

A Knight of the Seven Kingdoms

"In the Name of the Mother"
(fka "Dunk")
Episode 105

Written by
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Directed by
Owen Harris

Based on *A Knight of the Seven Kingdoms*
by George R.R. Martin

RESHOTS PRODUCTION DRAFT: 05/15/25

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SWEETFOOT

Episode 105

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CHARACTER LIST

SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE [Hedge Knight]
SER DUNCAN THE TALL, or DUNK [Former squire to Ser Arlan]

HOUSE TARGARYEN (King's Landing, Crownlands):

PRINCE BAEOR "BREAKSPEAR" TARGARYEN [Heir to the Iron Throne]
PRINCE VALARR TARGARYEN [1st son of Baelor]
PRINCE MAEKAR TARGARYEN [Younger Brother of Baelor]
PRINCE DAERON TARGARYEN [1st son of Maekar]
PRINCE AERION "BRIGHTFLAME" TARGARYEN [2nd son of Maekar]
PRINCE AEGON V TARGARYEN, or EGG [4th son of Maekar; Squire to Dunk]
SER DONNEL OF DUSKENDALE [Kingsguard]
SER ROLAND CRAKEHALL [Kingsguard]
SER WILLEM WYLDE [Kingsguard]

HOUSE BARATHEON (Storm's End, Stormlands):

SER LYONEL "THE LAUGHING STORM" BARATHEON
SER GOWEN BARATHEON [Cousin of Lionel Baratheon]

HOUSE ASHFORD (Ashford, The Reach):

LORD ASHFORD
SER ANDROW ASHFORD [1st son of Lord Ashford]
SER ROBERT ASHFORD [2nd son of Lord Ashford]
GWIN ASHFORD [Daughter of Lord Ashford]

HOUSE FOSSOWAY (Cider Hall, The Reach):

SER STEFFON FOSSOWAY
SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY [Cousin of Steffon Fossoway]

OTHER TOURNEY ATTENDEES/PARTICIPANTS:

SER MANFRED DONDARRION (*Blackhaven, Stormlands*)
LORD LEO "LONGTHORN" TYRELL (*Highgarden, The Reach*)
LORD DAMON "THE GREY LION" LANNISTER (*Casterly Rock, Westerlands*)
SER TYBOLT LANNISTER [1st son of Damon Lannister]
LORD MEDGAR TULLY (*Riverrun, Riverlands*)
SER HUMFREY HARDYING (*Vale of Arryn*)
SER ABELAR HIGHTOWER (*Oldtown, The Reach*)
SER ROBYN RHYSLING (*The Reach*)
SER HUMFREY BEESBURY (*Honeyholt, The Reach*)

SWEETFOOT
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CAST LIST

1. DUNK
2. EGG
3. SER LYONEL BARATHEON
4. SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY
5. MAEKAR TARGARYEN
6. BAELOR TARGARYEN
7. AERION TARGARYEN
8. DAERON TARGARYEN
10. SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE [AKA DRUNK MAN]
11. STEELY PATE
13. SER MANFRED DONDARRION
14. SER ROBYN RHYSLING
15. SER HUMFREY BEESBURY
16. SER STEFFON FOSSOWAY
17. YOUNG DUNK
18. LORD ASHFORD
21. LORD LEO TYRELL
23. SER ROLAND CRAKEHALL
24. SER DONNEL OF DUSKENDALE
26. SER HUMFREY HARDYNG
27. LORD DAMON LANNISTER
30. GWIN
31. RAFE
32. MERCHANT CAPTAIN
36. RED
38. ASHFORD SEPTON
39. DYING RIDER
40. NORTHMAN ARMORER
- TBD. **ALESTER**

SWEETFOOT

EPISODE 105
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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

ASHFORD

ASHFORD MEADOW
DUNK'S HELM, LIST FIELD

KING'S LANDING

FLEABOTTOM
ARMORER SHOP
HOLE IN THE WALL IN THE FLOOR
COMMON ROOM, INN

EXTERIORS:

ASHFORD

ASHFORD MEADOW
LIST FIELD
VIEWING STAND
TOURNAMENT GROUNDS

KING'S LANDING

FLEABOTTOM
ALLEY
NARROW ALLEY
PISSINGHOLE OUTSIDE
KING'S LANDING
WALL
IRON GATE
WALL
BLACKWATER BAY

CROWNLANDS

CROWNLANDS
FIELD
ROSBY ROAD
SER ARLAN'S CAMP

5.0 OVER BLACK: 5.0

ASHFORD SEPTON (V.O.)
May the Seven bear witness to our
solemn and bloody offering.

5.1 EXT. ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6) 5.1

A pale, blowing MIST snakes through Ashford Town. Once a place of celebration, the castle and streets are desolate and deathly silent.

5.2 EXT. TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY (D6) 5.2

The Trial of Seven is about to begin.

SMALLFOLK crowd the perimeter of the pitch. Men, women, and children alike press their faces against the fences to get eyes on the action.

In the accruing light, FOURTEEN MOUNTED KNIGHTS face each other across the barren mudscape. The **ASHFORD SEPTON** (19) stands midway between the two sides. He raises the CRYSTAL of his order on high.

ASHFORD SEPTON
May they peer inside our mortal
hearts and find the truth.

EGG looks on from the lofty viewing stand. Dressed in Targaryen red and black, eyes wide and terrified.

ASHFORD SEPTON (CONT'D)
May the Warrior grant victory to
the innocent, and reveal the guilty
in their falseness.

DUNK's mailed fingers tighten around **THUNDER**'S lead. The coal-black warhorse is still beneath its rider - a veteran of half a hundred fights, he knows what is expected of him.

ASHFORD SEPTON (CONT'D)
May death sustain life.

PRELAP: A HORN BLARES, AND IT BEGINS...

5.3 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.3

THIRTEEN KNIGHTS dig in their spurs and charge. Thirteen pairs of teeth jar with the violence of the pace. Thirteen knights are moving, but one is not...

5.4 INT. DUNK'S HELM, LIST FIELD - DAY (D6)

5.4

POV: Dunk's eyes dart from the narrow slit of his helm, as he watches the others charge forward. The air is hot and thick and close. His breathing is heavy and loud. Panic courses, unable to move, frozen on his mark. A fly in amber.

TITLE SCREEN: "A KNIGHT OF THE SEVEN KINGDOMS"

BAELOR TARGARYEN (PRELAP)

Do not panic.

5.5 EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - MOMENTS EARLIER (D6)

5.5

Dunk and his five champions (**BARATHEON**, **HARDYING**, **BEESBURY RHYSLING**, and **RAYMUN FOSSOWAY**) are huddled around **BAELOR TARGARYEN**, all on horseback.

Their **SQUIRES**, as well as Egg, stand by with eight-foot war lances tipped with steel points sharpened to drive through all manner of plate and mail and man.

BAELOR TARGARYEN

Remain in formation. Keep your mounts as long as you can.

Raymun and Dunk, both look like they're about to be sick.

BAELOR TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

Those men mean to see you dead.
They will fight savagely.

SER HUMFREY HARDYNG

As will we, my lord.

SER HUMFREY BEESBURY

What of the Kingsguard?

