

"[Episodes opens with a dream sequence. BRAN is in the courtyard of Winterfell shooting a bow as a raven flies in. As he approaches it, it flies into the Stark family crypt, continuously cawing. As BRAN enters the crypt he makes direct eye contact with the raven and sees that it has three eyes. He suddenly wakes up. SUMMER is lying on his bed with him. OLD NAN is again sitting at the foot of his bed knitting.]"

OLD NAN: The little lord's been dreaming again.

"[She gives him a loving smile. THEON enters the room.]"

THEON: We have visitors.

BRAN: "[annoyed]" I don't want to see anyone.

THEON: Really?

"[He briefly glances at OLD NAN.]"

THEON: If I was cooped up all day with no one but "this" old bat for company, I'd go mad. Anyway, you don't have a choice. Robb's waiting.

BRAN: I don't want to go.

THEON: Neither do I. But Robb's Lord of Winterfell, which means I do what he says and you do what I say. Hodor!

"[HODOR, Winterfell's lackwit stable boy, enters.]"

HODOR: Hodor?

THEON: Help Bran down the hall.

HODOR: Hodor.

"[HODOR goes over to the bed and picks BRAN up.]"

"[Shift to Winterfell's great hall. ROBB, ASHTER, RODRIK, ARCHSEPTON REDMOND, and MAESTER LUWIN are sitting at the high table, while TYRION and YOREN are standing in front of them. ROBB and RODRIK's direwolves, GREY WIND and WINTER, are both sitting on the ground beneath the table.]"

TYRION: I must say, I received a slightly warmer welcome on my last visit.

ROBB: "[to YOREN]" Any man of the Night's Watch is welcome at Winterfell.

"[YOREN nods to him.]"

TYRION: Any man of the Night's Watch, but not I, eh, boy?

RODRIK: Watch your mouth when talking to my brother, Imp!

"[TYRION glances at RODRIK.]"

TYRION: And what have I done to ruffle "your" feathers, then?

"[ROBB looks at RODRIK.]"

ROBB: Rodrik, stay calm.

"[RODRIK looks embarrassed before glancing back at TYRION hatefully.]"

ROBB: I'm not your boy, Lannister. I'm Lord of Winterfell while my father is away.

TYRION: Then you might learn a lord's courtesy.

"[ASHTER rolls his eyes. HODOR enters the great hall carrying BRAN, followed by THEON.]"

TYRION: So it's true. Hello Bran. Do you remember anything about what happened?

REDMOND: He has no memory of that day.

TYRION: Curious...

ROBB: "Why" are you here?

TYRION: "[to BRAN]" Would your charming companion be so kind as to kneel? My neck is beginning to hurt.

BRAN: Kneel, Hodor.

"[HODOR kneels.]"

TYRION: Do you like to ride, Bran?

BRAN: Yes. Well, I mean I "did" like to.

LUWIN: The boy has lost the use of his legs.

TYRION: What of it? With the right horse and saddle, even a cripple can ride.

BRAN: "[indignant]" I'm not a cripple.

TYRION: "[sarcastic]" Then I'm not a dwarf! My father will rejoice to hear it. I have a gift for you.

"[TYRION hands him a scroll containing a new saddle concept.]"

TYRION: Give that to your saddler. He'll provide the rest.

"[BRAN unfurls the scroll and starts to read.]"

TYRION: You must shape the horse to the rider. Start with a yearling and teach it to respond to the reins and to the boy's voice.

BRAN: Will I really be able to ride?

TYRION: You will. On horseback you will be as tall as any of them.

ROBB: Is this some kind of trick? Why do you want to help him?

TYRION: I have a tender spot in my heart for cripples, bastards and broken things.

"[BRAN smiles at TYRION after he finishes looking over the plans.]"

ROBB: You've done my brother a kindness. The hospitality of Winterfell is yours.

TYRION: Spare me your false courtesies, Lord Stark. There's a brothel outside your walls. There I'll find a bed and both of us can sleep easier.

"[ASHTER chuckles to himself.]"

"[Shift to the courtyard, where TYRION is preparing to leave. As he does, THEON comes to see him off.]"

THEON: Couldn't resist some Northern ass? If you like redheads, ask for Ros.

TYRION: Come to see me off, Greyjoy? Kind of you. Your master doesn't seem to like Lannisters. Neither does his brother, apparently....

THEON: He's not my "master"....

TYRION: No, of course not. What happened here? Where is Lady Stark? Why didn't she receive me?

THEON: She wasn't feeling well.

TYRION: She's not in Winterfell, is she? Where did she go?

THEON: My lady's whereabouts...

TYRION: "My lady?"

"[TYRION chuckles.]"

THEON: Your loyalty to your captors "is" touching.

"[THEON looks angered.]"

TYRION: Tell me, how do you think Balon Greyjoy would feel if he could see his only surviving son has turned lackey?

"[THEON is very clearly trying not to lose his temper.]"

TYRION: I still remember seeing my father's fleet burn in Lannisport. I believe your uncles were responsible?

THEON: Must have been a pretty sight.

TYRION: Nothing prettier than watching sailors burn alive. Yes, a great victory for your people. Shame how it all turned out.

THEON: We were outnumbered 10 to one - !

"[TYRION interrupts.]"

TYRION: A stupid rebellion then. I suppose your father realized that when your brothers died in battle. Now here you are, your enemy's squire.

THEON: "[annoyed]" Careful, Imp.

TYRION: I've offended you. Forgive me, it's been a rough morning. Anyway, don't despair. I'm a constant disappointment to my own father and I've learned to live with it.

"[He tosses THEON a coin.]"

TYRION: Your next tumble with Ros is on me. I'll try not to wear her out.

"[THEON watches TYRION leave with a look of loathing on his face.]"

"[Shift to Castle Black. JON is sparring with GRENN in the courtyard. PYP, KONRAD, and RAST are all watching.]"

JON: Leg, shoulder, leg. Left foot forward. Good. Now pivot as you deliver the stroke. Put all your weight behind it.

"[GRENN sees something over JON's shoulder.]"

GRENN: What in Seven Hells is "that"?

"[SER JARAN enters with a new recruit, the overweight SAMWELL "SAM" TARLY.]"

PYP: They'll need an "eighth" Hell to fit "him" in.

"[The other recruits laugh.]"

JARAN: Listen up, lads, all of ye! We have a new recruit. "[to SAM]" Tell them your name.

SAM: Samwell Tarly, of Horn Hill. I mean, I was of Horn Hill. I've come to take the black.

RAST: Come to take the black pudding!

"[The others laugh again. JON and KONRAD are not amused.]"

JARAN: "[to RAST]" Shut it, Rast. "[to SAM]" Now, Tarly, follow me. We need to get you set up for a -

"[Just as JARAN and SAM start to head off, ALLISER THORNE walks in.]"

THORNE: What do have we here, then?

JARAN: New recruit. From Horn Hill.

THORNE: And you were planning on doing "what" exactly?

JARAN: Defense practice. Might as well start him off nice and easy.

THORNE: Nice and easy doesn't really prepare you for what's beyond the Wall, does it? I'll take over from here, Jaran. "[to SAM]" What was your name, again?

SAM: "[nervously, to THORNE]" Samwell Tarly.

THORNE: Right. "[to JARAN]" Like I said, I'll take it from here. Commander Mormont has asked for you, Jaran. Better move quick, now.

JARAN: "[confused]" I don't see why Jeor couldn't come and asked for me himself...

THORNE: I said go.

"[JARAN stares at THORNE with an angered face.]"

THORNE: "[snidely]" Go on. Before you betray someone else.

"[Pause, JARAN looks at JON, then marches off. SAM looks from JARAN to THORNE to the other recruits expectantly.]"

THORNE: Well, Tarly, you couldn't be any worse than you look. "[to RAST]" Rast, see what he can do.

"[RAST and SAM start against each other. RAST hits SAM rather forcefully several times, knocking him down. SAM cowers on the ground.]"

SAM: "[whimpering]" I yield! Please, no more!

THORNE: On your feet. Pick up your sword.

"[SAM tries to stand, but is clearly struggling.]"

THORNE: "[to RAST, somewhat sadistically]" Hit him till he finds his feet.

"[RAST attacks SAM multiple times while he's still down, causing him to yelp each time he is hit. GRENN, PYP, JON, and KONRAD all look on uncomfortably. RAST eventually stops attacking SAM, who stays on the ground whimpering.]"

