

"THE EYE OF THE WORLD: WEAVING OF THE WEB"

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF CAEMLYN

The CAMERA weaves its way through a thick crowd of commoners, nobles, and guards. As it passes by, men give the CAMERA wary glances. Finally it reaches the edge of the crowd, where it spins round to reveal RAND AL'THOR, who looks up and down the parade route, his hand nervously caressing the wrapped sword at his side. The CAMERA follows his lead, panning across the crowds before settling on the area across from Rand's viewpoint. A ripple in the crowd forms, as people seem to be pushing away from someone in their midst. This ripple reaches the street, where it expels a beggar, PADAN FAIN. The beggar staggers, then points towards Rand.

CLOSE SHOT - RAND

Rand's eyes widen in surprise and fear.

BACK TO SCENE

Fain begins to shuffle towards Rand, and the youth flees into the crowd. The CAMERA cranes upward to follow him down a side street. People point and stare as he runs past them.

SIDE STREET

Rand runs into the frame, panting heavily. This street is empty, and he looks back to make sure he wasn't followed.

RAND

Damn! There must be some place I
can stand to see Logain.

He jogs briskly to the next street corner.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- a) Rand finds a sparsely-populated spot, but it is dominated by white-cockaded men.
- b) He arrives at another spot, but it is packed with people.

c) Another spot in the parade, but now a guard gives him a considering look, and Rand moves away.

PALACE HILL (BOTTOM)

Rand stops to look up at the hill, which is spotted with grass and weeds. At the top is a wall fifteen feet high.

RAND

Well, why not?

He begins to climb. The CAMERA follows him in reverse, emphasizing the steepness of the slope.

PALACE HILL (TOP)

Rand reaches the wall, which is scarred and pitted from years of rain and snow. There are gaps between the large stones that made excellent foot- and hand-holds, and he grins.

TOP OF THE WALL

An arm flies into view; then Rand's head pops up, and he pulls himself up to a seating position. He chuckles, and the CAMERA zooms past him to reveal the parade route, the line of sight free of obstructions. The procession is making its way to the Queen's Castle, and the CAMERA continues to close in, searching for LOGAIN's cage. We pass trumpeters, pikemen, archers, and bannermen before arriving at the main attraction. A massive wagon pulls into a view, with a large cage of iron bars in the center of the flat bed. Logain is inside, and outside the cage are two Aes Sedai, staring at the false Dragon. Surrounding the wagon are a dozen Warders, but it is Logain that catches our eye. He sits regal as a King, his gaze steely and forceful. He does not appear to notice anything around him.

CLOSE SHOT - RAND

RAND

Why are the Aes Sedai watching him?

ELAYNE

They're keeping him from touching the True Source, silly.

Rand looks up, loses his balance, and begins to fall backwards.

RAND'S POV (SLOW MOTION)

We see ELAYNE, perched on a tree branch just above the wall, her eyes wide.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE GARDENS - CAEMLYN

CLOSE SHOT - RAND

Rand's eyes flutter open.

BACK TO SCENE

The CAMERA pans past precisely arranged flowerbeds which line a slate-paved walk, and a stone bench that sits under a tree. Another tree comes into view, which Elayne and GAWYN are climbing down.

CLOSE SHOT - RAND

Rand groans and sits up, patting the back of his head lightly. He grimaces at the speckles of blood on his hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Elayne drops down from the tree beside Rand, looking at him critically. Gawyn flanks her, his brow furrowed.

GAWYN

We will never hear the end of this, Elayne, if Mother finds out. She told us to stay in our rooms, but you just had to see Logain, didn't you?

ELAYNE

Be quiet.

Elayne kneels down beside Rand.

ELAYNE

Are you all right?

RAND

I'm fine, I just...

Rand tries to stand up, and falls back down dizzily.

ELAYNE

You ARE hurt.

She gingerly pats the back of Rand's head.

ELAYNE

Your head must have struck a branch on the way down. I've never seen anyone as skilled at climbing as you, but you don't seem to fall quite as well.

She takes his head in her hands and draws him closer for a better look.

RAND

You'll get blood on your hands.

ELAYNE

Hold still. It doesn't look too bad, thank the Light.

She pulls several vials from inside her cloak and lays them down beside Rand.

