

J.K. ROWLING & STEVE KLOVES

FANTASTIC BEASTS

# THE SECRETS OF DUMBLEDORE

THE ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

*With concept art and behind-the-scenes commentary from*

DAVID YATES, DAVID HEYMAN, JUDE LAW, EDDIE REDMAYNE,  
COLLEEN ATWOOD, AND MORE

FANTASTIC BEASTS  
**D**<sup>THE</sup> SECRETS OF  
DUMBLEDORE

THE COMPLETE SCREENPLAY

*Screenplay by*

J.K. ROWLING & STEVE KLOVES

*Based upon a screenplay by*

J.K. ROWLING

*Foreword by*

DAVID YATES

*With behind-the-scenes content and commentary from*

DAVID HEYMAN, JUDE LAW, EDDIE REDMAYNE,  
COLLEEN ATWOOD, AND MORE

Pottermore  
**PUBLISHING**



## FOREWORD

Diving back into J.K. Rowling’s Wizarding World with *The Secrets of Dumbledore* was both exciting creatively and challenging logistically, given that production began at the same time as the global pandemic, and we based ourselves for much of it working out of Leavesden Studios in Hertfordshire, England. It was here that Stuart Craig and his exceptional art department team, thwarted by various travel restrictions because of COVID-19, created magical versions of Berlin, Bhutan, and China across the back lot. We also rebuilt some of the most memorable sets from earlier Wizarding World stories and films, including the Hog’s Head, the Room of Requirement, and Hogwarts itself.

Jo and Steve’s screenplay moves deftly between the old and new while balancing a timely political story with both charm and emotion. At the heart of the tale, one of Jo’s most enduring and endearing characters, Albus Dumbledore, deals with present dangers and past regrets, while Newt Scamander leads a mission to prevent Grindelwald’s rise to power.

Over many months, as the world fell into a strange hibernation, we worked to translate Jo and Steve’s words to the screen.

In *The Secrets of Dumbledore*, dangerous times may favor dangerous men, but the tenacity and the pluck of Dumbledore, Newt, and the gang they assemble to take on the most lethal wizard in over a century holds out the promise that in the end, light and love may yet prevail, however challenging the odds.

— DAVID YATES

March 21, 2022



**1 INT. TRAIN CAR—DAY**

*MEN and WOMEN sit silently in the flickering light. CAMERA GLIDES slowly, reveals a MAN standing, strap in hand, gently swaying with the train's movements. His face is hidden to us, but his HAT, set at a mildly rakish angle, is somehow familiar.*

**2 EXT. STATION—MOMENTS LATER—DAY**

*The train comes to a halt. The doors open. The men and women stream out, including the man in the hat.*

**3 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS—MOMENTS LATER—DAY**

*The man with the hat emerges into the light and separates from his fellow passengers. He glances about briefly, then continues on.*

**4 INT. CAFÉ—DAY**

*Busy. Loud. As a WAITRESS with a DARK BOB crosses into view, we go with her, wending as she wends, gracefully gliding to a table near the back, where she sets a cup of something hot in front of the man with the hat: DUMBLEDORE.*



**ALBUS DUMBLEDORE COSTUME SKETCH**

451623b

 <p><b>MINISTRY OF MAGIC</b> DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL LAW ENFORCEMENT FORM NO. 298/7122D</p> <p>- AUROR OFFICE - IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC - HIT WIZARDS - - WIZENGAMOT ADMINISTRATION SERVICES -</p>	<p>PLEASE DO NOT COMPLETE THIS SECTION - FOR APPROVED MINISTERIAL PERSONNEL ONLY</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> NAME: <input type="checkbox"/> NPYXMYAO <input type="checkbox"/> DYMNG</p> <p>THIS INVESTIGATION MUST BE VALIDATED BY A MINISTRY OFFICIAL - USE APPROPRIATE STAMP HERE</p> <p>SIGNED AND DATED BY SENIOR OFFICER: _____</p> <p>MINISTRY OF MAGIC REGULATION REFERENCE: ARTICLE 50/14</p>															
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<p><b>NAME OF WITCH OR WIZARD:</b> ALBUS PERCIVAL WULFRIC BRIAN DUMBLEDORE</p> <p><b>NATIONALITY:</b> BRITISH</p> <p><b>PRESENT ADDRESS:</b> HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY</p> <p><b>DATE OF BIRTH:</b> 26/12/1878</p> <p><b>PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION:</b> PROFESSOR OF DEFENCE AGAINST THE DARK ARTS</p> <p><b>INVESTIGATIVE NUMBER:</b> <span style="font-size: 1.5em; border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px 10px;">2X00181X</span></p> <p>INVESTIGATIVE NUMBER MUST BE CONFIRMED BY SUPERIOR - AS MENTIONED IN ARTICLE 35</p> <p style="text-align: right;">PHOTO MUST BE RECENT</p>																
<p><b>1- SECTION 190871/B</b></p> <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 20%;">1</td> <td style="width: 20%;">2</td> <td style="width: 20%;">3</td> <td style="width: 20%;">4</td> <td style="width: 20%;">5</td> </tr> <tr> <td>I - R. THUMB</td> <td>2 - R. MERCURY</td> <td>3 - R. APOLLO</td> <td>4 - R. SATURN</td> <td>5 - R. JUPITER</td> </tr> <tr> <td colspan="5">APPLICANT'S RIGHT HAND FINGER PRINTS - ONLY USE ROYAL PURPLE INK</td> </tr> </table> <p>THE PERSONS MENTIONED BELOW ARE THE KNOWN MEMBERS OF SUBJECT'S FAMILY:</p> <p><b>SPOUSE:</b> N/A..... <b>BORN AT:</b> _____ <b>NAME:</b> XXX</p> <p><b>FATHER:</b> PERCIVAL DUMBLEDORE, BORN AT: 26/12/1840 <b>NAME:</b> XXX</p> <p><b>MOTHER:</b> KENDRA DUMBLEDORE, BORN AT: 26/12/1840 <b>NAME:</b> XXX</p>		1	2	3	4	5	I - R. THUMB	2 - R. MERCURY	3 - R. APOLLO	4 - R. SATURN	5 - R. JUPITER	APPLICANT'S RIGHT HAND FINGER PRINTS - ONLY USE ROYAL PURPLE INK				
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<p><b>2- SECTION 190871/C</b></p> <p>KNOWN HISTORY OF SUBJECT (INCLUDING FAMILY HISTORY &amp; EDUCATION)</p> <p>KNOWN TO HAVE ATTENDED HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY, SORROW INTO GRYFFINDOR. FATHER: PERCIVAL DUMBLEDORE, SENTENCED TO LIFE IN AZKABAN FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY. MOTHER: KENDRA DUMBLEDORE, AND SISTER: KENDRA AND ARIANA, DEGRASSED IN UNKNOWN CIRCUMSTANCES. DURING ALBUS DUMBLEDORE'S TEENAGE YEARS, HE IS KNOWN TO HAVE MET AND BECOME FRIENDS WITH THE DARK WIZARD GELLERT GRINDELWALD.</p> <p><b>3- SECTION 190871/D</b></p> <p>REASON FOR INVESTIGATION: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> INFORMANT  <input type="checkbox"/> SUSPECTED ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES  <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER KNOWN AFFILIATION WITH DARK WIZARD</p> <p><b>SECURITY STATUS</b> CURRENTLY UNDER INVESTIGATION.</p>																
<p><b>4- SECTION 190871/E</b></p> <p><b>MINISTRY AUTHORIZATION</b> <span style="font-size: 1.5em; border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px 10px;">1+3+7+7+7=27</span></p> <p>CODE</p> <p>* ALL INFORMATION IN THIS CASE FILE IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL AND MUST NOT BE DISCLOSED OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC TEAM.</p> <p>SIGNATURE OF SUPERIOR OFFICER: _____ DATE: _____</p>																

PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR ALBUS DUMBLEDORE CASE FILE, WITH SPACE LEFT FOR MOVING PHOTOGRAPH

**DUMBLEDORE**

Thank you.

