

"[Episode opens with KHAL DROGO's khalasar travelling through a field. DAENERYS and JORAH are shown on horseback. DAENERYS is apart from the main procession. JORAH goes over to her.]"

JORAH: You need to drink, child. And eat.

"[JORAH hands DAENERYS a piece of horse jerky.]"

DAENERYS: Isn't there anything else?

JORAH: The Dothraki have two things in abundance: grass and horses. People can't live on grass.

"[Pause while DAENERYS eats the jerky]".

JORAH: In the Shadow Lands beyond Asshai, they say there are fields of ghost grass with stalks as pale as milk that glow in the night. It murders all other grass. The Dothraki believe that one day it will cover everything. That's the way the world will end.

"[Pause while DAENERYS looks uneasily at DROGO. JORAH looks from DROGO to her.]"

JORAH: It'll get easier.

"[DAENERYS looks unconvinced as they both rejoin the khalasar and resume riding.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Dothraki camp, where various Dothraki are tending to various tasks. JORAH, along with DOREAH and IRRI - two of DAENERYS' new handmaidens - help DAENERYS off her horse and escort her to a nearby tent. VISERYS walks up to JORAH.]"

JORAH: We're still not far from Pentos, Your Grace. Magister Illyrio has extended his hospitality. You'd be more comfortable there.

VISERYS: I have no interest in hospitality or comfort. I'll stay with Drogo until he fulfils his end of the bargain and I have my crown.

JORAH: As you wish, Your Grace.

VISERYS: Well, Mormont, as brutish as this life is, I suppose it is preferable to beheading. What did Ned Stark want you for? Buying from a slaver?

JORAH: "Selling" to one...some poachers I caught on my land.

"[Brief pause. VISERYS grins.]"

VISERYS: Under my reign, you won't be punished for such nonsense. You can rest assured of that.

"[Scene shifts to the kennels of Winterfell, where we hear the dogs howling mournfully. TYRION is shown asleep in one of the kennels, but is suddenly woken up by the howling of the dogs. JOFFREY and THE HOUND are shown watching him.]"

JOFFREY: Better looking bitches than you're used to, Uncle.

"[TYRION slowly staggers up.]"

JOFFREY: My mother's been looking for you. We ride for King's Landing today.

TYRION: Before you go, you will call on Lord and Lady Stark and offer your sympathies.

"[TYRION walks out of the kennel and stands by JOFFREY.]"

JOFFREY: What good will my sympathies do them?

TYRION: None. But it "is" expected of you. Your absence has already been noted.

JOFFREY: The boy means nothing to me. "[to THE HOUND]" And I can't stand the wailing of women.

"[TYRION slaps JOFFREY.]"

TYRION: One word and I'll hit you again.

JOFFREY: I'm telling Mother!

"[TYRION slaps JOFFREY again.]"

TYRION: Go! Tell her. But first you will get to Lord and Lady Stark, and you will fall on your knees in front of them and tell them how very sorry you are, that you are at their service, and that all your prayers are with them. Do you understand?

JOFFREY: You can't - !

"[TYRION slaps JOFFREY a third time.]"

TYRION: "Do you understand?"

"[JOFFREY leaves.]"

THE HOUND: The Prince will remember that, little lord.

TYRION: I hope so. If he forgets, be a good dog and remind him. Time for breakfast...

"[Scene shifts to the dining hall. TYRION is shown entering.]"

TYRION: "[to various servants]" Bread. And two of those little fish. And a mug of dark beer to wash it down. And bacon, burnt black.

"[TYRION picks up TOMMEN and sits him down, joining JAIME, CERSEI, MYRCELLA, and ROBERT at the table.]"

JAIME: Little brother.

TYRION: Beloved siblings. "[to ROBERT]" Robert.

ROBERT LANNISTER: Good morning, cousin.

"[CERSEI looks at TYRION with a bored expression. TYRION begins eating.]"

MYRCELLA: Is Bran going to die?

TYRION: Apparently not.

"[MYRCELLA looks relieved.]"

CERSEI: What do you mean?

TYRION: The Maester says the boy may live.

"[Pause while JAIME and CERSEI exchange a look of warning.]"

CERSEI: It's no mercy, letting a child linger in such pain.

TYRION: Only the Gods know for certain. All the rest of us can do is pray. "[to CERSEI]" The charms of the North seem entirely lost on you.

CERSEI: I still can't believe you're going. It's ridiculous even for you.

TYRION: Where's your sense of wonder? The greatest structure ever built, the intrepid men of the Night's Watch, "[jokingly, to TOMMEN]" the wintry abode of the White Walkers.

"[TOMMEN giggles.]"

ROBERT LANNISTER: I'd love to see the Wall someday myself.

"[TYRION grins.]"

TYRION: See, Robert has the right idea!

"[ROBERT grins sheepishly.]"

JAIME: Tell me you're not thinking of taking the black.

TYRION: And go "celibate"? The whores would go begging from Dorne to Casterly Rock.

"[JAIME looks amused.]"

TYRION: No, I just want to stand on top of the Wall and piss off the edge of the world.

"[JAIME and TOMMEN giggle.]"

CERSEI: The children don't need to hear your filth.

"[TYRION grins at MYRCELLA, who grins back.]"

CERSEI: "[to MYRCELLA]" Come.

"[CERSEI leaves the table. TOMMEN and MYRCELLA follow.]"

JAIME: Even if the boy lives, he'll be a cripple, a grotesque. Give me a good clean death any day.

TYRION: Speaking for the grotesques, I'd have to disagree. Death is so final, whereas life....life is full of possibilities. I hope the boy does wake. I'd be very interested to hear what he has to say.

JAIME: My dear brother, there are times you make me wonder whose side you're on.

TYRION: "My" dear brother, you wound me. You know how much I love my family.