BAELOR TARGARYEN

I will handle the Kingsguard.

The men look dubious.

(CONTINUED)

BAELOR TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

Their oath forbids them to harm a
prince of the blood.

SER ROBYN RHYSLING

Is that honorable, Your Grace?

BAELOR TARGARYEN

The gods will let us know.

Suddenly, Raymun vomits. This in turn spurs Dunk to vomit.
The other knights recoil in disgust. A few spit, trying to
keep their own stomach from turning against them.

SER HUMFREY HARDYNG

Green fucking boys.

Dunk and Raymun pull themselves together. Raymun burps.

THREE QUICK BLASTS of the horn indicate for the trialers to
take their positions. Dunk's grip tightens on the reins of
his horse.

(CONTINUED)

SER LYONEL BARATHEON
Your mother loved you best?

All the men turn to Ser Lyonel with a peculiar look.

SER LYONEL BARATHEON (CONT'D)
Shame. No man fights so fierce as
one neglected by his mother.

Baelor regards Lyonel, strangely, then takes up his war lance. He addresses all the men once more, but his gaze is locked on Dunk.

BAELOR TARGARYEN
Be vigilant. Don't die.

Dunk watches as Baelor spurs his horse, and moves off to face down his brother and his kin. The others follow in kind.

Dunk and Egg are left alone.

A long beat passes as the two wait in silence. Unsure what to say to each other in this final moment.

EGG
Ser...

DUNK
(flat)
My lance, squire.

Egg does as he's told, and hands up the WAR LANCE.

Dunk grips the wicked-looking weapon in his hand, then turns his horse, and heads to the north end of the field.

Egg is doing all he can to remain composed, when Dunk stops, and turns back to the boy.

DUNK (CONT'D)
You best be here when I get back.
Rob me and I'll hunt you down.
With dogs.

Egg chokes out a half-hearted LAUGH. Dunk nods, sternly, then rides out to his men.

(CONTINUED)

We STAY WITH Dunk, as Egg fades into the gray morning mist. In a reprise of Ep 101, when Dunk rode out from the inn, his stoic mask again wilts into self-doubt...

RESUME:

5.6 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (PRESENT) (D6)** 5.6

...Self-doubt has surrendered to outright terror. Dunk remains fixed in place.

POV FROM INSIDE DUNK'S HELM: searching for the others, but they are invisible through the fog, and his constricted view. He is alone. All he can hear is his rapid BREATHING, and the pounding of his HEARTBEAT.

When...

Thunder breaks into a slow trot, as if provoking his rider forward. The horse's movement is enough to bring Dunk back into the present, and remind him of his training.

Dunk gives the warhorse a light touch of the spur, and Thunder BREAKS INTO A FULL GALLOP.

With no barriers to divide them, and no way to tell exactly which way is south, Dunk feels a bit disoriented, but he swings his SHIELD down until it covers most of his body and trusts that Thunder knows the way.

Dunk HEARS **AERION**'s HORSE before he sees it, when suddenly the sharp iron point at the end of Aerion's LANCE pierces the through the gray...

The horses SLAM together. Armor crashes and clangs. Something SMASHES into Dunk's side with awful force. Thunder recoils under his rider and stumbles, as Dunk's lance falls from his hand.

Dunk clutches at his saddle in a desperate effort to keep his seat, as Thunder lurches sideways in the sloppy mud - his rear legs slipping out from under. They slide and spin, and the stallion's hindquarters slap down hard, when a distant VOICE is heard over the SCREAMS and SHOUTS of the crowd:

EGG (O.C.)
Up! Up, Thunder! Hah!

And somehow, the old warhorse finds his feet again.

In a daze, Dunk looks down to find three feet of splintered ash and sharp iron are stuck in his side. Aerion's lance has driven through oak, wool, and steel.

(CONTINUED)

Dunk reaches over with his right hand, grasps the lance just below the head, clenches his teeth, and pulls it out of him with one savage yank. BLOOD follows, seeping through the rings of his mail to redden his surcoat.

THE WORLD SWIMS, and Dunk almost falls from his horse. Dimly, through the pain, he can hear VOICES calling his name.

His beautiful shield is useless now. He tosses it aside, elm tree, shooting star, and all. He draws the only weapon left to him: Ser Arlan's LONGSWORD. The searing pain of the motion spurs him into fresh consciousness... his grip, feeble around the hilt as he looks around and sees:

Ser Humfrey Beesbury's body, resting in a lake of bloodstained mud.

Ser Humfrey Hardyng, spitting blood and clinging to the neck of his horse, tries to make his way to the fallen Beesbury, when **SER ROLAND CRAKEHALL** of the Kingsguard appears from nowhere to end Ser Humfrey's life with a cleave of his sword.

LADY HARDYNG screams from the viewing stand, as she watches her husband fall to the ground, dead.

Dunk sucks in GASPING BREATHS. He is broken... exhausted... He is going to die and the others with him. When the muted drumming of HOOVES comes up behind him.

Thunder bugles and rears, hooves lashing out futilely as Aerion's gray stallion barrels into him at full gallop. The Targaryen's SPIKED MORNINGSTAR whirls on the end of a chain, and strikes Dunk's head - seemingly bursting it to pieces.

Dunk is ejected from his saddle, his LONGSWORD sent spinning from his grasp. THE WORLD TURNS SILENT as the ground rises up to meet him...

MATCH CUT TO:

5.7 **EXT. FIELD, CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.7

A BOY lifts his head, his body is pressed against the earth, careful to stay low and out of sight. A rag tied around his nose and mouth - the air is thick and putrid and snarling with FLIES. Innocent eyes belie this boy's size. A child in a man's body. This is **YOUNG DUNK** (12).

Dunk keeps a wary eye downfield on a BAND OF MARAUDERS, who comb the pasturelands, now a grave for young men and old, highborn and low, knights, squires, servants, and soldiers from every house of every kingdom. They rot next to the horses, united in their stillness, left to the carrion feeders.

(CONTINUED)

Movement at the bottom of our FRAME brings another such scavenger: a girl, **RAFE** (17), crawls on her belly through the squalor, past a partly-eaten man whose brown ropy innards are folded on the mud.

Rafe nods to the DEAD HORSE next to them, then continues on.

Dunk waits until Rafe is out of sight, then lays his head down on the animal's chest and spreads his arms across the massive body. A week since the end of the war, Dunk does not expect to find a heartbeat, but still he checks.

When nothing returns but the drum of his own, Dunk produces a KNIFE tied to his rope belt, and pries off the horseshoe.

He ties the shoe to BRACE OF HORSESHOES dangling from his belt.

As Dunk continues to the next shoe, the eyes of the **DEAD RIDER** trapped under the horse begin to sputter open... Dunk doesn't notice at first - not until the man chokes out a wet GASP does Dunk jump back in shock.

Dunk stares in horror at the Dead Rider, who is unable to move or make a sound beyond a purl of a breath. The Dead Rider's confused eyes lock with Dunk's.

Dunk looks over for Rafe, but doesn't dare call out to her with the Marauders moving only a hundred yards off.

Dunk edges closer to the Dead Rider, who tries to communicate with the boy, but cannot form the words in his emaciated state.

