

IP SPEC SAMPLE - GAME OF THRONES
BY JAMES O'HARA

EXT. NORTH OF THE WALL - DAY

A black horse trudges through freshly fallen snow, its powerful legs pressing deep into the white.

The frame lifts -- revealing JON SNOW astride its back. Ten years older, a fuller beard, but the same mournful eyes scanning the frozen expanse ahead.

He's flanked by two rangers. A swarthy veteran named HAROD (50s), and RALFF (19), a young wiry high-born recruit. Both are clad in Night's Watch black.

At Jon's gesture, they halt, their eyes falling to fresh tracks in the snow leading into the nearby woods.

HAROD
Fresher here. I'd wager not half a
mile out.

JON SNOW
(nods)
Let's go.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

They ride single file into the woods, their pace slow beneath the trees. The air feels heavier here, the light darkening. They all feel the change. Are instinctively on guard.

Then, emerging into a clearing, they see him. One of their own. A BODY swaying from a tree. Three arrows buried deep, his tongue cut out...

As they take in the corpse, a MASSIVE WILDLING, built like an ox, emerges from the darkened treeline. Half a dozen WILDLING WARRIORS follow, stepping forth like shadows. A motley band in furs, armed with axes and bows.

Harod and Ralff both move to draw their swords, but Jon lifts a hand -- *not yet*.

He dismounts calmly, handing the reins to Harod, and steps forward to hail the leader, a wildling he recognizes as HAMM (30s).

JON SNOW

Greetings, Hamm. You're looking well fed, as ever.

HAMM

(to his crew)

I know this one. The famous Lord Crow himself.

(to Jon)

Greetings, Snow. What brings you crows so far in the cold north?

JON SNOW

We've tracked two deserters this way. Men of the Night's Watch. Once we have them, we'll gladly be on our way.

Hamm nods toward the dead man dangling from the tree.

HAMM

Aye, there's one. Didn't like his tone, so we gave him our justice. Saved you the trouble.

Hamm grins, revealing rotted teeth.

JON SNOW

(measured, careful)

And the other? We can offer payment in exchange.

HAMM

What will you give? Thought we might keep that one. The crow's pretty enough to tempt me.

The wildling band laughs as Jon reaches into his belt, pulls out a heavy pouch, and tosses it.

The bag of coin *thunks* onto the snowy ground, silencing the laughter.

Hamm looks appeased. He nods to his band.

HAMM (cont'd)

Go.

A couple of the wildlings dip behind the trees, only to reappear moments later dragging a PRISONER dressed in Night's Watch black. The prisoner (16) is ragged, bound, and recently beaten, the bruises fresh beneath a drawn hood.

One of the wildlings shoves the prisoner forward, hard, and they stumble, dropping to their knees in the snow. The force of the fall jarring the prisoner's hood back, slipping just enough to catch the curve of a jaw, a slender neck, a glimpse of youthful features beneath short dark hair.

The wildling sneers and leans in close, pressing a knife to the prisoner's throat. The prisoner flinches, tilting their face, as if instinctively trying to shrink from view.

Unseen by the others, Jon's gaze lingers -- recognition in his eyes, a flicker of understanding. He's seen what they haven't. That the prisoner is a GIRL.

For a long moment, the wildling's knife lingers at the girl's throat, then he pulls back, slipping the blade instead to the ropes binding her wrists. A quick slice, and the bindings fall away.

As the prisoner's hands drop free, Hamm's gaze shifts to Ralff.

The young ranger's knuckles have whitened, his grip tightening on the hilt of his sword.

HAMM

(to Ralff)

If you want to keep it, take your hand from the sword, boy.

Piqued, Ralff speaks out of turn.

RALFF

I'm no boy, and twice the fighter as any savage.

JON SNOW

Quiet!

HAMM

Watch who you call savage, boy.

(to Jon)

Are your crows so ragged you send children onto our land now, Snow?

JON SNOW

He doesn't mean anything by it.

(beat)

Go on. Take your coin, and we'll be on our way south. We needn't spill any more blood here.

Hamm looks at Jon for a long moment, then speaks without removing his gaze.

HAMM

Get the bag.

One of the wildlings steps forward, kneels, and opens the bag. His hand emerges, gripping a single gold coin.

He glances up at Hamm, who gives a curt nod.

The wildlings release the prisoner, and she staggers forward across the snow, her boots crunching through slush and mud.

Long seconds pass.

Then she's there, falling at Jon's feet, lifting her gaze to his, her face a mask of animal fear, a plea for mercy.

Jon looks down at her. At her beaten, dirty face. And then we see what Jon sees:

Amid the grime, her eyes. Cold. Depthless. A remote ICE BLUE. Something in them that isn't entirely human.