

Game of Thrones
Episode #203

Written by
Bryan Cogman

Based on A Song of Ice and Fire by
George R.R. Martin

AS BROADCAST SCRIPT
March 4th, 2012

GAME OF THRONES
As Broadcast Script
Episode 203

01:00:02

[INTRODUCTION TO SHOW]

[TITLE OF SHOW]

01:01:52

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP - NIGHT

A dozen Night's Watch officers sleep on the filthy floor. The door flies open, rousing them from their sleep. Craster barges in, Longclaw in his hand, dragging a bruised and bloodied Jon Snow by the scruff of the neck.

CRASTER

Out! All of you!

He throws Jon at Commander Mormont's feet.

CRASTER (CONT'D)

Bastard's been meddling where he shouldn't. I want you and your men gone. And, and you'll make this right.

Mormont knows there's no arguing with Craster.

MORMONT

Wait outside.

JON

Lord Commander...

MORMONT

Now.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP - LATER

As various watchmen make their preparations to leave, Samwell attempts to treat Jon's cuts with some kind of ointment. Mormont emerges from the keep, furious, and

heads straight for Jon.

SAMWELL
Lord Commander...

MORMONT
Leave us.

Sam's face reddens and he scurries away.

MORMONT
What did you do?

JON
I followed him. He took the baby into
the woods, the newborn...

01:02:52

MORMONT
What business is that of yours?

JON
No, you don't understand. He's killing
them, all the boys. He...

Jon stops, noting the haunted, weary look on Mormont's
face.

JON (CONT'D)
You know.

The Old Bear nods.

MORMONT
The wildlings serve crueler Gods than
you or I. Those boys are Craster's
offerings.

JON
Offerings? He's murdering his own
children! He's a monster...

MORMONT
Aye, many a time that monster was the
difference between life and death for
our rangers, your uncle among them. We
have other wars to fight. Out there.

Like it or not, we need men like
Craster.

Jon can't bring himself to look at the Old Bear. He
stares at the ground.

JON
I saw it. I saw... something take that
child.

01:03:54

This news troubles Mormont.

MORMONT
Whatever it was... I dare say you'll see
it again. Now ready my horse. We leave
at dawn.

He's about to walk off when he remembers something. He
hands over Longclaw, in its scabbard.

MORMONT (CONT'D)
Don't lose it again.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP - FAR SIDE - DAWN

Gilly crosses the yard, noting the various watchmen
decamping and loading their horses.

SAMWELL
Gilly!

Gilly turns to find Sam peering out from behind a
woodpile. She creeps over to him, mindful of being seen
by Craster.

GILLY
You're leaving.

Sam nods, deeply ashamed he can't free her from this
life.

SAMWELL
I... I wanted to give you something.

01:04:50

He places a tiny brass thimble in her hand.

SAMWELL (CONT'D)

It belonged to my mother.

GILLY

I can't take it...

SAMWELL

Please! I want you to. My mother used it for sewing. She'd let me sit with her in her chamber while she sewed and... I'd read to her. My father put a stop to it when he found out. It's the only thing I have of hers. She gave it to me before I left for the Wall.

GILLY

You-you shouldn't give it away...

SAMWELL

I'm not giving it away. I'm giving it to you. Keep it safe for me 'til I come back.

Gilly looks down at the tiny thimble in her hand, then back up at Sam. For a moment they stand together. She turns and rushes back to the keep. Sam looks after her for a moment, beaming. Then he turns to join his fellow watchmen heading north.

01:05:52

EXT. WINTERFELL - COURTYARD - MORNING

DIREWOLF POV

We pad through the archway from the Godswood into the courtyard, where Stark servants go about their duties. Hodor crosses into the POV and looks down at us, grinning.

HODOR

Hodor.

Maester Luwin enters frame and addresses Hodor.

LUWIN

Hodor, rouse Bran, will you? It's time
for his lessons.

Hodor obeys and starts for the archway and we follow him
across the yard and into...

INT. WINTERFELL - CORRIDOR/STAIR - CONTINUOUS

We follow Hodor through the corridor, up a flight of
stairs and towards a door. Hodor opens it. We push past
Hodor into...

INT. WINTERFELL - BRAN'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Still in direwolf POV, we leap up onto the bed, looking
down at Bran, who is sound asleep. Bran's eyes pop open
and as he shoots up, with a gasp. Cut to a reverse angle
of the last shot:

Summer stands on the bed, staring straight at us, with
Hodor standing just behind in the doorway. The giant's
grin fades. Reverse angle on Bran, drenched in sweat,
breathing heavily, terrified. This was no dream. He was
inside his wolf.

INT. WINTERFELL - BRAN'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Bran lies in bed. Maester Luwin sits beside him.

BRAN

Every night it's the same. I'm walking.
I'm running. But I'm not... I'm not me.

01:06:53

BRAN

I'm running through the Godswood,
sniffing the dirt. Tasting blood in my
mouth when I've made a fresh kill.
Howling. Old Nan used to tell me
stories about magical people who could
live inside stags, birds, wolves...

LUWIN

And that's exactly what they are, Bran,
stories.

BRAN

So she was lying? They don't exist?