DEAD RIDER

M-m-ma...

Is it his mother that the man calls for? Dunk cannot decide. The boy looks at the horse, crushing the Dead Rider's lower half, and knows what must be done.

Dunk comes forward, on his knees, and takes the Dead Rider's gloved hand in his. Dunk turns away, then claps his other hand down over the Dead Rider's mouth. Dunk feels the man struggle below, when Dunk is grabbed from behind by Rafe -

RAFE

Don't.

Dunk releases, backs away, ashamedly, feeling like he's done something wrong. The Dead Rider's eyes dart back and forth - spared a mercy he's been so desperate for.

(CONTINUED)

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5.7 CONTINUED: (2)

7A.
5.7

RAFE (CONT'D)
He's got a seal.

(CONTINUED)

Rafe directs Dunk's attention to the Dead Rider's surcoat with a sigil of TWO PALE STONE TOWERS.

RAFE (CONT'D)

If we can get him off the hill,
might someone pay us for his ransom.

Dunk thinks. The Dead Rider is large. And the hill, steep. And the Marauders rove about. But he nods - willing to try.

The Dead Rider's eyes plead for mercy as Dunk and Rafe begin the difficult task of moving the horse off his lower half.

When it becomes apparent that the two children will not be able to move the animal, they try instead to pull the Dead Rider out by his arms.

This, too, proves untenable, and seems to cause the Dead Rider a great deal of agony, demonstrated by the man's wet-pitched GASPS... which slowly become fainter, until they stop.

Dunk and Rafe cease their pulling. The Dead Rider is dead. The two children stare at the man, in silence, for a moment.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You know any words?

YOUNG DUNK

What's that mean?

RAFE

When these bloody highborns spoil,
you got to say words for them.

YOUNG DUNK

Oh...
(then)
Why?

RAFE

So they don't end up in no hell
with the rest of us.

Dunk looks troubled by this.

YOUNG DUNK

I don't know any words.

Another long BEAT as Dunk and Rafe consider the dead Frey.

IN THE DISTANCE, several leagues away, the pretty stone walls of the Red Keep sit high atop Aegon's Hill.

(CONTINUED)

RAFE
Well... check his mouth. I know a
witch who pays copper for teeth.

5.7A **EXT. KING'S ROAD, CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.7A

The dry road is canopied by verdant trees, as Dunk and Rafe make their way home with their loot in a sack slung over Dunk's shoulder. Rafe wears a full-winged helm on her head.

RAFE
I am your queen! Wipe my ass, liege!

Dunk gives a distracted laugh. Rafe takes notice that something is wrong.

RAFE (CONT'D)
What? You've not seen a man die
before?

DUNK
(shaken)
Yeh, but... Not like *that*... He
was crying for his mother.

RAFE
(balks)
What's *she* gonna do? Lift the
fucking horse off his legs?!

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, they HEAR an unwelcome SNUFFLING and a CLINKING of a harness comes over the ridge. The two kids quickly clear the road.

POV THROUGH the hedges: a LONE MAN rides a horse out of the city, with a canvas-wrapped DEAD BODY laid across the back of the horse.

They wait until the man is past, then get back on the road.

DUNK

I just don't know why we're in such a rush to leave, anymore. The war's over. The black dragon's dead. Ferret's said we're all to get free bread now!

RAFE

Are you stupid? Nothing's over. Don't you remember when Pudding killed Cedric's little brother?

DUNK

That was an accident!

RAFE

Aye, and we all figured that'd be the end to it. Only for Cedric to come back a year later and near burn down half of Flea Bottom trying to kill Pudding?

(CONTINUED)

RAFE (CONT'D)
No one forgets shit. You hurt
someone, they hurt you back.

Rafe watches the Lone Man and his cargo disappear over a
small rise in the road.

RAFE (CONT'D)
You want to stay, fine. But Flea
Bottom is full up on people
hurting, and that's tinder waiting
to catch.

With that, Rafe grabs the satchel from Dunk, and continues on
down the road. Dunk watches her go. Then moves to catch up.

5.8AA **EXT. FLEA BOTTOM, KING'S LANDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.8AA

Dunk and Rafe have arrived back in Fleabottom. They make their way down a narrow street, stepping over and around an influx of WOUNDED SOLDIERS with nowhere to go, and no way to find their way back home after the war. Some are barely lucid, missing arms and legs and eyes, inexplicably holding onto life.

Skinny dogs sniff at bodies of undetermined mortality. Barefoot CHILDREN run wild through the streets. The air is filled with smoke and embers from open fires.

They come upon a wily-looking, one-handed city watchman, **ALESTER** (40s), who takes notice of the SACK that Dunk is carrying.

ALESTER

What's in the bag, Dunk?

DUNK

Rats.

Dunk and Rafe move to push past, but Alester blocks their path with his amputated hand.

ALESTER

Let's see 'em then.

(CONTINUED)

Alester takes a swig from his LEATHER FLASK, then stores it away under his cloak, waiting for Rafe to reveal the contents. Dunk shifts nervously, when a SCUFFLE BREAKS out between TWO SOLDIERS over a PROSTITUTE.

Alester turns to the commotion, and when he looks back, Dunk and Rafe are gone - lost in the crowds.

Alester notices something...he reaches into his cloak: his flask is gone. His eyes narrow down the corridor that Rafe and Dunk have just disappeared into.

5.8A **EXT. CORRIDOR, FLEA BOTTOM, KING'S LANDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)**5.8A

Dunk and Rafe dart around the corner, as Rafe takes a big drink from the City Watchman's leather flask, which she has just stolen off of his person. Dunk looks annoyed with Rafe at her brazen thievery.

DUNK

You shouldn't have done that. You know what Alester's like.

RAFE

Aye, the evil bastard was about to steal our shit, so I stole his.

DUNK

That's not what I meant.

RAFE

Besides, I did him a favor, this ale's as sour as the queen's own brew.

Rafe dumps the rest, and drops it into their sack of loot.

5.8B **OMITTED**

5.8B

5.9 **INT. ARMORER SHOP, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.9

WILL NOT BE RESHOT. SEQUENCE NOW TAKES PLACE IN THE DAYTIME AGAIN.

A dark, smoke-filled room, painted in a thick accumulation of ash, giving the walls a slick look. Dunk and Rafe drop their sack of loot front of a **NORTHMAN ARMORER**.

The Armorer sifts through the bounty.

NORTHMAN ARMORER

We'll be plundering that tomb for a dragon's age.

The Northman Armorer reaches for his coin, and bounces a silver off the table at the girl. Rafe snatches the coin before it hits the ground, and rips out of the shop. Dunk makes to follow, when the Northman Armorer calls after him.

NORTHMAN ARMORER (CONT'D)

Take your Daemon Blackfyre leather, elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

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5.9 CONTINUED:

9F.
5.9

The Northman Armorer pushes back a sword belt with the
BLACKFYRE SIGIL burned in - a black three headed dragon
breathing black fire (the reverse of the Targaryen sigil).

Dunk takes the belt and leaves.