**WAITRESS**

Would you like something else?

**DUMBLEDORE**

No. Not just yet—I'm waiting.

*(a frown)*

I'm expecting someone.

*The waitress nods and turns away. Dumbledore watches her go, then stirs a lump of sugar into his tea, leans his head back, and closes his eyes. We HOLD on him like this, face in repose, for a long time until . . . a LIGHT falls over Dumbledore's face.*

*Dumbledore opens his eyes, considers the man standing beside his table: GRINDELWALD.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Would this be one of your regular haunts?

**DUMBLEDORE**

I don't have any regular haunts.

*For a moment, Grindelwald studies him, then sits in the seat opposite.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Let me see it.

*Dumbledore stares at him, then slowly brings a hand into view and reveals: the BLOOD TROTH. As he cradles it, its chain slowly slithers between Dumbledore's fingers, as if alive.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Sometimes I imagine I still feel it around my neck, I carried it for so many years. How does it feel around yours?

**DUMBLEDORE**  
We can free each other of it.

*Grindelwald ignores this, glancing about the room.*

**GRINDELWALD**  
Love to chatter, don't they, our Muggle friends. Though one must admit:  
They make a good cup of tea.

**DUMBLEDORE**  
What you're doing is madness—

**GRINDELWALD**  
It's what we said we'd do.

**DUMBLEDORE**  
I was young. I was—

**GRINDELWALD**  
—committed. To me. To us.

**DUMBLEDORE**  
No. I went along because—

**GRINDELWALD**  
Because?

**DUMBLEDORE**  
Because I was in love with you.

*They stare into each other's eyes, then Dumbledore looks away again.*

**GRINDELWALD**  
Yes. But that's not why you went along. It was you who said we could  
reshape the world, that it was our birthright.

*Grindelwald settles back, eyes narrow. INHALES.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Can you smell it? The stench? Do you really intend to turn your back on your own kind for these animals?

*Dumbledore's eyes shift, meet Grindelwald's steely gaze.*

### **GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

With or without you, I will burn down their world, Albus. There's nothing you can do to stop me. Enjoy your cup of tea.

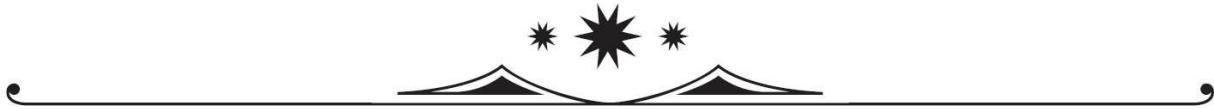
*As Grindelwald exits, a LOW RUMBLE begins. Dumbledore stares down at his teacup, watches it faintly TREMBLE on the hard surface of the table. As the liquid within QUIVERS, he seems to get lost in it.*

*We go to flames, holding for some time, until we are in . . .*

#### **5 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S ROOM—HOGWARTS—MORNING**

*We find Dumbledore standing at his window, eyes closed. As we slowly pull focus to him, his eyes open, and we are back in the present.*

*He holds the blood troth, the chain coiled around his wrist.*



When they were teenagers, Dumbledore and Grindelwald came up with this plan for taking control of the wizarding world and beyond, a plan that Grindelwald is now trying to realize. But Dumbledore is a changed man. He understands the mistakes he has made and is trying as best he can to right them. I think that's very potent: We've all made mistakes in our lives, and no matter who we are, we have to acknowledge those mistakes, learn from them, and move on.



— DAVID HEYMAN  
*(Producer)*

**6 EXT. LAKE—TIANZI MOUNTAINS—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*A vast, beautiful landscape. Under a low moon, limestone pillars rise majestically out of the water in the shadow of a MOUNTAIN—the Angel Eye.*

*NEWT paddles across the lake.*

**7 EXT. TIANZI MOUNTAINS—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Feet delicately step ashore, leaving the bobbing boat behind, and we reveal NEWT SCAMANDER.*

*Lakes and tributaries fall away behind as he starts an ascent through the bamboo forest.*

*The distant cry of an animal echoes evocatively across the landscape. Newt listens for a moment. PICKETT, atop Newt's shoulder, listens too.*

**NEWT**  
*(whispers)*  
She's ready.



**NEWT SCAMANDER COSTUME SKETCHES**





We finally get to see Newt where he's at his best and happiest, which is out in the wild tracking creatures. And in this case it's a very beautiful and extraordinary creature called a Qilin that has this mythical status in the wizarding world. One of the things I've always loved about Newt is that there's this kind of anomaly between his physicality and slight social awkwardness mixed with his dexterity and facility in nature. So it was thrilling when I first saw the script and this almost Indiana Jones–like moment at the beginning of the movie because it's Newt at his most comfortable.



— EDDIE REDMAYNE

*(Newt Scamander)*

**8 EXT. HOLLOW—TIANZI MOUNTAINS—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Newt moves rapidly but carefully toward the mouth of a great cathedral-like cave. As he draws close, something stirs inside, half hidden in shadow.*

**9 EXT. HOLLOW—TIANZI MOUNTAINS—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Newt tenderly reaches out to stroke the back of the animal as she rolls gently, and we see she's a QILIN: part dragon, part horse, powerful but with a sweetness to her. She's breathing fast, her skin flecking and twitching, insects and bits of jungle and dust caked into her hide.*

*She lets out another cry.*

*A GOLDEN LIGHT begins to suffuse the ground beneath her. Newt smiles, entranced. Slowly, slithering out from beneath the mother, a BABY QILIN appears, beautiful and fragile, its eyes blinking blindly. SNIFFING curiously, it softly BLEATS, its tiny body pulsing with GOLDEN LIGHT, briefly illuminating Newt's and Pickett's faces as they peer down at it.*

*Newt steps back, watches as the mother Qilin licks the baby clean as it shivers and stumbles around.*



BABY QILIN SKETCH

**NEWT**  
*(off Pickett's look)*

Beautiful.

*(beat)*

Right, you two. Now the tricky bit.