THORNE: It seems they've run short of poachers and thieves down south. Now they send us squealing bloody pigs!

"[Both JON and KONRAD, sick of it, try to stop it. PYP holds both of them back.]"

PYP: Guys.....

THORNE: Again, harder.

"[JON and KONRAD shrug off PYP as RAST resumes attacking SAM with renewed vigor.]"

SAM: I yield!

JON: Enough! He yielded.

KONRAD: Yeah, lay off him, Rast.

"[RAST stops attacking SAM and looks at both of them with an irritated look on his face, getting in KONRAD's face in particular.]"

RAST: You gonna make me, Grayburn?

KONRAD: You wanna find out, fuck-face?

"[RAST glares at KONRAD and looks as if he's about to attack him, but glances over at THORNE and backs off angrily. JON and KONRAD go over and help a sobbing SAM to his feet.]"

THORNE: Looks like the bastard's in love. All right then, Lord Snow, you wish to defend your lady love, let's make it an exercise. "[to GRENN and PYP]" You two. Three of you ought to be sufficient to make Lady Piggy squeal. All you've got to do is get past the bastard. In fact, let's make it even. "[to KONRAD]" Grayburn, since you've decided to shove your face up Lord Snow's arse, you help him.

"[THORNE steps back behind them to watch, a sadistic grin on his face.]"

JON: Are you sure you want to do this?

GRENN: No.

"[The three recruits charge at JON and KONRAD, all trying to get to SAM. RAST seems particularly vicious when attacking KONRAD. They both successfully fend them all off. Once PYP and RAST are down, JON advances on GRENN.]"

GRENN: Yield, yield, yield! I yield.

THORNE: We're done for today. "[to JON]" Go clean the armory. That's all you're good for.

"[THORNE leaves.]"

PYP: "[jokingly, to GRENN]" Well fought!

GRENN: Piss off.

"[RAST starts to leave, but before he does, he glares menacingly at KONRAD, giving him a look that clearly says 'I'm not through with you.' KONRAD glares after him and walks off in the opposite direction. SAM walks over to JON.]"

SAM: Did he hurt you?

JON: I've had worse.

SAM: You can call me Sam, if you want. My mother calls me Sam -

JON: It's not going to get any easier, you know? You'll have to defend yourself.

GRENN: Why didn't you get up and fight?

SAM: I "wanted" to! I just couldn't.

GRENN: Why not?

SAM: "[ashamed]" I'm a coward. My father always says so.

JON: The Wall's no place for cowards.

SAM: You're right. I'm sorry. I just....wanted to thank you.

"[SAM picks up the practice swords that were used, then walks off, looking miserable. JON stares after him, a solemn look on his face.]"

GRENN: A bloody coward. People saw us talking to him. Now they'll think "we're" cowards too!

PYP: You're too stupid to be a coward.

GRENN: "You're" too stupid to be a...

PYP: Quick now, before summer's over!

GRENN: C'mere!

"[GRENN begins playfully chasing after PYP, leaving JON by himself in the training area.]"

"[Shift to across the Narrow Sea. KHAL DROGO's khalasar have arrived at Vaes Dothrak, the Dothraki capital city. The entrance is marked by a pair of large horse statues. DAENERYS, JORAH, and VISERYS are close to the front of the khalasar once again, and stop just before the entrance.]"

JORAH: Vaes Dothrak - the city of the horselords.

VISERYS: "[derisively]" A pile of mud. Mud and shit and twigs. Best these savages can do?

DAENERYS: These are "my" people now. You shouldn't call them savages.

VISERYS: I'll call them what I like, because they're "my" people. This is "my" army. Khal Drogo is marching the wrong way with "my" army.

"[VISERYS rides off. The rest of the khalasar continues on towards Vaes Dothrak.]"

DAENERYS: If my brother "was" given an army of Dothraki, could you conquer the Seven Kingdoms?

JORAH: The Dothraki have never crossed the Narrow Sea. They fear any water their horses can't drink.

DAENERYS: But if they did?

JORAH: King Robert is fool enough to meet them in open battle, but the men advising him are different.

DAENERYS: And you know these men?

JORAH: I fought beside them once, long ago. Now Ned Stark wants my head. He drove me from my land.

DAENERYS: You sold slaves.

JORAH: Aye.

DAENERYS: Why?

JORAH: I had no money and an expensive wife.

DAENERYS: And where is she now?

JORAH: In another place, with another man.

"[Scene shifts to VISERYS' residential hut in Vaes Dothrak. He is having a bath with DOREAH. She is scrubbing him down.]"

DOREAH: Your Grace?

VISERYS: Yes, my dear?

DOREAH: They call you the Last Dragon...

VISERYS: They do.

DOREAH: You have dragon's blood in your veins?

"[VISERYS grins.]"

VISERYS: It's "entirely" possible....

"[DOREAH chuckles.]"

DOREAH: What happened to the dragons? I was told that brave men killed them all.

"[Pause]"

VISERYS: The brave men didn't "kill" dragons. The brave men "rode" them. Rode them from Valyria to build the greatest civilization this world has ever seen. The breath of the greatest dragon forged the Iron Throne, which the Usurper is keeping warm for me. The swords of the vanquished, a thousand of them....melted together like so many candles.

"[VISERYS picks up a candle. DOREAH blows the flame on it seductively.]"

DOREAH: I have "always" wanted to see a dragon. There is "nothing" in the world that I would rather see.

VISERYS: Really? Why dragons?

DOREAH: They can fly. And wherever they are, just a few flaps of their wings and they're somewhere else....far away. And they can kill. Anyone or anything that tries to hurt them gets burned away to nothing...melted...like so many candles.

"[DOREAH pours hot candle wax on VISERYS.]"

VISERYS: Ow.

DOREAH: Yes. Seeing a dragon would make me "very" happy.

VISERYS: Well, after 15 years in a pleasure house, I imagine just seeing the "sky" makes you happy.

"[They both laugh.]".

DOREAH: I was not locked in. I have seen things.

VISERYS: What have you seen?

DOREAH: I've seen a man from Asshai with a dagger of real dragonglass.

VISERYS: Oooh...

DOREAH: I've seen a man who could change his face the way that other men change their clothes. "And" I've seen a pirate who wore his weight in gold and whose ship had sails of colored silk. So....have you seen one?

VISERYS: A pirate ship?

DOREAH: A dragon.

VISERYS: No. No, the last one died many years before I was born. I'll tell you what I "have" seen: their skulls. They used to decorate the throne room in the Red Keep. When I was very young, just 3 or 4, my father used to walk me down the rows and I'd recite their names for him. When I got them all right, he'd give me a sweet. The ones closest to the door were the last ones they were able to hatch and they were all stunted and wrong - skulls no bigger than dog skulls. But as you got closer to the Iron Throne...they got bigger....and bigger....and "bigger"....

"[DOREAH begins pleasuring VISERYS.]"

VISERYS: There was Ghiscar, and Valryon, Vermithrax, Essovius, Aeramyx, Archonei, Meraxes, Vhagar....and Balerion the Dread....whose fire forged the Seven Kingdoms into one.

"[They begin kissing passionately.]"

DOREAH: What happened to the skulls?

VISERYS: I don't know. The Usurper had them smashed to powder, I expect. Scattered to the wind.

DOREAH: That's very sad.

VISERYS: Yes, it is.

"[They stop kissing. VISERYS looks at her, a bit annoyed.]"

VISERYS: "[condescending]" What did I buy you for? To make me sad?

DOREAH: No, Your Grace. To, uh, teach your sister.

VISERYS: To teach my sister how to be a better lover? You think I bought you to make "Khal Drogo" happy?

"[DOREAH looks confused and a little embarrassed.]"

VISERYS: Oh, you pretty little idiot.

"[Another pause. He chuckles.]"

VISERYS: Go on, then. Get on with it.

"[DOREAH continues pleasuring him in silence.]"

"[Shift to the Red Keep, in the throne room. SANSA and SEPTA MORDANE are walking through, towards the Iron Throne.]"

SEPTA MORDANE: Someday your husband will sit there and you will sit by his side. And one day, before too long, you will present your son to the court. All the lords of Westeros will gather here to see the little prince.

SANSA: What if I have a girl?

SEPTA MORDANE: Gods be good, you'll have boys "and" girls, and plenty of them.

SANSA: What if I "only" have girls?

SEPTA MORDANE: I wouldn't worry about that.

