

EPISODE 109

"BATTLE OF THE BASTARDS / LAST OF THE GIANTS"

screenplay based on
"The Changing of Seasons"
by SerGoldenhand

by

SerGoldenhand

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Craster's Keep. There's a blizzard going on, and we can't make out what's happening beyond that line of trees that surrounds the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, TREELINE - NIGHT

The camera passes among the trees. And here we see VAL. She is on guard duty, her spear ready before her, her face writ with concentration. Handheld filming, as though we're seeing things from the POV of something that's watching her... waiting...

Wide shot to show the loneliness of this place. Val is a single, solemn figure among the trees.

Advancing POV shot of the mysterious watcher. Is this the promised monster?

Val turns.

VAL
Who's there?

No answer. Only her echoing voice, which is arguably even more eerie than all the silence.

VAL (CONT'D)
Show yourself!

Something sneaks through the trees, rustling the leaves. POV of the mysterious watcher, another advancing shot.

Camera behind Val, pans, and--

Val shouts in fright, catches her breath back.

VAL (CONT'D)
Bloody fucking wolf.

It's Ghost.

She kneels down and petting his fur.

VAL (CONT'D)
Come on boy, let's get back to everyone else. I'm done here.

We watch Val and Ghost as they leave the clearing.

But the camera lingers.

And something rustles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, LONGHALL - NIGHT

A cold and windy night. We come in through the window of the longhall, where the shutters bang incessantly.

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP, LONGHALL - NIGHT

The room is lit by ambient candlelight.

JON SNOW, MANCE RAYDER, RAMSAY BOLTON, TORMUND GIANTSBANE, and other lords gather inside Mance's tent.

Mance points to the map.

MANCE (O.C.)
It must be tomorrow.

ASHER
Gared reports that they are amassing on all flanks. If we do not attack them, they will attack us.

Pause. Everyone lets that sink in.

TORMUND
Attack is the best sort of defense.

And that is the only formal strategy he knows.

RAMSAY
We must fight on the morrow. But we should defend this position we have, rather than risk stretching ourselves too far. Keep fighting a defensive, and wait for an opening. If we commit ourselves too early, we will be slaughtered.

An uneasy hush descends. No one wants to agree with the Bastard of Bolton, even if they think his words have merit.

So it falls to Jon.

JON
I agree. Somewhat. Here we have the Keep to fall back on, and its palisades and gates to defend us.

BIG BUCKET

For now. You saw what they did to my wall, Lord Snow.

JON

These fortifications are all we have. We must use them.

Mance thinks that it does not matter. Only one thing is important: that they make an eventual decision. And stick to it.

MANCE

Whether we defend or attack, it must be tomorrow. And together.

Together: that is the most important thing.

MANCE (CONT'D)

We must have no fighting amongst ourselves.

His gaze lingers on Asher Forrester and Ramsay: there is certainly conflict between them.

MANCE (CONT'D)

Settle your quarrels when we get back to the Wall.

If we ever get back to the Wall, everyone thinks. But it goes unsaid.

JON

(beat)

Who has the watch tonight?

HOTHER

I do. And Donnel Flint. He's sleeping now.

MANCE

Wake him. We'll need to be prepared for anything on the morrow, whether they come at dawn or dusk. Lord Snow, Tormund, remain.

The rest go out, grumbling at their exclusion. Tormund fills a drinking horn with ale, but Jon refuses a drink.

MANCE (CONT'D)

The pair of you will have the most important parts tomorrow.

He takes Dark Sister down from its shelf.

MANCE (CONT'D)
If you are fighting Others,
Tormund--

TORMUND
Meaning no offense, Mance, but I'd
sooner stick to dragonglass. Your
magic sword unsettles me.

MANCE
Aye. And me. What of you, Lord
Snow?
(beat)
Are you ready for this?

TORMUND
(as a not-quite aside)
The crow's still in swaddling
clothes, Mance.
(beat)
But I trust him more than any of
the others.

JON
Thank you.

He cannot think of anything else to say. War is simple; it
does not need courtesies and complications like these.

MANCE
Much as Tormund will hate it, we
should take one last look at the
map.
(he points)
This is where--

TORMUND
This is where we break through the
trees. Yes, I know.

MANCE
We want to draw them in, not draw
the fighting out.

TORMUND
I understand, Mance.

Mance and Jon both hope that he does. Tormund Giantsbane
and military discipline do not go hand in hand.

JON
I trust you, Tormund.

TORMUND
Many thanks, Lord Crow.

JON
We should get some rest.

TORMUND
Are you sure you wouldn't sooner
have some strong brown mead with
me, Lord Crow?

MANCE
Try and limit the drinking,
Tormund.

TORMUND
And who are you to tell me that?
Some king? Har! I always drink
before a fight.

Mance smiles.