ELAYNE

Give me your water flask, Gawyn, I need to wash this.

She washes the scrape quickly, then applies an ointment with a gentle hand.

GAWYN

She's always finding stray cats and birds with broken wings to work on. You're her first human patient. I don't know what kind of lucky that makes you, though.

Elayne frees a hand in order to give her brother a punch to the arm.

GAWYN

Ah, well... She does know what she's doing, she's had the best teachers. You're in good hands. Really.

Elayne pulls a blue and gold silk scarf from her cloak and wraps it around Rand's head. He looks at her in wonder.

RAND

You can't use that.

ELAYNE

I told you to hold still.

RAND (TO GAWYN)

Does she always expect everybody to do what she tells them?

GAWYN

Most of the time she does. And most of the time, they do.

Elayne grabs one of Rand's hands and presses it against the scarf.

ELAYNE

Hold this. Light, your hands might be worse than your head. I think you did that climbing where you should not have been climbing, though.

She finishes her knot, then takes his hands and spreads some more ointment on his palms.

GAWYN

Most of the time they do what she says. Not Mother, of course. Or Elaida. And not Lini. Lini is her nurse. You can't give orders to someone who switched you for stealing figs when you were little. And Gareth, of course. No one gives orders to Gareth.

ELAYNE

Not even Mother. She makes suggestions, and he always does what she suggests, but I've never heard her give him a command.

GAWYN

I don't know why that surprises you. Even you don't try telling the man what to do. He's served three Queens and been Captain-General for two of them. I daresay there are some who think he's more of a symbol of the Throne of Andor than the Queen.

ELAYNE

Mother should just go ahead and marry him. She wants to; she can't

hide it from me. And it would solve so many problems...

GAWYN

One of them must bend first. Mother cannot, and Gareth will not.

ELAYNE

If she commanded him...

GAWYN

He would obey. I think. But she won't.

Rand is gasping for air.

RAND

Who - who is your mother?

GAWYN

Morgase, by the Grace of the Light, Queen of Andor, Defender of the Realm, Protector of the People, High Seat of the House Trakand.

RAND

The Queen. The Queen. Light save me!

Rand jumps up and attacks the wall, trying to climb it without falling into panic.

ELAYNE

Stop that. You will start the bleeding again.

RAND

I have to go. I'll just climb back over the wall and...

ELAYNE

You really didn't know. Unbelievable. Do you mean to tell me you climbed up on that wall to see Logain without even knowing where you were?

RAND

I, uh, don't like crowds. So, if you'll pardon me, ah, my Lady, I should go. Now. Over the wall. But thank you. Yes, thank you, for the... uh, scarf. I'll return it,

somehow, not sure when. So, I'll go, then.

GAWYN

Leaving? Without telling us your name? That's a poor payment for my sister's efforts. I must admit, I'm curious... You sound like an Andorman, but you look like... well, you know our names. Courtesy would suggest you give us yours.

RAND

Rand al'Thor, from Emond's Field, in the Two Rivers.

GAWYN

From the west - very far to the west.

The two young men share a moment of surprised tension.

RAND

That's right.

GAWYN

Tabac and wool. I have to know the principal products of every region, it's part of my training. It's said Two Rivers people are stubborn. They can be led, if they think you are worthy, but the harder you try and push them, the harder they dig in. Elayne ought to choose her husband from there. It'll take a man with a will like stone to keep from being trampled by her.

Elayne and Rand stare at Gawyn, who seems surprised at his own babbling.

ELAYNE

What did I say about you and talking?

GALAD (O.S.)

What's this?

All three turn to find GALAD striding towards them, all full of purpose and intensity.

GALAD

Stand away from him, Elayne. You, too, Gawyn.

Elayne steps in front of Rand, head high.

ELAYNE

He is a loyal subject of our mother, and a good Queen's man. And he is under my protection, Galad.

GALAD

I am well aware of your fondness for strays, but the fellow is armed, and he hardly looks reputable. In these days, we cannot be too careful. If he is a loyal Queen's man, what is he doing here where he does not belong?

ELAYNE

He is here as my guest, Galad, and I vouch for him. Am I not to be trusted, now?

GALAD

You know this... guest of yours is not proper, Elayne. Gawyn, help me convince her. Our mother would...

