

FANTASTIC BEASTS
THE CRIMES OF
GRINDELWALD™

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 **EXT. NEW YORK, AMERICAN MINISTRY OF MAGIC - 1927 - NIGHT** 1

AERIAL SHOT: New York and MACUSA building.

2 **INT. MACUSA BASEMENT, BARE, BLACK-WALLED ROOM - NIGHT** 2

The long-haired, bearded GRINDELWALD sits motionless, magically fixed to a chair. The air shimmers, charged with spells.

ABERNATHY peers in at GRINDELWALD from the corridor.

A baby Chupacabra -- part lizard, part homunculus, a blood-sucking creature of the Americas -- is chained to GRINDELWALD'S chair.

3 **INT. MACUSA, CORRIDOR BETWEEN CELLS - SHORTLY AFTER - NIGHT** 3

PRESIDENT SERAPHINA PICQUERY and RUDOLPH SPIELMAN walk at pace toward an ominous-looking door past endless pairs of guards.

 SPIELMAN
 (Germanic)
 ...you'll be glad to be rid of him,
 I expect.

 PICQUERY
 We'd be more than happy to keep him
 here in custody.

 SPIELMAN
 Six months are enough. It's time
 for him to answer for his crimes in
 Europe.

As they reach the door, ABERNATHY turns and acknowledges them.

 ABERNATHY
 President Picquery, Mr. Spielman,
 sir. Prisoner is secured and ready
 to travel.

SPIELMAN and PICQUERY peer into the cell at GRINDELWALD.

 SPIELMAN
 You've thrown everything at him, I
 see.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

PICQUERY

It was necessary. He's extremely powerful. We've had to change his guard three times -- he's very... persuasive. So we removed his tongue.

4 **INT. MACUSA CELLS - NIGHT** 4

Cells resembling cages rise in tiers.

Prisoners chant and bang against the bars as the bound GRINDELWALD is transported upstairs, suspended magically in midair.

PRISONERS

Grindelwald! Grindelwald!

5 **EXT. MACUSA ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT** 5

A hearse-like black carriage, drawn by eight THESTRALS, waits.

AURORS 1 & 2 climb into the driver's seat, the rest force GRINDELWALD inside.

SPIELMAN

The wizarding community worldwide owes you a great debt, Madam President.

PICQUERY

Do not underestimate him.

ABERNATHY approaches them.

ABERNATHY

Mr. Spielman, we found his wand hidden away.

He hands over a black rectangular box.

PICQUERY

Abernathy?

ABERNATHY

And we found this.

He holds a vial of some glowing gold substance in the palm of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

SPIELMAN reaches for the vial, which hangs on a chain, and after a moment of hesitation, ABERNATHY releases it.

Inside the carriage, GRINDELWALD raises his eyes to the roof as the vial is passed to SPIELMAN.

SPIELMAN climbs into the carriage. AUROR 1 driving, AUROR 2 beside him. The door closes.

A series of padlocks emerges from the carriage doors. An ominous drumroll of clicks as padlocks fasten themselves in place.

AUROR 1

Yah!

The Thestrals take off.

The carriage plummets, then soars away through torrential rain. More AURORS follow on broomsticks.

A beat.

ABERNATHY steps forward, holding the Elder Wand. He looks up at the carriage, growing ever smaller. He *Disapparates*.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 6

The underside of the carriage.

ABERNATHY *Apparates*, clinging to the wheel shaft.

7 **INT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 7

SPIELMAN and GRINDELWALD sit, eyes locked, flanked by AURORS, all pointing their wands at GRINDELWALD.

GRINDELWALD'S wand box lies on SPIELMAN'S lap.

SPIELMAN holds up the vial, dangling from its chain.

SPIELMAN

No more silver tongue, eh?

But GRINDELWALD is transforming...

8 **EXT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 8

ABERNATHY adjusts his grip underneath the carriage.

His face too is changing. His hair is turning blond and lengthening... he is GRINDELWALD.

He raises the Elder Wand.

9 **INT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 9

GRINDELWALD'S rapid transformation into a tongueless ABERNATHY is almost complete.

SPIELMAN
(shocked)
Oh!

10 **EXT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 10

Now fully transformed, GRINDELWALD *Disapparates* from the underside of the carriage...

...and *Apparates* next to the driver's seat, where he is spotted by AURORS 1 & 2. GRINDELWALD points his wand at the carriage reins, turning the black ropes into living snakes that ensnare AUROR 1 so he falls from the carriage, back through the night sky, past the broomstick riders.

GRINDELWALD casts another spell so the black ropes of the reins bind AUROR 2 like a chrysalis, launching him forward in the air, then slingshotting him back to knock AURORS 3 & 4 from the rear of the Thestral-drawn carriage. They fall away into darkness.

11 **INT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 11

All wands reverse their direction to jab dangerously at the necks of SPIELMAN and the two remaining AURORS.

SPIELMAN watches as his wand melts into dust.

The carriage rocks dangerously, both doors open. As GRINDELWALD'S head appears at the window, the panicking SPIELMAN opens the wand box on his lap.

The Chupacabra leaps out and sinks its fangs deep into SPIELMAN'S neck. He wrestles it.

The vial falls to the floor.

12 **EXT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 12

GRINDELWALD drives the carriage down onto the Hudson River, chased by the AURORS on broomsticks.

The carriage wheels graze the surface of the water. The broomstick riders are catching up.

GRINDELWALD touches the Elder Wand to the river and at once the inside of the carriage begins to fill with water.

He lifts the carriage back up into the air.

13 **INT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 13

Submerged in the water, the two AURORS, SPIELMAN, and ABERNATHY hold their breath.

SPIELMAN attempts to grab the vial, which is floating loose in the water, but the Chupacabra blocks his path.

ABERNATHY, with hands still bound, manages to capture the vial in his mouth.

14 **EXT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 14

Still driving the carriage, GRINDELWALD swirls his wand in the air toward the surrounding storm clouds.

One by one, forks of lightning strike the broomstick riders, knocking each in turn from the sky.

15 **INT. THESTRAL-DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 15

GRINDELWALD appears at the door and nods to ABERNATHY. He throws the door open so the water pours out -- along with the two remaining AURORS.

GRINDELWALD clambers inside and retrieves the vial from ABERNATHY'S mouth by the chain, casting a spell that grants ABERNATHY a new forked tongue.

GRINDELWALD
You have joined a noble cause, my
friend.

GRINDELWALD rips the little Chupacabra off SPIELMAN. It rubs its bloody face affectionately against his hand.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

 GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
 I know. Okay. I know, Antonio.

He looks at it with distaste.

 GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
 So needy.

He then flings it through the door.

He blasts SPIELMAN magically through the open door, then
tosses a wand after him.

16 **EXT. SKY OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT** 16

As SPIELMAN falls, he manages to seize the wand and conjures
an invisible Slowing Charm.

Sinking slowly toward the sea, SPIELMAN watches his carriage
streaking away in the direction of Europe.

17 **EXT. OVERCAST LONDON, WHITEHALL - THREE MONTHS LATER -** 17
 AFTERNOON

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

A gloomy silence.

An owl flutters down into the Ministry.

18 **INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - AFTERNOON** 18

NEWT SCAMANDER sits alone in a dingy waiting area, staring
abstractedly into space.

After a moment, he feels something tugging on his wrist. He
looks down. Pickett, a Bowtruckle, is swinging on a loose
thread in his cuff.

The thread snaps. Pickett falls. NEWT'S button rolls away
down a corridor. NEWT and Pickett watch it go.

A beat.

Then both chase after it. NEWT just gets there first. As he
bends to pick it up, he finds himself confronted by a pair of
female feet.

 LETA (O.S.)
 They're ready for you, Newt.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He stands up. Face-to-face with LETA LESTRANGE, who is beautiful and smiling, NEWT stuffs the button and Pickett into his pocket.

NEWT

Leta... what are you doing here?

LETA

Theseus thought it would be good if I became part of the Ministry family.

NEWT

Did he actually say the words "*Ministry family*"?

She gives a little laugh. They head off along the corridor. Tension. A lot of history.

NEWT (CONT'D)

That sounds like my brother.

LETA

Theseus was disappointed you couldn't come to dinner. Any of the nights we asked you.

NEWT

Well, I've been busy.

LETA

He's your brother, Newt, he likes spending time with you. And so do I.

NEWT spots Pickett climbing onto his lapel and holds out the breast pocket of his coat.

NEWT

(to Pickett)

Oi, you! Hop in, Pick.

Pickett snuggles down.

LETA

(smiling)

Why do strange creatures love you so much?

NEWT

Well, there are no strange creatures --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

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NEWT (CONT'D)
-- only blinkered people.

LETA
-- only blinkered people.
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She is smiling again. NEWT reciprocates.

LETA (CONT'D)
How long did you get in detention
for saying that to Prendergast?

NEWT
You know, I think it was a month
that time.

LETA
And I set off a Dungbomb under his
desk so I could join you, do you
remember?

They have come within sight of scary, official doors leading to the meeting room.

THESEUS SCAMANDER emerges.

NEWT
No, I actually don't remember that.

Rebuffed, she comes to a halt.

NEWT walks away toward THESEUS, who is very like NEWT, but more outgoing, easier in manner.

THESEUS winks at LETA before turning to NEWT.

THESEUS
Hello.

LETA
Theseus. We were just talking about
Newt coming for dinner.

THESEUS	NEWT
Really? Well... Look, before we go in there I --	-- It's my fifth attempt, Theseus. I know the form.

THESEUS (CONT'D)
This isn't going to be like the
other times. This is... Just try
and keep an open mind, will you?
And maybe a little less --

A wordless gesture indicates Pickett, NEWT'S blue coat, and his messy hair.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3) 18

 NEWT
 -- like me?

 THESEUS
 (not without affection)
 Well, it can't hurt. Come on, let's
 go.

19 INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC, HEARING ROOM - AFTERNOON 19

NEWT and THESEUS enter the room, where TORQUIL TRAVERS
(harsh, mean-spirited), ARNOLD GUZMAN (American), and RUDOLPH
SPIELMAN (who is still bruised from GRINDELWALD'S escape, the
bloody bite visible on his neck) are already sitting.

Two empty chairs, which NEWT and THESEUS take.

The corners of the room are in darkness.

 TRAVERS
 Hearing commences.

THE QUILL begins to write.

TRAVERS opens a file in front of him, which contains pictures
of NEWT'S "Wanted" pictures and of the post-Obscurial
devastation in New York.

 TRAVERS (CONT'D)
 You want an end to the ban on your
 traveling internationally. Why?

 NEWT
 Because I like to travel
 internationally.

 SPIELMAN
 (reading from his own
 file)
 *"Subject uncooperative and evasive
 on reasons for last international
 trip."*

All look at NEWT, waiting.

 NEWT
 It was a field trip. I was
 collecting material for my book on
 magical beasts --

 TRAVERS
 You destroyed half of New York.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

 NEWT

 No, that's actually factually
 incorrect on two counts --

 THESEUS

 (quiet but stern)

 Newt!

NEWT stops, frowns.

 GUZMAN

 Mr. Scamander, it's clear you're
 frustrated and, frankly, so are we.
 In the spirit of compromise, we'd
 like to make a proposition.

NEWT glances at THESEUS warily.

THESEUS nods: *Listen*.

 NEWT

 What kind of proposition?

 TRAVERS

 The committee will agree to lift
 your travel ban under one
 condition.

NEWT waits.

SPIELMAN leans forward.

 SPIELMAN

 You join the Ministry.
 Specifically, your brother's
 department.

NEWT digests this, then:

 NEWT

 No, I -- that isn't my kind of --
 Theseus is the Auror. I think my
 talents lie elsewhere --

 GUZMAN

 Mr. Scamander. The wizarding and
 non-wizarding worlds have been at
 peace for over a century.
 Grindelwald wants to see that peace
 destroyed, and for certain members
 of our community his message is
 very seductive.

 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

 GUZMAN (CONT'D)

Many purebloods believe it is their birthright to rule not only our world but the non-magic world as well. They see Grindelwald as their hero, and Grindelwald sees this boy as a means to make this all come true.

Hearing this, NEWT frowns, watching as CREDENCE'S face emerges in the surface of the table.

 NEWT

I'm sorry. You're talking about Credence as if he were still here.

 THESEUS

He survived, Newt.

NEWT stops cold, his eyes fixed on THESEUS.

THESEUS nods.

 THESEUS (CONT'D)

He's still alive. He left New York months ago. He's somewhere in Europe. Where exactly, we don't know, but --

 NEWT

And you want me to hunt Credence down? To kill him?

Out of the shadows in the corner comes deep, nasty laughter.

 GRIMMSON

Same old Scamander.

NEWT reacts to the sound of the voice. GRIMMSON moves into the light.

Scarred, brutal, he is a beast hunter for hire.

 NEWT

(furious)

What's he doing here?

 GRIMMSON

Taking on the job you're too soft to do.

GRIMMSON walks toward them while the ghostly image of CREDENCE shimmers on the enchanted surface of the table.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3) 19

 GRIMMSON (CONT'D)
 (re: CREDENCE)
 Is that it?

NEWT rises furiously, storms toward the door.

 TRAVERS
 (calling after him)
 Travel documentation denied!

THESEUS stares at the door as it closes.

The committee looks unsurprised, turns their gazes to the smirking GRIMMSON.

20 **INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC, CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON** 20

THESEUS chases after NEWT.

 THESEUS
 Newt!

NEWT stops. Turns.

 THESEUS (CONT'D)
 (testy)
 You think I like the idea of
 Grimmson any more than you do?

 NEWT
 Listen, I don't want to hear how
 the ends justify the means,
 Theseus.

 THESEUS
 I think you're gonna have to pull
 your head out of the sand!

 NEWT
 (exasperated)
 Okay, right, here we go. What a
 selfish... irresponsible...

 THESEUS
 You know, the time is coming when
 everyone's going to have to pick a
 side. Even you.

 NEWT
 I don't do sides.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

THESEUS

Newt...

He turns to go, but THESEUS runs after him, grabs his arm to hold him back.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

(pulling him in for a hug)

C'mere.

NEWT doesn't reciprocate but doesn't fight him off either.

THESEUS (CONT'D)

(in NEWT'S ear)

They're watching you.

21 **INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC, HEARING ROOM - AFTERNOON** 21

GRIMMSON is sitting in what was NEWT'S seat, facing the committee.

GRIMMSON

Well, gentlemen. I assume this means I have the job.

22 **EXT. SKYLINE OF UPMARKET QUARTER OF PARIS - AFTERNOON** 22

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

23 **EXT. ELEGANT STREET OF 19TH - CENTURY PARISIAN HOUSES - AFTERNOON** 23

GRINDELWALD and ACOLYTES stand in the street. GRINDELWALD points his cane at a particularly fine house.

A clatter announces the arrival of a horse-drawn hearse. NAGEL, KRALL, CARROW, ABERNATHY, KRAFFT, ROSIER (female), and MACDUFF approach the front door. KRALL opens it with his wand. The ACOLYTES enter.

PARISIAN MAN (O.S.)

(in French)

Chérie?

PARISIAN WOMAN (O.S.)

(worried, in French)

Qui est là?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

GRINDELWALD looks around the street, calm, waiting, tapping on the pavement with his cane.

