

"[Episode opens at a Lannister war camp somewhere in the Riverlands. Trumpets are heard sounding, and various men are preparing for something. Inside one of the tents, JAIME LANNISTER, who is wearing a full set of Lannister armor, is reading a letter to his father, LORD TYWIN LANNISTER, who is preparing to skin a dead stag.]"

JAIME: "[reading]" "- summoned to court to answer for the crimes of your bannerman Gregor Clegane, the Mountain."

Uh, "arrive within the fortnight or be branded an enemy of the Crown." Poor Ned Stark. Brave man, terrible judgment.

TYWIN: Attacking him was stupid.

"[TYWIN begins skinning the stag.]"

TYWIN: Lannisters don't act like fools.

"[TYWIN cuts open the belly of the stag and removes its intestines. JAIME looks as though he is about to protest.]"

TYWIN: Are you gonna say something clever? Go on, say something clever.

JAIME: Catelyn Stark took my brother.

TYWIN: Why is he still alive?

JAIME: "[confused]" Tyrion?

TYWIN: Ned Stark.

JAIME: One of our men interfered, speared him through the leg before I could finish him.

TYWIN: Why is he still alive?

JAIME: It wouldn't have been clean.

TYWIN: "[condescending]" Clean. You spend too much time worrying about what other people think of you.

JAIME: I could care "less" what anyone thinks of me.

TYWIN: "That's" what you want people to think of you.

JAIME: "[annoyed]" It's the truth.

TYWIN: When you hear them whispering "Kingslayer" behind your back, doesn't it bother you?

"[JAIME looks resentful.]"

JAIME: Of course it bothers me.

TYWIN: The lion doesn't concern himself with the opinions of the sheep.

"[JAIME looks away, frustrated.]"

TYWIN: I suppose I should be grateful that your vanity got in the way of your recklessness.

"[TYWIN thinks for a moment.]"

TYWIN: I'm giving you half of our forces - 30,000 men. You will bring them to Catelyn Stark's girlhood home and remind her that Lannisters pay their debts.

JAIME: "[surprised]" I didn't realize you placed such a high value on my brother's life.

"[TYWIN laughs.]"

TYWIN: He's a Lannister. He might be the lowest of the Lannisters, but he's one of us. And every day that he remains a prisoner, the less our name commands respect.

JAIME: So the lion "does" concern himself with the opinions of -

TYWIN: "[with authority]" No, it's "not" an opinion, it's a "fact"!

"[He briefly stops skinning the stag.]"

TYWIN: If another House can seize one of our own and hold him captive with impunity, we are no longer a House to be feared.

"[Pause while TYWIN and JAIME stare each other down briefly, understanding each other. After a few seconds, TYWIN resumes skinning the stag.]"

TYWIN: Your mother's dead. Before long, I'll be dead. And you, and your brother, and your sister and all of her children. All of us dead, all of us rotting in the ground. It's the family name that lives on. It's "all" that lives on. Not your personal glory, not your honor, but family. Do you understand?

"[JAIME nods gently. TYWIN looks skeptical.]"

TYWIN: Hmmm...

"[TYWIN grabs a nearby rag to clean the blood off his hands.]"

TYWIN: "[somewhat disappointed]" You're blessed with abilities that few men possess. You are blessed to belong to the most powerful family in the kingdoms. And you are still blessed with youth. And what have you done with these blessings, huh? You've served as a glorified bodyguard for two kings - one a madman, the other a drunk.

"[TYWIN sets the rag aside and walks up to JAIME.]"

TYWIN: The future of our family will be determined in these next few months. We could establish a dynasty that will last a thousand years....or we could collapse into nothing, as the Targaryens did.

"[He gently places a hand on JAIME's face.]"

TYWIN: I need you to become the man you were always meant to be. Not next year. Not tomorrow. "Now."

"[TYWIN returns to the stag. JAIME looks on for a brief moment before leaving the tent.]"

"[Shift to King's Landing, the gardens. NED is sitting by himself and is seemingly waiting for someone. CERSEI then enters and walks up to him.]"

CERSEI: You're in pain.

"[NED uses his cane to slowly stand.]"

NED: I've had worse, my lady.

CERSEI: Perhaps it's time to go home. The South doesn't seem to agree with you.

NED: I know the truth Jon Arryn died for.

CERSEI: Do you, Lord Stark? Is that why you called me here, to pose me riddles?

"[NED notices the bruise still on CERSEI's cheek.]"

NED: Has he done this before?

"[He indicates the bruise.]"

CERSEI: Jaime would have killed him. My brother is worth a thousand of your friend.

NED: "[accusing]" Your brother....or your lover?

"[CERSEI realizes the implication NED is making and smirks. NED realizes he's right.]"

CERSEI: "[proudly]" The Targaryens wed brothers and sisters for 300 years to keep bloodlines pure. Jaime and I are more than brother and sister. We shared a womb. We came into this world together. We belong together.

NED: "[still accusing]" My son saw you with him.

"[Long pause. CERSEI regards NED shrewdly.]"

CERSEI: Do you love your children?

NED: With all my heart.

CERSEI: No more than I love mine.

NED: And they're all Jaime's.

"[CERSEI laughs.]"

CERSEI: Thank the Gods. In the rare event that Robert leaves his whores for long enough to stumble drunk into my bed, I finish him off in other ways. In the morning, he doesn't remember.

NED: You've always hated him....

CERSEI: Hated him? I "worshiped" him! Every girl in the Seven Kingdoms dreamed of him, but he was mine by oath.

And when I finally saw him on our wedding day in the Sept of Baelor, lean and fierce and black-bearded, it was the happiest moment of my life. Then that night he crawled on top of me, stinking of wine and did what he did, what little he could do, and whispered in my ear, "Lyanna". Your sister was a corpse and I was a living girl and he loved her more than me.

NED: When the King returns from his hunt, I'll tell him the truth. You must be gone by then - you "and" your children. I will "not" have their blood on my hands. Go as far away as you can, with as many men as you can. Because wherever you go, Robert's wrath will follow you.

CERSEI: And what of "my" wrath, Lord Stark? You should have taken the realm for yourself. Jaime told me about the day King's Landing fell: he was sitting in the Iron Throne and you made him give it up. All you needed to do was climb the steps yourself. Such a sad mistake.

NED: I've made many mistakes in my life, but that wasn't one of them.

CERSEI: Oh, but it "was". When you play the game of thrones, you win or you die. There is no middle ground.

