

Game of Thrones
Episode #105 (05)

AS BROADCAST SCRIPT
APRIL 23rd, 2011

GAME OF THRONES
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[INTRODUCTION TO SHOW]

[TITLE OF SHOW]

[FADE TO BLACK]

EXT. KING'S LANDING - TOURNEY GROUNDS - DAY

INT. CASUALTY TENT - DAY

CLOSE UP OF SER HUGH'S THROAT RECEIVING STITCHES.

NED

Does Ser Hugh have any family in the
capitol?

BARRISTAN

No.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL BARRISTAN, NED, SISTER AND SER HUGH.

BARRISTAN

I stood vigil for him myself last night.
He had no one else.

NED

He'd never worn this armor before.

BARRISTAN

Bad luck for him, going against the
Mountain.

NED

Who determines the draw?

BARRISTAN

All the knights draw straws, Lord Stark.

OTS NED AND BARRISTAN.

NED

Aye. But who holds the straws? Good work sisters.

NED EXITS TENT. BARRISTAN FOLLOWS.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - TOURNEY GROUNDS.

BARRISTAN

Life is strange. Not so many years ago we fought as enemies at the Trident.

NED

I'm glad we never met in the field, Ser Barristan. As is my wife. I don't think the widow's life would suit her.

BARRISTAN

You're too modest. I've seen you cut down a dozen great knights.

NED

My father once told me you were the best he'd ever seen. I never knew the man to be wrong about matters of combat.

BARRISTAN

He was a fine man, your father. What the Mad King did to him was a terrible crime.

NED

That lad... he was a squire a few months ago. How could he afford a new suit of armor?

BARRISTAN

Perhaps Lord Arryn left him some money? I hear the King wants to joust today.

NED

Nah. That's never gonna happen.

BARRISTAN

Robert tends to do what he wants.

NED

If the king got what he wanted all the time, he'd still be fighting a damned rebellion.

INT. ROYAL PAVILION - DAY

CLOSE UP OF LANCEL TRYING TO FIT ROBERT INTO HIS ARMOR.

OTS SHOT OF LANCEL WITH NED BEING FITTED.

NED STEPS INTO PAVILION.

LANCEL

It's made too small, your grace. It won't go.

ROBERT

Your mother was a dumb whore with a fat ass. Did you know that? Look at this idiot. One ball and no brains. He can't even put a man's armor on him properly.

NED

You're too fat for your armor.

ROBERT

Fat? Fat is it? Is that how you speak to your king? [LAUGH]

NED

[LAUGH]

ROBERT TURNS TO LANCEL, LAUGHING. LANCEL CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY.

ROBERT

That was funny, is it?

LANCEL

No, your grace.

ROBERT

No? You don't like the Hand's joke?

NED

You're torturing the poor boy.

ROBERT
You heard the Hand. The king's too fat
for his armor. Go find the breastplate
stretcher. Now!

LANCEL QUICKLY WALKS OUT OF THE PAVILION.

ROBERT
[LAUGH]

NED
The breastplate stretcher...

ROBERT
How long before he figures it out?

NED
Maybe you should have one invented.

ROBERT
All right. All right. You watch me out
there. I still know how to point a
lance.

NED
You have no business jousting. Leave
that for the young men.

ROBERT
Why? Because I'm king? Piss on that. I
wanna hit somebody.

NED
And whose gonna hit you back?

ROBERT
Anybody who can. And the last man in his
saddle will be you.

NED
There's not a man in the Seven Kingdoms
would risk hurting you.

ROBERT
You telling me those cowards would let me
win?

NED

Aye.

ROBERT POURS BEER INTO A GLASS AND HANDS IT TO NED.

ROBERT

Drink.

NED

No. I'm not thirsty.

ROBERT

Drink. Your king commands it.

NED TAKES THE GLASS FROM ROBERT'S HAND AND DRINKS FROM IT. ROBERT SITS DOWN.

ROBERT

Gods. Too fat for my armor.

NED

Your squire... a Lannister boy?

ROBERT

Mm. Bloody idiot, but Cersei insisted.
I have John Arryn to thank for her.
Cersei Lannister will make a good match,
he told me. You'll need her father on
your side. I thought being king meant I
could do whatever I wanted. Enough of
this. Let's go watch 'em ride. At least
I can smell someone else's blood.

ROBERT WALKS TOWARDS THE PAVILION'S EXIT.

NED

Robert...

ROBERT STOPS AND TURNS AROUND. HIS BELLY IS EXPOSED.

ROBERT

What?

ROBERT LOOKS DOWN AT HIS BARE BELLY AND LAUGHS.

ROBERT

[LAUGH] An inspiring sight for the
people, aye? Come bow before your king.
Bow you shits! [LAUGH]

EXT. KING'S LANDING - TOURNEY GROUNDS - DAY

JOUSTER ON HORSEBACK GALLOPS TOWARD THE AUDIENCE, COMES
TO A STOP, REVEALS HIS FACE AND BOWS. NED SITS BESIDE
SANSA IN THE KING'S BOX.

NED
Where's Arya?

SANSA
At her dancing lessons. The Knight of
the Flowers.

SER LORAS RIDES ALONGSIDE THE CROWD ON HORSEBACK. HE
STOPS TO HAND SANSA A RED ROSE.

SANSA
Thank you, Ser Loras.

SER LORAS SMILES AND RIDES AWAY. SER LORAS BOWS TO THE
KING. THE TWO JOUSTERS RIDE TO THEIR PLACES.