"[A servant brings TYRION a mug of beer while he keeps eating. ROBERT glances at JAIME questioningly, but JAIME gives him a piercing look. Taking the hint, ROBERT returns to his food.]"

"[The scene shifts to BRAN's chambers, where we see BRAN in bed, unconscious. CATELYN is by BRAN's bedside, working on a prayer wreath. It is evident that CATELYN has been there for a while, as she looks tired and her hair appears to be slightly unkempt. CERSEI suddenly enters. CATELYN looks up when she hears CERSEI enter, and hastily gets up to bow.]"

CERSEI: Please...

CATELYN: I would have dressed, Your Grace....

CERSEI: This is your home. I'm your guest.

"[She shifts her gaze to BRAN.]"

CERSEI: Handsome one, isn't he? I lost my first boy, a little black-haired beauty. He was a fighter too...tried to beat the fever that took him.

"[Brief pause. CERSEI looks away.]"

CERSEI: Forgive me. It's the last thing you need to hear right now.

CATELYN: I never knew.

CERSEI: It was years ago. Robert was crazed, beat his hands bloody on the wall. All the things men do to show you how much they care. The boy looked just like him. Such a little thing...a bird without feathers. They came to take his body away and Robert held me. I screamed and I battled, but he held me. That little bundle. They took him away and I never saw him again. Never have visited the crypt, never.

"[Long pause while CERSEI stares at BRAN. She appears on the verge of tears.]"

CERSEI: I pray to the Mother every morning and night that she return your child to you.

CATELYN: I am grateful...

CERSEI: Perhaps this time she'll listen.

"[CERSEI leaves. CATELYN stares after her, then goes to caress BRAN's face, then grabs his hand.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Winterfell blacksmith. MIKKEN is making a sword for JON. JAIME walks by and walks up to JON.]"

JAIME: A sword for the Wall?

JON: I already have one.

JAIME: Good man. Have you swung it yet?

JON: Of course I have.

JAIME: At "someone", I mean.

"[Long pause while JON and JAIME stare at each other.]"

JAIME: It's a strange thing, the first time you cut a man. You realize we're nothing but sacks of meat and blood and some bone to keep it all standing.

"[JAIME shakes JON's hand.]"

JAIME: "[in a condescending tone]" Let me thank you ahead of time for guarding us all from the perils beyond the Wall....wildlings and White Walkers and whatnot. We're grateful to have good, strong men like you protecting us.

"[JAIME starts to leave.]"

JON: We've guarded the Kingdoms for 8 000 years.

"[JAIME turns back around.]"

JAIME: Is it "we" already? Have you taken your vows then?

JON: Soon enough.

JAIME: "[again sarcastic]" Give my regards to the Night's Watch. I'm sure it will be thrilling to serve in such an elite force. And if not....it's only for life.

"[JAIME walks away, while JON stares after him, looking a bit annoyed. KORMED GRAYBURN walks up to JON.]"

KORMED: Ignore him, Snow.

JON: Ser Kormed.

KORMED: The Kingslayer probably thinks being a damn Lannister alone makes him more important a brother of the Night's Watch. Don't let him piss all over you.

JON: He doesn't bother me.

KORMED: Good. Because it "is" a great honor being a member of the Night's Watch, no matter what anyone else says. Did you know that I have an ancestor who once served as Lord Commander?

JON: Really?

KORMED: It's true. "[pause]" My son Konrad decided to take the black himself about a month back. Once you get to Castle Black, if you run into him up there, say hello to him for me.

JON: I will.

"[Pause. KORMED grins.]"

KORMED: You'll do well up there, Snow.

"[KORMED claps JON on the shoulder before walking away. JON turns back to MIKKEN, who has finished the sword. JON looks it over briefly. At that moment, ASHTER comes over from nearby.]"

ASHTER: That sword is a bit skinny for the Wall, Jon.

JON: It's not for me. It's a present for Arya.

"[ASHTER chuckles.]"

ASHTER: I bet she'll love it.

"[Brief pause.]"

ASHTER: I don't understand. Why the Wall?

JON: I have no place here. I wish to join the Night's Watch.

ASHTER: Of course you have a place here. You're family, despite what Mother might say. Robb, Bran, Sansa, Arya, Rickon, Father - we "all " want you here. It may not seem that way to you, but it's the truth.

"[JON smiles in appreciation.]"

JON: I appreciate it, Stark.

"[ASHTER places a hand on JON's shoulder.]"

ASHTER: Don't call me Stark. I'm your brother. Because that's what you are—you're my brother, and I'm yours.

"[JON raises an eyebrow and looks like he's about to laugh. ASHTER has a look of comprehension and laughs himself.]"

ASHTER: Okay, that kinda sounded like 'I am yours and you are mine'. Trust me, that's not what I meant.

JON: "[amused]" It's okay. I know what you meant. "[pause]" Thank you, brother. You've always made me feel like a Stark.

ASHTER: I don't want you to "feel" like one, I want you to know that you "are" one. I don't care if your name is Snow, you're a Stark to me, and we share the same father. Even though I'm way more attractive than you, we look too much alike to not be brothers.

"[They both laugh.]"

JON: I'm going to miss you.

ASHTER: I'm going to miss you too. Come here.

"[They hug and pat each others backs.]"

ASHTER: I hope we see each other again soon. Maybe you can give me the grand tour of Castle Black and the Wall.

JON: I hope so too.

"[Scene cuts to ARYA's chambers, where she is packing things for her trip to King's Landing, having her direwolf NYMERIA assist her. NYMERIA picks up some clothes in her mouth and brings them to ARYA.]"

ARYA: Thank you, Nymeria.

"[JON enters.]"

ARYA: "[annoyed]" Septa Mordane says I have to do it again. My things weren't properly folded, she says. Who "cares" how they're folded? They're going to get all messed up anyway.