SANSA: Jeyne Poole's mother had five children, all of them girls.

SEPTA MORDANE: Yes, but it's highly unlikely.

SANSA: But what "if"?

SEPTA MORDANE: If you only had girls, I suppose the throne would pass to Prince Joffrey's little brother.

SANSA: And everyone would hate me.

SEPTA MORDANE: Nobody could ever hate you.

SANSA: Joffrey does.

SEPTA MORDANE: Nonsense. Why would you say such a thing?

"[SANSA gives her a look that says 'You know why.']"

SEPTA MORDANE: "[sternly]" That business with the wolves? Sansa, I've told you a hundred times, a direwolf is not - !

SANSA: Please shut up about it.

"[SANSA walks away, starting to leave the throne room.]"

SEPTA MORDANE: Do you remember your lessons?

"[SANSA turns back to face her.]"

SEPTA MORDANE: Who built the Iron Throne?

SANSA: Aegon the Conqueror.

SEPTA MORDANE: And who built the Red Keep?

SANSA: Maegor the Cruel.

"[SEPTA MORDANE walks towards SANSA.]"

SEPTA MORDANE: And how many years did it take to build...

"[SANSA interrupts.]"

SANSA: My grandfather and uncle were murdered here, weren't they?

SEPTA MORDANE: They were killed on the orders of King Aerys, yes.

SANSA: The Mad King.

SEPTA MORDANE: Commonly known as the Mad King.

SANSA: Why were they killed?

SEPTA MORDANE: You should speak to your father about these matters.

SANSA: I don't want to speak to my father. "Ever".

SEPTA MORDANE: "[imploringly]" Sansa, you "will" find it in your heart to forgive your father.

SANSA: "[bitter]" No, I won't.

"[Shift to the Small Council chamber, where there is a meeting in progress. NED looks frustrated. JANOS SLYNT, the commander of the City Watch, is giving him a report.]"

JANOS: It's the Hand's tournament that's causing all this trouble, my lords.

NED: "[frustrated]" The "King's" tournament. I assure you, the Hand wants no part of it.

JANOS: Call it what you will, Lord Stark. The city is packed with people, and more flooding in every day. Last night, we had a tavern riot, a brothel fire, three stabbings, and a drunken horse race down the Street of Sisters.

VARYS: Dreadful.

EYRON: Just another normal day in King's Landing, eh?

RENNY: "[condescending]" If "you" can't keep the King's peace, perhaps the City Watch should be commanded by someone who "can".

JANOS: I need more men.

NED: You'll get 50. Lord Baelish will see it paid for.

LITTLEFINGER: I will?

NED: You found money for a champion's purse, you can find money to keep the peace. "[to JANOS]" I'll also give you 20 of my household guard till the crowds have left.

JANOS: Thank you, my Lord Hand, ser. They will be put to good use.

"[JANOS bows, then leaves.]"

NED: The sooner this is over, the better.

"[NED takes a drink.]"

VARYS: The Realm prospers from such events, my lord. They give the great a chance at glory, and the lowly a respite from their woes.

LITTLEFINGER: "[delighted]" And every inn in the city is full and the whores are walking bow-legged.

NED: "[annoyed]" I'm sure the tourney puts coins in many a pocket.

"[LITTLEFINGER grins smugly to himself.]"

NED: Are there any other matters that need to be discussed?

VARYS: There is one, Lord Stark, completely unrelated to the tournament. I assume you know who Lord Hershaw Groatworth is?

NED: Yes.

"[EYRON rolls his eyes.]"

EYRON: Oh, lord...not "him" again....

LITTLEFINGER: My predecessor as Master of Coin; specifically, the Mad King's Master of Coin. Apparently he has a proposition for the Crown.

NED: "[derisively]" Oh, really? Given me one good reason why I should entertain "any" proposal from Hershaw Groatworth.

RENNY: Well, it's a rather interesting proposal. Lord Groatworth has requested that a new Small Council office be created: the Master of Trade. He requests that he be named to this position.

NED: And what would this entail?

LITTLEFINGER: According to Lord Groatworth, the Master of Trade would control the regulation of merchant goods within the kingdoms. Regulate sales, establish trade routes, keep the farmers in line....things of that nature. He'd work closely with the Master of Coin in those regards.

EYRON: Lord Groatworth has been annoying the Crown with this silly proposal for years.

NED: "[to VARYS]" No.

VARYS: Shouldn't you give this more thought, my lord?

NED: I'm not letting Hershaw Groatworth anywhere near the Small Council. Robert dismissed him from the council for a good reason: he is untrustworthy when it comes to power.

"[LITTLEFINGER has a look on his face that clearly says, 'Well, so am I, but here I am.']"

PYCELLE: Lord Groatworth has petitioned for the creation of this position for years, even when Jon Arryn was Hand. It could be helpful in the management of the kingdoms.

NED: And Jon Arryn turned him down too, clearly because he also didn't trust him. I will not let that man anywhere near the Small Council. My decision is final.

EYRON: "[to the other council members]" I have to agree with Lord Stark on this matter. This Master of Trade position is unnecessary for the management of the kingdoms. Lord Baelish can easily shoulder all of those responsibilities as Master of Coin. Plus, I agree that Lord Groatworth shouldn't be allowed back on the Small Council. I don't trust him either.

"[Brief pause]"

NED: Now....if there's nothing else, my lords?

"[NED dismisses the council. LITTLEFINGER bows to him before leaving. NED looks exhausted. Soon, NED and PYCELLE are the last ones in the chamber. NED stops him as he is leaving.]"

PYCELLE: Oh, this heat. On days like this, I envy you Northerners your summer snows. Until tomorrow, my lord -

NED: I've been hoping to talk to you about Jon Arryn.

PYCELLE: Lord Arryn? Oh, his death was a great sadness to all of us. I took personal charge of his care, but I could not save him. His sickness struck him very hard, and very fast. I saw him in my chambers just the night before he passed. Lord Jon "often" came to me for counsel.

NED: Why?

"[PYCELLE is clearly insulted at this.]"

PYCELLE: I have been Grand Maester for many years. Kings "and" Hands have come to me for advice since...

NED: What did Jon want the night before he died?

PYCELLE: Oh, he came inquiring after a book.

NED: A book? What book?

PYCELLE: I fear it would be of little interest to you, my lord. A ponderous tome.

NED: "[intrigued]" No. I'd like to read it.

"[Quick cut to both of them in PYCELLE's chambers. He takes out a large book and hands it to NED.]"

PYCELLE: "The Lineages and Histories of the Great Houses of the Seven Kingdoms", with descriptions of many high lords and noble ladies and their children.

"[NED opens the book, turns to a particular page and starts reading.]"

NED: "Lord Trovar Blackgard, First of His Name, born to Lord Tragen Blackgard and Lady Anya Blackgard in the 147th year after Aegon's landing, at the city of Blackgard. Blue of eye, black of hair and fair complected, died in his 64th year of after being murdered by Lord Auster Keller." Ah, the beginning of the Fourth Border Wars - the war that made Lord Trevyr a hero.

PYCELLE: As I said, my lord, a ponderous read.

NED: Did Jon Arryn tell you what he wanted with it?

PYCELLE: He did not, my lord. And I did not presume to ask.

NED: Jon's death...

PYCELLE: Such a tragedy.

NED: Did he say anything to you during his final hours?

PYCELLE: Nothing of import, my lord. Oh - there was "one" phrase he kept repeating: "The seed is strong," I think it was.

NED: "The seed is strong"? What does that mean?

PYCELLE: Oh, the dying mind is a demented mind, Lord Stark. For all the weight they're given, last words are usually as significant as first words.

NED: And you're quite certain he died of a natural illness?

PYCELLE: What else could it be?

"[Brief pause as NED thinks for a moment.]"

NED: Poison.

PYCELLE: A disturbing thought. No, no, no, I don't think it likely. The Hand was loved by all. What sort of man would dare...

NED: I've heard it said that poison is a woman's weapon.

PYCELLE: Yes. Women, cravens...and eunuchs. Did you know that Lord Varys is a eunuch?

NED: "Everybody" knows that.

PYCELLE: Yes, yes, of course. How that sort of person found himself on the King's Council, I will never know.

NED: I've taken enough of your time.

"[NED takes the book.]"

PYCELLE: No trouble at all, my lord. It's a great honor...

"[PYCELLE starts to get up, but NED stops him.]"

NED: Thank you. I'll find my own way out.