LUWIN

Well, they may have done... but they're gone from the world, along with much else. These are dreams, Bran. Nothing more.

BRAN

No. My dreams are different. Mine are true. I dreamt of my father dying. And Rickon had the same dream.

LUWIN

What about all the dreams you've had that didn't come true? Hmm?

01:07:50

Beat. Luwin lifts up his Maester's chain, fingering one particular link made of dark metal.

LUWIN (CONT'D)

This link is made of Valyrian steel. Only one maester in a hundred wears it on his chain. It signifies that I have studied the higher mysteries. And all who study these mysteries try their hands at spells. I was no different. I was young and what boy doesn't secretly wish for hidden powers to lift him out of his dull life into a special one?

Bran looks away from Luwin. He wishes this every day.

LUWIN (CONT'D)

But in the end for all my efforts, I got no more out of it than a thousand boys before me. [LAUGH] Come on.

Luwin tucks Bran in.

LUWIN

Maybe magic was once a mighty force in the world, but not anymore.

01:08:55

LUWIN

The dragons are gone, the giants are
dead, the children of the forest
forgotten.

Bran looks away.

EXT. STORMLANDS - RENLY'S CAMP - DAY

Catelyn and her men are escorted into the camp. Two
knights duel while a crowd watches, cheering. Ser Loras
Tyrell fights an unknown knight in blue as Renly
Baratheon and Margaery Tyrell watch. Loras strikes a
mighty blow, and Margaery shoots to her feet.

MARGAERY

Loras! Highgarden!

01:09:57

Loras manages to disarm his opponent, but the blue knight
rushes him, toppling him to the ground. The blue knight
draws a dirk, flips open Loras's visor, and holds the
blade to his face.

LORAS

Yield. I yield!

The blue knight stands up, unsteadily. Loras stands and
removes his helm, bewildered. Finally, a round of
applause comes from the king himself.

RENLY

Well fought! Approach.

The blue knight approaches the dais and kneels.

RENLY (CONT'D)

Rise. Remove your helm.

The knight obliges and Catelyn's eyes widen in shock.
The knight is a woman.

RENLY (CONT'D)

You are all that your father promised
and more, milady. I've seen Ser Loras
bested once or twice... but never quite
in that fashion.

01:10:52

He shoots his clandestine lover a look. Ser Loras is not amused. Margaery notices this.

MARGAERY

Now, now, my love. My brother fought valiantly for you.

RENLY

That he did, my queen, but there can be only one champion. Brienne of Tarth. You may ask anything of me you desire. If it's within my power, it is yours.

Brienne gazes up at Renly, pure adoration in her eyes.

BRIENNE

Your Grace... I ask the honor of a place in your Kingsguard. I would be one of your seven, pledge my life to yours, and keep you safe from all harm.

The crowd murmurs their disapproval.

RENLY

Done! Rise, Brienne of the Kingsguard.

Brienne rises, beaming. The king applauds, then the crowd applauds, Catelyn nods at her Baratheon escort, who steps forward.

BARATHEON GUARD

Your grace! I have the honor to bring you Lady Catelyn Stark, sent as an envoy by her son, Robb, lord of Winterfell.

CATELYN

Lord of Winterfell and King in the North.

01:11:52

Renly is surprised to see her, but smiles amiably.

RENLY

Lady Catelyn, I'm pleased to see you.

May I present my wife, Margaery of House Tyrell?

MARGAERY

You are very welcome here, Lady Stark.
I am so sorry for your loss.

CATELYN

You are most kind.

RENLY

My lady, I swear to you I will see the Lannisters answer for your husband's murder. When I take King's Landing, I will bring you Joffrey's head!

A roar and shouts from the crowd.

CATELYN

It will be enough to know that justice was done, my lord.

BRIENNE

Your grace. And you should kneel when you approach the king.

RENLY

There's no need for that. Lady Stark is an honored guest...

LORAS

Has your son marched against Tywin Lannister yet?

CATELYN

I do not sit on my son's war counsels. And if I did, I wouldn't share his strategies with you.

LORAS

If Robb Stark wants a pact with us, he should come himself. Not hide behind his mother's skirts.

01:12:55

CATELYN

My son is fighting a war. Not playing
at one.

Angry murmurs from the crowd, but Renly laughs. Renly
stands up to join Lady Catelyn.

RENLY
Don't worry, my lady. Our war is just
beginning.

EXT. STORMLANDS - RENLY'S CAMP - DAY

Renly leads Catelyn toward his tent. They pass a horse
groom. Renly stops to chat with the man, who bows.

HORSE GROOM
Your grace.

Renly claps the man on the shoulder.

RENLY
Gerard... how's your foot?

HORSE GROOM
Better, your grace. They don't know
their own size, is all.

RENLY
Good man.

Renly smiles and continues with Catelyn.

RENLY
I have one hundred thousand men at my
command. All the might of the
Stormlands and the Reach.

CATELYN
And all of them young and bold, like
your Knight of Flowers? It's a game to
you, isn't it?

01:13:54

She shakes her head in sadness.

CATELYN
I pity them.

RENLY

Why?

CATELYN

Because it won't last. Because they are the knights of summer. And winter is coming.

Renly's smile fades. A flash of anger across his face.

