

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A CLOAKED FIGURE makes its way through the forest. Tree branches lightly brush against the oversized hood of its cloak.

The forest opens up on a clearing littered with the ruins of an ancient castle.

The clearing is filled with a band of outlaws. Their gear is tattered and mismatched, collected from countless corpses.

The Cloaked Figure parts the outlaws and makes its way to the front of the group. The Cloaked Figure stops at a large tree that has all but consumed what is left of the castle.

From a large tree branch hangs a man. He's still alive and quivering with fear, the last of his courage running down his leg.

We follow the rope down to where it's being held by a man with a YELLOW CLOAK. Next to him stands a ONE-EYED MAN.

ONE-EYED MAN

Do you call yourself MERRETT FREY, son of
Walder Frey, Lord of the Twins?

The man with the noose around his neck frantically ponders the question, wondering which answer will find him dangling and which will set him free, if any.

MERRETT FREY

I am Merrett Frey, ninth son of Walder Frey.
I hold no plausible claim to inheriting
the Twins. Capturing me will get you naught.
Killing me will get you less.

A murmur makes its way among the band of outlaws.

MERRETT FREY (CONTD.)

What crimes have I committed that
should find me with this cruel fate around
my neck?

ONE-EYE MAN

Your involvement in the plot to murder Robb
Stark, his kin and his men at the Red Wedding.

Panic passes over Merrett Frey's face.

MERRETT FREY

I had nothing to do with the Red Wedding.
It was my father and Roose Bolton that
planned the scheme. They even chose what
songs were to be played. My role was to get
Greatjon Umber drunk and off his wits.
Nothing more.

Yellow Cloak pulls hard on the rope. Merrett Frey raises an inch. The tips of his boots barely making contact with the rubble of the ruined castle he

stands on.

YELLOW CLOAK

So you admit to playing a part in this
evil deed?

MERRETT FREY

All I did was drink. You can't hang a man
for drinking. You have no right.

YELLOW CLOAK

We have rope. That's right enough.

MERRETT FREY

I deserve a trial!

ONE-EYED MAN

I'm afraid this is your trial.

MERRETT FREY

I speak of a real trial.

ONE-EYED MAN

Robb Stark received no trial, just a dagger
in the belly.

MERRETT FREY

You have no witness to my actions at the Red
Wedding one way or the other.

Merrett Frey's confidence seems to grow.

ONE-EYED MAN

As it happens, you're wrong there.

The Cloaked Figure takes another step forward and throws back the hood of
the cloak.

One look at the face that stares back at him and Merrett Frey's body seems
to stiffen and all his air flees his body.

ONE-EYED MAN

Do you know the face that stands before you?

Merrett seems a world away and then finds the words.

MERRETT FREY

I know this face, like I know the face
of my own mother, but this cannot be.
I watched you die. I watched as your body
was thrown into the river.

The face before him is pale as ash and peeling. Half her hair is gone and
the rest has turned white and brittle. A red crusty gash smiles from her
throat. Her eyes were the worst part. Filled with hate.

ONE-EYED MAN

Was this man at the Red Wedding,
Lady Catelyn?

Lady Catelyn gives a slight nod. It's steadfast and full of conviction. Yellow
Cloak starts to hoist Merrett Frey in the air. Frey opens his mouth to plead,
but his words are choked off. Up into the air he dances. Up and up and up.

FADE TO BLACK