*Newt reaches down for his case, opening it gently. We see a photo of TINA pinned inside the lid.*

*Through the deep undergrowth figures approach, wands being drawn . .*

*. . . ACOLYTES ROSIER and CARRROW approaching, eyes hungrily on the baby Qilin.*

*With a WHOOSH Rosier and Carrow raise their wands, firing SPELLS, flaying the mother Qilin's hide. She sways drunkenly, BELLOWING into the night, and then—her legs betraying her—collapses.*

*IN THE ONSLAUGHT:*

*Newt sends a defensive spell back and it blooms into a shield, but it's too late.*

*Glancing back to see a DARK FIGURE emerge between the other Acolytes: CREDENCE, looking older, more assured, as he strikes through Newt's shield with his wand.*

*Newt points his wand at his case.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
*Accio!*

*The case flies across into his hand.*

*Credence breaks through the shield as Newt pitches himself over the rim of the hollow, dropping down a treacherous slope as he jumps, stumbles, and trips through the undergrowth.*

*A THWACK of a spell from behind, splintering BAMBOO around him, SENDS his case tumbling from his hands.*

*Up ahead we see the baby Qilin standing in the undergrowth, frightened and fragile.*

*Newt picks up the pace, LOOKS ACROSS TO SEE . . .*

*. . . legs pop out of the CASE as it bumps and bounces downhill, steering it back toward him.*

*Carrow jets toward Newt, hands outstretched for the baby Qilin. Newt counters, sending her flying backward.*

*THWACK! Another SPELL whistles over Newt's head just as he ducks and sweeps his arm around the baby Qilin, scooping her up, and in that moment another incoming spell HITS HIM and sends him flying off HIGH GROUND AND DOWN.*

*FROM BENEATH, Newt's body plunges deep into swirling water.*

*On the foaming surface, Pickett's head pops up, swimming parallel to the shore, WORRIED at the sight of Newt's unconscious body drifting to a stop on the opposite shoreline.*

*WIDE . . .*

*. . . to reveal that we are at the base of a series of beautiful, cascading waterfalls that spill down from the Angel Eye.*

*For a moment, Newt lies in a dreamlike state, blinking up into the sky. Finally, he raises his head.*

*NEWT'S POV*

*. . . ZABINI holds a sack while Rosier reaches over and collects the baby Qilin, shoving it roughly into the sack. WHOOSH! In an instant, they are gone.*

*Newt prizes himself up.*

*We CUT TO:*

*. . . Newt stumbling back toward the hollow, one arm wrapped about his case. He reaches the crest of the hollow. The mother Qilin lies in shadow, unmoving. Newt collapses against the mother Qilin's motionless body. His chest heaves painfully.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
I'm so sorry.

*Newt squints upward, considering the empty sky. His eyelids grow heavy . . . sleep beckoning . . . his chest rising more steadily . . . when:*

*His face BLOOMS SOFTLY with light.*

*His eyes flutter open. The earth beneath him is BLOOMING.*

*Turning, he studies the mother Qilin, watching as the flesh surrounding her eye TWITCHES and . . .*

*. . . a SOFT, MURMURING BLEAT breaks the silence. As the LIGHT at his back BLOOMS BRIGHTER, Newt turns, watching as . . .*

*. . . a SECOND BABY QILIN wriggles into view. As it slips free, it peers around uncertainly, then meets Newt's eyes. Newt smiles before the Qilin wriggles into his arms. He turns back to the mother . . . then stops.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
Twins. You've had twins . . .

*As he watches, a TEAR trickles from her eye, her PUPIL DILATING. Newt's face falls. He rolls back against the mother's lifeless body.*

*Slowly, Pickett pokes his head out of Newt's pocket, staring at the baby Qilin with wonder.*

*Newt nods to the case and Pickett hops to, pausing over one of the latches, looking back for guidance.*

*Still clasping the Qilin, Newt unfastens one latch while Pickett flips open the other.*

*TEDDY pops his head out, seeing Newt and then looking across at the baby Qilin.*

*From deep below, in the belly of the case, we follow the leggy limbs of a WYVERN as it climbs upward toward the sky, past the picture of TINA GOLDSTEIN stuck to the inside of the case lid, and then Teddy before emerging UP AND OUT of the case into the Angel Eye itself.*

*The Wyvern's body starts to expand magically and beautifully before us. With his last bit of strength, Newt gathers the Qilin close, pulling it within the folds of his coat. Shivering, it bleats softly in his arms.*

*The tail of the Wyvern wraps around Newt, and he and the baby Qilin are lifted gently into the air.*

*The Wyvern ascends high into the sky, its great majestic wings expanding gracefully as it carries Newt and the baby Qilin over the expansive waterfalls and toward the horizon, which glimmers faintly with the day's first light.*

**The TITLE APPEARS:**

## **THE SECRETS OF DUMBLEDORE**



Compared to Harry Potter or many other heroes from the wizarding world, Newt isn't written as the greatest or most powerful wizard, but he has his own unique facility with magic. So in this fight, rather than just outright dueling spells, Newt uses more organic things, sending leaves into whirlwinds or shields, for example. His magic is not, perhaps, the most impressive, but it feels specific to who he is as a character.



— EDDIE REDMAYNE

*(Newt Scamander)*

**10 EXT. CASTLE ENTRANCE/COURTYARD—NURMENGARD—MORNING**

*We DRIFT, watching Grindelwald leave the castle as the Acolytes Apparate into the far end of the courtyard.*

*Credence separates from the others.*

*Grindelwald's eyes are fixed on the sack in Credence's hand. Rosier hovers—silent, watchful. Grindelwald steps forward.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Leave us.

*The Acolytes withdraw wordlessly. One or two glance back, aware that Credence is now the favorite. Alone with Credence now, Grindelwald nods to the sack.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Show me.

*Grindelwald takes the Qilin and peers deeply into its damp eyes. PHLEGM drizzles from its quivering nose.*

**CREDENCE**

The others. They said it's special.

**GRINDELWALD**

Oh, it's beyond special. See, see its eyes? Those eyes see everything. When a Qilin is born, a righteous leader will rise, to change our world forever. Her birth brings change, Credence, to everything.

*Credence eyes the Qilin quizzically.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

You did well.

*Grindelwald places his hand on Credence's cheek. Credence covers Grindelwald's hand with his own, tentatively, as if unfamiliar with such*

*intimate touch.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**  
Go. Rest.



**NURMENGARD CASTLE LOCATION RENDERING**

**11 INT. DRAWING ROOM—SAME TIME—MORNING**

*QUEENIE watches Credence disappear from view, then returns her attention to Grindelwald, who gently lowers the Qilin to the flagstones, eyeing it with evident fascination.*

*Reaching out, he gently lifts it to its feet, steadying it, then positions himself in front of it. For a moment, nothing. Then, slowly, the Qilin's head lifts, its weary gaze meeting Grindelwald's expectant one. Then . . .*

*. . . it turns away. Grindelwald's face hardens. He picks up the Qilin and cradles it in his arms. He reaches into his pocket, something GLIMMERING briefly as he withdraws his hand. Grindelwald's arm rises and . . .*

*. . . blood spatters the flagstones, the glimmering blade in Grindelwald's hand running red. Queenie's breath catches—almost too softly to hear.*

*A VISION appears in the pooling blood, of TWO FIGURES, seen from on high, WALKING in the snow.*

*We CUT TO:*



**HOGSMEADE LOCATION RENDERING**

**12 EXT. HOGSMEADE—DAY**

*Newt and THESEUS trudge through the snow, past TATTY POSTERS of GRINDELWALD—HAVE YOU SEEN THIS WIZARD?*

**THESEUS**

I don't suppose you'd like to tell me what this is about, would you?