5.10 **OMITTED** 5.10

5.11 **INT. HOLE IN THE WALL IN THE FLOOR, FLEA BOTTOM - NIGHT (FB)**5.11

Dunk climbs down into the room.

An old, sealed-up storage, turned living quarters. Pitch dark, if not for the tiny shaft of light through a street level grate, where water now comes in from the rain. The air is rank and close. The flies BUZZ around.

Dunk finds Rafe already inside, putting their coin away safely in a small, crudely painted wooden BOX, where she keeps her most valuable possessions.

YOUNG DUNK
How much did we get?

Rafe doesn't answer.

YOUNG DUNK (CONT'D)
Is it enough?

Rafe retrieves a SMALL NUB OF A CANDLE and some dried MOSS. She begins striking a small steel shank against the stone wall over the moss, until a SPARK catches.

Rafe gently lights the nub of a candle. The flame is so tiny that the two are forced almost nose-to-nose in order to see.

RAFE
It's enough.

Dunk looks excited at the prospect. Then anxious.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Don't lose your nerve, now. The
shit part's done.

YOUNG DUNK
I know...

(CONTINUED)

RAFE

We'll be sailing off into all kinds
of adventures! Don't you want that?

YOUNG DUNK

I do, I just...

RAFE

(annoyed)

What?

YOUNG DUNK

...what if the Free Cities aren't
no better than here?

(thinks)

What if they're actually worse?

RAFE

Then we'll go someplace else.

YOUNG DUNK

What if it's all shit? Everyplace.
What if this is the best there is.

RAFE

That would be quite sad.

The two kids let that notion hang in the air for a moment.
The light of the tiny candle playing against the walls of
their tiny home.

Rafe looks at Dunk, she can tell that something is still
bothering him. Dunk looks away, almost embarrassed...

YOUNG DUNK

(small)

What if my mother comes back for
me?

For a moment, Rafe stares at Dunk with a funny expression -
then she looks annoyed by his childish fantasy.

RAFE (ADR)

Now who's crying for their mother?

YOUNG DUNK

I'm not stupid... I know she's
dead. But... What if she's trying
to get away from where she is? Like
us? If I leave, how will she find
me?

(CONTINUED)

Dunk looks at Rafe, lost. He looks at her as a child looks at his mother - but she's even more than that to him - she's his big sister, his best friend, and his first love.

Rafe shakes her head, aggravated.

RAFE

You are fucking stupid, sometimes.

Dunk turns away, ashamed.

RAFE (CONT'D)

If your mother was alive she's not coming back for you.

DUNK

You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

RAFE

I know I never got nothing by
waiting around. You want a family?
Go out there and get a family.

DUNK

I just...want to be with you.

RAFE

Cause you love me?

DUNK

...Yeh.

RAFE

Well, I love you too, don't I? And
I'm going - so you best be coming
with me.

Rafe takes Dunk's hand in hers.

RAFE (CONT'D)

This city is too small for us,
Dunk. Let's show her our ass.

Dunk stares at Rafe uncertainly, as the last bit of WICK
burns out and the room goes dark.

5.12 **EXT. FLEA BOTTOM, KING'S LANDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.12

Early morning. Just after sunrise. The streets are still
quiet.

5.12A **OMITTED** 5.12A

5.12B **OMITTED** 5.12B

5.12C **EXT. STREET, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY** 5.12C

Dunk pokes his head out of their hidey hole to make sure everything is clear. He climbs out, then helps Rafe out after.

5.12D **EXT. STREET, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY** 5.12D

The pair make their way out of the slum, passing early morning traffic: a few VENDORS, setting up their stalls for the day. Two men stumbling away from a whorehouse.

Rafe has the SILVER clutched tightly in her hand, as she and Dunk move swiftly, doing their best to go unnoticed.

RAFE
Hurry up, let's go.

Rafe turns down a passageway, and Dunk follows.

We hold for a moment, after they've disappeared. The FRAME remains empty for just long enough to feel intentional. Like someone is WATCHING Dunk and Rafe.

5.12E **EXT. STREETS, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY** 5.12E

We track with Dunk and Rafe as they wind through the dark, ill-formed maze of Flea Bottom.

Stepping over newly deceased bodies of SOLDIERS who did not make it through the night, and have died in the mud.

Rats scurry away as the pair navigate across tight passages, past buildings that are nearly leaning on each other.

5.13 **INT. COMMON ROOM, INN - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.13

THIS SCENE WILL NOT BE RESHOT. WE WILL JUST ADD SOME ADR.

A foul, decrepit place. An OLD MAN sleeps on a bench by the dwindling FIRE. Three more GOLD CLOAKS have a drink (these are the gold cloaks from the original shoot, who will be unfeatured in the new edit).

The rest are MEN looking for work, and WOUNDED SOLDIERS looking for a ride home.

(CONTINUED)

A line has formed up before a YELLOW-EYED **MERCHANT CAPTAIN**, parceling out jobs and selling tickets for an upcoming voyage. We FIND Rafe and Dunk at the front of this line.

The Merchant Captain shakes his head.

RAFE
What? My silver don't spend?

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (ADR)
Price has doubled.

The Merchant Captain pushes the COINS back to Rafe.

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (ADR) (CONT'D)
You're not the only ones who mean
to get the fuck out of here.

Rafe looks defiant, then reluctantly scoops the silver back into her hand, disappearing it into her pocket. She spits at the Merchant's feet, then exits the inn with Dunk trailing.

5.13A **EXT. INN, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY**

5.13A

Rafe angrily pushes past a few sailors entering the inn, disheartened by their bad luck.

RAFE
Fuck!...

Dunk hangs his head. Rafe wheels and Dunk and takes out her frustration on him.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Suppose you're happy. Got plenty
of time to wait around for your
dead mother now.

Dunk looks off, hurt. Rafe remembers herself, and softens. She knows this isn't his fault.

RAFE (CONT'D)
(contrite)
I'm sorry...

DUNK
We'll figure it out. I promise.

Rafe looks at Dunk like he's stupid - like he doesn't realize there's always going to be another issue - like they're never getting out of this place. Rafe just shakes her head, dismally, heads off. Dunk takes a moment before following.

5.14 **EXT. NARROW CORRIDOR, FLEA BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS**

5.14

Dunk catches up with Rafe in a small dark corridor, vacant of activity, except for a PIG lapping up some unknown goo from the street.

Neither notices when the one-handed city watchman, Alester, comes up from behind them until they hear:

ALESTER
(calls over)
You got quick hands, girl.

Rafe and Dunk turn back to find Alester.

ALESTER (CONT'D)
I used to have quick hands, too.

ANGLE ON: Alester's missing hand.

Dunk and Rafe consider making a run for it, only to find another GOLD CLOAK appear at the top of the stairs, hemming the two children inside the alley.

A cold sinking feeling comes over Dunk.

ALESTER (CONT'D)
I'll have my aleskin back.

Alester approaches Rafe. Her eyes dart around, looking for a way out, but there is none. Rafe shakes her head, miserably.

RAFE
(low)
I sold it.

Alester stares at her with an unforgivingly cold stare. Dunk's eyes dart around, dreading what comes next.