MANCE
As you will.

TORMUND
I'll see you come the morrow. If
we've not been murdered in our
beds by then.

Tormund leaves.

JON
(to Mance)
You knew that he'd do that.

MANCE
I'll have no luck in making
Tormund Giantsbane do what he's
told to do.
(beat)
You should go after him. Go and
savour the night that you have.

It may be our last, Jon thinks.

JON
I'd rather be here.

MANCE
No, you wouldn't.

Pause.

Jon moves towards the door very slowly.

MANCE (CONT'D)
 (calling him back)
 Be careful, Lord Snow. If we don't
 see each other again...

The rest goes unspoken.

Jon nods and leaves the tent.

Camera lingers on Mance.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Camera tracking shot follows Jon. Around him, dogs barking, men sharpening their spears, everyone getting ready for the battle. We see wayns and wagons and horses, shields with Bolton sigils and Forrester sigils and unfamiliar wildling emblems... and so forth...

ALYSANE (O.C.)
 Lord Snow.

Camera rotate as Jon turns to face her.

JON
 My lady.

ALYSANE
 Are you headed off to bed?

JON
 Tomorrow will be a long day.

He does not really answer the question, Alysane notes.

ALYSANE
 I know it will.

JON
 You should get some rest.

ALYSANE
 And you. You look dead on your
 feet, Lord Snow.

She smiles.

ALYSANE (CONT'D)
 That joke was in poor taste, I
 admit.

They walk through the camp.

JON
I don't sleep well before battles.
Especially ones like these.

ALYSANE
Strange, that the gods never seem
to allow us the rest we need in
order to fight their wars.

JON
At Castle Black, Melisandre told
me that every time we sleep, we
die a little.

ALYSANE
Do you believe her?

JON
Perhaps. I suppose death is just
falling asleep for a very long
time.

ALYSANE
(quietly)
And never waking up.
(beat)
Are you afraid, Lord Snow? Of
them, out there?

She points.

JON
(beat)
I'd be a fool not to be. But my
father told me 'a man can only
ever be brave when he is afraid.'

ALYSANE
But you've fought them before.

JON
(after a long pause)
Something has kept me alive for
this long. But it will not keep me
alive forever.

ALYSANE
The gods, maybe?
(beat)
I'm not sure I believe in the
gods, not anymore.
(beat)
I'm not sure what I believe in.

JON

I'm not sure I do either. But I
have to believe in something. Or
else I have nothing to fight for.

(beat)

I believe in men.

Pan out. We see Jon and Alysane standing atop a hill,
silhouetted against the rising moon.

JON (CONT'D)

Your uncle. The Old Bear. Did you
know him well?

ALYSANE

When he was lord of Bear Island.
After that, no. When he died, I
had not seen him for ten years.

JON

He would have found something to
believe in. Even here, in all this
bleakness.

(beat)

But he's gone. He's not here.

ALYSANE

And now his fire has gone out.

JON

And now his watch is ended.

Extended pause. Both considering what those words really
mean.

Enter LUTON, one of the BASTARD'S BOYS.

LUTON

Lord Snow. Lord Bolton would have
words with you.

Jon hesitates. It would be so beautiful to sit here and
watch the stars. But he has a duty to carry out.

JON

I should go, my lady.

As he is leaving, Alysane calls him back.

ALYSANE

Lord Snow. Jon!

Jon turns.

ALYSANE (CONT'D)
Be careful.

JON
I will.

ALYSANE
No. Be careful with *him*.

Jon takes those words to heart.

CUT TO:

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP, ASHER'S TENT - NIGHT

Asher Forrester's tent, inside the encampment. He sits sharpening his sword and polishing his boots. Normally a squire would do these things, but Asher's pride requires him to do this for himself.

GARED TUTTLE is there too, and JOSERA and ELSERA SNOW.

GARED (O.C.)
Tell them it needs to be the best wood. The most mature wood.

ASHER (O.C.)
Ironwood is ironwood.

GARED
All the same, we can't afford to take any chances against the Others.

ELSERA
We may not have a choice. There are only so many ironwood trees in the Wolfswood. If only we had more time...

ASHER
There's no point in thinking about the impossible. My father told me that.

(he glances up and sees Aly Mormont)

Aly.

(to the others)
Have you met Alysane Mormont?

ELSERA
The famous She-Bear.

Alysane wonders if she's being mocked.

ALYSANE

I am in no way famous. I do my
duty, no more.

ASHER

Your duty is more than most women
would do.

ALYSANE

I am a woman, but I am a woman
from Bear Island.

(beat)

And as my sister Lyanna would tell
you, any woman from Bear Island is
worth ten from the mainland.

They laugh.

ALYSANE (CONT'D)

(once the laughter has
died down)

I spoke to Lord Snow.

ASHER

(gloomily)

Damn the man.