"[CERSEI leaves. NED watches her go, a wary look on his face.]"

"[Scene shifts to the outside of LITTLEFINGER's brothel. He is looking out of the window observing the smallfolk in the streets. He closes the window, and in the background, we hear a girl moaning. As LITTLEFINGER wanders closer, we see the girl is ROS. Another whore, ARMECA, is shown to be going down on her. ROS' moans are very over-the-top. LITTLEFINGER sits down at a nearby table and goes over his records.]"

ROS: "[moaning]": Oh, yes....oh....oh, yes....yes yes.....

"[LITTLEFINGER abruptly looks up from his work.]"

LITTLEFINGER: "[irritated]" No, no, no, no!

"[ARMECA stops and comes up. ROS looks irritated herself.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Is "that" what they teach you up in the North? "[to ARMECA]" And you—wherever you're from.

"[LITTLEFINGER stands up and approaches them.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Either of you understand a thing that I'm saying?

ROS: "[frustrated]" Yes, my lord.....

LITTLEFINGER: Let's start over, shall we? "[to ROS]" "You" be the man "[to ARMECA]" and "you" be the woman.

"[ROS and ARMECA look at each other, but they don't do anything.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Well, go ahead!

"[ROS motions for ARMECA to kiss her neck.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Slowly....

"[ARMECA begins kissing ROS' neck. ROS moans softly and looks at LITTLEFINGER for approval.]"

LITTLEFINGER: You're not fooling them; they just paid you. They know what you are.

"[ROS lays ARMECA on her back and climbs on top of her.]"

LITTLEFINGER: They know it's all just an act. "Your" job is to make them "forget" what they know, and that takes time.

"[Both ROS and ARMECA are running their hands along each others' bodies.]"

LITTLEFINGER: You need to ease into it. Go ahead. ease into it.

"[ROS straddles ARMECA and leans down to suckle her nipple. LITTLEFINGER watches with interest and moves in closer.]"

LITTLEFINGER: "[to ARMECA]" He's winning you over in spite of yourself. You're starting to like this. He wants to believe you.

"[ROS puts a few fingers inside ARMECA and begins thrusting. She moans softly.]"

LITTLEFINGER: He's enjoyed his cock since he was old enough to play with it. Why shouldn't you? He knows he's better than other men. He's always known it deep down inside. Now he has proof. He's so good, he's reaching something deep inside of you that no one even knew was there. Overcoming your very nature.

ROS: Why don't you join us, My Lord?

"[LITTLEFINGER stands up and wanders back over to his seat.]"

LITTLEFINGER: I'm saving myself for another.

ROS: What she doesn't know won't hurt her.

LITTLEFINGER: A stupid saying. What we don't know is usually what gets us killed.

"[ROS begins thrusting faster. ARMECA moans louder.]"

ROS: She must be very beautiful.

LITTLEFINGER: No, not really. Impeccable bloodlines though.

ROS: I do believe my lord's in love.

LITTLEFINGER: For many years. Most of my life really. Play with her ass.

"[ARMECA flips onto her stomach. ROS resumes what she was doing.]"

LITTLEFINGER: And she loved me too. I was her little confidant, her plaything. She could tell me anything, anything at all. She told me about all the horses that she liked, the castle she wanted to live in, and the man that she wanted to marry - a Northerner with a jaw like an anvil.

"[ROS speeds up with her thrusting; ARMECA's moans get louder.]"

LITTLEFINGER: So I challenged him to a duel. I mean, why not? I'd read all the stories. The little hero "always" beats the big villain in all the stories. In the end, she wouldn't even let him kill me. "He's just a boy", she said. "Please don't hurt him". So he gave me a nice little scar to remember him by, and off they went.

ROS: Is she still married to him?

LITTLEFINGER: Oh no. He got himself killed before the wedding. And she ended up with his brother, an even more impressive specimen. She loves him, I'm afraid. And why wouldn't she? I mean, who could compare to him? He's just so...

"[ROS finally makes ARMECA orgasm, her moans at the loudest. ROS giggles, and finally begins slowing down.]"

LITTLEFINGER:...Good.

"[Pause while ROS and ARMECA straighten up.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Do you know what I learned, losing that duel? I learned that I'll never win. Not "that" way. That's "their" game, "their" rules. I'm not going to fight them; I'm going to "fuck" them. That's what "I" know, that's what "I" am. And only by admitting what we are can we get what we want.

ROS: And what do you want?

LITTLEFINGER: Oh, everything, my dear. Everything there is.

"[LITTLEFINGER returns to working on his records.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Now wash yourselves. Both of you are working tonight.

"[Both ROS and ARMECA leave. As they do, LITTLEFINGER watches them go, a smirk on his face.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Hmm....

"[Scene shifts to Winterfell, where OSHA is shown entering the stable, carrying a pile of straw and starting to spread it on the floor. We see that she is chained up at the ankles. While she is working, THEON enters.]"

THEON: You're a very lucky girl. Do you know that?

"[OSHA glances at him dismissively.]"

THEON: Where "I" come from, we don't show mercy to criminals. Where "I" come from, if someone like you attacked a little lord, at low tide we'd lay you on your back on the beach, your hands and feet chained to four stakes. The sea would come in closer and closer. You'd see death creeping toward you a few inches at a time.

OSHA: Where is it you come from?

THEON: The Iron Islands.

OSHA: They far away?

THEON: "[disbelieving]" You've never heard of the Iron Islands?

OSHA: Trust me, you've never heard where "I'm" from neither.

"[THEON wanders closer to OSHA.]"

THEON: "Trust me, my lord." You're not living in the wilderness anymore. In civilized lands, you refer to your betters by their proper titles.

OSHA: And what's that?

THEON: Lord.

OSHA: Why?

THEON: "[bragging]" Why? What do you mean why? My father is Balon Greyjoy, Lord of the Iron Islands.

OSHA: "[confused]" What's that got to do with you? If your father's lord, how can you be lord too?

THEON: I "will" be lord after my father -

"[OSHA interrupts. She's still visibly trying to figure it out.]"

OSHA: So you're not lord now?

THEON: No, you...You having a go at me? Is that it?

"[OSHA gives THEON a dirty look.]"

OSHA: I just don't understand how you Southerners do things.

THEON: I'm "not" a Southerner.

OSHA: You're from South of the Wall. That makes you a Southerner to me.

"[THEON moves closer to her.]"

THEON: You're an impudent little wench, aren't you?

OSHA: Couldn't say, My Lord. Don't know what "impudent" means.

