

**Game of Thrones**  
**Episode #107 (07)**

AS BROADCAST SCRIPT  
MAY 2nd, 2011

GAME OF THRONES  
**As Broadcast Script**  
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[INTRODUCTION TO SHOW]

[TITLE OF SHOW]

[FADE TO BLACK]

EXT. LANNISTER CAMP - DAY

INT. LANNISTER TENT - DAY

PAN L FOLLOWING JAIME WHILE HE READS LETTER.

JAIME

(reading)

...Summoned to court to answer for the crimes of your bannerman, Gregor Clegane, "The Mountain." Uh... arrive within the fortnight, or be branded an enemy of the crown.

(to Tywin)

Poor Ned Stark. Brave man, terrible judgment.

OTS OF TYWIN SHARPENING BLADE, PUTS WHETSTONE DOWN AND BEGINS TO GUT BOAR ON TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM.

TYWIN

Attacking him was stupid. Lannisters don't act like fools.

MS OF JAIME, OPENS HIS MOUTH AS THOUGH TO SPEAK.

TYWIN

You gonna say something clever? Go on, say something clever.

JAIME

Catelyn Stark took my brother.

TYWIN

Why is he still alive?

JAIME

Tyrion?

TYWIN

Ned Stark.

JAIME

One of our men interfered. Speared him through the leg before I could finish him.

TYWIN

Why is he still alive?

JAIME

It wouldn't have been clean.

TYWIN

Clean. You spend too much time worrying about what other people think of you.

JAIME

I could care less what anyone thinks of me.

TYWIN

No, that's what you want people to think of you.

JAIME

It's the truth.

TYWIN

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

JAIME

Of course, it bothers me.

TYWIN

A lion doesn't concern himself with the opinions of the sheep. I suppose I should be grateful that your vanity got in the way of your recklessness. I'm giving you half of our forces, thirty thousand men. And we'll bring them to Catelyn Stark's girlhood home, and remind her that Lannisters pay their debts.

JAIME

I didn't realize you placed such a high value on my brother's life.

TYWIN

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

JAIME

So the lion does concern himself with the opinions of the sh...

TYWIN

No, that's not an opinion, it's a fact. If another house can seize one of our own, and hold him captive with impunity, we are no longer a house to be feared. Your mother's dead. Before long, I'll be dead. And you and your brother and your sister and all of her children. All of us dead. All of us rotting in the ground. It's the family name that lives on. It's all that lives on. Not your personal glory, not your honor, but family. Do you understand?

JAIME AND TYWIN NOD TO EACH OTHER. TYWIN FINISHES DRESSING THE BOAR, AND CLEANS HIS HANDS ON A RAG.

TYWIN

You're blessed with abilities that few men possess. You're blessed to belong to the most powerful family in the Kingdoms. And you're still blessed with youth. And what have you done with these blessings, eh? You've served as a glorified bodyguard for two kings one a madman, the other a drunk. The future of our family will be determined in these next few months. We could establish a dynasty that will last a thousand years, or we could collapse into nothing as the Targaryens did.

TYWIN CLASPS HIS HAND TO THE SIDE OF JAIME'S HEAD.

TYWIN

I need you to become the man you were always  
meant to be not next year, not tomorrow,  
now.

TYWIN RETURNS TO WORK ON THE BOAR. JAIME LOOKS  
THOUGHTFUL AND EXITS THE TENT. TYWIN WATCHES JAIME  
EXIT.

EXT. RED KEEP - GARDENS - DAY

CERSEI

You're in pain.

NED

I've had worse, my lady.

CERSEI

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

NED

I know the truth Jon Arryn died for.

CERSEI

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

NED GESTURES TO HIS EYE, INDICATING CERSEI'S BLACK  
EYE.

NED

Has he done this before?

CERSEI

Jaime would have killed him. My brother's  
worth a thousand of your friend.

NED

Your brother? Or your lover?

CERSEI PAUSES, BUT DOES NOT SHOW ANY EMOTION.

CERSEI

Targaryens wed brothers and sisters for  
three hundred years, to keep bloodlines  
pure. Jaime and I are more than brother and

sister. We shared a womb. Came into this world together. We belong together.

NED

My son saw you with him.

CERSEI PAUSES AGAIN, THEN LOOKS AWAY.

CERSEI

Do you love your children?

NED

With all my heart.

CERSEI

No more than I love mine.

NED

And they're all Jaime's.

CERSEI

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

NED

You've always hated him.

CERSEI

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

NED

When the king returns from his hunt, I'll tell him the truth. You must be gone by then, you and your children. I will not

have their blood on my hands. Go as far away as you can, with as many men as you can, because wherever you go, Robert's wrath will follow you.

CERSEI

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

NED

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

CERSEI

Oh, but it was. When you play the Game of Thrones, you win or you die. There is no middle ground.

CERSEI WALKS AWAY. NED WATCHES HER LEAVE.

EXT BROTHEL (FLEA BOTTOM) - DAY

PUSH IN DOWN ALLEYWAY TO WHORES BATHING CHILDREN AND DOING LAUNDRY. PAN UP TO LITTLEFINGER STARING DOWN FROM AN UPPER WINDOW.

INT BROTHEL (FLEA BOTTOM) - DAY

MS OF LITTLEFINGER STEPPING BACK INTO ROOM AND CLOSING SHUTTERS ON WINDOW.

WS OF ROOM. LITTLEFINGER CROSSES TO SIT AT DESK, WHILE AREMCA AND ROS PLEASURE EACH OTHER UNCONVINCINGLY ON A BED.