Alester nods to the other Gold Cloak, who GRABS Dunk, at the same time, Alester grabs Rafe, and physically checks her for the aleskin. The Gold Cloak does the same with Dunk.

They don't find anything on Dunk, but on Rafe, Alester pulls a SILVER COIN from of her pocket. He looks almost shocked.

ALESTER
Holding out on us?

The Gold Cloak sneers an ugly crooked smile.

(CONTINUED)

Rafe tries to grab the silver back, but the Alester holds it away, tauntingly.

RAFE

Fuck off, that's ours!

ALESTER

Little gutter rats don't got silver, only little thieves.

YOUNG DUNK

We didn't thief nothing! We earned that.

ALESTER

Stealing from dead nobles is still stealing.

YOUNG DUNK

And what's stealing from us?

ALESTER

That's life.

Rafe is shaking with anger - their efforts, wasted.

(CONTINUED)

Alester considers the two children, their fates still undecided. Dunk senses this, and decides that it may be best to just cut their losses while they still have both their hands.

YOUNG DUNK
C'mon, Rafe. Let's go.

But Rafe doesn't move - she watches Alester give the silver a little turn in his fingers, before pocketing the coin. Alester grins, then gives Rafe's hair a disgusting little twirl.

ALESTER
Go on, Rafe.

Alester indicates that the kids are free to go. Dunk doesn't need to be told twice, he grabs Rafe and starts to walk away...

Alester turns to walk away as well, only to pat himself down and realize that something's wrong...

At the same moment, Dunk watches Rafe slip Alester's KNIFE into her pocket, tossing a little self-satisfied grin to Dunk.

Alester approaches Rafe from behind and slits her throat with his side sword, spraying Dunk with her blood.

Rafe drops to the ground, clutching at her bleeding neck.

Dunk's eyes turn rabid (like they did in the tent with Tanselle). He lunges at Alester with no sense of self-preservation, sinking his TEETH into the man's neck.

ALESTER (CONT'D)
AHHH, FUUUUCK!

5.14A INT. WINESINK, NARROW CORRIDOR, FLEA BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS 5.14A

Through a window of an adjacent winesink, a shaky, GLASSY-EYED POV of: Alester trying to buck Dunk off, but the boy holds on tight. The Gold Cloak rips Dunk off, throwing him to the ground.

ALESTER
- stick him!

5.14B **EXT. NARROW CORRIDOR, FLEA BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS**

5.14B

The Gold Cloak thrusts wildly, catching Dunk first on the leg, then in the hip. The boy yelps in pain, his blood dripping into the dirt.

The Gold Cloak raises his spear to end Dunk's life, when a DOOR to the winesink is KICKED OPEN, KNOCKING the Gold Cloak, who was attacking Dunk, from his feet.

A CLOAKED MAN stumbles out of the door, wiping snot and spew from his face. His eyes are bloodshot and hollow. His weather-beaten skin hangs loose over his bones. But besides all this, we recognize the man as **SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE**.

SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE

In the name of the Mother... Leave
that boy be!

Ser Arlan SPEWS a mouthfull of vomit on himself, just as Alester and the Gold Cloak descend on the old knight -

Ser Arlan swings his cloak aside, and produces his LONGSWORD. With a single movement, Ser Arlan's blade deftly liberates the Gold Cloak from his head.

A fight ensues in the close quarters of the narrow corridor between Ser Arlan and Alester, as Dunk uses the distraction to scurry away, slipping in the mud as he slides in next to Rafe's lifeless, bloodied body. Her eyes, fixed blankly skyward.

Dunk stares at his friend in horror and disbelief.

DUNK

(small)

No... Rafe... Please...

ANGLE ON: the KNIFE that Rafe lifted from Alester, resting on ground next to her, blood-soaked and muddy - the cost of his best friend's life. (NOTE: this is the same KNIFE that present-day Dunk has been using throughout the season in various places. The one that he uses to hammer the penny into the elm tree.)

A final SCREAM turns Dunk's attention back to the fight, as Ser Arlan retracts his dagger from the back of Alester's neck, and the man crumples to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

The two men lay dead (one headless). Without so much as a look to Dunk, Ser Arlan stores his blade, retches, lifts his hood, and rambles off.

Dunk is left alone in the alley. His only friend in the world lays dead next to him. He begins to quietly sob.

(CONTINUED)

5.15 OMITTED 5.15

5.16 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL IN THE FLOOR, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY (FB) 5.16

Wet, cold, and covered in blood, both Rafe's and his own, Dunk shivers, and his leg and hip are bleeding badly.

We hold for a long moment on the boy.

5.16A INT. HOLE IN THE WALL IN THE FLOOR, FLEA BOTTOM - NIGHT 5.16A

Dunk is asleep. Curled up into a ball. Alone.

5.16B INT. HOLE IN THE WALL IN THE FLOOR, FLEA BOTTOM - DAY 5.16B

Dunk stirs to the sounds of roosters, but he does not wake. It's not until he HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE that catches his attention, that he pulls himself up...

He moves painfully to the cross-hatched bars of the window where he spies the HOODED MAN who saved his life, making his way through the slum, spotlighted by the sunlight coming through the parting clouds.

5.17 OMITTED 5.17

5.18 OMITTED 5.18

5.19 **OMITTED** 5.19

5.20 **EXT. WALL, OUTSIDE KING'S LANDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.20

Dunk limps along a dirt pathway, outside of the city, passing a MAN who is pushing a coal cart. Dunk's wound bleeds down his leg, but he pays the injury little attention.

Dunk keeps his distance from Ser Arlan, who treks to his small campsite, beyond the enclave, where THREE HORSES have been tethered to a tree.

Dunk is careful not to get too close. Stopping to observe the strange old man from a distance.

5.21 **EXT. SER ARLAN'S CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 5.21

Night has fallen. Ser Arlan SNORES loudly under his tree. An empty WINE SKIN in his hand.

Under the cover of darkness, Dunk has come to the camp. He stands over Ser Arlan, considering the man for a long while, as blood blossoms from Dunk's hastily bandaged leg. Dunk looks up through the canopy of his tree, at the starlit sky above.

5.22 **EXT. SER ARLAN'S CAMP - SECONDS LATER (FLASHBACK)** 5.22

Dunk removes Ser Arlan's longsword from its scabbard. The boy feels the weight of it in his hands, when he spots a SHIELD... Dunk picks it up and runs his hand across the battle-worn wood - the winged chalice, barely visible, after a long, hard-fought battle.

A SNUFFING horse snaps Dunk's attention to the great brown mare (SWEETFOOT), staring back at him.

Dunk puts down the shield, and approaches the horse, both cast in moonlight. Dunk hesitates, but Sweetfoot urges him forward, bowing her head, and slowly Dunk reaches out his hand and lays it on the horse.

That's when Dunk notices a GRASSLESS PLOT of dirt next to the tree. A fresh-filled grave.

A DENTED HELM is laid on the grave. Dunk picks it up. It seems quite small.

(CONTINUED)

He tries to put it on, but it won't even fit on his head, a boy of 12. Dunk realizes that it must have belonged to a child.

Dunk looks over to Ser Arlan.