JON: "[looks at NYMERIA]" It's good you've got help.

ARYA: Watch. "[to NYMERIA]" Nymeria, gloves.

"[NYMERIA just stands there. Both ARYA and JON wait expectantly.]"

JON: "[sarcastic]" Impressive.

ARYA: Shut up. "[to NYMERIA]" Nymeria, gloves!

"[NYMERIA again doesn't move.]"

JON: I have something for you. And it has to be packed "very" carefully.

ARYA: A present?

JON: Close the door.

"[ARYA goes over to close the door. JON takes out the sword that MIKKEN made earlier and shows it to ARYA.]"

JON: This is no toy.

"[He unsheathes the sword and hands it to ARYA.]"

JON: Be careful you don't cut yourself.

ARYA: It's so skinny.

JON: So are you. I had the blacksmith make it for you special. It won't hack a man's head off, but it can poke him full of holes if you're quick enough.

ARYA: I can be quick.

JON: You'll have to work at it every day.

"[Brief pause as ARYA admirably looks over the sword.]"

JON: How does it feel? Do you like the balance?

ARYA: I think so.

JON: First lesson: stick 'em with the pointy end.

ARYA: I know which end to use.

"[JON smiles.]"

JON: I'm going to miss you.

"[ARYA goes to hug JON, not realizing she still has the sword in her hand.]"

JON: Careful...

"[ARYA puts the sword down, then leaps into JON's arms and hugs him.]"

JON: All the best swords have names, you know.

ARYA: Sansa can keep "her" sewing needles. "I've" got a needle of my own.

"[Scene shifts back to BRANS's chambers, where CATELYN is still at his bedside. JON enters. CATELYN looks at him dismissively.]"

JON: I came to say goodbye to Bran.

CATELYN: "[not looking at him]" You've said it.

"[JON walks over to the other side of BRAN's bed. BRAN is still comatose.]"

JON: "[to BRAN]" I wish I could be here when you wake up. I'm going north with Uncle Benjen. I'm taking the black. I know we always talked about seeing the Wall together, but you'll be able to come visit me at Castle Black when you're better. I'll know my way around by then. I'll be a sworn brother of the Night's Watch. We can go out walking beyond the Wall, if you're not afraid.

"[JON glances at CATELYN. She is now crying and looks back at him hatefully. In the background we see NED entering.]"

CATELYN: "[to JON, tersely]" I want you to leave.

"[JON looks between NED and CATELYN with a mournful look on his face, then kisses BRAN on the forehead and leaves. NED closes the door behind him and goes over to sit next to CATELYN.]"

CATELYN: "[tearfully]" 17 years ago you rode off with Robert Baratheon. You came back a year later with another woman's son. And now you're leaving again.

NED: I have no choice.

CATELYN: That's what men "always" say when honor calls. That's what you tell your families, tell yourselves.

"[She turns to look at him.]"

CATELYN: You "do" have a choice. And you've made it.

NED: Cat -

CATELYN: I can't do it, Ned. I really can't.

NED: You can. You "must."

"[NED exits. CATELYN looks after him and continues crying.]"

"[In the courtyard, JON is shown carrying a saddle from the stables to his horse. Both ROBB and RODRIK walk up and accompany him.]"

ROBB: You've said goodbye to Bran? He's not going to die. I know it.

JON: You Starks are hard to kill.

RODRIK: Maester Luwin says he'll live. And I trust him.

"[JON glances at RODRIK.]"

JON: So, Rodrik...is it true you're staying in Winterfell? What about the Kingsguard, being a squire?

RODRIK: I can always do that at a future time. After what happened to Bran....it's important that the rest of us stick together.

"[ROBB smiles at RODRIK, then glances back at JON.]"

ROBB: What about my mother?

JON: She was very kind.

ROBB: Good.

"[JON fastens the saddle to his horse.]"

ROBB: Next time I see you, you'll be all in black.

JON: It was always my color.

RODRIK: I bet anything you'll be Lord Commander up there in no time!

"[Both JON and RODRIK laugh.]"

ROBB: Farewell, Snow.

JON: And you, Stark.

"[They embrace.]"

RODRIK: Bye, Jon. And good luck.

"[JON smiles at him.]"

JON: Thanks, Rodrik. You too.

"[They embrace too.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Kingsroad, not far from Winterfell. GARTH DRAGEN, Lucas DRAGEN, and ETHAN SNOW are once again shown riding with the king and his party. NED is shown conversing with GARTH.]"

GARTH: It was good seeing you again, Ned. Now I need to get back to Snake Mount. You watch yourself in King's Landing, alright?

NED: I'll try to, Garth. Try and stay warm at Snake Mount, eh? And give Alise my regards.

"[They both laugh. Behind NED and GARTH, JON and ETHAN are conversing.]"

ETHAN: So, you're taking the black?

JON: I am.

ETHAN: That's admirable. There aren't a lot of people who willingly join the Night's Watch these days. Most people say it's now nothing but a den of thieves and criminals.

JON: I don't have anywhere else to go. There's no place for a bastard in Winterfell.

ETHAN: Well, from one bastard to another....I can sympathize with you. "[pause]" Well, if you feel that the Wall is where you belong, I wish the best of luck to you.

"[JON smiles.]"

JON: Thank you, Ser Ethan.

"[ETHAN nods and rides ahead. The party reaches the split between the Kingsroad and the road that will take BENJEN, JON and TYRION to the Wall. NED rides up next to JON.]"

NED: There's great honor serving in the Night's Watch. The Starks have manned the Wall for thousands of years. And you "are" a Stark. You might not have my name, but you have my blood.

"[Nearby, we see BENJEN has ridden ahead. He briefly stops and looks back, where he sees NED and JON talking.]"