**NEWT**

He just asked that we meet. And that I be sure to bring you.

**THESEUS**

Right.

*Theseus studies Newt as they walk ahead into HOGSMEADE.*

**13 INT. HOG'S HEAD—MOMENTS LATER—DAY**

*The bearded proprietor (ABERFORTH DUMBLEDORE) runs a dirty rag over the MIRROR behind the bar, his suspicious gaze shifting as Newt and Theseus, in REFLECTION, enter. As they glance about the squalid surroundings, he continues to clean.*

**ABERFORTH**

Here to meet my brother, I expect?

*Newt steps forward.*

**NEWT**

We're here to see Albus Dumbledore.

*Aberforth eyes them once more in the mirror, then turns.*

**ABERFORTH**

That would be my brother.

**NEWT**

Oh. Sorry, um . . . brilliant. I'm Newt Scamander and this is—

*As Newt extends his hand, Aberforth turns away.*

**ABERFORTH**

Up the stairs. First on the left.

*Newt stands with his hand extended another moment, then nods and turns back to Theseus, who raises his eyebrows.*



**THE HOG'S HEAD LOCATION RENDERING**

14 INT. UPPER ROOM—HOG'S HEAD—CONTINUOUS—DAY

**DUMBLEDORE**

Has Newt told you why you're here?

**THESEUS**

Was he meant to?

*Dumbledore eyes Theseus, clocking the mild challenge in his tone.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

No, as a matter of fact.

*Theseus's eyes shift to Newt, who struggles to hold his gaze.*

**NEWT**

There's something we—that, Dumbledore—wishes to speak to you about. A proposal.

*Theseus considers his brother, then Dumbledore.*

**THESEUS**

All right.

*Dumbledore, having crossed the room, takes the BLOOD TROTH from a table and dangles it in the firelight.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

You know what this is, of course.

**THESEUS**

Newt had it in Paris. I can't say I have much experience with such things, but it looks to be a blood troth.

**DUMBLEDORE**

That would be correct.

**THESEUS**

And whose blood is contained within?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Mine.

(*a beat*)

And Grindelwald's.

**THESEUS**

I'm assuming that's why you can't move against him?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Yes. Nor he against me.

*Theseus nods, eyeing the troth, watching as the droplets of blood circle one another like weights in a clock.*

**THESEUS**

Can I ask what would possess you to make such a thing?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Love. Arrogance. Naivete. Pick your poison. We were young. We were going to transform the world. This ensured we would. Even if one of us had a change of heart.

**THESEUS**

And what would happen if you were to fight him?

*Newt eyes Dumbledore expectantly, but he remains mute, staring at the troth.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

It's really quite beautiful, you have to admit. Were I even to *think* about defying it . . .

*The blood troth flashes red and flies free, caroming off the floor and to the wall. As he draws his wand, taking aim, the troth's chain, still tethered to his arm, constricts, burrowing deep into his flesh.*

*As Newt and Theseus look on, Dumbledore begins to approach the troth where it grinds into the wall, a strange smile coming over his face, as if he were in thrall to it.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

*It knows, you see . . .*

*Dumbledore stares, transfixed. The chain causes the veins in his hand to swell, bulging monstrously. Grimacing, the wand tumbles from his fingers.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

*It senses the betrayal in my heart . . .*

*Newt's gaze shifts to the DROPS of BLOOD, now circling one another more frantically within the troth.*

*Dumbledore continues to stare at the troth as it trembles more violently against the wall and the chain snakes slowly up his throat, encircling his neck . . .*

**NEWT**

*Albus . . .*

*. . . drawing tighter, then tighter still . . .*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

*Albus . . .*

*. . . his eyes rolling up into his head . . .*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

*Albus!*

*The blood troth drops to the floor and then into Dumbledore's hand, the chain slithering from his neck and reattaching itself to the troth, its host. Gradually the chain loosens and Dumbledore's chest heaves, as if he'd just remembered to breathe. He opens his hand. In his palm, the troth trembles briefly, then goes still.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

That would be the least of it. A young man's magic, but as you can see, powerful magic. It can't be undone.

**THESEUS**

So this proposal. I take it the Qilin has something to do with it?

*Dumbledore's eyes shift to Newt.*

**NEWT**

He promises he won't tell a soul.

*Dumbledore turns back to Theseus, answers his question.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

If we are to defeat him, the Qilin is only part of it. The world as we know it is coming undone. Gellert is pulling it apart with hate, bigotry. Things that seem unimaginable today will seem inevitable tomorrow if we don't stop him. Should you agree to do what I ask, you'll have to trust me. Even when every instinct tells you not to.

*Theseus eyes Newt. Finally, he looks up into Dumbledore's gaze once more.*

**THESEUS**

Let's hear it.

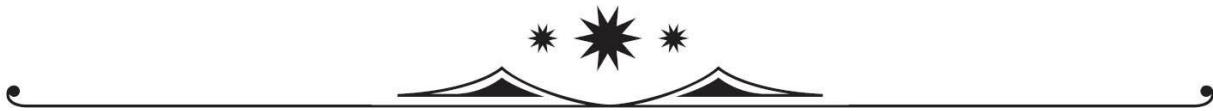


Dumbledore has always been an enigma. He's got this spark, this kind of playful quality to him whilst dealing with ridiculously high stakes. But there's also a kind of slightly father-son, master-apprentice connection between Dumbledore and Newt. In the past movies, Dumbledore's kind of sent Newt out to do his dirty work for him. In this film he's beginning to let him in.



— EDDIE REDMAYNE

*(Newt Scamander)*



It's an interesting time in Dumbledore's life: The man that we all grew to love through the Harry Potter films is not fully formed yet, so we get to see an Albus going through big emotional and life-changing decisions and situations, and all of those lead him to become the much-loved, sage headmaster Albus Dumbledore in later years. So we see him confronting his past, confronting old friends, old foes, and also confronting himself.



— JUDE LAW  
*(Albus Dumbledore)*

**15 INT. CREDENCE'S ROOM—NURMENGARD—DAY**

*Credence's face comes into frame. He meets his own eyes in the glass, then raises a hand. As he watches, a fly crawls along his arm. He watches, transfixed, then his eyes shift.*

*Queenie stands in the doorway.*

**CREDENCE**

Does he send you? To spy on me?



**QUEENIE GOLDSTEIN COSTUME SKETCH**

**QUEENIE**

No. But he asks. What you're thinking. What you're feeling.

**CREDENCE**

And the others? Does he ask you what they're thinking and feeling?