THEON: Impudent. It means rude. Disrespectful.

"[He squats down beside her and gets right up next to her. OSHA looks bored.]"

THEON: Do you want to lose that chain?

"[He takes her by the face and looks as though he's about to kiss her when ASHTER enters.]"

ASHTER: What are you doing to our guest, Greyjoy?

THEON: What business is it of yours, Stark?

"[ASHTER shrugs.]"

ASHTER: "[sarcastic]" None, I suppose. Though it would be a shame if something bad happened to her and Robb found out, and somehow it was discovered you were responsible....

"[THEON hasn't let go of her face. He has an annoyed look.]"

THEON: She needs a lesson in manners. I'm going to give her one.

ASHTER: You don't have that right.

THEON: And "you" do?

ASHTER: Never said I did. Now leave her alone, will you? I'm sure she has a lot of work that needs to get done.

"[Annoyed, THEON lets her go and leaves. ASHTER turns his attention to OSHA.]"

ASHTER: I do hope "Lord Greyjoy" wasn't bothering you too much.

"[OSHA resumes working.]"

OSHA: I'm used to worse than him. I'm used to men who could chew that boy up and pick their teeth with his bones.

ASHTER: I see.

"[ASHTER squats down beside OSHA.]"

ASHTER: Now, listen here: you tried to kill my brother. I don't like you. But I don't like Greyjoy either. And I'm not a bully. But how do I know you won't find a way to kill us all in our sleep one night?

OSHA: Wouldn't really be much point in doing that now, would there? And after all, your brother "did" let me live.

ASHTER: True. But I -

"[MAESTER LUWIN enters and wanders over to OSHA and ASHTER.]"

LUWIN: Ashter! The lady is our guest.

ASHTER: I know, Maester Luwin. We were just having a little friendly conversation.

LUWIN: You should let her resume her duties.

"[ASHTER bows his head politely before glancing at OSHA one more time and leaving.]"

LUWIN: Neither Ashter or Theon were bothering you, were they?

OSHA: No.

"[LUWIN wanders over beside her and regards her curiously.]"

LUWIN: Why did you come here?

OSHA: Didn't mean to come here. Meant to get much further South than this. As far South as South goes, before the Long Night comes.

LUWIN: Why? What are you afraid of?

OSHA: There's things that...sleep in the day and hunt at night....

LUWIN: Owls and Shadowcats and -

"[OSHA interrupts and glances up at LUWIN.]"

OSHA: I'm not talking about Owls and Shadowcats.

"[Pause. OSHA and LUWIN stare each other down.]"

LUWIN: "[in a comforting way]" The "things" you speak of—they've been gone for thousands of years.

"[OSHA shakes her head.]"

OSHA: They wasn't gone, old man. They was sleeping. And they ain't sleeping no more.

"[Scene shifts to the Wall. JON and SAM are making their way to the edge for watch duty.]"

SAM: I miss girls. Not even talking to them; I never talked to them. Just looking at them, hearing them giggle.

"[JON sees something down below.]"

SAM: Don't "you" miss girls?

"[JON doesn't respond. He is transfixed on whatever he has spotted. SAM looks in that direction too, and the both see a lone rider returning from the forest.]"

SAM: Riders. The horn. We have to blow the horn.

JON: Why is he alone?

"[JON is transfixed on the rider. SAM goes to blow the horn.]"

SAM: One blast for a Ranger returning, two for Wildlings, three for -

JON: There's no rider.

"[We see now that there is indeed no rider; the horse is all there is. JON quickly departs.]"

"[The gate has been opened; the horse gallops through and is brought into Castle Black's courtyard by a stable boy. JON and SAM arrive just in time to see it, and already there are SER JARAN and LORD COMMANDER MORMONT.]"

JON: That's my Uncle Benjen's horse.

"[The horse is fussing, and is desperately trying to be calmed down by the stable boy. JON looks shocked.]"

JON: "[to MORMONT]" Where's my uncle?

"[MORMONT does not respond. He just stares at the horse, a grim look on his face.]"

"[Shift to King's Landing, the Red Keep. NED is walking down a hallway with KORMED and TOMARD.]"

NED: Your Captain of the Guards now, Kormed. I need you to ensure that -

RENLY: "[offscreen]" Ned!

"[RENLY suddenly comes in from the staircase behind them. He appears to be out of breath as he approaches them.]"

RENLY: It's Robert. We were hunting - a boar -

"[RENLY runs off. NED looks shocked and follows him. TOMARD and KORMED follow suit.]"

"[In ROBERT's chambers, ROBERT is lying in bed. JOFFREY is sitting beside him, looking devastated while gripping ROBERT's hand. CERSEI, GRAND MAESTER PYCELLE, and BARRISTAN SELMY are also seen in the room. BARRISTAN's armor has blood smeared on it.]"

ROBERT: "[weakly]" I should have spent more time with you, shown you how to be a man. I was never meant to be a father.

"[RENLY leads NED into the room.]"

ROBERT: Go on. You don't want to see this.

"[JOFFREY very reluctantly leaves. NED approaches ROBERT.]"

ROBERT: My fault....

"[He laughs weakly.]"

ROBERT: Too much wine. Missed my thrust.

"[NED lifts up ROBERT's blanket and sees a massive bloody gash across his torso.]"

ROBERT: It stinks. It stinks like death. Don't think I can't smell it.

"[CERSEI looks on as NED covers ROBERT back up. ROBERT laughs again.]"

ROBERT: I paid the bastard back, Ned. I drove my knife right through his brain. You ask them if I didn't. Ask them!

"[ROBERT coughs a few times.]"

ROBERT: I want the funeral feast to be the biggest the Kingdoms ever saw. And I want everyone to taste the boar that got me. "[to the others]" Now leave us, the lot of you. I need to talk to Ned.

CERSEI: Robert, my sweet -

ROBERT: Out, all of you!

"[ROBERT coughs again. Everyone else leaves - CERSEI and PYCELLE do so somewhat reluctantly, but do so nonetheless, leaving NED alone with ROBERT. NED sits down at ROBERT's bedside.]"

NED: You damned fool....

ROBERT: Paper and ink on the table, write down what I say.

"[NED grabs the paper and quill and begins writing.]"

ROBERT: "In the name of Robert of the House Baratheon, first of..." you know how it goes. Fill in the damn titles.

"[NED does so.]"

ROBERT: "I hereby command Eddard of House Stark" - titles, titles - "to serve as Lord Regent and Protector of the Realm upon my death to rule in my stead, until my son Joffrey comes of age".

