

# **GAME OF THRONES**

"Mother's Mercy"

Written by David Benioff and D.B. Weiss

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

## **EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS**

David Benioff  
D.B. Weiss  
Carolyn Strauss  
Frank Doelger  
Bernie Caulfield

## **CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS**

Guymon Casady  
Vince Gerardis  
George R.R. Martin

## **PRODUCERS**

Chris Newman  
Greg Spence  
Lisa McAtackney  
Bryan Cogman

## **DIRECTOR**

David Nutter

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**EXT. STANNIS' CAMP - MORNING**

A melting icicle hangs from a tent flap, refracting the rising sun.

A rivulet of thawing snow flows from the tent into the camp. A pair of red shoes crosses through it.

MELISANDRE walks through the tents, toward Stannis' command tent. Much of the snow has melted in the night.

Melisandre is pleased. The sacrifice of Shireen has paid off.

MELISANDRE (SOUND ADVANCE)  
The Lord of Light has made good on  
his promise, my king.

**INT. STANNIS' TENT - MORNING**

MELISANDRE (V.O.)  
His fires have melted the snows  
away.

The flaming heart of the Lord of Light engulfs the Baratheon stag in Stannis' sigil -- seen in close-up on his breastplate, as STANNIS BARATHEON finishes putting on his armor.

Melisandre is the only other person in his tent. She stands behind him, by the fire.

MELISANDRE  
The way ahead is clear.

He does not turn to look at her. He does not want to think about the price he paid for his incipient victory.

STANNIS  
We ride for Winterfell.

Melisandre steps toward him, reassuring him. He tightens the straps on his epaulets.

MELISANDRE  
And you will take it.

He believes her. He maintains a single-minded focus on what he is: a King, about to take a major step toward his rightful throne.

He straps on his sword belt.

He pulls his sword partway from his scabbard, checks its edge, returns it to its scabbard.

(CONTINUED)

MELISANDRE

The Lord has shown me Bolton  
banners burning.

She is close to him now. He still does not look at her. He  
puts on a gauntlet.

MELISANDRE

You will receive what is yours by  
right.

She reaches for his shoulder. But his purpose has eclipsed  
everything, even his desire for her. He finishes putting on  
his second gauntlet and strides forward, out of the tent.  
After a beat, she follows.

**EXT. STANNIS' CAMP - DAY**

Stannis marches through his camp with purpose, Melisandre by  
his side -- until his forward motion is cut short by a  
BARATHEON GENERAL who hurries over.

BARATHEON GENERAL

Your Grace.

STANNIS

Prepare to form up...

But something is wrong. Stannis is confused, thrown off  
balance by the man's dire expression in a way he rarely is by  
anything. He is marching off to victory; his officers are not  
supposed to have dire expressions on their faces.

STANNIS

Tell me.

BARATHEON GENERAL

The men... many deserted before  
dawn.

Stannis stares at him in disbelief.

STANNIS

How many?

The man really doesn't want to be the one to tell Stannis  
Baratheon this.

BARATHEON GENERAL

Nearly half. All the sellswords  
with all the horses.

Stannis looks at Melisandre. Her triumphalism is gone.

Another BARATHEON SOLDIER approaches. If possible, he looks  
even more tense than the first.

(CONTINUED)

BARATHEON SOLDIER

Your Grace... I...

With foreboding, Melisandre looks between the soldier and Stannis.

STANNIS

Speak up. Can't be worse than mutiny.

The soldier's face tells us that it is.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

THREE BARATHEON SOLDIERS (the above man and two others) lead Stannis into the snowy woods beside the camp. The Baratheon general walks by his king's side.

He lets the soldiers lead, at first. Then he sees something. What they brought him to see.

He steps between the men and walks ahead of them. They fall back, giving him his space.

Following Stannis, we begin to see what he's seeing: a hint of a human outline, peeking out around the side of a tree ahead. Five feet above the ground.

Stannis rounds the tree to find SELYSE BARATHEON hanging from a noose tied to a tree branch, dead.

He stares at her body.

His men stare at him.

STANNIS

Cut her down.

A silence as the soldiers hurry to follow their king's orders and Stannis stares at his wife's body.

Stannis looks around. He seems a bit lost, as if for once in his life he doesn't know which direction he's supposed to go.

A YOUNG BARATHEON approaches the General and whispers in his ear.

The General now wishes he died in his sleep. He approaches his king.

BARATHEON GENERAL

Your grace.

Stannis finally realizes he's being addressed. He looks at his general, trying to remember the man's name.

(CONTINUED)

BARATHEON GENERAL

The Lady Melisandre... she was just  
seen riding out of camp.

Stannis nods, as if he'd been expecting this final piece of  
bad news.

Is he finished? Is it finally time to retreat? No.

STANNIS

Get the men in marching formation.  
On to Winterfell.

Stannis walks back in the direction of camp, leaving the  
doomed general and the doomed soldiers staring after their  
doomed king.

**INT. CASTLE BLACK - JON'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

JON

He raised his hands, and they all  
stood up at once.

JON SNOW sits in his chambers with SAMWELL TARLY, both men  
drinking mugs of ale.

JON

Tens of thousands of them. The  
biggest army in the world.

Sam tries to picture this horror.

SAMWELL

So what are you going to do?

JON

I'm going to hope they don't learn  
how to climb the Wall.

Sam remembers:

SAMWELL

But the dragonglass...

Jon shakes his head.

JON

No one's ever getting it back, now.  
Wouldn't have mattered anyway, not  
unless we'd had a mountain of it.

SAMWELL

But you killed a White Walker.

JON

With Longclaw. I saw him shatter  
steel axes like they were glass,  
but Longclaw--

SAMWELL

Is Valyrian steel.

Sam is excited by the implications.

SAMWELL

I found an account of the Long  
Night that spoke of a hero killing  
Walkers with a blade of  
"dragonsteel".

(beat)

How many Valyrian steel swords are  
left in the Seven Kingdoms?

JON

Not enough.

They drink their ale, contemplating this grim truth.

SAMWELL

How many people made it out, all  
together?

JON

Not nearly as many as didn't.  
Skillan didn't. Tom Dunn didn't  
either.

(beat)

The first Lord Commander in history  
to sacrifice the lives of his sworn  
brothers to save the lives of  
wildlings. How does it feel to be  
friends with the most hated man in  
Castle Black?

SAMWELL

You were friends with me when I  
first came here. I wasn't winning  
any elections back then.

Jon raises his mug.

JON

Here's to us, then.

Sam smiles. They clink mugs.

JON

Long may they sneer.

Jon's comment introduces a certain sheepishness to Sam's  
expression. Jon picks up on it.

(CONTINUED)

JON

What?

SAMWELL

I wanted to ask you something. Ask something of you.

(off Jon's look)

Send me, Gilly and the baby to Oldtown. So I can become a Maester. That's what I'm meant to be. Not this.

JON

I need you here, Sam. If you leave... who's left to give me advice that I trust?

SAMWELL

There's Edd.

Jon gives him a look.

SAMWELL

I'll be more use to you as a Maester. More use to everyone, now that Maester Aemon's gone. The Citadel has the world's greatest library. I'll learn about history, strategy, healing... and other things. Things that'll help when... when they come.