LITTLEFINGER

No, no, no, no. Is that what they teach you, up in the north? And you, wherever you're from. Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Either of you understand a thing that I'm saying?

ROS

Yes, m'lord.

LITTLEFINGER

Let's start over, shall we? You be the man,  
and you be the woman. Go ahead. Slowly.

CU AND MS OF AREMCA AND ROS STARTING AGAIN, WHILE  
LITTLEFINGER APPRAISES THEIR WORK.

LITTLEFINGER

You're not fooling them. They just paid  
you. They know what you are. They know  
it's all just an act. Your job is to make  
them forget what they know and that takes  
time. You need to ease into it. Go ahead,  
ease into it. He's winning you over, in  
spite of yourself. You're starting to like  
this. He wants to believe you. He's  
enjoyed his cock since he was old enough to  
play with it, why shouldn't you? He knows  
he's better than other men. He's always  
known it, deep down inside. Now he has  
proof. He's so good, he's reaching  
something deep inside of you that no one  
even knew was there overcoming your very  
nature.

ROS

Why don't you join us, my lord?

LITTLEFINGER

I'm saving myself for another.

ROS

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

LITTLEFINGER

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

ROS

She must be very beautiful.

LITTLEFINGER

No, not really. Impeccable bloodlines,  
though.



ROS

I do believe my lord's in love.

LITTLEFINGER

For many years. Most of my life, really. Play with her ass. And she loved me, too. I was her little confidant, her plaything. She could tell me anything, anything at all. She told me about all the horses that she liked, the castle that she wanted to live in, and the man that she wanted to marry. A northerner, with a jaw like an anvil. So I challenged him to a duel. I mean, why not? I'd read all the stories. The little hero always beats the big villain in all the stories. In the end, she wouldn't even let him kill me. "He's just a boy," she said. "Please don't hurt him." So he gave me a nice little scar to remember him by, and off they went.

ROS

Is she still married to him?

LITTLEFINGER

Oh, no. He got himself killed before the wedding. And she ended up with his brother, an even more impressive specimen. She loves him, I'm afraid. And why wouldn't she? I mean, who could compare to him? He's just so ... good. Do you know what I learned, losing that duel? I learned that I'll never win. Not that way. That's their game, their rules. I'm not going to fight them. I'm going to fuck them. That's what I know. That's what I am. And only by admitting what we are, can we get what we want.

ROS

And what do you want?

LITTLEFINGER

Oh, everything, my dear. Everything there is. Now wash yourselves. Both of you are working tonight.

AREMCA AND ROS LEAVE THE ROOM. LITTLEFINGER SMILES,  
WATCHING THEM LEAVE, AND RETURNS TO HIS PAPERWORK.

INT WINTERFELL - DAY

PAN RIGHT AS OSHA BRINGS A BUNDLE OF REEDS IN AND LAYS  
THEM ON THE FLOOR.

THEON WALKS IN SEVERAL PACES BEHIND HER, WALKING  
HEAVILY.

THEON

You're a very lucky girl, do you know that?

OTS OF OSHA. SHE LOOKS BACK OVER HER SHOULDER AT  
THEON AND NODS SLIGHTLY.

THEON

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

OSHA

Where is it you come from?

THEON

The Iron Islands.

OSHA

They far away?

THEON

You've never heard of the Iron Islands?

OSHA

Trust me, you've never heard where I've from  
neither.

THEON

"Trust me, my lord."

THEON WALKS DELIBERATELY TOWARDS OSHA. OTS OF OSHA,  
GLARING AT THEON.

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

OSHA  
And what's that?

THEON  
Lord.

OSHA  
Why?

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

OSHA  
What has that got to do with you? If your  
father's lord, how can you be lord too?

THEON  
I will be lord, after my father...

OSHA  
So you're not lord now?

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

OSHA  
Just don't understand how you southerners do  
things.

THEON  
I'm not a southerner.

OSHA  
You're from south of the Wall. That makes  
you a southerner to me.

THEON

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

OSHA

Couldn't say, my lord. Don't know what  
"impudent" means.

THEON

Impudent. It means rude, disrespectful.

THEON KNEELS DOWN NEXT TO OSHA'S EAR, BUT DOES NOT  
LOWER HIS TONE.

THEON

Do you want to lose that chain?

THEON GRABS OSHA BY THE CHIN AND TURNS HER HEAD,  
TRYING TO KISS HER. MAESTER LUWIN ENTERS AND  
INTERRUPTS.

LUWIN

Theon Greyjoy.

THEON RISES TO HIS FEET, CROSSING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS  
BACK.

LUWIN

The lady is our guest.

THEON

Thought she was our prisoner.

LUWIN

Are the two mutually exclusive, in your  
experience?

OSHA GLARES OVER HER SHOULDER AT THEON AGAIN. THEON  
LOOKS AT THEM BOTH, AND STORMS OUT.

LUWIN

Chances are, I won't be nearby the next time  
that happens.

OSHA

I'm used to worse than him.

LUWIN

Hmm?

OSHA

I'm used to men could chew that boy up, and pick their teeth with his bones.

LUWIN

[LAUGH] Why did you come here?

OSHA

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

LUWIN

Why? What are you afraid of?

OSHA

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

LUWIN

Owls, and shadow cats?

OSHA

I'm not talking about owls and shadow cats.

LUWIN

The things you speak of, they've been gone for thousands of years.

OSHA

They wasn't gone, old man. They were sleeping. And they ain't sleeping no more.

