

# GAME OF THRONES

## "Battle of the Bastards"

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Based on A Song of Ice and Fire by George R.R. Martin

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**GAME OF THRONES**

"EPISODE 609"

TYRION LANNISTER  
DAENERYS TARGARYEN  
LITTLEFINGER  
JON SNOW  
SANSA STARK  
THEON GREYJOY  
MELISANDRE  
DAVOS SEAWORTH  
GREY WORM  
RICKON STARK  
TORMUND  
RAMSAY BOLTON  
YARA GREYJOY  
MISSANDEI  
DAARIO NAHARIS  
YEZZAN  
HARALD KARSTARK  
LYANNA MORMONT  
WUN-WUN  
SMALLJON UMBER  
RAZDAL MO ERAZ  
BELICHO PAENYMION  
BOLTON ARCHER CAPTAIN  
STARK ARCHERY CAPTAIN  
BOLTON GENERAL  
KATHE

**GAME OF THRONES**

"EPISODE 609"

**INTERIOR SETS**

GREAT PYRAMID

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AUDIENCE CHAMBER

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JON'S COMMAND TENT

MELISANDRE'S TENT

WINTERFELL

KENNELS

**EXTERIOR SETS**

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COURTYARD

BATTLEMENTS

ARCHWAY

**EXT. MEEREEN - SLAVER'S BAY - DAY**

The ships in the slaver armada bombard the city with their trebuchets.

Volleys of flaming projectiles soar over the beach and into the city.

**INT. GREAT PYRAMID - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

The sound of the impacts and the distant chaos they cause are audible throughout this scene between DAENERYS TARGARYEN and TYRION LANNISTER, adding further pressure to an already pressurized situation.

Tyrion flinches each time a projectile lands near the pyramid, because he's human and it's a natural human reaction.

Dany never flinches. She is not the same woman who flew away from Daznak's Pit on the back of a dragon. She is changed, changed utterly, a terrible beauty glaring at Tyrion.

BOOM!

TYRION

Despite appearances, I think you'll find the city's on the rise --

BOOM!

That one was close.

TYRION

Perhaps we should take shelter.

DANY

The city is on the rise?

TYRION

Meereen is strong. Commerce has returned to the markets. The people are behind you--

BOOM!

Dany watches Tyrion flinching, regarding him as the snake regards the mouse.

TYRION

Well, not all the people, of course. No ruler who ever lived had the support of all the people. But the rebirth of Meereen is the cause of this violence.

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

TYRION

The Masters cannot let Meereen succeed. Because if Meereen succeeds-- a city without slavery, a city without Masters--

BOOM!

TYRION

--it proves that no one needs a Master.

Dany nods. He's finally starting to make sense.

BOOM!

Tyrion flinches again, and is a bit embarrassed when he sees Dany coolly regarding him with a slight smile.

DANY

Good. Shall we begin?

TYRION

Do we have a plan?

DANY

I will crucify the Masters. I will set their fleet afire, kill every last one of their soldiers, and return their cities to the dirt. That is my plan.

(beat)

You don't approve.

Tyrion knows he must tread carefully here.

TYRION

You once told me you knew what your father was.

BOOM!

TYRION

Did you know his plans for King's Landing, when the Lannister armies were at his gates?

BOOM!

TYRION

Probably not. He told my brother, and Jaime told me. Do you know what wildfire is?

(off Dany's nod)

He had caches of it hidden under the Red Keep, under the guild halls, the Sept of Baelor, all the major thoroughfares.

(CONTINUED)

BOOM!

TYRION

He would have burned every one of his citizens, the loyal ones and the traitors, every man, woman, and child. That's why Jaime killed him.

DANY

This is entirely different.

TYRION

You're talking about destroying cities. It's not entirely different.

(beat)

I'd like to suggest an alternate approach.

BOOM!

That one hit the balcony. Outside, smoke and fire. Debris flies in through the window.

**EXT. PLATEAU OUTSIDE MEEREEN - DAY**

An elevated plateau outside the city with good views of both Slavers Bay and the Meereenese skyline.

RAZDAL MO ERAZ, BELICHO PAENYMION, and YEZZAN, the slaver envoys from earlier in the season, stand with a dozen BODYGUARDS.

Dany stands with Tyrion, MISSANDEI, GREY WORM and a dozen UNSULLIED.

Razdal smiles at Dany.

RAZDAL

Once before I offered you peace. If you had not been so arrogant, you could have returned to your homeland with a fleet of ships. Instead you will flee Slavers Bay on foot, like the Beggar Queen you are.

TYRION

We're here to discuss terms of surrender, not to trade insults.

YEZZAN

The terms are simple. You and your foreign friends will abandon the Great Pyramid and the City of Meereen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YEZZAN (CONT'D)

The Unsullied you stole from  
Kraznys mo Nakloz will remain, to  
be sold again to the highest  
bidder.

Grey Worm watches Yezzan, emotionless.

YEZZAN

The translator you stole from  
Kraznys mo Nakloz will remain, to  
be sold again to the highest  
bidder.

Missandei watches Yezzan, emotionless.

YEZZAN

The dragons beneath the Great  
Pyramid will be slaughtered.

DANY

We obviously didn't communicate  
clearly. We're here to discuss your  
surrender, not mine.

The envoys exchange glances and laugh. Oh, how they laugh.

RAZDAL

I imagine it's difficult, adjusting  
to the new reality. Your reign is  
over.

DANY

My reign has just begun.

Yezzan notices something in the distance, a black dot in the  
sky that grows larger and larger.

Soon all the envoys and their bodyguards see it.

Dany never turns to look at the approaching DROGON.

She doesn't have to look. She only allows the faintest hint  
of a smile. A smile that says: my tyranny's not ended,  
motherfucker. It's only just begun.

Drogon screams across the sky.

The Unsullied back-up as Drogon lands atop the plateau,  
causing the envoys to shrink back in fear and their  
bodyguards to raise their spears.

Dany climbs on. No hesitation any more: she looks as if she  
was born to ride dragons, and indeed she was. They take to  
the sky, displaying Dany's control of the greatest war  
machine the world has ever seen.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE MEEREEN - DAY**

She flies past Daznak's pit, past other landmarks of Meereen, toward the Great Pyramid.

**EXT. BASE OF PYRAMID - DAY**

Unsullied STRONGMEN roll back the giant stone blocking the entrance to the dragon prison, and hurry the fuck out of the way. We move in slowly on the dark entrance.