"[NED hesitates, then writes "my rightful heir" instead.]"

ROBERT: Give it over.

"[NED does so. ROBERT puts his signature down on the letter before handing it back.]"

ROBERT: Give it to the council after I'm dead. At least they'll say I did "this" right, this one thing. You'll rule now. You'll hate it worse than I did, but you'll do it well.

"[Pause while NED looks at ROBERT sadly.]"

ROBERT: The girl - Daenerys. You were right. Varys, Littlefinger, my brother - worthless. No one to tell me "no" but you. Only you. Let her live. Stop it, if it's not too late.

NED: I will.

ROBERT: And my son....help him, Ned. Make him better than me.

NED: I'll....I'll do everything I can to honor your memory.

ROBERT: My memory?

"[He laughs feebly.]"

ROBERT: King Robert Baratheon, murdered by a pig....

"[He laughs feebly again. NED watches him sadly.]"

ROBERT: Give me something for the pain and let me die.

"[NED leaves the chamber, which is being guarded by two other Kingsguards. BARRISTAN, VARYS, PYCELLE, and RENLY are all waiting expectantly for him.]"

NED: "[to PYCELLE]" Give him milk of the poppy.

"[PYCELLE reenters ROBERT's chambers, carrying a small bottle of milk of the poppy. RENLY goes in after him. We see for the first time that BARRISTAN looks crestfallen.]"

BARRISTAN: He was reeling from the wine. He commanded us to step aside, but....I failed him....

"[NED shakes his head.]"

NED: No man could have protected him from himself.

VARYS: I wonder, Ser Barristan, who gave the king this wine?

BARRISTAN: His squire, from the king's own skin.

NED: "[suspicious]" His squire....the Lannister boy?

"[BARRISTAN nods, looking confused.]"

VARYS: Such a dutiful boy to make sure his Grace did not lack refreshment. I do hope the poor lad does not blame himself.

NED: "[to VARYS]" His Grace has had a change of heart concerning Daenerys Targaryen. Whatever arrangements you made, unmake them. At once.

VARYS: I'm afraid those birds have flown. The girl is likely dead already.

"[NED looks disappointed, and walks off.]"

"[Scene shifts to Vaes Dothrak, KHAL DROGO's tent. DAENERYS is seen braiding his hair.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" The Stallion Who Mounts the World has no need for iron chairs.

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" According to the prophecy, the Stallion will ride to the ends of the earth.

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" The earth ends at the black salt sea. No horse can cross the poison water.

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" The earth does "not" end at the sea. There are "many" dirts beyond the sea. The dirt where I was born.

"[DROGO glances at DANERYS.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" Not dirt. Lands.

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" Lands, yes..."[pause]" There are thousands of ships in the free cities. Wooden horses that fly across the sea -

"[DROGO interrupts.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" Let's speak no more of wooden horses and iron chairs.

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" It's "not" a chair. It's a... "[in Common]" Throne.

DROGO: Throne?

"[DAENERYS has finished braiding DROGO's hair and leans in close to him.]"

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" A chair for a King to sit upon...or a Queen.

"[DAENERYS grins. DROGO turns around to face her.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" A King does not need a chair to sit upon. He only needs a horse.

"[He kisses DAENERYS and leaves the tent, leaving her looking somewhat put out.]"

"[Later, in Vaes Dothrak's marketplace. DAENERYS is walking with JORAH. Behind them are IRRI, DOREAH, and RAKHARO.]"

DAENERYS: Can't you help me make him understand?

JORAH: The Dothraki do things in their own time, for their own reasons. Have patience, Khaleesi. We will go home, I promise you.

DAENERYS: My brother was a fool, I know, but he "was" the rightful heir to the Seven Kingdoms.

"[JORAH laughs.]"

DAENERYS: "[confused]" Have I said something funny, Ser?

JORAH: Forgive me, Khaleesi, but your ancestor Aegon the Conqueror didn't seize six of the kingdoms because they were his right; he had "no" right to them. He seized them because he "could".

DAENERYS: And because he had dragons.

JORAH: "[somewhat skeptical]" Ah well, having a few dragons makes things easier.

DAENERYS: You don't believe it.

JORAH: Have you ever seen a dragon, Khaleesi? I believe what my eyes and ears report. As for the rest It was 300 years ago; who knows what really happened? Now if you'll pardon me, I'll seek out the merchant captain, see if he has any letters for me.

DAENERYS: Well, I'll come with you.

JORAH: No no, don't trouble yourself. Enjoy the market. I'll rejoin you soon enough.

"[JORAH walks off into the marketplace. As he does, a small boy - one of VARYS' little birds - is seen watching him. As he sees JORAH walk close by, he calls out to him.]"

LITTLE BIRD: Psst, Jorah the Andal.

"[JORAH spots the boy and approaches him.]"

LITTLE BIRD: The Spider sends his greetings, "and" his congratulations.

"[He hands JORAH a scroll.]"

LITTLE BIRD: A royal pardon. You can go home now.

"[The boy runs off. JORAH looks at the pardon, conflicted as to what to do next. He overhears a merchant from elsewhere in the marketplace.]"

"[The merchant is revealed to be a wine seller, calling out to the various patrons of the marketplace.]"

WINE SELLER: "[in Dothraki]" Sweet reds! I have sweet reds from Lys, Volantis and the Arbor! Tyrosh pear brandy! Andalish sours! I have them! I have them!

"[DAENERYS walks up to the WINE SELLER. IRRI, DOREAH and RAHKARO are still behind her.]"

WINE SELLER: "[in Dothraki]" A taste for the Khaleesi? I have a sweet red from Dorne, my lady. One taste and you'll name your first child after me.

"[He takes a glass of the Dornish wine and offers it to DAENERYS. JORAH is shown watching from nearby.]"

DAENERYS: My son already has his name, but I'll try your summerwine. Just a taste.

"[The WINE SELLER looks at DAENERYS with a look of recognition.]"

WINE SELLER: My Lady, you are from Westeros.

DOREAH: You have the honor of addressing Daenerys of the House Targaryen, Khaleesi of the riding men and princess of the Seven Kingdoms.

WINE SELLER: Princess.

"[He bows.]"

DAENERYS: Rise. I'd still like to taste that wine.

WINE SELLER: That? Dornish swill. Not worthy of a princess.

"[He pours the wine on the ground. JORAH continues to observe, with a look of realization.]"