JON: Is my mother alive? Does she know about me? Where I am, where I'm going? Does she care?

"[At this, GARTH is shown staring intently at both NED and JON. NED briefly makes eye contact with him before turning back to JON.]"

NED: The next time we see each other, we'll talk about your mother. I promise.

"[NED rides off to rejoin the king's party on the Kingsroad. JON stares after him before turning around and riding for the Wall. Lucas, GARTH, and ETHAN remain. Both Lucas and ETHAN are staring after NED; however, GARTH is shown staring after JON.]"

Lucas: Father, do you think Lord Stark will be able to handle himself in King's Landing?

"[GARTH looks at Lucas, then looks after NED.]"

GARTH: He's one of the toughest men I know....but in King's Landing, simply being tough may not be enough. We can only hope.

"[GARTH is clearly concerned about NED. Lucas, however, appears amused. Both GARTH and ETHAN notice this and look disturbed.]"

GARTH: Come on, we need to get back.

"[GARTH turns around and gallops off towards Snake Mount. Lucas and ETHAN follow him.]"

"[The king's party have stopped along the Kingsroad. ROBERT has set up a table full of food and drink. NED is already sitting and waiting for him as ROBERT goes to sit down.]"

ROBERT: Gods, this is country! I've half a mind to leave them all behind and keep going.

NED: I've half a mind to go with you.

ROBERT: What do you say, just you and me on the Kingsroad, swords at our sides, a couple of tavern wenches to warm our beds tonight?

NED: You should have asked me 20 years ago.

ROBERT: There were wars to fight, women to marry....we never had the chance to be young.

NED: I recall a few chances.

"[They both laugh.]"

ROBERT: There was that one....oh, what was her name? That common girl of yours? Becca? With the great big tits you could bury your face in.

NED: Bessie. She was one of "yours".

ROBERT: Bessie! Thank the gods for Bessie. "And" her tits.

"[They both laugh again.]"

ROBERT: Yours was....Aleena? No. You told me once. Uh, Meryl? Your bastard's mother.

"[NED looks away, ashamed.]"

NED:....Wylla.

ROBERT: That's it. She must have been a rare wench to make Lord Eddard Stark forget his honor. You never told me what she looked like.

NED: "[still looking away]" Nor will I.

ROBERT: "[with an comforting tone]" We were at war. None of us knew if we were gonna go back home again. You're too hard on yourself. You always have been. I swear if I weren't your king, you'd have hit me already.

NED: The worst thing about your coronation....I'll never get to hit you again.

ROBERT: Trust me, that's not the worst thing.

"[He hands NED a letter.]"

ROBERT: There was a rider in the night.

"[NED reads the letter.]"

NED: Daenerys Targaryen has wed some Dothraki horselord. What of it? Should we send her a wedding gift?

ROBERT: A knife, perhaps. A good sharp one, and a bold man to wield it.

NED: She's little more than a child.

ROBERT: Soon enough that child will spread her legs and start breeding.

NED: Tell me we're not speaking of this.

ROBERT: Oh, it's "unspeakable" to you? What her father did to your family...."that" was unspeakable. What Rhaegar Targaryen did to your sister....the woman I loved. I'll kill every Targaryen I get my hands on.

NED: But you can't get your hands on this one, can you?

ROBERT: This Khal Drogo, it's said he has 100,000 men in his horde.

NED: Even a million Dothraki are no threat to the realm, as long as they remain on the other side of the Narrow Sea. They have no "ships", Robert!

ROBERT: There are still those in the Seven Kingdoms who call me Usurper. If the Targaryen boy crosses with a Dothraki horde at his back, the scum will join him.

NED: He will not cross! And if by chance he does, we'll throw him back into the sea.

"[Tense pause.]"

ROBERT: There's a war coming, Ned. I don't know when, I don't know who we'll be fighting, but it's coming.

"[Shift back to the Dothraki camp across the Narrow Sea. DROGO is seen sitting and talking with several other Dothraki around a campfire. After a bit he leaves to go inside his tent.]"

"[Inside the tent, DROGO and DAENERYS are having sex, which she is clearly not enjoying. Her gaze is fixed on her dragon eggs throughout the entire ordeal.]"

"[Back in Westeros, BENJEN's party have made a brief stop en route to the Wall. Both JON and TYRION are sitting by a campfire, where TYRION is reading. BENJEN enters with several new recruits, one of whom is a rapist named RAST, whose hands are bound.]"

BENJEN: Sit. You'll be fed. "[to a fellow black brother]" Untie them.

"[The black brother does so, starting with RAST.]"

TYRION: Ah, rapers. They were given a choice, no doubt: castration or the Wall. Most choose the knife.

"[JON looks uneasy.]"

TYRION: Not impressed by your new brothers? Lovely thing about the Watch....you discard your old family and get a whole new one.

"[Pause while he resumes reading. JON still looks uneasy.]"

JON: Why do you read so much?

TYRION: "[not looking at JON]" Look at me and tell me what you see.

JON: Is this a trick?

TYRION: What you see is a dwarf. If I'd been born a peasant, they might've left me out in the woods to die. Alas, I was born a Lannister of Casterly Rock. Things are expected of me. My father was the Hand of the King for 20 years.

JON: Until your brother killed that king.

"[TYRION looks up, a sardonic look on his face.]"

TYRION: Yes, until my brother killed him. Life is full of these little ironies. My sister married the new king and my repulsive nephew will be king after him. I must do my part for the honor of my house, wouldn't you agree? But how? Well, my brother has his sword, and I have my mind. And a mind needs books like a sword needs a whetstone. That's why I read so much, Jon Snow. And you? What's your story, bastard?

JON: Ask me nicely and maybe I'll tell you, dwarf.

"[TYRION laughs to himself.]"