SANSA
Don't let Ser Gregor hurt him.

NED
Aye.

SANSA
I can't watch.

LITTLEFINGER
A hundred gold dragons on the Mountain.

RENLY
I'll take that bet.

LITTLEFINGER
Now what would I buy with a hundred gold
dragons? A dozen barrels of Dornish
wine? Or a girl from the pleasure houses
of Lys?

RENLY
You could even by a friend.

SANSA (OC)
He's going to die.

NED
Ser Loras rides well.

SER GREGOR AND SER LORAS PREPARE TO JOUST. THE HORN
SOUNDS AND THE KING LOOKS ON.

THE HORSES BREAK OUT INTO A HARD GALLOP. LORAS STRIKES
GREGOR WITH HIS SWORD AND GREGOR FALLS.

THE CROWD CHEERS AND GASP. RENLY STANDS UP AND LAUGHS.

RENLY
Such a shame, Littlefinger. It would
have been so nice for you to have a
friend.

LITTLEFINGER
And tell me Lord Renly. When will you be
having your friend?

LITTLEFINGER GESTURES TOWARD LORAS. LITTLEFINGER SMILES
AND SITS DOWN, THEN LEADS IN BETWEEN NED AND SANSA.

LITTLEFINGER
Loras knew his mare was in heat. Quite
crafty, really.

SANSA
Ser Loras would never do that. There's
no honor in tricks.

LITTLEFINGER
No honor, but quite a bit of gold.

SER GREGOR REMOVES HIS HELMET AND THROWS IT ON THE GROUND
ANGRILY.

THE MOUNTAIN
Sword!

THE CROWD CHEERS. LORAS GALLOPS TOWARD THE CROWD. HE
STOPS IN FRONT OF THE KING AND BOWS.

THE MOUNTAIN USES A SWORD TO CHOP OFF THE HEAD OF HIS
HORSE. THE HORSE FALLS TO THE GROUND. THE CROWD GASPS.

THE MOUNTAIN MOVES TOWARD LORAS AND KNOCKS HIM OFF OF HIS
HORSE. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE HOUND BEGIN TO FIGHT WHILE
THE KING LOOKS ON, HORRIFIED.

ROBERT

Stop this madness in the name of your
king!

THE HOUND DROPS TO ONE KNEE. THE MOUNTAIN ANGRILY WALKS
AWAY AFTER THRUSTING HIS SWORD AT THE DIRT.

THE MOUNTAIN ANGRILY WALKS AWAY.

ROBERT

Let him go!

THE HOUND STANDS UP.

LORAS

I owe you my life, ser.

HOUND

I'm no ser.

LORAS GRABS THE HOUNDS ARM AND RAISES IT IN THE AIR
VICTORIOUSLY. SANSA STANDS UP AND APPLAUDS AS THE CROWD
CHEERS. RENLY APPLAUDS.

EXT. ROAD TO THE VALE - DAY

CATELYN

Remove his hood.

MARILLION

[SINGS] *And on that eve the captive Imp,
downwards from his horse did limp. No
more would he preen and primp in garb of
red and gold.*

TYRION

This isn't the Kingsroad. You said we were riding for Winterfell.

CATELYN
I did. Often and loudly.

TYRION
Very wise. They'll be out in droves looking for me in the wrong place. Word's probably gotten to my father by now. He'll be offering a handsome reward. Everyone knows a Lannister always pays his debts. Would you be so good as to untie me?

CATELYN
And why would I do that?

TYRION
Why not? Am I going to run? The hill tribes would kill me for my boots. Unless a shadowcat ate me first.

CATELYN
Shadowcats and hill tribes are the least of your concerns.

TYRION
Ah. The eastern road. We're going to the Vale. You're taking me to your sisters to answer for my imagined crimes. Tell me, Lady Stark, when was the last time you saw your sister?

CATELYN
Five years ago.

TYRION
She's changed. She was always a bit touched, but now, you might as well kill me here.

CATELYN
I am not a murderer, Lannister.

TYRION

Neither am I. I had nothing to do with
the attempt on your son's life.

CATELYN
The dagger found...

TYRION
What sort of imbecile arms an assassin
with his own blade?

RODRIK
Should I gag him?

TYRION
Why? Am I starting to make sense?

A LARGE ROCK FLIES DOWN AND SMASHES THE WOOD HARP IN
MARILLION'S HANDS. HILL TRIBESMEN DESCEND AND FIGHTING
ENSUES. TYRION HIDES BEHIND A ROCK, SEES CATELYN HIDING
BEHIND ANOTHER ROCK, AND THEN RUSHES TO HER.

TYRION
Untie me! If I die, what's the point?

CATELYN CUTS THE TIES FROM TYRION'S HANDS, USING HER
DAGGER. TYRION GRABS A SHEILD.

A MAN APPROACHES CATELYN, AS IF TO ATTACK HER, BUT
FIGHTING ENSUES. AS THE MAN ATTEMPTS TO SLAY CATELYN
AGAIN, TYRION HITS HIM AND THEN KILLS HIM, STABBING HIM
REPEATEDLY WITH HIS SHEILD.

CATELYN
Rodrik...

RODRIK
I'll be fine, my lady. There's no need
to bloody yourself.

BRONN APPROACHES TYRION.

BRONN
Your first?

TYRION NODS HIS HEAD AFFIRMATIVELY.