(beat)

I know he does what he has to...
yet... he had better let me kill
Ramsay Bolton when I get back to
Castle Black.

He slams his sword down into the snow, blade first.

ASHER (CONT'D)

I will *skin* him.

JOSERA

But not today.

ASHER

No. But Lord Snow isn't such a
fool as to think that the North
will let Ramsay Bolton go
unpunished.

ALYSANE

No.

(beat)

And neither is Ramsay Bolton.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, OUTSIDE RAMSAY'S TENT - NIGHT

Slow zoom out from Ramsay, who sits beside a fire, sharpening his knife on a whetstone (mirroring Asher in the previous scene). He is staring into the flames, almost as Melisandre would.

With SKINNER and SOUR ALYN, who stand like bodyguards.

Ramsay looks up and sees Luton approaching with Jon Snow.

We can sense Ramsay's pleasure as the shot moves out behind his back, so that we are seeing the scene from Ramsay's perspective.

RAMSAY
(pleased)
Ah, Lord Snow.

JON
Lord Bolton.

He struggles to maintain his courtesies. This man has murdered so many Northmen over the years, and Jon hates him passionately, and yet...

JON (CONT'D)
You wanted to see me?

RAMSAY
Ah, yes. I did. A small, trifling matter, really... but everything must be exact tomorrow, of course.
(beat)
Now, won't you share a drink with me? I'm sure we've got some mulled wine somewhere. Skinner--

JON
There is no need. I am off to bed soon, and I don't want to go there wine-drunk.

Ramsay shrugs.

RAMSAY
I've forgotten how honourable some Northmen can be.
(smiles)
Drinking before a battle helps me to forget the horrors that come during it.
(beat)
Strange, don't you think?
(MORE)

RAMSAY (CONT'D)
Of all the places in the world, we
end up meeting here.

Jon has thought that more than once, though not perhaps in
the way that Ramsay is implying.

RAMSAY (CONT'D)
We could have easily ended up on
different sides of a very
different battle, Lord Snow.

JON
Yes. And I doubt I would feel too
bad about it.
(beat)
If you have your concerns, share
them. Do not waste my time.

RAMSAY
As you wish. You have put my men
on the right in this coming fight.
Far away on the right, far from
anyone who might help us.
(beat)
Forgive me, Lord Snow, but a
suspicious man might say that you
were leaving us out as bait. I
only say this as a lord who cares
deeply about his people.

JON
(struggling to hold
back)
Many of the other Northmen have
certain... quarrels with you, Lord
Bolton.

RAMSAY
Oh, certainly. We've had our
problems in the past, but since
we're all on the same side now,
what does it matter?

Jon can think of many answers to that, but he decides to
exercise caution rather than antagonising the Bastard of
Bolton.

JON
Old wounds take a long time to
heal. You killed Asher Forrester's
brother. You burned Winterfell.
Your father killed *my* brother at
the Red Wedding.

RAMSAY

And I killed my father. Surely that makes me the Young Wolf's great avenger? Why, you should all revere me.

JON

Do not mock me, Lord Bolton.

RAMSAY

Then do not mock me, Lord Snow. I want the same as you.

Ramsay's smile reappears.

RAMSAY (CONT'D)

Well, if you won't drink with me, I see no reason to keep you. Good night, Lord Snow. Sleep well.

Jon leaves feeling unsettled. The camera goes back to Ramsay, sharpening his knife, as it was at the start of the scene, and we linger long enough to make us think that something is going to happen...

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, HILLTOP - NIGHT

A hilltop, under the canopy of stars. Tormund Giantsbane sits on a log, drinking ale from a horn.

VAL

Tormund Thunderfist!

He sees that she has Ghost with her.

TORMUND

Where did you get hold of Lord Snow's beast, woman?

VAL

I'm returning it to him.

TORMUND

Good luck with that. The damned thing's near as stubborn as he is.

He smiles as she passes him, then it turns to a frown.

TORMUND (CONT'D)

Wait!

VAL
Aye?

TORMUND
Toregg.

VAL
What about him?

TORMUND
It's not him you want, is it?

Val says nothing. She's both unsure what to say, and unwilling to answer.

We keep a focus on Val throughout Tormund's next speech.

TORMUND (O.S.)
(surprisingly softly)
You're only setting yourself up
for disappointment there, woman.
(beat)
The Lord Crow's sworn a sacred
vow.
(beat)
Aye. And he loves another.
(beat)
And she loved him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, OUTSIDE JON'S TENT - NIGHT

SATIN and DOLOROUS EDD are outside the Lord Commander's tent when Jon approaches.

JON
Have you seen Ghost?

EDD
Went running off after a deer, I
think, m'lord. I wish I was a
wolf, sometimes.

SATIN
I'm sure he'll come back, my lord.