VISERION emerges into the daylight, smashing the stone entryway on his way out. RHAEGAL follows. They look a lot healthier than they did the last time we saw them.

They blink in the strong sunlight. And hear their brother's calls overhead.

They flap their wings, testing. They haven't flown in a long time.

Viserion goes for it taking four quick steps and taking to the air. Rhaegal follows. The first few flaps are halting, but they quickly find their balance again, and head toward their mother and brother overhead.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE MEEREEN - CONTINUOUS**

Dany watches them fly towards her, crying their delight in their freedom.

She and Drogon lead them across the sky, toward the bay, and the warships.

**EXT. GATES OF MEEREEN - DAY**

Panicking and disorientated, KATHE, a freed slave, careers into the SONS OF THE HARPY outside Meereen as they continue to mow down any FREEDMEN trying to escape the city.

Quickly, she tries to push past them, but she's not fast enough and they're quite good at butchering unarmed civilians. She's stabbed in the back and falls to the ground before she can get very far.

A sound like distant waves crashing on the shore forces the Sons of the Harpy to turn, en masse.

A tsunami of DOTHRAKI SCREAMERS gallops toward them, earning their names with their bloodcurdling screams. 40,000 fighting men on horseback, arakhs raised.

And in the front of this blood tide, DAARIO NAHARIS, leading the charge.

(CONTINUED)

We don't see the full attack play out, because the conclusion is foregone.

A severed masked head spins into the air.

**EXT. SHIP - DAY**

The SAILORS and SLAVER MERCENARY SOLDIERS aboard stare up fearfully, as Drogon and the other two dragons head toward the ships.

Toward their ship.

Three huge dragons, circling in the sky above their ship.

Too late, the sailors and soldiers realize what horrible career choices they have made.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE MEEREEN - DAY**

DANY

*Dracarys.*

Drogon breathes fire upon the warship. The other two dragons follow suit.

It's an awe-inspiring sight. Three columns of flame, thick as tree trunks, reducing boat and crew to ash in a matter of seconds.

**EXT. SLAVERS BAY - DAY**

The rest of the Slaver navy gets the message loud and clear.

SAILORS abandon ship en masse, jumping into the water and swimming for safety wherever they can find it.

Weighed down by armor and weapons, many of them go under.

**EXT. PLATEAU - DAY**

The Unsullied on the plateau shift their spears to attack mode in one synchronized move.

Grey Worm addresses the Envoys' bodyguards.

GREY WORM

(in Valyrian)

You men have a choice. Fight and die for Masters who would never fight and die for you. Or go home, to your families.

Beat. The bodyguards glance at each other.

(CONTINUED)

They throw down their weapons and run.

TYRION

(to the envoys)

Thank you for the armada. Our queen  
does love ships.

(beat)

Now. The last time we spoke we made  
a pact. You violated that pact. You  
declared war upon us. And though  
our queen has a forgiving nature...  
this cannot be forgiven.

The envoys have not quite processed their new reality yet.  
They look between Tyrion and the Unsullied spearheads,  
pointed right at their hearts.

MISSANDEI

Our queen insists that one of you  
must die, as punishment for your  
crimes.

TYRION

It always seems a bit abstract,  
doesn't it, other people dying?

RAZDAL

(pointing at Yezzan)

Him! He should die.

BELICHO

(re: Yezzan)

Yes, yes, him!

YEZZAN

(stunned)

My friends--

RAZDAL

He's not one of us, he's an  
outsider, low born, he does not  
speak for us.

Tyrion nods to Grey Worm. Grey Worm approaches Yezzan,  
drawing his dagger.

YEZZAN

Please, please--

Grey Worm slashes, and in an impressive feat of stunt work  
and VFX, cuts both Razdal and Belicho's throats with a single  
move.

The two Masters fall to the ground, dying, clutching at their  
opened throat.

Yezzan gasps, almost in a state of shock, as Grey Worm  
sheathes his dagger.

(CONTINUED)

Tyrion approaches Yezzan.

TYRION

Tell your people what happened here. Tell them you live by the grace of her majesty. When they come forward with notions of retribution, or ideas about returning the slave cities to their former glory, remind them what happened when Daenerys Stormborn and her dragons came to Meereen.

Tyrion pats Yezzan on the back and walks away, followed by Grey Worm, Missandei and the Unsullied.

Yezzan stands alone with the bodies of Razdal and Belicho, still not sure what just happened to him.

**EXT. WINTERFELL FIELD - DAY**

JON SNOW, SANSA STARK, DAVOS SEAWORTH, TORMUND, young LADY LYANNA MORMONT, and three other NORTHERN LORDS sit on horseback, awaiting the arrival of Ramsay and his contingent for a parley.

They look beautiful and majestic, sitting there with Winterfell in the deep background.

They stare forward, sober, watching the approach of RAMSAY BOLTON, LORD KARSTARK, SMALLJON UMBER, and five other NORTHERN LORDS, riding across the vast field.

JON

(looking at Sansa)  
You don't have to be here.

SANSA

(looking forward)  
Yes, I do.

Ramsay and his Northern loyalists arrive, halting in front of Jon and his supporters.

Ramsay smiles, cheerful as ever and addresses Sansa.

RAMSAY

My beloved wife. I've missed you terribly.  
(to Jon)  
Thank you for returning Lady Bolton safely.

Jon stares back at Ramsay. He would kill him this second if he could.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSAY

Now, dismount and kneel before me. Surrender your army and proclaim me the true Lord of Winterfell and Warden of the North. I will pardon you for deserting the Night's Watch. I will pardon these treasonous lords for betraying my house.

Jon continues to stare at Ramsay. Ramsay apes Jon's glare before laughing.

RAMSAY

Come, bastard. You don't have the men. You don't have the horses. And you don't have Winterfell. Why lead those poor souls in to slaughter? There's no need for a battle. Get off your horse. Kneel. I am a man of mercy.

Sansa stares at Ramsay. If Jon would kill Ramsay, Sansa would skin him living.

Everyone else looks at Jon, waiting for their leader's response.

JON

You're right. There's no need for a battle.

Ramsay grins.

JON

Thousands of men don't have to die. Only one of us.

Now Tormund smiles.

JON

Let's end this the old way. You against me.

Sansa and Davos exchange a look. This wasn't part of the plan.

Smalljon grins, too. Jon might be the enemy, but Smalljon admires the kid's balls.

Jon stares at Ramsay and Ramsay stares back, neither man backing down.

