

TORMUND

You want me alive so you can torture me?

JON

No one's going to torture you.

TORMUND

So how do we die? Hanging?  
Beheading? Drop us from the top of the Wall?

JON

I don't know what happens with the prisoners.

TORMUND

Who decides?

JON

I suppose Stannis does.

TORMUND

He your king now?

JON

I don't have a king.

Tormund grins and nods.

TORMUND

You spent too much time with us, Jon Snow. You can never be a kneeler again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JON

We're going to burn the bodies of your dead. Do you want to say any words over them?

TORMUND

Words? What kind of words?

JON

Funeral words... I don't know how the Free Folk do it.

TORMUND

Do what?

JON

Say farewell.

Tormund glances at his wildling comrades. All of them stare up at Jon. What the fuck is he talking about?

TORMUND

The dead can't hear us, boy.

Jon nods. He begins to walk away.

TORMUND

Snow.

(Jon turns)

Did you love her?

Jon hesitates and then nods.

TORMUND

She loved you.

JON

She told you?

TORMUND

No! All she ever talked about was killing you. That's how I know.

Tormund smiles, but he's not mocking Jon.

TORMUND

She belongs in the North. The real North. You understand me?

**EXT. NORTH OF THE WALL - DAY**

A horse is tied to a tree. A sledge is harnessed to the horse.

Not far from the weirwood tree where he said his vows, Jon Snow finishes building a small funeral pyre for YGRITTE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lies near the top, pale and tiny without her heavy leather outfit (i.e., wearing light top and trousers).

He kneels beside the pyre and strikes a flint, sparking the kindling.

He stands back from the flames and stares at her cold little freckled face.

He closes his eyes. He doesn't want to watch her burn.

The smoke rises above them, above the weirwood tree and its canopy of red leaves, higher and higher into the cold blue sky.

**EXT. NORTH OF THE WALL - DAY**

Two pairs of ragged feet trudge up a snowy incline, very close together. One of them is having trouble walking: JOJEN REED.

MEERA REED props him up, his arm over her shoulder, and helps him onward. Jojen is in awful shape, pale, sweating despite the frigid cold, half-delirious.

MEERA

We can stop. We can rest.

JOJEN

Rest with the Three-Eyed Raven.

Ahead of them, HODOR pulls BRAN STARK forward on his sled, as SUMMER struggles to keep up. Facing Jojen, Bran is worried. Jojen only smiles.

As Hodor and Bran crest the hill, Jojen stumbles and falls. Meera kneels beside him.

MEERA

We're not going to make it.

JOJEN

We're already here.

BRAN (O.S.)

Jojen! Look!

Meera helps Jojen to his feet, and together they take the last few steps to join Bran at the hilltop, and see what he sees:

The distinctive four-peaked hill from Bran's visions rises up before them, on the other side of a snowy plain. Two huge and ancient weirwoods flank a cleft in the rock ahead, trunks like turret towers, their red leaves bathing a large swath of the foothills in shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look upon it with awe. This is the reason they've all come together and made this impossible journey. This is their destination.

No words are spoken. None are needed. Bran looks to Jojen, who manages a weak smile. Together, they head down the hill, toward the twin weirwoods.

Dwarfed by the epic landscape, they cover the final stretch of ground.

The snow is deeper here; Summer is having trouble with it.

We see the weary determination in their faces. Bran struggling to stay on his sled. The grip of Hodor's frozen hands on its handles.

Jojen is swooning, unsteady on his feet. He has to stop.

Bran calls out:

BRAN  
Are you alright?

Meera looks at him: are you? Can you make it?

Panting, Jojen nods, and calls upon his last reserves to make the final push.

He lifts his foot off the snowy ground.

And a skeletal hand bursts from the snow next to it and grabs his ankle.

Meera struggles to free her brother from the hand's grasp.

Bran shouts at Hodor:

BRAN  
Help them! Now!

Hodor lets go of the sled and runs to Jojen and Meera -- but another skeletal hand shoots from the snow to block his way, terrifying the poor giant. He kicks it away.

HODOR  
Hodor Hodor Hodor...

Summer steps in next to Bran, growling, on full alert.

Meera manages to free her brother from the creature's grip, but the force of her efforts pull them both backwards into the snow.

And that is where they lie when the WIGHT claws its way out from its resting place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The wights we have seen until now have been recently turned; this one is very, very old. Little of its rotten flesh remains on its bones. A few scraps of leather hang from its frame. It is armed with the rusty sword with which it was buried -- a weapon from a different epoch, possibly thousands of years old.