(beat)

If Gilly stays here, she'll die. And the baby she named after me will die. I'll end up dying too, trying to protect them. Which means the last thing I'll see in this world will be the look in her eyes when I fail them. I'd rather see a thousand White Walkers than see that.

Jon thinks about it, and nods. Maybe Sam's love story isn't doomed, unlike Jon's own. Maybe he can still save someone.

SAMWELL

Thank you.

JON

You know at the Citadel, they'll make you swear off women too.

SAMWELL

They'll bloody try.

Jon senses something in Sam's voice. A certain swagger.

(CONTINUED)

JON  
Sam?

SAMWELL  
What?

JON  
*Sam?*

Sam is busted. His grin is as wide as his face.

JON  
You'd just been beaten half to death. How did you...

SAMWELL  
Very carefully.

JON  
I'm glad the end of the world is working out well for someone.

It may be a joke, but Jon actually means it.

SAMWELL  
I'll come back.

Jon believes him and raises his mug one more time.

JON  
To your return.

SAMWELL  
To my return.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - DAY**

A cart carrying Sam, GILLY and LITTLE SAM pulls out of Castle Black.

Jon watches from the balcony where Mormont used to stand. At the gate Sam turns and gives Jon a final sad wave.

Jon returns it. He is now truly alone.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SANSA'S CHAMBER - DAY**

Two BOLTON GUARDS pass by, suited up for battle.

The bustle of men preparing for battle is audible in the distance, but the dominant sound here is the scraping of the iron bung auger as SANSA STARK works it into the keyhole of the door.

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The door opens. Sansa drops the auger, picks up a candle and opens the door a crack. Seeing that the coast is clear, she flees her room.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY**

Sansa makes her way toward the old tower, as BOLTON SOLDIERS flood into and out of Winterfell, ready for battle. She keeps her head down, trying not to draw attention.

When she looks up, she sees a GROUP OF BOLTON SOLDIERS coming right at her. Several of the men look right at her...

And keep on walking. They've got a battle to worry about, they don't even register who she is. One of the upsides to being locked away: few people have gotten a good look at you.

Sansa rushes out of the courtyard, toward the godswood.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

A cold and tired PODRICK PAYNE walks through the woods. He has collected a large bundle of firewood, which he has wrapped in rope and now carries on his back. He has also hunted three rabbits, which hang from some rope around his waist.

Reaching a clearing, he looks down into a valley below.

He sees STANNIS' ARMY: a thick column of soldiers, snaking his way, flying a sigil he knows all-too-well.

Alarmed, Pod drops the firewood, turns back into the woods and runs back toward Brienne. The rabbits make running difficult, so a few yards later he drops those as well.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - OLD TOWER - DAY**

Sansa stands at the foot of the old tower and looks up at the window from which her brother once fell.

She enters the tower, candle in hand.

**EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE WINTERFELL - DAY**

BRIENNE watches the same window from far away, maintaining her vigil, waiting for the light.

Behind her, Pod comes running up over a hill, panting for breath.

She takes one look at him and is not pleased.

(CONTINUED)

BRIENNE

I sent you for wood. After all this time, how could you not even have any--

POD

Stannis... Stannis Baratheon is coming. His whole army.

Brienne is shocked.

BRIENNE

How do you know it's Stannis?

POD

(still panting)  
...carrying his flaming heart banners. From the Blackwater. I'll never forget it.

Pained, Brienne looks to the window of the distant tower. She wants very badly to help this poor girl, whether or not Sansa wants her help.

But then Brienne looks back over her shoulder, in the direction Pod came from, and something darker and more powerful surfaces in her.

Without a word, she heads off to find Stannis Baratheon. Pod follows.

And as they disappear beneath the rise...

A tiny light flares up in the old tower window.

**EXT. KINGSROAD - OUTSIDE WINTERFELL - DAY**

Stannis is too far away to see the candle light, but Winterfell is there, visible on the horizon.

His soldiers are too weary to notice; they trudge through the muck and snow like the walking dead with picks and shovels in hand, mutely following their commander's orders:

STANNIS

A trench here, and another three hundred yards from the castle walls.

(to General)

Hurry them along.

The General does so, signaling to his men:

BARATHEON GENERAL

Right. Curlew, get started here. Bryden, take your men over there and dig between those two rises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he gives the later command, the General's eyes go to Winterfell. His pointing hand drops to his side, and his face goes slack.

Not yet looking in that direction or registering what his general is seeing, Stannis continues:

STANNIS

And send out a foraging party  
immediately. We begin the siege at  
sunrise.

BARATHEON GENERAL

There's not going to be a siege,  
Your Grace.

Stannis is ready to hang the man on general principles for this comment, until he turns to look at what the man is looking at:

The BOLTON ARMY in full force, thousands of cavalry coming up over a rise, charging forth from Winterfell.

Stannis watches his own end roll toward him, a wave of horseflesh and steel, feels it rumbling in his feet.

He looks to his weary men. Time for one last speech?

No. Fuck this world. He draws his sword.

**INT. WINTERFELL TOWER - DAY**

Sansa looking out the window from which her brother fell, sees it in the distance:

A vast battle rages on the snowy field.

They look like armies of ants from up here... but the ants surging forth from Winterfell on horses are routing the ones with the tiny red dots on their banners, pushing them back toward the forest.

Help is not on the way for Sansa. But Ramsay will be, soon enough.

Sansa's only hope is escape. She leaves the window and flees the tower.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Stannis is wounded and alone, in the forest on the periphery of the battlefield. The bloodied bodies of fallen Baratheons and Boltons litter the snow near him.

[The sounds of the battle are distant, and fade over the course of the scene as the Boltons rout the Baratheons.]

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Sword still in hand, he leans against a tree to catch his breath. He checks his bloody leg, his bloody shoulder.

It is here that TWO BOLTON INFANTRYMEN (GORDY and SIMPSON) find him. Stannis stands up straight and faces them head-on.

They can tell he's Baratheon, but they don't know who he is at first.

GORDY

Hello, friend.

But the second Bolton man looks at him carefully: his armor, his bearing.

SIMPSON

Look at his breastplate.

Gordy shrugs: so? Simpson gestures in the direction of the battlefield.

SIMPSON

You seen one like that on any of them other dead cunts?

(to Stannis)

You some sort of general?

Looking the man in the eye, Stannis shakes his head.

The Bolton soldiers look at each other: is it possible?

They decide that it is. They smile.

GORDY

Never thought of myself as a lucky man.

The two men rush Stannis.

Injury and exhaustion have made him slower than usual. He deflects Gordy's first few blows, but Simpson takes the opportunity to score a nasty hit in Stannis' side.

He swats Simpson away, but then Gordy opens up the back of his calf, dropping the king to one knee.

Gordy has a great idea:

GORDY

What you think Roose'd give us if we brought him back alive for flaying?

Simpson likes it:

SIMPSON

Right. Hang his skin in the Great Hall--

(CONTINUED)

Stannis lunges forward with surprising speed and punches his blade through Gordy's chest; then pulls away and spins, yanking the blade free and bringing it around to open Simpson's throat, killing both men in three seconds before dropping back down to his knees.

He crawls over to the nearest tree and slumps with his back against it. Watches his blood seep into the snow. The battle sounds very far away now.