5.23 **OMITTED** 5.23

5.24 **OMITTED** 5.24

5.25 **EXT. ROSBY ROAD, CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.25

Ser Arlan rides Sweetfoot, with Thunder and CHESTNUT in tow. His eyes are forward on the road ahead, but sad and vacant.

He doesn't notice (or doesn't care), when a FIGURE emerges behind him on the path, afoot.

5.26 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - DAY/NIGHT (MONTAGE - FLASHBACK)** 5.26

Over the next few days, Dunk shadows Ser Arlan. Up and down the green and yellow hills. Careful to keep his distance - always trailing at a hundred yards, and making camp far away from the knight's fire.

Dunk does not have to work very hard to keep pace with Ser Arlan, but the days are long and the nights are cold, and food and water are scarce. Yet, each morning, the boy wakes at dawn, and continues on.

Throughout this sequence, Ser Arlan is clearly aware of the boy's presence, but pays Dunk little attention. Perhaps he thinks Dunk is just there to rob him. Perhaps he is unwilling to train up such a raw boy. Perhaps Ser Arlan simply has no desire to take responsibility for a new squire following so closely the death of his last. Or perhaps he just wishes to be alone right now and wallow in his misery.

5.27 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 5.27

Dunk sits against a tree, watching Ser Arlan. The man is drunk again, and dancing around his FIRE, singing a SONG that Dunk has never heard before. Dunk pulls his arms in tight to his body, protecting himself from the cold WIND, as he settles in for the night.

5.28 **EXT. ROSBY ROAD, CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.28

The sun beats down. Ser Arlan has led his horses to a POND, but waters himself from a canteen. The old man spies Dunk, dying of thirst, as the boy laps up water from the same stagnant pond as the animals.

5.29 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 5.29

Dunk is violently ill, feverish, and barely able to move. Ser Arlan's fire looks only a blur in the distance. Another wave of sickness seizes Dunk - the boy HEAVES, but nothing is left inside him but bile.

5.30 **EXT. SER ARLAN'S CAMP, CROWNLANDS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 5.30

Ser Arlan ignores the SOUNDS of Dunk's sickness in the night, as he sits by his fire, WHITTILING a stick with a knife.

5.31 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 5.31

Dunk is curled in a ball, still SWEATING and SHAKING, when Ser Arlan departs the following morning. This time, Dunk does not make to follow.

5.32 **EXT. ROSBY ROAD, CROWNLANDS - LATER (FLASHBACK)** 5.32

A beautiful day. Blue skies, and crisp air. Ser Arlan SINGS to himself, merrily, as he drinks liberally from his FLASK.

SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE
*Oh Sharra was a special lass,
Born bereft 'er thumb,
Lost a digit tending flock,
Now feeling awfully glum.
Ohhh! Sharra with three fingers,
A copper in her glass -*

HARD CUT TO:

5.33 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.33

Ser Arlan wakes from his sleep. His joy, vanished. He is hungover, bleary-eyed, and in great pain. But this morning, the pain is different from that he's used to. His bedroll feels wet... He looks down, and notices that he's bleeding.

The knight turns over, painfully, when he realizes that he's SLEPT ON HIS DAGGER, which has driven itself into his side during the night. Ser Arlan rubs his hands over his face to wake himself up, and stares out at the horizon, with nothing but shame for company.

5.34 **EXT. CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.34

Ser Arlan mounts Sweetfoot, favoring his hip. He's about to set off, when he spies movement coming over the hill:

A half-dead Dunk plods along the road - where the boy finds the strength, he does not know, but he continues to put one foot in front of the other.

Ser Arlan stares at the boy in disbelief.

Dunk stumbles, and hits the dirt.

5.35 **EXT. ROSBY ROAD, CROWNLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

5.35

Dunk lies on his back, chest heaving, when Ser Arlan finally comes over to him. He hands the boy a CANTEEN.

SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE

Get up.

Ser Arlan turns and heads back to his horses, as Dunk rises to his feet as quickly as he's able.

YOUNG DUNK

Yes, m'lord.

Dunk hurries after.

SER ARLAN OF PENNYTREE

"Ser." I am only a hedge knight.

SMASH BACK TO:

5.36 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (PRESENT) (D6)** 5.36

Dunk lies on his back, right where we left him. Unhorsed.
Skewered in the gut. Broken. Dying. One eye has been
closed by blood from the blow of Aerion's morningstar.

(CONTINUED)

Thunder nudges Dunk with his nose, as a FAINT CALL of "UP, UP" rolls in from the smallfolk.

Dunk stares up at the dark gray sky. His face throbs. He can feel cold wet metal pressing against his cheek and temple.

Then... the SPIKED BALL shoots across the sky, and falls toward Dunk's head as fast as a shooting star.

Dunk rolls. Where he finds the strength, still he does not know, yet he finds it. But as he rolls away from Aerion, he finds himself in the path of a charging **MAEKAR**, who emerges from the mist, violently swinging his MACE, amount.

Dunk's plated arms take the full force of the blow, as he is beset upon by both father and son, looking to make quick end to the trial. Dunk desperately scurries for his life, unable to even gain his feet, when -

Prince Baelor heads off the attack, pushing his brother back with heavy, breakneck thrusts of his bastard SWORD. Maekar giving as good as he gets with hellish blasts of his mace.

For a half a moment, Dunk forgets himself, watching the two Targaryen Princes dueling on horseback, when Aerion again is on him, whipping his morningstar to speed -

AERION TARGARYEN
Cry for quarter and admit your guilt.

Aerion swings the weapon again, this time Dunk cannot roll quick enough, and a spike drives itself into his knee. Dunk BELLOWS in pain.

5.37 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.37

Egg looks away in horror. But the CROWD OF NOBLES around him seems to be on Aerion's side - they CHEER the brutal blow. Egg gets up and moves away to a quite spot on the rail.

5.38 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.38

Aerion retracts the ball, then hurls the end at Dunk's exposed throat, when Dunk rolls TOWARD Aerion, and right into the Prince's legs, throwing a steel-clad arm around his thigh, and dragging him into the mud.

(CONTINUED)

The Prince's morningstar is useless in such close quarters, so he tries to force the lip of his shield up at Dunk's head, but his battered helm takes the brunt of the impact, so Aerion draws the PONIARD at his hip, and thrusts the blade into an unprotected opening in Dunk's armor at the hip.

(CONTINUED)

Dunk's body seizes, as blood pours from the opening. Aerion yanks out the blade, and makes to stick it in Dunk's throat, but Dunk blocks the blow with the palm of his hand - the knife cuts clean through.

5.39 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.39

LORD LEO TYRELL and **SER MANFRED DONDARRION** exchange an almost bored look. Visibility is poor, and it seems like the hedge knight will not survive much longer.

LORD LEO TYRELL
How's your foot?

SER MANFRED
I don't fucking know anymore.

Lord Leo nods with a consolatory sigh.

SER MANFRED (CONT'D)
My maester has me eating a lot of cherries, so...

LORD LEO TYRELL
Cherries? Hm.

RED is seated behind Ser Manfred, alongside a harem of DONDARRION SERVANTS. They all look deeply troubled by the fighting down below.

5.40 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.40

Dunk rolls his large body away in anguish, disarming Aerion of his weapon.