EXT WATCHPOST ON TOP OF THE WALL - DAY

SAMWELL

I miss girls. Not even talking to them, I never talked to them. Just looking at them, hearing them giggle. Don't you miss girls?

JON IS STARING INTENTLY NORTH, AT A HORSE COMING OUT OF THE FOREST.

SAMWELL

Riders! The horn, we have to blow the horn.

JON

Why is he alone?

SAMWELL

One blast for a ranger returning, two for Wildlings, three...

JON

There's no rider.

JON AND SAMWELL TAKE THE LIFT DOWN TO CASTLE BLACK SIDE, AS THE HORSE IS LET THROUGH THE TUNNEL. THE GATE CLOSES BEHIND THE HORSE.

EXT TUNNEL (CASTLE BLACK SIDE) - DAY

JON AND SAMWELL ENTER FROM THE LIFT. MORMONT MOVES TO OBSERVE AS HORSE IS LED FROM TUNNEL, STILL AGITATED.

JON

That's my uncle Benjen's horse. Where's my uncle?

MORMONT LOOKS GRAVELY AT JON.

INT RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM COLONNADE - DAY

RENLY ENTERS, RUNNING UP BEHIND NED AND A STARK GUARD. RENLY IS EXHAUSTED, AND COVERED IN BLOOD.

RENLY

Ned! It's Robert. We were hunting... a boar...

RENLY STUMBLES BACK THE WAY HE CAME. NED AND STARK GUARD FOLLOW.

INT RED KEEP - ROBERT'S CHAMBER - DAY

ROBERT LIES INJURED IN BED, WHILE JOFFREY SITS WORRIED AT HIS SIDE. CERSEI, PYCELLE AND BARRISTAN STAND NEARBY.

ROBERT

I should have spent more time with you,  
shown you how to be a man. I was never  
meant to be a father.

NED AND STARK GUARD ENTER.

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

JOFFREY LEAVES THE ROOM. NED APPROACHES THE BED.

ROBERT  
My fault. Too much wine, missed my thrust.

NED PULLS BACK THE BLANKET TO REVEAL A HORRIBLE WOUND  
IN ROBERT'S SIDE.

ROBERT  
Stinks. Stinks like death. Don't think I  
can't smell it. [LAUGH] Ah, I paid the  
bastard back, Ned. I drove my knife right  
through his brain, you ask him if I didn't.  
Ask him. I want the funeral feast to be the  
biggest the Kingdoms ever saw. And I want  
everyone to taste the boar that got me. Now  
leave us, the lot of you. I need to talk to  
Ned.

CERSEI  
Robert, my sweet...

ROBERT  
Out, all of you! [COUGH]

CERSEI, PYCELLE, AND BARRISTAN LEAVE THE ROOM. NED  
TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO THE BED.

NED  
You damned fool.

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

NED REACHES TO GRAB A SMALL LAP DESK WITH PAPER AND  
QUILL, AND BEGINS TO WRITE.

ROBERT

In the name of Robert, of the House  
Baratheon, First of... you know how it goes.  
Fill in the damned titles. I hereby command  
Eddard of House Stark, titles, titles, to  
serve as Lord Regent and Protector of the  
Realm upon my death, to rule in my stead  
until my son Joffrey comes of age.

CU OF PAPER, AS NED COMPLETES THE LETTER. INSTEAD OF  
JOFFREY'S NAME, HE WRITES "MY RIGHTFUL HEIR."

ROBERT

Give it over.

NED HANDS THE LAP DESK TO ROBERT, WHO SIGNS THE  
LETTER.

ROBERT

Give it to the Council, after I'm dead. At  
least they'll say I did this right, this one  
thing. You'll rule now. You'll hate it  
worse than I did, but you'll do it well.  
The girl, Daenerys, you were right. Varys,  
Littlefinger, my brother, worthless. No one  
to tell me no, but you. Only you. Let her  
live. Stop it, if it's not too late.

NED

I will.

ROBERT

And my son. Help him, Ned. Make him better  
than me.

NED

I'll... I'll do everything I can, to honor  
your memory.

ROBERT

[LAUGH] My memory. [COUGH] King Robert  
Baratheon, murdered by a pig. [COUGH] Give  
me something for the pain, and let me die.

INT RED KEEP - CORRIDOR - DAY



PYCELLE, BARRISTAN, VERYS, AND RENLY WAIT OUTSIDE FOR NEWS.

NED

Give him milk of the poppy.

PYCELLE NODS AND GOES IN TO ATTEND TO THE KING. RENLY FOLLOWS PYCELLE.

BARRISTAN

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

NED

No man could have protected him from himself.

VERYS

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

BARRISTAN

His squire, from the King's own skin.

NED

His squire? The Lannister boy?

BARRISTAN NODS, LOOKING CONCERNED.

VERYS

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

NED AND BARRISTAN SHARE CONCERNED LOOKS.

NED

His Grace has had a change of heart, concerning Daenerys Targaryen. Whatever arrangements you made, unmake them at once.

VERYS

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

NED LOOKS GRIM, AND WALKS OFF.

INT VAES DOTHRAK - EARTHEN TENT - DAY

DROGO SITS WITH HIS BACK TO DANY, AS SHE BRAIDS HIS HAIR.