We see a green flash—the Killing Curse. The door reopens. Two black coffins exit.

GRINDELWALD watches as NAGEL and KRAFFT load the coffins onto the carriage.

24 INT. GRINDELWALD'S HIDEOUT, DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON 24

GRINDELWALD surveys the elegant clutter left by the haute bourgeois family he has just murdered.

GRINDELWALD
Yes. This will be suitable after a
thorough cleanse.
(to NAGEL)
I want you to go to the circus now.
Give my note to Credence, begin his
journey.

NAGEL nods and leaves.

ROSIER
When we've won, they'll flee cities
in the millions. They've had their
time.

GRINDELWALD
We don't say such things out loud.
We want only freedom. Freedom to be
ourselves.

ROSIER
To annihilate non-wizards.

GRINDELWALD
Not all of them. Not all. We're not
merciless. The beast of burden will
always be necessary.

We hear the sound of a CHILD close at hand.

25 INT. GRINDELWALD'S HIDEOUT, NURSERY - AFTERNOON 25

GRINDELWALD enters. A small child looks up, puzzled.

GRINDELWALD contemplates him for a moment, then nods at CARROW and turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

WE SEE: ANOTHER GREEN FLASH as GRINDELWALD closes the door.

26 EXT. LONDON BACK STREET - EVENING 26

NEWT *Apparates* and walks on briskly beneath an increasingly stormy sky. Seconds later, STEBBINS, an Auror, *Apparates* some yards behind him. They have been playing this game for an hour.

NEWT turns a corner into a darker alleyway, peers back around the corner, and points his wand back at STEBBINS.

NEWT
(sotto voce)
Ventus.

STEBBINS is immediately caught in a hurricane for one. To the confusion and amusement of passing Muggles, his hat flies away, he is almost knocked off his feet, and cannot proceed.

Smiling slightly, NEWT withdraws his head, still leaning against the wall of the dark alleyway, to find a single black glove hanging in the air in front of him. He looks at it, expressionless. It gives a little wave, then points into the far distance.

NEWT looks to where it is pointing. High on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, a tiny human figure raises its arm.

NEWT looks back at the glove, *which makes as though to shake hands.*

NEWT takes it, and he and the glove *Disapparate* --

27 EXT. DOME OF ST. PAUL'S - EVENING 27

-- Apparating beside a dandyesque forty-five-year-old wizard with graying auburn hair and beard.

NEWT hands back his glove.

NEWT
Dumbledore.
(amused)
Were the less conspicuous rooftops
full, then?

DUMBLEDORE
(looking out over city)
I do enjoy a view. Nebulus.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

A swirling fog descends over London.

28 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - EVENING

DUMBLEDORE and NEWT *Apparate* and walk on past the great stone Landseer lions. The darkening sky is becoming increasingly ominous.

DUMBLEDORE

NEWT

DUMBLEDORE

NEWT

A beat.

NEWT (CONT'D)

DUMBLEDORE

NEWT

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DUMBLEDORE

It's an address of a very old
acquaintance of mine. A safe house
in Paris, reinforced with
enchancements.

NEWT

Safe house? Why would I need a safe
house in Paris?

DUMBLEDORE

One hopes you won't, but should
things at some point go terribly
wrong, it's good to have a place to
go. You know, for a cup of tea.

NEWT

No, no, no—absolutely not.

30 **EXT. LAMBETH BRIDGE - NIGHT**

30

They Apparate onto a bridge.

NEWT

I'm banned from international
travel, Dumbledore. If I leave the
country, they will put me in
Azkaban and throw away the key.

DUMBLEDORE stops.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you know why I admire you, Newt?
More, perhaps, than any man I know?
(off NEWT'S surprise)
You don't seek power or popularity.
You simply ask, is the thing right
in itself? If it is, then I must do
it, no matter the cost.

He walks on.

NEWT

That's all very well, Dumbledore,
but, forgive me for asking, why
can't you go?

They stop.

DUMBLEDORE

I can't move against Grindelwald.
It has to be you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, I don't blame you, in your shoes I'd probably refuse too. It's late. Good evening, Newt.

DUMBLEDORE *Disapparates.*

NEWT

Oh c'mon!

DUMBLEDORE'S empty glove reappears and tucks the business card bearing the address of the safe house into NEWT'S top pocket.

NEWT (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

Dumbledore.

31 EXT. NEWT'S STREET - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A street of ordinary yellow brick Victorian houses. First specks of rain.

NEWT walks swiftly up the front steps but pauses just outside the front door. The light in his sitting room is flashing on and off.

32 INT. NEWT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

NEWT opens the front door cautiously.

Inside, a baby Niffler is swinging from the brass cord of a table lamp, causing the light to flicker on and off.

The baby Niffler succeeds in stealing the brass cord before spotting NEWT. It scampers away, knocking all manner of objects to the floor.

NEWT spots a second baby Niffler sitting on a set of weighing scales, pinned down by gold-colored weights it is clearly attempting to steal.

As the first baby makes it to the dining table, NEWT lightly drops a saucepan on top of it, which continues moving across the table.

NEWT tosses an apple into the opposite weighing scale, sending the baby Niffler flying into the air. NEWT catches both baby Nifflers as they fall, then tucks them into his pockets.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Satisfied, NEWT heads toward the door to his basement but turns at the last moment to see a third escaped baby Niffler climbing onto a bottle of champagne on the counter.

With a sense of inevitability, the champagne bottle pops and the baby Niffler zooms toward NEWT on top of the cork, soaring past him and down the stairs to the basement.

33 INT. NEWT'S BASEMENT MENAGERIE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

33

A gigantic hospital for magical creatures.

NEWT
Bunty! Bunty! Bunty, the baby
Nifflers are loose again!
(to the Nifflers)
Oi! Oh.

BUNTY, NEWT'S assistant, hurries into view. She is a plain girl, crazy about creatures, hopelessly in love with NEWT. She peels off the Nifflers with freshly bandaged fingers.

She tempts the last baby Niffler -- the champagne cork rider -- with a gold necklace, then tucks all three into a nest full of sparkling objects.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Well done.

BUNTY
I'm so sorry, Newt, they must have
picked the lock while I was
cleaning out the Augureys --

NEWT
Not to worry.

NEWT and BUNTY walk together among the enclosures.

BUNTY
 Hmm... I've fed nearly everyone, Pinky's had his nose drops, and --

NEWT (CONT'D)
 -- And Elsie?

BUNTY (CONT'D)
Elsie's droppings are nearly normal
again.

NEWT
Wonderful. You can clock off now --
(seeing her fingers)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

 NEWT (CONT'D)

 I told you to leave the Kelpie to
 me.

 BUNTY

 That wound needs more ointment—

 NEWT

 I don't want you losing fingers
 over it.

NEWT marches toward a patch of black water, BUNTY trotting in
his wake, awash with emotion at his concern for her.

 NEWT (CONT'D)

 Seriously, you go home now, Bunty.
 You must be exhausted.

 BUNTY

 You know the Kelpie's easier with
 two.

They approach the water.

NEWT unhooks a bridle hanging beside the pond.

 BUNTY (CONT'D)

 (hopeful)

 Perhaps you should take off your
 shirt?

 NEWT

 (oblivious)

 Don't worry, I'll dry off quickly
 enough.

NEWT smiles and jumps backward into the water. The Kelpie
erupts: a gigantic, semi-spectral horse intent on drowning
NEWT, who grabs it around the neck and manages to scramble
onto its back as it thrashes.

The Kelpie dives, taking NEWT with it. BUNTY waits,
frightened.

WHOOSH - NEWT bursts back out of the water and the Kelpie is
bridled. Now docile, it shakes its mane.

BUNTY transfixed by the sight of NEWT in his wet shirt.

 NEWT (CONT'D)

 Someone needed to let off some
 steam. Ointment, Bunty?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

She hands it over. Still mounted, NEWT applies ointment to a wound on the Kelpie's neck.

 NEWT (CONT'D)
 Bite Bunty again and there'll be
 trouble, mister.

As he dismounts, there is a crash from overhead. Both he and BUNTY look up.

 BUNTY
 (scared)
 What was that?

 NEWT
 I don't know. But I want you to go
 home now, Bunty.

 BUNTY
 Shall I call the Ministry?

 NEWT
 No, I want you to go home. Please.

34 **INT. NEWT'S STAIRCASE - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT** 34

NEWT climbs the stairs to his living quarters, wand drawn, curious and expecting the worst.

He pushes open the door.

35 **INT. NEWT'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT** 35

A spartan bachelor residence. NEWT'S real life is in the basement.

JACOB KOWALSKI and QUEENIE GOLDSTEIN stand in the middle of the room, suitcases beside them, QUEENIE nervous and excited, JACOB unfocused and over-merry, possibly drunk. He is holding the remaining pieces of NEWT'S vase, which he has just broken.

 QUEENIE
 If you could just give it to me...
 Just give it to me, sweetie. Just
 give it to me.
 (whispering)
 If you could just give this to me,
 sweetheart. Oh!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JACOB
(looking at NEWT)
He doesn't care. Hold it.

NEWT
St --
JACOB (CONT'D)
(bellows)
HEY! NEWT! Get over here, you
maniac.

He flings his arms around a delighted but awkward NEWT.

QUEENIE
We hope you don't mind, Newt? We
let ourselves in -- it's raining
out there -- cats and dogs!
London's cold!

NEWT
(to JACOB)
But you were supposed to have been
Obliviated!

JACOB
I know!

NEWT
So... But...

JACOB
It didn't work, pal. I mean, you
said it, the potion only erases bad
memories. I didn't have any. I
mean, don't get me wrong, I had
some weird ones. But this angel...
this angel over here, she filled me
in on all the bad parts, and here
we are, I guess, huh?

NEWT
(overjoyed)
This is wonderful!

He looks around, sure that TINA is here too.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Is... Tina? Tina?

QUEENIE
Oh it's just us, honey. Me and
Jacob.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

NEWT

Oh.

QUEENIE

(uncomfortable)

Why don't I make us some dinner,
huh?

JACOB

Yes!

36 **INT. NEWT'S SITTING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER - NIGHT** 36

The threesome sit at a table bearing NEWT'S mismatched
crockery, the atmosphere tainted by TINA'S absence.

QUEENIE'S case lies open on the sofa.

QUEENIE

Tina and I aren't talking.

NEWT

Why?

JACOB'S POV: pink and hazy, as though happily drunk.

QUEENIE

Oh well, you know, she found out
about Jacob and I seeing each other
and she didn't like it, 'cause of
the "law."

(miming quotation marks)

Not allowed to date No-Majs, not
allowed to marry them. Blah, blah,
blah. Well, she was all in a tizzy
anyway, 'cause of you.

NEWT

Me?

QUEENIE

Yeah, you, Newt. It was in
Spellbound. Here -- I brought it
for you --

She points her wand at her suitcase. A celebrity magazine
zooms to her:

"Spellbound: Celebrity Secrets and Spell Tips of the Stars!"

On the cover, an idealized NEWT and an improbably beaming
Niffler:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

"BEAST TAMER NEWT TO WED!"

QUEENIE opens the magazine:

THESEUS, LETA, NEWT, and BUNTY stand side by side at his book launch.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
(showing him)
"Newt Scamander with fiancée, Leta
Lestrange; brother, Theseus; and
unknown woman."

NEWT
No. Theseus is marrying Leta, not
me.

QUEENIE
Oh! Oh dear... well, see, Teen read
that, and she started dating
someone else. He's an Auror. His
name's Achilles Tolliver.

A silence. Then, NEWT starts to notice JACOB'S state:

Eating sloppily, he hums to himself, then tries to drink the
salt. QUEENIE takes it and puts his glass in his hand, trying
to cover.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Anyway... We're real excited to be
here, Newt. This is a -- well, it's
a special trip for us. You see,
Jacob and I, we're getting married.

She shows him her engagement ring. JACOB tries to toast the
moment and pours beer all over his ear.

JACOB
I'm marrying Jacob!

Now sure he knows what's going on, NEWT glares at QUEENIE.

NEWT (V.O.)
(speaking telepathically)
You've enchanted him, haven't you?

QUEENIE
(reading his mind)
What? I have not.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

 NEWT
Will you stop reading my mind?
 (speaking telepathically)
*Queenie, you've brought him here
against his will.*

 QUEENIE
Oh, that is an outrageous
accusation. Look at him. He's just
happy. He's so happy!

 NEWT
 (drawing his wand)
Then you won't mind if I --

QUEENIE jumps up and tries to shield JACOB from him.

 QUEENIE
Please don't!

 NEWT
*Queenie, you've got nothing to fear
if he wants to get married. We can
just lift the enchantment and he
can tell us himself.*

Several painful moments pass.

At last she moves aside.

 JACOB
What you got there? Whatchu gonna
do? Whatchu gonna do with that, Mr.
Scamander?

 NEWT
Surgito.

JACOB reacts as though to a bucket of cold water. He comes
back to himself and takes in his surroundings. He looks at
NEWT.

 NEWT (CONT'D)
Congratulations on your engagement,
Jacob.

 JACOB
Wait, what?

NEWT looks at QUEENIE.

 JACOB (CONT'D)
Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3) 36

He realizes he has been taken against his will.

Slowly, he gets to his feet to face QUEENIE.

She reads his mind. With a sob, she runs to close her case (several small objects, including a lipstick and a fragment of torn postcard, fall out) and flees the apartment.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Queenie!

(turning to NEWT)

It's very nice to see you. Where the hell am I right now?

NEWT

Uh, uh, London.

JACOB

(frustrated)

Oh! I always wanted to go here!

(angry)

Queenie!

He runs after her.

37 **EXT. NEWT'S STREET - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT** 37

QUEENIE dashes out of NEWT'S house and off up the street, crying.

JACOB runs after her, livid.

JACOB

Queen, honey. Well, I'm just curious, when were you going to wake me up? After we'd had five kids?

QUEENIE turns to confront JACOB.

QUEENIE

Why is it wrong to want to marry you?

JACOB

Okay --

QUEENIE

To wanna have a family? I just want what everyone else has, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

JACOB

Okay, wait. We talked about this,
like, a million times. If we get
married and they find out, they're
gonna throw you in jail,
sweetheart. I can't have that. They
don't like people like me marrying
people like you. I ain't a wizard.
I'm just me.

QUEENIE

They're really progressive here,
and they'll let us get married
properly.

QUEENIE gestures to the street.

JACOB

Sweetheart, you don't need to
enchant me. I'm already enchanted!
I love you so much.

QUEENIE

Yeah?

JACOB

Yeah. But I can't have you risking
everything like this, you know?
You're not giving us a choice,
sweetheart.

QUEENIE

You're not givin' me a choice. One
of us had to be brave, and you were
being a coward!

JACOB

I was being a coward? If I'm a
coward, you're a --

She reads his mind.

QUEENIE

-- crazy!

She reacts. He knows she "heard" him.

JACOB

I didn't say it...

QUEENIE

You didn't have to.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

JACOB
No, I didn't mean it, sweetheart.

QUEENIE
Yeah, you did.

JACOB
No.

QUEENIE
I'm gonna go see my sister.

JACOB
Fine. See your sister.

QUEENIE
Fine.