The creature rises to its feet and comes for Jojen and Meera.

Another WIGHT emerges behind them.

TWO MORE WIGHTS dig their way out of the snow, blocking Hodor's way, throwing themselves at him. Hodor stops "Hodor"ing, and starts screaming, desperately trying to shake the creatures off.

Bran sees Hodor panicking, and Meera brandishing her dagger.

BRAN

Hodor, stop! Help them!

But Hodor is not helping them. He's terrified, flailing -- not even noticing that a WIGHT is using the foot of Bran's sled to pull itself into the open air, crawling along his useless legs to get at his throat.

Summer grabs the creature by the neck, hauls it away and shakes it violently until its head rolls off. Its skeletal jaws keep clacking; its headless body keeps moving.

The first wight swings at Meera. She ducks the swing and buries her blade between the wight's ribs, to no effect. The thing keeps coming.

Hodor is cowering, useless as the wights close in on him.

Bran steels himself, takes a deep breath, and his eyes go warg white.

Hodor's eyes flicker. Bran is inside Hodor now. And Bran is angry.

Hodor lurches to his feet and hurls the encroaching wights away like rag-dolls. He fights his way to Jojen and Meera with the ferocity of an angry bear, driving his massive fists into the wight's skulls, ripping arms out of sockets.

When Hodor reaches Jojen and Meera, however, Jojen sees the situation:

THREE WIGHTS are emerging from the snow behind Bran.

FOUR MORE WIGHTS are popping up between Jojen and Bran.

Another FOUR WIGHTS are clawing their way from beneath the snow behind Jojen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jojen knows Bran is controlling Hodor; he looks into Hodor's eyes, and speaks directly to Bran. [Note: the closeups of Jojen here should be done in Bran's warging POV.]

JOJEN

Save yourself.

Bran himself is impassive, white eyes betraying nothing.

But we read Bran's horror at this suggestion in Hodor's face. Hodor moves his mouth to speak, but speaking through Hodor is something Bran cannot yet do.

JOJEN

Now!

Hodor turns away and heads back to protect Bran.

Meera prepares to fight the incoming wights to the best of her ability.

Hodor thrashes his way back through the wights that have popped up between Jojen and Bran.

Meera fights off two wights that are coming for Jojen-- she does a good job, disarming one of them and using its sword to hack them both up.

But she doesn't see the wight scrambling across the ground for Jojen. She only becomes aware of it when the creature buries its long knife in Jojen's belly, and Jojen screams.

The wights behind Bran are closing on him. Hodor isn't going to get to Bran in time to save him/himself.

Meera gets to Jojen, pulls the wight off him and beheads it in a single stroke. She crouches beside her brother, whose blood is staining the snow red in a widening circle.

MEERA

No. No no no no...

And still more of them are coming for Jojen.

And Bran: the wights behind him are almost upon him, nearer than Hodor. Stuck in Hodor's body, Bran is about to watch himself die in Hodor's POV.

We're on an insensate, white-eyed Bran (not in Hodor's POV) when the two wights behind him go up in flames.

Bran/Hodor sees this, and wargs back to Bran.

Bran's irises return, and he turns to see the burning wights fall, revealing a CHILD OF THE FOREST.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

At first glance, she appears to be a small girl. At second glance, it becomes clear she is not human. Her sharp bone structure, her slightly elongated proportions, her dappled skin, her impossibly wide set eyes.

In her hand: a small clay globe. She throws it at an emerging wight and the creature bursts into flames, covered in magical napalm.

Her voice is not that of a child and not that of an adult:

CHILD OF THE FOREST  
Come with me, Brandon Stark. There  
are more. There are always more.

Jojen sees the Child of the Forest, and the wights that are closing on him and Meera. Meera tries to move him. Impossible.

She screams to Bran and Hodor and the Child.

MEERA  
Help me! Help me!

CHILD OF THE FOREST  
He's lost. Come with me or die with  
him.

The Child is neither afraid nor mournful. Her task here is saving Brandon Stark. Everyone else is irrelevant.

Meera looks down to her dying brother, unwilling to let him go. But Jojen nods at her: do it. Live for both of us.

Crying, Meera knows it's true. He stares into her eyes and nods once, slowly.

She kisses her brother on the forehead. And beneath the frame, she cuts his throat.