**QUEENIE**

Yes. But it's mostly you.

**CREDENCE**

And do you tell him?

*She starts to reply, then falters. As the veins in his hand lighten, returning to normal, Credence turns, looking at Queenie directly for the first time.*

**CREDENCE (CONT'D)**

You do?

*He smiles but there is something unnerving about it.*

**CREDENCE (CONT'D)**

Who's reading whose mind now?

*(smile vanishing)*

Tell me what you see.

*She eyes him, then:*

**QUEENIE**

You're a Dumbledore. It's an important family—you know this because he's told you. He's also told you that they abandoned you, that you were a dirty secret. He says Dumbledore abandoned him too and he knows how you feel. And for that reason . . . for that reason, he's asked you to kill him.

*Credence's smile has curdled.*

**CREDENCE**

I want you to go now, Queenie.

*She nods, makes to exit, then, at the door, stops.*

**QUEENIE**

I don't. Tell him. Not always. Not everything.

*She withdraws, closing the door quietly. Credence stands, unmoving for a moment, then the mirror catches his eye. Slowly, as if drawn by an invisible hand, LETTERS begin to MATERIALIZE on the SURFACE of the glass.*

**... FORGIVE ME ...**

*Credence looks unsurprised. Stepping forward, he raises his own hand . . . and wipes the mirror clean.*

**16 EXT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—LOWER EAST SIDE—PREDAWN**

*A battered metal window shutter RATTLES upward, revealing the sad and lonely figure of JACOB KOWALSKI standing outside in the chill. He stares bleakly within.*

**17 INT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—CONTINUOUS—PREDAWN**

*The oven door opens to reveal Jacob as he checks that it is still lit.*

*He grabs a BRISTLED BRUSH and, stepping to the front window, begins to sweep up yesterday's crumbs, chasing off the occasional ROACH.*

**18 INT. BACKROOM—KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—MOMENTS LATER—PREDAWN**

**CLOSE UP—WEDDING CAKE**

*A blanket of white icing. An ALTAR made of spun sugar. And two TINY FIGURINES: A BRIDE, poised before the altar. The GROOM, lying facedown in a drift of icing.*

*Jacob delicately takes the groom when—BRINNNG!—the shop BELL sounds. He lays the groom back down on the icing.*

**19 INT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—MOMENTS LATER—PREDAWN**

*Jacob emerges, apron on his shoulder, stops cold.*

**JACOB**

Hey, we're closed—

*A WOMAN is peering into the far pastry case.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Queenie.

*The woman turns, beams. Queenie.*

**QUEENIE**

Hi, sweetie.

*Jacob approaches.*

**QUEENIE (CONT'D)**

Honey, look at your bakery, it's like a ghost town.

**JACOB**

Yeah, well, I . . . I . . . missed you.



**JACOB KOWALSKI COSTUME SKETCH**

KOWALSKI  BAKERY

WE MAKE  
**BREAD, PASTRIES, CAKES**  
AND  
**FANCY CONFECTIONS.**

---

**PIERNIK ~ PACZKIS**  
**FAWORKI AKA ~ CHRUST**  
**FROM 2¢ EACH, OR 4 FOR 6¢.**

**BABKA ~ MAKOWIEC**  
**SERNIK ~ BY THE SLICE.**

---

**BREADS FROM 5¢ A LOAF.**  
INCLUDING  
**OBWARZANEK KRAKOWSK**  
**CHALLAH ~ ANGIELKA**  
AND  
**SLĄSK BREADS.**

KOWALSKI BAKERY PRICE LIST

Nº 0022



KOWALSKI BAKERY  
443 RIVINGTON STREET. N.Y.

BREAD, PASTRIES, CAKES  
AND FANCY CONFECTIONS.

WE DELIVER ↗ ASK IN STORE.

M \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_ 192 \_\_\_\_\_



SALESMAN \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CUSTOM.

KOWALSKI BAKERY RECEIPT PAD

*Tears well in Jacob's eyes.*

**QUEENIE**

Oh, baby. Come here . . . Come here.

*She enfolds him in her arms. He closes his eyes.*

**QUEENIE (CONT'D)**

Everything's going to be all right.  
Everything's going to be just fine . . .

**NEW ANGLE—JACOB HUGGING HIMSELF IN THE EMPTY SHOP**

*He opens his eyes. Looks at his empty arms. Sighs. Through the grimy front window he catches sight of a shy-looking young woman (LALLY HICKS) sitting on the bus bench across the street.*

**20 EXT. BUS STOP—LOWER EAST SIDE—CONTINUOUS—PREDAWN**

*Lally begins to read. In the near distance, we see THREE WORKMEN approaching.*

*One of the men separates from the others.*

**WORKMAN 1**

Hey, sweetheart. What brings you downtown?

*Lally continues to read her book.*

**LALLY**

I really hope you didn't spend all day coming up with that.

*The man is a little taken aback by Lally, who remains absorbed in the book in her lap.*

**WORKMAN 1**

Oh, you want scary? Is that what you want?

*The workman waits expectantly as Lally studies him solemnly. Finally:*

**LALLY**

You know what it is, you just aren't menacing enough.

**WORKMAN 1**

I think I'm plenty menacing. Am I not menacing?

*He turns to his two cohorts, who seem uncertain.*

**LALLY**

Maybe if you waved your arms around. You know, like a crazy man. Then you'd appear more menacing.

*As the workman continues to gesticulate wildly, Lally leans slightly to her left, peering across the street.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**

That's good, a little more.

**21 INT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—CONTINUOUS—PREDAWN**

*Jacob squints, watching as the workman looming over Lally begins to wave his arms.*

**22 EXT. BUS STOP—LOWER EAST SIDE—CONTINUOUS—PREDAWN**

**LALLY**

That's it. Keep going, keep going. Perfect. Three, two, one . . .

**JACOB (O.S.)**

*Hey!*

*Jacob comes crashing out of the bakery in a cloud of Colonial Girl flour, BANGING the FRYING PAN with a METAL SPOON as he strides across the street. The three workmen circle away from Lally, start toward Jacob.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

That's enough. Get outta here . . .

**WORKMAN 1**

What's on your mind, baker boy?

**JACOB**

Ah, jeez. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

*Lally watches carefully as the three men close in on Jacob, never taking her eyes from them.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Tell you what, I'll give you the first shot, go ahead—

**WORKMAN 1**

Are you sure?

*BANG!*

*Workman 1 drops. Jacob freezes. Seconds later the FRYING PAN comes clattering down to earth as he drops it.*

*The first workman rolls up into a sitting position, rubs his neck.*

**WORKMAN 1**

Last time I ever help that woman out again . . . Lally!

*Lally touches her wand to her sad little bob and—in quick succession—her lustrous hair spills forth, the spectacles vanish, and her dowdy dress and stiff collared shirt transform into smartly tailored slacks and a soft, flowing blouse.*

**LALLY**

Whoopsie, Frank. Sometimes I forget my own strength. I'll take it from here. Thank you!

**WORKMAN 3**

Welcome.

**WORKMAN 2**

Catch you later, Lally . . .