ELAYNE

Enough! You have no right to judge my actions or decisions! You may leave me! Now!

Galad hesitates for a moment, then bows formally before exiting the garden.

ELAYNE

I hate him. He is vile and full of envy.

GAWYN

Now, Elayne, you go too far. Twice Galad has saved my life with none to know if he held his hand. Otherwise, he would be First Prince of the Sword instead of me.

ELAYNE

Never, Gawyn. I would choose anyone before Galad. You say I am fond of giving commands, well - I command you to be my First Prince of the Sword when I take the throne, and to lead the armies of Andor with the sort of honor Galad cannot dream of.

GAWYN

As you command, my Lady.

ELAYNE

Now we must get our guest out of here quickly.

RAND

This plan sounds very familiar.

GAWYN

You see, Rand, Galad always does the right thing, even when he should not. Right now, he is notifying the Palace Guard that you are here.

The sound of boots pounding on paving stones grows increasingly louder.

ELAYNE

Too late. Bloody Galad. Follow my lead, Gawyn.

A dozen Palace Guards storm into the Garden. Rand turns towards the wall, but it's too far away. Elayne and Gawyn jump in front of Rand to shield him as the guards raise bows and swords.

TALLANVOR

My Lady, my Lord, down, quickly!

ELAYNE

You dare to bring bare steel into my presence, Tallanvor? Gareth Bryne will have you mucking stables with the meanest trooper for this, if you are lucky!

TALLANVOR

My Lady, forgive me, but Lord Galad reported a dirty peasant skulking in the gardens, armed and endangering my Lady Elayne and my Lord Gawyn.

ELAYNE

This man is my guest and here under my protection. You may withdraw, Tallanvor.

TALLANVOR

I regret that will not be possible, my Lady. As my Lady knows, the

Queen has given orders regarding anyone on Palace grounds without her Majesty's permission, and she has already been notified of the intruder's presence.

Elayne glances at Gawyn, momentarily at a loss for words.

RAND

'Dirty peasant'? That's not nice.

Elayne shoots Rand a look.

ELAYNE

You will conduct all three of us to my mother.

TALLANVOR

My Lady, I -

ELAYNE

Or else conduct all three of us to a cell. We will remain together. Or will you give orders for hands to be laid upon my person?

GAWYN (TO RAND)

Mother is viewing Logain, and even if she was not busy, Tallanvor would not dare troop into her presence with Elayne and me, as if we were under guard. Mother has a bit of a temper sometimes.

Another guard comes running up to Tallanvor and whispers something into his ear. Tallanvor straightens and grins.

TALLANVOR

The Queen, your Lady Mother, commands me to bring the intruder to her immediately. It is also the Queen's command that my Lady Elayne and my Lord Gawyn attend her. Immediately.

Tallanvor gestures towards the main door.

TALLANVOR

If my Lady pleases? My Lord?

INT. PALACE, OUTSIDE GREETING HALL

They approach from a long hallway, a ring of guards surrounding Elayne, Gawyn, and Rand with swords bared. Rand looks like he wants to throw up, but Elayne walks confidently.

GAWYN

At least it isn't the Grand Hall. I never heard that Mother commanded anyone's head cut off from here.

ELAYNE

Gawyn? Talking?

GAWYN

Sorry.

Tallanvor opens the double doors to the greeting hall, and we get our first look at MORGASE, ELAIDA, and GARETH BRYNE. As the youngsters are escorted in, the CAMERA pans upward past hunting scenes carved in relief in stone. Then across tapestries of flowers and hummingbirds, to the far end of the room, where two hangings of the White Lion flank the dais. We zoom in towards the dais, where Morgase is sitting on a gilded throne, flanked by Gareth on her right and Elaida on her left.

DOORKEEPER

The Lady Elayne, the Lady Gawyn,
and an intruder under guard by
Guardsmen Tallanvor.

Everybody falls into a curtsy or deep bow, which Rand has a bit of trouble with at first. Seconds pass, still and pregnant with tension.

MORGASE

You may rise.

ELAYNE

Mother...

MORGASE

You have been climbing trees, it seems, daughter. In fact, it would seem that despite my orders to the contrary you have contrived to take your look at this Logain. Gawyn, you must learn not only to obey your sister, but at the same time to be counterweight for her against disaster. That, Gawyn, is as much the duty of the First Prince as is

leading the armies of Andor. Perhaps if your training is intensified, you will find less time for letting your sister lead you into trouble. I will ask the Captain-General to see that you do not lack for things to do on the journey north.