"[As NED is walking back to his chambers, he sees ARYA balancing on one foot in front of a staircase.]"

ARYA: Syrio says a water dancer can stand on one toe for hours.

NED: It's a hard fall down these steps.

ARYA: Syrio says every hurt is a lesson and every lesson makes you better.

"[ARYA stops balancing.]"

ARYA: Tomorrow I'm going to be chasing cats.

NED: Cats? Syrio says...

ARYA: He says every swordsman should study cats. They're quiet as shadows and as light as feathers. You have to be quick to catch them.

NED: He's right about that.

ARYA: Now that Bran's awake, will he come live with us?

NED: Well, he needs to get his strength back first.

ARYA: "[solemnly]" He wants to be a knight of the Kingsguard. He can't be one now, can he?

"[She sits down on the steps. NED goes to sit by her.]"

NED: No. But someday he could be lord of a holdfast or sit on the King's Council. Or he might raise castles, like Brandon the Builder.

ARYA: Can "I" be lord of a holdfast?

"[NED chuckles. He kisses ARYA on the forehead and puts his arm around her.]"

NED: You will marry a high lord and rule his castle. And your sons shall be knights and princes and lords. Hmm?

ARYA: No. That's not me.

"[ARYA resumes balancing on one foot. NED watches her, a thoughtful smile on his face.]"

"[Scene shifts to Snake Mount, where Lucas is in his chambers, reading. Suddenly, his youngest brother, DOMERIC DRAGEN, enters the room.]"

DOMERIC: Lucas?

"[Lucas looks up, and smiles when he sees DOMERIC.]"

Lucas: Hello, little brother. What are you doing here?

DOMERIC: Mother and Father wish to speak to you. They're in the great hall.

"[Lucas puts his book down and follows DOMERIC to the great hall. Both GARTH and ALISE DRAGEN are standing in the center, conversing with each other in low tones.]"

DOMERIC: I found Lucas!

ALISE: Thank you, Domic.

"[She leans down and kisses DOMERIC on the forehead.]"

ALISE: Now, run off. Your father and I need to talk to Lucas alone.

DOMERIC: Okay!

"[DOMERIC runs off.]"

Lucas: Mother, Father. You wanted to speak to me?

"[GARTH turns around and glances at the table.]"

GARTH: Blood has been spilled yet again.

Lucas: So it would seem.

GARTH: "[exasperated]" Seven Hells, Lucas. What am I supposed to do?

Lucas: Father?

ALISE: We know what happened, Lucas. Mira told us what you did.

Lucas: "[impressed]" So she "did" tell you....I didn't think he'd actually do it.

ALISE: "[sternly]" You think this is funny?

Lucas: Just a little bit, Mother. Just a little bit.

"[ALISE sighs exasperatedly and sits down, shaking her head.]"

GARTH: The Brackens are furious, Lucas. They want your head.

Lucas: "[sarcastic]" Wouldn't surprise me. Half of Westeros wants to see me dead, these days.

GARTH: And you're proud of that, are you?

"[Lucas shrugs. GARTH shakes his head.]"

GARTH: Forget it. What did you do to that Bracken boy? What happened to Rickar?

Lucas: The man was repulsive. Discourteous, vile and vicious. I could no longer bear to hear his stories on how badly he would've liked to fuck Mira.

"[GARTH looks down in disgust.]"

Lucas: Something inside of me told me that I needed to act. So I did.

GARTH: And that man the Brackens send to investigate us? What happened to him?

Lucas: He asked too many questions, without the proper hospitalities. It appears his blood has stained our lovely table. Shame.

"[Brief pause. ALISE glances at the bloodstains on the table.]"

Lucas: Have you seen blood in the moonlight? It appears quite black.

"[GARTH walks up to Lucas and places a hand on his shoulder.]"

GARTH: Lucas. I understand your... "ways" of doing things. But you "must" be more discreet. Soon, we'll be making more enemies than allies. And we need allies. Especially now.

Lucas: Who needs friends, with men like me, eh?

"[Lucas starts to leave, but stops and turns around]"

Lucas: Oh, and Father, Mother? Neither of you no longer have to worry about the Brackens. I personally went to Stone Hedge to set things right with our good friend Jonos Bracken. You can rely on me.

"[Lucas smiles and departs. GARTH stares after him, an uneasy look on his face. ALISE finally stands back up.]"

ALISE: I'm worried about him, Garth. He's getting more dangerous.

GARTH: You think I haven't noticed? "Everyone" is noticing. Ethan in particular thinks Lucas is one step short from going off the deep end. He's almost paranoid about it, if you ask me.

ALISE: Is Ethan wrong? There's a beast that lives inside him, and it's screaming to get out, Garth.

"[GARTH thinks for a moment and sighs.]"

ALISE: "[mournful]" I remember when Lucas was a child. He was a sweet, caring boy. But he was never the same. Not after -

GARTH: "[harshly]" Alise! Don't talk about that! "Please" don't talk about that....

"[GARTH leaves. ALISE remains in the great hall, still looking mournful.]"

"[Elsewhere in Snake Mount, we see MAESTER VAHAELOR, the elderly maester of Snake Mount, working in his rather messy office. At that moment, MIRA appears outside of his doorway.]"

MIRA: Maester?

"[VAHAELOR looks up.]"

VAHAELOR: Oh, Lady Mira! Please come in.

"[MIRA walks in, followed by a brief pause. VAHAELOR smiles kindly at her.]"

VAHAELOR: Apologies for the mess. I would've cleaned if I knew you were coming...

MIRA: It's quite alright, maester. I hoped I could talk to you.

VAHAELOR: Always, Mira. Please, sit.

"[MIRA sits.]"

VAHAELOR: Now, I believe this involves Lucas and a certain nobleman from the Riverlands?

"[MIRA nods.]"

VAHAELOR: Of course. What's on your mind, my lady?

MIRA: "[timidly]" It's....it's Lucas. He's changed.

VAHAELOR: How?

MIRA: I'm scared of him. He's no longer the brother I grew up with. Sometimes, he just looks at me with no emotion. No expression in his eyes. He's....he's inhuman.

VAHAELOR: I'll admit, even I'm having a hard time disagreeing with you. Lucas, at heart, is hollow, emotionless...

"[Brief pause.]"

MIRA: Repentless.

VAHAELOR: Yes, indeed.

MIRA: Erik and Domic are scared of him too. Domic has been having nightmares about him. Last night he dreamed that Lucas killed Mother and Father, then cooked them into a meat pie and forced us to eat it.

"[VAHAELOR looks disturbed.]"

VAHAELOR: You've been listening to the rumors about Lucas.

MIRA: Some of the servants thinks he's eating other people.

"[VAHAELOR hesitates before he speaks to her again.]"

VAHAELOR: I've seen no evidence that this is true, Mira. So you can reassure that to Erik and Domic. And I'll try giving Domic Essence of Nightshade to help him sleep.

"[MIRA still looks concerned. VAHAELOR takes her hand.]"

VAHAELOR: "[comforting]" Mira....I am aware of what Lucas has become. But rest assured, we all do. Your father "and" mother are keeping a closer eye on him and are doing their best to keep him under control. If he becomes erratic, we will act.

MIRA: That's the scary part, maester. He's "never" erratic. He's always calm. "Unnaturally" calm. Even when he...

"[Brief pause.]"

MIRA: ...killed that nobleman. He just sat down and resumed eating his dinner like nothing happened.

VAHAELOR: You have nothing to fear here. As long as your father is still the lord of this house, Lucas will never harm you, I can promise you that.

MIRA: And what happens if my father is no longer the Lord of Snake Mount? What then, maester?

"[MIRA leaves. VAHAELOR thinks about this, and a worried look comes across his face.]"

"[Shift to the Wall, where JON is on nighttime watch duty. After a few minutes, SAM comes in from nearby and starts approaching the watch point timidly.]"

SAM: Hello. Ser Alliser said I'm to be your new watch partner. I should warn you, I don't see all that well.

JON: Come stand by the fire. It's warmer.

SAM: No, that's all right. I'm fine.

JON: You're not. You're freezing.

"[SAM wanders closer to the watch point, but as he gets closer to the edge, he is clearly struggling to look down.]"

SAM: I don't like high places....

JON: You can't fight. You can't see. You're afraid of heights and almost everything else probably. What are you doing here, Sam?

"[Brief pause. SAM gets a look on his face that indicates he is about to talk about something unpleasant.]"