**LALLY**

Bye, Stanley, I'll be over for a game of Befuddler Dudley soon.

**WORKMAN 2**

All right.

**LALLY**

That's my cousin Stanley. He's a wizard.

*Instantly, Jacob picks up the frying pan and begins to back away, shaking his head.*

**JACOB**

No!

**LALLY**

Please, it's early, don't make me work for it.

**JACOB**

I said I wanted out. And I want out.

**LALLY**

Come now, Mr. Kowalski—

*Jacob enters the bakery.*

**JACOB**

My therapist said you wizards don't exist. What a waste of money!

*Lally magically appears standing opposite him inside the bakery, chewing on a cinnamon bun.*

**LALLY**

You do know I'm a witch, right?

**JACOB**

Yeah. Look. You seem like a really nice witch, but you don't know what I've been through with you people—so could you please get out of my life.

*Jacob opens the door and gestures for Lally to leave. When she continues to talk, he leaves the shop, still carrying the frying pan. Lally follows him.*

**LALLY**

*(in one long stream)*

A little over a year ago, in the hopes of securing a small business loan, you walked through the doors of the Steen National Bank—located about six blocks from here—you then made the acquaintance of one Newt Scamander, the world's foremost—albeit only—Magizoologist, you then learned of a world you had previously been wholly unaware of, you met and fell in love with a witch named Queenie Goldstein, had your brain wiped by means of Obliviation, only it didn't take, and—as a result—you reunited with Miss Goldstein who—after your refusal to marry her—decided to join Gellert Grindelwald and his dark army of followers, who pose the single greatest threat to your world and ours in four centuries. How did I do?

*Jacob sits down and just stares.*

**JACOB**

Yeah. That's good. Except for the part about Queenie going over to the dark side. I mean, yeah, she's cuckoo, but she's got a heart bigger than this whole crazy island and she's so smart, she can legitimately read your brain, she's a whatchamacallit—

**LALLY**

A Legilimens.

**JACOB**

Yeah . . .

*Jacob sighs, stands, and begins to walk toward the bakery. After a moment, he turns back to Lally.*

**JACOB**

Look. You see this, you see the pan.

*(holding up the frying pan)*

That's me. I'm the pan. I'm all dented. Dime a dozen. I'm just a schmo. I don't know what crazy ideas you have in your head there, lady, but I'm sure as hell you can do a lot better than me. Goodbye.

*Jacob turns and hobbles slowly toward the dim lights of the bakery.*

**LALLY**

I don't think we can, Mr. Kowalski.

*He stops but doesn't turn.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**

You could've ducked under the counter, but you didn't. You could've looked the other way, but you didn't. In fact you were willing to put yourself in danger to save a perfect stranger. Seems to me you're just the kind of average joe the world needs right now. You just don't know it yet—that's why I had to show you.

*(beat)*

We need you, Mr. Kowalski.

*Jacob looks at the wedding cake in the bakery and makes his decision. He turns to face Lally.*

**JACOB**

All right. Call me Jacob.

**LALLY**

Call me Lally.

**JACOB**

Lally. I gotta lock up.

*Lally waves her wand. The door closes, the lights turn out, and the shutters fall over the bakery. Jacob's clothes transform.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Thanks.

**LALLY**

Much better, Jacob.

*Lally lets the book slip free of her fingers and, boards flapping, it softly flutters in the air, where the pages begin to turn.*

*As she extends her hand, the pages riffle faster and faster, then explode from the binding, dispersing into the air like a kaleidoscope of butterflies.*

### **LALLY (CONT'D)**

I believe you know how this works, Jacob.

*As their hands touch, the cyclone of pages descends, engulfing them and —SWOOSH!—they VANISH. Seconds later, the pages flutter back into the binding of the book.*

*Seconds after that . . . all that is left are a few stray pages that float to the ground.*

#### **23 EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE—DAY**

*The TRAIN wends through the Brandenburg countryside. We focus in on the CARRIAGE at the tail of the train.*

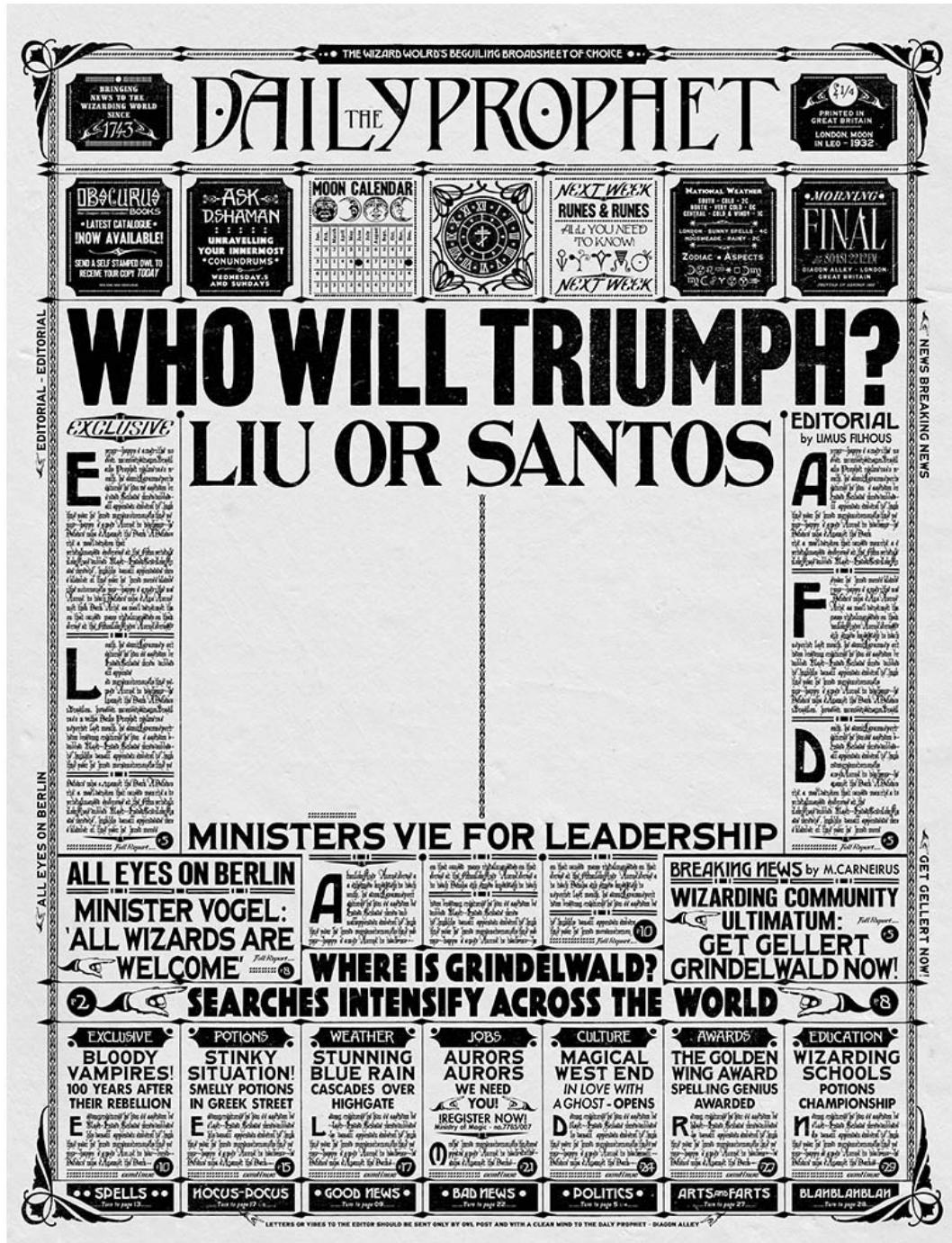
#### **24 INT. MAGICAL TRAIN CARRIAGE—DAY**