Aerion swiftly moves to his horse and pulls a long NEEDLE-LIKE SWORD - specifically meant to pierce through chain mail and plate armor.

He runs back to Dunk, who is still struggling to stand, and makes to thrust the blade into the boy's back, when Dunk wheels on him with his longsword, and swats away the attack, then BACKHANDS Aerion with a mailed-mitt, sending the Prince dancing to the ground.

5.41 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.41

Egg looks elated. In the stand behind him, RED jumps up from her seat, and PUMPS her fist in celebration.

(CONTINUED)

Ser Manfred looks back to Red with a raised eyebrow, and she quickly retakes her seat, though her expression remains sanguinely defiant.

5.42 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.42

Aerion snaps back to his feet, his face is now swollen and abraded. He finds Dunk, drawn to full height with Ser Arlan's longsword clutched in his hand.

Dunk is bleeding, badly.

Aerion is exhausted.

But both know that the fight begins now...

Aerion strides forward. Dunk lumbers to meet him. Aerion lunges with his sword, but Dunk beats the attack away, and brings his heavier weapon down on the Targaryen. Aerion's SHIELD QUAKES under the battering, as Dunk pounds the Prince with great, punishing blows.

(CONTINUED)

Aerion stumbles back, tripping - Dunk seizes on the opportunity and brings his sword down in a heavy, killing arc -

But Aerion has only feigned the misstep, as he uncoils a strike at Dunk with the tip of his blade, nearly spearing Dunk through the eyeball, but missing just wide, as Dunk is able to turn at the last moment, and escape disaster.

Aerion comes hard with rapid hails of his blade, cutting at Dunk - bleeding him through any unarmored skin he can find. Dunk does his best to resist the onslaught, but the Targaryen is too quick, and too precise for him to stop all of them - so he endures, letting the Prince try to kill him by a thousand cuts.

For every ten strikes landed by Aerion, Dunk only manages one or two. But they are stronger, and more punishing. And Aerion grows tired with each effort of his own blade. Dunk sees that Aerion's arms are slowing, his booted feet are dragging in the mud.

Aerion must sense his own fatigue as well, for he pauses. Breathing heavy labored breaths, and letting his heart rate fall.

Dunk does the same. Both fighters doing their best to simply outlast.

Without warning, Aerion grabs his sword around the cross guard and hurls it at Dunk like an underarm javelin. The maneuver catches Dunk unprepared - he doesn't have time to move from the path of the projectile, and the weapon catches Dunk through the meaty upper thigh, sending Dunk buckling to a knee with a terrible YELP.

Aerion is on him, instantly - smashing Dunk in the helm with his shield, and retrieving his weapon from the fallen knight's leg.

Aerion spies an opening under Dunk's collar, and with two hands, attempts to bring the point down into Dunk's neck, but Dunk heaves his longsword backwards, blindly, but with such force that it spurts through Aerion's steel plate, delivering Dunk's first true damage to the Prince.

Aerion staggers back. Shocked at the blood gushing from his belly.

5.43 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)**5.43

The unexpected turn is enough to pique the interest of some of the nobles, including SER OTHO BRACKEN, and DAMON LANNISTER.

(CONTINUED)

Even **SER MANFRED** gives a small nod of approval to Leo Tyrell, who stares back, unmoved.

ANGLE ON Egg, watching his brother bleed. A great wave of conflicting emotions come rushing in: relief, anger, fear, and shame.

5.44 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)**

5.44

Through the shifting fogs, Maekar catches a glimpse of his son, now bleeding heavily. A rabid-eyed abandon ignites in the warrior such that we've not seen - breaking out from his pack of Kingsguard flanks (**SER DONNEL** and Ser Roland), he swings his mace with the force of ten men, beating away Baelor and Ser Lyonel, who block the path to his boy.

It is only upon the arrival of Ser Robyn, that they manage to keep Maekar stalled, as the father SHOUTS violently, heaving his spiked club around hard at all who oppose him.

The brief stay allows Dunk to his feet, but only for a moment, as his leg buckles under him. He tries again to stand, but his legs will not hold. Dunk collapses to a sit in the muck. The color has drained from his face. He has given all he has.

EGG (O.C.)

Get up, ser! Get up!

Aerion tries to lift his sword, but his body does not respond either. He stands, hunched over - wheezing in the cold, thin air. He SHOUTS at Dunk, who remains on the ground.

AERION TARGARYEN

Yield!

A plea more than a command. Aerion's voice rasped with blood.

Dunk blinks at the crowds. Blurs of color rippled together. Their VOICES singing as one. Dunk looks down - he is sitting in a puddle of his blood. His eyes feel heavy, he lists sideways, and slides down into the mud.

Aerion sees this, and relief spreads across his badly beaten face. He turns to the barrier of the tourney field - searching for Lord Ashford.

AERION TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

He's dead! It is over!

5.45 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)**5.45

A HUSH comes over the viewing stand. The knights and lords of the realm, cannot help but feel a tinge of sadness at Dunk's demise, after such a valiant showing.

LADY GWIN covers her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Even Ser Manfred looks a bit sheepish, as Red pats his back, stone-faced.

ANGLE ON Egg. Watching in quiet disbelief. His heart in his stomach, staring down at Ser Duncan lying lifelessly on the ground, but still, the boy refuses to believe that he has lost.

Egg gets to his feet. What begins as begging morphs slowly into fury:

EGG
Get up, ser! Get up! Get up, Ser
Duncan! GET UP! GET UP, SER!!!

But Dunk does not move.

Egg begins to panic. He looks around and sees **LORD ASHFORD**, discussing with his men, then nods his head grimly to the **MAN WITH THE HORN** - who raises the instrument to his lips to blow the trial complete...

EGG (CONT'D)
WAIT!

Egg points across the field. All eyes snap to attention.

5.46 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)**

5.46

Aerion is last to turn. What he sees defies his belief:

Dunk, rising to his feet. Battered, broken, and dying, but sanguine, readied.

A THUNDERING ROAR erupts behind Dunk. Unseen through the fog, the SMALLFOLK make their voices heard, splitting their lungs on Dunk's behalf.

Aerion shakes his head, wearily, with something akin to respect. Then he brings his sword level.

The two combatants come together in one final clash.

Aerion and Dunk stand toe to toe, hacking at each other without purpose or grace. Both have entered a realm beyond pain and exhaustion.

When Aerion misses with a violent jab of his sword, his body drapes across Dunk's - one body literally holding the other up - but neither able to take advantage.

(CONTINUED)

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5.46 CONTINUED: 5.46

Dunk raises his mailed hand and pushes Aerion's face away from him. The Prince stumbles and falls to the ground, as Dunk staggers forward and falls on top of the Targaryen.

(CONTINUED)

The two roll around, grabbing at each other, trying to inflict any damage they can.

Dunk grabs ahold of Aerion's shield with two hands, and twists it until the STRAPS BREAK. Relieved of his last defense, Aerion can do nothing as Dunk brings the shield down on top of the princeling's helm. Again, and again, and again. Smashing the enameled flames on his crest.