QUEENIE *Disapparates.*

JACOB
No, wait! No! Queenie! I didn't
mean it. I didn't say nothing.

But he is alone in the street.

38 **INT. NEWT'S HOUSE - SHORTLY AFTER - NIGHT** 38

NEWT'S miserable gaze falls on the piece of postcard.
He crosses to pick it up, then points his wand at it.

NEWT
Papyrus Reparo.

It reconstitutes into a whole.

We see a picture of Paris. Postcard text becomes visible
onscreen.

TINA (V.O.)
*My dear Queenie,
What a beautiful city.
I'm thinking of you,
Tina X*

39 **INT. NEWT'S BASEMENT MENAGERIE - NIGHT** 39

CLOSE ON: JACOB as he enters, pushes open the door, stares
around. Soaked through, he has been searching the streets for
an hour.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

NEWT is nowhere to be seen.

JACOB
Hey, Newt?

NEWT (O.S.)
Down here, Jacob. I'll be with you
in a second.

JACOB starts peering into the enclosure. By the patch of dark water where the Kelpie lives, NEWT has placed a sign for BUNTY:

BUNTY, DON'T TOUCH UNTIL I GET BACK.

He walks on.

An Augurey caws mournfully at JACOB as he walks past.

JACOB
I got my own problems.

NEWT (O.S.)
No, no, no. Back in, please. Right,
wait, wait, wait, wait.

A sign on the Augurey cage reads:

BUNTY - DON'T FORGET TO GIVE PATRICK PELLETS.

JACOB hears movement and changes direction, passing a snoozing griffin with a bandaged beak:

BUNTY: CHANGE DRESSING DAILY.

NEWT'S case sits beside the Niffler enclosure. On the inside of the lid is a large moving picture of TINA he has torn out of a newspaper.

NEWT comes round the corner wearing his coat.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Queenie left a postcard. Tina's in
Paris looking for Credence.

JACOB
Genius. Queenie's gonna go straight
for Tina.
(elated)
Okay, we're going to France, pal!
Hold on. I'll get my jacket.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

NEWT
I've got it.

NEWT has already pointed his wand at the ceiling.

JACOB'S coat, hat, and case drop onto the floor in front of him.

JACOB is blasted with warm magical air, which dries his rain-soaked clothes.

JACOB
(impressed)
Oh. Beautiful.

They leave. We close in on the note that has appeared:

BUNTY, GONE TO PARIS. HAVE TAKEN NIFFLERS WITH ME. NEWT.

40 **EXT. PARIS, PLACE CACHÉE - NIGHT** 40

A clear, starry night.

TINA GOLDSTEIN, reinstated Auror on a mission of her own, more elegant and confident than in New York but carrying private sadness, walks toward the bronzed statue of a robed woman set on a tall stone base, where witches and wizards dressed as Muggles are vanishing.

41 **EXT. PLACE CACHÉE, CIRCUS ARCANUS - NIGHT** 41

Music, laughter, and conversation erupt around her.

The circus is now in full swing. A banner declares:

CIRCUS ARCANUS: FREAKS AND ODDITIES!

Several tents, a big top in the middle.

TINA walks past the street performers working in the open, scrutinizing them.

A HALF-TROLL performs feats of strength.

A few misshapen and particularly downtrodden humanoids -- UNDERBEINGS without powers but of magical ancestry -- shuffle around, taking money from the crowd.

Horns hidden beneath hats, unusual eyes beneath hoods; HALF-ELVES and HALF-GOBLINS juggle and tumble.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

A magnificent Chinese Zouwu, a giant catlike creature with a long, plumed tail, is imprisoned in a cage. Fireworks burst overhead.

42 INT. CIRCUS ARCANUS, FREAKS' TENT - EVENING 42

NAGINI is kneeling at a trunk, stroking her circus dress. She must perform shortly.

CREDENCE hurries to her.

CREDENCE
(whispers)
Nagini!

She turns.

Credence. NAGINI

He hands her the note. She scans it, frowns.

CREDENCE
(whispers)
I think I know where she is.

NAGINI looks up, meets his eyes.

CREDENCE (CONT'D)
We escape tonight.

SKENDER comes into NAGINI'S tent.

SKENDER
Hey, I've told you to stay away
from her, boy -- did I say you
could take a break? Clean out the
Kappa.

SKENDER closes the curtain between CREDENCE and NAGINI.

SKENDER (CONT'D)
(to NAGINI)
And you, get ready!

CREDENCE turns and looks up to a cage full of Firedrakes.

43 INT. CIRCUS ARCANUS, BIG TOP - NIGHT 43

SKENDER is standing beside the circular platform/cage in the middle of a crowd, many of whom are drunk.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

 SKENDER

Next in our little show of freaks
and oddities, I present to you -- a
Maledictus!

He whips open the curtains. There stands NAGINI in a
snakeskin dress.

Men in the crowd whistle and jeer.

 SKENDER (CONT'D)

Once trapped in the jungles of
Indonesia, she is the carrier of a
blood curse. Such Underbeings are
destined, through the course of
their lives, to turn permanently
into beasts.

TINA makes her way around the back of the crowd, looking for
CREDENCE.

Elsewhere in the tent, an elegant, suited French African,
YUSUF KAMA, is scanning the crowd rather than watching
SKENDER. There is a black feather in the band of his fedora.

 SKENDER (CONT'D)

But look at her. So beautiful, yes?
So desirable... but soon she will
be trapped forever in a very
different body. Every night, when
she sleeps... mesdames et
messieurs... she is forced to
become --

Nothing happens. The crowd jeers at SKENDER.

NAGINI looks at SKENDER, a look of hatred.

 SKENDER (CONT'D)

She is forced to become...

CREDENCE'S and NAGINI'S eyes meet across the big top.

ANGLE ON: TINA, who has spotted CREDENCE. She starts to edge
toward him, trying not to attract attention.

ANGLE ON: KAMA, who does the same.

 SKENDER (CONT'D)

She is forced to become . . .

SKENDER whips the bars.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

NAGINI closes her eyes. Slowly, she melts into coils.

SKENDER (CONT'D)
Over time, she will not be able to
transform back. She will be forever
trapped in the body of a snake.

NAGINI suddenly strikes at SKENDER through the bars and
utters a cry in Parseltongue. SKENDER crumples, bleeding.

At the back of the tent, CREDENCE smashes open the
Firedrakes' cage and they soar to freedom like fireworks.

The big top catches fire -- screams, panic, the crowd falls
over one another to reach the exit --

44 **EXT. CIRCUS ARCANUS, BIG TOP - NIGHT** 44

The big top is on fire.

Firedrakes weave patterns in the sky above it, trailing
showers of sparks. The fire has terrified and enraged the
creatures. A hippogriff is rearing and plunging while its
handlers try to control it.

Everywhere performers are packing up, fast, elves shutting
themselves into boxes, which fold smaller and smaller.

TINA Apparates and, with a flick of her wand, puts out the
fire.

The Zouwu crate is on fire and shaking perilously. The
creature within roars and howls.

The Zouwu explodes out of it: a monstrous cat the size of an
elephant, five-colored, with a tail as long as a python. It
has been horrendously abused: Scars across its face, it is
malnourished, limping, and now driven to a frenzy of terror.

TINA spots CREDENCE in the distance.

TINA
Credence!

The Zouwu hobbles as fast as it can, away into the darkness.

SKENDER knows there is no catching it now. He runs to
galvanize his workers.

SKENDER
Pack it up! Paris is done for us
now.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

SKENDER points his wand at the tent, shrinks it to the size of a handkerchief, and pockets it.

 TINA
 (approaching SKENDER)
The boy with the Maledictus, what
do you know about him?

 SKENDER
 (contemptuous)
He's looking for his mother. All my
freaks think they can go home.
Okay, let's go.

He leaps up onto a carriage and, as the crates and boxes are all magically reduced to a few cases, clatters away into the night.

TINA is left on her own in what seems for a moment to be a deserted square.

Then she realizes that KAMA is standing behind her.

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. PARISIAN CAFÉ - NIGHT** 45

TINA and KAMA sit together at an outside table. TINA is suspicious of KAMA.

 TINA
I think we were both at the circus
for the same reason, monsieur... ?

 KAMA
Kama. Yusuf Kama. And you think
right.

 TINA
What do you want with Credence?

 KAMA
The same as you.

 TINA
Which is?

 KAMA
To prove who the boy really is. If
the rumors of his identity are
correct, he and I are - distantly -
related.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

 KAMA (CONT'D)
I am the last male of my pure-
blooded line... and so, if the
rumors are correct, is he.

KAMA takes The Predictions of Tycho Dodonus out of his pocket
and holds it tantalizingly before her.

 KAMA (CONT'D)
You have read The Predictions of
Tycho Dodonus?

 TINA
Yes. But that's poetry, not proof.

 KAMA
If I could show you something
better -- more concrete --
something that proves who he is -
would the Ministries of Europe and
America let him live?

A beat.

 TINA
They might.

 KAMA
 (he nods)
Then come.

He gets up and TINA follows.

46 **INT. GRINDELWALD'S HIDEOUT, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

46

GRINDELWALD exhales vapor from a glowing skull-shaped hookah.

His ACOLYTES watch as the smoke forms a vision of the
Obscurus, a swirl of black and flashing red, then resolves
into an image of CRENDENCE.

All look excited, except KRALL, who is sulky.

 GRINDELWALD
So... Credence Barebone. Nearly
destroyed by the woman who raised
him. Yet now he seeks the mother
who bore him. He's desperate for
family. He's desperate for love.
He's the key to our victory.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

 KRALL

Well, we know where the boy is,
don't we? Why don't we grab him and
leave!

 GRINDELWALD

 (to KRALL)

He must come to me freely -- and he
will.

GRINDELWALD returns his gaze to the vision of CREDENCE
suspended in the center of the drawing room.

 GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)

The path has been laid, and he is
following it. The trail that will
lead him to me, and the strange and
glorious truth of who he is.

 KRALL

Why is he so important?

GRINDELWALD walks to face KRALL.

 GRINDELWALD

Who represents the greatest threat
to our cause?

 KRALL

Albus Dumbledore.

 GRINDELWALD

If I asked you now to go to the
school where he is hiding and kill
him for me, would you do it for me,
Krall?

 (smiles)

Credence is the only entity
alive... who can kill him.

 KRALL

You really think that he can kill
the great -- can kill Albus
Dumbledore?

 GRINDELWALD

 (whispers)

I know he can. But will you be with
us when that happens, Krall? Will
you?

47 **EXT. WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER--DAWN**

47

NEWT and JACOB are walking with cases toward Beachy Head.

Pickett pokes his head out of NEWT'S breast pocket and yawns.

 NEWT
Jacob, that man Tina's been
seeing --

 JACOB
Don't worry! She's gonna see
you and she'll see the four
of us together, it'll be just
like New York all over again.
Don't worry about it.

 NEWT (CONT'D)
Yes, but he's an Auror, Queenie
said?

 JACOB
Yeah, he's an Auror. So what? Don't
worry about him.

A beat.

They walk.

 NEWT
What d'you think I should say to
her, if I see her?

 JACOB
Oh, well, it's best not to plan
these things. You know, you just
say whatever comes to you in the
moment.

A beat.

They walk.

 NEWT
 (reminiscently)
She has eyes just like a
salamander.

 JACOB
Don't say that.

A beat.

JACOB decides NEWT needs help.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

JACOB (CONT'D)

Nah, look, you just tell her that you missed her. Right, and then you came all the way to Paris to find her. She'll love that. And then, tell her you're losing sleep at night for thinking of her. Just don't say anything about no salamanders, all right?

NEWT

Right. Okay.

JACOB

Hey, hey, hey. It's gonna be all right. We're in this together, pal. Okay, I'm gonna help you out. I'm gonna help you find Tina, find Queenie, and we'll all be happy again. Just like old times.

He spots a slightly sinister figure on the edge of the cliff: all black, tattered robes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Who is this guy?

NEWT

He's the only way I can leave the country without documentation. Now, you don't suffer from motion sickness, do you?

JACOB

I don't do well on boats, Newt.

A beat.

NEWT

You'll be fine.

PORTKEY TOUT

Stir your stumps -- it leaves in one minute!

Confused, JACOB looks around for the conveyance, ignoring the rusty bucket on the ground.

PORTKEY TOUT (CONT'D)

Fifty Galleons.

NEWT

No, we said thirty.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

PORTKEY TOUT
Thirty to go to France, twenty not
to tell anyone I seen Newt
Scamander leaving the country
illegally.

Angry, NEWT pays up.

PORTKEY TOUT (CONT'D)
Price of fame, pal.
(checks watch)
Ten seconds.

NEWT picks up the bucket and holds out his hand to JACOB.

NEWT
(to JACOB)
Jacob.

JACOB
ARGH!

They are pulled away into thin air.

CUT TO:

48 **EXT. PLACE CACHÉE - DAY**

48

NEWT and JACOB peer around the corner.

A French POLICEMAN is standing in front of the statue of the
robed woman.

JACOB is pale, sweaty, and still clutching the bucket, which
has come in handy.

JACOB
I didn't like that Portkey, Newt.

NEWT
(absently)
So you keep saying. Follow me.

NEWT points his wand at the POLICEMAN.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Confundus.

The POLICEMAN lurches as though drunk, blinks, shakes his
head, then giggles and ambles off, raising his hat at
disconcerted passersby.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

NEWT (CONT'D)
Come on. That'll wear off in a few
minutes.

NEWT leads JACOB through the statue and into Magical Paris.
He puts his case down and points his wand at the street.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Appare vestigium.

The tracking spell materializes as a swirl of gold, which
illuminates traces of recent magical activity in the square.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Accio Niffler!

The case bursts open and a Niffler jumps out.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Get looking.

NEWT climbs onto the case and inspects impressions of
creatures revealed in the air, while the now-trained adult
Niffler sniffs out clues.

NEWT (CONT'D)
That's a Kappa. That's a Japanese
water demon --

The Niffler sniffs around some shimmering footsteps. The
Niffler has found the place where TINA stood in front of the
Zouwu.

NEWT sees a vision of TINA.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Tina? Tina!
(to Niffler)
What have you found?

He bends down to lick the pavement.

JACOB
(glancing around)
And we're licking the dirt now.

NEWT puts his wand to his ear and listens to a terrifying
roar. He points his wand to the street.

NEWT
Revelio.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

JACOB sees what NEWT is looking at: gigantic paw marks overlaying everything else.

JACOB
(intensely worried)
Newt... what made those?

NEWT
That is a Zouwu. It's a Chinese creature. They are incredibly fast and incredibly powerful. They can travel a thousand miles in a day... and this one could take you from one part of Paris to the next in a single leap.

The Niffler sniffs around more shimmering footsteps -- another place where TINA stood.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Oh, good boy.
(intensely worried)
Jacob, she was here. Tina stood here. She has incredibly narrow feet, have you noticed?

JACOB
Can't say that I have.

NEWT sees a vision of KAMA.

NEWT
Then someone came towards her.

NEWT points to a feather from KAMA'S hat, sniffs it, and looks troubled.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Avenesequim.

The feather turns like the needle of a compass, pointing the way.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Follow that feather.

JACOB
What?