SAM: On the morning of my 18th nameday, my father came to me. "You're almost a man now," he said, "but you're not worthy of my land and title. Tomorrow, you're going to take the black, forsake all claim to your inheritance and start north."

"[SAM is visibly holding back tears.]"

SAM: "If you do not," he said, "then we'll have a hunt. And somewhere in these woods your horse will stumble, and you'll be thrown from your saddle to die. Or so I'll tell your mother. Nothing would please me more."

"[Brief pause. JON looks shocked.]"

SAM: Ser Alliser's going to make me fight again tomorrow, isn't he?

JON: Yes, he is.

"[SAM groans.]"

SAM: I'm not going to get any better, you know?

JON: Well....you can't get any worse.

"[SAM and JON laugh.]"

SAM: I like Ser Jaran, though. He's very nice to me.

JON: Ser Jaran is a noble man. A man with a lot of mysteries.

"[Scene shifts to King's Landing. NED is strolling through the gardens with LITTLEFINGER.]"

LITTLEFINGER: I hear you're reading a boring book.

NED: Hmph. Pycelle talks too much.

LITTLEFINGER: Oh, he never stops. Do you know Ser Hugh of the Vale?

"[NED shakes his head.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Not surprising. Until recently, he was only a squire - Jon Arryn's squire. He was knighted almost immediately after his master's untimely death.

NED: Knighted for what? Why are you telling me this?

LITTLEFINGER: I promised Cat that I'd help you.

NED: Where is Ser Hugh? I'll speak to him.

LITTLEFINGER: A singularly bad idea. Do you see that boy there?

"[He indicates a small boy sitting under a tree staring at the two of them as they walk by.]"

LITTLEFINGER: "[whispering]" One of Varys's little birds. The Spider has taken a great interest in your comings and goings. Now look there.

"[He indicates an old man doing some gardening. He looks up as they walk by.]"

LITTLEFINGER: "[whispering]" That one belongs to the Queen. And do you see that Septa pretending to read her book?

"[The septa briefly looks up at them as they walk by.]"

NED: Varys or the Queen?

LITTLEFINGER: No. She's one of "mine". Is there someone in your service whom you trust completely?

"[They stop walking.]"

NED: Yes.

LITTLEFINGER: The wiser answer was no, my lord. Get a message to this paragon of yours....discreetly. Send him to question Ser Hugh. After that, you might want him to visit a certain armorer in the city. He lives in a large house at the top of the Street of Steel.

NED: Why?

LITTLEFINGER: I have my observers, as I said, and it's possible that they saw Lord Arryn visit this armorer several times in the weeks before his death. It is also possible that my observers saw Lord Arryn speak with a certain serving girl working in the kitchens of the Red Keep - a girl named Sarina.

NED: Lord Baelish, perhaps I was wrong to distrust you.

LITTLEFINGER: Distrusting me was the wisest thing you've done since you climbed off your horse.

"[LITTLEFINGER leaves. NED watches him go, an uneasy look on his face, and looks all around the gardens at the spies LITTLEFINGER mentioned.]"

"[At the jousting grounds, SER HUGH is practicing steps for the Tourney of the Hand. JORY walks up to him.]"

JORY: Ser Hugh?

"[SER HUGH waves JORY away and keeps practicing.]"

JORY: "[irritated]" Ser Hugh!

SER HUGH: As you can see, I'm busy.

JORY: I'm here on behalf of Lord Eddard Stark, the Hand of the king. I'm the captain of his guard.

SER HUGH: I'm sorry. I didn't catch your name, Ser...

JORY: No "ser." I'm not a knight.

SER HUGH: I see. Well, it just so happens that "I" am.

"[Later, NED and JORY are riding on horseback along the Street of Steel.]"

JORY: He said he'd be glad to talk to the Hand himself. He's a "knight", you see.

NED: Ahh, a knight. They strut around like roosters down here. Even the ones who've never seen an arrow coming their way.

JORY: You shouldn't be out here, my lord. There's no telling who has eyes where.

NED: Let them look.

"[NED dismounts his horse. The scene immediately shifts to inside the armorer's shop. NED is speaking with the armorer, TOBHO MOTT. His apprentice, GENDRY, is seen working in the shop.]"

TOBHO MOTT: The former Hand did call on me, my lord, several times. I regret to say he did not honor me with his patronage.

NED: What did Lord Arryn want?

TOBHO MOTT: He always came to see the boy.

NED: I'd like to see him as well.

TOBHO MOTT: As you wish, my lord. "[to GENDRY]" Gendry!

"[GENDRY puts down his hammer and approaches NED.]"

TOBHO MOTT: "[to NED]" Here he is. Strong for his age. He works hard. "[to GENDRY]" Show the Hand the helmet you made, lad.

"[GENDRY goes over and gets the helmet, which is in the shape of a bull's head. He hands it to NED, who looks it over.]"

NED: This is fine work.

GENDRY: It's not for sale.

TOBHO MOTT: Boy, this is the King's Hand! If his lordship wants the helmet...

GENDRY: I made it for me.

TOBHO MOTT: Forgive him, my lord.

NED: "[to TOBHO MOTT]" There's nothing to forgive. "[to GENDRY]" When Lord Arryn came to visit you, what would you talk about?

GENDRY: He just asked me questions is all, my lord.

NED: What kind of questions?

GENDRY: About my work at first, if I was being treated well, if I liked it here. But then he started asking me about my mother.

NED: Your mother?

GENDRY: Who she was, what she looked like.

NED: What did you tell him?

GENDRY: She died when I was little. She had yellow hair. She'd sing to me sometimes.

"[NED looks hard at GENDRY, A look of realization comes across his face.]"

NED: Look at me.

"[GENDRY looks up, a bit confused. NED looks hard at him again.]"

NED: Get back to work, lad.

"[He hands GENDRY his helmet back. GENDRY returns to his work.]"

NED: "[to TOBHO MOTT]" If the day ever comes when that boy'd rather wield a sword than forge one, you send him to me.

"[NED returns to JORY.]"

JORY: Find anything?

NED: King Robert's bastard son.

"[The scene shifts to the kitchens of the Red Keep. Several servants are seen working. A STEWARD is seen leading NED in.]"

STEWARD: Sarina doesn't often get many visitors. Now she's been visited by two Hands - both you "and" Lord Arryn. Any particular reason you want to see her, Lord Stark?

NED: It's a personal matter.

STEWARD: "[to a SERVANT]" Is Sarina available? She has a visitor.

SERVANT: Let me go find her.

"[The SERVANT runs off, but returns a few moments later being followed by SARINA, a beautiful young woman who appears to be in her late teens or early twenties. She has dark brown hair.]"

NED: "[to SARINA]" Are you Sarina?

SARINA: Yes, my lord. Why are you here?

NED: Jon Arryn spoke with you several times before he died, did he not?

SARINA: He did.

NED: What did he talk to you about?

SARINA: He asked me about my parents for some reason.

NED: Your parents?

SARINA: He seemed interested in my mother in particular.

NED: Really?

SARINA: She was a handmaiden for Queen Cersei, back when she was still at Casterly Rock, and still after she got married to King Robert. She died of a fever when I was about seven years old.

NED: Did she? I'm sorry to hear that.

"[SARINA looks a bit solemn. NED has the same look of realization on his face that he did when he spoke to GENDRY.]"

NED: What's your last name, if you have one?

SARINA: My last name, my lord?

"[She is suddenly embarrassed.]"

SARINA: "[whispering]" It's....Waters. None of the others know - at least I don't think they do. But you seem more trustworthy than any of "them".

NED: So then how were you able to work here?

SARINA: Lord Varys, of all people, managed to get me this job, my lord. He told me I was being compensated for the death of my mother.

NED: Interesting.....

SARINA: I'm sorry, but why is that interesting?

NED: And your mother was one of the Queen's handmaidens? What did you say she died of?

SARINA: It was a fever.

"[Another look of realization comes across NED's face. Under his breath he says something that sounds like "poison".]"

SARINA: "[confused]" I'm sorry, my lord?

SERVANT: "[offscreen]" Sarina! We need you over here!

SARINA: "[to SERVANT]" I'm coming! "[to NED]" I've taken up too much of your time, Lord Stark.

NED: It's quite all right, child. You focus on your work.

"[SARINA bows and leaves. NED quickly exits the kitchens.]"

NED: "[quietly, to himself]" Two of Robert's bastard children. What were you looking for, Jon...?