JON
Aye, he will.

Long pause.

SATIN
Are you alright, my lord?

JON

Yes. Just... nevermind. The pair of you should get some rest, if we are to be up at first light.

EDD

You'll want a good square meal first, my lord. And I won't hear any excuses, so shut your mouth.

Jon nods.

JON

Satin, bring me Grenn and Black Jack. Only if they're still awake. Oh, and Iron Emmett.

He goes inside the tent.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, NIGHT'S WATCH FIRE - NIGHT

Some black brothers are singing 'Meggett was a Merry Maid' in the background. Edd stands over the stewpot, filling up a trencher.

Hard focus on the fire, so GRENN is hazy until he's right behind Edd, filling his own trencher.

He looks at Edd's trencher.

GRENN

That's a lot for a weedy man like you.

EDD

Aye. It would be. But it's not for me.

GRENN

For Jon, then?

EDD

Lord Snow, please. We mustn't forget our courtesies.

They share a quiet laugh.

GRENN

I preferred it when he was Jon. Not Lord Snow.

EDD

He's always been Lord Snow, Grenn. The title didn't change him. He was never quite the same as the rest of us. You could see it in his eyes.

GRENN

(frowning)

How could you know that, just from his eyes?

EDD

I've seen a lot of eyes. Wait... is that...

Something that looks suspiciously like an eye floats to the top of Edd's stew trencher. He reaches down, slowly, slowly...

GRENN

(peering)

Is that an eyeball?

Edd chucks it. Grenn runs for cover.

(It's an onion.)

GRENN (CONT'D)

You keep that thing away from me.

Edd laughs.

EDD

Sorry, Grenn. I thought you could do with a laugh on a night like this.

GRENN

I know what I'd like on a night like this.

(beat)

It was simpler before I joined the Watch. You could just be, well, you.

(beat)

Maybe that's what different about Jon. He always grew up as something he wasn't, being castle-born and all.

(beat)

I'm glad I wasn't castle born.

EDD
You wouldn't be saying that if you
ended up with the pale mare.

GRENN
(a little confused)
No.
(beat)
I s'pose I wouldn't.

Satin enters the scene.

EDD
What's it now?

SATIN
Grenn, Lord Snow wants to see you.

Grenn and Edd glance at each other. And that look says a
thousand things.

CUT TO:

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP, JON'S TENT - NIGHT

Jon sits beside the fire in his chair. He takes off his
cloak carefully and unbuttons the top of his shirt, so that
we can see the scar underneath where the Other cut him,
glowing a pale reddish-blue. As though frozen blood is
flowing through his veins.

He inspects it closely, the wound glowing brightly blue in
the firelight.

A long, lingering pause. What has happened? What is it? All
around the scar he feels icy cold, and it stings to touch.

Jon shrugs his cloak back on as Dolorous Edd enters with
Grenn, BLACK JACK BULWER and IRON EMMETT.

EDD
Brought you some stew, my lord.
They said it's beef, but it looks
more like rat. Or weasel. You
can't beat a good chewy bit of
weasel.

He sets the tray down.

JON
Thank you, Edd. Go and get some
sleep.

EDD

Begging your pardons, my lord, but
I'll rest when I'm dead. Which is
likely to be soon, given my luck.

Dour and dolorous as ever, Edd leaves, and Jon is left with his three brothers, standing awkwardly in the doorway and unwilling to advance any further into the Lord Commander's tent.

They stand at an awkward impasse.

At last Grenn speaks.

GRENN

My lord.

Jon feels the sudden urge to speak freely with his old friend as if they were still young, but he is the Lord Commander of the Night's Watch, and he must command. *Kill the boy*, he thinks.

JON

All three of you have great responsibilities in the coming fight. Jack, I made you First Ranger for a reason. I could have chosen Ser Wynton Stout or some other knight for the position, but I chose you instead. I want to know that I chose the right man.

BLACK JACK

You did, my lord. You chose right.

JON

Grenn, Emmett, you might have an even harder task.

And I have the hardest task of all, Jon thinks.

JON (CONT'D)

You have to know how to lead. But at the same time, you have to know how to follow.

GRENN

But... we already follow, my lord.
We follow you.

Emmett nods.

EMMETT

Always.

JON

Following orders, yes. Not following your common sense against these orders. That goes for you too, Jack. Your task is to get as many men back to Castle Black as you can. And if that should mean leaving yourselves behind...

EMMETT

I'm sure any one of us would give ourselves up to save hundreds of others.

The others nod. Though they look uncertain, and not so convinced of the fact.

JON

I'm sure you would. But sometimes a man has to give up his friends to save those he does not know. And that is the hardest thing in the world to do.

(beat)

Would you be able to give up your friends, your brothers, the people you've loved for years, to save those you've never met?

GRENN

I would, my lord.