DROGO

Vezh fin Sája Rhaesheserés vos  
zígereo adoroón shígethi.  
*(The stallion who mounts the world  
has no need for iron chairs.)*

DANY

K'ási ássikhqoyisiri, Vezh ádothrae  
nakhaán rháesheseri.  
*(According to prophesy, the  
stallion will ride to the ends of  
the earth.)*

DROGO

Sorfosór nákha she Hávazzhifi  
Kázga. Vo hrazéf laz yóma evethíz.  
*(The earth ends at the black salt  
sea. No horse can cross the poison  
water.)*

DANY

Sorfosór nákho vosécchi she havázh.  
Sáni sórfi vékha yómme havázh.  
Sórfo áthyolari ánni.  
*(The earth does not end at the sea.  
There are many dirts beyond the  
sea. The dirt where I was born.)*

DROGO

Vos "sórfo": Rháeshi.  
*(Not dirts. Lands.)*

DANY

Rháeshi, sek..  
*(Lands, yes.)*  
Dalén rhaggát evéth ma ále vékhi  
she Váes Serís: Hrazéf Ído fíni  
óvethi yómme havázh--  
*(There are thousands of ships in  
the Free Cities. Wooden horses that  
fly across the sea--)*

DROGO

Kísha vástoki vos alíkh hrázefi ído  
m'átori shíqethi.  
(*Let's speak no more of wooden  
horses and iron chairs.*)

DANY

Me vos "adór", me...me...  
(*It's not a chair. It's a...*)  
...throne.

DROGO

Throne?

DANY

Adór finaán khal névasoe.  
(*A chair for a king to sit upon.*)  
Che kháleesi.  
(*Or a queen.*)

DROGO STANDS AND FACES DANY.

DROGO

Khal vos zígereo adoroón ánevasoe  
maán. Me zígeree sajosoón dísse.  
(*A king does not need a chair to  
sit upon. He only needs a horse.*)

DROGO KISSES DANY AND WALKS OUT OF THE TENT.

EXT VAES DOTHRAK - WESTERN MARKET - DAY

DANY AND JORAH ARE WALKING THROUGH A BUSY MARKETPLACE.  
IRRI, DOREAH, AND RAKHARO FOLLOW CLOSE BEHIND.

DANY

Can't you help me make him understand?

JORAH

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

DANY

My brother... was a fool, I know. But he was  
the rightful heir to the Seven Kingdoms.

JORAH

[LAUGH]

DANY

Have I said something funny, ser?

JORAH

Forgive me, *khaleesi*. But your ancestor Aegon the Conqueror didn't seize six of the Kingdoms because they were his right. He had no right to them, he seized them because he could.

DANY

And because he had dragons.

JORAH

Well, having a few dragons makes things easier.

DANY

You don't believe it?

JORAH

Have you ever seen a dragon, *khaleesi*? I believe what my eyes and ears report. As for the rest, it was three hundred years ago. Who knows what really happened? Now if you'll pardon me, I'll seek out the merchant captain, see if he has any letters for me.

DANY

Well, I'll come with you.

JORAH

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

JORAH WALKS OFF. DANY STARES CURIOUSLY AS HE LEAVES.

EXT VAES DOTHRAK - WESTERN MARKET - DAY

JORAH WALKS THROUGH THE MARKET ALONE.

BOY

Psst. Jorah the Andal. The Spider sends his greetings, and his congratulations.

THE BOY HANDS JORAH A SCROLL.

BOY

A royal pardon. You can go home now.

THE BOY WALKS QUICKLY AWAY, DISAPPEARING INTO THE CROWD. JORAH CLENCHES THE SCROLL IN HIS FISTS, LOOKING CONCERNED. HE HEARS A MERCHANT SHOUTING IN DOTHRAKI AND LOOKS IN THAT DIRECTION.

CU OF WINE MERCHANT, PULLS BACK TO MS OF DANY APPROACHING WINE MERCHANT.

WINE MERCHANT

Vírzetha gizikhvén! Vírzethi  
gízikhvena vékha m'anhoón Lisoón,  
Volantisoón ma Halahisiroón! Sovíkh  
Tirósh! Jélavena Ándahloa! Mra  
qóra! Mra qóra!  
*(Sweet reds! I have sweet reds  
from Lys, Volantis and the Arbor!  
Tyroshi pear brandy! Andalish  
sours! I have them! I have them!)*

WINE MERCHANT STEPS DOWN AND APPROACHES DANY.

WINE MERCHANT

Lákhi ha khaleesisaán? M'anhoón  
vékha vírzethi gízikhvena Dornoón,  
zhey erinák. At lákhi ma sháfka  
áhakee yal sháfki ma hakesoón ánni.  
*(A taste for the khaleesi? I have a  
sweet red from Dorne, my lady. One  
taste and you'll name your child  
after me.)*

DANY

My son already has his name, but I'll try your summer wine. Just a taste.

WINE MERCHANT

My lady. You are from Westeros?

DOREAH

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

THE WINE MERCHANT BOWS DOWN.

WINE MERCHANT

Princess...

DANY

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

THE WINE MERCHANT FLINGS THE WINE FROM THE SAMPLE CUP TO THE GROUND.

WINE MERCHANT

That? Dornish swill. Not worthy of a princess. I have a dry red, from the Arbor. Nectar of the gods. Let me give you a cask. A gift!

JORAH WATCHES FROM NEARBY, AND LOOKS SUSPICIOUS OF THE WINE MERCHANT.

DANY

You honor me, ser.

WINE MERCHANT

The honor... the honor is all mine.

THE WINE MERCHANT RETURNS FROM THE BACK OF HIS STALL WITH A WOODEN CASK. RAKHARO STEPS FORWARD AND TAKES THE CASK, BEFORE THE WINE MERCHANT CAN GET CLOSE TO DANY.