He doesn't look up when he hears footsteps.

He sees boots step into his POV.

Now he looks up.

Not who he was expecting: Brienne of Tarth. Oathkeeper drawn.

He squints at her, weak from loss of blood.

STANNIS

Bolton's got women fighting for him?

BRIENNE

I don't fight for the Boltons. I'm Brienne of Tarth.

This means nothing to Stannis.

BRIENNE

I was Kingsguard to Renly Baratheon. I was there when he was murdered by a shadow with your face.

Stannis was not expecting this confrontation today, but fuck it, why not.

BRIENNE

You murdered him? With blood magic?

Stannis nods.

STANNIS

I did.

BRIENNE

In the name of Renly of the House Baratheon, first of his name, rightful King of the Andals and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and protector of the realm, I, Brienne of Tarth, sentence you to die.

Stannis nods. He's ready.

BRIENNE

Do you have any last words?

Stannis considers.

STANNIS

Do you believe in the life to come?

Brienne nods.

STANNIS

I don't. But if I'm wrong, and you're right... tell Renly I'm sorry when you get there. I don't imagine I'll see him wherever I'm going.

(beat)

And my daughter. Tell her... tell her...

"Sorry" doesn't begin to cover what he feels about Shireen. The thought of it brings tears to his eyes, and he's not going to die weeping in front of a woman he doesn't know.

Stannis stares up at her.

STANNIS

Go on. Do your duty.

Brienne raises her sword and brings it down with a mighty swing.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

RAMSAY BOLTON pulls his sword from a BARATHEON SOLDIER, who falls to the ground dead.

He's at the edge of the battlefield, relatively far away from Winterfell. He looks for more opponents, but they're all dead or dying.

As happy as he is to have utterly decimated Stannis' forces, he's still a bit disappointed by the lack of sport.

As he wanders through the field of corpses, a rider approaches with another horse in tow: RAMSAY'S SQUIRE.

RAMSAY

Looks like we're done here.

Wait: another BARATHEON SOLDIER who's still moving! A boy, really (17), crawling across the field, blood leaking from his wounded belly.

He looks up when he sees Ramsay approach.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BARATHEON  
I surrender... I surrender...

RAMSAY  
And I accept your surrender.

Ramsay plunges his sword through the boy's back. He extracts his sword, wipes off the blood, and sheathes it.

Ah. That's better. The perfect end to a perfect day.

RAMSAY  
Let's head back. My wife must be  
loney.

Ramsay mounts his horse and rides back toward Winterfell with his squire.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY**

Sansa emerges from the entrance by the godswood, looking for a way out of the prison that used to be her home.

The courtyard below is no-go: BOLTON GUARDS are preparing for their army's triumphant return, getting the flaying stakes in order for the post-battle festivities.

She sees a BOLTON GUARD coming her way. His route will lead him around the corner to her stretch of wall, where there is nowhere to hide.

Just before reaching the corner, the man veers off in another direction.

A rare example of luck working in her favor. Sansa doesn't have time to reflect upon it. She presses onward, looking for a way out.

We follow her, around the corner, up the steps to the battlement -- until the creak of a drawn bowstring stops her in her tracks.

Sansa turns to find MYRANDA with arrow nocked, drawn and pointing right at her. THEON GREYJOY is at Myranda's side, a good dog.

MYRANDA  
My lady.

Myranda takes a few steps forward, bringing Sansa into near point blank range.

MYRANDA  
I've come to escort you back to  
your chamber.

(CONTINUED)

THEON

Go with her. Please.

SANSA

I know what Ramsay is. I know what  
he'll do to me.

Her reference to Theon is intentional, and it finds its mark  
in Theon.

SANSA

If I'm going to die, let it happen  
while there's still some of me  
left.

Myranda grins at Sansa's silly misunderstanding. She releases  
the tension on the bowstring.

MYRANDA

Die? Who said anything about dying?  
You can't die. Your father was  
Warden of the North. Ramsay needs  
you.

(beat)

Though I suppose he doesn't need  
all of you.

Myranda draws the bowstring again, and lowers the arrow tip  
from Sansa's face to her leg.

MYRANDA

Just the parts he'll use to make  
his heir.

(grins)

Until you've given him a boy or two  
and he's finished using them.

Her glee is genuine, verging on girlish:

MYRANDA

Then he's got incredible plans for  
those parts. Things no one has ever  
done before, things no one has ever  
*thought* before. If I'm very good,  
he's going to let me watch.

Theon's head is bowed, as he tries to stave off the horrible  
visions and memories that Myranda's words bring to mind.

MYRANDA

So should we wait for him to come  
back?

Myranda increases the tension on the bow.

MYRANDA

Or should we begin now?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Sansa has no answer. She is a hopeless shell, with nothing to look forward to but pain and death.

MYRANDA

You're leaving it to me? Good.  
Let's begin.

Sansa closes her eyes, as Myranda prepares to put an arrow through her leg.

And something pulls Myranda roughly from frame: Theon. Theon Greyjoy, last living son of Balon Greyjoy, heir to the throne of the Iron Islands.

Myranda stares at him in disbelief.

MYRANDA

Reek? I'll have you-- *what are you--*  
*stop--*

Theon heaves her into the courtyard.

We do not cut away; we watch the whole thing over Theon's shoulder, as Myranda lands with a sickening crunch, her head at an unnatural angle.

Sansa and Theon look down at Myranda's dead body, as blood leaks out the side of her mouth.

That moment is interrupted by the war horns of the returning Bolton army. They look at each other.

THEON

He's coming back.

They look over the walls, to the outside of the castle.

Theon climbs onto the walls. Sansa follows suit. They look down.

A deep snowdrift is piled up against the outer walls of Winterfell below.

Theon looks at Sansa. There's no way to know whether the drift is thick enough to break their fall. The jump could kill them both. They both know it.

Sansa nods. Theon Greyjoy nods. He takes her hand and they jump.

**INT. BRAAVOSI BROTHEL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

THREE YOUNG GIRLS stand in a line before MERYN TRANT. He inspects them, supple rod in his hand. None of the girls is older than 14. They wear simple shifts -- innocent, not overly revealing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The first two are terrified, as Meryn paces in front of them. [We cut around to a shot of Meryn before seeing the third girl's face.]

Arriving at the end of the row, he comes around to walk behind them. When he gets back to the first girl, he whacks her with the rod, hard, and she screams and cries. Music to Meryn's ears.

He brings the rod down on the shoulders of the second girl, and gets a similarly pleasing response.

When he thwacks the third girl, he gets nothing.

He comes around to her front and hits her again. Nothing.

She looks up at him. She may look slightly familiar to us, but we probably can't place her, with her hair covering most of her face as it does.

He hits her harder. Still nothing.

As nervous as Meryn's cane makes the other girls, this makes them more nervous. It is not normal. It will not end well for this other girl, and possibly not for them either.

But they get lucky:

TRANT

I can see I have my work cut out  
for me. You two: out.

They get out, fast.

When they leave, Meryn goes to work: thwack, thwack, thwack, blows that raise angry welts.

The girl brushes her hair aside and looks him right in the eye with perfect impassivity. Now maybe we recognize that face: it is GHITA the sick girl whom Arya comforted in her final moments at the House of Black and White.

