

Indeed, a couple of fierce looking warrior-types walk up to the boys, dressed in full Game of Thrones regalia. They carry spears, sport vaguely Greco-Roman war gear and are providing an escort for a pretty young peroxide-blonde dressed in flowing robes. This is DAENERYS, the Mother of Dragons.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Whoa. She's beyond  
playtron. That's true nobility  
right there.

The Warriors stop for a moment, sneering. Sir Robert puts a gloved hand on Squire Tom's shoulder.

SIR ROBERT

(under his breath)

Easy, Squire Tom. Our real battle  
awaits.

The air is thick with tension, each side waiting for the other to make a move. After a moment, the Throners turn and continue down the path.

SIR ROBERT

Wait!

The Throners turn, ready to pounce.

SIR ROBERT

My lady. I would have words with  
thee.

Daenerys considers for a moment.

DAENERYS

And who presumes to address the  
Mother of Dragons?

Sir Robert clears his throat.

SIR ROBERT

It is I, Sir Robert of Arden Dale.  
If I might have a word with your  
Grace...

Sir Robert gestures off to his right. Daenerys looks at her guards, indicating they can relax and walks over to Sir

Robert.

SIR ROBERT

By your garb and you manners, I can see you are strangers to this realm. I presume our ways can be confusing and perhaps even hostile to those unfamiliar with our local ways.

DAENERYS

'Tis true, Sir Robert.

(She looks over at Squire Tom)  
Some seem to misunderstand our intentions.

SIR ROBERT

It is most unfortunate. For in truth, Arden Dale welcomes all who seek to know its pleasures—even those from other lands. My lady, I would wager much that the differences that separate our tribes are dwarfed by the values that we both hold dear.

SQUIRE TOM

(To Executioner Randy)  
Wait a minute. Dwarves? Oh, Jesus. Is that midget Tyrion Lannister here? Or is he getting all Lord of the Rings on us...

DAENERYS

Your words have the ring of wisdom, Sir Robert. But as in everything, it is actions that matter most and I--

The sound of a trumpet blowing can be heard. Sir Robert and Squire Tom exchange looks.

SQUIRE TOM

Yeah, uhm, so anyways, your Motherness, but pardon us because Sir Robert and I need to be moving along here.

SIR ROBERT

I have a battle to fight. Avenging the honor of the house of Landrith against the nefarious Lord Reston who-

SQUIRE TOM

-Boss, we gotta run.

DAENERYS

I shall hope our paths cross again, Sir Robert. If you're fighting skills match the power and dexterity of your words, I've no doubt you will emerge the victor.

Sir Robert bows.

SIR ROBERT

My lady.

Daenerys tips her head as she and her entourage walk off. The boys hastily grab the rest of their gear.

EXT.SHEMLOCK PARKING LOT--DUSK

Sir Robert stands next to the open trunk of his '97 Honda Celica, packing away his gear. He sighs. He's dressed in jeans and a Joe Jackson t-shirt. Just another guy in a Jersey parking lot. A pair of court jesters, each sporting a back pack, walk by, laughing. Sir Robert catches their eye. Suddenly, they get solemn, exchange professional nods. As they walk further away, they break out in laughter. Yeah, they're laughing at Sir Robert. He shakes his head. He slams the car trunk down.

CLERK

Yeah, no, why would you? But you get my point, right? I mean, I've only been doing this for about two years. In fact, it was Sarah that got me into it. Seemed silly at

first but suddenly it's not just a hobby. It's kinda like, real life is what you do while you're waiting to come back here, right?

SIR ROBERT

Well, I wouldn't go that far. But I would say that there is something special that happens when a group of people come together, puts aside their day-to-day differences, and work towards a common goal.

Unbeknownst to Sir Robert, a couple of interpreters catch wind of what he is saying and stop to listen.

SIR ROBERT

The door to reality opens just a bit, and you can see that the world can be a little brighter and a little better. We don't have to be ground down by the limitations that pass for normal life...

A few more folks stop and gather to listen.

SIR ROBERT

I mean, the point of Arden Dale is that we can create our own vision of the way things should be, could be, right?

The Clerk nods in agreement, as do the others in the crowd.

SIR ROBERT

And yeah, maybe life in the real middle ages was in fact horrible. People died young and there was probably shit and puke all over place. But the values those people lived for, and fought for, and even died for, those values gave their lives meaning. And that's what I'm after. I want to live in a world where loyalty, courage and honour still matter. And I believe that we create that world, every time we

put on a costume, lace up our boots  
and pick up a sword.

The small crowd that has gathered breaks into spontaneous  
applause. A couple of them clap Sir Robert on the back as  
they drift off.

CLERK  
See you tomorrow?

SIR ROBERT  
I'll be here. Living the dream.

The Clerk walks off. Sir Robert gets out his keys and  
moves around to the front of the car.

VOICE (OFF CAMERA)  
Hey.

Sir Robert turns. There stands Daenerys. Only now, she is  
dressed in jeans and a simple white top. Somehow, she's  
even lovelier.

SIR ROBERT  
Hey.

DAENERYS  
I heard what you said. That was,  
well, it was amazing.

SIR ROBERT  
Yeah?

DAENERYS  
That's exactly how I feel. That's  
what got me into this whole scene in  
the first place. I wanted to find  
a place where I could be the best  
version of myself.

SIR ROBERT  
I'd say you found it.

DAENERYS  
You have a noble heart and an  
abundance of courage, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT

Actually, it's Bob. Bob  
Gundy. Nice to meet you...

DAENERYS

I'm Megan Hill. My friend's call  
me Hilly. But you can call me  
Megan Hill.

SIR ROBERT

Hmm.

DAENERYS

JK. You can call me Hilly too. So  
listen, I don't know if you're  
doing anything tonight Bob Gundy,  
but I have a friend who's crazy  
into brewing mead. He's having a  
little get-together to crack open a  
fresh keg or whatever it is they  
brew mead in.

SIR ROBERT

It's a keg.

DAENERYS

Of course. I knew that. Just  
testing you. But so anyway...

SIR ROBERT

I would be honoured to join you, my  
lady.

DAENERYS

Great. And I'd be happy to ride  
with you, if you like. Can you  
open the door?

SIR ROBERT

Sure.