*YUSUF KAMA stands by the window watching the snowy countryside roll past. Newt and Theseus are by a ROARING FIRE, a copy of the Daily Prophet in Theseus's hand. On Theseus's copy we see:*

### **ELECTION SPECIAL**

#### **Who Will Triumph? Liu or Santos?**

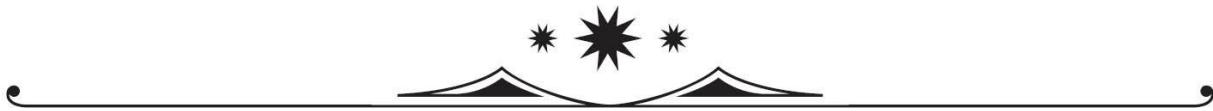
*Directly below, a pair of PHOTOGRAPHS show the CANDIDATES themselves: LIU TAO and VICÊNCIA SANTOS.*



PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR THE *DAILY PROPHET*, WITH SPACE LEFT FOR MOVING PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIU AND SANTOS



**TRAIN INTERIOR LOCATION RENDERING**



We've obviously seen the Hogwarts Express a lot in the Potter films, which we've always treated as a real train that Muggles just don't see. The difference here is that they're in a carriage attached to a Muggle train, so we had to move past the concept of a train that's invisible from the outside. When we see the train pull into the station in Berlin and the camera travels from outside to inside, this beautiful carriage is revealed within a tattered baggage car at the end of the train. So it's magically hidden rather than being invisible and that felt more interesting for the world of this film.



— CHRISTIAN MANZ

*(Visual Effects)*

*On the back page, Grindelwald's WANTED poster.*

**NEWT**

What are they saying at the Ministry? Liu or Santos?

**THESEUS**

Officially the Ministry takes no position. Unofficially? The smart money's on Santos. But *anyone* would be better than Vogel.

**KAMA**

Anyone?

*Kama's gaze alights on Grindelwald. Theseus clocks it.*

**THESEUS**

I don't believe he's on the ballot, Kama. He also happens to be a fugitive.

**KAMA**

Is there a difference?

*Just then, the FIRE SPUTTERS, turning faintly GREEN, and Jacob stumbles over the hearth. He still holds the frying pan.*



**TRAIN COMPANY LOGO**



One opportunity to really engage with the Art Deco style was the magical train that transports our heroes from London to Berlin. The sculpted panels of the fireplaces are based on some very Art Deco wall decorations. We then took elements of those panels and created the logo for the wizarding train company. Once we've got that as an insignia—and this goes for all insignia across the wizarding world, of the Ministries of Magic, the *Daily Prophet*, and so on—then we can apply it to different media. For example, we created an onboard magazine and tickets for the train, which might not get a close-up, but they help fill that world with all the relevant pieces.



— MIRAPHORA MINA

*(Graphic Designer)*



**TRAIN INTERIOR BAS-RELIEF PANEL DESIGN**

**JACOB**

Spinning. Always with the spinning.

**NEWT**

Jacob! Welcome! You brilliant man. I was absolutely sure Professor Hicks would convince you!

**JACOB**

You know me, pal. Can't pass up a good Portkey.

*Just then, the grate sputters again and, seconds later, Lally strides easily out of the fire, clutching the book.*

**LALLY**

Mr. Scamander?

**NEWT**

Professor Hicks?

**LALLY/NEWT**

At long last.

**NEWT**

*(to the others)*

Professor Hicks—

*(catching himself)*

and I have corresponded for many years, but we've never actually met. Her book on Advanced Charm Casting is a must-read.

**LALLY**

Newt is far too kind. *Fantastic Beasts* is required reading for all my fifth-years.

**NEWT**

Now, well, let me make introductions. This is Bunty Broadacre, my indispensable assistant for the past seven years—

**BUNTY**

Eight . . .

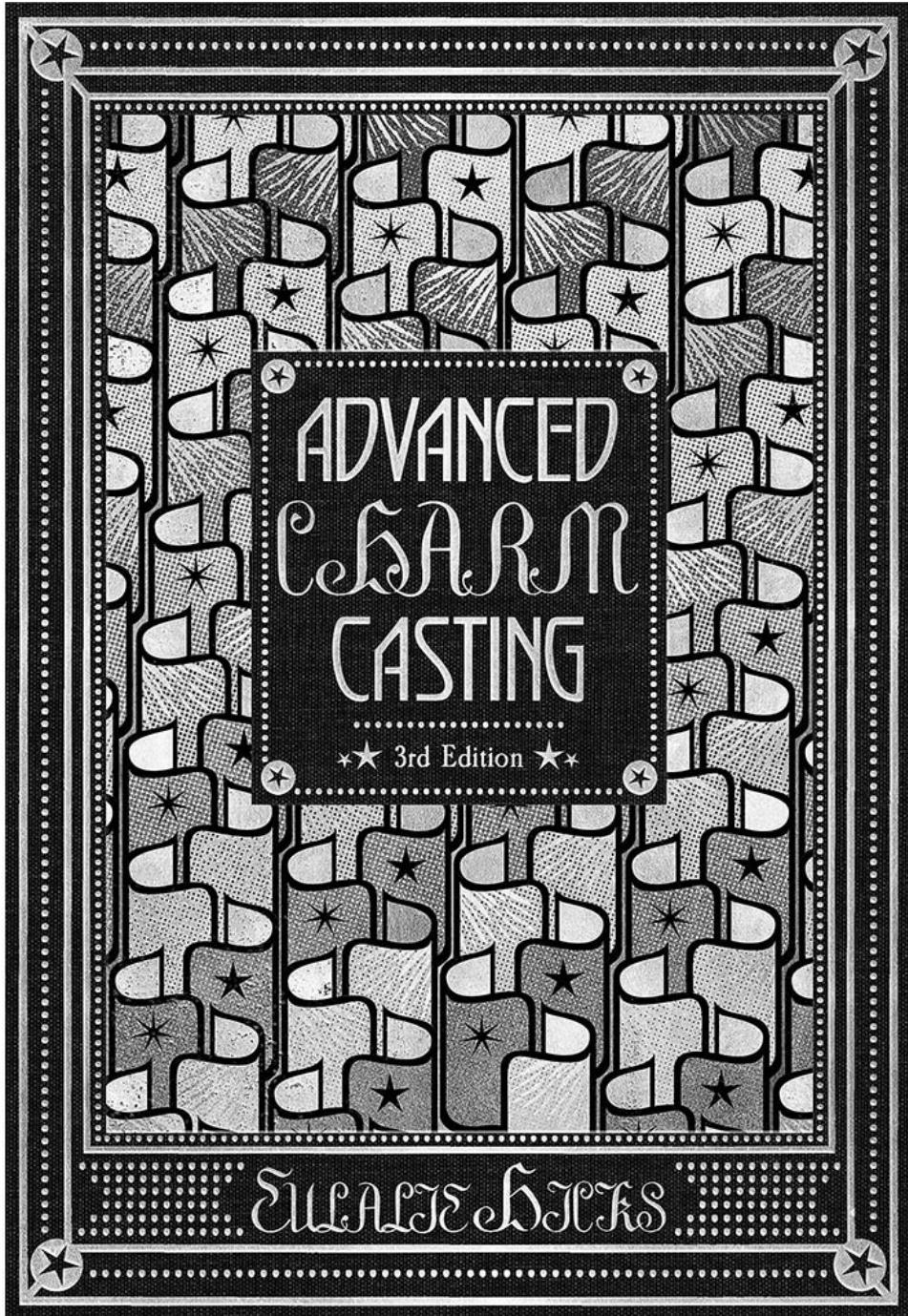
*Two adolescent Nifflers sit on Bunty's shoulders.*