WINE MERCHANT

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

DANY

I hope to repay your kindness, someday.

JORAH WALKS UP, AND ADDRESSES RAKHARO.

JORAH  
Ázzohi haz khógare.  
(*Put down that cask.*)

DANY  
Something wrong?

JORAH  
I have a thirst. Open it.

RAKHARO FORCEFULLY HANDS THE CASK BACK TO THE WINE  
MERCHANT.

WINE MERCHANT  
The wine is for the *khaleesi*, it's not for  
the likes of you.

JORAH  
Open it.

THE WINE MERCHANT LOOKS CONCERNED, GLANCES AT DANY AND  
JORAH, AND SETS THE CASK ON HIS TABLE, CAUTIOUSLY  
OPENING IT.

JORAH  
Pour.

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

DANY  
Do as he says.

WINE MERCHANT  
As the princess commands.

THE WINE MERCHANT PLACES A CUP UNDER THE TAP, AND  
DRAWS SOME WINE. DANY AND JORAH EXCHANGE LOOKS. THE  
WINE MERCHANT HANDS THE CUP OF WINE TO JORAH. JORAH  
SMELLS THE WINE SUSPICIOUSLY.

WINE MERCHANT  
Sweet, isn't it? Can you smell the fruit,  
ser? Taste it, my lord. Tell me that that

is not the finest wine that has ever touched  
your tongue.

JORAH TENTATIVELY PUTS THE CUP TO HIS MOUTH, GAUGING  
THE WINE MERCHANT'S REACTION.

JORAH

You first.

WINE MERCHANT

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

DANY

You will... drink.

THE WINE MERCHANT LOOKS NERVOUS, BUT TAKES THE CUP  
FROM JORAH. HE PUTS THE CUP TO HIS LIPS, THEN THROWS  
IT TO THE GROUND. HE GRABS A CASK AND KNOCKS RAKHARO  
BACK, FLEEING INTO THE CROWD.

DOREAH

Stop him!

RAKHARO RECOVERS AND USES HIS WHIP TO SNARE THE WINE  
MERCHANT'S LEGS. JORAH LEADS DANY AND HER HANDMAIDENS  
AWAY.

JORAH

Come.

THE WINE MERCHANT IS SUBDUED AND LED OFF BY THE  
BODYGUARDS AND RAKHARO.

EXT CASTLE BLACK - COURTYARD - DAY

WS OF COURTYARD, AS MORMONT ADDRESSES THE RECRUITS.

MORMONT

You came to us as outlaws, poachers, rapers,  
killers, thieves. You came alone, in  
chains, without friends or honor. You came  
to us rich, you came to us poor. Some of  
you bear the names of proud houses, others  
only bastard names, or no names at all. It  
does not matter. All that is in the past.



Here, on the Wall, we are all one house.  
Tonight, at sunset...

SAMWELL LEANS IN TO JON, WHO IS FOCUSED INTENTLY ON  
MORMONT.

SAMWELL  
You're allowed to look happy.

MORMONT  
...we face the gathering night.

SAMWELL  
Going to be a ranger.

MORMONT  
You will take your oath.

SAMWELL  
Isn't that what you've always wanted?

MORMONT  
From that moment...

JON  
I want to find my uncle.

MORMONT  
...you will be a sworn brother of the Night's  
Watch.

JON  
I know he's alive out there. I know he is.

MORMONT  
All your crimes will be washed away...

SAMWELL  
I wish I could help you, but I'm no ranger.

MORMONT  
...all your debts, forgiven. So too, you...

SAMWELL  
It's the steward's life, for me.

MORMONT

...must wash away your old loyalties...

JON

There's honor in being a steward.

MORMONT

...put aside your grudges...

SAMWELL

Not much, really. But there's food.

MORMONT

...forget old wrongs, and old loves alike.  
Here you begin anew.

MORMONT WALKS DOWN FROM THE LANDING, STILL ADDRESSING  
THE RECRUITS.

MORMONT

A man of the Night's Watch lives his life  
for the realm. Not for a king, or a lord,  
or the honor of this house or that house.  
Not for gold, or glory, or a woman's love,  
but for the realm, and all the people in it.  
You've all learnt the words of your vow.  
Think carefully, before you say them. The  
penalty for desertion is death. You can  
take your vows here, tonight. Sunset. Do  
any of you still keep the old gods?

JON

I do, m'lord.

MORMONT

You want to take your vow before a heart  
tree, as your uncle did?

JON

Yes, m'lord.

MORMONT

You'll find a weirwood a mile north of the  
wall. And your old gods too, maybe.

SAMWELL

My lord? Might I go as well?

MORMONT

Does House Tarly keep the old gods?

SAMWELL

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

MORMONT

Why would you forsake the gods of your father and your house?

SAMWELL

The Night's Watch is my house now. The Seven have never answered my prayers. Perhaps the old gods will.

MORMONT

As you wish, lad. You've all been assigned an order, according to our needs and your strengths. Halder, to the builders. Pyp, to the stewards. Toad, to the builders. Grenn, to the rangers. Samwell, to the stewards. Matthar, to the rangers. Dareon, to the stewards. Balian, to the rangers. Rast, to the rangers. Jon, to the stewards. Rancer [PH], to the builders. Echiel [PH], to the builders. Gordo [PH], to the stewards. Niko [PH], to the rangers. Escan [PH], to the rangers. Vorkoy [PH], to the builders. Joby [PH], to the stables. Mink [PH], to the kitchens. Allo [PH], to the builders. Nelugo [PH], to the rangers. May all the gods preserve thee.