Until Ramsay finally laughs.

RAMSAY

I keep hearing stories about you, bastard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAMSAY (CONT'D)

The way people in the North talk about you, you're the greatest swordsman who ever walked. Maybe you are that good. Maybe not. I don't know if I'd beat you. I know that my army will beat yours. I have six thousand men. You have... what, half that? Not even?

JON

Aye, you have the numbers. Will your men want to fight for you when they hear you would not fight for them?

For a moment it looks as if Jon is succeeding at provoking Ramsay. Ramsay doesn't like being called a coward. He wants to skin this impudent bastard. But he restrains himself and smiles, turning to Sansa.

RAMSAY

He's good! Very good!  
(to Jon)  
Tell me: will you let your little brother die because you're too proud to surrender?

SANSA

How do we know you have him?

Ramsay looks at Sansa. For a long uncomfortable beat he just looks at her and she returns his gaze.

Finally Ramsay gestures to the Smalljon, who reaches behind his saddle.

He tosses Shaggydog's mouldering head onto the field between the riders. Unmistakably a dire wolf head.

RAMSAY

Now, if you want to save [your little brother--]

SANSA

You're going to die tomorrow, Lord Bolton.

She says this with such conviction, such certainty, even Ramsay is momentarily silenced.

SANSA

Sleep well.

She turns and rides off.

Ramsay smiles and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSAY

She's a fine woman, your sister. I look forward to having her back in my bed.

He looks over the gathered men facing him.

RAMSAY

And you're all fine looking men. My dogs are desperate to meet you. I haven't fed them in seven days. They're ravenous! I wonder which parts they'll try first. Your eyes? Your balls? We'll find out soon enough.

He gathers his reins and nods to Jon.

RAMSAY

In the morning then, bastard.

He rides off with his Loyalists. Jon watches him go.

**INT. JON'S COMMAND TENT - NIGHT**

The scene is tense in the lantern lit tent.

Jon, Davos, Tormund and the Stark-loyalist Northern lords prepare the battle plan. They stand around a table on which sits a rough map of the surrounding area.

Sansa listens in. She is not a part of the inner circle, and this should be clear from the blocking.

JON

If he was smart, he'd stay inside the walls of Winterfell and wait us out.

DAVOS

That's not his way. He knows the North is watching. If the other houses sense weakness on his part, they'll stop fearing him. He can't have that. Fear is his power.

Sansa listens to all this. She knows Ramsay better than any of them, but they're not asking her opinion.

JON

It's his weakness, too. His men don't want to fight for him. They're forced to fight for him. If they feel the tide turning--

TORMUND

It's not his men that worry me.  
It's his horses. I know what  
mounted knights can do to us.

(to Davos)

You and Stannis cut through us like  
piss through snow.

JON

(pointing to map)

We're digging trenches all along  
our flanks. They won't be able to  
hit us the way Stannis hit you,  
with a double envelopment...

He notices the blank look on Tormund's face.

JON

A pincer move.

Still no sign of recognition from Tormund.

JON

They won't be able to hit us from  
the sides.

TORMUND

Good.

DAVOS

The crucial thing is to let them  
charge us. They've got the numbers.  
We need the patience. Ramsay wants  
to destroy us. He wants to show the  
North he's the only true power.

(demonstrating on map)

If we let him buckle our center,  
he'll pursue. And we'll have him  
surrounded on three sides.

TORMUND

Did you really think that cunt  
would fight you, man to man?

JON

No. But I wanted to make him angry.  
I want him coming at us full tilt.

DAVOS

We should all get some sleep.

Tormund slaps Jon's shoulder.

TORMUND

Rest, Jon Snow. We need you sharp  
tomorrow.

Davos nods to Jon. Everyone but Jon and Sansa exit.

(CONTINUED)

When they're alone:

SANSA

So you've met the enemy, drawn up your battle plans.

JON

Aye, for what they're worth.

SANSA

You've known him for the space of a single conversation. You and your trusted advisors. And you sit around, making your plans on how to defeat a man you don't know.

Jon is smart enough not to interrupt.

SANSA

I lived with him. I know the way his mind works. I know how he likes to hurt people. Did it ever once occur to you that I might have some insight?

JON

You're right. I should have asked you.

SANSA

You think he's going to fall into your trap, but he won't. He's the one who lays traps.

JON

He's over confident--

SANSA

He plays with people. He's far better at it than you are. He's been doing it all his life.

Jon has been patiently taking his lumps but this last insult gets under his skin.

JON

Aye, and what have I been doing all my life? Playing with broom sticks? I've fought beyond the Wall, against worse than Ramsay Bolton. I've defended the Wall from worse than Ramsay Bolton.

SANSA

You don't know him!

Jon calms himself. He doesn't need to fight with his own sister on the night before he battles for their home.

(CONTINUED)

JON

All right. Tell me: what should we do? How do we get Rickon back?

SANSA

We'll never get him back.

(beat)

Rickon is Ned Stark's trueborn son. Which makes him a greater threat to Ramsay than you, a bastard, or me, a girl. As long as he lives, Ramsay's claim to Winterfell will be contested. Which means he won't live long.

JON

We can't give up on our brother.

SANSA

Listen to me. Please listen to me. He wants you to make a mistake.

JON

Of course he does.

(gesturing at map)

What should I do differently?

SANSA

I don't know. I don't know anything about battles. Just don't do what he wants you to do.

JON

(a trifle impatient)

Aye, that's good advice.

SANSA

You think that's obvious.

JON

Well, it is a bit obvious.

SANSA

If you had asked my advice earlier, I would have told you not to attack Winterfell until we had a larger force. Or is that obvious too?

JON

(increasingly heated)

When will we have a larger force? We pleaded with every house that would have us. The Blackfish can't have us. We're lucky to have this many men.

SANSA

It's not enough.

(CONTINUED)

JON

No, it's not enough. It's what we have. Battles have been won against greater odds.

Sansa knows there's no point continuing the argument. She moves toward the tent entrance, where she stops and looks back at him.

SANSA

If Ramsay wins... I'm not going back there alive. Do you understand me?

JON

I won't ever let him touch you again. I promise. I'll protect you.

SANSA

No one can protect me. No one can protect anyone.

She exits the tent, leaving Jon alone.

**EXT. ALLIES' ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

Davos walks with Tormund through the encampment, a strange mix of wildling tents and tents from the various northern houses represented.

Save for SENTRIES on duty, most of the men sleep inside their dark tents.