TYRION: "[with a hint of sarcasm]" A bastard boy with nothing to inherit, off to join the ancient order of the Night's Watch, alongside his valiant brothers-in-arms.

JON: The Night's Watch protects the realm from -

TYRION: "[still sarcastic]" Yes, yes, against grumpkins and snarks and all the other monsters your wet nurse warned you about. You're a smart boy. You don't believe that nonsense...?

"[JON looks annoyed and glances at RAST and the other recruits. TYRION hands JON a skin of wine.]"

TYRION: Everything's better with some wine in the belly.

"[JON takes a long swig from the skin. TYRION resumes reading.]"

"[Scene shifts back to Winterfell, BRAN's chambers. CATELYN is still by his bedside. MAESTER LUWIN enters and gently pats BRAN on the head.]"

LUWIN: It's time we reviewed the accounts, my lady. You'll want to know how much this royal visit has cost us.

CATELYN: Talk to Poole about it.

LUWIN: Poole went south with Lord Stark, my lady. We need a new steward, and there are several other appointments that require our immediate attention -

"[CATELYN interrupts LUWIN.]"

CATELYN: I don't "care" about appointments!

"[ROBB enters the room.]"

ROBB: "I'll" make the appointments. We'll talk about it first thing in the morning.

LUWIN: Very good, My Lord. My Lady.

"[LUWIN exits. ROBB opens the window in the room. We hear the dogs barking and howling in the distance.]"

ROBB: When was the last time you left this room?

CATELYN: I have to take care of him.

ROBB: He's not going to die, Mother. Maester Luwin says the most dangerous time has passed.

CATELYN: What if he's wrong? Bran needs me.

ROBB: "Rickon" needs you. He's six. He doesn't know what's happening. He follows me around all day, clutching my leg, crying...

CATELYN: "[hysterical]" Close the windows! I can't stand it! Please make them stop!

"[ROBB starts to close the window, but suddenly the howling intensifies. ROBB seemingly notices something outside.]"

ROBB: Fire. You stay here. I'll come back.

"[ROBB runs out of the room. CATELYN gets up and goes to look out of the window. There is indeed a fire in the courtyard; various voices are heard coming from there. CATELYN is visibly distressed when she sees this. When she turns around, a mysterious MAN wearing a hood is standing there.]"

MAN: You're not supposed to be here. No one is supposed to be here.

"[He looks at BRAN.]"

MAN: It's a mercy. He's dead already.

"[He pulls out a knife, and CATELYN realizes he is an assassin.]"

CATELYN: No!

"[She goes over to fend him off, but he slaps her hard across the face. She gets back up and tries to tackle him; he tries to use his knife on her. She grabs the blade and, pushes him against the wall, cutting her hands in the process. She bites his hand, making him scream out in pain. The ASSASSIN throws her to the ground and starts on BRAN. However, SUMMER, BRAN's direwolf, charges at him and promptly rips his throat out. CATELYN can do nothing but watch. Afterwards, SUMMER jumps up on the bed and curls up next to BRAN in a protective manner. CATELYN looks from the corpse of the ASSASSIN to BRAN, visibly shaken by the whole ordeal.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Dothraki camp across the Narrow Sea, where the Dothraki are busy tending to various tasks. DOREAH, IRRI, and another handmaiden named JHIQUI are tending to DAENERYS inside her tent.]"

DAENERYS: "[to IRRI]" Have you ever seen a dragon?

IRRI: Dragon gone, Khaleesi.

DAENERYS: Everywhere? Even in the East?

IRRI: No dragon. Brave men kill them. It is known.

JHIQUI: It is known.

DOREAH: A trader from Qarth told me that dragons come from the moon.

DAENERYS: "[intrigued]" The moon?

DOREAH: He told me the moon was an egg, Khaleesi, that once there were two moons in the sky. But one wandered too close to the sun and it cracked from the heat. Out of it poured a thousand, thousand dragons and they drank the sun's fire.

"[IRRI giggles.]"

IRRI: Moon is no egg. Moon is goddess - wife of sun. It is known.

JHIQUI: It is known.

"[Pause. DAENERYS looks thoughtful.]"

DAENERYS: Leave me with her.

"[IRRI and JHIQUI leave.]"

DAENERYS: Why did the trader from Qarth tell you these stories?

DOREAH: Men like to talk when they're happy. Before your brother bought me for you, it was my job to make men happy.

DAENERYS: How old were you?

DOREAH: I was nine when my mother sold me to the pleasure house.

DAENERYS: Nine?!

"[DOREAH laughs softly.]"

DOREAH: I did not touch a man for three years, Khaleesi. First, you must learn.

"[DAENERYS thinks for a moment.]"

DAENERYS: Can you teach me how to make the Khal happy?

DOREAH: Yes.

DAENERYS: Will it take three years?

DOREAH: No.

"[Shift back to Westeros. JON, BENJEN, TYRION, and company have arrived at Castle Black. They all admire the Wall from afar.]"

BENJEN: "[to JON]" Welcome.

"[JON is particularly awed by the Wall.]"

"[Back in Winterfell, CATELYN is seen walking determinedly through the courtyard, next seen arriving at the tower BRAN fell from. There is a quick cut to the chamber at the top of the tower, where CATELYN is looking out of the same window. She looks around the chamber and spots something on the floor. She picks it up, and it is revealed to be a strand of blonde hair.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Godswood, where CATELYN holds council with ROBB, ASHTER, RODRIK, THEON GREYJOY, SER RODRIK CASSEL, ARCHSEPTON REDMOND and MAESTER LUWIN.]"

CATELYN: What I am about to tell you must remain between us: I don't think Bran fell from that tower. I think he was thrown.

ASHTER: Mother, what makes you say that?

LUWIN: "[to SER RODRIK]" The boy was always sure-footed before.