BLACK JACK

And I.

EMMETT

Aye, my lord.

Jon knew that they'd all say that. And he thinks that they mean it. But that wasn't what he was asking them.

JON

It's easy to say something like that, and harder to go through with it.

As he knows only too well.

JON (CONT'D)

The choice you make is one you'll have to live with for the rest of your lives, no matter what it is.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)
 Truth be told, it doesn't matter
 what you choose, only that you
 make a choice.

And that applies to himself as much as it does to them.

JON (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 You can go now.

GRENN & EMMETT & JACK
 Night, m'lord/Farewell,
 m'lord/Goodnight, m'lord.

They leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP - NIGHT

A wolf howls. Something rustles in the trees. The wind
 whistles. Transitioning into...

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, HILLTOP - NIGHT

Mance and Tormund are drinking. When Mance swallows his
 ale, he momentarily flinches at how strong it is.

TORMUND
 You've spent too long in the
 south, Mance. You've gotten
 accustomed to that southern piss.

MANCE
 I've spent too long in the south,
 aye... but the south is warm, and
 safe.

TORMUND
 And full of crows.
 (beat)
 I don't even know if that's a good
 thing or a bad thing.

MANCE
 Depends on your opinion of the
 crows.

TORMUND
 Do you trust them?

MANCE

No.

(beat)

But they're going out to die tomorrow, alongside thousands of free folk. Even if we don't trust them, we have to respect them.

TORMUND

Hmm.

(beat)

I pity you, Mance. What you have to do.

Mance stands up and goes to look out over the forest.

MANCE

So do I, old friend.

(to himself)

So do I.

CUT TO:

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP, JON'S TENT - NIGHT

Jon is alone, shrouded in darkness and solitude. The way he sits beside the fire makes him look like a shadow of himself, barely echoed in the flames. He is one man with the weight of the world upon him.

He looks up from where he sits in his chair to see Ghost outside the tent flap, and Val following.

VAL

I found your wolf, Lord Snow.

She scratches Ghost behind the ears.

JON

What time is it?

VAL

Late.

JON

I should be asleep.

VAL

So you keep telling yourself, I'm sure. But you won't sleep. You're too busy worrying about Them, aren't you?

JON
(beat)
Aye.

VAL
(She nods at Jon.)
I'd be worried if you weren't,
Lord Snow.
(beat)
May I come in?

JON
You've got your own tent to go
back to.

VAL
To wait out the hours until the
Others come in loneliness?

JON
What else were you planning to do?

He has not refused her, so Val comes inside uninvited.
Ghost curls up at Jon's side, faithful to his master.

There is a long pause.

VAL
You dream of her, I know.

JON
What?

VAL
When you close your eyes, you
dream of her. Of what might have
been, if you'd only stayed with
her.

Jon considers telling her to be quiet, or turning away from
that conversation, and whether there is truth in her words.
But instead he says...

JON
How do you know that?

VAL
Because I loved Jarl, Jon Snow.
When you love someone, you don't
forget it. But you do regret it.

JON
You regret loving him?

VAL
No. I regret not living fully with
him, and not dying with him. And
you regret the same with her.

She pours him a cup of wine and presses it into his hands.

JON
I don't--

VAL
You do.

Close-up shows how Val's hands linger on his as she forces
him to take the cup, before pouring for herself.

VAL (CONT'D)
To Jarl and Ygritte.

JON
Ygritte and Jarl.

They drink.

JON (CONT'D)
(beat)
You're right. I remember her. I
remember everything about her. The
colour of her hair in the morning
sunlight, the way her eyes flashed
when we stared at each other, the
smell of her in that cave... her
voice. *You know nothing, Jon Snow,*
she'd say. And she was right.

VAL
Half-right.
(beat)
There's a lot of things you don't
know, Jon Snow. But there's a lot
of things you do know, too.

Jon considers that. Perhaps he is about to reply.

A horn blares out. Once. Twice. Thrice.

They're here.

Jon jumps up, buckling on his swordbelt and his armour once
more, checking Longclaw. Val and Ghost follow him out of
the tent.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Top-down shot of Val, Jon and Ghost. Then we move along, over their heads, through swirling snow and winds, between the trees. Following them up towards the camp proper, but we also see other men: coming out of their tents, throwing water on their campfires, and taking up dragonglass and weapons as they leave. Cutting back behind Jon as he comes up behind the longhall, and Mance arrives.

JON
Form up! All of you, form up!

Mance grabs him.

MANCE
Are you ready?

JON
(beat)
Aye.

He must be; there is no other choice.

Men are running this way and that, forming clumsy battalions.

Through the smoke of the fires and...

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, OUTSIDE THE LONGHALL - NIGHT

We see a few familiar faces. Jon, Ghost, Val, Alysane Mormont, Hother Umber, Asher Forrester, Satin, Dolorous Edd, Grenn, Black Jack Bulwer, Iron Emmett... and so on...