GAWYN

As you command, mother.

ELAYNE

Mother, Gawyn cannot keep me out of trouble if he is not with me. It was for that reason alone he left his rooms. Mother, surely there could be no harm in just looking at Logain. Almost everyone in the city was closer to him than we.

MORGASE

Everyone in the city is not the Daughter-Heir. I have seen this fellow Logain from close, and he is dangerous, child. Caged, with Aes Sedai to guard him every minute, he is still as dangerous as a wolf. I wish he had never been brought near Caemlyn.

ELAIDA

He will be dealt with in Tar Valon. What is important is that people see that the Dark has been vanquished by the Light, and that you were a part of that victory.

MORGASE

Still... Elayne, I know your mind.

ELAYNE

Mother, I do mean to obey you. Truly I do.

MORGASE

You do? Yes, you do try to be a dutiful daughter, if that duty was to constantly test how far you can go. Well, I was the same with my mother. You will need that spirit in the months and years ahead, but you are not Queen yet, child. If I did not know just how hard your

lessons will be in Tar Valon, I would send Lini along to see that you obey.

ELAIDA

Child, you have it in you to be the greatest Queen that Andor has ever seen, that any land has seen in more than a thousand years. If is for that we will shape you, if you have the strength for it.

MORGASE

Enough, Elaida. The Wheel weaves as the Wheel wills. Now, what are we to do with this young man?

ELAYNE

Mother, he only climbed the wall to get a better view of Logain. I surprised him, and he fell into the garden, sustaining a slight injury, which I treated. Often you tell me I must know our people, from the highest to the lowest, but this man is the first I've met without a dozen attendants. I've already learned more about the people of the Two Rivers than any book could tell me. It says something that he has come so far and has put on the red to support you, when so many are wearing white. Mother, I beg you not to misuse a loyal subject, and one who has taught me much about the people you rule.

MORGASE

A loyal subject from the Two Rivers. My child, the Two Rivers has not seen a tax collector in six generations, nor the Queen's Guards in seven. I daresay they don't even consider themselves Andoran.

Rand shrugs uncomfortably.

MORGASE (OFF RAND)

You see, child?

Elaida comes down off the dais and approaches Rand.

ELAIDA

From the Two Rivers? With that red hair and those gray eyes? Two Rivers people are dark of hair and eye, and seldom of such height.

RAND

I was born in Emond's Field. My mother was an outlander; that's where my eyes come from. My father is Tam al'Thor, a shepherd and farmer, as I am.

Elaida touches the wrappings on his sword, and yanks them off to reveal the heron-mark.

ELAIDA

A shepherd from the Two Rivers with a heron-mark sword?

Within seconds, a couple dozen guards surround the young trio, swords at the ready. Gawyn moved in front of Elayne, his face revealing the concern and speculation.

MORGASE

Surely, he is too young to have earned a heron-mark blade.

GARETH

It belongs with him.

MORGASE

How can that be?

GARETH

I do not know, Morgase. He is too young, yet still it belongs with him, and he with it. Look at his eyes. Look how he stands, how the sword fits him, and he it. He is too young, but the sword is his.

ELAIDA

How did you come by this blade, Rand al'Thor of the Two Rivers?

RAND

My father gave it to me. It was his. He thought I would need a sword, out in the world.

ELAIDA

Indeed. When did you arrive in Caemlyn?

RAND

Today. This morning.

ELAIDA

Just in time. Where are you staying?

RAND

The Crown And Lion. I have a bed there. In the attic.

ELAIDA

What chance this? Today Logain is brought into Caemlyn. In two days he will be taken north to Tar Valon, and with him goes the Daughter-Heir for her training. And in the middle of all this strides a young man claiming to be a loyal subject from the Two Rivers...

RAND

I am from the Two Rivers.

ELAIDA

...with a story calculated to entice Elayne and bearing a heron-mark blade. He does not wear an armband to proclaim his allegiance, but wrappings that carefully conceal the heron from inquisitive eyes.

MORGASE

What are you naming him? Darkfriend? One of Logain's followers?