DAVOS

You think there's hope?

TORMUND

I've never seen these Bolton fuckers fight. And they've never seen the Free Folks fight. So yes, there's hope.

He glances at Davos.

TORMUND

You want to avenge your king, don't you?

DAVOS

It wasn't the Boltons that defeated Stannis. It was Stannis himself.

(beat)

I loved the man. He lifted me up and made me something. But he had demons in his skull, whispering foul things.

(CONTINUED)

They have stopped beside Tormund's tent. The wildling chieftain looks alarmed.

TORMUND

You saw these demons?

DAVOS

What? No, it's... it's a manner of speaking.

(off Tormund's confusion)

Not actual demons.

TORMUND

Huh. Well, you loved that cunt Stannis, and I loved the man he burnt, Mance Rayder. Mance didn't have demons in his skull. He didn't torch people or listen to some red witch. I believed in him. I thought he was the man to lead us through the Long Night. But I was wrong, just like you.

DAVOS

Maybe that was our mistake. Believing in kings.

TORMUND

Jon Snow's not a king.

DAVOS

No, he's not.

TORMUND

I need a good drink to help me sleep the night before a fight. You want some? I have a jug of sour goat's milk stronger than any of that grape water you Southern twats like sucking on.

DAVOS

Ah, thank you, it does sound delicious, but I'd better keep a clear head. I can never sleep the night before a battle.

TORMUND

So what do you do all night?

DAVOS

I walk. Think and walk, think and walk. Until I'm far enough away from camp that no one can hear me shitting my guts out.

Tormund laughs.

(CONTINUED)

TORMUND

Happy shitting!

He goes inside his tent and Davos carries on.

**INT. MELISANDRE'S TENT - NIGHT**

MELISANDRE looks into the brazier flames. This activity appears to be more work for her than it was before, or perhaps it's just that she's approaching it with less unthinking confidence.

JON (O.S.)

My lady?

MELISANDRE

Come in.

Jon enters.

JON

You weren't at the war council.

MELISANDRE

I am not a soldier.

JON

Any advice?

MELISANDRE

Don't lose.

Jon nods, looking into the flames. He glances at her.

JON

If I do... if I fall...

(beat)

Don't bring me back.

She studies him.

MELISANDRE

I'll have to try.

JON

I am ordering you not to bring me back.

MELISANDRE

I am not your servant, Jon Snow.

JON

You are in my camp, I am the commander--

MELISANDRE

I serve the Lord of Light. I do  
what He commands.

JON

And how do you know what he  
commands?

This is a much more problematic question for Mel than it once  
was, to be sure.

She is not the supremely confident seer she used to be.

MELISANDRE

I... interpret His signs. As well  
as I can.

(beat)

But if the Lord didn't want me to  
bring you back, how did I bring you  
back?

Jon has no answer.

MELISANDRE

I have no power. Only what He gives  
me. And He gave me you.

JON

Why?

MELISANDRE

I don't know.

She genuinely doesn't know. It has been centuries since she  
admitted that she doesn't know.

MELISANDRE

Maybe you're only needed for this  
small part of His plan, and nothing  
else. Maybe He brought you here to  
die again.

JON

What kind of god would do something  
like that?

It's not a pleasant question.

MELISANDRE

The one we've got.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAWN**

True to his word, Davos has been walking and thinking, unable  
to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

As the light starts to rise in the east, he comes upon a pile of wood, nearly snowed over, and sees a charred timber peeking out from beneath the snow.

He stoops to pick it up: a wooden stag, scorched on one side.

The one he carved and gave to Shireen.

In the distance, the war horns sound.

**INT. GREAT PYRAMID - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY**

Whomever Tyrion is speaking to, he is not positively predisposed toward them:

TYRION

Last time we saw each other was at Winterfell, yes?

THEON GREYJOY nods, knowing full well what kind of person he was the last time he spoke to Tyrion.

Dany and Tyrion meet with YARA GREYJOY and Theon, with a few Unsullied keeping them silent company.

TYRION

You were making jokes about my height, I seem to recall. Everyone who makes jokes about a dwarf's height thinks he's the first person ever to make jokes about a dwarf's height. "The height of nobility," "a man of your stature," "someone to look up to." You're all making the same five or six jokes.

THEON

It was a long time ago.

TYRION

It was. How have things been going for you since then? Not so well, I gather. Can't imagine you would have murdered the Stark boys if things had been going well.

THEON

I didn't murder the Stark boys. But I did things that were just as bad, or worse.

YARA

And he paid for them.

TYRION

Doesn't seem like it. He's still alive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYRION (CONT'D)

(to Theon)

It was complicated for you, I'm sure: growing up at Winterfell, never quite knowing who you were. But then, we all live complicated lives, don't we?

Dany cuts to the chase, speaking to Theon:

DANY

You've brought us a hundred ships from the Iron Fleet, and men to sail them. In return, I expect you want me to support your claim to the Throne of the Iron Islands? Among other things?

THEON

Not my claim. Hers.

This surprises both Dany and Tyrion.

DANY

And what's wrong with you?

Theon and Yara look at each other. Talk about a loaded question.

THEON

I'm not fit to rule.

TYRION

Well, we can agree upon that, at least.

DANY

(to Yara)

Has the Iron Islands ever had a Queen before?

YARA

No more than Westeros.

Touché.

THEON

Our Uncle Euron returned home, after a long absence. He murdered our father, and took the Salt Throne from Yara. He would have murdered us if we'd stayed.

DANY

Lord Tyrion has told me that your father was a terrible king.

YARA

You and I have that in common.

DANY

We do. And both murdered by a  
usurper as well.

(to Tyrion)

Will their ships be enough?

TYRION

With the Former Masters' former  
fleet?

(thinks)

Possibly. Barely.

Something occurs to Tyrion.

TYRION

There are more than a hundred ships  
in the Iron Fleet.

THEON

There are. And Euron is building  
more. He's going to offer them all  
to you.

DANY

So why shouldn't I wait for him.

THEON

The Iron Fleet isn't all he's  
bringing. He also wants to give  
you...

YARA

His "big cock," I think he said.  
Euron's offer is also an offer of  
marriage, you see. You won't get  
one without the other.

DANY

And I imagine your offer is free of  
any marriage demands.

YARA

I would never demand. But I'm up  
for anything, really.

Dany tries not to betray that she likes this girl.

THEON

He murdered our father and he would  
have murdered us. He'll murder you,  
as soon as you have what he wants.