BRONN

You need a woman. Nothing like a woman
after a fight.

TYRION
Well, I'm willing if she is.

BRONN
[LAUGH]

EXT.

ARROWS SURROUND BULLSEYE TARGET.

THEON SHOOTS BOW AND ARROW AT TARGET.

MAESTER LUWIN
Bran...

BRAN
Line island. Cidyó, appracin, webs,
wibinotso. [PH]

MAESTER LUWIN
Lords?

BRAN
The Grogos.

THEON
Famed for their skills at archery,
navigation and lovemaking. [LAUGH]

MAESTER LUWIN
And failed rebellions.

BRAN
Cidial [PH], astad, a crime stat, now
that Robert's king.

MAESTER LUWIN
Good.

BRAN
Lords, ours is the feeling. Lord's the
Baratheons. The last land. Cidyó, a
lion, red, a Lannister always pays his
debt.

MAESTER LUWIN

No. A common saying but not their official motto.

BRAN

Lords, the Lannisters.

MAESTER LUWIN

We're still on their words.

BRAN

I don't know them.

MAESTER LUWIN

You do know them. Think.

BRAN

I'm bowed. I'm bent. I'm broken.

MAESTER LUWIN

That's House Martell.

BRAN

Righteous and raw.

MAESTER LUWIN

House Hornwood.

BRAN

Family. Duty. Honor.

MAESTER LUWIN

Those are Talley words. Your mothers. Are we playing a game?

BRAN

Family. Duty. Honor. Is that the right order?

MAESTER LUWIN

You know it is.

BRAN

Family comes first.

MAESTER LUWIN

Your mother had to leave Winterfell to protect the family.

BRAN

How can she protect the family if she's not with our family?

MAESTER LUWIN

Your mother sat by your bed for three weeks while you slept.

BRAN

And then she left!

MAESTER LUWIN

When you were born, I was the one who pulled you from your mother. I placed you in her arms. From that moment, until the moment she dies, she will love you. Absolutely. Fiercely.

BRAN

Why did she leave?

MAESTER LUWIN

I still can't tell you, but she will be home soon.

BRAN

Do you know where she is now? Today?

MAESTER LUWIN

No, I don't.

BRAN

Then how can you promise me she'll be home soon?

MAESTER LUWIN

Sometimes I worry you're too smart for your own good.

BRAN

I'll never shoot another arrow.

MAESTER LUWIN

And where is that written?

BRAN

You need legs to walk a bow.

MAESTER LUWIN

Hmm. If the saddle Lord Tyrion designed actually works, you could learn to shoot a bow from horseback.

BRAN

Really?

MAESTER LUWIN

Those lucky boys learn when they're four years old. Why shouldn't you?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

ROBB AND A WHORE ARE HAVING SEX. HE THRUSTS HER FROM BEHIND AND SHE MOANS.

ROBB

Keep it down. You're not supposed to be inside the castle walls.

WHORE

I thought you were supposed to be an important person around here?

ROBB

Important enough for the likes of you.

WHORE

You're not the only nobleman in my life, you know.

ROBB

Who? The imp? I'd call him half a nobleman.

WHORE

Jealous?

ROBB

Why should I be jealous? Anyone with a few coppers in his pocket can own you for

a night. What's a dwarf like down below?
I've always wondered.

WHORE
Hmm. He might surprise you.

ROBB
Hmm?

WHORE
He's good with his fingers, too. And his
tongue.

ROBB
Generous tipper. I guess gold is cheap
for a Lannister.

WHORE
You are jealous.

ROBB
I have a great joy. We've been lords of
the Iron Islands of three hundred years.
There's not a family in this place that
could look down on us. Not even the
Lannisters.

WHORE
Not for the Starks.

ROBB
I've been Lord Stark's ward since I was
eight years old.

WHORE
A ward. That's a nice word for it. Your
father rebelled against King Robert, and
if he just...

ROBB GRABS THE WHORE BY THE HAIR AND ANGRILY SPEAKS CLOSE
TO HER FACE.

ROBB
My father fought for the freedom of his
people. What did your father do? Fought
a cook and raped a whore.

WHORE

You're a very serious boy.

ROBB
I'm not a boy.

WHORE
Oh yes you are. A serious boy with a
serious cock.

ROBB
I don't want to pay for it.

WHORE
Then get yourself a wife.

ROBB ANGRILY RELEASES THE WHORE AND WALKS AWAY FROM HER.

EXT. RED KEEP - COLONNADE - DAY.

CU OF CAT MEOWING.

ARYA
Come on. I'm not gonna hurt you.

AS ARYA APPROACHES, THE CAT RUNS AWAY. ARYA CHASES AFTER
IT.

VARYS
How is your son, my lord?

NED
He'll never walk again.

VARYS LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.

VARYS
But his mind is sound?

NED
So they say.

VARYS
A blessing, then.

NED

I suffered an early mutilation myself.
Some doors close forever. Others open in
the most unexpected places. May I?

VARYS SITS DOWN IN THE CHAIR ACROSS FROM NED.

VARYS

If the wrong ears heard what I'm about to
tell you, off comes my head. And who
would mourn poor Varys then? North or
south, they sing no songs for spiders.
But there are things you must know. You
are the king's hand and the king is a
fool. Your friend, I know, but a fool
and doomed unless you save him.

NED

I've been in the capitol a month. Why
have you waited so long to tell me this?