She flees toward Bran, Hodor and Summer, following the Child of the Forest up the incline, to the mouth of the cave between the two weirwoods. The wights pursue them.

They can only move so fast with Bran on his sled. And the wights are gaining.

The Child of the Forest's last act before entering the cave: she throws a clay globe at Jojen's body, lighting it up, robbing the White Walkers of one more piece of grist for their mill.

They enter the cave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A wight tries to follow them, but the moment it crosses the threshold, the force that animates and holds it together ceases to work. The skeleton collapses, bones clattering on the ground.

**INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

Bran sees this happen. As he pulls around the corner of the cave tunnel, another wight follows and suffers the same fate.

Bran, Hodor, Meera and Summer follow the Child of the Forest down through the low twisty tunnel. Weirwood roots slither in and out of the earthen walls like white snakes.

Meera is shattered. Jojen is dead. Her reason for being has been taken away.

The tunnel is difficult for Hodor to maneuver, and the weirwood roots freak him out.

BRAN

Hurry, Hodor.

CHILD OF THE FOREST

They cannot follow us here. The power that moves them is powerless here.

The weirwood roots grow thicker as they go.

BRAN

Who are you?

CHILD OF THE FOREST

The First Men called us the Children. We were born long before them.

(beat)

Come. He waits for you.

The passage eventually opens up into a huge cavern, barely lit by thin shafts of light breaking through the root ceiling.

As they proceed, the floor beneath them is littered with bones. Ravens perch here and there, hopping from skull to skull, staring at the newcomers.

Looking to one side, Bran sees that the cave network extends far beyond this chamber, lit with similar shafts of light. And in the distance, figures move into and out of those shafts of light: other Children of the Forest, glimpsing at the newcomers before disappearing into the darkness.

They move toward a thick pillar of twisted roots, visible to them only in silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Child of the Forest drops one of her clay globes in a rough brazier of black volcanic rock near the base of the root structure, revealing:

The THREE-EYED RAVEN.

A pale man in tattered black clothes sits in a tangled nest of roots -- a woven weirwood throne that wraps around his limbs. The roots have grown over him, under him, and through him, burrowed through his limbs and come out the other side. His hair is white and filament-thin, his skin pale white and stretch taut across his face like leather. The only part of him that really seems alive is his eyes.

BRAN

You're the Three-Eyed Raven.

THREE-EYED RAVEN

I've been many things. Now I am what you see.

MEERA

My brother... he led us to you, and now he... he...

THREE-EYED RAVEN

He knew what would happen. From the moment he left, he knew. And he went anyway.

MEERA

How do you know?

THREE-EYED RAVEN

I have been watching you. All of you, all of your lives, with a thousand eyes, and one.

(beat)

Now you've come to me at last, Brandon Stark, though the hour is late.

BRAN

I didn't want anyone to die for me.

THREE-EYED RAVEN

He died so you could find what you have lost.

BRAN

(confused, hopeful)

You're going to help me walk again?

THREE-EYED RAVEN

You will never walk again.

Bran is downcast. For a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THREE-EYED RAVEN  
But you will *fly*.

**EXT. ROADSIDE, NEAR THE EYRIE - DAWN**

BRIENNE and PODRICK PAYNE sleep on bedrolls.

Brienne opens her eyes. Something's wrong.

She sits up and reaches for her sword belt.

BRIENNE  
(whisper)  
Podrick.  
(louder)  
*Podrick.*

Pod blinks and sits up, disoriented. Brienne is already standing, ready to draw, looking around.

BRIENNE  
Where are the horses?

Pod stands and looks around.

POD  
I hobbled them last night.

Pod searches for a horse that might be hiding under a rock while Brienne stares at him.

BRIENNE  
What sort of hobble?

Pod knows he's in serious trouble. He's not giving up the search, even though there's no possible place for a horse to be hiding.

POD  
Figure eight. Like you taught me.

BRIENNE  
If you did it like I taught you,  
the horses would be here.

POD  
Thieves, maybe...

BRIENNE  
It's at least thirty miles to the  
Eyrie from here.  
(restrained fury)  
You're carrying the saddle bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks north, leaving Pod to run back for the heavy saddle bags (with Brienne's armor, etc.) and hoist them on his shoulders.

**EXT. ROAD TO EYRIE - DAY**

ARYA STARK stands in the middle of the road practicing her fighting moves.

Her pony and the Hound's horse, Stranger, are tied up not far away.