Oh, and WUN WUN, the giant.

Wun Wun roars.

Tormund comes up behind Jon, clasps his hand.

TORMUND
Good luck, lord crow.

JON
You'll need it more than I do.

TORMUND
Oh, I hope not.

And he goes.

Jon turns back to his men. Mance is down here somewhere, shouting orders.

JON
Night's Watch! Northmen! Free
folk! With me!

He beckons for them to follow after him.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, OUTSIDE THE LONGHALL - GHOST MOMENT

Wolf-cam shows Ghost's POV as we charge downhill. Which means that we don't have to pay for a CGI direwolf.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WUN WUN MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

From Wun Wun's shoulder, we keep going. Camera travels alongside, then rises, up, up, up...

...until we're over the battlefield. For the briefest fleeting moment, we can make out figures through the mist: the White Walkers...

...but then we're descending from our bird's eye shot and back into the throng.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Handheld filming. Into the fray. It's chaos. Men running left and right, all colours. No one knows what's going on.

THENN
Dragonglass! Use your dragonglass!

We don't know if anyone hears him.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WIGHT MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The wights wait for no man. They keep crawling onwards, wrenching, screaming.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

And the two sides come together. We stay with Jon right in the centre of it all, as the wights come down screaming. Something's burning, someone's shouting about dragonglass, no one knows, no one cares, the fight is all there is. Swords, shields, spears, wights of every kind. Jon manages to find himself a bit of space on the left. Aly Mormont comes up behind him, and Val.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TORMUND MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tormund Giantsbane, Tall Torregg, Edd, Black Jack, some others. And a giant. In the forest as the foe comes forwards.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WIGHT (TORMUND) MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

They're coming forwards.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TORMUND MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

TORMUND
(to the crows, who are
shivering their balls
off)
Got any crow prayers?

EDD
Only one. And you'd hate it.

TORMUND
Amuse me.

EDD
Night gathers, and now my watch
begins...

All the while as he talks, the wights keep coming.

EDD (CONT'D)
It shall not end until my death...

He is joined by others, slowly.

EDD & OTHERS
I shall take no wife, hold no
lands, father no children.
(beat)
I shall wear no crowns and win no
glory.
(beat)
I shall live and die at my post.

The wights are closing in. Tormund appears to mumbling something himself.

EDD & OTHERS (CONT'D)
I am the sword in the darkness. I
am the watcher on the walls. I am
the shield that guards the realms
of men.

(MORE)

EDD & OTHERS (CONT'D)
 I pledge my life and honour to the
 Night's Watch, for this night, AND
 ALL THE NIGHTS TO COME!

The giant roars.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Camera starts at the back, so we go through the lines of men firing arrows before reaching our heroes. Then we follow Jon, Ghost, Aly Mormont, Grenn and Val as they make their way across the battlefield. It's fucking madness.

A wight nearly pins Aly down, but Val stabs him through.

ALYSANE
 (to Val)
 Behind you!

Grenn takes him out, but is swamped by wights, but with help of Val and Jon he gets out of his quandary.

Aly and Val team up to take down a trio of wights, but keep running. Forward moment is important in this shot.

They run on, ducking and weaving as fire arrows come over their heads, running between Wun Wun's legs.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WUN WUN MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

As our heroes go between his legs, we see from behind Wun Wun as he picks up a cluster of wights and slams them down on the ground.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Handheld. Pan up from ground so we can see what's ahead of them. Camera swivel so now Jon and friends are facing into the camera, then stop. They're in the moment of peace at the busy of the battle. All matted with mud and sweat and blood and snow.

JON
 (pointing to a distant
 hill)
 The Others control the wights!

Shaky cam, pan towards the hill. We barely even see the
afforementioned others, before the camera pans back to Jon.
Because there's a wight behind him.

He turns, cuts it up with Longclaw.

JON (CONT'D)
To the hill!

Perhaps not what he'd planned, but 'offense is the best
defense', after all.

We linger a moment after they've gone, to watch the utter
chaos that's continuing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WIGHT (ASHER) MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The wights roll forwards, an unstoppable, screaming tide.
Camera is over their heads, so we can see where the
Northmen have built up a palisade wall and have put up
their shields to stop them getting through.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ASHER MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Asher Forrester, Hother Umber, a couple of wildling
chieftains, located at the tree-line.

Archers standing in front, but behind a makeshift palisade.

ASHER
Nock!

They nock their arrows, and put fire on the tips.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WIGHT (ASHER) MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The dead keep coming, oblivious to what's coming, trampling
men into the dirt.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ASHER MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

ASHER
Draw!

He waits, a nod from Hother Umber.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Loose!