VARYS

I didn't trust you.

NED

So why do you trust me now?

VARYS

The queen is not the only one who's been
watching you closely. There are a few
men of honor at the Capitol. You are one
of them. I would like to believe I am
another, as strange as that may seem.

NED

What sort of doom does the king face?

VARYS

The same sort as Jon Arryn. The tears of
Lys, they call it. A rare and costly
thing, as clear and tasteless as water.
It leaves no trace.

NED STANDS UP AND PEERS OUT THE WINDOW.

NED

Who gave it to him?

VARYS

Some dear friend, no doubt. But which one? There were many. Lord Arryn was a kind and trusting man. There was one boy. All he was he owed to Jon Arryn.

NED

The Squire, Ser Hugh.

VARYS

A pity what happened to him. Just when his life seemed to be going so nicely.

NED

If Ser Hugh poisoned Jon, who paid Ser Hugh?

VARYS

Someone who could afford it.

NED

Jon was a man of peace. He was Hand for 17 years. Seventeen good years. Why kill him?

VARYS

He started asking questions.

INT. RED KEEP - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

ARYA CHASES THE CAT INTO A DARK CORRIDOR

INT. RED KEEP - DRAGON SKULL CHAMBER

THE CAT AND ARYA BOTH HIDE IN DARK CORNERS OF THE ROOM AS THEY HEAR VOICES APPROACHING.

VOICE (O.S.)

He's found the one bastard. He has the book. The rest will come.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

And when he learns the truth? What will he do?

VOICE (O.S.)

The gods alone know. The fools
tried to kill his son and what's worse,
they botched it. The wolf and the lion
will be at each other's throats. We will
be at war soon, my friend.

VOICE (O.S.)

What good is war now? We're not ready.

ARYA HIDES IN THE DARKNESS AS VARYS AND ILLYRIO WALK
THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

ILLYRIO

If one hand could die, then why not a
second?

VARYS

This hand is not the other.

ILLYRIO

We need time. Khal Drogo will not make
his move until his son is born. You know
how these savages are.

VARYS (O.S.)

Delay, you say. Move fast, I reply.
This is no longer a game for two players.

ARYA QUICKLY RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM.

ILLYRIO (O.S.)

It never was.

ARYA PANICS WHEN SHE REACHES THE DOOR AND DISCOVERS THAT
IT'S LOCKS. SHE THEN RUNS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

INT. RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY.

CLOSE UP OF LITTLEFINGER.

VARYS

The first to arrive and the last to
leave. I admire your industry.

LITTLEFINGER

You do move quietly.

VARYS

We all have our qualities.

VARYS APPROACHES LITTLEFINGER.

LITTLEFINGER

You look a bit lonely today. You should pay a visit to my brothel this evening. First boy is on the house.

VARYS

I think you are mistaking business with pleasure.

LITTLEFINGER

Am I? All those birds that whisper in your ear. Such pretty little things. Trust me. We accommodate all inclinations.

VARYS

Oh, I'm sure. Lord Redwyne likes his boys very young, I hear.

LITTLEFINGER

I'm a purveyor of beauty and discretion. Both equally important.

VARYS

Though I suppose beauty is a subjective quality, no? Is it true that Ser Marlon of Tumblestone prefers amputees?

LITTLEFINGER

All desires are valid to a man with a full purse.

VARYS

And I heard the most awful rumor about a certain lord with a taste for fresh cadavers. Must be enormously difficult to accommodate that inclination. The logistics alone to find beautiful corpses before they rot.

LITTLEFINGER

Strictly speaking, such a thing would not be in accordance with the king's laws.

VARYS
Strictly speaking.

VARYS WALKS AWAY FROM LITTLEFINGER, BUT THEN STOPS AND
TURNS AROUND.

LITTLEFINGER
Tell me... Does someone somewhere keep your balls in a little box? I've often wondered.

VARYS
Do you know I have no idea where they are, and we have been so close. But enough about me. How have you been since we last saw each other?

LITTLEFINGER
Since you last saw me? Or since I last saw you?

VARYS
No, the last time I saw you, you were talking to the Hand of the king.

LITTLEFINGER
Saw me with your own eyes.

VARYS
Eyes I own.

LITTLEFINGER
Council business. We all have so much to discuss with Ned Stark.

VARYS
Everyone's well aware of your enduring fondness for Lord Stark's wife. If the Lannister's were behind the attempt on the Stark boy's life, and it was discovered that you helped the Starks come to that conclusion... to think a simple word to the queen...

LITTLEFINGER

One shudders at the thought. But you know something? I do believe that I have seen you even more recently than you have seen me.

VARYS

Have you?

LITTLEFINGER

Yes. Earlier today, I distinctly recall seeing you talking to Lord Stark in his chambers.

VARYS

Was that you under the bed?

LITTLEFINGER

And not long after that, when I saw you escorting a certain foreign dignitary... Council business? Of course, you would have friends from across the narrow sea. You're from there yourself, after all. We're friends, aren't we, Lord Varys? I'd like to think we are. So you can imagine my burden, wondering if the king might question my friend's sympathies. To stand at a crossroads, where turning left means loyalty to a friend. Turning right, loyalty to the realm.

VARYS

Oh please.

LITTLEFINGER

To find myself in a position where a simple word to the king..

RENLY ENTERS THE THRONE ROOM AND INTERRUPTS.

RENLY

What are you two conspiring about? Well, whatever it is, you best hurry up. My brother is coming.