RANGER #1

Rangers, with me.

BUILDER #1

Builders.

JON STANDS, IN TOTAL DISBELIEF.

AEMON

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

JON

Will I serve the Lord Commander's meals, and fetch hot water for his bath?

AEMON

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

JON APPROACHES AEMON ANGRILY.

JON

Do you take me for a servant?

AEMON

We took you for a man of the Night's Watch, but perhaps we were wrong in that.

JON

May I go?

AEMON

As you wish.

JON STORMS OFF ANGRILY, BUMPING INTO SAMWELL. SAMWELL BOWS TO AEMON AND THEN FOLLOWS. PYP FOLLOWS AS WELL.

SAMWELL

Jon, wait. Don't you see what they're doing?

JON

I see Ser Alliser's revenge, that's all. He wanted it, and he got it. Stewards are nothing but maids. I'm a better swordsman and rider than any of you. It's not fair.

PYP

Fair? I was singing for a high lord at Acorn Hall, when he put his hand on my leg, and he wanted to see my cock. I pushed him away, and he said he'd have my hands cut off for stealing their silver. So now I'm here, at the end of the world, with no one to sing for but old men and little shits like you. I'll never see my family again. I'll never be inside of a woman again. So don't tell me about fair.

SAMWELL

I thought you were caught stealing a wheel of cheese for your starving sister?

PYP

Who's gonna tell a bunch of strangers that a lord tried to grab my cock?

SAMWELL

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

PYP STORMS OFF ANGRILY. SAMWELL TURNS BACK TO JON.

SAMWELL

Now listen to me. The old man is the Lord Commander of the Night's Watch. You'll be with him day and night. Yes, you'll clean his clothes. But you'll also take his letters, attend him at meetings, squire for him in battle. You'll know everything, be a part of everything. And he asked for you himself. He wants to groom you for command.

JON

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

SAMWELL

I always wanted to be a wizard.

JON

[LAUGH]

SAMWELL

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

INT TOWER OF THE HAND - SMALL HALL - DAY

NED ENTERS WITH TWO STARK GUARDS. HE IS CARRYING ROBERT'S WILL. RENLY ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE ROOM.

RENLY

Lord Stark? A moment? Alone, if you will.

NED CONSIDERS A MOMENT, THEN NODS TO HIS GUARDS, WHO LEAVE.

RENLY

He named you Protector of the Realm?

NED

He did.

RENLY

She won't care. Give me an hour, and I can put a hundred swords at your command.

NED

And what should I do with a hundred swords?

RENLY

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

NED

What about Stannis?

RENLY

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

NED

Stannis is your older brother.

RENLY

This isn't about the bloody line of succession. That didn't matter when you rebelled against the Mad King, it shouldn't matter now. What's best for the Kingdoms? What's best for the people we rule? We all know what Stannis is. He inspires no love or loyalty. He's not a king. I am.

NED LOOKS UP SHARPLY, SHOCKED BY RENLY'S WORDS.

NED

Stannis is a commander. He's led men into war, twice. He destroyed the Greyjoy fleet.

RENLY

Yes, he's a good soldier. Everyone knows that. So was Robert. Tell me something, do you still believe good soldiers make good kings?

NED

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

NED LEAVES.

INT CHAMBER OF THE HAND - SUNSET

NED IS SIGNING A LETTER HE HAS WRITTEN, SIGNED "REGENT PROTECTOR OF THE REALM, EDDARD STARK." HE SEALS THE LETTER WHILE SPEAKING TO ONE OF HIS GUARDS.

NED

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

STARK GUARDSMAN

Yes, m'lord.

THE DOOR OPENS, AND LITTLEFINGER WALKS IN BEHIND THE GUARD. NED HANDS THE LETTER TO HIS GUARD.

NED

Now leave us.

THE GUARD BOWS TO NED, AND LEAVES. LITTLEFINGER WATCHES THE GUARD LEAVE, AND APPROACHES NED.

LITTLEFINGER

My Lord Protector.

NED

The king has no trueborn sons. Joffrey and Tommen are Jaime Lannister's bastards.

LITTLEFINGER

So... when the king dies...

NED

The throne passes to his brother, Lord Stannis.

LITTLEFINGER

So it would seem. Unless...

NED

There is no unless. He is the rightful heir, nothing can change that.

LITTLEFINGER

And he cannot take the throne without your help. You would be wise to deny it to him, and to make sure Joffrey succeeds.

NED

Do you have a shred of honor?

LITTLEFINGER

You are now Hand of the King, and Protector of the Realm. All of the power is yours, you need only reach out and take it. Make peace with the Lannisters, release the Imp, wed your daughter to Joffrey. We've plenty of time to get rid of Stannis, and if Joffrey seems likely to cause problems when he comes into his throne, we simply reveal



his little secret and seat Lord Renly there instead.

NED

We?

LITTLEFINGER

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

NED

What you suggest is treason.

LITTLEFINGER

Only if we lose.

NED

Make peace with the Lannisters, you say? With the people who tried to murder my boy?

LITTLEFINGER

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

NED

No. I won't do it.

LITTLEFINGER

So it will be Stannis, and war?

NED

There is no other choice. He is the heir.

LITTLEFINGER

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

NED

You promised Catelyn you would help me. The queen has a dozen knights and a hundred men-at-arms, enough to overwhelm what remains of my household guard. I need the Gold Cloaks. The City Watch is two thousand strong, and sworn to defend the king's peace.