Unlike the last time we saw Arya (when the Hound mocked her), her swordplay now is less theatrical. Fewer flourishes and spins, more deadly thrusts.

She stops when she hears footsteps coming from down the road.

She keeps her voice low as she calls to the Hound, who isn't visible from here.

ARYA

People coming.

(more urgent)

You can shit later, there's people coming.

Brienne emerges around a bend in the road, followed a few seconds later by Pod, who has sweat clean through his clothes as he trudges forward under the weight of the saddle bags.

Arya waits for them in the middle of the road, Needle in hand. She looks ready for a fight.

But when she realizes that Brienne is a woman her expression changes. She's never seen a woman in armor before.

Brienne nods as she approaches.

BRIENNE

Morning.

ARYA

Morning.

BRIENNE

I like your sword.

Arya just watches her, intensely curious but also intensely suspicious of all strangers.

BRIENNE

Are we getting close to the Bloody Gate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARYA

About ten more miles.

Brienne nods and smiles, looking back at Pod.

BRIENNE

You hear that Podrick? Only ten more miles to the Bloody Gate.

ARYA

Are you a knight?

BRIENNE

No.

ARYA

But you know how to use that sword?

BRIENNE

I do.

ARYA

Does it have a name?

Brienne smiles. She likes this weirdo.

BRIENNE

Oathkeeper.

ARYA

Mine is Needle.

BRIENNE

Good name.

ARYA

Who taught you how to fight?

BRIENNE

My father.

ARYA

Mine never wanted to. Said fighting was for boys.

BRIENNE

Mine said the same. But I kept fighting the boys anyway, and kept losing, and finally my father said, "If you're going to do it, you might as well do it right."

Arya smiles. She likes this weirdo.

THE HOUND emerges from behind the rocks, buckling his sword belt and eyeing the newcomers suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pod, standing behind Brienne, recognizes the Hound the second he sees him. He's too stunned to say anything at first.

The Hound has seen better days. His neck wound is infected and inflamed. He's sweating though the day isn't hot.

BRIENNE

Seven blessings.

(off the Hound's silence)

I'm Brienne of Tarth. This is Podrick Payne.

HOUND

You want something?

Brienne offers a tight smile. She's used to rude brutes. Before she can reply:

POD

(whisper)

That's Sandor Clegane. The Hound.

And if that's the Hound... Brienne stares at Arya in disbelief.

BRIENNE

You're Arya Stark.

The Hound puts his hand on the hilt of his sword.

HOUND

I asked if you wanted something.

Brienne's also used to big men threatening her. She doesn't even look at him.

BRIENNE

I swore to your mother I'd bring you home to her.

This comment has the exact opposite effect on Arya than Brienne might have expected. Arya's face hardens.

ARYA

My mother's dead.

BRIENNE

I know. I wish I'd been there to protect her.

ARYA

You're not a northerner.

Brienne is not very good at soothing troubled young girls. She tries to convince Arya by simply telling the truth, but the truth is not very convincing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIENNE

No. But I swore sacred vow to protect your mother--

ARYA

Why didn't you?

Brienne hesitates. She knows this won't sound good to Arya.

BRIENNE

She commanded me to bring Jaime Lannister back to King's Landing.

HOUND

You're paid by the Lannisters? You here for the bounty on me?

BRIENNE

I am not paid by the Lannisters.

HOUND

No? Fancy sword you got there. Where'd you get it?

(off Brienne's silence)

I been looking at Lannister gold all my life. Go on, Brienne of fucking Tarth. Tell me that's not Lannister gold.

Arya waits for an answer from Brienne. Finally:

BRIENNE

Jaime Lannister gave me this sword.

Arya steps to the side of the road, clearing space for Brienne.

ARYA

The Bloody Gate's ten miles.

BRIENNE

I swore to your mother, by the old gods --

ARYA

I don't care what you swore.

BRIENNE

Arya--

HOUND

You heard the girl. She's not coming with you.

BRIENNE

She is.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

The Hound draws his sword eight inches clear of its scabbard.

HOUND

You're not a good listener.

Brienne draws her sword eight inches clear of its scabbard.

The Hound is impressed.

HOUND

That Valyrian steel? I always wanted some Valyrian steel.

BRIENNE

Come with me, Arya. I'll take you to safety.

HOUND

Safety? Where the fuck's that? Her aunt in the Eyrie is dead. Her mother's dead. Her father's dead. Her brother's dead. Winterfell's a pile of rubble. There is no safety, you dumb bitch. You don't know that by now, you're the wrong one to watch over her.