RENLY EXITS THE ROOM.

LITTLEFINGER
To a small council meeting?

VARYS
Disturbing news from far away. Haven't
you heard?

VARYS WALKS AWAY FROM LITTLEFINGER WHO IS LEFT STANDING
ALONE IN THE ROOM.

EXT. KING'S LANDING - CITY WALLS - DAY

ARYA EMERGES FROM THE CAVE HOLE AND HEADS TOWARD THE RED
KEEP.

EXT. RED KEEP - MAIN GATE - DAY

ARYA APPROACHES THE GOLD CLOAKS.

GOLD CLOAK #1
Off with you. No begging.

ARYA
I'm not a beggar. I live here.

GOLD CLOAK #1
Do you want a smack on your ear to help
you with your hearing?

ARYA
I want to see my father.

GOLD CLOAK #2
I want to fuck the queen for all the good
it does me.

GOLD CLOAK #1
You want your father, boy? He's lying on
the floor of some tavern getting pissed
on by his friends.

ARYA
My father is Hand of the king. I'm not a
boy. I'm Arya Stark of Winterfell, and
if you lay a hand on me, my father will
have both your heads on spikes. Now, are

you going to let me by, or do I need to smack you in the ear to help with your hearing?

INT. CHAMBER OF THE HAND - DAY.

NED ARE ARYA ARE TALKING.

NED

You know I had half my guard out searching for you? You promised me this would stop.

ARYA

They said they were going to kill you.

NED

Who did?

ARYA

I didn't see them. But I think one was fat.

NED

Ugh, Arya.

ARYA

I'm not lying! They said you found the bastard and the wolves are fighting the lions and the savage... something about the savage.

NED

Where did you hear this?

ARYA

In the dungeons. Near the dragon skulls.

NED

What were you doing in the dungeons?

ARYA

Chasing a cat.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS NED AND ARYA. JORY STEPS IN.

JORY

Pardon, my lord. There's a night's
watchman here begging a word. Says it's
urgent.

NED RISES FROM HIS CHAIR AS YOREN STEPS INTO THE ROOM.

NED

Your name, friend?

YOREN

Yoren, if you please. And this must be
your son? He has the look.

ARYA

I'm a girl!

NED

Did Benjen send you?

YOREN

No one sent me m'lord. I'm here to find
men for the Wall, see if there's any scum
in the dungeons might be fit for service.

NED

Ugh. I'll find a recruit for you.

YOREN

Thank you my lord, but that's not why I
disturb you now. Your brother Benjen,
his blood runs black. Makes him as much
my brother as yours. It's for his sake I
rode here so hard I damned near killed my
horse. There are others riding, too.
The whole city will know by tomorrow.

NED

Know what?

YOREN

Best said in private, my lord.

NED KISSES ARYA ON THE FOREHEAD.

NED

Go on. We'll talk more later. Jory,
take her safely to her room.

JORY
Come on, my lady. You heard your father.

JORY ESCORTS ARYA OUT OF THE ROOM.

INT. - TOWER OF THE HAND - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

ARYA
How many guards does my father have?

JORY
Here in King's Landing, fifty.

ARYA
You wouldn't let anyone kill him, would
you?

JORY
No fear in that count, little lady.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE HAND - MOMENTS LATER.

WS NED AND YOREN STANDING IN ROOM.

NED
Well?

YOREN
It's about your wife, my lord. She's
taken the Imp.

EXT. THE VALE - NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

CATELYN AND HER PARTY RIDE ON HORSEBACK AND RIDERS
EMERGE, APPROACHING THEM HEAD ON.

VARDIS
You're far from home, Lady Stark.

CATELYN
To whom do I speak?

VARDIS

Ser Vardis Egan, knight of the Vale. Is Lady Arryn expecting your visit?

CATELYN
There was no time to send word.

VARDIS
May I ask, my lady, why he is with you?

CATELYN
That's why there was no time. He is my prisoner.

VARDIS
He doesn't look like a prisoner.

CATELYN
My sister will decide what he looks like.

VARDIS
Yes, my lady. She will at that.

TYRION
The Eyrie. They say it's impregnable.

BRONN
Give me ten good men and some climbing spikes. I'll impregnate the bitch.

TYRION
I like you.

EXT. RED KEEP - COURTYARD - DAY

KING'S STEWARD
Lord Stark... Your presence has been requested in the Small Council chamber. A meeting has been called.

NED
I need to see the king first. Alone.

KING'S STEWARD
The king is at the small council meeting, my lord. He has summoned you.

NED

Is it about my wife?

KING'S STEWARD

No, my lord. I believe it concerns
Daenerys Targaryen.

INT. RED KEEP - SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

ROBERT

The whore is pregnant!

NED

You're speaking of murdering a child.

ROBERT

I warned you that this would happen.
Back in the north. I warned you, but you
didn't care to hear. Well, hear it now.
I want them dead. Mother and child both.
And that food Viserys as well. Is that
plain enough for you? I want them both
dead!

NED

You'll dishonor yourself forever if you
do this.

ROBERT

Honor? I've got seven kingdoms to rule!
One king, seven kingdoms. You think
honor keeps them in line? You think its
honor that's keeping the peace? It's
fear! Fear and blood!

NED

Then we're no better than the Mad King.

ROBERT

Careful, Ned. Careful, now.

NED

You want to assassinate a girl because
the spider heard a rumor.