CATELYN: Someone tried to kill him twice. Why? Why murder an innocent child? Unless he saw something he wasn't meant to see.

THEON: Saw what, my lady?

RODRIK: That's what "I" want to know! For goodness sake, he's "ten"! You must be doing something really bad if you're willing to murder an innocent child just to cover it up!

CATELYN: I don't know. But I would stake my life the Lannisters are involved. We already have reason to suspect their loyalty to the crown.

ASHTER: Makes sense, I suppose.

REDMOND: It is all rather suspicious, Bran's fall, plus the arrival of this assassin all happening after you received that letter from your sister saying the Lannisters were responsible for Jon Arryn's death. Could they have somehow found out about that, my lady? If they did, these two attempts on Bran's life could be a warning from them. 'Don't meddle in our affairs, because this is what happens if you do.' An angry lion will only give so many warnings before it attacks.

CATELYN: "[hysterical]" My son has almost been killed twice, Archsepton! If they try a third time, I will bring the full might of both Houses Stark "and" Tully crashing down upon Casterly Rock!

"[Pause while everyone looks shocked. CATELYN calms down.]"

CATELYN: Forgive me, Archsepton.

REDMOND: There's nothing to forgive, my lady. You deserve justice. "Bran" deserves justice. And if the Lannisters are indeed responsible, they must answer for their crimes.

SER RODRIK: Did you notice the dagger the killer used? It's too fine a weapon for such a man.

"[He unsheathes the knife.]"

SER RODRIK: The blade is Valyrian steel, the handle dragonbone. Someone gave it to him.

RODRIK: It has to be the Lannisters then! They're the only ones who could afford such a fancy weapon....

ROBB: They come into our home and try to murder my brother? If it's war they want -

"[THEON interrupts.]"

THEON: If it comes to that, you know I'll stand behind you.

ASHTER: "[sarcastic]" Oh, now I am just relieved. Theon Greyjoy on our side. Surely we'll overcome any obstacle in our way now.

"[RODRIK chuckles at this.]"

THEON: "[annoyed, to ASHTER]" Fuck off....

LUWIN: "[to ROBB and THEON]" What, is there going to be a battle in the Godswood? Huh? Too easily words of war become acts of war. We don't know the truth yet. "[to CATELYN]" Lord Stark must be told of this.

CATELYN: I don't trust a raven to carry these words.

ROBB: I'll ride to King's Landing.

ASHTER: No, I will.

CATELYN: No. Neither of you will go. There must always be a Stark in Winterfell, and Robb needs you, Ashter. I will go myself.

ASHTER: Why does Robb need me? He can handle things by himself. Or are you saying that he can't? "[to ROBB]" You hear that, brother?

"[He laughs. ROBB raises an eyebrow; it is clear he knows ASHTER is kidding.]"

CATELYN: It's not like that. Just listen to what I say, Ashter.

ASHTER: I'm kidding, Mother. I know Robb can take care of himself.

ROBB: Mother, you can't.

CATELYN: I "must".

"[Pause. ROBB is still looking at his mother, clearly not happy with her leaving.]"

SER RODRIK: I'll send Hal with a squad of guardsmen to escort you.

CATELYN: Too large a party attracts unwanted attention. I don't want the Lannisters to know I'm coming.

SER RODRIK: Let me accompany you at least. The Kingsroad can be a dangerous place for a woman alone.

"[CATELYN looks at LUWIN, who nods.]"

ROBB: What about Bran?

CATELYN: I have prayed to the Seven for more than a month. Bran's life is in their hands now.

"[Shift to BRAN's chambers, where CATELYN hangs her now finished prayer wreath above his bed. She then kisses his forehead one last time and leaves.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Dothraki camp, DAENERYS' tent. DOREAH is teaching her how to better please DROGO. She is straddling her, while DAENERYS is laying on her back and is looking sideways.]"

DOREAH: No, Khaleesi. You must look in his eyes always.

"[She adjusts DAENERYS' face so they are looking at each other.]"

DOREAH: Love comes in at the eyes. It is said that Irogonia of Lys could finish a man with nothing but her eyes.

"[She grabs DAENERYS' hands.]"

DAENERYS: "Finish" a man?

"[DOREAH gives DAENERYS a look that clearly says 'You know what I mean.']"

DAENERYS:.....Oh.

DOREAH: Kings traveled across the world for a night with Irogonia. Magisters sold their palaces. Khals burned her enemies just to have her for a few hours. They say a thousand men proposed to her and she refused them all.

DAENERYS: Well, she sounds like an interesting woman.

"[Brief pause as DOREAH leans in close to her.]"

DAENERYS: "[nervously]" I don't think that Drogo will like it with me on top.

DOREAH: You will make him like it, Khaleesi. Men want what they've never had. And the Dothraki take slaves like a hound takes a bitch. Are you a slave, Khaleesi?

"[DAENERYS timidly shakes her head. DOREAH places her hands on her hips and grinds softly against her.]"

DOREAH: Then don't make love like a slave.

"[DAENERYS lets her continue for a few moments before suddenly flipping her around and putting her on her back so she is now on top. DOREAH laughs.]"

DOREAH: Very good, Khaleesi! Out there he is the mighty Khal, but in this tent, he belongs to you.

DAENERYS: I - I don't think that this is the Dothraki way.

DOREAH: If he wanted the Dothraki way, why did he marry you?

"[Later that night, in the same tent. DAENERYS is in bed staring at her dragon eggs. DROGO suddenly comes in, completely naked, and starts to bend her over like usual, but this time, she resists.]"

DAENERYS: No.

"[DROGO, looking annoyed, forcibly tries to bend her over.]"

DAENERYS: No!

"[DROGO now looks angry and looks as though he is about to strike her, but DAENERYS grabs his arm before he can.]"