TYRION

The Seven Kingdoms.

THEON

All of them.

DANY

And you don't want the Seven Kingdoms.

THEON

Your ancestors defeated ours, and took the Iron Islands. We ask you to give them back.

DANY

And that's all?

YARA

We'd like you to help us murder an uncle or two who don't think a woman's fit to rule.

DANY

Reasonable.

TYRION

What if everyone starts demanding their independence?

DANY

She's not demanding. She's asking. The others are free to ask as well.

(beat)

Our fathers were evil men -- all of us, here at this table. They all left the world worse than they found it.

(beat)

But we won't.

Dany stands.

DANY

We're going to leave the world better than we found it.

Dany descends to meet Yara.

DANY

You will support my claim as Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, and respect the integrity of the Seven Kingdoms. No more reaving, roving, raiding or raping.

YARA

That's our way of life.

DANY

No more.

Yara and Theon look at each other. Yara turns back to Dany.

YARA

No more.

Yara stands and holds out her hand.

Dany is not familiar with this gesture, but she holds out her hand all the same. Yara clasps Dany's forearm with her hand like the tough Ironborn leader she is.

Dany returns the clasp, and tries to maintain her regality in the face of her bemusement.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - BATTLEFIELD - JON'S TROOPS**

The Battle of the Bastards begins.

The battlefield is about 400m long, a small valley bordered by two hills peaked with trees. At one end is a forest of high trees (the Stark side). At the other is a ridge with a reasonably soft incline that plateaus and stretches out to Winterfell in the distance (the Bolton side).

The Stark armies are on their end of the battlefield, arrayed in pitched battle formation.

DAVOS oversees the LONGBOW ARCHERS on the flanks, standing behind defensive caltrop-shaped structures. Thousands of arrows are divided into large bundles.

Tormund stands at the ready, overseeing the large WILDLING INFANTRY force that is the single biggest contingent on the Stark side. WUN-WUN is the centerpiece of this wildling infantry formation.

Other, NON-WILDLING INFANTRY stand side-by-side with the wildlings.

And in front: a rank of CAVALRY, organized according to house. We see the banners of Mormont, Mazin, Hornwood. Steam comes from their horses' muzzles.

Everyone stands stock-still, staring across the battlefield.

Jon rides his destrier through the cavalry to stand out in front of his army and looks across the battlefield at

**EXT. WINTERFELL - BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY'S TROOPS**

The BOLTON ARMY, with Winterfell in the background behind them. They also have archers, infantry and cavalry in a similar arrangement to the Starks, only there are noticeably more of all.

Crucified flayed bodies hang head-down on Bolton Xs, roasting over eight large bonfires that flank either side of the army, a twisted form of intimidation only Ramsay could have thought of.

Banners for the Boltons, the Karstarks, the Umbers, and all the other quisling houses abound.

LORD KARSTARK sits his horse at the front of the cavalry, war lance in hand. The Boltons have far more cavalry than the Starks, three ranks to the Stark one.

SMALLJON UMBER stands with the infantry, eager to separate some people from their limbs. He takes a huge pull off a leather-covered flask of something very alcoholic.

On ground level: a set of horse hooves walk through the Bolton ranks, past infantry, past cavalry.

We see him from behind as he emerges at the front of his army. Both the silhouette and the deference he is shown make it clear that this is Ramsay.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Ramsay is very far away from him, but Jon can see him dismount.

A figure is just visible between the horses behind Ramsay.

Jon dismounts himself, and steps forward several paces to get a better look as Ramsay pulls on a rope and Rickon stumbles forward into view, his hands bound in front of him with the end of the rope.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

We're with Ramsay as he pulls Rickon alongside him, like a dog on a lead.

He walks the boy out toward the center of the battlefield, arm around his shoulder.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Jon steps forward, watching intently.

Ramsay stops about twenty yards from his own lines. He draws his dagger and holds it up for Jon to see.

Jon, Davos and Tormund watch, furious and powerless.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay lowers the dagger to Rickon's bound wrists, frees his hands and resheathes the dagger. He tousles Rickon's hair, and speaks to him.

RAMSAY

Do you like games, little man?  
Let's play a game.

He points to Jon.

RAMSAY

Run to your brother. The sooner you  
make it to him, the sooner you get  
to see him again.

One of RAMSAY'S SOLDIERS is approaching him in the background, carrying something.

RAMSAY

That's it. That's the game. Easy.  
Ready? Go!

Rickon starts walking across the battlefield.

RAMSAY

No, you have to run, remember?  
Those are the rules!

Rickon turns. He sees the approaching soldier, and what he's carrying: a mean looking longbow, and a quiver of arrows.

Rickon turns and runs.

Smalljon and Karstark grin. They like this game.

Ramsay takes the bow and quiver from the soldier (who returns to the line). He takes his time nocking an arrow and drawing the bow.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

When Jon sees the telltale archery pose and motion, he turns and sprints back toward his horse.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay looses the arrow.

Rickon runs harder.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Without stopping, Jon turns to make sure Rickon is still running.

Ramsay's arrow misses Rickon, but not by that much.

Jon reaches his horse, and does a front-jumping mount, hands on the horse's neck, half-twisting in midair to land forward in the saddle.

He kicks his horse forward and gallops for Rickon.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay nocks another arrow, taking his time. He draws. He fires.

The arrow hits the ground closer to Rickon this time.

Rickon runs harder. Jon digs his heels into his horse, driving it faster.

Ramsay really appreciates the high level of sport going on here. He draws and fires again.

This arrow sails right over Rickon's shoulder to plant itself in the ground a few yards ahead of him; Rickon tramples it as he runs.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Jon is closing on Rickon. He leans out from his saddle, reaching down with an outstretched arm, ready to scoop up his little brother.

He's so close. He sees the hope in the boy's face.

And watches it turn to confusion, as an arrowhead punches through Rickon's chest.

Rickon falls.

[N.B.: his body is closer to Stark lines than Bolton lines.]

Jon looks down at Rickon. The boy's eyes are still open, his face a fixed mask of shock. He is dead.

**EXT. BATTLEMENTS - JON CAVALRY**

Tormund shakes his head. He knows Jon can't hear him, but he says it anyway:

TORMUND

Don't.

(CONTINUED)



**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CAVALRY**

Davos calls the charge:

DAVOS

Go! Go! Go! Follow your commander!

The Stark cavalry pushes forward -- a great charge across a vast, snow-strewn field, wolf banners flapping.