Meryn pounds the little girl right in the stomach just like he once did to Sansa, doubling her over and dropping her to one knee, leaving her clutching her stomach, sucking wind.

Meryn smiles. There it is. The response he was looking for.

The girl's gasping ends. She stays doubled over, on one knee.

Meryn's smile starts to fade.

One of the girl's hands goes from her midsection to her face; she digs her fingers into the skin around her jawline, which seems loose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Neither we nor Meryn can really make out what she's doing. She pulls something away from her face, something that remains clutched in her hand.

The girl rises from her doubled-over position.

It is, of course, ARYA STARK.

Trant recognizes her, and his moment of shock is more than enough time for Arya to strike.

She leaps up from her crouch and puts his eye out with her oyster knife.

When his hands go to his pulped eye, she puts out the other one.

When he starts screaming, she stuffs a rag into his mouth to shut him up.

He grabs her, she perforates him up and down his torso until he lets go. He drops to the floor, hands pressed to his eyes.

She paces slowly around him, as he was recently doing to three scared young girls.

ARYA

You were the first person on my list, you know. For killing Syrio Forel. Remember him? Probably not.

(beat)

I've gotten a few of the others. The Many-Faced God stole a few more from me. But I'm glad he left me you.

She kneels beside him.

ARYA

Do you know who I am?

He murmurs something into the gag, but it's unintelligible.

ARYA

I can't hear you.

She punches the knife into him again. He screams into the gag.

ARYA

You know who I am. I'm Arya Stark.

(beat)

Do you know where my sister is?

More murmurs. She pokes a hole in his back. Between the screams and the hyperventilating, he's close to passing out.

(CONTINUED)

ARYA

Sansa Stark. My sister. I haven't seen her for a long time. Do you know where she is?

She pulls the rag from Meryn's mouth. He gasps for air.

ARYA

My sister.

TRANT

Don't know. Nobody... gone. Left King's Landing. Don't know.

Arya considers this.

ARYA

Do you know who you are?

TRANT

I... I...

ARYA

You're no one. You're nothing.

In the calm, controlled manner in which a person might open an envelope, Arya opens Meryn Trant's jugular, and watches him as he bleeds out.

**INT. HOUSE OF BLACK & WHITE - HALL OF FACES - NIGHT**

Back in her acolyte robes, Arya walks down the columns, the little girl's mask in her hand, hundreds of empty-eyed faces staring at her on all sides.

No one else is here.

She reaches the empty alcove where the little girl's mask belongs. Still no one here. She smiles to herself. Looks like she got away with it.

We move with her hands as they put the mask back where it belongs.

When she lowers her hands back to her sides, we move back with them to find JAQEN H'GHAR and THE WAIF standing where there was nothing but empty space a second before.

Jaquen wears a hood, similar to the one he wore upon Arya's arrival at the House of Black and White.

JAQEN

A girl has taken a life. The wrong life.

WAIF

I was right about her.

(CONTINUED)

JAQEN

You were.

The Waif approaches Arya. Arya stands her ground. The Waif stops very close to her.

WAIF

You're not ready. Not at all.

She stares at Arya for a long beat.

Too fast to register, the Waif grabs Arya's wrist, whips around behind her and clamps her into a double arm bar with a strength belied by her size. Arya can't move.

Jaen removes a familiar vial from his robes and uncaps it.

JAQEN

That man's life was not yours to take.

He steps toward Arya, vial in hand.

The Waif easily holds both Arya's arms with one hand while holding her face with the other.

JAQEN

A girl stole from the Many-Faced God. Now a debt is owed.

Jaen reaches Arya, and holds out the vial of poison.

JAQEN

Only death can pay for life.

Jaen drains the entire vial himself, and falls to the floor.

ARYA

No!

The Waif lets go of Arya and she runs to him, but Jaen's eyes are already glazing over. She lifts his head with one hand and tries to revive him with the other, futilely smacking his face.

ARYA

Don't die. Don't die.

But he's gone. Arya gives up and begins to cry, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Behind her, the Waif asks:

WAIF

Why are you crying?

ARYA  
(without looking at her)  
He was my friend.

Over the course of the following line, the Waif's (off-screen) voice morphs from that of the Waif, to that of Jaqen.

WAIF/JAQEN (O.S.)  
No he wasn't. Didn't you listen to him? He was no one.

When Arya turns, the Waif is no longer the Waif; she is Jaqen. Arya is both relieved and confused.

ARYA  
But... if you're...

She looks to the dead Jaqen lying on the ground next to her.

ARYA  
Who is this?

JAQEN  
No one at all. Just as a girl should have been, before she took a face from the hall.

Quickly, Arya pulls the mask off "Jaqen's" dead face and tosses it from frame, never to be seen again, revealing: another, unfamiliar face.

JAQEN  
The Faces are for No One.

She pulls off the second face, revealing yet another.

JAQEN  
You are still someone.

Trapped in a nightmare, Arya pulls off another face, another face, another face.

JAQEN  
And to someone, the Faces are as good as poison.

The final face Arya sees is her own, lying there, glassy-eyed.

And as Arya looks into her own dead eyes, her sight begins to grow hazy.

ARYA  
I can't see. What's happening?

Everything goes black for her.

ARYA

What's happening?!

Her eyes are milky-white. She is blind.

**EXT. DORNISH SHORE - DAY**

A royal skiff waits on the sand. Anchored a few hundred yards offshore is a large Dornish ship.

JAIME LANNISTER and BRONN watch as MYRCELLA BARATHEON and TRYSTANE MARTELL say their goodbyes to PRINCE DORAN. Trystane hugs his father; Doran kisses his future daughter-in-law on both cheeks.

ELLARIA SAND and THE SAND SNAKES wait in the wings, no longer dressed in their warrior outfits but as proper women of the court. Ellaria's even wearing lipstick. Their discomfort with their clothing suggests they have not dressed this way by choice.

Jaime approaches Doran.

DORAN

I wish you a safe journey home.

JAIME

Thank you. Next time I come I'll write first. I'll see you at the wedding?

DORAN

You will.

(beat)

I have enjoyed getting to know a man I once called my enemy.

Prince Doran looks to Ellaria and nods: go on.

Ellaria approaches Myrcella and smiles.

ELLARIA

Forgive me, child. I wish you all the happiness in the world.

She kisses the girl on the lips. Myrcella smiles, a smudge of Ellaria's lipstick on her mouth.

Bronn sidles up to Tyene.

BRONN

Maybe I'll come visit you some time.

TYENE

(shrugs)

Maybe I'll come visit you.

(CONTINUED)

BRONN

Don't wait too long. Got a  
noblewoman to marry back home.

Tyene leans in close, speaks right into his ear.

TYENE

You want a good girl. But you need  
the bad pussy.

She bites down on his earlobe. Hard.

She steps away, and Bronn watches her go.

Until he realizes that Jaime, Myrcella and Trystane are  
waiting for him impatiently in the skiff.

**EXT. DORNISH SEA - DAY**

The ship sails for King's Landing, leaving Dorne behind.

**INT. MYRCELLA'S CABIN - DAY**

Myrcella waits in her cabin below decks. It's a lovely little  
cabin, decorated in Dornish fashion.

