

Stefan and Martin talk in corner of City Council chambers

The room erupts with noisy objections and shouting. Stefan approaches his son's side. Martin stands stiff like a statue. Stefan grabs his neck and pulls him close.

WHISPERED CONVERSATION IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

Martin reluctantly wraps his arms around his father.

STEFAN

"My son. I have missed you. It has been so long."

MARTIN

"It has."

STEFAN

"Are you well?"

MARTIN

(sighing)

"I am tired of fighting."

STEFAN

"I've witnessed your exploits from the wall."

MARTIN

"Is Thomas, is Thomas all right?"

STEFAN

"Yes, he's fine."

Martin's tears begin to flow.

MARTIN

"I thought I, I thought I—"

Stefan remembers when the arrow struck Thomas' helmet.

STEFAN

"Was that you who sent that arrow that struck him in the head?"

MARTIN

"I didn't know it was him until it left my bow."

STEFAN

"He wasn't injured at all. The helmets you forged held up well against the arrows you made."

Martin grinned briefly, and then began to cry again.

STEFAN

"I'm so sorry you had to carry that for a whole year, not knowing if you'd killed your brother."

Stefan embraced his son again.

MARTIN

(weeping)

"Do you know where we used to catch crawfish by the river, under the rocks?"

Stefan nods.

"You'll find a sack of potatoes and a slab of goat jerky there."

STEFAN

"Oh, praise God. We're starving."

MARTIN

"Is everybody alive?"

STEFAN

"Your grandmother passed away soon after we ran out of food."

Martin tries in vain to suppress a sob.

MARTIN

"Please, stay off the wall. Keep my Thomas and Paulus off the wall."

STEFAN

"I cannot. Your sisters have been helping too. It keeps their mind off their hunger pangs."

MARTIN

"We WILL bring the wall down."

STEFAN

"We have counted the cost, son. I do not fear my death, nor the death of any of our loved ones - but you."