The arrows soar. Tracking shot of the arrowheads as they come down. Wide shot when they hit the wights, and the dead start to burn.

Hother Umer grins. But no time to rest.

HOTHER

Nock!

HOTHER (O.S.)

(fading)

Draw!

HOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(faint)

Loose!

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT

Jon fights on through the surging press. There are hundreds, maybe thousands beside him, and just as many wights. Arrows, swords, everything. It's hard not to be killed by his own men. There's no synergy in the shots, nothing but brutality.

He cuts down two wights. We see Satin being knocked down and basically devoured. Grenn looks horrified... but he cannot rest.

JON

Keep at it!

Other various shouts of "Onwards!", "Forwards!", etc.

As we surge forward, cutting through ruined lines, the camera cuts between frozen corpses, crows, the hilts of swords, dragonglass daggers, all these little things that mean so much, here and now.

Suddenly a white wind washes over the field, and Jon is alone, even with everyone around him.

A WHITE WALKER enters, materialising as if from dust.

Right behind him.

VAL

JON!

He turns, barely, and gets Longclaw up, but the sword is turned away, and sent flying. More WHITE WALKERS join, answering the call.

Time seems to slow. The white walker moves for Jon, and--
--suddenly stops. Dragonglass arrowhead in his chest. And then more men are coming down from both sides. And in the middle of it--

Ramsay Bolton.

JON
(shouted, to Ramsay)
You're supposed to be on our right!

RAMSAY
That's a lost cause, Lord Snow.
And you knew it was.

He is still smirking, even in the midst of this.

RAMSAY (CONT'D)
Well, shall we?

He points forward. His men are dispatching the ambush of White Walkers.

Jon nods.

They run.

We move through the mist, prompting a transition as the camera becomes obscured...

DISSOLVE TO:,

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WHITE WALKER MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Atop his high hill, the NIGHT KING watches everything that's taking place in the valley with cold, unseeing eyes.

His three lieutenants follow. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

HORSEMAN #1
(in Skroth, barely
audible, no subtitles)

The Night King nods, but says nothing. Words are the instruments of mortals. And he is something else.

He steps forward, and his gaze centres on Jon Snow, at the midst of it all.

It is time.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ramsay, Jon, Val, Ghost, et al.

They keep running, slashing, cutting.

The music cuts out. All we hear is the whistling of the wind.

And the wights stop, on all sides, every last one of them. No explanation. They just stop. They stop dead. Statues.

Everyone is shocked. They glance at each other, clueless? What the hell is going on?

Even *Ramsay* looks concerned.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ASHER MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The same thing has happened back at the lines.

Asher holds up a hand to his archers.

ASHER

Halt.

HOTHER

What's happening?

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TORMUND MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

And the same thing has taken place over here.

TORMUND

Back... slowly...

We see shots like the swinging of cowbells, the slow drip-drip of water, a gently raging flame. Normality.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The mist clears around them.

From Jon's POV, we see the Night King and his Horsemen through the mist. Jon looks concerned.

The Night King raises his arms, very, very slowly.

Percussive bass, quiet, quiet, quiet...

VAL

Jon...

Ghost growls.

ALYSANE
We should...

None of them can complete their sentences.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT KING MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Close-up on the Night King as he raises his arms.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Everywhere on the battlefield, with Jon, with Asher, with Tormund, the dead open their eyes. Wights and men both, opening blue, blue eyes as they start to their feet.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON/NIGHT KING MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The stare lengthens between Jon and the Night King.

VAL
We need to get back to the keep.
We need... Tormund needs... it has
to be now...

All at once, music starts up, wights scream.

JON
RUN!

They run.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hopeless fear on flying feet. Wights left and right, up and down, forward and back. And all they can do is run. Jon scrambles, falls, but Aly helps him up. Then he sees that she's turning round, sacrificing herself for them.

JON
No!

But the mist closes in, and Grenn is pulling him along, and they keep running.

Back towards their own lines.

We see Yellow Dick and Sour Alyn dragged down, and now any strife between these men is forgotten, as if they'd been friends all along.

JON (CONT'D)
Get back, back to Mance!

Weaving between stacks and walls of corpses, all coming back to life.

Camera moves up from our heroes so that we can see everything that's happening, all across the field.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, TREELINE - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jon manages to collide with Asher, almost knocking them both down. They run, as the battle keeps raging.

Wun Wun smashes a fist through the enemy line, repelling them. The other giants help in. Now there are White Walkers among the lines with the wights.

JON
Where's Whoresbane?

ASHER
He's dead!

JON
What about Tormund?

ASHER
I don't know!

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TORMUND MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tormund and his men are pulling back, with the wights all around them, climbing trees and jumping down. The dead take out one of his giants. Black Jack gets torn apart by wights. Crazy flashes of this and that.

TORMUND
Back! Back! Get ready!