VARYS

No rumor, my lord. The princess is with
child.

NED

Based on whose information?

VARYS

Ser Jorah Mormont. He is serving as advisor to the Targaryens.

NED

Mormont? You bring us the whispers of a traitor half a world away and call it fact?

LITTLEFINGER

Jorah Mormont's a slaver, not a traitor. Small difference, I know, to an honorable man.

NED

He broke the law, betrayed his family, fled our land. We commit murder on the world of this man?

ROBERT

And if he's right? If she has a son? A Targaryen at the head of a Dothraki army... what then?

NED

The Narrow Sea still lies between us. I'll fear the Dothraki the day they teach the horses to run on water.

ROBERT

Do nothing? That's your wise advise? Do nothing till our enemies are on our shores? Your my council. Council! Speak sense to this honorable fool.

VARYS

I understand your misgivings, my lord. Truly, I do. It is a terrible thing we must consider. A vile thing. Yet we who presume to rule must sometimes do vile things for the good of the realm. Should the gods grant Daenerys a son, the realm will bleed.

PYCELLE

I bear this girl no ill will, but should the Dothraki invade, how many innocents will die? How many towns will burn? Is it not wiser, kinder even, that she should die now so that tens of thousands might live?

RENLY

We should have had them both killed years ago.

LITTLEFINGER

When you find yourself in bed with an ugly woman, best close your eyes. Get it over with. Cut her throat. Be done with it.

NED

I followed you into war. Twice, without doubts, without second thoughts. But I will not follow you now. The Robert I grew up with didn't tremble at the shadow of an unborn child.

ROBERT

She dies.

NED

I will have no part in it.

ROBERT

You're the king's Hand, Lord Stark. You'll do as I command or I'll find me a hand who will.

NED REMOVES THE BADGE FROM HIS CLOAK AND TOSSES IT ONTO THE TABLE IN FRONT OF ROBERT.

NED

And good luck to him. I thought you were a better man.

ROBERT

Out. Out! Damn you! I'm done with you!
Go! Run back to Winterfell! I'll have
your head on a spike!

NED BRISKLY WALKS AWAY FROM THE KING WHO ANGRILY SCREAMS
AS NED CONTINUES TO MOVE AWAY.

ROBERT (O.S.)
I'll find her myself, you fool. You
think you can [INAUDIBLE] Too proud and
honorable. This is our war!

INT. CHAMBER OF THE HAND - DAY.

NED
I'll go ahead with my daughters. Get
them ready. Do it yourself. Don't ask
anyone for help.

JORY
Right away, my lord. Lord Baelish is
here for you.

LITTLEFINGER ENTERS THE ROOM.

LITTLEFINGER
His Grace went on about you at some
length after you took your leave. The
word treason was mentioned.

NED
What can I do for you?

LITTLEFINGER
When do you return to Winterfell?

NED
Why? What do you care?

LITTLEFINGER
If you're still here come nightfall, I'll
take you to see the last person Jon Arryn
spoke with before falling ill. If that
sort of thing still interests you.

NED
I don't have the time.

LITTLEFINGER

It won't take more than an hour, but as
you please.

LITTLEFINGER EXISTS THE ROOM.

NED

Round up all the men we have and station
them outside the girls chambers. Who are
your two best swords?

JORY

Heward and Wyl.

NED

Find them and meet me at the stables.

NED FOLLOWS LITTLEFINGER THROUGH THE CORRIDOR AS JORY
PROCEEDS UP THE STAIRCASE.

INT. EYRIE - HIGH HALL - DAY.

LYSA

You bring him here without permission?
You pollute my home with his presence?

SEVEN YEAR OLD ROBIN ARRYN SUCKLES AT HIS MOTHER'S BREAST

LYSA

Your aunt has done a bad thing, Robin. A
very bad thing. You remember her, don't
you? Isn't he beautiful? And strong,
too? Jon knew it. His last words were
"the seed is strong". He wanted everyone
to know what a good, strong boy his son
would grow up to be. Look at him. The
Lord of all the Vale.

CATELYN

Lysa, you wrote me about the Lannisters,
warning me ...

LYSA

To stay away from them! Not to bring one
here.

ROBIN

Mommy? Is that a bad man?

LYSA

It is.

ROBIN

Huh. He's little.

LYSA

He's Tyrion the Imp of the House of Lannister. He killed your father. He murdered the Hand of the King!

TYRION

Oh! Did I kill him, too? I've been a very busy man.

LYSA

You will watch your tongue! These men are knights of the Vale. Every one of them loved Jon Arryn. Every one of them would die for me.

TYRION

If any harm comes to me, my brother, Jaime, will see that they do.

ROBIN

You can't hurt us! No one can hurt us here! Tell him, mommy! Tell him!

LYSA

Shh, shh, shh, shh, shhhh. My sweet boy. He's just trying to frighten us. Lannisters are all liars. No one will hurt my baby.

ROBIN

Mommy. I want to see the bad man fly.

LYSA

Perhaps you will, my little love.

CATELYN

This man is my prisoner. I will not have him harmed.

LYSA

Ser Vardis, my sister's guest is weary.
Take him down below so he can rest.
Introduce him to Mord.

INT. EYRIE - SKY CELL - DAY.

TYRION IS AGGRESSIVELY THROWN INTO A CELL.