RENLY

Brienne. Escort Lady Catelyn to her tent. She's tired from her journey.

BRIENNE

At once, Your Grace. Shall I return after...

RENLY

That won't be necessary. I would pray awhile. Alone.

He strides off. Brienne approaches Catelyn, who is still looking out at the camp, deeply troubled.

BRIENNE

If you'll follow me, my lady...

Catelyn follows Brienne and they walk away from the overlook, back down towards camp.

CATELYN

You fought bravely today, Lady Brienne.

BRIENNE

I fought for my king. Soon I'll fight for him on the battlefield. Die for him if I must. And, if it please you, Brienne's enough. I'm no lady.

Cat smiles wistfully; this is just the kind of thing Arya would say.

INT. PYKE - BALON GREYJOY'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Theon Greyjoy walks into the chamber.

01:14:53

Theon doesn't realize Yara is already present. He looks around the room, lost in thought. Finally he sees Yara. He's startled and tries to hide his nervousness with anger.

THEON

What are you doing here?

YARA

I live here. Are you angry with me, brother?

THEON

You lying bitch...

YARA

It's not my fault you didn't recognize me.

THEON

Recognize you? How could I? The last time I saw you... you... looked like a fat little boy!

YARA

You were a fat little boy, too. But I recognized you.

Theon, furious, gets up right in her face.

THEON

Why didn't you tell me?

YARA

I wanted to see who you were first.
[LAUGH] And I did.

Balon Greyjoy enters the chamber. Yara bows her head.

BALON

The plans are made. It's time you heard them.

YARA

Father.

THEON

Father...

Balon motions for them to follow him to a great table. A map of Westeros is laid out on it.

He points at the map, to the Westerlands.

01:15:53

BALON

The wolf pup has gone south, with the entirety of the northern army at his back. While he's tangling with the lion in the Westerlands, the North is ripe for the taking.

His bony finger traces a line from Pyke to the various points up and down the northwestern coast.

BALON (CONT'D)

The Ironborn will reave and pillage as it was in the old days, all along the northern coast. We will spread our dominion across the green lands, securing the Neck and everything above. Every stronghold will yield, one by one. Winterfell may defy us for a year, but what of it? The rest shall be ours, forest, field and hall.

Theon looks uneasy.

BALON

Yara, my daughter. You'll take thirty longships to attack Deepwood Motte.

YARA

I've always wanted a castle.

THEON

What's my role in all this?

Balon doesn't even look at his son.

BALON

You'll take a ship to raid the fishing villages on the Stoney Shore.

THEON

A ship? You give her thirty and I get

one?

YARA

The Sea Bitch. We thought she'd be perfect for you.

01:16:53

THEON

I'm to fight fishermen?

YARA

Be careful of their nets.

THEON

Father. I've fought with Robb Stark. I know his men. They won't give up the North so easily...

YARA

They won't even know we're there, until it's too late...

THEON

What do you know of it, woman? I'm a proven warrior...

BALON

Your brothers were warriors. Both of them dead at the hands of those you seem so eager to protect.

Theon knows he's on dangerous ground now. He tries to backpedal.

THEON

I'm not protecting anyone. I just wonder if it's not wiser to wait?

Yara scoffs. Theon presses on.

THEON (CONT'D)

Why risk going against the North if they would be our allies? Rise up against them and they could destroy us. But if we pledge fealty to them, they'll give us Casterly Rock.

BALON

What are our words? Our words.

THEON

We do not sow.

BALON

We do not sow. We are Ironborn. We're not subjects. We're not slaves. We do not plow the field or toil in the mine. We take what is ours. Your time with the wolves has made you weak.

01:18:00

Theon's temper flares.

THEON

You act as if I volunteered to go! You gave me away, if you remember, the day you bent the knee to Robert Baratheon. After he crushed you. Did you take what was yours then?

Balon backhands Theon across the face. Blood trickles down Theon's cheek but he does not hang his head. He glares right back at his father.

THEON

You gave me away. Your boy. Your last boy. You gave me away like I was some dog you didn't want anymore. And now you curse me because I've come home?

Balon pauses in the doorway. The memory of his shame is still raw. He leaves the chamber.

YARA

You'd have our father bow down to your other family.

THEON

I have no other family.

YARA

Don't you? Make your choice, Theon. And do it quickly. Our ships sail with

or without you.

01:19:00

She walks out.

INT. RED KEEP - CHAMBER OF THE HAND - DAY

Tyrion attends to some paperwork at his desk. Shae paces around the room, looking at various objects, bored and restless.

SHAE

You won't let me leave this room, you won't let me...

TYRION

Shh. Keep your voice down...

SHAE

Why? You think your father can hear me? He's three hundred miles away!

TYRION

I don't intend for you to stay here. I might be able to bring you into the castle kitchens.

Beat. Shae stares at him, incredulous.

TYRION

Again, only temporary.

SHAE

You don't want me in the kitchens. Every man who's tasted my cooking has told me what a good whore I am.

TYRION

Oh, you wouldn't be a cook. You'd pose as a scullion.

SHAE

A scullion? What is a scullion?

TYRION

Kitchen wench.

SHAE
A kitchen wench.

TYRION
Yes, but...