WINE SELLER: I have a dry red from the Arbor. Nectar of the Gods.

"[DAENERYS grins in appreciation.]"

WINE SELLER: Let me give you a cask. Uh... a gift.

DAENERYS: You honor me, Ser.

"[The WINE SELLER goes to his store and grabs a cask of wine.]"

WINE SELLER: The honor...the honor is all mine.

"[He hands the cask to RAKHARO.]"

WINE SELLER: You know there are many in your homeland that pray for your return, princess.

"[He bows again.]"

DAENERYS: I hope to repay your kindness someday.

"[JORAH enters from nearby.]"

JORAH: Rakharo.

RAKHARO: Huh?

JORAH: "[in Dothraki]" Put down that cask.

DAENERYS: "[confused]" Is something wrong?

JORAH: I have a thirst. Open it.

"[RAKHARO hands the cask back to the WINE SELLER.]"

WINE SELLER: The wine is for the Khaleesi. It's not for the likes of you.

JORAH: Open it.

"[The WINE SELLER looks from JORAH to DAENERYS, who observes. He finally obeys and opens the cask.]"

JORAH: Pour.

WINE SELLER: It would be a crime to drink a wine this rich without at least giving it time to breathe.

DAENERYS: "[suspicious]" Do as he says.

WINE SELLER: As the princess commands.

"[The WINE SELLER takes a glass and pours some wine into it. DAENERYS exchanges a look with JORAH, who looks as though he is trying to prove something. The WINE SELLER has finished pouring and hands the glass to JORAH, who sniffs the wine.]"

WINE SELLER: Sweet, isn't it? Can you smell the fruit, Ser? Taste it, My Lord. Tell me that that is not the finest wine that has ever touched your tongue.

"[The WINE SELLER looks expectant. JORAH raises the glass to his lips and appears as though he is about to drink before suddenly stopping and offering the glass back to the WINE SELLER.]"

JORAH: You first.

"[The WINE SELLER looks at him nervously.]"

WINE SELLER: "Me"? I'm afraid I am not worthy of the vintage. Besides, it is a poor wine merchant who would drink up his own wares.

DAENERYS: "[finally catching on]" You "will" drink.

"[The WINE SELLER looks from DAENERYS to JORAH and takes the glass, a nervous smile on his face. He makes a toasting gesture to DAENERYS and JORAH, who watch expectantly. As he lifts the glass to his lips, he suddenly throws it on the ground and runs away from his stall.]"

DOREAH: Khaleesi! Stop him!

"[The WINE SELLER is running as fast as he can away from them. However, RAKHARO catches up to him and catches him with his whip, bringing him down. While still down, the WINE SELLER is restrained by RAKHARO and three other bloodriders.]"

JORAH: Come.

"[JORAH leads DAENERYS away from the marketplace, being followed by IRRI and DOREAH. Behind them, the other bloodriders forcibly carry the WINE SELLER, who is struggling against them, to no avail. RAKHARO brings up the rear.]"

"[Scene shifts to Castle Black, where all the recruits are assembled in the main courtyard. LORD COMMANDER MORMONT is standing on the main balcony; with him are MAESTER AEMON, SER ALLISER THORNE, SER JARAN DRAGEN, OTHELL YARWYCK, SER JAREMY RYKKER, and several other Night's Watch officers. JON, SAM, GRENN, PYP, and KONRAD are all seen standing next to each other.]"

MORMONT: You came to us as outlaws, poachers, rapers, killers, thieves. You came alone, in chains, without friends, nor honor. You came to us rich, and you came to us poor. Some of you bear the names of proud houses, others only bastard names or no names at all; it does not matter. All that is in the past. Here, on the Wall, are all one house.
Tonight...

"[Where JON is standing, he looks grim. SAM is on his right, and KONRAD is on his left.]"

SAM: You're allowed to look happy. You're going to be a Ranger. Isn't that what you always wanted?

"[KONRAD grins at JON.]"

JON: I want to find my Uncle. I know he's alive out there. I "know" he is.

SAM: I wish I could help you, but I'm no Ranger. It's the steward's life for me.

JON: There's honor in being a steward.

SAM: Not much, really. But there's food.

"[They both grin.]"

MORMONT: Here, you begin anew.

"[He leaves his place on the balcony and walks down so he's standing directly in front of the recruits.]"

MORMONT: A man of the Night's Watch lives his life for the realm. Not for a king, or a lord, or the honor of this house or that house. Not for gold, nor glory, nor a woman's love. But for the realm! And all the people in it.

You've all learned the words of the vow - think carefully before you say them. The penalty for desertion, is death.

You can take your vows here tonight, at sunset. Do any of you still keep the Old Gods?

"[JON stands.]"

JON: I do, my lord.

MORMONT: You'll want to take your vow before a heart tree as your Uncle did.

JON: Yes, my lord.

MORMONT: You'll find a weirwood a mile north of the Wall. And your Old Gods too, maybe.

"[KONRAD stands as well.]"

KONRAD: I still keep the Old Gods as well.

"[MORMONT nods.]"

MORMONT: Naturally. You can accompany Snow to the heart tree to say your vows as well, then.

"[SAM stands up as well.]"

SAM: My lord, might I go as well?

MORMONT: "[confused]" Does House Tarly keep the Old Gods?

SAM: No, my lord. I was named in the light of the Seven, as my father was and his father before him.

THORNE: Why would you forsake the Gods of your father and your house?

SAM: The Night's Watch is my house now. The Seven have never answered my prayers. Perhaps the Old Gods will.

MORMONT: As you wish, lad.

"[JON, SAM, and KONRAD all sit back down and exchange looks with each other.]"

MORMONT: You've all been assigned an order, according to our needs and your strengths.

"[MORMONT pulls out a scroll and begins reading from it.]"

MORMONT: Halder to the Builders. Pyp to the Stewards.

"[SAM briefly exchanges a look with PYP.]"

MORMONT: Toad to the Builders. Grenn to the Rangers.

"[GRENN grins to himself, and exchanges a grin with both JON and KONRAD.]"

MORMONT: Samwell to the Stewards. Matthar to the Rangers. Dareon to the Stewards. Konrad to the Rangers.

"[KONRAD silently says "Yes!" to himself. Both JON and SAM grin at him, and GRENN claps him softly on the shoulder.]"

MORMONT: Balian to the Rangers. Rast to the Rangers. Jon to the Stewards. Rancer to the Builders. Echiel to the Builders.....