NEWT
Jacob, follow the feather.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3) 48

JACOB
Follow the feather.

NEWT
(re: the Niffler)
Where is he? Ah, *Accio Niffler*.

The Niffler is carried by the spell back into the case.

NEWT takes the case and dashes off.

JACOB gestures toward the bucket in his hand.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Let go of the bucket!

JACOB drops the bucket and chases after NEWT.

49 **EXT. PARIS - DAY** 49

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

50 **EXT. PLACE DE FURSTEMBERG - MORNING** 50

QUEENIE approaches the trees in the middle of the square. She coughs. The roots of the trees rise up and form a birdcage elevator around her, which descends into the earth.

51 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, MAIN LEVEL - MORNING** 51

QUEENIE descends into the beautiful Art Nouveau French Ministry of Magic, its domed ceiling patterned with constellations.

QUEENIE approaches reception.

RECEPTIONIST
(in French)
Bienvenue au Ministère des Affaires Magiques.

QUEENIE
I'm sorry, I don't know what you just said at all --

RECEPTIONIST
(in English)
Welcome to the French Ministry of Magic. What is your business, please?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

QUEENIE
(loudly and slowly)
I need to speak to Tina Goldstein,
she's an American Auror working on
a case here --

The RECEPTIONIST flicks through a few pages.

RECEPTIONIST
We have no Tina Goldstein here.

QUEENIE
No, it's... I'm sorry there must be
some sort of mistake. See, I know
she's in Paris, she sent me a
postcard. I brought it, I can show
it to you. Maybe you can help me
find her here?

QUEENIE reaches for her suitcase, which falls open.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
It's just in here. Oh rabbits! If
you can just wait one moment! I
know it's in here somewhere. I
definitely packed it. Where is it?

As the RECEPTIONIST gives a Gallic shrug --

-- a genteel ELDERLY LADY crosses INTO THE SHOT BEHIND
QUEENIE.

She has a distinctive bag in her hands --

WE FOLLOW her into the elevator --

Where ROSIER stands waiting.

As the doors close, the ELDERLY LADY transforms into
ABERNATHY and he pulls out an elaborate box...

52 **EXT. PARIS BACK STREET - DAY**

52

QUEENIE stands sadly on the street, holding an umbrella.

Then, a double take: *did she just see NEWT and JACOB hurrying
from one side street into another?*

JACOB
Could we at least stop for a
coffee, or like a --

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

NEWT
Not now, Jacob.

JACOB
I don't know.

NEWT
This way. Come on.

JACOB
Pain au chocolat? Half a croissant,
or like, a bonbon?

NEWT
This way.

QUEENIE sets off down the street, trotting in her haste to catch up with NEWT and JACOB.

WE FOLLOW her drawing ever closer, as she chooses from a bewildering number of side alleys. So absorbed is she in trying to follow NEWT and JACOB --

-- she can now "hear" JACOB'S thoughts.

QUEENIE
(calls aloud, joyful)
Jacob! Jacob?

But he has gone.

Exhausted and lonely, QUEENIE drops down to the curb in the rain, deafened by the clamor of the thoughts of those in the crowd around her.

A hand falls onto QUEENIE'S shoulder. She turns, beaming. Her expression turns to puzzlement.

ROSIER
(in French)
Madame? Tout va bien, Madame?

53 **EXT. BIRD MARKET - LATER THAT DAY**

53

CREDENCE and NAGINI WALK INTO SHOT, looking around.

CREDENCE steals birdseed as he passes a stall.

GRIMMSON watches them, unnoticed.

54 **EXT. RUE PHILIPPE LORAND - SHORTLY AFTERWARD - DAY** 54

CREDENCE and NAGINI peer around the corner at the distant Number Eighteen.

A light shines in the attic. A shadow moves in front of it.

 CREDENCE
 (scared)
 She's home.

Now he is here, he is rooted to the spot. He dare not proceed. NAGINI prizes his hand from behind his back.

She leads him across the road.

55 **EXT. REAR OF 18 RUE PHILIPPE LORAND - MINUTES LATER - DAY** 55

A door stands open into the yard. They slide through it into a servants' passageway.

NAGINI'S nostrils flare. Her eyes dart around. There is something wrong.

They proceed toward the stairs.

56 **INT. 18 RUE PHILIPPE LORAND, LANDING OUTSIDE MAID'S ROOM - DAY** 56

CREDENCE and NAGINI reach the landing. A door stands ajar.

A shadow cast by lamplight: what seems to be a woman, sewing. The shadow pauses in its work.

NAGINI is edgy, nervous, looking around.

 IRMA (O.S.)
 (in French)
 Qui est là?

CREDENCE can neither move nor speak. NAGINI realizes this.

 NAGINI
 (in French)
 C'est votre fils, madame.

She takes CREDENCE'S hand and pulls him gently into the room.

Mended and freshly washed clothing hang from racks on the ceiling. They can see the shadow of a woman.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

NAGINI'S senses are hyperalert. She can smell danger. The shadow stands.

IRMA
(in French)
Qui êtes-vous?

CREDENCE
(whispers, terrified)
Are you Irma? Are you... ? Are you
Irma Dugard?

No response.

They move through the hanging fabric toward her.

CREDENCE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Your name is on my
adoption paper. Does this make
sense? You gave me to Mrs. Barebone
in New York.

A beat.

A tiny hand pushes the last piece of fabric aside.

There stands IRMA: half-elf, half-human.

CREDENCE'S face reveals confusion, awful disappointment.

IRMA
(to CREDENCE)
I am not your mother. I was only a
servant.
(smiling)
You were such a beautiful baby. And
you are a beautiful man. I have
missed you.

ANGLE ON: GRIMMSON watching them from a doorway.

CREDENCE
Why didn't they want me? But why is
your name on my adoption paper?

IRMA
I took you to Mrs. Barebone because
she was supposed to look after you.

NAGINI'S fear is increasing.

ANGLE ON: THE DARK WALL BEHIND SWATHES OF FABRIC.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

The perfectly camouflaged GRIMMSON emerges from the wall, raises his wand, aims for the silhouetted figures, and dispatches a Killing Curse that sears through the sheets and clothing, leaving smoldering holes.

We hear a body fall. NAGINI screams.

CREDENCE'S shadow has vanished.

Grinning, certain of triumph, GRIMMSON slashes away the smoking fabric until he stands facing --

IRMA, dead on the floor, and NAGINI, who backs away from him. Slowly, his grin fading, GRIMMSON looks up at the ceiling. The Obscurus is swirling there like thick black smoke.

In a flash, GRIMMSON conjures a domed *Shield Charm* around himself and IRMA'S body.

And the Obscurus dives, pelting the Shield Charm like a million bullets, rising and re-forming and diving again, but though the magical barrier trembles, it is not broken.

Now the Obscurus expands in fury, smashing apart the attic like a tornado.

GRIMMSON smiles up at the Obscurus: *We'll meet again.*

He *Disapparates*. Mingling with the debris of the destroyed attic, the Obscurus slams inward and CREDENCE re-forms.

He stands looking down at the tiny body.

57 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON**

57

Fresh from IRMA'S murder, GRIMMSON stands in a covered alleyway beneath a bridge over the Seine.

GRINDELWALD appears.

 GRIMMSON
 She's dead.

GRINDELWALD walks toward him and halts when they are face-to-face.

 GRINDELWALD
 How did the boy take it?

 GRIMMSON
 (shrugging)
 He's sensitive.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

 GRIMMSON (CONT'D)

The Ministry won't be happy when I tell them I've missed. They know my reputation.

 GRINDELWALD

Listen to me. The disapproval of cowards is praise to the brave. Your name will be written in glory when wizards rule the world. And the clock is ticking faster. You watch over Credence. Keep him safe. For the greater good.

 GRIMMSON

For the greater good.

58 **EXT. PARISIAN CAFÉ - EVENING**

58

A pair of lovers sit over coffee.

NEWT is scanning every man who leaves the café, checking the reaction of the feather trapped beneath the glass.

JACOB stares at the lovers.

 JACOB

You know what I miss about Queenie? Everything. I even miss the stuff that drove me nuts. Like the mind reading...

 (he notices NEWT'S
 inattention)

...I was lucky to have someone like her even interested in anything I thought. You know what I mean?

A beat.

 NEWT

Sorry?

 JACOB

I was saying, you're sure the guy is here that we're looking for?

 NEWT

Definitely. The feather says so.

59 **INT. PARISIAN CAFÉ, BATHROOM - EVENING**

59

A cramped and dirty bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

KAMA stares into the mirror, his featherless fedora perched on the tap. Suddenly his face twitches. He raises his bandaged hand to his eye and rubs it, shaking his head. He removes his hand and stares at his reflection.

WE CLOSE IN: A tiny tentacle is visible at the corner of his eye. He whimpers in distress and gropes in his suit pocket for a small bottle of bright green liquid, which he drops into his eye with a dropper.

Another whimper of pain as the tentacle withdraws. He looks at his reflection. It seems normal. He puts his hat back on and leaves.

60 INT. PARISIAN CAFÉ - EVENING

60

KAMA leaves the café.

The feather points at him. NEWT lets it out and it flies to KAMA'S hat.

JACOB
Is that the guy we're looking for?

NEWT
Yes.

NEWT and JACOB jump up to confront him.

NEWT (CONT'D)
(to KAMA, in French)
Er -- bonjour. Bonjour, monsieur.

KAMA makes to carry on walking, ignoring NEWT.

NEWT (CONT'D)
(in English)
Oh wait, no, sorry. We were... we were actually just wondering if you'd come across a friend of ours?

JACOB
Tina Goldstein.

KAMA
Monsieur, Paris is a large city.

NEWT
She's an Auror. When Aurors go missing, the Ministry tend to come looking, so...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

NEWT (CONT'D)

No, now I suppose it would probably
be better if we just report her
absence --

KAMA

(deciding)

She is tall? Dark? Rather --

JACOB

-- intense?

NEWT

-- beautiful --

JACOB

(hasty, off NEWT'S look)

-- Yeah, what I meant to say -
she's very -- very pretty --

NEWT

She's intense too.

KAMA

I think I saw someone like this
last night. Perhaps if I showed you
where?

NEWT

If you wouldn't mind. That would be
lovely.

KAMA

Sure.

61 **INT. KAMA'S HIDEOUT - EVENING**

61

The interior of KAMA'S hideout is pitch black. The sound of
WATER DRIPPING.

A brief shaft of sunlight reveals TINA, sleeping lightly on
the floor in her coat.

NEWT

Tina?

She wakes.

A MOMENT as NEWT and TINA stare at each other. Each has
thought of the other daily for a year.

With no sign of KAMA, it seems she has been rescued.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

 TINA
 (joyful, disbelieving)
Newt!

TINA notices KAMA entering in the background and raising his wand. Her expression changes.

 KAMA
Expelliarmus!

NEWT'S wand flies out of his hand into KAMA'S.

Bars form across the door, imprisoning them.

 KAMA (CONT'D)
 (through the door)
My apologies, Mr. Scamander! I
shall return and release you when
Credence is dead!

 TINA
Kama, wait!

 KAMA
You see, either he dies... or I do.

He claps a hand to his eye.

 KAMA (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no. Oh no. No, no, no.

He jerks convulsively and slides to the floor, unconscious.

 NEWT
Well, that's not the best start to
a rescue attempt.

 TINA
This was a rescue attempt? You've
just lost me my only lead.

JACOB launches for the door, trying to break it down.

 NEWT
 (innocent)
Well, how was the interrogation
going before we turned up?

TINA throws him a dark look. She strides to the back of the cave.

Pickett, who, unnoticed, has hopped out of NEWT'S pocket, successfully picks the lock, and the bars swing open.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

JACOB

Newt!

NEWT

Well done, Pick.

(to TINA)

You need this man, you say?

TINA

Yeah. I think this man knows where
Credence is, Mr. Scamander.

As they bend over the unconscious KAMA, they hear an earth-shattering roar from somewhere above them. They look at each other.

NEWT

Well, that'll be the Zouwu.

NEWT grabs his wand and *Disapparates*.

62 **EXT. PARISIAN BRIDGE - NIGHT**

62

In the middle of the bridge is the Zouwu, terrified and lethal. It is too badly hurt to keep running, but it is swiping at PASSERSBY, who are screaming and running out of the way.

Cars screech to a halt.

NEWT *Apparates* in the middle of the bridge, fifty yards from the Zouwu, holding his case.

A second later, TINA *Apparates* too, holding JACOB'S arm.

JACOB is sagging under the weight of the unconscious KAMA.

JACOB

(calls)

Newt, get out of there!

NEWT stoops down slowly and opens his case. The Zouwu snarls, crouches, and begins to advance on NEWT.

Very slowly, so as not to alarm the Zouwu, NEWT lowers his arm into the case, feeling for something. It takes him longer than he expected. Frowning, he reaches deeper inside. The Zouwu advances. It bares its teeth.

NEWT has found what he was looking for. He raises his arm. He is holding a fluffy toy bird on a stick and rope.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

A beat.

The Zouwu's eyes start to follow the bird.

The Zouwu's tail twitches. It crouches lower than ever. Then, with a sudden bound, it soars through the air toward NEWT. Screams from the onlookers -- NEWT will surely be crushed --

But at the last moment he lets the bird fall into the case and the Zouwu sails after it in a flash of rainbow color, python tail flailing and -- WHAM -- NEWT slams the lid shut.

Uproar from the crowd, sirens approaching, police cars converging on the bridge.

FLAMEL'S card flies up out of NEWT'S pocket.

TINA and JACOB, still carrying KAMA, run toward NEWT, and all four *Disapparate*.

63 **EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY** 63

An ominous procession of AURORS marches up the drive toward the castle, among them, THESEUS and LETA.

CLOSE ON: AN UPPER WINDOW. STUDENTS staring down at the strangers, nudging one another.

The AURORS enter the school.

64 **INT. DEFENSE AGAINST THE DARK ARTS CLASSROOM - DAY** 64

DUMBLEDORE is teaching. A space in the middle of the room, all students enjoying the spectacle.

A large boy - MCCLAGGAN - is braced for attack, his robes covered in dust, his tie knotted around his ear. He and DUMBLEDORE circle each other.

DUMBLEDORE
What were the three biggest
mistakes that you made last time?

MCCLAGGAN
Caught by surprise, sir.

DUMBLEDORE
What else?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MCCLAGGAN
Didn't parry before counter-curse,
sir.

DUMBLEDORE
Very good. And the last one... the
most important one?

MCCLAGGAN looks away, thinking. DUMBLEDORE hits him unawares.
MCCLAGGAN flies into the air, DUMBLEDORE conjures a sofa,
MCCLAGGAN hits it and slides to the floor.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
Not learning from the first two.

The class laughs.

The door opens. TRAVERS, THESEUS, and four other AURORS
enter, YOUNG MINERVA MCGONAGALL behind them.

MCGONAGALL
This is a school, you've no right --

TRAVERS
I'm the Head of Magical Law
Enforcement and I have the right to
go wherever I please.
(to the students)
Out of here.

They don't move.

DUMBLEDORE
(to the students)
Go with Professor McGonagall,
please.

They file out, curious or alarmed. The last out is MCCLAGGAN.

MCCLAGGAN
(to TRAVERS)
He's the best teacher we've got.