She hears a knock and smiles, walking to the door.

MYRCELLA

Trystane?

JAIME (O.S.)

Uncle Jaime.

Ah. Not quite as exciting. She opens the door.

JAIME

Sorry to disappoint you. May I?

Jaime enters the cabin and looks around while Myrcella closes  
the door. An awkward moment.

MYRCELLA

Do you want something to drink? I  
don't have any wine, I don't think,  
but pomegranate juice or--

JAIME

Sit! You look nervous.

Myrcella sits. She does look nervous.

He hands her the necklace that started this whole affair.

JAIME

This belongs to you.

(CONTINUED)



She smiles and puts it on.

JAIME

Try not to lose it this time.

MYRCELLA

I'll never take it off again.

Awkward silence.

JAIME

I know you didn't want to leave Dorne. But I'm glad you're coming home. Your mother's desperate to see you.

Myrcella nods. She still looks nervous.

JAIME

And I'm glad Trystane's coming with us. He seems like a nice boy. You're lucky.

MYRCELLA

I know.

JAIME

Arranged marriages are rarely so, so... well-arranged.

MYRCELLA

Trystane's embarrassed.

JAIME

Embarrassed about what?

MYRCELLA

That he tried to defend me and, well, failed. He can't stop thinking about it. He's very proud, you know.

JAIME

There's no shame getting knocked on your arse by Bronn. He's done it to me quite a few times.

MYRCELLA

Trystane says it's his duty to protect me and he failed.

JAIME

It's his duty to *try* to protect you. That's all we can do.

MYRCELLA

Do you think Mother will like him?

JAIME

If she sees that you're happy, I'm sure she will.

MYRCELLA

You really believe that?

Jaime hesitates and then laughs.

JAIME

Have you ever known your mother to like anyone, aside from her children?

Myrcella laughs, too, but she's watching Jaime.

MYRCELLA

She likes you.

JAIME

I'm not so sure about that. Listen...

He sits beside her. Now it's Jaime's turn to be awkward.

JAIME

There's something I've wanted to tell you. Something I should have told you long ago.

Myrcella watches him, waiting. Jaime is unusually tongue-tied.

JAIME

Now that you've seen more of the world, you've learned how complicated things can be. People can be.

(struggling to make sense)

The Lannisters and the Martells have hated each other for years, but you've fallen in love with Trystane.

Myrcella has no idea what Jaime's talking about but she just watches and listens patiently.

JAIME

It was an accident, really. I mean, what were the chances? You happened to fall in love with the man you were assigned to marry? My point is, we don't choose whom we love. It just... it's, well, it's beyond our control.

He stands and paces, acutely uncomfortable.

JAIME

I sound like an idiot.

MYRCELLA

No you don't.

JAIME

What I'm trying to say... what I'm trying and failing to say--

MYRCELLA

I know what you're trying to say.

JAIME

No, I'm afraid you don't.

Myrcella stands and approaches him, taking his hand.

MYRCELLA

I do. I know.

Jaime stares at her.

MYRCELLA

The truth. About you and mother.

Jaime doesn't know how to play this.

MYRCELLA

I think a part of me always knew.

She stares up at him and smiles.

MYRCELLA

I'm glad. I'm glad you're my father.

This hits Jaime far harder than he ever could have believed. She wraps her arms around him and buries her face in his chest.

He holds her tight, kissing the top of her head, fighting back the tears.

He pulls back to look at her beautiful face, to see the way she smiles at him.

Jaime knows the joy of fatherhood for the first time in his life. And it's a pretty damn good feeling.

A slow trickle of blood leaks from one of Myrcella's nostrils.

Jaime stares at her. What is happening?

Myrcella blinks. She touches her nose and stares at the dark red blood on her fingertips.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly woozy, Myrcella's legs give out. Jaime catches her in his arms before she hits the deck.

She blinks up at him, not sure what is happening.

**EXT. DORNISH SHORE - DAY**

Ellaria stands on the beach beside the Sand Snakes, watching the distant sailing ship.

The other Dornishmen have wandered off.

A drop of blood falls to the beach. Ellaria's nose has begun to bleed.

Tyene hands her a small white cloth.

Ellaria carefully wipes all the lipstick from her mouth, making sure she's removed all traces.

She drops the cloth. The wind catches the red-smudged cloth and sends it flying.

Ellaria removes the little glass amulet filled with Prussian blue liquid from her neck.

She breaks off the neck, drinks it down, and tosses the amulet onto the stony beach, where it shatters.

She smiles at the distant ship, turns and walks away from the sea.

One by one the Sand Snakes follow.

**INT. MYRCELLA'S CABIN - DAY**

Jaime holds his dead daughter in his arms, her hemorrhaged brain-blood covering them both, as we cut to:

**EXT. DORNISH SEA - DAY**

The Dornish ship cleaving the water, bearing its sad cargo.

**INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY**

The mahogany bench atop the stairs is empty. The queen is gone.

DAARIO NAHARIS sits near the bottom of the stairway, picking at his fingernails with his stiletto.

TYRION LANNISTER sits higher up on the stairway, head in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

JORAH MORMONT paces on the floor of the chamber.

TYRION

You love her, don't you.

Both Daario and Jorah turn to look at him. Tyrion looks at each in turn and smiles.

TYRION

How could you not?

Daario and Jorah exchange a look.

TYRION

Of course it's hopeless for both of you. A sellsword from the fighting pits and a disgraced knight. Neither one of you is a fit consort for a queen. But we always want the wrong woman.

DAARIO

(to Jorah)

Does he always talk so much?

Jorah nods.

GREY WORM enters the audience chamber, with MISSANDEI's help.

GREY WORM

Jorah the Andal.

JORAH

*Torgo Nudho.*

GREY WORM

(to Daario; re: Jorah)

He should not be here.

DAARIO

No. But he is.

GREY WORM

Our queen order him exile from city.

DAARIO

Our queen would be dead if not for him.

MISSANDEI

(to Grey Worm)

Sa dreji. Si eskin murghi ynones  
ji...

(searches for polite term)

...byka vala.

(It's true. And I would be dead if not for the...little man.)

(CONTINUED)

TYRION

Krubo. Nyke pasan kesor udir drejor  
issa? Munna, nya Valyrio mirri  
pungilla issa.  
(Dwarf. I believe that's the word?  
Apologies, my Valyrian is a bit  
nostril.)

MISSANDEI

"Mirri puñila."  
("A bit rusty.")

TYRION

"Mirri puñila."  
("A bit rusty.")  
(Common)  
Thank you.

GREY WORM

I am sorry. Sorry I not there to  
fight for our queen.

DAARIO

You missed a good scrap.

JORAH

None of that matters now. The  
longer we sit here bantering, the  
longer Daenerys is out there in the  
wilderness.

TYRION

(standing)  
He's right. The dragon flew north.  
If we're going to find her, that's  
where we'll have to go.

JORAH

We? You're a Lannister. The queen  
intends to remove your family from  
power--

TYRION

And I intend to help her do it.

JORAH

You've been here for how many days  
now? I've fought for her for years,  
since she was little more than a  
child--

TYRION

You betrayed her--

JORAH

Careful now--

TYRION

--and she exiled you. Twice, I believe.

JORAH

The second time thanks to you.