SHAE
Cleaning pots? Is that how my lion
wants to see me?

01:20:00

TYRION
Your lion wants to see you alive. We've
come to a dangerous place. My sister
wants to hurt me. She'll look for any
weakness she can find... she can't know
about you.

SHAE
I am the weakness?

TYRION
It's a compliment, my lady.

SHAE
How is being a weakness a compliment?

Tyrion takes her hand.

TYRION
Language can be a bit tricky here...

SHAE
Oh, I am too stupid to understand? The
stupid foreign girl?

She leans in close to Tyrion, staring right into his
eyes.

SHAE (CONT'D)
I am not a kitchen wench.

Shae pulls away and leaves the room.

INT. RED KEEP - CERSEI'S CHAMBER - EVENING

Cersei sits at table with her younger children, Myrcella

and Tommen. But there's additional guest at supper: Sansa. She sits next to Myrcella and across from the queen. She keeps her head down and takes small bites, quietly suffering. They eat in silence, until...

01:21:01

MYRCELLA

When will Joffrey and Sansa be married?

Sansa looks up, startled. Cersei smiles.

CERSEI

Soon, darling. When the war is over.

MYRCELLA

Mother says I'll have a new gown for the ceremony and another for the feast. But yours will be ivory, since you're the bride.

Sansa stares at Myrcella, dismayed.

CERSEI

The princess just spoke to you.

SANSA

Pardon, your grace. I'm sure your dress will be beautiful, Myrcella. I'm counting the days until the fighting's done and I can pledge my love to the king in sight of the Gods.

TOMMEN

Is Joffrey going to kill Sansa's brother?

Sansa tries to hide her shock.

CERSEI

He might. Would you like that?

TOMMEN

No. I don't think so.

CERSEI

Even if he does, Sansa will do her duty. Won't you, little dove?

01:22:03

Tears well up in Sansa's eyes as she looks away.

INT. RED KEEP - SANSA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Sansa sits in her chamber. She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She barely recognizes herself. A soft knock at the door startles her.

SANSA

Come in.

Shae enters, dressed in simple servant's garb.

SANSA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

SHAE

I'm Shae, milady. Your new handmaiden.

SANSA

I didn't know I needed a new handmaiden.
You're not from here.

SHAE

No.

Sansa waits for more, but Shae remains quiet.

SANSA

What are you doing?

SHAE

Waiting for you to tell me what to do.

SANSA

I shouldn't have to tell you to do
things. You should just do them.

SHAE

What things?

SANSA

Change my linens, wash my clothing,
scrub my floor, empty my chamber pot,
brush my hair.

01:23:00

Shae shuts the door, grabs a brush and moves to brush Sansa's hair.

SANSA (CONT'D)

No!

SHAE

You said to brush your...

SANSA

Not now.

Shae looks at the floor near Sansa's bed.

SHAE

Your chamber pot is empty.

SANSA

Clean the table.

Shae moves to do so.

SANSA (CONT'D)

Have you ever been a handmaiden before?

SHAE

Yes.

SANSA

For whom?

SHAE

Lady Zuriff.

SANSA

Lady Zuriff.

SHAE

Lady Zuriff.

SANSA

There is no Lady Zuriff in this city.

SHAE

She wasn't in this city.

SANSA

Well, I don't know how they did things
in that city, but in this city,
handmaidens wait on ladies, not the
other way around. And I don't have the
time to answer a thousand questions and
teach you how to do your job.

Silence.

SHAE

Do you want me to leave?

01:24:00

SANSA

Just brush my hair.

Sansa sits down. Shae starts to brush her hair.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL HALL - DAY

Grand Maester Pycelle hands a small vial to Tyrion.

TYRION

Oh, thank the Gods. I haven't had a
proper shit in six days.

PYCELLE

Oh, I've encountered this problem
before, my lord. The stresses of power
often have this... insalubrious effect.
Two drops with water, daily.

TYRION

Ah, I'm grateful to have a man of your
vast knowledge and wisdom on my side.
Please.

Tyrion gestures toward the chair. Pycelle sits.

PYCELLE

Why thank you, my lord.

TYRION

I can trust you, Pycelle, can I not?

PYCELLE

Why, yes, of course, my lord!

TYRION

These are perilous times and the crown must forge new alliances. And these alliances must often be sealed in matrimony.

01:25:05

PYCELLE

Matrimony? Er... yes...

TYRION

I'm trusting the council with these plans, but the Queen mustn't know. I can't have her meddling in affairs that could determine the future of the realm. There's too much at stake.

PYCELLE

Oh, yes. Yes, very, yes. I shall be silent as the grave...

Tyrion goes to the serving table and pours two cups of wine.

TYRION

I'm brokering an alliance with House Martell of Dorne. Princess Myrcella will marry their youngest son when she comes of age, insuring their loyalty... and their army, should we need it.

Pycelle strokes his long beard.

PYCELLE

Myrcella... sent away to Dorne?

TYRION

But remember, the Queen mustn't know.

Tyrion hands the cup to pycelle.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL HALL - LATER

VARYS

Oooh, "the Queen mustn't know"...

Tyrion is now talking with Varys. Pycelle is gone.

VARYS

...I love conversations that begin this way.