Tormund isn't going to be left out. With a rebel yell, he signals his wildling infantrymen to follow the cavalry.

The wildlings are ready and eager. Wun-Wun runs forward, and the others come with him. Wun-Wun run fast!

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Jon urges his horse forward as a wave of Bolton arrows land all around him.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Karstark looks to Ramsay: what are we waiting for?

But Ramsay is holding, a psychotic William Wallace, watching the Starks come.

Another wave of Bolton arrows lets fly.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

An arrow drills through the neck of Jon's horse.

The horse whinnies in agony and goes down, throwing Jon end over end.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay smiles.

RAMSAY

Now.

Karstark yells to the Bolton cavalry:

KARSTARK

Cavalry! Charge!

Out goes Karstark and the Bolton cavalry.

Ramsay stays put, at a slight elevation, as his forces stream forward around him. This allows him to survey his forces (and us to do the same from his perspective).

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Jon staggers to his feet. The fall has dirtied him, but he's unhurt for the moment.

He stares at what's coming (in close profile), and the camera circles behind him to show us what's coming: the entire Bolton cavalry, thousands of them, galloping straight for him, lances leveled.

Jon exhales. This is the end, then.

He draws Longclaw and readies himself.

The sound of pounding hooves and war cries is so loud we don't realize we're hearing it from both directions.

The Stark cavalry swoops past Jon a moment before he would be overrun, colliding with the Bolton cavalry.

We are with Jon who is right in the center of the action as the two cavalry clash.

Flashes of the colossal impact, horse on horse, rider on rider.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

RAMSAY

Nock!

The Bolton archers nock their arrows.

SMALLJON

Our cavalry's engaged with his.

RAMSAY

Yes, and we have twice their numbers. Reducing the field's in our interest. Simple arithmetic.

The Smalljon nods in acceptance: yup. Stands to reason.

RAMSAY

(to the archers)

Pull! Loose!

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAVOS MOMENT**

A CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS shouts to Davos:

CAPTAIN

Should we loose?

(CONTINUED)

DAVOS

No. We'll kill our own men! Stand  
down.

The Stark archers lower their bows.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CAVALRY MOMENT**

Jon must use every fibre of his being to dodge, weave and survive the chaos around him as panicked horses careen out of the smoke and fog from every angle in one lovely Wagnerian shot.

It's like being caught in the middle of the busiest intersection in town.

The Bolton archers fire another barrage, and another.

All around Stark horses wild with pain throw other riders, who trip up still more riders.

Bolton riders are felled by Bolton arrows as well, but as Ramsay pointed out, the ratio only gets worse for the Starks as men on both sides are shot off their mounts.

Jon pivots out the way of one horse only to walk right into the path of another, its dead rider bouncing limply in the saddle.

He throws himself to the ground then scrambles to avoid yet another panicked animal. This time he manages to thrust his sword out and take the rider out just as a new wave of arrows pepper the horse and it crashes to the ground.

From nowhere a Bolton soldier runs at him. Jon makes short work of him before another soldier appears.

Their frenzied sword fight is cut short when a large horse hurtles through frame, mowing down the unlucky soldier.

As Jon backs up a giant stallion bears down on him. By the time he sees it it's too late and then, out of nowhere a riderless horse t-bones the first and the two crash to the ground, leaving a startled but miraculously alive Jon still standing, sword in hand.

Through the smoke from the fires beyond Jon begins to see the level of carnage the cavalry charge has created in the form of a pile of bodies, a natural obstruction created by the corpses of horses and men.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAVOS/CALTROPS MOMENT**

Davos has no intention of sitting the battle out.

(CONTINUED)

DAVOS

(to Stark Archer Captain)

We may as well be taking shits back here.

(to all)

Forward!

The Stark archers leave behind the safety of their defensive caltrops and move toward the battle.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

As more die the pile of dead men and horses is becoming a feature of battlefield geography, blocking forward motion.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY**

Ramsay speaks to Smalljon.

RAMSAY

It's time. Go.

Smalljon grins. About fucking time.

He turns to his infantry.

SMALLJON

Who owns the North?

INFANTRY

We do!

SMALLJON

Show me!

He turns and runs toward the fray, leading by example, and the infantry howls and follows after him.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - SMALLJON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Smalljon uses the body pile as a natural divider in the center of the field, directing half his infantry to one side of it and half to the other.

Smalljon himself, along with a bodyguard of ten men, charges straight up the hill of bodies.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Covered from head to toe in mud and blood, Jon frantically fights for his survival. Fog of war flashes: Jon slashes desperately at the men trying to kill him. Takes a hit, kills the man who scored it. Uses another as a human shield. Catches an arrow in their eye socket.

(CONTINUED)

But they are coming thick and fast now and there's simply too many.

Jon turns to see a Bolton infantryman lunging at him. He dodges out of the way, and the Bolton infantryman presses his advantage, swinging hard on Jon, once, twice, three times...

Until Tormund runs the Bolton through.

The Stark infantry has arrived at the battle line. Wun-Wun is with them too. He swats a mounted Bolton and his horse out of the way, and is quickly followed by Davos and the Stark archers, shooting arrows as they arrive.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY**

Ramsay watches the beginning of the double envelopment maneuver unfold.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ARCHERS/DAVOS/JON MOMENT**

Using the advantage of his height Wun-Wun howls a warning at what he sees beyond the body pile:

Hundreds and hundreds of Bolton infantry, surround the Stark army from either side of the body pile. Each Bolton infantryman carries a 6ft tall rectangular shield. In a synchronised lethal pincer movement, they use their raised shields to create an impenetrable wall.

Jon, Tormund, Davos and Wun-Wun watch the Bolton infantry complete the circle of shields with a cordon several men deep.

Stark archers take some of them out -- but the circle starts to close, bringing the archers into weapon range where they're murdered by the score in their light armor.

The circle tightens forcing the Starks into a smaller and smaller space. It is clear the Boltons have the upper hand and the Starks are fucked.

Davos isn't giving up. He rallies the men around him.

DAVOS

With me, lads! Break their lines!

They push forward towards the wall of shields.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay is pleased. The success of the envelopment is clear.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - SMALLJON/JON/TORMUND MOMENT**

The pincer movement has created a quagmire of bodies as the Stark forces are slowly being pushed back by the Bolton phalanx, crushed against each other so tightly it's barely possible to swing an axe without hitting one of your own.