TYRION

Don't blame me for your crimes, Mormont.

DAARIO

(standing, nods to Tyrion)  
He's right. Our queen exiled Jorah.  
(nods to Jorah)  
And he's right. Jorah saved her life. Perhaps she feels differently about him now, perhaps not. The only way we'll know is if we ask her.

Tyrion stares at Jorah and Jorah stares at Tyrion.

TYRION

Fine, fine. I suppose he can join us. As long as he promises not to kill me in my sleep.

JORAH

If I ever kill you, your eyes will be wide open.

DAARIO

(to Tyrion)  
Forgive me, but... Why would we bring you?

TYRION

Pardon me?

DAARIO

Have you ever tracked animals in the wilderness?

TYRION

Not precisely. But I have other skills which will prove use--

DAARIO

Can you fight?

TYRION

I... have fought. I don't claim to be a great warrior--

DAARIO

Are you good on a horse?

(CONTINUED)

TYRION  
(hesitates)  
Middling.

DAARIO  
So mainly you talk.

TYRION  
And drink.  
(beat)  
I've survived so far.

DAARIO  
Which I respect. But you would not  
help us on this expedition.

Tyrion considers arguing the point but he doesn't have much  
of an argument to make.

DAARIO  
You would help us here in Meereen,  
though.

This is unexpected. Everyone looks to Daario, who shrugs.

DAARIO  
None of us have experience  
governing a city. Except for him.  
(to Tyrion)  
You want to prove your value to the  
queen? Prove it. Right here in  
Meereen.

JORAH  
He's a foreign dwarf who barely  
speaks the language. Why would the  
Meereenese listen to him?

DAARIO  
They wouldn't. But they will listen  
to Grey Worm.

GREY WORM  
I come with you. I find our queen--

MISSANDEI  
You're not strong enough to go  
anywhere.

GREY WORM  
I am--

DAARIO  
(to Missandei)  
He is. He's the toughest man with  
no balls I ever met.  
(to Grey Worm)  
But you still can't go.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DAARIO (CONT'D)

The people of Meereen overthrew their Masters for the Mother of Dragons. They won't just follow anyone they're told to follow. But the freedmen have great respect for the Unsullied. After all, you were owned once, just like them. You armed the slaves and sparked the rebellion. The people believe in you. They know you speak for the queen.

MISSANDEI

It's true. Only the Unsullied can keep the peace in Meereen. If you leave, half this city will consume the other half.

Grey Worm doesn't like the idea of staying behind. But he knows they're right. He nods his reluctant consent.

DAARIO

And Missandei... our queen trusts no one more than Missandei. Certainly not me.

(beat)

The queen's closest confidante. The commander of the Unsullied. And a foreign dwarf with a scarred face.

Daario walks down the steps, grinning at them all.

DAARIO

Good fortune, my friends. Meereen is ancient and glorious. Try not to ruin her.

He claps Jorah on the back.

DAARIO

Looks like it's you and me, Jorah the Andal. Let's find some good horses. We have so much to talk about.

Daario walks out. Part of Jorah hates Daario. A significant part. But Daario also just gave him what he wants most: the chance to redeem himself in Daenerys' eyes.

He glances at Tyrion and the others and follows Daario out of the chamber.

Tyrion, Missandei and Grey Worm are alone and in charge in the seat of Meereenese power.

What the fuck do they do now?

**EXT. MEEREENESE BATTLEMENTS - DAY**

From a vantage point where the Meereenese masters once watched Dany, Jorah and Daario approach their city, Tyrion now watches Jorah and Daario leave it, lighting out north followed by a small contingent of Second Sons.

Tyrion stands on the walls of a strange city, on the far end of the world, alone.

                                VARYS (O.S.)  
Hello, old friend.

Tyrion turns, startled, and sees his old chum approaching.

                                VARYS  
I thought we were so happy  
together. Until you abandoned me in  
Volantis.

VARYS joins Tyrion at the wall.

                                TYRION  
I suppose there's no point asking  
how you found me?

                                VARYS  
The birds sing in the west, the  
birds sing in the east. If one  
knows how to listen.  
                                (gazing over the ramparts)  
I hear you had many adventures  
without me.

                                TYRION  
Someday I'll write an account.  
*Travels Through Essos: a Lannister  
Abroad.*

                                VARYS  
That will be a great delight for  
tens of readers.  
                                (beat)  
They tell me you've already found  
favor with the Mother of Dragons.

                                TYRION  
Well, she didn't execute me. So  
that's a promising start.

He nods in the direction of Jorah and Daario.

                                TYRION  
Now the heroes are off to find her,  
and I'm stuck here, trying to  
placate a city on the brink of  
civil war.

(CONTINUED)

VARYS

A city you've called home for...  
how many days?

TYRION

Any advice for an old comrade?

VARYS

Information is the key. You need to  
learn your enemies' strengths and  
strategies. You need to learn which  
of your friends are not your  
friends.

TYRION

If only I knew someone with a vast  
network of spies.

VARYS

If only.  
(looking around)  
A grand old city, choking on  
violence, corruption, and deceit.  
Who could possibly have any  
experience managing such a massive,  
ungainly beast?

Tyrion smiles.

TYRION

I did miss you.

VARYS

Oh, I know.

A beautiful friendship continues, as the two men watch Jorah  
and Daario disappearing over the hill, heading towards..

**EXT. HILLTOP - DAY**

The ground is strewn with burnt and broken bones.

DAENERYS TARGARYEN, her beautiful clothes in tatters, stares  
into the distance. She has no idea where she is.

She turns and sees DROGON stretched out beside her, licking  
the torn membranes in his wings.

DANY

We have to go home.

She walks over to him and strokes his long neck.

DANY

My poor sweet thing. Does it hurt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares at her with his great golden eyes. There is intelligence there. He stares at her for a beat and then returns to licking his wing.

She continues to stroke his neck, gentle, gently, gentleness.

DANY

We have to go home.

Drogon ignores her, far more concerned with his wounds than whatever gibberish she's spouting.

DANY

Drogon. Can you take me back to Meereen?

She realizes speaking to a dragon is probably insane. She sighs and looks around the bare, lonely hilltop.

DANY

How far did you carry me?

She stands and approaches him.

DANY

(sterner)

Drogon! We need to return. My people need me.

Drogon couldn't care less.

Dany decides to take charge of the situation. She tries to climb onto his back.

Drogon shifts his position, sending Dany tumbling to the ground.

She stands and glares at him.

He stares right back at her. He's not in the mood for flying.

DANY

You need to heal? Is that it?

(silence)

There's no food. At the very least you could hunt us some supper--

Drogon lies down, curling his head into his wings. Instantly, he is asleep.

Dany stares at him. She sighs. Fucking dragons. She looks around, chooses the best direction to walk, and sets off to find some food.

**EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY**

Dany wanders through the grasslands, looking for something to eat or drink.

A shudder goes through the grass.

It's not a breeze; the ground beneath her feet is thrumming.

A rumble, low and ominous as distant thunder.

Looking to the horizon, Dany sees a lone DOTHRAKI RIDER crest a rise, his braid black and shiny.

He sees her immediately. They stare at each other in silence for a long beat.