TYRION

I plan to marry Princess Myrcella off.
To Theon Greyjoy.

That's a surprise, even to Varys.

01:26:00

VARYS

Theon Greyjoy? Forgive me, my lord, but how? He grew up a ward of Winterfell. He fights for Robb Stark.

TYRION

Precisely. Theon's father loathes the Starks and will convince the boy to come to our side. Greyjoy can destroy the Northern army from within and we can have his father's ships. But remember, you must tell no one.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL HALL - LATER

LITTLEFINGER

Tell no one... what?

Tyrion now talks with Littlefinger. Varys is gone.

TYRION

I plan to wed Princess Myrcella to Robin Arryn of the Vale.

Littlefinger considers this.

TYRION

Lysa is not fond of me. But perhaps the promise of a royal match will convince her to let bygones be bygones.

LITTLEFINGER

She imprisoned you, she tried to execute you... and you offer her son a princess.

TYRION

For men in our position, holding grudges
can be an encumbrance. Don't you think?

LITTLEFINGER

And I suppose you want me to broker this
agreement?

01:27:00

TYRION

Who better?

LITTLEFINGER

Yes, I could sing this song to Lysa. If
I cared to. What's in it for me?

TYRION

The gratitude of the people of Westeros
for helping to end this war. The
adoration of the King for bringing the
Vale back into the fold. And Harrenhal.

Littlefinger's smug look vanishes for an instant. He
looks away from Tyrion.

LITTLEFINGER

Harrenhal is cursed.

TYRION

I never took you for a superstitious
man. By all means, tear it down and
rebuild. You'll be able to afford it.
I plan to make you lord of the
Riverlands.

Littlefinger turns to face Tyrion.

LITTLEFINGER

With a single stroke you'd make me one
of the greatest lords in the realm.

TYRION

You served my family well in the matter
of the succession.

LITTLEFINGER

So did Janos Slynt. And he was given Harrenhal too, until you snatched it away.

TYRION

I need you to deliver Lysa Arryn. I didn't need Janos Slynt. It's settled, then? Good. Oh, and remember...

LITTLEFINGER

The Queen mustn't know.

01:28:12

Tyrion finishes his drink and leaves.

INT. STORMLANDS - RENLY'S TENT - EVENING

Loras and Renly kiss passionately, moving to Renly's bed. When Renly unlaces Loras's shirt, we see a massive bruise on Loras's body, a mark from Brienne.

RENLY

Oh. That must hurt.

Loras jerks away from him. Renly moves in for a kiss, but Loras leans away.

RENLY

What? What is it?

LORAS

A member of the Kingsguard? As if I wasn't humiliated enough already.

01:29:15

RENLY

Brienne is a very capable warrior.

Renly kisses Loras.

RENLY

And she's devoted to me. You're jealous.

LORAS

Jealous? Of "Brienne the Beauty"?

Don't be make me laugh...

RENLY

I'll make it up to you...

Renly moves to unlace Loras's breeches, but Loras stops him.

LORAS

No, your grace. Not tonight. There's another Tyrell who requires your attention.

Renly's face drains of color at the mention of his wife.

LORAS

You didn't win my father's support or his army on charm alone.

Renly reaches for Loras again, and is rebuffed.

LORAS

Your vassals are starting to snigger behind your back. Brides aren't usually virgins two weeks after their wedding night.

01:30:11

RENLY

Oh, and Margaery's a virgin?

LORAS

Officially. Shall I bring her to you?

Loras storms out.

INT. STORMLANDS - RENLY'S TENT - LATER

Renly is alone, drinking. Margaery steps into the tent, wearing an elegant silk shift. She smiles at him. It is not a particularly demure smile. He smiles back, uncomfortably.

RENLY

I should warn you, I've had quite a bit of wine.

MARGAERY

As is your right. You are a king.

RENLY

You look very beautiful.

MARGAERY

Thank you, your Grace.

RENLY

That's a lovely gown.

MARGAERY

You think so? I can't decide how I like
it better. This way... or this way.

She opens the front of the gown and drops the top to the
floor.

01:31:11

Renly tries to look interested.

RENLY

You certainly don't need it.

She steps toward him.

RENLY

Although some say that the beauty most
desired is the beauty conceal...

She cuts him off, pressing her lips to his, pressing her
body to his. He does his best to respond in kind. Her
hand moves to his crotch. Nothing.

RENLY

It... it must be the wine, I...

She deftly undoes his pants.

MARGAERY

Here. Let me.

She goes to work on the problem with both hands, but
nothing is happening.

RENLY

I'm sorry. I...

MARGAERY

Do you want my brother to come in and help?

01:32:11

RENLY

What?!

MARGAERY

Well, he could get you started. I know he wouldn't mind. Or I can turn over and you can pretend I'm him.

RENLY

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARGAERY

There's no need for us to play games. Save your lies for court. You're going to need a lot of them.

There's no point denying it further. Defeated, Renly looks away.

MARGAERY (CONT'D)

Your enemies aren't happy about us. They want to tear us apart... and the best way to stop them is to put your baby in my belly.

01:33:11

She leans close, soothing.

MARGAERY (CONT'D)

We can try later. You decide how you want to do it: with me, with me and Loras, however else you like... whatever you need to do. You are a king.