"[Shift to the outside of KING ROBERT's chambers, where JAIME standing guard outside. Inside, ROBERT is heard with a number of women. They are laughing and carrying on; one woman is heard saying "He likes that!" JAIME is clearly bothered by what he hears. JORY is seen approaching.]"

JORY: This is for the King from Lord Stark. Should I leave it with - ?

JAIME: Shh. Listen.

"[JORY turns his attention to ROBERT's room.]"

JAIME: Do you hear them? How many do you think are in there with him, hmm? Guess.

JORY: Three.

"[JAIME shakes his head.]"

JORY: Four?

"[JAIME shakes his head again.]"

JAIME: He likes to do this when I'm on duty - he makes me listen as he insults my sister.

"[A whore leaves the room.]"

JORY: Forgive me, my lord -

JAIME: Why do I have to forgive you? Have you wronged me?

"[Pause.]"

JORY: We've met before, you know.

JAIME: Have we? Strange, I've forgotten.

JORY: The Siege of Pyke. We fought side by side one afternoon.

JAIME: "[nostalgic]" Ahh....that's where you got your scar?

JORY: Aye.

JAIME: Oh....

JORY: One of the Greyjoys nearly took my eye.

JAIME: Vicious sons of whores.

JORY: They like their bloodshed.

JAIME: They stopped liking it at the end. That was a proper battle. D'you remember Thoros of Myr charging through the breach?

"[They both laugh.]"

JORY: With his burning sword? I'll remember "that" 'till the day I die.

JAIME: And the duel that took place near the end of the battle? Between Garrick Grayburn and Tyrus Harlaw?

JORY: Aye. Now that was one of the greatest duels I've ever seen.

JAIME: I'd wanted to fight Tyrus myself. But Lord Grayburn held me back. And both he and Tyrus ended up killing each other. And for that, Garrick Grayburn was forever after known as "Ironbreaker". He may have been getting on in years, but that man could fight better than half the other soldiers there.

"[Brief pause.]"

JAIME: I saw the youngest of the Greyjoy lads at Winterfell. It was like seeing a shark on a mountaintop.

JORY: Theon? He's a good lad.

JAIME: I doubt it.

"[Two more whores leaves ROBERT's chambers. JAIME closes the door after them, looking disgusted.]"

ROBERT: "[offscreen, in his chambers]" I'll bet you smell of blackberry jam! Let me smell it. Come here!

JORY: Can I leave this with you? The message from Lord Stark.

JAIME: "[harshly]" I don't serve Lord Stark.

"[JORY leaves. JAIME remains by the door, looking irked as ever, as the noise continues from ROBERT's chambers.]"

"[Shift to Castle Black, the mess hall. JON enters and sits down with GRENN, PYP, and KONRAD.]"

GRENN: Where have you been?

JON: Watch duty. With Sam.

PYP: Ah, Prince Porkchop. Where is he?

JON: He wasn't hungry.

PYP: Impossible!

"[He and GRENN chuckle. KONRAD smacks PYP in the back of the head.]"

PYP: Ow!

KONRAD: Leave him alone, Pyp.

GRENN: Look out, Jon. I think you have a rival for your lady love!

"[They both laugh again.]"

JON: That's enough.

"[He gets a bowl of food.]"

JON: Sam's no different from the rest of us. There was no place for him in the world, so he's come here. We're not going to hurt him in the training yard anymore. Never again, no matter what Thorne says. He's our brother now and we're going to protect him.

RAST: "[from another table]" You "are" in love, Lord Snow!

"[RAST and the other recruits laugh.]"

RAST: "You" girls can do as you please. But if Thorne puts me up against Lady Piggy, I'm gonna slice me off a side of bacon!

"[They all laugh again. JON glares at him threateningly.]"

"[Later that night, in the barracks. RAST and the other recruits are asleep. Suddenly, JON, GRENN, PYP, and KONRAD all enter, and JON gags RAST with a rope. JON's direwolf, GHOST, crawls on top of him and snarls in his face.]"

JON: "No one touches Sam".

"[GHOST continues to snarl at RAST. RAST is visibly shaken and seemingly gets the message.]"

"[The next morning in the training yard, THORNE is overseeing the training exercises as usual, and is once again being helped by JARAN. JON, GRENN, PYP, and KONRAD are off to the side watching. RAST is up against SAM and hesitates before starting.]"

THORNE: What are you waiting for?

"[RAST briefly makes eyes contact with JON, who stares at him expectantly. SAM then lunges at RAST a bit over enthusiastically and ends up disarming himself. After a moment he picks up his sword. RAST does nothing.]"

THORNE: "[impatient]" Attack him!

"[RAST hits SAM lightly on the arm, but does nothing more. SAM is confused by this. THORNE, irritated, pushes RAST aside.]"

THORNE: "[to GRENN]" You, get in there.

"[GRENN steps in against SAM.]"

GRENN: "[to SAM, softly]" Hit me. Go on, hit me!

"[SAM, confused, looks at JON. JON encourages him to do so. SAM lightly strikes GRENN with his sword. GRENN very overactively falls down.]"

GRENN: I yield! Yield, yield. I yield.

"[JON is seen laughing to himself. JARAN smiles and looks at JON with a face of approval.]"

JARAN: "[genuinely]" Good job, Tarly.

"[SAM smiles sheepishly. THORNE angrily storms over to JON and grabs him by the collar.]"

THORNE: You think this is funny, do you?

"[JON defiantly maintains a grin. THORNE lets him go and speaks to everyone.]"

THORNE: When you're out there beyond the Wall with the sun going down, do you want a man at your back? Or a snivelling boy?

"[THORNE storms off. All the recruits look at each other, thoughtfully.]"

"[Scene shifts to Vaes Dothrak. VISERYS is angrily dragging DOREAH by her hair to DAENERYS' hut. When he gets there, he throws her at DAENERYS' feet.]"

VISERYS: You send this "whore" to give me commands?! I should have sent you back her "head"!

"[DAENERYS is visibly shocked.]"

DOREAH: "[sobbing]" Forgive me, Khaleesi....I did as you asked....

DAENERYS: Hush now. It's all right. "[to IRRI]" Irri, take her and leave us.

IRRI: Yes, Khaleesi.

"[IRRI helps DOREAH up and leads her out of the hut.]"

DAENERYS: Why did you hit her?!

VISERYS: How many times do I have to tell you? You do "not" command me.

DAENERYS: I "wasn't" commanding you. I just wanted to invite you to supper.

"[She points to the Dothraki clothing on her table. VISERYS picks it up.]"

VISERYS: What's this?

DAENERYS It's a gift. I had it made for you.

VISERYS: Dothraki rags? Are you going to "dress" me now?

DAENERYS: Please -

VISERYS: This stinks of manure! "All" of it!

"[He angrily throws the clothing back at DAENERYS, and throws a heavy metal belt at her.]"

DAENERYS: Stop. Stop - stop it!

VISERYS: You would turn me into one of them, wouldn't you? Next you'll want to braid my hair!

DAENERYS: You've no right to a braid. You've won no victories yet.

VISERYS: "[infuriated]" You do "not" talk back to me!

"[VISERYS hits his sister in the face with such force that he knocks her to the ground. He then tackles her on the ground and tries to her again.]"

VISERYS: You are a horselord's slut! And now, you've woken the Dragon!

"[VISERYS tries to punch her, but DAENERYS, finally having had enough, grabs the belt VISERYS threw at her earlier and hits him in the face with it. VISERYS screams in pain and rolls over. DAENERYS stands up,.]"

DAENERYS: I am a Khaleesi of the Dothraki!

"[VISERYS slowly stands, a look of confused shock on his face. We see that the belt has left a bleeding cut on his cheek.]"

DAENERYS: I am the wife of the great Khal and I carry his son inside me! The next time you raise a hand to me will be the last time you have hands!

"[Shift back to Castle Black. JON, SAM, and KONRAD are cleaning up in the mess hall.]"

SAM: I know for a fact that some of the officers go to that brothel in Mole's Town.

JON: I wouldn't doubt it.

SAM: Don't you think it's a little bit unfair? Making us take our vows while they sneak off for a little Sally on the side?

JON: "Sally on the side?"

KONRAD: He does have a point, you know.

"[SAM shrugs.]"

SAM: It's silly, isn't it? What, we can't defend the Wall unless we're celibate? It's absurd.

KONRAD: "[under his breath]" Hypocrites....