BRIENNE

And that's what you're doing? Watching over her?

HOUND

Aye. That's what I'm doing.

He draws his sword clean of the scabbard. Brienne draws hers. Pod backs away. So does Arya.

The Hound charges and swings. Brienne is immediately on the defensive. As good as she is, she's never fought anyone as strong or ferocious as Sandor Clegane.

Again and again the Hound hacks at her and Brienne is barely able to fend him off.

Arya watches, not entirely sure who she's rooting for.

Pod watches, fairly sure he's going to be unemployed soon.

Several times in the opening seconds of the fight it looks as if the Hound might be able to score a quick kill.

But Brienne holds him off and the Hound, already weakened from his infected wounds, soon begins to tire.

Before long Brienne is able to match him blow for blow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The Hound is panting now, sweating despite the cold, his hair plastered down over his burnt face, taking deep breaths.

*[At some point during this fight Arya should no longer be visible, but we should not see her slip away.]*

Brienne knows if she can keep the fight going a little longer she'll wear her opponent down and defeat him. She's content to fight conservatively and let him make the first mistake.

The Hound knows he doesn't have much time left. He launches a desperate final attack, raining blows down on the cool and composed Brienne, who blocks every one.

On the final parry Brienne slashes the Hound's right wrist and he drops his sword.

She levels the point of her sword at his heart.

BRIENNE

I have no wish to kill you, ser.

HOUND

I'm not a knight.

He grabs her sword in his gloved hands and holds on tight, though the blade bites into his palms and blood begins to flow, for long enough to bash her in the throat with his forearm and grab her in a bear hug.

Even sick and exhausted he's still far stronger than she is. She's unable to lift her sword arm.

He slams his forehead into her nose and now Brienne's bleeding and dazed.

He tries for another headbutt to finish her off but Brienne jerks her head to the side so he doesn't land. She bites down hard on his ear.

The Hound snarls and Brienne bites and finally spits out a wad of bloody ear.

The Hound manages to wrestle her to the ground, her sword falling away, and they grapple on the rocks, punching and kicking at each other, tumbling closer to a steep cliff.

The Hound manages to pull his dagger. Before he can cut her with it, Brienne grabs a rock and clocks the Hound in the side of the head.

The Hound topples over, bleeding quite a bit now. But the Hound won't quit until he's dead. He staggers to his feet and charges at her again.

Brienne sidesteps and smashes him again in the side of the head with the rock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

The Hound falls to his knees. Brienne kicks him in the face, hard.

The Hound falls over the edge of the ravine, tumbling down the steep rocky face and lying still at the base of the ravine.

Brienne stands on the edge of the ravine and looks down at him. He's not moving.

She gathers up her sword and turns for Arya.

But Arya's not here anymore.

BRIENNE  
Where is she?

Pod, stunned by the fight he's just seen, looks around.

POD  
She was just here!

BRIENNE  
Why weren't you watching her?

POD  
I was watching you, I... I thought you might need help.

BRIENNE  
Which way, Pod! Which way did she go?

POD  
I... I think that way.

Brienne, bloodied and furious, marches in that direction.

BRIENNE  
Arya! ARYA!

Pod picks up the saddle bags and chases after her.

But Arya hasn't gone down the road, or up the road. She has scrambled to the top of a rock formation above the road.

We find her up there now, waiting until Brienne and Pod are safely out of sight.

Then she scrambles down the rocky face and into the ravine.

**EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

Arya approaches the Hound.

He's still breathing but he doesn't look good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of his legs is broken, the pale bone peeking through his torn pants.

His eyes are closed, his face battered and his breathing uneven.

Arya knows how dangerous wounded dogs can be. She approaches carefully, not getting too close, her hand on Needle's hilt.

He opens his eyes when he hears her.

HOUND

You're still here?

He coughs. Flecks of blood come up with his sputum. He sees the blood. He knows what it means.

HOUND

Big bitch saved you.

ARYA

Don't need saving.

HOUND

No, not you. You're a real killer. With your water dancing. And your Needle.

ARYA

You gonna die?

HOUND

Unless there's a maester hiding behind that rock. Aye, I'm done.  
(coughs again)  
I'd skin you alive for wine.

She offers him a water skin.

HOUND

Fuck water.

He shifts slightly, trying to find a less painful position. But there is no less painful position.