Smalljon Umber is carving through the chaotic crush of wildlings with his greatsword. He's a badass of the first order, the strongest man on the field who isn't Wun-Wun, and he's in his element.

Tormund sees this beast cutting down his people, and he goes to stop him.

Jon is in berserker mode, fighting like a madman but he's been pushed back towards the body pile, and into Smalljon's path.

Slicing through an advancing Bolton, Jon spins round and locks eyes with Smalljon. Both men pause momentarily, accepting the challenge.

But as Jon starts his advance, he is knocked to the mud by a swarm of retreating wildlings. He tries to get up but is pinned down by the stampede of fighting and men escaping the phalanx.

The Smalljon sees Tormund coming through the crush and welcomes the contest. The bearded wildling goes up against the bearded Northman, with a ferocity that would make a Southerner piss his pants.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

At the epicentre of the scrum, Jon struggles against the continual force of bodies surrounding him. We see other soldiers squashed by the weight of those above them, adding to the body pile.

Jon gasps for air, grabbing hold of anything he can, frantically trying to get to his feet.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - SMALLJON MOMENT**

Tormund finally manages to plunge his sword into the Smalljon's belly.

This really pisses the Smalljon off. He grabs Tormund, lifts him off the ground and head-butts him so hard Tormund's nose bursts open. And then again.

Tormund's face is starting to look like a Jack-o'-lantern two weeks after Halloween. He struggles as best he can, punching at Smalljon's face, but the big man took a sword through the belly, punches aren't going to faze him.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Fighting his way out, Jon clammers to the top of the body pile where he has a perfect view of the carnage: Bolton men in red X helmets, grinding up Starks in an atrocity mill.

The crush of men desperately trying to stave off the inevitable.

The Bolton soldiers have finally worked out how to deal with their giant problem. It requires the force of two men per pike but they surround Wun-Wun and spear him like a woolly-mammoth. Wun-Wun fights back but the odds are overwhelming. It's only a matter of time now.

The battle is lost.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Atop his horse, Ramsay takes in the lay of the land:

The pile of the dead. The Stark forces enclosed by the body pile and the Bolton infantry. A tightening circle of flesh and steel that will inevitably kill the Stark forces.

Ramsay has a moment of deep contentment.

And his contentment turns to confusion as a war horn sounds in the distance.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TORMUND MOMENT**

The war horn sounds again, and Smalljon makes the mistake of looking to its source. The instant of distraction is all the battered Tormund needs to sink his teeth into Smalljon's ear.

Smalljon roars with pain as Tormund rips his ear off, and releases his grip on Tormund, who grabs a dagger from his belt and pops Smalljon's eyes like eggs.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

The Vale horn sounds again.

Jon sees the source of the war horn:

The VALE CAVALRY is emerging from the woods flying the House Arryn sigil, two thousand strong, galloping against the glare of the sun as it rises above the treetops.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT - DAY**

Ramsay sees the Vale cavalry riding in to ruin his day.

**EXT. TREELINE - SANSA/LF MOMENT**

High above the battlefield from the safety of the treeline, two spectators watch from horseback:

Sansa. And LITTLEFINGER.

Below them, the Vale cavalry rushes toward the Bolton flank.

We see all this from above, through the magic of VFX:

The Bolton circle dissolves as if by centrifugal force as the Vale cavalry approaches.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay sees all this from his vantage point. He may be furious, but he is smart: he knows it's all falling apart.

He turns and looks at Jon, atop the body pile.

A beat where the two glorious bastards glare at each other from a distance.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Jon glares at Ramsay.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RAMSAY MOMENT**

Ramsay doesn't sit and wait for checkmate. He whistles to two remaining generals. He turns to ride for the castle, and his generals follow.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - JON MOMENT**

Tormund comes up beside Jon on the body pile, with Wun-Wun behind him. In the background the Vale make short work of the already weary Bolton army.

Together, they see Ramsay getting away.

**EXT. TREELINE - SANSA/LF MOMENT**

From Sansa's high and wide perspective, we see Jon, Tormund and Wun-Wun tearing after Ramsay, with Wun-Wun in the lead.

But Ramsay will get to Winterfell first.

Even from this distance, Sansa knows who she's watching. The situation does not look good to her.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

A reserve force of Bolton men has remained in Winterfell, and three of these close the gate behind Ramsay.

BOLTON ARCHERS man the walls.

Ramsay makes the best of the situation, speaking to his general as he dismounts. A SQUIRE takes his horse's reins and leads it away, just beyond the courtyard arch.

RAMSAY

Their army is gone.

BOLTON GENERAL

Our army is gone.

RAMSAY

We have Winterfell. They don't have the men for a siege. All we have to do is wait.

Some commotion on the walls draws Ramsay's attention. A few archers start firing.

A loud *boom*, as something hits the gate.

The archers manning the battlements over the gate signal for the archers in other positions to come and help them.

*Boom. Boom. Boom.*

*BOOM.* The first hole appears in the gate, made by Wun-Wun's cinderblock fist.

Seeing the giant's fist, Ramsay understands.

All the archers have come around to the battlements overlooking the main gate, firing down at the giant.

Still the hammering continues, as Wun-Wun batters down the gate, splintering its ancient wood.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD - DAY**

Ramsay backs away, leaving his increasingly terrified soldiers to defend the gates alone.

Up on the battlements the archers rain arrows down on the unseen giant beyond the wall. We hear Wun-Wun roar and the huge gates rattle with every impact.

More holes appear. Wun-Wun is breaking through; we see his bloody face through the shattered boards. There's not much fight left in him, but he spends it all here.

(CONTINUED)

He starts smashing into the compromised gate with his shoulder. *Smash, smash, smash.*

Archers in the courtyard shoot at Wun-Wun through the holes in the door.

Wun-Wun howls and his siege stops abruptly. Silence follows.

Is it over? Yells from the archers above suggest the contrary.

A series of thunderous footsteps and Wun-Wun finally comes crashing through the gate into the courtyard, covered in so many arrows he looks like a porcupine. Wun-Wun falls to his knees, his blood seeping into the dust.

Wildling archers and Northern infantrymen stream in around him. The Bolton archers have no more cover and the wildlings are great shots. Bolton archers get a few Stark loyalists, including a hapless MORMONT INFANTRYMAN but the Bolton archers are not long for this world.

Tormund and Jon enter the courtyard.

As the wildlings clean up the Bolton archers, Tormund and Jon go to Wun-Wun, who is gasping, his lungs penetrated by arrows.