JON: "[to SAM]" I didn't think you'd be so upset about it.

SAM: "[insulted]" Why not? Because I'm fat?

JON: No -

SAM: But "I" like girls just as much as "you" do. They might not like me as much. I've never....been with one. Both of you have probably had hundreds.

KONRAD: If you asked my Uncle Hendrick, he'd probably tell you I visited the brothel in Brightbank a little too many times. And I won't lie - he isn't wrong. And let me tell you - "everything" they say about Northern girls is absolutely true.

"[All three of them laugh.]"

SAM: And what about you, Jon?

JON: No. "[to SAM]" As a matter of fact, I'm the same as you.

"[Both SAM and KONRAD scoff disbelievingly.]"

SAM: Yeah, I find that hard to believe....

KONRAD: So do I. I bet the girls would trample each other to get in your pants. I mean, look at you!

"[JON raises an eyebrow at KONRAD. The smile fades from his face as he realizes the implication JON is making.]"

KONRAD: "[embarrassed]" Oh, I - I didn't mean it like - I'm not a...

"[JON laughs softly.]"

JON: It's okay. I know what you mean. "[pause]" I came very close once. I was alone in a room with a naked girl, but...

SAM: You didn't know where to put it?

JON: I "know" where to put it.

"[SAM is very clearly interested. So is KONRAD, but not as much as SAM.]"

SAM: Was she....old and ugly?

JON: Young and gorgeous. A whore named Ros.

"[JON stops scrubbing the table and sits on it.]"

SAM: What color hair?

JON: Red.

SAM: Oh, I like red hair.

KONRAD: So do I. Girls with red hair are always fun.

SAM: And her....her....

"[SAM makes a hand motion indicating breasts.]"

JON: "[grinning to himself]" You don't want to know.

SAM: "That" good?

JON: Better.

SAM: Oh no.

KONRAD: She sounds like my kind of girl.

"[Both SAM and KONRAD laugh.]"

SAM: So why exactly did you not make love to Ros with the perfect...

JON: What's my name?

SAM: Jon Snow?

JON: And why is my surname Snow?

SAM: Because....you're a bastard from the North.

JON: "[solemn]" I never met my mother. My father wouldn't even tell me her name. I don't know if she's living or dead. I don't know if she's a noblewoman, or a fisherman's wife....or a whore. So I sat there in the brothel as Ros took off her clothes. But I couldn't do it. Because all I could think was what if I got her pregnant and she had a child, another bastard named Snow? It's not a good life for a child.

"[JON resumes working.]"

SAM: "[jokingly]" So....you "didn't" know where to put it?

KONRAD: Nah, I don't think he did!

"[The three of them playfully wanton when THORNE walks in.]"

THORNE: Enjoying yourselves? You look cold, boys.

SAM: It is a bit nippy.

THORNE: A bit nippy, yeah, by the fire, indoors. It's still summer. Do you boys even remember the last winter? How long has it been now? What, 10 years?

JON: I remember.

KONRAD: So do I.

THORNE: Was it uncomfortable at Winterfell? And in Brightbank? Were there days when you just couldn't get warm, never mind how many fires your servants built?

JON: I build my own fires.

KONRAD: So do I.

THORNE: That's admirable. I spent six months out there, beyond the Wall during the last winter. It was supposed to be a two-week mission. We heard a rumour Mance Rayder was planning to attack Eastwatch. So we went out to look for some of his men. Capture them, gather some knowledge. The wildlings who fight for Mance Rayder are hard men - harder than "you'll" ever be. They know their country better than we do. They knew there was a storm coming in. So they hid in their caves and waited for it to pass. And we got caught in the open. Wind so strong it yanked 100-foot trees straight from the ground, roots and all. If you took your gloves off to find your cock to have a piss, you lost a finger to the frost. And all in darkness. You don't know cold. None of you do. The horses died first. We didn't have enough to feed them, to keep them warm. Eating the horses was easy. But later when "we" started to fall - "that" wasn't easy.

"[Brief pause.]"

THORNE: We should have had some boys like you three along, shouldn't we?

"[THORNE grabs at SAM, who looks nervous.]"

THORNE: Soft, fat boys like you. We'd have lasted a fortnight on you and still had bones leftover for soup.

"[Another brief pause.]"

THORNE: Soon we'll have new recruit, and you lot will be passed along to the Lord Commander for assignment. And they will call you men of the Night's Watch, but you'd be fools to believe it. You're boys still. And come the winter, you will die....like flies.

"[THORNE leaves. All three of them stare after THORNE as he does, SAM looking nervous, both JON and KONRAD with looks of anger, before they resume working.]"

"[Shift to Vaes Dothrak, DAENERYS' hut. She is speaking privately with JORAH.]"

DAENERYS: I hit him. I hit the Dragon.

JORAH: Your brother Rhaegar was the Last Dragon. Viserys is less than the shadow of a snake.

DAENERYS: He is "still" the true king.

JORAH: The truth now: do you want to see your brother sitting on the Iron Throne?

DAENERYS: No. But the common people are waiting for him. Illyrio said they're sewing dragon banners and praying for his return.

JORAH: The common people pray for rain, health and a summer that never ends. They don't care what games the high lords play.

DAENERYS: What do "you" pray for, Ser Jorah?

"[JORAH thinks for a moment.]"

JORAH: Home.

DAENERYS: I pray for home too.

"[Brief pause as DAENERYS thinks.]"

DAENERYS: My brother will never take back the Seven Kingdoms. He couldn't lead an army even if my husband gave him one. He'll never take us home.

"[Shift to King's Landing, where the Tourney of the Hand is about to get underway. ROBERT, CERSEI, JOFFREY, TOMMEN, and MYRCELLA are already present, and are joined by THE HOUND and BARRISTAN SELMY, who are serving as protection, as well as ROBERT LANNISTER. ROBERT is drinking a horn of ale. SANSA, ARYA, and SEPTA MORDANE are also seated nearby. SANSA tries to catch JOFFREY's eye, but JOFFREY looks away. SANSA looks hurt. LITTLEFINGER walks up to SANSA.]"

LITTLEFINGER: Lover's quarrel?

SANSA: I'm sorry. Do I...?

SEPTA MORDANE: Sansa dear, this is Lord Baelish. He's known...

"[LITTLEFINGER interrupts.]"

LITTLEFINGER: An old friend of the family. I've known your mother a long, long time.

"[LITTLEFINGER sits next to SANSA.]"

ARYA: Why do they call you Littlefinger?

SANSA: "[embarrassed]" Arya!

SEPTA MORDANE: "[sternly]" Don't be rude!

LITTLEFINGER: No, it's quite all right. When I was a child, I was very small. And I come from a little spit of land called the Fingers, so you see, it's an "exceedingly" clever nickname.

"[At the far end of the jousting grounds, CARMINE GRAYBURN is in his full Gold Cloak armor. Suddenly, KORMED GRAYBURN walks up to him.]"

KORMED: Carmine!

CARMINE: Uncle Kormed!

"[They embrace.]"

KORMED: It's good to see you, lad. You on solo patrol?

CARMINE: Yeah. Commander Slynt has various men posted around the jousting grounds. There are pairs of us wandering around the tents.

KORMED: Good to know.

CARMINE: And how've you been, Uncle? Been enjoying the capital?

KORMED: Thoroughly. There's so much to see and do in King's Landing. But I'm not here to talk about the city. Lord Stark sent me to ask you a few things.

CARMINE: Like what?

KORMED: You been in the capital for, what, about a year now?

CARMINE: More like a year-and-a-half.

KORMED: You're City Watch. That means you see a lot of things. Did you notice anything unusual going on within the city, particularly within the Red Keep, in the weeks leading up to Jon Arryn's death?

"[CARMINE thinks for a moment.]"

CARMINE: Not really....though I did notice Lord Arryn going to talk to a lot of people.

KORMED: And what about Ser Hugh? Do you know him at all? What do you think about him being knighted?

CARMINE: He and I are....acquaintances, I guess you could say. I think it's interesting that they knighted him. Bit surprising if you ask me.....

"[A look of unease passes over his face.]"

CARMINE: If I could be honest with you, Uncle, the whole situation involving the death of Jon Arryn just feels strange to me. I didn't want to bring it up where I thought the wrong people would hear it, but -

"[KORMED interrupts.]"

KORMED: You think he may have been murdered too?

"[CARMINE nods.]"