HOUND

Killed by a woman. Bet you like that. Go on, go after her, she'll help you.

Arya gives a slow shake of her head.

HOUND

Going it alone? You won't last a day out there.

Arya stares at him, cold and pitiless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARYA

I'll last longer than you.

The Hound grins, his teeth wet with blood. He can't argue with that.

HOUND

You remember where the heart is?

She nods.

The Hound takes a deep breath and looks into the sky. There are no meaningful birds. There's nothing to look at but rocks and sky and Arya Stark.

HOUND

Fuck it all. I'm ready.

Arya doesn't move. The Hound mistakes her motionlessness for timidity.

HOUND

Go on, girl. Another name off your list. You kept promising me.

Arya still doesn't move. The Hound sees that he'll need to provoke her to murder.

HOUND

I cut down that butcher's boy of yours, the ginger. He was begging for mercy. "Please, ser, please don't kill me, please, please." Bled all over my horse. Saddle stunk of butcher boy for weeks.

Arya watches him, silent.

HOUND

And your sister... your pretty sister... I should have taken her. That night the Blackwater burned. I should have fucked her bloody. At least I'd have one happy memory.

But Arya will not be provoked. She stares down at the Hound as he grimaces, the pain becoming overwhelming, the sweat dripping down his face.

HOUND

You want me to beg you? *Do it.*

At last Arya crouches down beside him. We think she's finally going to kill him but instead she takes his coin purse [the same one the Hound stole from Mortimer the Farmer in 403.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

When the Hound realizes what she's doing he grabs for her, but she's too quick for him in his weakened state.

She rises and walks away, clambering up the ravine. The Hound screams after her.

HOUND

Kill me! *Kill me!* **KILL ME!**

Arya walks toward her horse, her face emotionless as the Hound screams, never looking back.

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

TYRION LANNISTER lies on the pallet on the floor, his cell lit only by weak moonlight leaking in through the barred window.

He stares at the ceiling. It has been a long and sleepless night.

He hears footsteps approaching and sees torchlight under the door. He stands and steels himself for the last minutes of his life.

The key rattles in the lock and the door creaks inward.

Tyrion raises a hand to shield his eyes from the light.

TYRION

Get on with it, you son of a whore.

JAIME

Is that any way to speak about our mother?

Tyrion stares at Jaime, standing silhouetted in the doorway. The torch rests in a bracket in the hallway behind him.

TYRION

What are you doing?

Jaime swings the key chain around his finger.

JAIME

What do you think I'm doing?

**INT. CORRIDOR BY TYRION'S CELL - - NIGHT**

Jaime leads Tyrion out of the cell.

JAIME

A galley's waiting in the bay,  
bound for the Free Cities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They step around two unconscious GUARDS lying on the floor.

TYRION  
Who's helping you?

JAIME  
Varys.

The last time Tyrion saw Varys the eunuch was betraying him during the trial.

TYRION  
Varys?

JAIME  
You have more friends than you thought.

**INT. TUNNELS BENEATH THE RED KEEP - NIGHT**

They reach a stairway leading upwards. Jaime stops here and fixes the torch in a sconce.

JAIME  
(re: staircase)  
There's a locked door at the top of the stairs. Knock on it twice, then twice again. Varys will open.

Tyrion nods. Neither man knows what to say to the other.

TYRION  
I suppose this is goodbye, then.

Jaime goes to one knee and kisses Tyrion on each cheek.

The unexpected tenderness startles Tyrion.

JAIME  
Farewell, little brother.

Jaime stands and starts to go.

TYRION  
Jaime.

Jaime turns.

TYRION  
Thank you. For my life.

Jaime smiles and gestures to the stairs.

JAIME  
Quickly now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jaime walks away, disappearing into the darkness.

Tyrion watches him go. He doesn't expect to ever see his older brother again.

When Jaime is gone, Tyrion looks up the stairs. Escape lies that way. Life and freedom.

But he has other business to deal with first.

**INT. TYWIN LANNISTER'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Tyrion emerges from a cleverly hidden trapdoor in Tywin's complex atop the Tower of the Hand.

He walks past the Small Council table, where Tywin shamed him many times. Past the desk, where Tywin shamed him many times.

**INT. TYWIN'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

A dark-haired woman lies atop the bedclothes, her face turned away from us, naked save for the golden chains she wears round her neck.

On a wood board atop the bedside table there's a halved apple, cheese, and a small, sharp knife.