He's retreating. A firebrand swishes past the camera as we go, hinting at things to come.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, TREES - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jon, Asher, Ramsay, Val, Grenn, etc. In the trees.

Suddenly they come into an impasse. Wights surround them on all sides, like a ring of dead bodies. They're hemmed into the circle, with dead men coming up from behind. Others climb over the corpses of fallen bodies to get down into the ditch.

Ramsay unslings his bow.

RAMSAY
Fight them!

As if it's not obvious.

Jon surges into the fray, Longclaw in hand. He is mouthing his oath under his breath, like a prayer.

Swords cutting. He kills wights, wights, wights. An Other comes for Val, and he takes it from behind.

VAL
(rushed)
Thanks!

And then...

Smoke fills the darkening sky.

Fire.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - WIGHT MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

The fire spreads quicker than anything, burning up the corpses of wights and humans alike, buoyed by the strong wind.

But...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jon and friends are still surrounded by the raging fire. And there's no way out...

ASHER
We have to find a way!

JON
Try and make the climb!

They surge towards the wall of wights, attempting to find purchase, but it's no good. And they already knew that...

Unless...

And Mance Rayder and his men come swarming over the wall of wights from behind, bearing flaming flails and fiery staves, mounted on horseback as they crash through the rows of their enemies.

They set the foes afire, and cut through the ring, round and round. Over the sound of burning we can hear Mance shouting.

MANCE

Go! Go! Go!

Jon does not wait to be told twice. With a last look back, he flees up the mountain of dead bodies, crawls over the top, ignoring the hands that beat at his clothes, and rolls down the far side, among the fiery trees.

From there he drops to his knees and crawls, desperate not to inhale the smoke. Wights comes crawling after him, drawing closer and closer and closer...

...till Val appears and sets them alight, and they smoulder and turn to dust.

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, OUTSIDE THE LONGHALL - DAWN

Jon picks himself up. The camera rotates with him, back to the burning army of the dead.

Tormund Giantsbane is behind him. Dolorous Edd too, and Val, and Grenn, though he is wounded. Iron Emmett and Tall Torgg.

TORMUND

Mance...

VAL

We lost more than just Mance.

JON

I know... Asher Forrester, he's...
and Aly Mormont, and... Ramsay...

But Ramsay is not dead. For he emerges from the drifting smoke, coughing and wheezing, but still very much alive.

RAMSAY

Lord Snow...

He might have said more, but all they can do for now is stand and watch the flames rage. The whole forest is afire, a ring right around Craster's Keep, smoke in the air.

I'm going to light the biggest fire the north has ever seen, Mance once said.

And Jon knows that it is true.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CRASTER'S KEEP, LONGHALL - DAWN

RAMSAY, JON, TORMUND, VAL and others, sitting around a campfire in Craster's longhall. Their looks are solemn and haunted as they think on what they've lost.

RAMSAY
We can't wait forever.

JON
Aye. We have to get away before
the fire burns out.

TORMUND
So...

They are all too shocked to speak in proper sentences.

VAL
Lord Snow... how are we going to
get south...

This is his moment.

Kill the boy.

JON
We cut straight south. Now, while
they're not watching.
(beat)
Hundreds will die. Thousands.
(beat)
Tens of thousands, maybe.
(beat)
But tens of thousands will live.
(beat)
So... to Stonedoor, or
Greyguard... but we can't get that
many through the gates... and...

And he remembers what Ygritte said to him, back in that cave, ages and ages ago.

JON (CONT'D)
Gendel's children...

RAMSAY
Gendel's children are just
stories, Lord Snow.

TORMUND
Aye. Like the Others.

Jon's eyes widen.

TORMUND (CONT'D)
Do you know where to find them?

JON
Aye.

TORMUND
How?

JON
Because Ygritte told me so.

CLOSE ON Jon's face, and then...

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASTER'S KEEP, COURTYARD - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The fire has consumed all of the forest, and the trees are
nearly bare, hardly even smoking.

We start low, focusing on a shimmering piece of silvery
steel. Dark Sister. Mance's Valyrian steel sword. It lies
in his hand, smoking, untouched by the dead. And we pan up,
beyond the charred piles of Mance's dead comrades, and up
and up and up, through the trees. And we look south and
west, away from the fields of burning wights, on and on
through cold mists.

Jon Snow and Tormund Giantsbane's column wends a path
south, black brothers and men in grey and white, Northmen
with banners and Northmen without, all headed for the
secret place between Greyguard and Stonedoor, where Ygritte
told stories about the caves lived in by Gendel's children.

We watch the army heading south. And then, on the furthest,
most distant part of the horizon, we see it. Gleaming,
shimmering, their ultimate salvation sparkling
blueish-white in the dawn sky.

Their destination.

The Wall.

END OF EPISODE 109