CARMINE: I mean, the man was perfectly healthy, then he suddenly just drops dead from a "fever". I'm not buying it, Uncle.

KORMED: That's what Lord Stark's been investigating the possibility of, I think. Back in Winterfell, Lord Arryn's widow wrote him a letter saying that was the case, and that the Lannisters were behind it.

CARMINE: If Queen Cersei heard us talking about her family like that....I shudder to think what could happen to us. But....I feel like Jon Arryn's death, if it was indeed a murder, is only the beginning. I feel like something terrible is going to happen.

"[CARMINE looks solemn. KORMED looks ashamed himself.]"

KORMED: This is supposed to be a happy gathering, and here I've gone and ruined it with all this grim talk. My apologies, nephew.

CARMINE: It's quite all right, Uncle. I know you're just doing your job.

KORMED: And now I need to let you do yours!

"[He claps CARMINE on the shoulder.]"

KORMED: I had better return to Lord Stark.

"[KORMED leaves. CARMINE gives a look that says 'I should enjoy myself' and smiles as the joust begins.]"

ROBERT: I've been sitting here for days! Start the damn joust before I piss meself!

"[CERSEI, embarrassed, leaves. The first competitor rides up, a huge knight in dark grey armor.]"

SANSA: Gods, who is "that"?

LITTLEFINGER: Ser Gregor Clegane. They call him the Mountain. The Hound's older brother.

"[SER HUGH OF THE VALE rides up beside THE MOUNTAIN.]"

SANSA: And his opponent?

LITTLEFINGER: Ser Hugh of the Vale. He was Jon Arryn's squire. Look how far he's come.

"[SER HUGH and THE MOUNTAIN formally bow.]"

ROBERT: Yes, yes. Enough of the bloody pomp. Have at it!

"[A servant blows a horn to signify the beginning of the joust. The first pass takes its course with no contact. On the second pass, when THE MOUNTAIN approaches SER HUGH, he drives his lance through his neck, knocking him off his horse. SANSA shrieks in horror, and the rest of the crowd looks on, shocked, most notably ROBERT, ARYA and SEPTA MORDANE. SER HUGH has a large splinter of wood stuck in his throat and is laying on the ground, coughing up blood for a few minutes before finally dying. THE HOUND stares at THE MOUNTAIN with a forlorn look on his face as a pair of retainers grab SER HUGH's body and take it off the track.]"

LITTLEFINGER: "[to SANSA]" Not what you were expecting? "[pause]" Has anyone ever told you the story of the Mountain and the Hound? Lovely little tale of brotherly love. The Hound was just a pup, six years old maybe. Gregor a few years older, already a big lad, already getting a bit of a reputation. Some lucky boys just born with a talent for violence. One evening, Gregor found his little brother playing with a toy by the fire - "Gregor" 's toy, a wooden knight. Gregor never said a word, he just grabbed his brother by the scruff of his neck and shoved his face into the burning coals. Held him there while the boy screamed, while his face melted. There aren't very many people who know that story.

SANSA: "[timidly]" I won't tell anyone. I promise.

LITTLEFINGER: No, please don't. If the Hound so much as heard you mention it, I'm afraid all the knights in King's Landing would not be able to save you.

"[SANSA glances at THE MOUNTAIN nervously.]"

"[Shift to NED's chambers. NED is out on his balcony when JORY enters followed by CERSEI.]"

JORY: My lord, Her Grace the Queen.

NED: Your Grace....

CERSEI: You're missing your tournament.

NED: Putting my name on it doesn't make it mine.

CERSEI: I thought we might put what happened on the Kingsroad behind us – the ugliness with the wolves.

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

CERSEI: And forcing you to kill the beast was extreme. Though sometimes we go to extremes where our children are concerned. How is Sansa?

NED: She likes it here.

CERSEI: "[condescending]" The only Stark who does. Favors her mother, not much of the North in her.

NED: "[irritated]" What are you doing here?

CERSEI: I might ask the same of "you". What is it you hope to accomplish?

NED: The King called on me to serve him and the Realm, and that's what I'll do until he tells me otherwise.

CERSEI: You can't change him. You can't help him. He'll do what he wants, which is all he's ever done. You'll try your best to pick up the pieces.

NED: If that's my job, then so be it.

CERSEI: "[derisively]" You're just a soldier, aren't you? You take your orders and you carry on. I suppose it makes sense - your older brother was trained to lead and you were trained to follow.

NED: I was also trained to kill my enemies, Your Grace.

CERSEI: As was I.

"[She leaves. NED watches her go with a wary look on his face.]"

"[Shift to the Crossroads Inn in the Riverlands. TYRION and YOREN have just arrived on horseback, being accompanied by several Lannister guards. Inside the inn are CATELYN, who is concealing herself, and SER RODRIK. A bard named MARILLION sits down at their table.]"

MARILLION: Seven blessings to you, goodfolk!

CATELYN: And to you.

SER RODRIK: "[to a servant]" Boy! Bread, meat and beer, quickly.

MARILLION: Ah, good idea, Grandfather. I'm starving. A song while we wait or - ?

SER RODRIK: I'd rather throw myself down a well.

MARILLION: Now, now, Grandfather, may be your last chance if you're heading north. The only music the Northerners know is the howling of wolves!

"[MARILLION laughs. At that moment, TYRION and YOREN enter the inn. CATELYN pulls her hood up farther to better conceal herself. The innkeeper, MASHA HEDDLE, walks up to them.]"

MASHA HEDDLE: I'm sorry, my lord, we're full up. Every room.

TYRION: My men can sleep in the stable. As for myself, I don't require a large room.

MASHA HEDDLE: Truly, my lord, we have nothing.

TYRION: Is there nothing I can do....to remedy this?

"[He takes out a coin and waves it around. A sellsword named BRONN, sitting by himself at a far table, looks interested.]"

BRONN: You can have my room.

TYRION: Now, "there's" a clever man.

"[He tosses the coin to BRONN.]"

TYRION: You can manage food, I trust? Yoren, dine with me.

YOREN: Aye, my Lord.

"[MARILLION stands up when he notices TYRION and picks up his lute.]"

MARILLION: My Lord of Lannister! Might I entertain you while you eat? I can sing of your father's victory at King's Landing!

TYRION: Nothing would more likely "ruin" my supper.

"[TYRION notices CATELYN.]"

TYRION: Lady Stark! What an unexpected pleasure. I was sorry to have missed you at Winterfell.

MASHA HEDDLE: Lady Stark!

"[She bows. CATELYN stares at TYRION for a moment before standing up and pulling her hood down. She then speaks to everyone in the room.]"

CATELYN: I was still Catelyn Tully the last time I stayed here. "[to SER WILLIS WODE.]" You, Ser...is that the black bat of Harrenhal I see embroidered on your coat?

WILLIS: It is, my lady.

CATELYN: And is Lady Whent a true and honest friend to my father, Lord Hoster Tully of Riverrun?

WILLIS: She is.

CATELYN: "[to KURLEKET]" The red stallion was always a welcome sight at Riverrun. My father counts Jonos Bracken amongst his oldest and most loyal bannermen.

KURLEKET: Our lord is honoured by his trust. Unfortunately, he still grieves over the loss of his nephew, and is not feeling well.

CATELYN: You give Lord Bracken my sympathies and best wishes.

KURLEKET: Very good, my lady.

CATELYN: "[to a knight of House Clement]" And your sigil - House Clement, am I correct?

CLEMENT KNIGHT: Yes, my lady.

CATELYN: My father often spoke of Lord Tyran's heroics at the Battle of the Bells. He said seeing him in combat was one of the finest things he'd ever seen.

CLEMENT KNIGHT: Thank you, my lady. I'll make sure to give him your regards.

CATELYN: Please do so.

TYRION: "[confused]" I envy your father all his fine friends, Lady Stark, but I don't quite see the purpose of this.

CATELYN: "[to a Frey knight]" I know "your" sigil as well: the twin towers of Frey. How fares your lord, Ser?

FREY KNIGHT: Lord Walder is well, my lady. He has asked your father for the honor of his presence on his 90th nameday. He plans to take another wife.

"[TYRION scoffs. CATELYN turns back to face him.]"

CATELYN: This man came into my house as a guest and there conspired to murder my son, a boy of 10. In the name of King Robert and the good Lords you serve, I call upon you to seize him and help me return him to Winterfell to await the king's justice.

"[All of the knights in the inn draw their swords and point them at TYRION, who looks around, confused.]"