LITTLEFINGER

Look at you. You know what you want me to do, you know it has to be done... but it's not honorable, so the words stick in your throat. When the queen proclaims and one king, and the Hand proclaims another, whose peace do the Gold Cloaks protect? Who do they follow? The man who pays them.

EXT TUNNEL - CASTLE BLACK SIDE - SUNSET

JON, SAMWELL, GHOST, AND FOUR OTHER RANGERS PASS THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO THE NORTH.

EXT TUNNEL - WALL SIDE - SUNSET

THE RANGERS EXIT THE TUNNEL. GHOST RUNS OFF PLAYFULLY. THE RANGERS PAUSE AND TAKE IN THE SURROUNDINGS.

WS FROM TUNNEL EXIT, SHOWING THICK FOREST AND MOUNTAINS TO THE NORTH.

THE GROUP MOVES ON TO THE NORTH.

CU OF WEIRWOOD TRUNK, TILT UP TO SHOW FACE CARVED IN TREE, RED SAP LIKE BLOOD TEARS FLOW FROM THE EYES.

MS OF JON AND SAMWELL KNEELING BEFORE TREE, THE OTHER RANGERS STAND GUARD.

JON AND SAMWELL

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

NIGHT'S WATCH OFFICER

You knelt as boys. Rise now as men of the  
Night's Watch.

JON STANDS, AND HELPS SAMWELL TO HIS FEET. THEY HUG,  
AND THEN MOVE TO HUG THEIR FELLOW RANGERS.

GHOST RETURNS TO THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, WITH AN  
OBJECT IN HIS MOUTH. EVERYONE STOPS TO LOOK AT GHOST.

SAMWELL  
What's he got there?

JON KNEELS DOWN.

JON  
To me, Ghost. Bring it here.

GHOST WALKS OVER TO JON, AND DROPS A FROZEN HUMAN HAND  
AT HIS FEET.

SAMWELL  
Gods be good.

INT TEMPLE OF THE DOSH KHALEEN - NIGHT

DANY AND JORAH ENTER, WALKING PAST THE WINE MERCHANT,  
WHO HAS BEEN BEATEN AND TIED TO A PILLAR.

DANY  
What will they do to him?

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

DANY  
And when he falls?

JORAH  
I saw a man last nine miles, once.

DANY  
King Robert still wants me dead.

JORAH

This poisoner was the first, he won't be the last.

DANY

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

JORAH

He will never leave you alone. If you ride to darkest Asshai'i, his assassins will follow you. If you sailed all the way to the Basilisk Isles, his spies would tell him. He will never abandon the hunt. You're a Targaryen, the last Targaryen. Your son will have Targaryen blood with forty thousand riders behind him.

DANY

He will not have my son.

JORAH

He'll not have you either, *khaleesi*.

QOTHO AND THE BLOODRIDERS ENTER, FOLLOWED BY DROGO. DROGO STANDS BEFORE THE WINE MERCHANT, WHO BEGINS WEeping. DROGO TAKES A TORCH FROM A RAKHARO, AS THOUGH TO USE IT AS A WEAPON. INSTEAD, HE SWINGS IT PAST THE WINE MERCHANT'S FACE AND WALKS OVER TO DANY. HE THROWS THE TORCH INTO THE CEREMONIAL FIRE, LIGHTING IT.

DROGO

Zhey jalán áththirari ánni: Hash yer zísi?  
(*Moon of my life. Are you hurt?*)

DANY SHAKES HER HEAD. DROGO KISSES HER ON THE FOREHEAD. JORAH LOOKS AWAY AWKWARDLY. DROGO TURNS TO JORAH.

DROGO

Móri astísh anhaán rek tish sháfka,  
zhey Jóra Andáhli.  
(*They told me what you did, Jorah the Andal.*)  
Ókki zhílle hrazéf fin állayafa  
sháfka drogikhoón ánni. Me sháfki.  
Ánha asshilák jin azh sháfkea.

*(Choose any horse you wish from my herd. It is yours. I make this gift to you.)*

DROGO TURNS BACK TO DANY.

DROGO

Ma rizhaán ánni, Vezh fin Ásaja  
Rhaesheserés: Maán ánha valloshák  
azh ákka. Maán ánha vazhák jin adór  
shíqethi finaán néva áve máisi máe.  
Ánha vazhák maán Rhaeshís Andáhli.  
Ánha, zhey Drogo, aták jin.  
*(And to my son, the stallion who  
will mount the world, to him I also  
pledge a gift. To him I will give  
this iron chair his mother's father  
sat in. I will give him Seven  
Kingdoms. I, Drogo, will do this.)*

DROGO ADDRESSES HIS MEN, AMID INCREASING CHEERS.

DROGO

Ánha vidrík khalasarés ánni jim,  
finnaán nákhoe rhaeshesér, majin  
adothrák hrazéf ído yómme  
Hávazzhifí Kázga ven et vo Khal  
avvós. Ánha vaddrivák mahrazhís  
fíni óndee khogár shíqethi ma  
vohharák okrenegwín móri. Ánha  
aqorasók chioriés móri, vazzafrók  
yal móri, ma afichák vojjór sámva  
Vaesaán Dothrák. Ki jíni ánha asták  
asqóy, ánha, Drógo ki Bharbosi. Ki  
jíni ánha asták asqóy hatíf Máisi  
Krázaaji, kash shíeraki vítihiri  
asavvasoón.  
*(I will take my khalasar west to  
where the world ends, and ride the  
wooden horses across the black salt  
water as no Khal has done before. I  
will kill the men in the iron suits  
and tear down their stone houses. I  
will rape their women, take their  
children as slaves and bring their  
broken gods back to Vaes Dothrak.  
This I vow, I, Drogo son of Bharbo.*

*This I swear before the Mother of  
Mountains, as the stars look down  
in witness.)*

DROGO'S MEN GO WILD.