The shield is thicker than Dunk's - solid oak, banded with iron. A flame breaks off the Prince's helm. Then another. The Prince runs out of flames, long before Dunk runs out of blows. Dunk flings the battered shield away, and wrenches up the visor on Aerion's helm.

The Prince has all but ceased to struggle. His eyes are full of terror.

DUNK

YIELD!

We see only Aerion's LIPS MOVING, but cannot hear his words, Dunk blinks, even he cannot credit what his ears have heard -

He turns his head slowly from side to side, trying to see. His vision slit is partly closed by the blow that has smashed in the left side of his face.

He glimpses Maekar, mace in hand, trying to fight his way to his son's side. Baelor and Lyonel are holding him off.

Plats of blood drip off Dunk from under his mail, as he lumbers to his feet. Dunk pulls Prince Aerion up after him. Fumbling at the lacings of his own helm, Dunk tears it off and flings it away.

At once Dunk is drowned in sights and sounds: GRUNTS and CURSES, the CHEERS and SHOUTS of the crowd, one stallion screaming while another races riderless across the field. Everywhere steel rings on steel.

FRENETIC CUTS of Dunk's POV:

-- Ser Raymun and his cousin **SER STEFFON** slash at each other in front of the viewing stand, both afoot, their shields splintered ruins.

-- Ser Humfrey Beesbury lies dead in the mud. His brother-in-law, Ser Humfrey Hardyng, next to him.

-- Ser Robyn Rhysling battles valiantly with Ser Roland Crakehall, holding his own - but barely.

(CONTINUED)

-- Ser Lyonel Baratheon and Baelor continue to hold against Maekar. Mace and sword CLASH and CLANG, ringing against helm and shield. Maekar takes three blows for every one he lands.

As Dunk wheels, searching for Lord Ashford - in desperate need to make an end to this before more are killed - Aerion takes the opportunity to dive for his morningstar.

But Dunk kicks Aerion square in the ass, and knocks the princeling face down in the mud. He grabs Aerion by one leg and begins to drag him across the field.

5.47 **EXT. VIEWING STAND, TOURNEY LISTS, ASHFORD MEADOW - DAY (D6)** 5.47

By the time Dunk reaches the viewing stand, where Lord Ashford is stationed, Aerion is as brown as a privy. Dunk hauls him to his feet -

DUNK

Tell him!

Aerion spits out a mouthful of grass and dirt. But remains defiantly silent, so Dunk CLOUTS Aerion with the full force of a mailed mitt.

AERION TARGARYEN

I withdraw my accusation!

Lord Ashford looks troubled by this, but alas, gives the signal, and a HORN BLAST as loud and final as a death rattle rips across the sky, bringing combat to a close.

Dunk pays little attention to the BOOMING CHEERS from the crowd, as he releases Aerion, pushes him away, and then EXHALES a gust of astonished shock. Suddenly remembering his injuries, the pain resurfaces. He sways briefly, the world throbbing as he STUMBLES to one knee.

A heartbeat later, he is lifted to his feet by Egg, Raymun, and **STEELY PATE**. Friends who have rushed to his side.

5.48 **EXT. LIST FIELD, ASHFORD MEADOW - MOMENTS LATER (D6)** 5.48

Dunk stands still, his eyes drooping heavily through a haze of exhaustion and pain. He vaguely registers Egg, Raymun, and Steely Pate removing his armor.

STEELY PATE

I'll have to cut that mail off him.

(CONTINUED)

Away in the distance, we hear the clangor of MUSIC and SHOUTS of celebration. Dunk's eyes widen suddenly. He clutches after Raymun's hand.

DUNK

The others. Has... has anyone died?

SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY

Beesbury and Hardyng in the first charge.

Dunk presses his eyes shut.

DUNK

And - the accusers?

EGG

Ser Willem of the Kingsguard - he was carried from the field, but...

DUNK

Prince Daeron?...survived?

SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY

A broken foot. His own horse trod on him.

Dazed as he is, Dunk feels a small sense of relief.

DUNK

His dream was wrong. The dead dragon... Unless Aerion...

EGG

You spared him. Don't you remember?

DUNK

I... I don't... One moment I feel drunk. The next, like I'm dying.

Steely Pate inspects Dunk's torso.

SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY

Gods be good, the lance point drove the rings deep into his flesh.

STEELY PATE

We'll get him drunk and pour some boiling oil into it. That's how the maesters do it.

(CONTINUED)

BAELOR TARGARYEN (O.C.)

Wine.

Dunk turns his head to find Prince Baelor himself, tall as a mighty oak, standing in BLACK ARMOR dented and scarred by many blows. The scarlet dragon on his HELM has lost a head, both wings, and most of its tail.

BAELOR TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

...Not oil. That will kill him,
boiling wine. I'll send Maester
Yormwell to have a look at him when
he's done tending my brother.

Dunk's voice breaks with emotion. The tears he's been holding back well in his eyes.

DUNK

Your Grace, I am your man. Please.
Your man.

BAELOR TARGARYEN

My man.

The black knight walks to Dunk, clasps a hand against his shoulder to steady himself.

BAELOR TARGARYEN (CONT'D)

I need good men, Ser Duncan. The
realm...

His voice sounds oddly slurred. He stumbles back a step.

DUNK

Your man.

Prince Baelor moves his head slowly from side to side.

BAELOR TARGARYEN

Ser Raymun... my helm, if you'd...
be so kind. Visor... visor's
cracked, and my fingers... fingers
feel like wood...

SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY

At once, Your Grace.

Taking the Prince's helm in both hands, Raymun GRUNTS with the effort.

SER RAYMUN FOSSOWAY (CONT'D)

Goodman Pate, a hand.

(CONTINUED)

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30A.
5.48

Steely Pate puts expert eyes on the headpiece.

(CONTINUED)

STEELY PATE
It's crushed down at the back, Your
Grace. Smashed into the gorget.

BAELOR TARGARYEN
Brother's mace, most like. He's
strong.

Baelor winces. Struggles now to speak...

BAELOR TARGARYEN (CONT'D)
That... feels queer, I...

STEELY PATE
(prying the helm)
Here it comes.

Pate lifts the battered helm away. What he sees jars him.
The experienced armorer takes a step back without knowing it.

STEELY PATE (CONT'D)
Gods be good. Oh gods oh gods oh
gods preserve...

Dunk sees something RED AND WET fall out of the helm.

Someone SCREAMS, high and terrible.

Against the bleak gray sky sways a tall prince in black armor
with only half a skull.

Where the back of Baelor's head ought to be, Dunk sees RED
BLOOD and PALE BONE beneath and something else, something
blue-gray and pulpy.

A troubled look passes across Baelor Breakspear's face, like
a cloud passing before a sun.

He raises his hand and touches the back of his head with two
fingers, oh so lightly.

And then he falls.

Dunk lurches forward, catching the Prince of Dragonstone's
body before sinking slowly to the ground. Grief drains the
life from the Hedge Knight. Cradling Baelor in his arms, he
presses his forehead against the Prince's ashen face...
shaking through the force of a broken, tortured SOB.

DUNK
Up. Up... get up.

(CONTINUED)

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Dunk begs him to stand... but the Prince is gone, and does
not rise.

BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 105