ELAIDA

The Dark One stirs in Shayol Ghul. The Shadow lies across the Pattern, and the future is balanced on the point of a pin. This one is dangerous.

ELAYNE

Mother, I beg you not to harm him. He would have left immediately had I not stopped him. He wanted to go. It was I who made him stay. I cannot believe he is a Darkfriend.

MORGASE

Is this a Foretelling, Elaida? Are you reading the Pattern? I command

you to speak the truth clearly,
without your usual mystery.

ELAIDA

This I Foretell and swear under the
Light that I can say no clearer.
From this day Andor marches toward
pain and division. The Shadow has
yet to darken to its blackest, and
I cannot see if the Light will come
after. Where the world has wept one
tear, it will weep thousands. This
I Foretell.

The whole room holds its breath, but Elaida's next words are
whispers that only Rand can hear.

ELAIDA (WHISPERING)

This, too, I Foretell. Pain and
division come to the whole world,
and this man stands at the heart of
it. I obey the Queen, and speak it
clearly.

RAND

I'm a shepherd. From the Two
Rivers. A shepherd.

MORGASE

Gareth, give me your counsel.

GARETH

Elaida Sedai says he is dangerous,
but all I see is a young man who is
in way over his head. I believe
the boy is here through mere
happenstance, though an ill one for
him. Clap him in a cell until the
Lady Elayne and the Lord Gawyn have
gone, then let him go.

ELAIDA

A few weeks in a cell will not harm
him, and it may give me the chance
to learn more. Perhaps another
Foretelling...

Morgase considers the situation for a few seconds.

MORGASE

Suspicion is smothering Caemlyn,
perhaps all of Andor. Fear and
black suspicion. I will not become
part of it. Rand al'Thor, do you

swear under the Light that your father, a shepherd in the Two Rivers, gave you this heron-mark blade?

RAND

I do, my Queen.

MORGASE

And you climbed the garden wall simply to gain a look at the false Dragon?

RAND

Yes, my Queen.

MORGASE

Do you mean harm to the throne of Andor, or to my daughter, or my son?

RAND

I mean no harm to anyone, my Queen. To you and yours least of all.

MORGASE

I will give you justice then, Rand al'Thor. First, because I have the advantage of Elaida and Gareth in having heard Two Rivers speech when I was young. Second, no one with your hair, eyes, and height would claim to be a Two Rivers shepherd unless he was one, and that your father gave you a heron-mark sword is too preposterous to be a lie. And third, that voice that whispers that the best lie is the one too outrageous to be anything else... That's not proof. I give you your freedom, Rand al'Thor, but I suggest you take a care where you trespass in the future.

RAND

Thank you, my Queen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE, FRONT DOORS

Rand al'Thor steps out into the sunshine that beams down on the great court of the palace. Behind him, several guards

keep a close eye on him while Elayne and Gawyn hurry to catch him.

ELAYNE

It is a custom to escort guests to the gates, but not to watch them go. It is the pleasure of a guest's company that should be remembered, not the sadness of parting.

RAND

Thank you, my lady, for everything. Custom in the Two Rivers is for a guest to bring a small gift. I'm afraid I have nothing. Although apparently I did teach you something of the Two Rivers folk.

ELAYNE

If I had told Mother I think you are handsome, she certainly would have had you locked in a cell. Fare you well, Rand al'Thor.

Elayne darts back into the palace, giggling.

GAWYN

Do not try to bandy words with her. She will win every time.

RAND

I get that.

Gawyn gives Rand a sidelong look.

RAND

My Lord, when I told you I was from the Two Rivers, you were surprised, as was everybody else. None of them...

GAWYN

Wrap a shoufa around your head, Rand, and you would be the image of an Aielman. Odd, since Mother seems to think you sound like a Two Rivers man, at least. I wish we could have come to know one another, Rand al'Thor. Fare you well.

Gawyn turns and walks back into the palace. Rand stares after him for a moment. Tallanvor coughs.

RAND

Right. Sorry.

The guards escort him to the gate and shove him through the opening. Rand stumbles around to keep his balance, then shakes his head, staring at the palace. The gate closes with a loud clang, which startles him.

RAND

What the Light am I standing out
here for?

He jumps into a full-out run.

FADE OUT