DUMBLEDORE
(quiet)
Thanks, McClaggan.

TRAVERS
Get out!

MCGONAGALL
Come, McClaggan.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

The door closes.

 TRAVERS
Newt Scamander is in Paris.

 DUMBLEDORE
Really?

 TRAVERS
Cut the pretense. I know he's there
on your orders.

 DUMBLEDORE
If you'd ever had the pleasure to
teach him, you'd know Newt is not a
great follower of orders.

TRAVERS tosses a small book to DUMBLEDORE, who catches it in
one hand.

 TRAVERS
 (indicating the book)
You've read The Predictions of
Tycho Dodonus?

 DUMBLEDORE
Many years ago.

 TRAVERS
 (reads)
"A son cruelly banished
Despair of the daughter
Return --"

 DUMBLEDORE
Yes, I know it.

 TRAVERS
There's a rumor this
prediction refers to the
Obscurial. They say that
Grindelwald wants --

 DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
-- a highborn henchman. I've
heard the rumor.

 TRAVERS (CONT'D)
And yet Scamander appears wherever
the Obscurial goes, to protect him.
Meanwhile you have built up quite a
little network of international
contacts --

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

DUMBLEDORE
(quiet, steely)
However long you keep me and my
friends under surveillance, you're
not going to discover plots against
you, Travers, because we want the
same thing: the defeat of
Grindelwald. But I warn you, your
policies of suppression and
violence are pushing supporters
into his arms --

TRIVERS
I'm not interested in your
warnings!
(controlling himself)
Now, it pains me to say it, because
-- well, I don't like you.

TRIVERS and DUMBLEDORE both chuckle.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)
But... you are the only wizard who
is his equal. I need you to fight
him.

A pause. The AURORS watch.

DUMBLEDORE
I cannot.

TRIVERS
Because of this?

He casts a spell to show moving pictures of TEENAGE
DUMBLEDORE and TEENAGE GRINDELWALD. The AURORS are shocked.

The TEENAGE DUMBLEDORE and TEENAGE GRINDELWALD stare intently
into each other's eyes.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)
You and Grindelwald were as close
as brothers.

DUMBLEDORE
We were closer than brothers.

DUMBLEDORE is looking at the pictures. These memories are
agony. He is full of remorse but, almost worse: nostalgia for
the only time in his life he felt fully understood.

TRIVERS
Will you fight him?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

DUMBLEDORE
(pained)
I can't.

TRAVERS
Then you have chosen your side.

He flicks his wand once more.

Thick metal cuffs -- Admonitors -- appear on DUMBLEDORE'S wrists.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)
From now on, I shall know every spell you cast. I'm doubling the watch on you, and you will no longer teach Defense Against the Dark Arts.
(to THESEUS)
Where's Leta? We need to go to Paris!

He storms out. The AURORS follow.

THESEUS is last to the door.

DUMBLEDORE
(quietly)
Theseus.

THESEUS looks back.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
Theseus, if Grindelwald calls a rally, don't try and break it up. Don't let Travers send you in there. If you ever trusted me --

TRAVERS (O.S.)
THESEUS!

THESEUS leaves.

65 **INT. DESERTED HOGWARTS CORRIDOR - DAY**

65

The late afternoon sun falls through the windows as LETA walks along a corridor populated only with memories. She stops beside an open door.

THE GREAT HALL is lit with floating candles.

66 INT. EMPTY HOGWARTS CLASSROOM - DAY

66

LETA walks slowly into the classroom, then turns to look back into the corridor and --

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. EMPTY HOGWARTS CLASSROOM - SEVENTEEN YEARS PREVIOUSLY 6-7 MORNING

13-YEAR-OLD LETA stands hiding inside the empty classroom while students in cloaks trundle by, pushing trunks and carrying owls. It is the last day of the winter term and nearly everyone is going home.

ANGLE ON: TWO 13-YEAR-OLD GRYFFINDOR GIRLS pushing trunks.

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 1
You know she stays here every vacation. Her family don't actually want her home.

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 2
I don't blame them, she's so annoying. Even the name Lestrangle makes me feel sick --

LETA flings herself into their path, pointing her wand.

13-YEAR-OLD LETA
Oscausi!

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 2'S mouth is sealed shut as though she never had one.

Triumphant, LETA flees the scene, pushing past shocked students.

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 1
(screams)
Professor McGonagall! LESTRANGE HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

MCGONAGALL (O.S.)
Lestrangle, stop running! LESTRANGE! Disobedient children. Stop! Shame on the House of Slytherin. One hundred points! Two hundred! Get back here, right now! Stop! Stop it! Stop it! You stop it! Get back here!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 1
Miss, it was Lestrage. She's
horrible --

McGONAGALL silences the girl.

ANGLE ON: LETA, sprinting around a corner.

She wrenches open a side door and plunges inside.

68 **INT. HOGWARTS CUPBOARD - SEVENTEEN YEARS PREVIOUSLY - MORNING**

13-YEAR-OLD LETA slams the door and stands there, ear against
it. She hears running, distant shouts.

Then a sound behind her makes her jump and turn around.

13-YEAR-OLD NEWT is already in occupation of the cupboard. He
has hidden a couple of tanks here, one containing tadpoles,
another Streelers.

A lined cardboard box serves as a nest for the raven chick he
is cradling in his hand. It wears a splint on its broken leg.
NEWT and LETA stare at each other.

13-YEAR-OLD LETA
Scamander... why aren't you
packing?

13-YEAR-OLD NEWT
I'm not going home.

13-YEAR-OLD LETA
Why not?

13-YEAR-OLD NEWT
(re: the raven)
He needs me. It was hurt.

LETA takes in the tanks, then the ugly little bird, to which
NEWT now feeds an earthworm.

13-YEAR-OLD LETA
What is that?

13-YEAR-OLD NEWT
A raven chick.

She is mildly intrigued now.

13-YEAR-OLD LETA
The raven's my family's emblem.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

She watches him stroking the bird's head. As he places the chick gently in her hands, she seems to see him plainly for the first time.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. DEFENSE AGAINST THE DARK ARTS CLASS - FOURTEEN YEARS 69
PREVIOUSLY - DAY

It is Boggart time.

DUMBLEDORE supervises the line of teenagers advancing to try their luck.

"*Riddikulus*" -- "*Riddikulus*" -- gusts of hilarity as a shark becomes a flotation device, a zombie's head turns into a pumpkin, a vampire turns into a buck-toothed rabbit.

DUMBLEDORE
All right, Newt. Be brave.

16-YEAR-OLD NEWT moves to the front of the queue. The Boggart turns into a Ministry desk.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
Mmm, that's an unusual one. So Mr. Scamander fears what more than anything else in the world?

16-YEAR-OLD NEWT
Having to work in an office, sir.

The class roars with laughter.

DUMBLEDORE
Go ahead, Newt.

16-YEAR-OLD NEWT
Riddikulus!

NEWT turns the desk into a gamboling wooden dragon and moves aside.

DUMBLEDORE
Well done. Good job.

It is 16-YEAR-OLD LETA'S turn, but she doesn't move. She is terrified.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
(kind, to LETA)
Leta, it's only a Boggart, it can't hurt you. Everyone's scared of something.

A group of girls stands together, enjoying her fear.

GRYFFINDOR GIRL 1
I've been looking forward to this.

LETA steps forward. The Boggart transforms and at once, all laughter is extinguished.

Green light is reflected on every horrified face.

We see a shadow, with a tiny human hand. LETA lets out a sob and runs from the room.

70 **EXT. HOGWARTS LAKE, BOWTRUCKLE ISLAND - FOURTEEN YEARS PREVIOUSLY - EVENING** 70

NEWT finds LETA sitting by the lake, tearstained, eyes swollen. They look at each other.

16-YEAR-OLD LETA
I don't want to talk about it!

He holds out his hand and she lets him pull her up.

He leads her past a few trees until they reach the one where Bowtruckles are climbing and fighting and playing. They freeze at the humans' approach but relax when they recognize NEWT. He holds out a finger. One of them jumps on.

16-YEAR-OLD NEWT
They know me, or they'd hide. They only nest in trees with wand -- quality wood, did you know that?
(beat)
And they have very complex social lives. If you watch them for long enough, you realize...

He trails off.

She is watching him, not the Bowtruckles. NEWT reaches across to her, the Bowtruckle standing on his wrist. His hand grazes hers.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

 DUMBLEDORE (V.O.)
Hello, Leta.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 **INT. EMPTY HOGWARTS CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON** 71

LETA is still sitting at her old desk in the present-day classroom.

DUMBLEDORE enters.

 DUMBLEDORE
This is a surprise.

 LETA
 (cold)
Finding me in a classroom? Was I
such a bad student?

 DUMBLEDORE
On the contrary, you were one of my
cleverest.

 LETA
I said bad, not stupid. Don't
bother answering. I know you never
liked me.

 DUMBLEDORE
Well, you're wrong. I never thought
you bad.

 LETA
You were alone, then. Everybody
else did.
 (very quietly)
And they were right. I was wicked.

A beat as he considers her.

 DUMBLEDORE
Leta, I know how painful the rumors
about your brother Corvus must be
for you.

 LETA
No, you don't. Not unless you had a
brother who died too.

 DUMBLEDORE
In my case, it was my sister.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

She stares at him, both hostile and curious.

 LETA
Did you love her?

 DUMBLEDORE
Not as well as I should have done.

He steps toward LETA.

 DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
It's never too late to free
yourself. Confession is a relief,
I'm told. A great weight lifted.

She stares at him: *What does he know -- or suspect?*

 DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
 (sotto voce)
Regret is my constant companion. Do
not let it become yours.

72 **INT. GRINDELWALD'S HIDEOUT, DRAWING ROOM - END OF DAY**

72

QUEENIE is on the sofa, beside a table of tea and cakes.

She sets down her empty teacup. We feel her slight
awkwardness as it is instantly refilled by ROSIER.

 QUEENIE
Oh, no, thank you. You've been real
kind, but my sister Tina's probably
worried sick about me, you know.
Banging on all the doors and
things, so I think I'd better be
going.

 ROSIER
But you haven't met your host.

 QUEENIE
 (a little wistfully)
Oh, are you married?

 ROSIER
 (smiling)
Let's say... deeply committed.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

QUEENIE
(innocent)
You see, I can't tell if you're
making a joke or if you're just...
French.

ROSIER laughs and leaves. QUEENIE is confused.

An enchanted teapot hovering in midair nudges her, intent on refilling her cup.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
(to the teapot)
Hey, knock it off.

The door opens. GRINDELWALD enters.

QUEENIE stands and the teapot and cups smash to the ground.

She draws her wand and aims it at GRINDELWALD.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
You stay right there. I know what
you are.

He walks slowly toward her.

GRINDELWALD
Queenie, we are not here to hurt
you. We only want to help you.
You're so very, very far from home.
Far away from everything you love.
Everything that was comfortable.

QUEENIE stares, keeping her wand raised.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
I would never see you harmed, ever.
It is not your fault that your
sister is an Auror. I wish you were
working with me now towards a world
where we wizards are free to live
openly, and to love freely.

GRINDELWALD'S hand touches her wand-tip and lowers it.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
You are an innocent. So go now.
Leave this place.

73 **INT. HOGWARTS, ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT**

73

A spartan room.

A large object stands against the wall, covered in black velvet.

DUMBLEDORE stands thinking for a moment, then approaches the covered object and pulls the curtain down.

The Mirror of Erised is revealed. He has not looked into it for many years. Bracing himself, he now does so:

WE SEE: TEENAGE DUMBLEDORE and TEENAGE GRINDELWALD facing each other in a barn. Both score their palms with their wands. Now bleeding, they interlace their hands...

DUMBLEDORE turns his head away, fighting the impulse to cover the glass again.

Bracing himself, he looks up.

From their bloody palms rise two glowing drops of blood, which mingle and merge to create one. A metal shape begins to form around the droplet, becoming more defined and intricate. It is GRINDELWALD'S vial.

THE VISION FADES --

-- and the present-day GRINDELWALD stands smiling out of the mirror, surrounded by blackness.

74 **EXT. PARIS, RUE DE MONTMORENCY - AFTERNOON**

74

ESTABLISHING SHOT: NICOLAS FLAMEL'S house.

75 **INT. FLAMEL HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

75

A creepy medieval drawing room. The tapestries sport moving figures and odd runes. A large crystal ball in a corner shows dark clouds.

TINA is trying to wake up KAMA with a bottle of smelling salts. He moves slightly.

The Predictions of Tycho Dodonus slips out of his pocket onto the floor. TINA picks it up and opens it to the prediction KAMA has underlined.

NEWT'S case is open on a table. The Zouwu roars from inside. TINA turns to look at it, listening.

76 **INT. NEWT'S CASE, ZOUWU ENCLOSURE - AFTERNOON** 76

A wild Chinese habitat.

NEWT is curled up in dense undergrowth. The Zouwu picks him up and dangles him from a claw.

77 **INT. FLAMEL HOUSE - AFTERNOON** 77

JACOB enters and sees TINA watching the case. She hastily looks back at the book.

JACOB
 (calling into case)
Hey, Newt, buddy. Tina's up here.
She's all by her lonesome and maybe
you want to come up and keep her
company?
 (beat)
I've been looking for food, and I
ain't found any. I guess I'm gonna
go upstairs and try my luck in the -
- I dunno -- the attic!

78 **INT. NEWT'S CASE, ZOUWU ENCLOSURE - AFTERNOON** 78

Still dangling from the Zouwu's claw, NEWT soothes and coaxes her until he can reach her harness and remove it. The Zouwu is finally freed from her chains.

NEWT
You're all right.

JACOB (O.S.)
Okay!

79 **INT. FLAMEL HOUSE - AFTERNOON** 79

JACOB is about to leave when NEWT clambers back out of the case.

NEWT
She's responded well to the
Dittany. She was born to run, you
see. I think she's just lacking in
confidence --

He glances at TINA. She pockets The Predictions of Tycho
Dodonus and speaks, not quite looking at NEWT.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

TINA

Mr. Scamander, have you got
anything in your case that might
help revive this man? I need to
question him. I think he knows who
Credence really is. The scars on
his hand suggest an unbreakable vow
--

NEWT

(eager, overlapping)
-- unbreakable vow. Yeah, I noticed
that too --

They examine the unconscious KAMA.

NEWT (CONT'D)

Lumos.

NEWT'S and TINA'S hands brush as NEWT advances his lit wand-
tip to look in KAMA'S eye. Both jump.

NEWT stares into KAMA'S eye. The tiny flicker of a tentacle,
swiftly withdrawn --

TINA

(gasps)
What was that?

NEWT

(serious)
There must be a water dragon in
that sewer—they carry these
parasites, you see. They... Jacob?

JACOB

Yeah?

NEWT

In my case, in the pocket there,
you'll find a pair of tweezers.

JACOB

Tweezers?

NEWT

They're thin and pointy --

TINA

Thin, little pointy things.

JACOB

Yes, I know what tweezers are.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

NEWT
(to TINA)
You might not want to watch this...

TINA
I can handle it.

NEWT succeeds in catching and pulling at the tentacle in KAMA'S eye.

NEWT
Come on. You're all right. Jacob,
will you take that for me?