DAENERYS: "[in Dothraki]" Tonight, I would look upon your face.

"[A tense pause. DROGO looks unsure, but relents and lets DAENERYS lay him on his back. DAENERYS climbs on top of him and begins riding him slowly. Slowly but surely, DROGO gets into it. As it progresses, they get more passionate.]"

"[Scene shifts to the Riverlands, where the king's party have stopped at the Crossroads Inn for the day. SANSA is walking her direwolf, LADY, when she suddenly bumps into the royal executioner, SER ILYN PAYNE.]"

SANSA: Pardon me, Ser.

"[ILYN just stares back. THE HOUND suddenly comes up behind SANSA.]"

THE HOUND: Do I frighten you so much, girl? Or is it him there making you shake?

"[ILYN continues to just stare, looking from SANSA to THE HOUND.]"

THE HOUND: He frightens me too. Look at that face.

SANSA: "[to ILYN]" I'm sorry if I offended you, Ser.

"[ILYN remains silent, but glares menacingly at THE HOUND as he walks away.]"

SANSA: Why won't he speak to me?

THE HOUND: He hasn't been very talkative these last 20 years. Since the Mad King had his tongue ripped out with hot pincers.

"[JOFFREY walks up to them.]"

JOFFREY: He speaks damn well with his sword though. Ser Ilyn Payne, the King's Justice.

"[SANSA looks confused.]"

JOFFREY: The royal executioner.

"[SANSA still looks a bit timid.]"

JOFFREY: What is it, sweet lady? Does the Hound frighten you? "[to THE HOUND]" Away with you, Dog. You're scaring my lady.

"[THE HOUND bows and walks away.]"

JOFFREY: I don't like to see you upset. The sun is finally shining. Come walk with me.

SANSA: "[to LADY]" Stay, Lady.

"[JOFFREY and SANSA walk off while LADY remains.]"

"[Shift to a nearby river bank, where ARYA and a butcher's boy named MYCAH are having a pretend swordfight with a couple of sticks. JOFFREY and SANSA enter. JOFFREY is drinking wine from a skin, and offers it to SANSA.]"

SANSA: I probably shouldn't have any more. Father only lets us have one cup at feasts.

JOFFREY: My princess can drink as much as she wants.

"[SANSA takes the skin and drinks. They both hear ARYA and MYCAH, but don't see them. SANSA looks nervous.]"

JOFFREY: Don't worry, You're safe with me.

MYCAH: I'll get you!

"[MYCAH chases ARYA and they resume their swordfight. SANSA and JOFFREY enter.]"

SANSA: Arya!

"[ARYA looks over at SANSA. MYCAH accidently hits her.]"

ARYA: "[to MYCAH]" Ow! "[to SANSA]" What are you doing here? Go away.

JOFFREY: Your sister?

"[JOFFREY walks over to MYCAH.]"

JOFFREY: And who are you, boy?

MYCAH: Mycah, my lord.

SANSA: He's the butcher's boy.

ARYA: He's my friend.

JOFFREY: A butcher's boy who wants to be a knight, eh?

"[MYCAH looks nervously at JOFFREY. JOFFREY unsheathes his sword.]"

JOFFREY: Pick up your sword, butcher's boy. Let's see how good you are.

MYCAH: She asked me to, my Lord. She asked me to.

JOFFREY: I'm your "prince", not your "lord", and I said pick up your sword.

MYCAH: It's not a sword, my prince. It's only a stick.

JOFFREY: And "you're" not a knight. Only a butcher's boy.

"[He puts the blade of his sword against MYCAH's cheek.]"

JOFFREY: That was my lady's sister you were hitting, do you know that?

ARYA: Stop it!

SANSA: Arya, stay out of this.

JOFFREY: I won't hurt him. Much.

"[JOFFREY has a sinister grin on his face as he slowly cuts MYCAH's cheek. Both SANSA and ARYA look at him nervously, and MYCAH whimpers. Suddenly, ARYA, having had enough, hits JOFFREY in the back with her stick.]"

SANSA: Arya!

"[MYCAH runs away.]"

JOFFREY: Filthy little bitch!

"[JOFFREY begins angrily chasing ARYA with his sword; she frantically dodges out of his way.]"

SANSA: No, no! Stop it, stop it both of you! You're spoiling it, you're spoiling EVERYTHING!

"[JOFFREY manages to knock ARYA down and points his sword at her.]"

JOFFREY: I'll GUT you, you little cunt!

"[NYMERIA suddenly darts out and pounces on JOFFREY, biting his wrist.]"

ARYA: Nymeria!

SANSA: Arya!

ARYA: Nymeria!

"[ARYA pulls NYMERIA off JOFFREY, then picks up JOFFREY's sword and points it at him. JOFFREY looks scared.]"

JOFFREY: "[whimpering]" No....no, please don't....

SANSA: Arya, leave him alone!

"[JOFFREY continues whimpering as ARYA keeps pointing his sword at him, looking angry herself. She then throws his sword in the river and then she and NYMERIA run off into the woods. SANSA rushes to JOFFREY's side.]"

SANSA: My prince, my poor prince, look what they did to you. Stay here, I'll go back to the inn and bring help.

JOFFREY: Then go! Don't touch me.

"[SANSA looks hurt.]"

"[Later in the woods, ARYA and NYMERIA are hiding from Lannister guards. ARYA hugs NYMERIA.]"

ARYA: You've got to go. They'll kill you for what you did to Joffrey. Go on. Run!

"[NYMERIA doesn't budge.]"

ARYA: "[urgently]" Go! Leave now!

"[ARYA notices that the soldiers are closer. NYMERIA wanders a few feet away but remains relatively close. ARYA throws a rock at her.]"

ARYA: Go!

"[NYMERIA finally runs off. ARYA sadly watches her go.]"