"[As MORMONT continues reading, JON looks surprised that he hasn't been assigned to the Rangers; SAM, KONRAD, GRENN, and PYP all look at him surprised too. With a look of realization, JON looks up at THORNE, who looks back at him with a smug grin.]"

MORMONT:....Allo to the Builders. Nelugo to the Rangers. May all the Gods preserve you.

"[The Night's Watch officers all go off separately.]"

JARAN: Rangers, with me.

OTHELL YARWYCK: Builders!

"[Everyone stands up. GRENN goes off with the other rangers; KONRAD looks at JON one last time before he does so too. JON still looks upset that he's not a ranger, staying behind while SAM and PYP go with the other stewards. Another Night's Watch officer is seen helping MAESTER AEMON - who we see for the first time is blind - near the top of one of the sets of stairs leading back down into the courtyard. Finally, JON joins the rest of the stewards.]"

AEMON: Samwell, you will assist me in the rookery and library. Pyp, you will report to Bowen Marsh in the kitchens. Luke, report to One-Eyed Joe in the stables. Dareon, we are sending you to Eastwatch. Present yourself to Borcas when you arrive; make no comment about his nose. Jon Snow, Lord Commander Mormont has requested you for his personal steward.

"[JON glares at AEMON. He is still clearly upset.]"

JON: "[with contempt]" Will I serve the Lord Commander's meals and fetch hot water for his bath?

AEMON: Certainly. And keep a fire burning in his chambers, change his sheets and blankets daily, and do everything else the Lord Commander requires of you.

"[JON wanders to the front of the crowd of stewards.]"

JON: "[insulted]" Do you take me for a servant?

AEMON: We took you for a man of the Night's Watch. But perhaps we were wrong in that?

JON: May I go?

AEMON: As you wish.

"[JON shoves SAM out of the way as he angrily storms off. SAM and PYP go after him. With the rangers, KONRAD sees JON is clearly upset.]"

KONRAD: Ser Jaran? Could you excuse me for a moment?

"[JARAN sees JON too.]"

JARAN: Alright, Konrad. Just be back here soon.

"[KONRAD wanders over to where JON, SAM, and PYP are.]"

SAM: Jon, wait! Don't you see what they're doing?

JON: I see Ser Alliser's revenge, that's all! He wanted it and he got it!

KONRAD: Jon, just calm down....

JON: "[angrily, to KONRAD]" Don't you tell me to be calm! Stewards are nothing but maids!

KONRAD: Wait a minute....not ten minutes ago, you said there was honor in being a steward. Or were you lying?

JON: "[to KONRAD]" Easy for "you" to say! "You're" a ranger! I'm a better swordsman and rider than any of you! It's not fair.

PYP: "Fair?"

"[PYP laughs ironically.]"

PYP: "I" was singing for a high lord at Acorn Hall when he put his hand on my leg and he wanted to see my cock.

I pushed him away and he said he'd have my hands cut off for stealing their silver. So now I'm here, at the end of the world with no one to sing for but old men and little shits like you. I'll never see my family again. I'll never be inside a woman again. So don't tell "me" about "fair".

SAM: "[confused]" I thought you were caught stealing a wheel of cheese for your starving sister?

PYP: You think I was gonna tell a bunch of strangers that a high lord tried to grab my cock?

"[SAM nods, apparently believing PYP.]"

SAM: Could you sing me a song, Pyp? I'd like to hear a song.

"[PYP walks off. KONRAD stays briefly.]"

KONRAD: Try and talk some sense into him, Sam. I need to get back to Ser Jaran.

"[SAM nods. KONRAD looks at JON one more time before leaving. SAM watches him go before turning back to face JON, who appears to be thinking about what PYP said.]"

SAM: Now listen to me. The old man is the Lord Commander of the Night's Watch. You'll be with him day and night.

Yes, you'll clean his clothes. But you'll also take his letters, attend him at meetings, squire for him in battle.

You'll know everything, be part of everything. And he asked for you himself. He wants to groom you for command.

"[JON is clearly intrigued by this new perspective and thinks hard about it.]"

JON: I just....I always wanted to be a ranger....

"[SAM shrugs.]"

SAM: "I" always wanted to be a wizard.

"[JON laughs out loud.]"

SAM: What? No, I'm serious. So you'll stay and say your words with me?

"[JON sighs, accepting what's happened.]"

"[Shift to a hallway of the Red Keep. NED is shown walking with two of his guards.]"

NED: Where is Ser Kormed?

GUARD: I believe he went to the Steelkeep, Lord Stark, to see his nephew.

NED: That's strange. He was supposed to report to me earlier.

"[RENY enters.]"

RENY: Lord Stark, a moment? Alone, if you will.

"[Pause while NED regards RENLY. He then nods to his guards, who walk off.]"

RENY: He named you Protector of the Realm.

NED: He did.

RENY: "[talking about CERSEI, with contempt]" "She" won't care. Give me an hour and I can put a hundred swords at your command.

NED: And what should I do with a hundred swords?

RENY: "[obviously]" Strike! Tonight while the castle sleeps. We must get Joffrey away from his mother and into our custody. Protector of the Realm or no, he who holds the King holds the Kingdom. Every moment you delay gives Cersei another moment to prepare. By the time Robert dies, it will be too late for the both of us.

NED: What about Stannis?

RENLY: Saving the Seven Kingdoms from Cersei and delivering them to Stannis? You have odd notions about protecting the realm.

"[NED looks frustrated.]"

NED: "[somewhat sternly]" Stannis is your older brother.

RENLY: "[urging]" This isn't about the bloody line of succession! That didn't matter when you rebelled against the Mad King; it "shouldn't" matter now.

"[NED is slowly realizing what RENLY is getting at.]"

RENLY: What's best for the Kingdoms? What's best for the people we rule? We "all" know what Stannis is. He inspires no love or loyalty. He's not a King. "I" am.

"[NED looks surprised. RENLY stares at him expectantly.]"

NED: "[losing his patience]" Stannis is a "commander".

"[RENLY looks frustrated that NED isn't listening to reason.]"

NED: He's led men into war twice. He destroyed the Greyjoy fleet.

RENLY: Yes, he's a good soldier; everyone knows that. So was Robert. Tell me something: Do you still believe good soldiers make good kings?

"[NED is at a loss for words. RENLY regards him shrewdly as he thinks for a moment.]"

NED: I will not dishonor Robert's last hours by shedding blood in his halls and dragging frightened children from their beds.

"[NED walks off, leaving RENLY looking agitated.]"