Two more Riders crest the rise, ten more, hundreds more, thousands, tens of thousands, all on horseback.

Surreptitiously, Dany removes one of her queenly rings and lets it drop into the grass beside her. Because she's very smart.

A vast Dothraki horde to end all hordes closes in on Dany. Dozens of them circle her at speed, a vortex of Dothraki screamers and their horses, with Dany in the center, and Drogon nowhere in sight.

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

CERSEI LANNISTER lies curled up on the thin pallet of her cell. Her hair is dirty and tangled. She is sleep deprived, hungry, thirsty, her lips chapped, her eyes bloodshot.

She hears footsteps outside the cell. She hears a key in the lock. She shivers beneath the blanket.

SEPTA UNELLA steps into the room and makes the same demand she's been making periodically for the last several weeks.

UNELLA

Confess.

Cersei closes her eyes for a long beat. When she opens them again we see no trace of the fury, pride and ambition that always drove her before. She is a beaten woman.

UNELLA

Confess.

Cersei nods.

**INT. SEPT OF BAELOR - ANCIENT CHAPEL - DAY**

Cersei kneels before the HIGH SPARROW, who sits on a simple wooden stool.

CERSEI

I have sinned. I see that now. How could I have been so blind for so long?

The High Sparrow watches her. Slightly amused? Skeptical? Bored? Hard to tell.

CERSEI

I want to be clean again. I want absolution.

Nothing from the High Sparrow. Cersei forges on.

CERSEI

The Crone came to me with her lamp raised high, and by its holy light I saw--

HIGH SPARROW

You wish to make a confession?

Cersei wants to say the right thing. She wants to get out of here.

CERSEI

Once I've confessed, will I be free to--

HIGH SPARROW

Your Grace will be dealt with according to her sins.

Cersei sees no hint of flexibility in the High Sparrow. She lowers her eyes.

CERSEI

Mother have mercy, then. I lay with a man outside the bonds of marriage. I confess it.

HIGH SPARROW

Name him.

Cersei hesitates.

CERSEI

Lancel Lannister.

HIGH SPARROW

Your cousin. And the King's squire.

She nods, staring at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CERSEI

I was lonely. And afraid.

HIGH SPARROW

You had a husband.

CERSEI

(a flash of old Cersei)  
A husband off whoring every chance  
(he got--)

HIGH SPARROW

(interrupting)  
His sins do not pardon your own.

She lowers her eyes again, reverts to her meek mode.

CERSEI

May the gods forgive me.

HIGH SPARROW

Other men?

CERSEI

No.

HIGH SPARROW

No others?

Cersei hesitates. She doesn't know what the High Sparrow knows.

CERSEI

No.

HIGH SPARROW

Speaking falsehoods before the gods  
is a great crime. You understand  
this?

CERSEI

I do.

The High Sparrow looks at her for an uncomfortably long beat.

HIGH SPARROW

There are some who say your  
children were not fathered by King  
Robert, that they are bastards born  
of incest and adultery.

CERSEI

A lie. A lie from the lips of  
Stannis Baratheon. He wants the  
throne but his brother's children  
stand in his way, so he claims they  
are not his brother's.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CERSEI (CONT'D)

That filth... there is no shred of truth to it. I deny it.

The High Sparrow stands.

HIGH SPARROW

Good. Lord Stannis has turned from the truth of the Seven to worship a red demon, and his false faith has no place in these Seven Kingdoms.

Cersei nods. This seems like good news.

HIGH SPARROW

But these are terrible charges, and the realm must know the truth of them. If Your Grace has given honest testimony, a trial will prove your innocence.

CERSEI

A trial? I have confessed.

HIGH SPARROW

To a single sin, yes. Others you have denied. Your trial will separate the truths from the falsehoods.

CERSEI

(lowering her eyes again)  
I bow to the wisdom of your High Holiness. But if I might beg for just one drop of the Mother's mercy... I haven't seen my son... I don't know how long it's been. I need to see him.

(beat; pitiable)  
Please.

HIGH SPARROW

You have taken the first step on the path back to righteousness. In light of that I shall permit you to return to the Red Keep.

Cersei begins to cry, honest tears of relief.

CERSEI

Thank you. Thank you.

HIGH SPARROW

The Mother is merciful. It is her you should thank.

CERSEI

I will, I will, I swear it, day and night.

(CONTINUED)



The High Sparrow smiles and stands.

HIGH SPARROW

Good.

CERSEI

Am I free to go?

HIGH SPARROW

After your atonement.

CERSEI

My atonement?

He smiles down at her confused face.

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

Cersei stands in a corner of her cell, naked, while Unella and two other SEPTAS (strong women from the countryside with weather-beaten faces) scrub her roughly using a basin of water, a block of lye soap and wet rags.

A painful cleansing, nearly a beating, but Cersei suffers it in silence.

CUT TO:

A shivering Cersei sits on a stool in the centre of the room.

Cersei stares at Unella standing above her, then looks to the razor in Unella's hand. She will not give them the pleasure of hearing her beg.

Cersei stares straight forward.

They shear off her beautiful blonde locks. She sits as still as a statue as drifts of golden hair fall to the floor.

When they're done Cersei's scalp is shorn and nicked in places, bleeding where it's nicked, the blood trickling down her face.

She stares straight forward.

**EXT. STEPS OF THE SEPT - DAY**

A single bell begins to toll.

Unella and the other Septas lead Cersei (now wearing a penitent's shift) down the steps and into sunlight for the first time in weeks.

The High Sparrow stands at the top of the great stairway, waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cersei blinks in the harsh light.

Barefooted, head shorn close to the scalp, she stands before the thousands of CITIZENS of King's Landing, living and digital, who have gathered to see this once in a lifetime attraction, the mighty brought low.

The Septas have stanchd the bleeding nicks but her scalp is still spotted with red cuts.

Members of the FAITH MILITANT, the seven-pointed stars carved into their foreheads, stand at intervals in front of the crowd. They stare at her, cold and merciless.

The High Sparrow announces her before the walk begins, his powerful voice audible to all.

HIGH SPARROW

A sinner comes before you! Cersei of House Lannister, mother to His Grace King Tommen, widow of His Grace King Robert.

As the High Sparrow speaks, Cersei stares above the crowds watching her, above the nearby buildings, and towards the Red Keep rising in the distance, miles away.

HIGH SPARROW

She has committed the acts of falsehoods and fornications. This sinner has confessed her sins and begged for forgiveness. To demonstrate her repentance, she will put aside all pride, all artifice and present herself as the gods made her to you, the good people of the city.

The good people of the city have come from all walks of life to see the spectacle they'll tell they're grandchildren about. Washerwomen and tanners, butchers and coopers, wine merchants and bricklayers and fishermen.

HIGH SPARROW

She comes before you with a solemn heart, shorn of secrets and concealments, naked before the eyes of gods and men, to make her walk of atonement.

The High Sparrow turns to Unella and nods.

Unella and one of the Septas strip the shift off Cersei.

Unella hands the shift to the other Septa, who gives her a bell in return.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Unella stands behind Cersei, who is frozen in place. Unella gives her a little nudge: *go on, then.*

Cersei stares at the distant Red Keep. She begins her long walk. The three Septas accompany her, Unella ringing the bell:

UNELLA

Shame, shame, shame.