"[Later that night, ARYA is still hiding in the forest. NED and his men are personally looking for her.]"

NED: Arya? Arya? ARYA!

"[JORY and KORMED ride up.]"

JORY: My Lord! My Lord! They found her. She's unharmed.

KORMED: She was down by the river bank.

NED: Where is she?

JORY: She's been taken directly before the King.

NED: Who took her?

JORY: The Lannisters found her.

NED: Right, get back.

JORY: The Queen ordered them to bring her straight to him.

NED: "[to his men]" Back! Back to the inn! All back!

"[NED is shown returning to the inn. ARYA is standing in front of ROBERT, CERSEI, ROBERT LANNISTER, and JOFFREY, whose hand is now wrapped in gauze.]"

ARYA: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

NED: Are you hurt?

ARYA: No.

"[NED embraces her. JORY, KORMED and SER ILYN are looking on.]"

NED:: It's all right. "[to ROBERT]" What is the meaning of this? Why was my daughter not brought to me at once?

CERSEI: How dare you speak to your King in that manner?

ROBERT: "[to CERSEI]" Quiet, woman. "[to NED]" Sorry, Ned. I never meant to frighten the girl. But we need to get this business done quickly.

CERSEI: Your girl and that butcher's boy attacked my son. That animal of hers nearly tore his arm off.

ARYA: That's not true! She just....bit him a little. He was hurting Mycah.

CERSEI: Joff told us what happened. You and that boy beat him with clubs while you set your wolf on him.

ARYA: That's "not" what happened!

JOFFREY: Yes it is! They all attacked me and she threw my sword in the river.

ARYA: "[to JOFFREY]" Liar!

JOFFREY: Shut up!

ROBERT: Enough! "He" tells me one thing, "she" tells me another. Seven Hells! What am I to make of this? Where's your other daughter, Ned?

NED: In bed asleep.

CERSEI: She's not. Sansa, come here, darling.

"[SANSA enters from another room and joins NED and ARYA, looking nervous.]"

ROBERT: Now, child, tell me what happened. Tell it all and tell it true. It's a great crime to lie to a King.

"[SANSA looks at her father, then to JOFFREY.]"

SANSA: I don't know. I don't remember. Everything happened so fast. I didn't see.

ARYA: Liar!

"[ARYA begins attacking SANSA.]"

ARYA: Liar, liar, liar!

SANSA: Arya!

NED: Stop it! That's enough of that! Stop! Arya!

"[NED manages to pull ARYA off of SANSA. CERSEI smirks slightly.]"

CERSEI: "[maliciously]" She's as wild as that animal of hers. I want her punished.

ROBERT: "[annoyed]" What would you have me do, whip her through the streets? Damn it, children fight! It's over.

CERSEI: "[to ROBERT]" Joffrey will bear these scars for the rest of his life.

ROBERT: "[scornfully, to JOFFREY]" You let that little girl disarm you?

"[JOFFREY looks embarrassed.]"

ROBERT: Ned, see to it that your daughter is disciplined. I'll do the same with my son.

NED: Gladly, Your Grace.

"[Both NED and ROBERT start to leave.]"

CERSEI: And what of the direwolf? What of the beast that savaged your son?

"[Everyone looks at ROBERT expectantly. ROBERT looks exasperated.]"

ROBERT: I'd forgot the damned wolf.....

SOLDIER: We found no trace of the direwolf, Your Grace.

ROBERT: No? So be it.

"[ROBERT starts to leave again.]"

CERSEI: We have "another" wolf....

"[ROBERT turns to face CERSEI.]"

ROBERT: As you will.

"[ROBERT LANNISTER glances at CERSEI, looking shocked.]"

NED: You can't mean it.

ROBERT: A direwolf's no pet. Get her a dog. She'll be happier for it.

"[SANSA realizes what they're talking about.]"

SANSA: He doesn't mean Lady, does he? "[angrily, to CERSEI]" No, no, not Lady! Lady didn't bite anyone! She's "good"!

ARYA: Lady wasn't there! You leave her alone!

ROBERT LANNISTER: Cersei, you can't mean it! For goodness sake, the king was right; children fight! Joffrey's wounds will heal, and you can always make him a new sword! Sansa's direwolf didn't do "anything"; you have no good reason to "kill" her!

CERSEI: "[sharply]" Hold your tongue, cousin!

"[ROBERT LANNISTER backs off meekly. JOFFREY has a slight grin on his face. SANSA grabs NED's arm and tries to stop him.]"

SANSA: "[hysterical]" Stop them. Don't let them do it. Please! It wasn't Lady!

NED: "[to ROBERT]" Is this your command....Your Grace?

"[ROBERT briefly looks back at NED, then walks away with a definite air of finality.]"

CERSEI: Where is the beast?

SOLDIER: Chained up outside, your Grace.

CERSEI: Ser Ilyn, do me the honor.

"[ILYN starts to leave, but NED stops him.]"

NED: No. "[to JORY]" Jory, take the girls to their rooms. "[to CERSEI]" If it must be done, then I'll do it myself.

CERSEI: Is this some trick?

NED: The wolf is of the North. She deserves better than a butcher.

"[NED leaves. SANSA is crying and ARYA is glaring at JOFFREY. JORY goes over to embrace both of them. KORMED gives both JOFFREY and CERSEI a dirty look.]"

"[NED is seen outside. As he is approaching LADY, he sees THE HOUND walk by with the dead body of MYCAH slumped over his horse.]"

NED: "[shocked]" The butcher's boy....you rode him down?

THE HOUND: He ran. Not very fast....

"[NED stares after him, a solemn look on his face. He then approaches LADY and pulls out his knife. After waiting for a few moments, and with a pained look on his face, he puts LADY down.]"

"[In Wintefell, BRAN suddenly awakes.]"

/ BLACKOUT /