DOTHRAKI  
Háji Drogosaán! / Ai! / Qoy!  
(For Drogo! / Aye! / Blood!)

EXT VAES DOTHRAK - HORSE GATE - DAY

DROGO, DANY, AND JORAH RIDE OUT OF VAES DOTHRAK, WITH  
DROGO'S KHALASAR. THE WINE MERCHANT IS CHAINED TO  
DANY'S HORSE, HE IS NAKED AND STUMBLING.

INT TOWER OF THE HAND - SMALL HALL - DAY

NED AND A RETINUE OF GUARDS ARE WALKING DOWN THE  
HALLWAY. THE KING'S STEWARD ENTERS FROM BEHIND THEM.

KING'S STEWARD  
Lord Stark!

THE GUARDS HALF DRAW THEIR SWORDS, AND RESTRAIN THE  
KING'S STEWARD.

NED  
I'm all right. It's all right. Let him  
through.

KING'S STEWARD  
Lord Stark? King Joffrey and the Queen  
Regent request your presence in the throne  
room.

NED  
King Joffrey?

KING'S STEWARD  
King Robert is gone. The Gods give him  
rest.

EXT RED KEEP - COURTYARD - DAY

NED ENTERS, AS BELLS RING DECLARING THE DEATH OF THE KING. TWENTY OF HIS GUARDS STAND AT THE READY, AND LITTLEFINGER AND VARYS ARE WAITING FOR HIM.

LITTLEFINGER  
All is accomplished, the City Watch is yours.

NED  
Good. Is Lord Renly joining us?

LITTLEFINGER AND VARYS KNOWINGLY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

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

NED AND LITTLEFINGER NOD TO EACH OTHER. THEY CONTINUE TO THE THRONE ROOM.

INT RED KEEP - DOORS TO THE THRONE ROOM - DAY

NED, VARYS, LITTLEFINGER, AND THE GROUP OF GUARDS FROM THE COURTYARD APPROACH THE DOORS TO THE THRONE ROOM. JANOS WAITS FOR THEM OUTSIDE.

JANOS  
We stand behind you, Lord Stark.

INT RED KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY

THE KING'S STEWARD RUSHES IN AHEAD OF NED AND THE REST OF HIS GROUP.

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

NED APPROACHES THE THRONE, WHICH IS SURROUNDED BY KINGSGUARD. JOFFREY SITS ON THE IRON THRONE, AND CERSEI SITS ON THE QUEEN'S THRONE AT HIS SIDE.

JOFFREY

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

NED

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

NED PRODUCES ROBERT'S WILL FROM HIS BELT. BARRISTAN APPROACHES, AND TAKES THE SCROLL FROM HIM.

BARRISTAN

King Robert's seal, unbroken.

BARRISTAN OPENS THE LETTER, WALKING BACK TOWARD THE THRONE.

BARRISTAN

Lord Eddard Stark is herein named Protector of the Realm, to rule as regent until the heir come of age.

JOFFREY TURNS TO CERSEI, CONCERNED. CERSEI STANDS AND APPROACHES BARRISTAN.

CERSEI

May I see that letter, Ser Barristan?

BARRISTAN HANDS THE LETTER TO CERSEI.

CERSEI

Protector of the Realm. Is this meant to be your shield, Lord Stark? A piece of paper?

CERSEI TEARS THE LETTER UP, AND THROWS THE PIECES ON THE GROUND.

BARRISTAN

Those were the king's words.

CERSEI

We have a new king now. Lord Eddard, when we last spoke, you offered me some counsel.



Allow me to return the courtesy. Bend the knee, my lord. Bend the knee, and swear loyalty to my son, and we shall allow you to live out your days in the grey waste you call home.

NED  
Your son has no claim to the throne.

JOFFREY  
Liar!

CERSEI  
You condemn yourself with your own mouth, Lord Stark. Ser Barristan, seize this traitor.

BARRISTAN APPROACHES NED, NED'S GUARDS MOVE TO DEFEND NED.

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

NED'S GUARDS STOP, AND BARRISTAN STOPS NEAR NED.

CERSEI  
You think he stands alone?

THE HOUND DRAWS HIS SWORD.

JOFFREY  
Kill him! Kill all of them, I command it!

THE KINGSGUARD DO NOT ACT, UNSURE OF WHAT THEY SHOULD DO.

NED  
Commander, take the queen and her children into custody. Escort them back to their royal apartments and keep them there, under guard.

JANOS  
Men of the Watch...

THE KINGSGUARD AND GOLD CLOAKS ALL DRAW WEAPONS.

NED

I want no bloodshed. Tell your men to lay  
down their swords. No one needs to die.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now!

THE GOLD CLOAKS AMBUSH THE STARK GUARDS, KILLING MANY  
OF THEM QUICKLY. NED STARTS TO DRAW HIS SWORD, BUT  
LITTLEFINGER GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND AND PUTS A KNIFE TO  
HIS THROAT.

LITTLEFINGER

I did warn you not to trust me.

[CUT TO BLACK]

[END OF EPISODE]

[CREDITS]

[CUT TO BLACK]