MORD

You go to sleep, dwarf man. [LAUGH]
Sleep good, little dwarf man. [LAUGH]

TYRION LOOKS OVER THE LEDGE OF AN OPEN CELL TO REVEAL A VERY STEEP CLIFF.

INT. RED KEEP - RENLY'S CHAMBER - DAY.

W.S. RENLY SITS SHIRTLESS. LORAS SITS IN FRONT OF HIM, ALSO SHIRTLESS. LORAS PRESSES A CLOTH TO RENLY'S CHEST.

LORAS

Lord Stark's lucky he still has a head.

RENLY

Robert will rant for a few days, but he won't do anything. He adores the man.

LORAS

You're jealous.

RENLY

You sure this won't hurt?

LORAS

Only if I slip.

RENLY

And you prefer me like this?

LORAS

Mm-hmm.

RENLY

If you want hairless, maybe you should find a little boy.

LORAS

I want you.

RENLY

My brother thinks that anyone who hasn't been to war isn't a man. He treats me as if I'm a spoiled child. Oh, and you're not? Loras Tyrell, the Knight of the Flowers? How many wars have you fought in? Oh, and ah, how much did you father spend on that armor of yours?

LORAS

Hold still.

RENLY

All I ever hear from Robert and Stannis is how I'm not tough enough, how I squirm at the sight of blood.

LORAS

You did vomit in that boy's eye when he was knocked out in the melee.

RENLY

His eye was dangling out of the damn socket.

LORAS

He shouldn't have entered the melee if he didn't know how to fight.

RENLY

Easy for you to say. Not everyone is such a gifted swordsman.

LORAS

Urh. It's not a gift. No one gave it to me. I'm good because I worked it every day of my life since I could hold a stick.

RENLY

I could work it all day, every day. I'd still never be as good as you.

LORAS

Yes, well, I guess we'll never know.

LORAS LIFTS RENLY'S ARM TO EXPOSE HIS ARMPIT AND BEGIN TO SHAVE IT.

RENLY

Everywhere?

LORAS

Everywhere. So how did it end up? The Targaryen girl will die?

RENLY

It needs to be done. Unpleasant as it is. Robert is rather tasteless about it. Every time he talks about killing her, I swear the table rises six inches.

LORAS

It's a shame he can't muster the same enthusiasm for his wife.

RENLY

He does have a deep, abiding lust for her money. You have to give it to the Lannisters. They may be the most pompous, ponderous cunts the gods ever suffered to walk the world, but they do have an outrageous amount of money.

LORAS

I have an outrageous amount of money.

RENLY

Not as much as the Lannisters.

LORAS

But a lot more than you.

RENLY

Robert's threatening to take me hunting with him. Last time, we were out there for two weeks. Trampling through the

trees and rain, day after day, all so he
can stick his spear into something's
flesh. But, Robert loves his killing,
and he's the king.

LORAS

Hmm. How did that ever happen?

RENLY

'Cause he loves his killing. And he used
to be good at it.

LORAS

Do you know who should be king?

RENLY

Be serious.

LORAS

I am. My father could be your bank.
I've never fought in a war before. But
I'd fight for you.

RENLY

I'm fourth in line.

LORAS

And where was Robert in the line of royal
succession? Joffrey is a monster.
Tommen is eight.

RENLY

Stannis...

LORAS

Stannis has the personality of a lobster.

RENLY

He's still my older brother.

LORAS CUTS RENLY BY TWISTING THE BLADE.

RENLY

What are you doing?

LORAS

Look at it.

RENLY

You cut me!

LORAS

It's just blood. We've all got it in us. Sometimes, a little spills. If you become king, you're going to see a lot of this. You need to get used to it. Go on. Look. People love you. They love to serve you because you're kind to them. They want to be near you. You're willing to do what needs to be done, but you don't gloat over it. You don't love killing. Where is it written that power is the soul providence of the worst?

LORAS BEGINS TO UNBUTTON RENLY'S PANTS.

LORAS

That's thrones are only made for the hated and the feared? You would be a wonderful king.

INT. RED KEEP - ROBERT'S CHAMBER - DAY.

C.U. OF ROBERT.

CERSEI

I'm sorry your marriage to Ned Stark didn't work out. You seemed so good together.

ROBERT

Glad I could do something to make you happy.

CERSEI

Without a Hand, everything will fall to pieces.

ROBERT

I suppose this is where you tell me to give the job to your brother Jaime.

CERSEI

He's not serious enough. I'll say this for Ned Stark. He's serious enough. Was it really worth it? Losing him this way?

ROBERT

I don't know. But I do know this. The Targaryen girl convinces her horselord husband to invade, and the Dothraki horde crosses the Narrow Sea, we won't be able to stop them.

CERSEI

The Dothraki don't sail. Every child knows that. They don't have discipline. They don't have armor. They don't have siege weapons.

ROBERT

It's a neat little trick you do. You move your lips and your father's voice comes out.

CERSEI

Is my father wrong?

ROBERT

Let's say Viserys Targaryen lands with forty thousand Dothraki screamers at his back. We hole up in our castles. Wise move. Only a fool would meet the Dothraki in an open field. They leave us in our castles. They go from town to town looting and burning, killing every man who can't hide behind a stone wall, stealing all our crops and livestock, enslaving all our women and children. How long do the people of the Seven Kingdoms stand behind their absentee king? Their cowardly king, hiding behind high walls. When do the people decide that Viserys Targaryen is the rightful monarch after all?

CERSEI

We still outnumber them.