She will continue this chant of three "shames" with a pause in between each triad for the duration of the walk, while ringing her bell.

Cersei walks and at first the crowd is quiet, stunned. Nobody can quite believe what they're seeing. Cersei has been so mighty for so long, this public humiliation doesn't seem quite real to them. But they warm up quickly.

**EXT. STREETS OF KING'S LANDING - DAY**

UNELLA

Shame, shame, shame.

Cersei starts to see mocking smirks and hear some laughter. There is nothing to do but keep walking, barefoot, trying to will her mind as far from here as possible.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Whore!

This cry from some unseen woman breaks the tension for the crowd. We start to hear more shouts. Sometimes we see the person shouting the abuse, sometimes we don't.

BYSTANDERS

Whore!/Sinner!/Whore!/Bitch!/Cunt!/  
Brotherfucker!/Sinner!/Tart!

People begin throwing things at her. Vegetables, eggs, scraps of meat. Chamber pots filled with shit and piss are flung at the street from third-story windows.

Cersei keeps walking.

A DRUNKARD on a balcony raises his mug to her in mock toast:

DRUNKARD

All hail the royal tits!

The WHORE beside him raises her skirt and flashes her twat.

WHORE

I've had half as many cocks as the  
Queen there!

Cersei keeps walking.

**EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY**

The going is slower here. The street is narrow and crowded. The onlookers press in on her now. Some try to grab her but the Faith Militant push them back, keeping a narrow path open for Cersei.

UNELLA

Shame, shame, shame.

BYSTANDERS

Whore!/Cunt!/Sinner!

Men flash their pricks at her.

FLASHER #1

I'm a Lannister! Suck me off!

FLASHER #2

Come hear me roar!

A HEAVYSET WOMAN gets close enough to Cersei to spit in her face before the Faith Militant can push her back.

The Faith Militant want Cersei to make it to the Red Keep alive, but they're content to let her get abused along the way. And the abuse keeps coming.

An egg thrown from on high strikes her in the back, making her flinch, and the crowd cheers the direct hit.

Her feet bleed on the cobblestones, her pale skin is covered with excrement, piss, splattered fruit, spittle. She endures a humiliation out of nightmares. But she endures it.

She walks on, leaving a trail of bloody footprints on the stones behind her.

**EXT. RED KEEP ENTRANCE - DAY**

Finally Cersei sees the entrance to the Red Keep. The mob cannot enter; a line of GOLD CLOAKS block the way.

Cersei moves faster, running from the horror all about her.

She makes it through the doors, away from the jeering crowd and the Septas and the Faith Militant.

**EXT. RED KEEP - INNER COURTYARD - DAY**

The doors are barred shut behind her.

Her uncle KEVAN LANNISTER and GRANDMAESTER PYCELLE stand quite still, making no move to help, staring at her with cold disgust. A dozen LANNISTER GUARDS stand behind Kevan. None of them help Cersei, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But QYBURN rushes forward, red cloak in hand, the first friendly face Cersei has seen in miles.

He wraps the cloak around her and Cersei finally lets herself weep, undone by this simple act of kindness.

She cries into his chest and his arm is around her shoulders. He speaks to her quietly, softly, a father comforting his daughter after she's awakened from a nightmare.

QYBURN

Your Grace. It's good to have you back. Come, we'll take you inside. I need to have a look at those feet.

Cersei nods. She'll go anywhere Qyburn wants.

Qyburn signals to someone off screen. We hear the slap of steel on stone as an armored man approaches.

A shadow falls over Cersei and Qyburn.

She looks up and sees the biggest man in the Seven Kingdoms, clad in armor that hides all sight of him.

QYBURN

May I have the honor of presenting the newest member of the Kingsguard.

The huge man lifts her as if she were an infant. Cersei stares into the visor of the helmeted beast, trying to see his face. She can't.

He carries her toward the Red Keep, Qyburn walking alongside.

QYBURN

If it please Your Grace, he's taken a holy vow of silence. He has sworn that he will not speak until all of His Grace's enemies are dead and evil has been driven from the realm.

As this monstrous, silent knight carries her away, we see a spark in Cersei's eyes. A spark that the septas and the High Sparrow and hunger and humiliation could never extinguish.

It's a spark that says: Vengeance will be mine.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK - DUSK**

DAVOS SEAWORTH walks across the courtyard with Jon. They are in the midst of a heated argument.

(CONTINUED)

DAVOS

Who came to your aid? Stannis. Now he needs you.

JON

We don't have enough men to make any difference.

DAVOS

The wildlings will make (a difference.)

JON

(interrupting)  
The wildlings will never fight for Stannis. I told him before--

DAVOS

(interrupting)  
You saved their bloody lives! If they're gonna live in the Seven Kingdoms, safe behind our Wall, they ought to fight for the damn place.

JON

It's not their fight.

They're halfway up the stairs to the mess hall when they hear shouting behind them.

BROTHER (O.S.)

Open the gates!

They turn and see the gate opening.

Melisandre rides into the courtyard.

Melisandre returning to Castle Black alone is not a good sign. Concerned, Jon and Davos walk her way.

An NW BROTHER helps her dismount.

Melisandre sees Jon and Davos coming. She looks away from them and hands the reins to a young RECRUIT, who leads the horse away.

JON

Stannis?

This is not the same Melisandre who left Castle Black a few weeks before. We see things in her expression we've never seen before. Doubt. Weakness. Sadness.

Jon and Davos both realize things have gone terribly wrong for Stannis.

Davos grabs her shoulders and looks into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)



JON

You're sure he's talking about Benjen?

OLLY

Said he was First Ranger.

Jon nods, rushing to the door.

OLLY

Said he knows where to find him.

This is incredible news. Jon follows Olly out the door.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACK COURTYARD - NIGHT**

Jon follows Olly down the steps and into the courtyard.

SER ALLISER THORNE meets Jon and accompanies him toward the far corner of the yard.

THORNE

Man says he saw your Uncle at Hardhome at the last full moon.

JON

Could be lying.

THORNE

Could be. There are ways to find out.

Several RANGERS have huddled around something or someone in the corner of the yard. FIRST BUILDER YARWYCK is here, and BOWEN MARSH.

JON

Where is he?

THORNE

Over here.

Jon steps past the semi-circle of rangers. Behind them, where Jon expected to see a wildling: no one.

But painted on the wall, a single word: **Traitor**.

Jon turns as Alliser drives his dagger deep into Jon's chest.

ALLISER

For the Watch.

Jon shoves the larger man away but Yarwyck steps forward and plunges his own knife into Jon.

YARWYCK

For the Watch.

(CONTINUED)



Bowen Marsh shoves his dagger into Jon.

BOWEN MARSH  
For the Watch.

Three more Rangers step forward and stab Jon.

RANGERS  
For the Watch.

Jon sinks to his knees as the brothers back away.

Olly approaches. The boy's been crying.

JON  
Olly...

We don't see the knife until Olly slams it directly into Jon's heart.

Jon collapses. He stares up at Olly, who looks down at him, still crying.

OLLY  
For the Watch.

The brothers retreat, leaving Jon to die alone on the ground, bleeding out. The light goes out of his open eyes as we fade on Season 5.

**END OF EPISODE 510**