He has extracted something like a spindly, waterborne spider, which he hands to JACOB.

JACOB
Ew! Calamari.

KAMA has started muttering, distraught, semiconscious.

KAMA
I must kill him...

TINA
Who? Credence? Who --?

NEWT
It may take him a few hours to
recover. The parasite's poison is
quite strong.

TINA
I'll have to go to the Ministry
with what I've got.
(a wobble in her voice)
It was nice to see you again, Mr.
Scamander.

She strides from the room, leaving NEWT perplexed and upset.

80 INT. FLAMEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

80

JACOB follows TINA into the hall.

JACOB
Hey, hold on one second, will you?
Well, hold on! Wait! Tina!

She leaves. As the front door closes, NEWT appears at the drawing room door.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

JACOB (CONT'D)
(to NEWT)
You didn't mention salamanders, did you?

NEWT
No, she just -- ran. I don't know...

JACOB
(firm)
So you chase after her!

NEWT grabs his case. He leaves.

81 **EXT. RUE DE MONTMORENCY - END OF DAY**

81

TINA is hurrying up the road. NEWT hastens to catch up.

NEWT
Tina. Please, just listen to me --

TINA
Mr. Scamander, I need to go talk to the Ministry -- and I know how you feel about Aurors --

NEWT
I may have been a little strong in the way that I expressed myself in that letter --

TINA
What was the exact phrase? "A bunch of careerist hypocrites"?

NEWT
I'm sorry, but I can't admire people whose answer to everything that they fear or misunderstand is "*kill it*"!

TINA
I'm an Auror and I don't --

NEWT
Yes, and that's because you've gone middle head!

TINA
(stopping)
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

NEWT

It's an expression derived from the three heads of the Runespoor. The middle one is the visionary. Every Auror in Europe wants Credence dead -- except you. You've gone middle head.

A beat.

TINA

Who else uses that expression, Mr. Scamander?

NEWT considers.

NEWT

I think it might just be me.

All lights are extinguished as every building is wrapped in black banners.

MUGGLES pass, totally immune, but a YOUNG RED-HAIRED WITCH nearby is walking along. She, like NEWT and TINA, can see the banners.

TINA steps into the middle of the road, watching the black silk fall out of the sky to shroud the surrounding buildings in darkness.

TINA

It's Grindelwald. He's calling his followers.

WE PAN UP ONE LENGTH OF FLOWING BLACK SILK until we achieve an AERIAL VIEW of Paris. The entire city is being covered in GRINDELWALD'S dark banners.

82 **EXT. WIZARDING CAFÉ - END OF DAY**

82

Witches and wizards hurrying outside to see what is invisible to Muggle passersby.

83 **EXT. PARISIAN STREET - END OF DAY**

83

QUEENIE reaches out to the nearest black banner, and an emblem of a white raven appears beneath her touch.

84 **EXT. PLACE DE FURSTEMBERG - END OF DAY**

84

NEWT still following TINA.

They stand surrounded by the impressive scale of
GRINDELWALD'S banners.

 TINA
It's too late. Grindelwald's come
for Credence. He might already have
him.

 NEWT
 (suddenly forceful)
It's not too late. We can still get
to him first.

He grabs her hand and pulls her on.

 TINA
Where are you going?

 NEWT
The French Ministry of Magic.

 TINA
That's the last place Credence
would go!

 NEWT
There's a box hidden at the
Ministry safe. It's a box that can
tell us who Credence really is.

 TINA
A box? What are you talking about?

 NEWT
Trust me.

85 **EXT. DERELICT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON**

85

CREDENCE is breaking up birdseed and feeding it to a small
chick when NAGINI appears behind him.

 NAGINI
 (urgently)
Credence.

She leads him back through the open window, out onto the
roof.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

The EIFFEL TOWER is visible behind them.

WE PAN AROUND: and see GRINDELWALD sitting on the rooftop near them both.

GRINDELWALD

Shh.

CREDENCE

(whispers)

What do you want?

GRINDELWALD

From you? Nothing. For you?
Everything I never had. But what is
it you want, my boy?

CREDENCE

I want to know who I am.

GRINDELWALD

This is where you will find proof
of your true identity.

GRINDELWALD takes a piece of parchment from his pocket and
throws it into the air.

The parchment flutters to CREDENCE and lands gently in his
hand.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)

Come to Père Lachaise tonight and
you will discover the truth.

He bows, then *Disapparates*, leaving CREDENCE holding a map of
Père Lachaise cemetery.

86 **INT. FLAMEL HOUSE - END OF DAY**

86

An uncomfortable JACOB is asleep in a chair beside the
semiconscious KAMA.

KAMA is muttering:

KAMA

Father... why did you make me...?

JACOB jolts awake as if from a bad dream.

JACOB

Wait! Wait --

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Now fully awake, JACOB'S stomach begins to rumble.

A figure appears behind JACOB.

Six-hundred-year-old NICOLAS FLAMEL stands at the entrance to his alchemist's studio.

 FLAMEL
I'm afraid we keep no food in the house.

JACOB yelps in fear.

 JACOB
 (terrified)
Are you a ghost?

 FLAMEL
 (amused)
No, no, I am alive, but I am an alchemist, and therefore immortal.

 JACOB
You don't look a day over three-seventy-five. Hey, sorry we didn't knock --

 FLAMEL
No matter. Albus told me some friends might be dropping in.
 (holding out his hand)
Nicolas Flamel.

 JACOB
Oh. Jacob Kowalski.

They shake hands.

JACOB'S grip is firm -- too firm for the alchemist's fragile bones.

 FLAMEL
Ooh!

 JACOB
I'm sorry.

 FLAMEL
It's all right.

 JACOB
I didn't --

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

FLAMEL looks over at the large crystal ball, in which dark billowing clouds and flashes of lightning have appeared.

FLAMEL

Aha! At last, we see developments!

JACOB

(drawing closer)

I've seen one of these before. It was at the fair. There was this dame there, and she had a veil. I gave her a nickel and she told me about my future.

(beat)

She missed out on quite a bit, actually.

WE CLOSE IN ON: the orb, into dark billowing smoke and flashes of lightning, into the center where we see CRENDENCE --

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

Hey -- wait a minute! I know him.
That's that kid. That's Credence --

-- and then it becomes the Lestrange tomb, its stone raven prominent.

Suddenly, QUEENIE appears inside the tomb, sitting on a stone bench, waiting...

JACOB (CONT'D)

Hey! That's Queenie! There she is.

(as if to QUEENIE)

Hi, baby!

(to FLAMEL)

Where is this? Is this -- is this here?

FLAMEL

This is the Lestrange tomb. It lies in the cemetery of Père Lachaise...

JACOB

(to QUEENIE in the
crystal ball)

I'm coming, baby. Stay right there -

-

(to FLAMEL)

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Flamel!

JACOB clutches FLAMEL'S hands in gratitude.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

FLAMEL

Ahh!

JACOB

Oh no. I'm sorry! I'm sorry, okay?

FLAMEL

Ouch.

JACOB

Oh--look after Mr. Tentacles for me.

He turns. The sofa is empty.

JACOB runs out of the room into the hall. The front door stands open.

KAMA has escaped.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Oh no. I'm sorry, I gotta go.

FLAMEL

Please, you must not go to the cemetery!

But JACOB too runs off into the night.

BACK TO FLAMEL: he has shuffled after JACOB, but on realizing he is gone, FLAMEL turns anxiously back to the orb. Black flames are swirling around it.

FLAMEL shuffles back into his studio and opens a cupboard. We glimpse glass vials, tubes, and the glowing Philosopher's Stone. He heaves from a shelf a padlocked book embossed with a phoenix. He touches the padlock and it springs open.

CLOSE ON THE BOOK: as he flicks through it.

Each page holds a photograph captioned with a name. FLAMEL turns the pages, but the subjects of all the pictures are missing.

FLAMEL (CONT'D)

Oh dear --

DUMBLEDORE'S portrait is blank.

FLAMEL flicks open another page:

EULALIE HICKS, a young American professor at Ilvermorny, looks around, worried.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (4)

86

EULALIE
What's happening?

FLAMEL
Exactly what he said would happen.
Grindelwald rallies tonight at the
cemetery, and there will be death!

EULALIE
Then you gotta go!

FLAMEL
(panicked)
What? I haven't seen action in two
hundred years...

EULALIE
You can do this, Flamel. We believe
in you.

87 **EXT. PLACE DE FURSTEMBERG - DAY**

87

TINA and NEWT stand in a nearby alleyway, looking out over
the square where tree roots previously rose to form the
birdcage elevator to the French Ministry.

NEWT
The box is in the ancestral records
room, Tina. So, three floors down.

NEWT rummages in his pockets and pulls out a tiny bottle with
only a couple of muddy drops left inside it.

TINA
Is that Polyjuice?

NEWT
(of the bottle)
Just enough to get me inside.

He looks down at his coat and finds one of THESEUS'S hairs on
his shoulder.

He adds it to the mixture, drinks, and turns into THESEUS,
still wearing NEWT'S clothes.

TINA
Who --?

NEWT
My brother, Theseus. He's an Auror.
And a hugger.

88 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT** 88

THESEUS exits a meeting room and strides toward LETA, who is waiting for him.

 LETA
What's happening?

 THESEUS
Grindelwald's rallying. We don't know where, but we think it's tonight.

LETA and THESEUS kiss.

 LETA
Be careful.

 THESEUS
Of course.

 LETA
Promise me you'll be careful.

 THESEUS
Of course, I'm going to be careful. Listen, I want you to hear this from me. They think that Credence boy might be your missing brother.

 LETA
My brother is dead. He died. How many times, Theseus?

 THESEUS
I know, I know. And the records, the records will prove that, okay? They can't lie.

 TRAVERS
 (sharply)
Theseus.

THESEUS leaves LETA and joins TRAVERS.

 TRAVERS (CONT'D)
I want every person at that rally arrested. If they resist --

 THESEUS
Sir-forgive me... but if we go in too heavy, don't we run the risk of adding to the --

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

 TRAVERS
 Just do it.

THESEUS catches sight of NEWT-AS-THESEUS and TINA walking, heads down, through the Ministry typing pool. The brothers' eyes meet.

ANGLE ON: NEWT-AS-THESEUS and TINA.

NEWT-AS-THESEUS grabs TINA'S arm and makes a sharp turn down a corridor. THESEUS sets off in pursuit, leaving LETA and the angry TRAVERS (who hasn't spotted NEWT) behind.

LETA backs away from the throng and slips through a side door.

89 INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

89

NEWT-AS-THESEUS and TINA run along a corridor lined with pictures, the Polyjuice Potion already wearing off NEWT.

 NEWT
 I don't suppose you can *Disapparate*
 on Ministry premises in France, can
 you?

 TINA
 No.

 NEWT
 Pity.

The Potion wears off completely.

 TINA
 Newt!

 NEWT
 Yes, I know. I know there's --

At once, every portrait along the corridor turns into NEWT. An alarm sounds.

 ALARM (O.S.)
 (in French)
 Urgence! Urgence! Un sorcier suivi,
 Newt Scamander, est entré dans le
 Ministère!
 (then, in English)
 Emergency! Emergency! A tracked
 wizard, Newt Scamander, has entered
 the Department of Magic!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

THESEUS MOVES INTO SHOT.

 THESEUS
Newt!

 TINA
 (running)
That's your brother?

 NEWT
Yes -- I think I may have mentioned
in my letters we have quite a
complicated relationship --

 THESEUS
NEWT, STOP!

NEWT and TINA sprint through a second door, which leads --

90 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, MAILROOM - NIGHT** 90

-- into a mailroom.

Two elderly PORTERS are pushing mailcarts across the circular room.

 TINA
Does he want to kill you?

 NEWT
Frequently.

 THESEUS
No!

As they sprint past the mailcarts, THESEUS sends a curse after them, sending the mailcart boxes flying.

TINA blocks the spell.

 TINA
He needs to control his temper!

TINA points her wand. THESEUS is slammed down into a high chair that TINA has conjured out of nowhere.

Hands bound, THESEUS flies backward on the chair into a meeting room, where he slams into a wall.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

 NEWT
 (awed)
 I think that might have been the
 best moment of my life.

TINA laughs.

NEWT and TINA sprint on.

91 **INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT** 91

An ancient tomb containing many sarcophagi is dominated by the grand marble tomb of LETA'S father.

ABERNATHY and MACDUFF enter carrying the bag retrieved from the French Ministry and remove the elaborate box, which they plant in the mausoleum to be found.

92 **EXT. PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY - SHORTLY AFTERWARD - NIGHT** 92

JACOB is panting as he runs through the dark, deserted cemetery, looking for the tomb he saw in the orb.

A faint light in the distance shows him the Lestrange mausoleum.

93 **EXT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT** 93

JACOB reaches the tomb. A stone raven on the lintel.

 JACOB
 (whispers)
 Queenie?

No answer.

He enters.

94 **INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT** 94

ANGLE ON: JACOB entering a small space full of shadows and sarcophagi.

A single lamp.

 JACOB
 Queenie, honey?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

MALE WIZARD
Don't. Don't move.

A movement behind him. He whirls around.

A silhouetted figure lunges at him.

95 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, RECORDS ROOM ATRIUM - NIGHT** 95

NEWT and TINA turn a corner into a beautiful atrium area in front of towering Art Nouveau doors carved to resemble trees.

A very old woman behind a desk bars the way: MELUSINE.

MELUSINE
(in French)
Puis-je vous aider?

NEWT
Er -- yes, this is Leta Lestrange.
And -- I'm her --

TINA
Fiancé.

An increased awkwardness between them as MELUSINE lifts an ancient book onto the desk and opens it.

CLOSE ON: MELUSINE'S WIZENED FINGER as it runs down a list of surnames beginning with "L".

MELUSINE
(pointing them on, in French)
Allez-y.

TINA
(whispering, in French)
Merci.

NEWT
(sotto voce, behind TINA)
Thank you.

NEWT grabs TINA'S hand and pulls her toward the doors into the records room.

MELUSINE eyes them suspiciously.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Tina, about that fiancée business --

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

TINA
(brittle)
Sorry, yeah. I should have
congratulated you --

The doors to the records office open.

They enter briskly.

96 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT** 96

The doors close behind them, plunging them into darkness.

NEWT
No, that's --

TINA
Lumos.

An extraordinary acre of shelves stretches away from them,
all carved to look like trees, so that they seem to be on the
edge of the forest.

Pickett pokes his head out of NEWT'S pocket and squeals in
excitement.

TINA (CONT'D)
Lestrangle.

Nothing happens.

TINA sets off, NEWT right behind her. They weave in and out
of the carved shelves bearing rolls of parchment, the
occasional prophecy, other mysterious trunks and boxes.

NEWT
Tina -- about Leta -

TINA
Yes, I've just said, I am happy for
you --

NEWT
Yeah, well, don't.

She stops. Looks at him. What?

NEWT (CONT'D)
Please don't be happy.
(in trouble)
Uh, no, no. I'm sorry. I don't...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

NEWT (CONT'D)

Uh, obviously, I -- Obviously I want you to be. And I hear that you are now. Uh, which is wonderful. Sorry --

(a gesture of hopelessness)

What I'm trying to say is, I want you to be happy, but don't be happy that I'm happy, because I'm not.