"[NED is now back in his office, writing a letter to STANNIS BARATHEON. TOMARD stands in front of him awaiting his orders.]"

NED: You will sail to Dragonstone tonight. You will place this in the hand of Stannis Baratheon. Not his steward, not his Captain of the Guard, and not his wife. Only Stannis himself.

"[He hands the finished letter to TOMARD.]"

TOMARD: Yes, My Lord.

"[LITTLEFINGER enters the room.]"

NED: Now leave us.

"[TOMARD bows and leaves, closing the door behind him.]"

LITTLEFINGER: My Lord protector.

"[He bows.]"

NED: The King has no true born sons. Joffrey and Tommen are Jaime Lannister's bastards.

LITTLEFINGER: So when the King dies...

NED: The throne passes to his brother, Lord Stannis.

"[LITTLEFINGER begins pacing around the office.]"

LITTLEFINGER: So it would seem. Unless...

NED: "[interrupting]" There "is" no "unless". He is the rightful heir. Nothing can change that.

LITTLEFINGER: And he cannot take the throne without your help; you would be wise to "deny" it to him and to make sure Joffrey succeeds.

"[Pause while NED regards LITTLEFINGER with disgust.]"

NED: Do you have a "shred" of honor?

LITTLEFINGER: You are now Hand of the King "and" Protector of the Realm. All of the power is yours; you need only reach out and take it. Make peace with the Lannisters. Release the Imp. Wed your daughter to Joffrey. We have plenty of time to get rid of Stannis, and if Joffrey seems likely to cause problems when he comes into his throne, we simply reveal his little secret and seat Lord Renly there instead.

NED: "We?"

LITTLEFINGER: You'll need someone to share these burdens. I assure you, my price would be modest.

NED: What you suggest is treason.

LITTLEFINGER: Only if we lose.

"[Pause while NED thinks about this.]"

NED: Make peace with the Lannisters, you say.

"[NED takes out the dagger used to kill BRAN and looks at it reflectingly.]"

NED: With the people who tried to murder my boy.

"[He sets the dagger down.]"

LITTLEFINGER: We only make peace with our enemies, my lord. That's why it's called "making peace".

NED: No. I won't do it.

LITTLEFINGER: So it will be Stannis and war?

NED: There is no other choice. He "is" the heir.

"[LITTLEFINGER is clearly disappointed.]"

LITTLEFINGER: So why "did" you call me here? Not for my wisdom, clearly.

NED: "[reluctant]" You promised Catelyn you would help me. The Queen has a dozen knights and a hundred men-at-arms - enough to overwhelm what remains of my household guard. I need the Gold Cloaks. The City Watch is 2,000 strong and sworn to defend the King's peace.

"[A grin slowly forms on LITTLEFINGER's face.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Look at you - you know what you want me to do.

"[He sits down.]"

LITTLEFINGER: You know it has to be done, but it's not honorable so the words stick in your throat. When the Queen proclaims one King and the Hand proclaims another, whose peace do the Gold Cloaks protect? Who do they follow?

"[He slowly turns the dagger on NED's desk towards him.]"

LITTLEFINGER: The man who pays them.

"[Scene shifts back to Castle Black. JON, SAM, and KONRAD are making their way to the heart tree beyond the Wall, carrying torches so they can see better in the dim tunnel. Behind them are several Night's Watch officers, including OTHELL YARWYCK, JARAN DRAGEN, and JAREMY RYKKER. GHOST is walking ahead of them. As the gate is opened, GHOST bounds out barking. They eventually reach the tree, which has a face carved into it that appears to be weeping blood. JON, SAM, and KONRAD all kneel before the tree while the others observe.]"

JON, SAM, and KONRAD: "[in unison]" Hear my words, and bear witness to my vow: night gathers, and now my watch begins. It shall not end until my death. I shall take no wife, hold no lands, father no children. I shall wear no crowns and win no glory. I shall live and die at my post. I am the sword in the darkness. I am the watcher on the walls. I am the shield that guards the realms of men. I pledge my life and honor to the Night's Watch, for this night, and all the nights to come.

OTHELL YARWYCK: You knelt as boys. Rise now, as men of the Night's Watch.

"[All three of them stand - SAM does so with some difficulty, but JON helps him up. As they do, JARAN smiles admirably. JON and SAM quickly embrace. YARWYCK is seen smiling. JON then goes to embrace KONRAD, and KONRAD does so to SAM. The three of them go over to embrace the watching officers.]"

NIGHT'S WATCH OFFICERS: Well done. Well done.

"[JON goes over to embrace SER JARAN.]"

JARAN: Welcome to the Watch, Snow.

"[GHOST enters from nearby with something in his mouth. All three of them notice.]"

SAM: What's he got there?

"[JON gets on his knees.]"

JON: To me, Ghost. Bring it here.

"[GHOST lays the object in front of JON. It appears to be a dismembered hand.]"

SAM: Gods be good!

KONRAD: "[startled]" Is that a....hand?

"[JON stares at the hand, a grave look on his face.]"

"[Scene shifts to Vaes Dothrak, the main communal hut. The WINE SELLER who tried to poison DAENERYS is tied to a post; he is shown to have several bleeding cuts on his face. DAENERYS and JORAH enter.]"

DAENERYS: What will they do to him?

JORAH: When the khalasar rides, he'll be leashed to a saddle, forced to run behind the horses for as long as he can.

DAENERYS: And when he falls?

JORAH: I saw a man last nine miles once.

DAENERYS: King Robert still wants me dead.

JORAH: This poisoner was the first. He won't be the last.

DAENERYS: I thought he'd leave me alone, now that my brother is gone.

JORAH: He will "never" leave you alone. If you ride to darkest Asshai, his assassins will follow you; if you sailed all the way to the Basilisk Isles, his spies would tell him. He will "never" abandon the hunt. You're a Targaryen - the "last" Targaryen. Your son will have Targaryen blood with 40,000 riders behind him.

"[DAENERYS protectively places a hand on her stomach.]"

DAENERYS: He will "not" have my son.

JORAH: He will not have you either, Khaleesi.

"[DROGO enters, accompanied by his bloodriders. He worriedly looks at DAENERYS before staring down the WINE SELLER, who sobs softly. He then goes over to DAENERYS.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" Moon of my life. Are you hurt?

"[He grips her softly by the cheeks. DAENERYS shakes her head. DROGO sighs in relief and kisses her forehead. He then glances over at JORAH.]"

DROGO: Jorah the Andal.