INT. RED KEEP - CERSEI'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Tyrion enters.

CERSEI

You monster. Myrcella is my only daughter. Do you really think I'll let you sell her like a common whore?

TYRION

Myrcella's a princess. Some would say she was born for this.

CERSEI

I will not let you ship her off to Dorne as I was shipped off to Robert Baratheon!

TYRION

Dorne is the safest place for her.

CERSEI

Are you mad? The Martells loathe us.

TYRION

That's why we need to seduce them. We're going to need their support in the war your son started.

CERSEI

She'll be a hostage.

TYRION

A guest.

01:34:08

CERSEI

You won't get away with this. You think the piece of paper father gave you keeps you safe? Ned Stark had a piece of paper too.

TYRION

It's done, Cersei.

CERSEI

No...

TYRION

You cannot stop it.

Cersei lashes out, knocking a flagon of wine off her

table and sending it shattering to the ground.

CERSEI

No!

TYRION

Just how safe do you think Myrcella is if the city falls? Do you want to see her raped? Butchered, like the Targaryen children? Make no mistake, they'll mount her pretty little head on a spike right beside yours...

CERSEI

Get out! Get out.

He leaves the chamber.

INT. PYKE - SMALL CHAMBER - NIGHT

01:35:11

Theon sits at a table in the dank, cramped chamber, staring at a scroll:

Robb, I hope this reaches you in time...

It's obviously a warning to Robb. Theon considers the paper in his hands. If he sends this, there's no going back. A single candle sits on the table, flickering. Theon stares at the flame, then again at the scroll in his hands. Finally, he holds the paper to the flame. It ignites and burns to ashes in hands.

EXT. PYKE - ROCKY SHORE - DAWN

As the waves crash against the rocky coast, Theon stands before a priest of the Drowned God, the deity of the Iron Islands. Theon's clothes are no longer in the fashion of Winterfell, but of the Iron Islands. Balon and Yara stand off to one side, observing the sacred ritual.

PRIEST

Theon, of the House Greyjoy, you would this day, consecrate your faith to the Drowned God?

Theon looks past the priest at his father. Balon Greyjoy

is stern and stone-faced as ever.

THEON

I would.

PRIEST

Kneel.

01:36:08

Theon kneels on the hard, stony ground.

PRIEST

Let Theon your servant be born again
from the sea, as you were. Bless him
with salt, bless him with stone, bless
him with steel.

The priest lifts his waterskin, pulls the cork, and
directs a thin stream of seawater down upon Theon's head.
It drenches his hair and runs over his forehead into his
eyes.

THEON

What is dead may never die.

PRIEST

What is dead may never die. But rises
again, harder and stronger. Stand.

Theon rises, and locks eyes with Yara.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL HALL - NIGHT

Tyrion sits as though lost in thought.

01:37:08

LITTLEFINGER

I don't appreciate being made a fool of,
dwarf. If Myrcella marries the Martell
boy, she can't very well marry Robin
Arryn, can she?

Littlefinger's anger is difficult to hide.

TYRION

No, I'm afraid not. Sorry about that.

LITTLEFINGER

And Harrenhal? I suppose that's off the table as well?

TYRION

Yes, I fear so. Sorry about that too.

LITTLEFINGER

Leave me out of your next deception.

TYRION

Oh, that's a shame. You were to be the centerpiece of my next deception. My brother Jaime rots in a northern stockade. I would see him released. That's where you come in.

LITTLEFINGER

Robb Stark will never release the Kingslayer.

TYRION

No, he won't. But his mother might. How would you like to see your beloved Cat again?

Off littlefinger's surprise, Bronn pokes his head inside.

TYRION

Find him?

BRONN

Oh, aye. And he has company.

Tyrion nods, understanding.

BRONN

Filthy old stoat... almost hate to interrupt.

TYRION

No, you don't.

BRONN

No, I don't.

01:38:08

INT. RED KEEP - PYCELLE'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Pycelle lies in bed, Daisy curled up with him. The door is kicked open with a crash by Bronn, who bursts in, followed by Timmet and Tyrion. Pycelle recoils with a feeble cry. Daisy shrieks at the sight of Timmet and cowers in a corner.

PYCELLE

What?! What is the meaning of this?

Bronn drags Pycelle out of bed.

PYCELLE

No! P-please...

TYRION

You disappoint me, Grand Maester.

PYCELLE

I am your loyal servant...

TYRION

So loyal that you told the queen about my plan to send Myrcella to Dorne.

PYCELLE

No! Never! No, it's a falsehood, I swear it, it wasn't me. Ah, Varys. It was Varys, the Spider...

TYRION

See, I told Varys I was giving the princess to the Greyjoys. I told Littlefinger that I planned to wed her to Robin Arryn. I told no one that I was offering her to the Dornish. No one but you.

PYCELLE

Oh, the eunuch has spies everywhere...

TYRION

Cut off his manhood and feed it to the goats.

PYCELLE

Oh, no, no!

TIMMETT

There are no goats, Halfman.

TYRION

Well, make do.

Pycelle gibbers in terror.

TYRION

How long have you been spying for my sister?