(off her confusion)

Happy.

(off her continued confusion)

Or engaged.

TINA

What?

NEWT

It was a mistake in a stupid magazine. My brother's marrying Leta, June the sixth. I'm supposed to be best man. Which is sort of mildly hilarious.

TINA

Does he think you're here to win her back?

(beat)

Are you here to win her back?

NEWT

No! I'm here to --

A beat. He stares at her.

NEWT (CONT'D)

-- you know, your eyes really are --

TINA

Are what?

NEWT

I'm not supposed to say.

Pickett is climbing out of NEWT'S pocket onto the nearest shelf. NEWT doesn't notice.

A beat.

Then, in a rush:

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

TINA

Newt, I read your book, and did you --?

NEWT

I still have a picture of you --
wait, did you read --?

NEWT pulls the picture of her from his breast pocket and unfolds it. She is inordinately touched.

He looks from the picture to TINA.

NEWT (CONT'D)

I got this -- I mean, it's just a picture of you from the paper, but it's interesting because your eyes in newsprint... See, in reality they have this effect in them, Tina... It's like fire in water, in dark water. I've only ever seen that --

(struggling)

I've only ever seen that in --

TINA

(whispers)

Salamanders?

A loud bang as the doors to the records room fly open. They jump apart.

Somebody has entered the room. They draw back among the shelves.

TINA (CONT'D)

Come.

ANGLE ON: LETA in the doorway.

She walks inside, desperate. This is her last chance to hide evidence about Corvus's death. The doors close behind her. She raises her wand.

LETA

Lestranger.

The shelves begin to move.

ANGLE ON: MELUSINE, watching through the records room doors.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

ANGLE ON: NEWT and TINA. The giant trees are shifting all around them. They are almost crushed as the Lestrangle "tree" flies toward them. They hop onto a shelf.

ANGLE ON: LETA. The towering stack stops, swaying, in front of her. She stares. An empty shelf confronts her. A mark in the dust where a box sat, a slip of parchment in its place.

She picks up the slip and reads it aloud.

LETA (CONT'D)
*"Records moved to Lestrangle family
tomb at Père Lachaise."*

She spots Pickett hiding among the deed boxes on the shelf.

LETA (CONT'D)
Circumrota.

The record tower turns, revealing NEWT and TINA clinging to the shelves.

LETA (CONT'D)
Hello, Newt.

NEWT
Hello, Leta.

TINA
(awkwardly, but kindly)
Hi.

AT THAT MOMENT: MELUSINE enters the records room surrounded by growling Matagots.

NEWT
Oh no.

LETA
(scared)
What kind of cats are those?

NEWT
These aren't cats, they're
Matagots. They're spirit familiars.
They guard the Ministry -- but they
won't hurt you unless you --

Panicking, LETA fires a spell at one of the cats.

LETA
Stupefy!

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (4)

96

Her spell not only fails, it causes the Matagots to multiply and become even more aggressive.

 NEWT
 (UNLESS YOU ATTACK THEM!)

As each batch of Matagots is hit, they multiply and mutate. The situation has become dangerous.

 LETA
 Oops.

 NEWT
 Leta!

LETA climbs over the balustrade to join NEWT and TINA on the shelf stack.

 LETA
 Reverte!

The towering stack flies backward as the Matagots pounce in a terrifying ebony surge of teeth and claws.

The other "trees" of the records room forest spin and move as NEWT, TINA, and LETA run through the room chased by the attacking Matagots.

But just as the Matagots seemingly lose the trail, all of the records room towers retract into the floor, leaving the room empty. The Matagots prowl toward where their prey must surely be standing, only to find --

NEWT'S case.

ANGLE ON: THE CASE from above.

A beat.

An explosion as the Zouwu bursts out of the case, NEWT clinging to its back.

Roaring, it rears, slashing at the rising tide of Matagots, its mane flashing.

 NEWT
 Accio!

NEWT'S case flies into his hand.

For a few seconds the Zouwu and NEWT vanish under the seething mass of cats. They fight them off, the Zouwu's immense power unmatched, red tail swishing.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (5) 96

NEWT points his wand at the ceiling.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Ascendio!

The towers rise once again from the floor, lifting NEWT and the Zouwu high up into the air.

Still fighting off the Matagots as the stacks tip and fall beneath the sheer weight, the Zouwu clambers across to the balcony.

97 **INT. MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES MAGIQUES, MAIN LEVEL - A MINUTE**
LATER - NIGHT 7

The Matagots give chase as the Zouwu gallops out of the room, leaving injured and thwarted Matagots in its wake.

The Zouwu carves a path of destruction through the Ministry. It takes one last leap over the typing pool...

... and its immense magical power propels it up and out through the glass roof.

98 **EXT. PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY - NIGHT** 98

NEWT and the Zouwu land in the cemetery. With one gigantic leap, the Zouwu has taken them to freedom.

The few Matagots that have followed them growl and then shrink. Reduced to the size of domestic cats in the Muggle environment, they "meow" pitifully.

NEWT opens his case as the Zouwu nudges him with affection.

NEWT
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Okay, wait. Hold
it there, please. Come on. All
right, okay, wait. Okay.

LETA and TINA climb out of the case to observe NEWT coaxing the Zouwu.

TINA shakes the cat bird toy she has retrieved from the case. The Zouwu's eyes light up.

Unnoticed by NEWT and TINA, LETA runs away into the darkness.

99

INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT

99

LETA enters the ornate space lined with sleeping statues of dead Lestranges.

JACOB stands backed against the wall next to NAGINI in snake form, who is repeatedly lashing out at KAMA, who is trying to get a clean shot at CREDESCENCE.

KAMA
(to NAGINI)
Move back! Move! Out of the way! If
I must kill you as well as Corvus,
I shall!

LETA raises her wand at KAMA, who swings round to see her, wand pointed at him -- a standoff.

LETA
Stop!

She walks forward, stricken but determined, at last, to do the right thing.

KAMA is mesmerized. She is his mother reborn.

He moves toward LETA, studies her face in the darkness, transfixed and moved by the sight of her.

LETA (CONT'D)
Yusuf?

KAMA
Is that really you? My little
sister... ?

NEWT and TINA enter and exchange looks: *another piece of the puzzle.*

CREDESCENCE
(to LETA)
So he's your brother? Who am I?

LETA
I don't know.

He pushes past LETA and faces KAMA, unprotected.

CREDESCENCE
I'm tired of living with no name
and no history. Just tell me my
story -- then you can end it.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

 KAMA
Your story is our story...
 (gesturing to LETA)
Our story.

 LETA
No, Yusuf --

 KAMA
 (determined)
My father was Mustafa Kama, a
pureblood of S n galese descent and
most accomplished.

100 **EXT. PARK - 1896 - DAY**

100

We see a beautiful woman, LAURENA, dressed in an exquisite gown, walking through a park with her husband, MUSTAFA -- clearly in love.

A YOUNG YUSUF by their side.

 KAMA (V.O.)
My mother, Laurena, was equally
high-bred--a noted beauty. They were
deeply in love. They knew a man of
great influence, from a famous
French pureblood family. He desired
her.

Watching from a distance, an intense wizard, CORVUS LESTRANGE SR, studies her beauty.

101 **INT. KAMA MANSION - 1896 - NIGHT**

101

LAURENA'S gown changes to a nightdress.

She is walking slowly downstairs, a supernatural wind blowing.

 KAMA (V.O.)
Lestrane used the Imperius Curse
to seduce and abduct her...

The twelve-year-old KAMA runs after his mother, tugs at her hand, and tries to pull her back upstairs.

She throws him off. The front door flies open.

LESTRANGE SR stands at the foot of the garden path. LAURENA walks toward him. KAMA chases after her.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

LESTRANGE SR points his wand at KAMA and sends him sprawling.

LAURENA lies on the bed as IRMA carries a newborn swaddled in a blanket to LESTRANGE SR.

102 INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT 102

KAMA
... that was the last time I ever
saw her. She died, giving birth to
a little girl.
(to LETA)
You.

Tears start in LETA'S eyes, reliving the guilt she holds.

KAMA (CONT'D)
The news of her death drove my
father insane. With his dying
breath, my father charged me to
seek revenge.
(determined)
Kill the person Lestrage loves
best in the world... I thought at
first it would be easy... he had
only one close relative... you. But
--

LETA
Say it...

KAMA
... he never loved you.

103 INT. LESTRANGE MANOR, BEDROOM - 1901 - DAY 103

WE RE-ENTER THE STORY: to find LESTRANGE SR with a new, blond wife.

KAMA (V.O.)
He remarried not three months after
her death. He loved her no more
than he had loved you... But
then...

IRMA takes the BABY BOY who has just been born, and passes him to LESTRANGE SR, who is delighted.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

KAMA (V.O.)
... his son, Corvus, was born at
last. And that man who had never
known love was filled with it...

104 INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

104

CREDENCE looks on, rapt: *is this who he is?*

He's hungry to know more.

KAMA
All he cared about was little
Corvus.

A beat.

CREDENCE
So... this is the truth? I am
Corvus Lestrangle?

KAMA
Yes.

LETA
No.

CREDENCE stares from one to the other.

KAMA turns and looks at LETA. Her eyes are unfocused. These
memories have haunted her nightmares for years.

KAMA
(to LETA)
Realizing that Mustafa Kama's son
had sworn revenge, your father
sought to hide you where I couldn't
find you. So he confided you to his
servant, who boarded a ship for
America.

LETA
He did send Corvus to America, but -
-

KAMA
His servant, Irma Dugard, was a
half-elf. Her magic was weak and
therefore left no trace I could
follow. I had only just discovered
how you had escaped when I received
news I never expected...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

 KAMA (CONT'D)
The ship had gone down at sea...
But you survived, didn't you?
 (to CREDENCE)
Somehow, someone had pulled you
from the water!
*"A son cruelly banished
Despair of the daughter
Return, great avenger
With wings from the water."*
There --
 (points at LETA)
-- stands the despairing daughter.
You are the winged raven returned
from the sea, but I -- I am the
avenger of my family's ruin.

KAMA raises his wand.

 KAMA (CONT'D)
I pity you, Corvus, but you must
die.

 LETA
Corvus Lestrane is already dead. I
killed him.

LETA raises her wand.

 LETA (CONT'D)
Accio!

A heavy box, hidden in the corner of the mausoleum, comes
crashing to her through the dust.

A series of clicks as cogs whirr... Puzzle-like, it falls
apart.

 LETA (CONT'D)
My father owned a very strange
family tree. It only recorded the
men...

We glimpse a tree with an orchid-like flower twisting around
it.

 LETA (CONT'D)
... the women in my family were
recorded as flowers. Beautiful.
Separate.

105 **INT. LESTRANGE MANOR, NURSERY - 1901 - NIGHT** 105

IRMA lifts a baby from a crib and departs, watched by a desolate LESTRANGE SR.

 LETA (V.O.)
My father sent me to America, along
with Corvus.

106 **INT. SHIP'S CABIN - 1901 - NIGHT** 106

IRMA is asleep, CHILD LETA awake on a lower bunk, and BABY CORVUS screaming in his crib.

 LETA (V.O.)
Irma was to pose as a grandmother
with two grandchildren...

The lights suddenly flicker on and off -- CHILD LETA hasn't moved, she is still looking at the screaming BABY CORVUS.

 LETA (V.O.)
Corvus never stopped crying.

In the background there is a commotion as figures run along the corridor outside the door.

As CHILD LETA approaches BABY CORVUS, who continues to cry, IRMA wakes.

She goes to investigate the fuss and noise in the corridor.

 LETA (V.O.)
I never wanted to hurt him.

CHILD LETA is transfixed by the baby.

 LETA (V.O.)
I only wanted to be free of him.
Just for a moment...

107 **INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - 1901 - NIGHT** 107

The door of the opposite cabin is ajar.

BABY CREDENCE is inside, fast asleep.

CHILD LETA slips inside. She swaps the babies.

 LETA (V.O.)
Just a single moment.

108 **INT. SHIP'S CABIN - 1901 - NIGHT**

108

CHILD LETA enters with BABY CREDENCE.

 IRMA
 Give him to me!

The ship lurches again. IRMA snatches BABY CREDENCE, not noticing the switch amid the confusion.

The cabin door bangs open to reveal a dark-haired young woman wearing a nightdress and life jacket.

 CREDENCE'S AUNT
 Irma? They want us to put on life jackets!

She slips and slides into her own cabin and picks up BABY CORVUS, also not realizing the babies have been switched.

109 **EXT. LIFEBOAT - 1901 - NIGHT**

109

CHILD LETA, IRMA, and BABY CREDENCE are in one boat, CREDENCE'S AUNT and BABY CORVUS in another.

A huge wave is approaching. CHILD LETA watches as the lifeboat bearing CREDENCE'S AUNT and BABY CORVUS is overturned.

CLOSE ON: THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. A few survivors reappear, including CREDENCE'S AUNT, but not BABY CORVUS... CREDENCE'S AUNT pulls off her life jacket so she can dive too...

She does not reemerge. We close in through the surface of the water, past the drowning woman, and see the dark shape of a drowning baby trailing bubbles of magical light as he sinks... and his figure becomes...

110 **INT. LESTRANGE MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT**

110

... the drowning baby falling through sea-green light, hanging in the air in the mausoleum. LETA has conjured it. It has haunted her all her life and now she shows it to them.

The orchid representing LETA on the Lestrange family tree twists around the branch labeled CORVUS LESTRANGE until the leaves wither and die.

 NEWT
 You didn't mean to do it, Leta. So it wasn't your fault.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

LETA
Oh, Newt. You never met a monster
you couldn't love.

A long look between them, a look full of memories.

TINA
Leta, do you know who Credence
really is? Did you know, when you
swapped them?

LETA
No.

CREDENCE reacts.

An opening suddenly appears in the wall of the mausoleum. All
stare at the steps leading down into the earth. The sound of
a gigantic CROWD rumbles beneath them.

JACOB
Queenie?

Before anyone can stop him, he runs down the steps. NEWT and
TINA dash after him.

LETA looks at KAMA, then follows NEWT.

KAMA hurries after her.

111 **INT. UNDERGROUND AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT** 111

JACOB steps out of the narrow staircase into an underground
amphitheater and is confronted by a terrifying sight.

Thousands of witches and wizards mill around, some already
seated on stone benches. The atmosphere is edgy. Some are
nervous but curious. Others excited, still others ready for a
fight.

Masked ACOLYTES steward the crowd.

ANGLE ON: CREDENCE AND NAGINI entering the amphitheater.

Awed and intimidated by the sight, they are swept along in
the swell of people moving deeper into the auditorium.

NAGINI tries to hold CREDENCE back.

NAGINI
They're purebloods. They kill the
likes of us for sport!

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

He carries on walking.

Looking around, JACOB spots a familiar blond head -- QUEENIE, being accompanied to a front row seat by an ACOLYTE.

He pushes his way into the crowd.

She turns. Utter delight --

She flings her arms around his neck.

JACOB
And you know that I love you,
right?

JACOB
Good, now let's get the hell out of
here.