"[He walks over to JORAH and places a hand on his shoulder.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" I heard what you did. Choose any horse you wish, it is yours. I make this gift to you.

"[He returns to DAENERYS and places a hand on her stomach, speaking to everyone in the room. As he begins speaking to them, he wanders around the room.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" And to my son, the Stallion Who Will Mount the World. I will also pledge a gift: I will give him the iron chair, that his mother's father sat upon. I will give him Seven Kingdoms. I, Drogo, will do this.

"[The other members of the khalasar begin cheering him on.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" I will take my Khalasar west to where the world ends and ride wooden horses across the black salt water as no Khal has done before! I will kill the men in iron suits and tear down their stone houses!

I will rape their women, take their children as slaves, and bring their broken gods back to Vaes Dothrak!

"[The khalasar loudly voice their approval.]"

DROGO: "[in Dothraki]" This, I vow. I, Drogo, son of Bharbo. I swear before the Mother of Mountains as the stars look down in witness!

"[The rest of khalasar is clamouring now. DROGO and DAENERYS meet each others' eyes, both looking determined.]"

"[The next day, the khalasar is shown leaving Vaes Dothrak. The WINE SELLER is shown tied to DAENERYS' horse, naked, dirty and bloody, barely able to walk straight, but following nonetheless.]"

"[Shift to the Red Keep, where NED is walking with several of his guards. The ROYAL STEWARD rushes up behind them.]"

ROYAL STEWARD: Lord Stark!

"[NED's guards all draw their swords.]"

VARLY: Stop!

NED: No, all right. It's all right. Let him through.

"[The GUARDS do so.]"

ROYAL STEWARD: Lord Stark, King Joffrey and the Queen Regent request your presence in the Throne Room.

NED: "King" Joffrey?

ROYAL STEWARD: King Robert is gone. The Gods give him rest.

"[NED seems petrified by the news. The bells are then heard tolling to signify ROBERT's death.]"

"[NED is shown entering the courtyard just outside the throne room, where all his guards are assembled and waiting for him. Also waiting for him are LITTLEFINGER and VARYS, who both approach him.]"

LITTLEFINGER: All is accomplished; the City Watch is yours.

NED: Good. Is Lord Renly joining us?

"[LITTLEFINGER glances at VARYS.]"

VARYS: I fear Lord Renly has left the city. He rode through the old gate an hour before dawn with Ser Loras Tyrell and some 50 retainers, last seen galloping South in some haste.

"[NED meets LITTLEFINGER's eyes, and they both sigh. All of them start towards the throne room. As they enter the hallway just outside the throne room, a battalion of Gold Cloaks are standing and waiting, all behind JANOS SLYNT.]"

JANOS: We stand behind you, Lord Stark.

"[NED goes over to inspect the squad of Gold Cloaks.]"

NED: Is Carmine Grayburn with you?

GOLD CLOAK: Carmine? Haven't seen him since the tournament, Lord Stark.

"[NED sigh.]"

NED: All right, let's get this over with.

"[The entire group enters the throne room. It is filled with Lannister guards. JOFFREY is seen sitting on the Iron Throne, with him are CERSEI and THE HOUND. Five members of the Kingsguard, led by BARRISTAN SELMY, are standing in front of the throne.]"

ROYAL STEWARD: All hail His Grace, Joffrey of Houses Baratheon and Lannister, the First of His Name, King of the Andals and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm.

"[The procession finally reaches the throne.]"

JOFFREY: I command the council to make all necessary arrangements for my coronation. I wish to be crowned within the fortnight. Today I shall accept oaths of fealty from my loyal councilors.

"[NED and CERSEI meet each others eyes for a brief moment.]"

NED: Ser Barristan, I believe no man here could ever question your honor.

"[NED hands a scroll to BARRISTAN.]"

BARRISTAN: "[to CERSEI]" King Robert's seal. Unbroken.

"[He opens the scroll.]"

BARRISTAN: "[reading, to CERSEI]" "Lord Eddard Stark is herein named Protector of the Realm, to rule as Regent until the heir come of age".

"[JOFFREY, confused, looks to his mother for an explanation.]"

CERSEI: May I see that letter, Ser Barristan?

"[BARRISTAN walks over and hands it to CERSEI. She glances at it.]"

CERSEI: "[condescending]" Protector of the Realm. Is this meant to be your shield, Lord Stark? A piece of paper?

"[CERSEI tears the letter to pieces.]"

BARRISTAN: "[startled]" Those were the King's words.

CERSEI: "[to BARRISTAN]" We have a "new" king now. "[to NED]" Lord Eddard, when we last spoke you offered me some counsel. Allow me to return the courtesy: bend the knee, My Lord. Bend the knee and swear loyalty to my son and we shall allow you to live out your days in the gray waste you call home.

NED: Your son has no claim to the throne.

"[CERSEI scoffs.]"

JOFFREY: "[incensed]" Liar!

CERSEI: You condemn yourself with your own mouth, Lord Stark. "[to BARRISTAN]" Ser Barristan, seize this traitor.

"[BARRISTAN looks confused, but nonetheless advances on NED. Several of NED's guards move in.]"

NED: Ser Barristan is a good man, a loyal man. Do him no harm.

"[BARRISTAN seemingly backs off.]"

CERSEI: You think he stands alone?

"[THE HOUND draws his sword.]"

JOFFREY: "[furious]" Kill him! Kill all of them, I command it!

"[The other Lannister guards draw their swords.]"

NED: "[to JANOS]" Commander! Take the Queen and her children into custody. Escort them back to the royal apartments and keep them there, under guard.

JANOS: Men of the Watch!

"[The Gold Cloaks all draw their swords and point their spears up at CERSEI and JOFFREY. BARRISTAN looks forlorn, but THE HOUND still looks ready to fight.]"

NED: "[to his men]" I want no bloodshed. "[to CERSEI]" Tell your men to lay down their swords. No one needs to die.

"[CERSEI briefly makes eye contact with JANOS.]"

JANOS: Now!

"[The Gold Cloaks suddenly start attacking and killing NED's guards. NED is shocked and realized he's been betrayed. NED starts to draw his sword, but LITTLEFINGER suddenly sweeps up behind him and puts a knife to his throat.]"

LITTLEFINGER: I did warn you "not" to trust me.

/ BLACKOUT /

[[Category:Transcripts]]

[[Category:King Deadpool the Awesome]]

[[Category:Articles by LordOfTheNeverThere]]

[[Category:Philanahembree]]

[[Category:TinyCarlos]]