01:39:08

PYCELLE

All I did, I did for House Lannister. Always. Your lord father, ask him! I have always been his servant... since the days of the Mad King...

TYRION

I don't like his beard.

PYCELLE

What? What? Oh no!

Bronn lurches grabs Pycelle by the arm. With his other hand, he saws away at Pycelle's beard with his knife.

PYCELLE

No! No...

TYRION

How many Hands have you betrayed, Pycelle? Eddard Stark? Jon Arryn?

PYCELLE

Oh, no, Lord Arryn... he knew. He, he knew the tr-truth... abou-about the queen and... he planned to act. To t-tell King Robert...

TYRION

So you poisoned him?

PYCELLE

No. Never!

TYRION

But you let him die? Made sure he
succumbed?

PYCELLE

Lannister... I always served
Lannister...

Disgusted, Tyrion backs away.

TYRION

Get him out of my sight. Throw him in
one of the black cells.

Bronn and Timmett grab the old man from the bed.

PYCELLE

Oh, no! No, no, no, no! No, please, d-
don't! You can't do this to me!

Tyrion sighs, exhausted, then notices Daisy still
cowering in the corner. He takes a gold coin out from
this pocket and places it on the arm of her chair.

TYRION

For your trouble.

He glances at Pycelle, who is being dragged from the
room.

01:40:08

Tyrion shakes his head and adds another coin on top.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL HALL - NIGHT

Tyrion, enjoying a cup of wine, sits with Varys at the
table.

VARYS

You'll be pleased to know our mutual
friend has found her way into Lady
Sansa's service.

TYRION

Good. One of my better ideas.

VARYS

And it seems the Grand Maester has found his way into a black cell?

Tyrion smiles and sips his wine.

VARYS

Well played, my Lord Hand. But should I be worried? Janos Slynt, Pycelle... the small council grows smaller every day.

TYRION

The council has a reputation for serving past Hands poorly. I don't mean to follow Ned Stark to the grave.

VARYS

Power is a curious thing, my lord. Are you fond of riddles?

TYRION

Why? Am I about to hear one?

01:41:07

VARYS

Three great men sit in a room; a king, a priest, and a rich man. Between them stands a common sellsword. Each great man bids the sellsword kill the other two. Who lives and who dies?

TYRION

Depends on the sellsword.

VARYS

Does it? He has neither crown nor gold, nor favor with the Gods.

TYRION

He has a sword. The power of life and death.

VARYS

But if it's swordsmen who rule, why do we pretend kings hold all the power? When Ned Stark lost his head, who was truly responsible? Joffrey? The

executioner? Or something else?

TYRION

I've decided I don't like riddles.

Varys smiles and picks up his goblet.

VARYS

Power resides where men believe it resides. It's a trick. A shadow on the wall. And a very small man can cast a very large shadow.

Tyrion sips his wine while Varys sips and grins.

01:42:11

EXT. RIVERLANDS - ABANDONED TOWER - NIGHT

Yoren's Night Watch party has set up camp in and around an old stone tower.

INT. RIVERLANDS - ABANDONED TOWER - NIGHT

All the recruits including Gendry, Hot Pie, and Lommy are asleep. Except for Arya, who sits up against the wall, polishing Needle. Arya looks up to see Yoren watching her. He sits down beside her, pulls out his flask and takes a swig.

YOREN

You should be sleeping. Tomorrow's a long march, thirty miles if it don't piss on us.

ARYA

I can't sleep.

Yoren considers for a moment and offers her the flask.

ARYA

I don't like the taste...

YOREN

Ugh, you don't drink it for the flavor, to be honest.

01:43:13

He closes his eyes. Arya watches him. He opens his eyes and glances at her without moving his head.

YOREN

What?

ARYA

How do you sleep?

YOREN

Same as most men, I think.

ARYA

But... you've seen things, Horrible things.

YOREN

Aye. I've seen pretty things too, but not nearly so many.

ARYA

How do you sleep when you... when you have those... things in your head?

Yoren knows exactly what she's talking about.

YOREN

You didn't see that. I made damn sure.

ARYA

I close my eyes and I see them up there, all of them standing there. Joffrey, the Queen and... and... my sister.

01:44:18

Yoren looks away.

YOREN

You know, we got something in common, me and you, you know that? I must have been a couple years older than you, I saw my brother stabbed through the heart, right on our doorstep. Wasn't much of a villain who skewered him... Willem, the lad's name was. He ran off before anyone could spit. And I just

stood there watching my brother die. H-
here's the funny part. I can't picture
my brother's face anymore. But Willem?
Oh, he was a nice looking boy.

01:45:14

YOREN

He had good white teeth, blue eyes, one
of those dimpled chins all the girls
like. I would think about him when I
was working, when I was drinking, when I
was having a shit. It got to the point
where I would say his name every night
before I went to bed. "Willem. Willem.
Willem." A prayer almost. And one day,
Willem came riding back into town. I
buried an axe so deep into Willem's
skull they had to bury him with it.
Willem's horse got me to the Wall, and I
been wearing black ever since.

Arya stares at him.

01:46:17

YOREN

Well, that should help you sleep, eh?
[LAUGH]

A war horn sounds from outside the holdfast. The
sleeping recruits stir.