QUEENIE
(serious)
Oh, wait. Wait a second. I just
thought maybe we could hear him
first. You know, just listen,
that's all.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2) 111

She pulls a confused JACOB into a seat beside her in the front row, clutching his hand.

JACOB looks around nervously at all the purebloods.

ANGLE ON: NEWT and TINA.

They are already in the crowd, TINA looking around for those they have followed, but NEWT, perturbed, is starting to see the bigger picture.

 TINA
 It's a trap.

 NEWT
 Yeah. Queenie -- the family tree --
 it's all been bait.

He looks around. ACOLYTES are moving to cover all the entrances.

 TINA
 We have to find a way out of here,
 right now.

 NEWT
 You go find the others.

 TINA
 What are you gonna do?

 NEWT
 I'll think of something.

He sets off. She moves more slowly into the crowd, looking for JACOB and CREDESCENCE.

ANGLE ON: AN ACOLYTE watching NEWT'S progress.

The lights dim. The crowd begins to cheer.

112 **INT. UNDERGROUND AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT** 112

WE FOLLOW: GRINDELWALD onstage as the audience explodes with delight.

Their hysteria builds as he stands there, part demagogue, part rock star.

ANGLE ON: TINA edging through the crowd, searching.

She spots QUEENIE and, at a short distance, CREDESCENCE.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

Whom should she approach first?

She chooses CREDENCE, but as she moves, is blocked by an ACOLYTE. They make eye contact.

TINA knows she is wildly outnumbered. Under the ACOLYTE'S gaze, she sinks onto a bench.

WE PAN OVER: the crowd.

WE SEE: QUEENIE, rapt --

-- and JACOB, low in his seat and scared...

KAMA, who is skeptical...

CREDENCE, transfixed --

-- and NAGINI, who trusts nobody...

LETA, studying GRINDELWALD, wondering...

ANGLE ON: GRINDELWALD, gesturing at the crowd to settle.

GRINDELWALD
My brothers, my sisters, my
friends: the great gift of your
applause is not for me.
(off noises of denial)
No. It is for yourselves.

ANGLE ON: LETA, amid the crowd.

She is not clapping, but she feels the pull of GRINDELWALD'S charisma.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
You came today because of a craving
and a knowledge that the old ways
serve us no longer... You come
today because you crave something
new, something different.

ANGLE ON: CREDENCE, listening.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
It is said that I hate Les Non-
Magiques. The Muggles. The No-Maj.
The Can't-Spells.

Jeers and hisses from much of the crowd. JACOB sinks deeper into his seat.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2) 112

QUEENIE is momentarily anxious; she seizes his hand: No, wait, listen --

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
I do not hate them. I do not.

Silence from the crowd.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
For I do not fight out of hatred. I say the Muggles are not lesser, but other. Not worthless, but of other value. Not disposable, but of a different disposition.

(beat)
Magic blooms only in rare souls. It is granted to those who live for higher things. Oh, and what a world we could make, for all of humanity. We who live for freedom, for truth -
-

His eyes meet QUEENIE'S in the front row.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
-- and for love.

WE PAN ACROSS: QUEENIE, now heart and soul his...

113 **EXT. PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY - NIGHT** 113

The figures of fifty AURORS appear in silhouette among the mausoleums.

WE MOVE IN: and see that THESEUS is one of them.

THESEUS
It isn't illegal to listen to him!
Use minimum of force on the crowd.
We mustn't be what he says we are!

But on other faces --

WE SEE: nervousness, even fear, and on a few, a clear will to fight, to avenge.

114 **INT. UNDERGROUND AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT** 114

BACK TO: GRINDELWALD onstage.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

GRINDELWALD

The moment has come to share my
vision of the future that awaits if
we do not rise up and take our
rightful place in the world.

ROSIER appears onstage. Bowing, she presents the skull-hookah
to GRINDELWALD.

Total silence falls in the auditorium. GRINDELWALD is
illuminated by the skull's golden light. He inhales deeply
through the tube. His eyes roll up into his head. He
exhales...

... and it is extraordinary. A gigantic Technicolor cloak
seems to unfurl from his lips across the high stone ceiling,
bearing moving images--the crowd gasps --

Thousands of marching, booted feet... explosions, men running
with guns...

CLOSE ON: THE FACES OF THE CROWD, mesmerized and afraid, the
light of the vision playing across their faces.

CLOSE ON: NEWT, stunned.

The vision of a nuclear blast rocks the amphitheater. It is
horrifying. The crowd feels it, is terrified. Screams, until
the vision subsides, leaving murmurs of panic...

CLOSE ON: JACOB, horrified.

JACOB

Not another war...

The vision fades. All eyes return to GRINDELWALD.

GRINDELWALD

That is what we are fighting! That
is the enemy--their arrogance, their
power lust, their barbarity. How
long will it take before they turn
their weapons on us?

WE PAN: around the exits and see AURORS, unnoticed, entering
the auditorium, fanning out among the crowd.

CLOSE ON: THESEUS, who is worried -- the situation is
volatile and could go badly wrong.

The crowd settles, agitated, expectant. They are waiting for
some new, extraordinary revelation.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Do nothing when I speak of this.
You must remain calm and contain
your emotions.
 (beat)
There are Aurors here among us.

Gasps. Heads turn.

We see the AURORS looking around in panic. They are wildly outnumbered. The crowd is hostile.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
 (to the AURORS who have
 just entered)
Come closer, brother wizards! Join
us.

To mounting hisses and angry jeers, the AURORS know they have no choice but to walk forward and show themselves.

ANGLE ON: LETA, turning to look.

She spots THESEUS.

A long, charged look between them.

THESEUS
 (to the other AURORS)
Do nothing. No force.

But one of the jumpiest young AURORS has made eye contact with the YOUNG RED-HAIRED WITCH.

She is angry, as twitchy as he is, fingering her wand.

GRINDELWALD
They have killed many of my
followers, it is true. They caught
and tortured me in New York. They
had struck down their fellow
witches and wizards for the simple
crime of seeking truth, for wanting
freedom...

He is deliberately playing on the unstable YOUNG RED-HAIRED WITCH'S feelings.

The YOUNG AUROR raises his wand a few inches. He can sense her desire for violence --

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

114

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Your anger -- your desire for
revenge -- is natural.

And it happens:

She raises her wand, but the YOUNG AUROR curses first.

To the horror of her companions, she falls, dead.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
No!

Screams fill the auditorium. GRINDELWALD ascends into the crowd, which parts for him.

He kneels and pulls the YOUNG RED-HAIRED WITCH'S limp body into his arms.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
(to her friends)
Take this young warrior back to her family.

The Niffler, unnoticed, wriggles out from beneath GRINDELWALD'S boot and disappears into the crowd.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Disapparate. Leave. Go forth from
this place and spread the word: *It
is not we who are violent.*

They take the body and *Disapparate*, as does most of the crowd.

THESEUS and the AURORS watch the purebloods leave.

THESEUS ushers his AURORS forward.

THESEUS
(looking at GRINDELWALD)
Let's take him.

They start to descend the amphitheater steps.

GRINDELWALD turns his back on the advancing AURORS, relishing the fight to come.

GRINDELWALD
Protego diabolica.

He spins and draws a protective circle of black fire around himself. The exits close.

(CONTINUED)

114

CONTINUED: (4)

114

ABERNATHY, CARROW, KRAFFT, MACDUFF, NAGEL, and ROSIER walk through the flames into the circle.

ANGLE ON: KRALL, hesitating. Then he decides the circle is the better option, braces himself, runs into the fire --

-- and is consumed.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Aurors, join me in this circle,
pledge to me your eternal
allegiance, or die. Only here shall
you know freedom, only here shall
you know yourself.

GRINDELWALD sends a wall of flames into the air, pursuing fleeing AURORS.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Play by the rules! No cheating,
children.

NAGINI grabs CREDENCE and tries to drag him away with her, but he is staring at GRINDELWALD.

CREDENCE
He knows who I am.

NAGINI
He knows what you were born, not
who you are...

GRINDELWALD smiles at CREDENCE through the fire.

NEWT
Credence!

NEWT tries to fight the fire but it becomes more monstrous, lashing out with eel-like spurs.

CREDENCE decides: Pulling free of NAGINI, he walks toward the flames.

Devastated, NAGINI is forced back by the ever-expanding fire.

ANGLE ON: QUEENIE AND JACOB, who are pressed up against a different stretch of wall.

JACOB
Queenie. You gotta wake up.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (5)

114

QUEENIE
(a decision)
Jacob, he's the answer. He wants
what we want.

JACOB
No, no, no, no, no, no.

QUEENIE
Yeah.

JACOB
No.

The black flames are coming toward them, fast.

ANGLE ON: CREDENCE, walking through the flames.

GRINDELWALD embraces him like a prodigal son.

GRINDELWALD
This has all been for you,
Credence.

ANGLE ON: QUEENIE and JACOB.

QUEENIE
Walk with me.

JACOB
Honey, no!

QUEENIE
(screams)
Walk with me!

JACOB
You're crazy.

She reads his mind, turns, hesitates, then walks into the
black fire.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(desperate, disbelieving)
No! Queenie, don't do it!

She screams, and JACOB covers his face, terrified, as she
passes through the ring of fire and joins GRINDELWALD'S side.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Queenie...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (6)

114

TINA
QUEENIE!

QUEENIE *Disapparates*.

TINA retaliates, throwing a curse at GRINDELWALD, but the circle of fire lashes out in ever more violent spears.

GRINDELWALD conducts the flames as though leading an orchestra, the Elder Wand his baton, as the forks of fire strike at AURORS attempting to *Disapparate* or flee.

Half-a-dozen AURORS lose their heads and run through the flames to GRINDELWALD.

ANGLE ON: NEWT AND THESEUS standing together on the amphitheater steps.

GRINDELWALD
Mr. Scamander. Do you think
Dumbledore will mourn for you?

GRINDELWALD throws a large burst of black fire at them both, and THESEUS and NEWT defend themselves.

LETA (O.S.)
Grindelwald! Stop!

GRINDELWALD catches sight of LETA.

THESEUS
Leta...

GRINDELWALD
This one I believe I know.

THESEUS makes a gigantic effort of will, carving a passage toward LETA, determined to reach her. They are using all their skill to keep the flames at bay.

GRINDELWALD moves toward her through the flames as THESEUS fights closer, desperate to reach her.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
Leta Lestrange... despised entirely
amongst wizards... unloved,
mistreated... yet brave. So very
brave.
(to LETA)
Time to come home.

He stretches out his hand. She contemplates it.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (7) 114

He looks at her, eyes narrowed.

She looks toward both THESEUS and NEWT, who are watching her, stunned.

 LETA
 I love you.

She points her wand at the skull in ROSIER'S hands, which explodes.

ROSIER is knocked backward and GRINDELWALD is momentarily obscured in a whirl of chaos.

 LETA (CONT'D)
 (to the others)
 GO! GO!

The fire engulfs LETA.

THESEUS goes wild. He tries to dive after her --

-- But NEWT grabs him and they *Disapparate*.

The fire, mirroring GRINDELWALD'S rage, explodes, chasing them.

 GRINDELWALD
 (whispers)
 I hate Paris.

115 **EXT. PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT** 115

NEWT and THESEUS, TINA with JACOB, and KAMA with NAGINI all *Apparate* out from the amphitheater.

The black fire pursues them like a many-headed hydra, erupting out of every mausoleum.

FLAMEL arrives at last.

The cemetery is on the verge of destruction. The fire GRINDELWALD has unleashed is out of control. It forms dragon-like creatures intent on annihilation.

 FLAMEL
 TOGETHER! In a circle, your wand
 into the earth, or all Paris will
 be lost!

 NEWT & THESEUS
Finite!

 TINA
Finite!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

 THESEUS
 (to TRAVERS)
 I think it's best if he speaks to
 him alone.

TRAVERS opens his mouth to protest. Meets THESEUS'S gaze.
Nods curtly.

NEWT walks along toward DUMBLEDORE. They meet in the middle
of the viaduct.

117 **EXT. AUSTRIA, NURMENGARD CASTLE WINDOW - DAWN** 117

CREDENCE is staring out at the sky, scared of what he has
done but awed by the magnificent vista.

WE PAN OUT TO SEE: Nurmengard, high on its mountain.

118 **INT. NURMENGARD CASTLE, SIDE ROOM - DAWN** 118

GRINDELWALD and QUEENIE are watching CREDENCE through the
half-open door into a grand drawing room.

 GRINDELWALD
 (whispers)
 Is he frightened of me still?

 QUEENIE
 (whispers)
 You need to be careful... He's not
 sure he made the right choice. Be
 very gentle with him.

She smiles as he bows her out through a separate door.

Once he is sure she has gone, he walks into the drawing room
to join CREDENCE.

 GRINDELWALD
 I have a gift for you, my boy.

From behind his back he takes a handsome wand.

With a bow, he presents it to CREDENCE, who cannot believe
his eyes.

119 **EXT. THE VIADUCT AT HOGWARTS - DAY** 119

We see that DUMBLEDORE is hollow-eyed. His usual calm has
gone. He's a man at the end of his tether.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

DUMBLEDORE
Is it true about Leta?

NEWT nods.

NEWT
Yes.

DUMBLEDORE
I'm so sorry.

NEWT pulls out the vial.

DUMBLEDORE stares at it, simultaneously tormented and amazed.

NEWT
It's a blood pact, isn't it? You
swore not to fight each other.

Bitterly ashamed, DUMBLEDORE nods.

DUMBLEDORE
(overcome)
How in the name of Merlin did you
manage to get... ?

The Niffler pokes its head out of NEWT'S jacket, sad to see
the pendant go.

NEWT
Grindelwald doesn't seem to
understand the nature of things he
considers simple.

DUMBLEDORE raises his hands to show the Admonitors.

CLOSE ON: THESEUS. He raises his wand.

BACK TO: DUMBLEDORE AND NEWT. The Admonitors fall from
DUMBLEDORE'S wrists.

The vial-blood troth-hangs in the air between them.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Can you destroy it?

DUMBLEDORE
Maybe... maybe.

Overcome, tearful, he tries to speak cheerfully.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)
(of the Niffler)
Would he like a cup of tea?

They turn to walk back toward Hogwarts.

NEWT
He'll have some milk. Hide the
teaspoons.

The others walk slowly after them.

120 INT. NURMENGARD CASTLE - DAWN

120

GRINDELWALD
You have suffered the most heinous
of betrayals, most purposely
bestowed upon you by your own
blood. Your own flesh and blood.
And just as he has celebrated your
torment, your brother seeks to
destroy you.

CREDENCE inhales sharply. His chick steps gingerly onto
GRINDELWALD'S palm.

GRINDELWALD throws it in the air, where it catches alight.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
There is a legend in your family
that a phoenix will come to any
member who is in dire need.

Given room at last, the bird stretches its wings and becomes
full size. The bird is aflame, a phoenix reborn.

GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)
It is your birthright, my boy. As
is the name I now restore to you.
(whispers)
Aurelius. Aurelius Dumbledore.

CREDENCE turns. The power of his Obscurus can at last be
channeled.

He points the wand at the window and a spell of immense power
shatters the glass and breaks apart the mountain opposite.

CREDENCE stands staring through the shattered glass at his
handiwork.

He is extraordinary, and this is just his beginning.