ROBERT

Which is the bigger number? Five or one?

CERSEI

Five.

ROBERT

Five. One. One army. A real army. United behind one leader with one purpose. Our purpose died with the Mad King. Now, we've got as many armies as there are with men with gold in their purse, and everybody wants something different. Your father wants to own the world. Ned Stark wants to run away and bury his head in the snow.

CERSEI

What do you want?

ROBERT

We haven't had a real fight in nine years. Backstabbing doesn't prepare you for a fight, and that's all the realm is now. Backstabbing and scheming and ass licking and money grubbing. Sometimes I don't know what holds it together.

CERSEI

Our marriage.

ROBERT

[LAUGH] Ah, so here we sit. Seventeen years later holding it all together. Don't you get tired?

CERSEI

Every day.

ROBERT

How long can hate hold a thing together?

CERSEI

Well, seventeen years is ... quite a long time.

ROBERT

Yes it is.

CERSEI

Yes it is. What was she like?

ROBERT

You've never asked about her. not once.
Why now?

CERSEI

At first, just saying her name, even in private, felt like I was breathing life back into her. I thought if I didn't talk about her, she'd just fade away for you. When I realized that wasn't going to happen, I refused to ask out of spite. I don't want to give you the satisfaction of thinking I cared enough to ask. And eventually, it became clear that my spite didn't mean anything to you. As far as I could tell, you actually enjoyed it.

ROBERT

So why now?

CERSEI

What harm could Lana Stark's ghost do to either of us that we haven't done to each other a hundred times over?

ROBERT

You want to know the horrible truth? I can't even remember what she looked like. I only know she was the one thing I ever wanted. Someone took her away from me, and Seven Kingdoms couldn't fill the hole she left behind.

CERSEI

I felt something for you once, you know.

ROBERT

I know.

CERSEI

Even after we lost our first boy. For quite a while, actually. Was it ever possible for us? Was there ever a time, ever a moment?

ROBERT

No. Does that make you feel better or worse?

CERSEI

It doesn't make me feel anything.

CERSEI PLACES HER DRINKING GLASS ON THE TABLE AND STANDS UP TO WALK AWAY, LEAVING ROBERT IN THE ROOM ALONE.

INT. BROTHEL BEDCHAMBER - DAY.

MHAEGEN

She looks like him, don't she, my lord? She has his nose, his black hair.

NED

Aye.

MHAEGEN

Tell him when you see him, my lord. If it please you. Tell him how beautiful she is.

NED

I will.

MHAEGEN

And tell him I've been with no one else. I swear it, my lord. By the old gods and new. I don't want no jewels or nothing. Just him. The king was always good to me.

NED

When Jon Arryn came to visit you, what did he want?

MHAEGEN

He wasn't that sort of man, my lord. He just wanted to know if the child was happy, healthy.

NED
Looks healthy enough to me. The girl shall want for nothing.

NED WALKS AWAY FROM MHAEGEN AND INTO ADJOINING ROOM WHERE LITTLEFINGER SITS WITH TWO WHORES.

LITTLEFINGER
Brothels make a much better investment than ships, I found. Whores rarely sink.

NED
What do you know of King Robert's bastards?

LITTLEFINGER
Well, he has more than you, for a start.

NED
How many?

LITTLEFINGER
Does it matter? If you fuck enough women, some of them will give you presents.

NED
And Jon Arryn tracked them all down. Why?

LITTLEFINGER
He was the king's Hand. Perhaps Robert wanted them looked after. He was overcome with fatherly love.

NED WALKS AWAY FROM LITTLEFINGER AND ADDRESS JORY WHO IS STANDING SILENT IN THE ROOM.

NED
Come on.

NED STOPS WALKING AND TURNS AROUND TO FIND JORY STANDING IN PLACE, STARING AT A WHORE WHO IS EXPOSING HER BREASTS.

NED

Jory!

JORY

My lord.

JORY AND NED EXIT THE ROOM.

EXT. BROTHEL (FLEA BOTTOM) - DAY.

JAIME

Such a small pack of wolves.

JORY

Stay back, ser. This is the Hand of the king.

JAIME

Was the hand of the king. I'm not sure what he is. Lord of somewhere very far away.

LITTLEFINGER

What's the meaning of this, Lannister?

JAIME

Get back inside where it's safe. I'm looking for my brother. You remember my brother, don't you, Lord Stark? Blond hair, sharp tongue... short man.

NED

I remember him well.

JAIME

Seems he had some trouble on the road. You wouldn't know what happened to him, would you?

NED

He was taken at my command to answer for his crimes.

LITTLEFINGER

My lords... I'll bring the City Watch.

JAIME

Come, Stark. I'd rather you die sword in hand.

JORY

If you threaten my lord again..

JAIME

Threaten? As in, I'm going to open your lord from balls to brains and see what Starks are made of.

NED

If you kill me, your brother's a dead man.

JAIME

You're right. Take him alive. Kill his men.

FIGHTING ENSUES. JAIME STABS A MAN IN THE EYE, THEN MOVES TOWARD NED. NED AND JAIME FIGHT.

NED IS STABBED IN THE BACK AND FALLS TO THE GROUND ON BENDED KNEE.

AS NED WATCHES, JAIME MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND PREPARES TO LEAVE.

JAIME

My brother, Lord Stark. We want him back!

[CUT TO BLACK]

[END OF EPISODE]

[CREDITS]

[CUT TO BLACK]