And from the far end of the courtyard, an arrow drills deep into Wun-Wun's eye, a foot from Jon's face.

Wun-Wun collapses to the dirt.

Jon and Tormund look to the source of the kill shot:

Ramsay Bolton, standing beneath the archway with its defaced direwolf relief. Bow in hand, quiver on his back.

Jon is wounded, exhausted. Only hate keeps him standing.

RAMSAY

You suggested one-on-one combat,  
didn't you? I've reconsidered. I  
think that sounds like a wonderful  
idea.

Jon takes an unsteady step toward Ramsay. Tormund speaks low:

TORMUND

Don't.

Jon doesn't hear him, or doesn't listen. He stoops to pick up the Mormont man's shield, and walks toward Ramsay.

Ramsay pulls an arrow, nocks, draws and shoots.

Jon catches the arrow with his shield. He lowers the shield and keeps walking, and gains focus as he goes.

(CONTINUED)

Ramsay pulls another arrow, more hurried this time. He nocks, draws, shoots.

Jon blocks; the arrow punches through the shield, its point an inch from Jon's face.

Jon keeps walking.

Ramsay is frantic now. He pulls the arrow. He fumbles the nock. He draws the bowstring--

And Jon's shield catches him upside the head, sending his shot wide and dropping him.

Jon stands over Ramsay and beats down on him with the shield, opening his forehead, breaking his nose, and his ribs.

Ramsay makes a feeble attempt to rise, but Jon is on top of him before he can, pummeling his head with fists and forearms. He has every intention of methodically beating Ramsay to death.

But Sansa, Littlefinger and Davos arrive through the broken gate. Hearing their horses, Jon turns to see them.

He doesn't care about Davos or Littlefinger in this moment. He only looks at Sansa.

She looks back at him, and at Ramsay.

Jon realizes that Ramsay is not his to kill.

He climbs off Ramsay, whose face is now a bloody mess, and rises to his feet.

Ramsay looks up at the blurry, silhouetted form of Jon, breathing heavily from the exertion of the beating, staring down at him.

Jon walks away, as Ramsay blacks out.

**EXT. WINTERFELL - DAY - LATER**

The Flayed Man banners come down. The Stark wolf's head flies over Winterfell once again.

Melisandre watches it happen from the covered walkway where Ned Stark once stood. Her prophecy, fulfilled. If only she'd been able to see the truth of it earlier.

Jon, the king she was meant to serve, confers with Tormund in the courtyard.

On ground level, some STARK MEN bring in Rickon's body. Sansa is with them.

(CONTINUED)

Jon steps over to Sansa and together they look at their dead brother.

**EXT. WINTERFELL ARCHWAY**

In the shadows of the archway, Davos watches Melisandre go. He's sitting on a truth so horrible he can barely bring himself to believe it. But he has the evidence in his hand: the charred wooden stag. He grips it tight, and walks away himself.

**EXT. WINTERFELL COURTYARD**

Jon turns to his men:

JON  
We're going to bury my brother in  
the crypt, next to my father.

They watch the men take Rickon's body away.

Sansa turns to Jon. Her mind is not on Rickon anymore.

SANSA  
Where is he?

**INT. KENNELS - NIGHT**

We're very close on Ramsay as he sits in the dark, his battered head lolling on his neck, covered in blood from his recent beating. We're tight enough and the room is dark enough that we can't tell where we are yet.

We widen out enough to see that he is strapped to a chair, tightly.

He comes to, opens his eyes. An image comes slowly into focus:

Sansa, standing several yards away, watching him behind a locked gate. She is lit by a single torch in a wall sconce beside her.

RAMSAY  
Ah. Sansa. Hello, Sansa.

His dogs whine in response to the sound of his voice, but we don't see them yet. We stay on Ramsay; in a painful daze, he realizes where he is: in the center of the kennel.

He doesn't pay the dogs any mind for the moment. He focuses on Sansa as best he can.

RAMSAY  
Is this where I'll be staying now?

Sansa does not react or respond. She just watches him.

RAMSAY

No. Our time together is about to  
come to an end.

(beat)

That's all right. You can't kill  
me. I'm a part of you now.

Sansa still says nothing.

His attempts to break her composure are a failure. She speaks  
with the calm of total certainty.

SANSA

Your words will disappear. Your  
house will disappear, your name  
will disappear. All memory of you  
will disappear.

We're looking at Ramsay head-on. As his own certainty gives  
way to doubt, we come around to his profile, and see one of  
his hounds sitting in his cage, watching Ramsay.

The kennel door is wide open.

Ramsay smiles at Sansa.

RAMSAY

My hounds will never harm me.

SANSA

You haven't fed them in seven days.  
You said it yourself.

All the kennel cages are open. Nine lean dogs crouch low and  
smiling, licking their chops, sniffing the air.

RAMSAY

They're loyal beasts.

SANSA

They were. Now they're starving.

The blood on Ramsay's face has not dried yet, not entirely.  
Some of it still glistens in the dim firelight.

The dog closest to Ramsay stands, pads from his cage and  
begins sniffing at his former master's bloody hands.

RAMSAY

Sit.

The dog does the opposite: he raises himself up on Ramsay's  
chair and starts sniffing at his face.

RAMSAY

Down.

(CONTINUED)

From deeper in the kennel, another dog emerges, and another.

RAMSAY

Down.

The dog on Ramsay licks some of the blood from Ramsay's face. It tastes better than anything the dog has ever tasted; saliva drips from his chops.

RAMSAY

Get down!

We move to a vantage deeper in the kennel, behind Ramsay, his back to us, the dog facing camera. We move toward Ramsay as the hound begins to lick his face with more and more ardor.

RAMSAY

No. No no no no, down down down...

We get closer to Ramsay. The hound is switching over. His lips draw back over his teeth. Low growl in his throat.

Other dogs trot from their open kennels, moving past the camera toward their long-awaited supper.

We move alongside Ramsay and the dog to pass them; they slide toward the edge of frame. We begin to lose focus on them just as the animal lunges and digs his teeth into Ramsay's face, and Ramsay screams...

And then we're past him, pushing toward Sansa.

Once she knows the end is nigh, she turns and walks away. We come around to stay with her face as she walks away, her head and body blocking our view of the carnage behind her.

Ramsay screams. His screams become wet wheezes as the dogs go to work on his throat. And through it all, we stay on Sansa, as she walks away from him forever, allowing herself the faintest possible smile.

**END OF EPISODE 609**