RECRUIT (O.S.)

Gold cloaks!

The war horn sounds again. Yoren gets to his feet.

YOREN

Oh, get up, you lazy sons of whores!
Arm yourselves!

The recruits rush to slip on their boots and grab
whatever weapons they've brought with them.

GENDRY

What?

ARYA

Get up.

Yoren grabs Arya.

YOREN

You keep out of sight. Both of you.

ARYA

No! I'm not afraid...

GENDRY

I can fight...

YOREN

Keep out of sight. If things go wrong,
you run. Do you hear me? You run along
north and don't look back.

He shoves her away.

YOREN

Hey! There's men out there who want to
fuck your corpses! Outside! Now!

The horn sounds again. Arya and Gendry follow Yoren
outside. Lommy stops when he sees Gendry's bull's helm
lying on the floor. He picks it up and runs out after
the others.

01:47:02

EXT. RIVERLANDS - ABANDONED TOWER - NIGHT

Lannister forces enter the camp, led by Ser Amory Lorch.
Yoren and a few recruits face them. Arya and the others
run for the bushes. Lommy, with the helm in hand, rushes
past the prison wagon, knocking over a torch which sets
the grass on fire.

AMORY LORCH

Where's the bastard, crow?

YOREN

Got more than a few bastards here.
Who's asking?

AMORY LORCH

Ser Amory Lorch. Sworn bannerman to Lord Tywin Lannister. These men from the capital requested our assistance. Drop your weapons in the name of the king.

YOREN
Which king would that be?

AMORY LORCH
This is your last chance. In the name of King Joffrey, drop your weapons.

Yoren considers a brief moment, then spits.

YOREN
I don't think I will.

AMORY LORCH
So be it.

Lorch nods to a crossbowman, who aims his weapon and looses a quarrel into Yoren's chest.

Arya, watching from the bushes, jerks forward to help Yoren but Gendry holds her back.

Yoren stares down at the quarrel in his chest. He looks up at the crossbowmen.

YOREN
I always hated crossbows...

He advances on the soldier, who draws a fresh quarrel and starts loading the crossbow.

YOREN
Take too long to load!

01:48:00

The soldier attempts to reload, but Yoren fells him with one blow. Recruits and soldiers begin to fight. Yoren is wounded, then backs up against Amory Lorch's horse. Lorch drives his sword into Yoren's neck, and he falls.

Gendry rushes out to fight. Arya clutches Needle and moves to follow.

JAQEN (O.C.)

Boy! Come here, boy!

Arya whips around to see the wagon, now ablaze. Jaqen reaches out through the bars, calling to her.

JAQEN

Sweet boy! Help us! Come here! Help us, boy!

The prisoners are a few seconds away from burning alive.

JAQEN

Help us, boy!

Arya hesitates for a half-second, considering the fighting around her.

JAQEN

My men can fight! Free us!

Her eyes find a large axe, its blade buried in log by a woodpile. Quick as a snake, she darts over to the woodpile, yanks the axe free and runs for the burning wagon.

JAQEN

Quick, give it to me.

She hands the axe into the wagon. Rorge picks it up and begins to hack at the cage bars.

Gendry and the recruits fight bravely, but are overwhelmed.

01:49:07

Gendry is knocked to the ground by a soldier. Arya rushes to help, only to run into Polliver, who sends her to the ground with one punch. He takes Needle from Arya's hand.

POLLIVER

What do we have here?

ARYA

No...

POLLIVER

That's a fine little blade. Maybe I'll
pick my teeth with it.

Hot Pie is dragged from the bushes.

HOT PIE

I yield! I yield!

Across the field, atop his horse, Amory Lorch calls out.

AMORY LORCH

Round up any survivors. We'll take them
back to Harrenhal.

Polliver yanks Arya up from the ground.

POLLIVER

You heard him! You're coming with us.

He shoves a bewildered Hot Pie forward.

HOT PIE

I yield!

Polliver and the goons round up the rest of the
survivors, including Gendry. They march toward the
center of the grassy yard, which is dotted with corpses.
The gold cloaks inspect the corpses, looking for the one
they want.

LOMMY

Help. Help me...

Arya turns and sees Lommy, lying on the ground, bleeding
from the arrow in his leg. Polliver approaches him.

POLLIVER

Somethin' wrong with your leg, boy?

LOMMY

Look at it!

POLLIVER

Can you walk?

01:50:08

LOMMY

No. You got to carry me.

POLLIVER

All right.

He drives Needle into Lommy's throat. Polliver pulls the blade loose and Lommy's blood sprays out.

POLLIVER (CONT'D)

Carry him, he says...

The men laugh.

AMORY LORCH

We're looking for a bastard named Gendry! Give him up. Or I'll start taking eyeballs...

Arya notices a few of the recruits glancing at Gendry.

01:51:00

ARYA

You want Gendry?

She points at Lommy, dead on the ground.

ARYA (CONT'D)

You already got him.

The camera continues to pan past Lommy's body, to the bull's head helmet lying beside him.

ARYA (CONT'D)

He loved that helmet.

01:51:22

[FADE TO BLACK]

01:51:25

[CREDITS]

01:52:43

[END OF EPISODE]