Staring at the naked woman, not really believing who she is, Tyrion walks quietly toward the bed.

Not quietly enough.

SHAE

Tywin? My lion?

She turns with a smile on her face. The smile disappears when she sees Tyrion.

For a long beat they stare at each other, neither one believing what they're seeing.

Then everything moves very quickly.

SHAE reaches for the little blade on the bedside table.

Tyrion lunges forward, getting on top of her and grabbing for her wrist as she swings at his face.

She cuts his hand and swings again but he manages to catch her wrist on the second swing.

She claws at him with her free hand, ferocious, all the love she once had for him now turned to hatred for the man who betrayed her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Tyrion twists her knife hand and Shae gasps, dropping the knife.

She grabs for his face, trying to claw his eyes out.

Tyrion gets hold of the gold chains she wears as a necklace. The gift he gave her not so long ago.

Shae rakes his face while he twists the gold chains and begins to strangle her.

Shae is a fighter. Her nails draw blood. But Tyrion is a fighter, too, and a condemned man.

He pulls the chains with all his strength, cutting off Shae's air. Blood drips onto her from his slashed hand.

Shae's face is red from lack of air. Soon her struggles weaken.

Lost in his own rage, Tyrion pulls the chains tighter and tighter until he realizes that Shae is motionless, her eyes open but unseeing.

He releases her. Now that she's dead his anger seeps away and he stares with horror at the woman he loved.

He touches her hand but it's limp, lifeless. He sits beside her and begins to cry. At this moment he doesn't care if he survives the night.

TYRION

I'm sorry... I'm sorry I'm sorry.

Part of him wants to get caught right now, for gold cloaks to rush into the room and arrest him. But he looks up and sees a crossbow on the wall [*the same crossbow Joffrey demonstrated to Margaery in Season 3*].

The night's not over yet. Tyrion pulls the silk quilt over Shae's body, shrouding her.

He walks over to the crossbow.

**INT. TOWER OF THE HAND HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Tyrion walks down a dark hall lit by flickering sconces, a look of grim purpose on his face. He holds the crossbow, already cocked, a quarrel in the notch.

He reaches a closed door. Light shines under the doorway.

Both hands on the crossbow, Tyrion nudges the door open with his foot.

**INT. PRIVY - NIGHT**

Tywin sits in the dimness of the privy tower, bed robe hiked up around his hips. At the sound of the door opening, he raises his eyes.

If Tywin's afraid, he shows no sign.

TYWIN

Tyrion.

Tyrion says nothing. His face bleeds where Shae raked him. His hand bleeds where she cut him.

TYWIN

Put down that crossbow.

Tyrion shakes his head slowly. After everything, he's still afraid of his father.

TYWIN

Who released you?

(off Tyrion's silence)

Your brother, I expect. He always had a soft spot for you. Come, we'll go and talk in my chambers--

Tywin moves to stand but Tyrion raises the crossbow, quarrel pointed at Tywin's heart.

Tywin remains seated, a small smile on his face.

TYWIN

This is how you want to speak to me?

Tyrion gives a very small nod.

TYWIN

Shaming your father has always given you pleasure.

TYRION

All my life, you've wanted me dead.

A silence between father and son. If Tyrion's expecting an apology, he's not going to get one.

TYWIN

Yes.

(beat)

But you refuse to die. I respect that. Admire it, even. You fight for what's yours.

Tyrion says nothing, crossbow still aimed right at Tywin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYWIN

I'd never let them execute you. Is that what you fear? You think I'd let Ilyn Payne take your head? You're a Lannister! You're my son.

TYRION

I loved her.

TYWIN

Who?

TYRION

Shae.

TYWIN

Tyrion. Put down the crossbow.

Tyrion shakes his head.

TYRION

I murdered her. With my own hands.

TYWIN

That doesn't matter--

TYRION

Doesn't matter?

TYWIN

She was a whore.

TYRION

(raising crossbow)  
Say that word again...

TYWIN

And you'll what? Kill your own father in the privy? No. You're my son. Now enough of this nonsense--

TYRION

I'm your son. And you sentenced me to die. You knew I didn't poison Joffrey. But you sentenced me all the same. Why?

TYWIN

Enough of this. We'll go back to my chambers and speak with some dignity--

TYRION

I can't go back there. She's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYWIN

(rising)

You're afraid of a dead whore--

Tyrion's finger clenches. The crossbow whangs just as Tywin starts to rise. The bolt slams into his belly and Tywin sits back down with a grunt.

