

SCENE BY DANIEL COHEN

Meria and Timoth stand from their seats. They walk by Olyvar sitting alone at an isolated table. On their way out of the dinning hall Timoth kicks Olyvar's feet but Timoth pays no mind. Giggles echo down the hallway as they leave. Olyvar regathers himself and stares into the crowd of the festivities as they celebrate wildly. He often catches gazes with Olenna Tyrell. Joss is drunk and loudly talking with Cyrus. Olenna, next to them catches Olyvar's eye one more time.

OLENNA

You. Boy. Come here.

Joss takes attention to Olyvar Olenna's exchange. Olyvar stands, and walks towards Olenna. He opens his mouth...

OLENNA

Don't... make a sound without me talking to you first.

Joss stares at Olenna, ignoring Cyrus as he talks. Taking a sip of his wine. he spills it staining his clothes.

OLENNA

I noticed you looking at me, you know. The whole time. It made me uncomfortable to say the least.

Olenna drinks her wine. She scoffs at Joss' clumsiness.

OLENNA

I really don't know what he sees in you lot. I mean most of you are like dogs that don't even know table side manners.

LORD CYRUS

Enough Olenna. These are guests in my house. Please treat them like they were your guests.

OLENNA

I don't invite dogs into my house, my Lord.

Joss slams his goblet onto the table spilling the rest of the wine that remained on the table. Olenna waves her hand at Cyrus and Joss.

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OLENNA

Alright, alright. I guess you can't help what you are after all. Like I'm sure you know that very well, bastard.

OLYVAR

What gives you the right to hold power over my head? Where does your status come from besides your own self-centered ego?

Joss smirks and walks away from the table wiping the wine from his clothes.

OLENNA

The point here is not where the power comes from but who holds it. Power itself is meaningless unless you have people who will follow you.

LORD CYRUS

She's right. Which is why as people in positions of power, like us, we need to take a higher standing and be better than the rest.

Olenna laughs.

OLENNA

You don't think I know that? Power is even more complex than that, you silly man. Sometimes you need to bend people into shape so they don't disrupt the natural order of things. YOU don't do that which is why you have rebellious gorillas attacking nobility at important events like your own son's wedding.

OLYVAR

The natural order? Common folk, men and women died yesterday during all the chaos too! Are their lives meaningless to you too because they aren't nobility?

OLENNA

Not meaningless. Just not important.

Joss walks back to the table. He cleans his clothes with a cloth as he stands next to the table.

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OLYVAR

How dar...

OLENNA

My family is more important. It's the same for you isn't it? Don't act higher than me when in the same situation you would act the same.

OLYVAR

I wouldn't. I am no...

JOSS

He wouldn't. The difference isn't in how he would act. The difference is how he wouldn't act.

OLENNA

Who asked you?

JOSS

Olyvar wouldn't call his guards to make sure his family is okay. He has the character to run out there in the midst of chaos and check for himself.

Cyrus clears his throat.

JOSS

That makes Olyvar more selfless, and strong. If I had to choose a leader knowing both of you. The answer is obvious to me.

OLENNA

Are you saying that this bastard is better than me?

LORD CYRUS

Okay Joss, that is enough, please.

JOSS

Yes.

LORD CYRUS

Joss, do not have me ask you again. You are a guest but that does not give you free reign.

Joss points down at Lord Cyrus.

JOSS

Who asked you? Your opinion doesn't matter anyway, along with your claim to this land.

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LORD CYRUS

Excuse me?

Olenna laughs aggressively.

OLENNA

Hey Bastard. Do you understand the reasons why Bastards are considered similar to mutts? Sometimes worse than mutts.

Lord Cyrus stands from his seat.

LORD CYRUS

Joss and Olenna, that is enough of your squabbling!

OLENNA

It's because they represent constant reminders to those who are too selfish, or too stupid to know any better.

Olenna grabs her goblet filled with wine. She nods her head towards Maron.

OLENNA

They represent sins or mistakes. They can never be anything else.

LORD CYRUS

Olenna, I will not have you prance...

OLENNA

Oh Shush.

Olenna sips her wine. Joss confronts Cyrus.

JOSS

This land is Dornish land and shall return to Dornish property again sometime soon. I will see to that.

LORD CYRUS

Joss, please calm yourself. Olenna plea...

OLENNA

Imagine being the father of four siblings. Then one night you get too drunk, you fuck a whore, and now you have some thing has a constant reminder of your fuck up.

Cyrus bangs his fist on the table.

LORD CYRUS
Everyone STOP!

Olyvar stands, screams, and smacks Olenna's goblet from her hand. She jumps back surprised. Guards approach the table. Olenna puts her hand up. Cyrus and Joss stare from across the table.

OLYVAR
You incorrigible decrepit hag. I don't want to listen to you any longer.

Joss walks towards Olyvar. Puts his hand on his shoulder. Olenna waves the guards away. Cyrus stays quiet.

OLYVAR
One thing I understand that you don't is that it doesn't matter.

Olenna looks towards Cyrus' wine filled goblet next to her and she reaches for it, taking a big gulp.

OLYVAR
It's doesn't matter if you're a commoner, a lord, or a bastard.

OLENNA
Can you get on with it?

OLYVAR
We are where your power comes from.

Cyrus stomps his foot.

LORD CYRUS
Enough!

Joss walks away and pulls Olyvar with him.

OLYVAR
There are more of us than there are of you. Understand that well.

Olenna sits back in her seat and gulps the wine in her hand once more. The party, quiet. Her eyes remain locked on Olyvar and Joss walking away down the corridor. Cyrus unwillingly smiles at the rest party members still in the dinning hall, he walks swiftly after Joss and Olyvar. The party continues.