The quarrel has sunk deep, right to the fletching. Blood seeps out around the shaft.

TYWIN

You shot me.

The pain is shocking, but even more so the realization for Tywin that this is where he will die, sitting on the privy, murdered by his own child.

Tyrion loads another bolt.

TYWIN

You are no son of mine.

TYRION

I am your son. I've always been your son.

Tyrion shoots his father in the heart.

He turns and walks away, dropping the crossbow on the floor as he goes. Behind him, Tywin's head slumps and his body goes slack.

**INT. DIMLY LIT RED KEEP LANDING - NIGHT**

VARYS stands by a bolted door. When he hears two knocks, then two knocks again, he unbolts the door and opens it to find Tyrion, bleeding from the face and hand.

VARYS

What have you done?

Tyrion shakes his head. He doesn't want to talk.

None of this was part of the plan, but Varys is already pot committed. He closes the door and rebolts it.

VARYS

Quickly.

He leads Tyrion away.

**INT. VARYS' CHAMBER - NIGHT**

A large wooden crate with air holes rests on the floor. It looks exactly like the crate that contained a sorcerer in S3.

Tyrion does not want to get into that crate.

VARYS

Trust me, my friend. I've brought you this far.

Tyrion takes a deep breath and steps inside the crate, with the aid of a footstool and Varys' hand.

There is some straw in the crate to make it a bit more comfortable, along with a drinking gourd and a bundle wrapped with string.

Once Tyrion's positioned he looks up at Varys and nods.

Varys lifts the lid of the crate and fixes it into position, leaving Tyrion in darkness, alone save for the sound of his own breathing and the *thwack, thwack* as Varys nails the lid in place.

**EXT. KING'S LANDING HARBOR - NIGHT**

Two BURLY LONGSHOREMEN carry the crate across the gangplank and onto the deck of a merchant ship, setting it alongside other crates just like it.

Varys watches from the dock. He glances up at the Red Keep, looming above the sleeping city.

Varys sighs. He's grown rather fond of the dirty old town.

But now it's time to leave. He walks across the gangplank, onto the deck of the ship, hands in his sleeves, ignoring the SAILORS who bustle around him.

He stands next to Tyrion's crate as the longshoremen step off the ship and the sailors pull in the gangplank.

**EXT. SALTPANS - DAY**

Arya rides her pony toward the docks of a small port town.

**EXT. SALTPANS HARBOR - DAY**

A trading galley is docked here, its purple sails furled.

SAILORS roll barrels aboard. The CAPTAIN stands on the dock, checking over his inventory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARYA

I want to see the captain.

The Captain doesn't look up from his inventory.

CAPTAIN

(Braavosi accent)

You're seeing him.

ARYA

I want to go north, to the Wall.

The Captain glances at her.

CAPTAIN

No you don't.

ARYA

I can pay.

She offers the Captain the coin purse she took from the Hound. The Captain doesn't bother taking the purse.

CAPTAIN

There's nothing in the north but  
ice and war and pirates.

ARYA

I wouldn't need a cabin.

The Captain isn't an unkind man, he's just a busy one who doesn't have time to speak with a strange urchin girl. He starts to walk away. Arya pursues him.

ARYA

Please. I could work. Scrubbing the  
floors, or--

CAPTAIN

I'm not going north, child. I'm  
going home.

Arya looks around the small harbor, a stranger in a strange land with nowhere to go.

ARYA

Where's home?

CAPTAIN

The Free City of Braavos.

The Captain's about to board his ship.

ARYA

Wait. I have something else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN

More silver won't make a  
difference.

ARYA

It's not silver. It's iron.

She presses the small coin Jaqen H'ghar gave her into the  
Captain's palm.

The Captain turns it over, blinking, then stares at her.

CAPTAIN

This... how did you...

ARYA

*Valar morghulis.*

He touches his forehead with two fingers.

CAPTAIN

*Valar dohaeris.*

He beckons for her to board.

CAPTAIN

Of *course*, you shall have a cabin.

**EXT. SHIP - DAY**

Arya stands at the stern as the ship sails out to sea. She  
watches Westeros recede behind her. In a single masterful  
crane shot that secures the camera operator's legendary  
status, we follow Arya as she walks to the bow, gracefully  
sidestepping the busy sailors.

Standing by the figurehead (a gilded naked woman), Arya looks  
east, across the waves to whatever comes next.