**BUNTY (CONT'D)**

. . . years and a hundred and sixty-four days.

**NEWT**

As you can see: indispensable. And this is—



BOOK COVER DESIGN FOR *ADVANCED CHARM CASTING* BY EULALIE HICKS



BOOK COVER DESIGN FOR *FANTASTIC BEASTS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM* BY  
NEWT SCAMANDER

**KAMA**  
Yusuf Kama. Pleasure.

**NEWT**

And you've obviously already made Jacob's acquaintance—

*Theseus CLEARS HIS THROAT. Newt stares blankly at him. Theseus raises his eyebrows.*

**THESEUS**  
Newt.

**NEWT**

Oh, yes. Sorry. This is my brother, Theseus. And he works for the Ministry.

**THESEUS**  
Actually, Head of the British Auror Office.

**LALLY**

Ah. Well, I'll have to ensure my wand registration is up to date.

*Lally grins.*

**THESEUS**

Yes. Although, strictly speaking, that doesn't fall within my purview—

*Newt turns suddenly and walks to the back of the carriage. The others follow.*

**NEWT**

All right, then. I imagine you're all wondering why you find yourselves here.

*General consensus all around.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

And in anticipation of that, Dumbledore asked that I convey a message: Grindelwald has the ability to see snatches of the future. So we have to

assume that he'll be able to anticipate what we do before we do it. So if we hope to defeat him, and to save our world . . . to save your world, Jacob . . . then our best hope is to confuse him.

*As Newt concludes, he is greeted with . . . silence.*

**JACOB**

Excuse me? I'm sorry, how do you confuse a guy who can see the future?

**KAMA**

Countersight.

**NEWT**

Exactly. The best plan being no plan.

**LALLY**

Or many overlapping plans.

**NEWT**

Thus, confusion.

**JACOB**

It's working on me right now.

**NEWT**

In fact, Dumbledore asked that I give you something, Jacob.

*The others stand by as Newt draws forth from his sleeve—a bit like an amateur magician—a WAND.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

It's snakewood. It's somewhat rare—

**JACOB**

Are you kidding me right now? Is this thing *real*?

**NEWT**

Yes, well, it doesn't have a core, so sort of—but yes.

**JACOB**  
*Sort of real?*

**NEWT**

More importantly, where we're going, you'll need it.

*Jacob takes the wand, stares at it in awe. Newt begins to search his pockets.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
Now there's something for you too, I think, Theseus—

*Again, the others wait in anticipation. Newt—truly like a magician this time—tries to draw out something from inside his coat—but something tugs it back. Newt wrestles for a moment, gives it an extra tug, addressing an inside pocket . . .*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
Teddy, please let go. Teddy, please let go. Teddy. Will you behave. This is  
Theseus's . . .

*With a decisive yank, Teddy caroms across the carriage where he is caught by Jacob. A piece of fabric falls to the floor.*

*Jacob and Teddy stare at each other.*

*Newt bends down to pick up the piece of fabric. It is a GLITTERING RED TIE patterned with a GOLDEN PHOENIX. He stands and hands it to Theseus, who takes it and turns it over.*

**THESEUS**  
Well, of course, now everything makes sense.

**NEWT**  
Lally, Lally, I believe you were given some reading material . . .

**LALLY**  
You know what they say, a book can take you around the world and back—  
all you have to do is open it.

**JACOB**  
(popping *Teddy* down)  
She ain't kidding.

**NEWT**  
Bunty. That's for you. I'm told it's for your eyes only.

*Newt fishes out a small folded SQUARE of PAPER and hands it to Bunty. As she opens it, she visibly reacts, but before she can give it a second read, it catches fire and incinerates.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
Kama—

**KAMA**  
I have what I need.

**JACOB**  
What about Tina? Is Tina coming?

**NEWT**  
Tina's . . . not available. Tina's . . . been promoted. She's . . . very, very  
busy.  
(*a beat*)  
From what I understand.

**LALLY**  
Tina's been made Head of the American Auror Office. We know each other  
well, she's quite a remarkable woman.

*Newt stands for a moment, eyeing Lally, then:*

**NEWT**  
She is.

**THESEUS**  
So this is the team that's going to stop the most dangerous wizard we've  
faced in over a century? A Magizoologist, his indispensable assistant, a

schoolteacher, a wizard descended from a very old French family . . . and a Muggle, a baker, with his fake wand.

**JACOB**

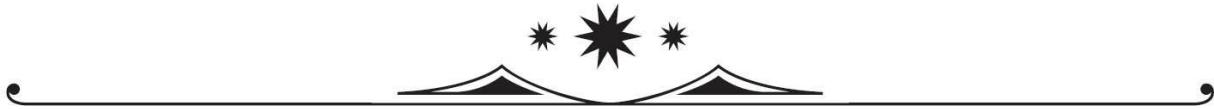
Hey. We got you too, pal. And his wand works.

*Jacob knocks back a drink and . . .*

**THESEUS**

True. Who wouldn't like our chances?

*. . . giggles, and we CUT TO:*



Dumbledore chooses people who have a good heart and who have very specific talents. Lally is a renowned Charms professor and she's much admired in the wizarding world. Theseus is Newt's brother and a top man in his field, head of the Auror office in the UK Ministry. Kama, because of his family, has a family history that can be put to use. And why does Dumbledore choose Jacob? Why add a Muggle to this band? Because Jacob has the right moral backbone and is a decent, kind man with a huge, beating heart.



— DAVID HEYMAN  
*(Producer)*

**25 EXT. TRAIN STATION—BERLIN—EVENING**

*Frigid Berliners stand stiffly on the platform as the train RUMBLES into the station.*

**26 INT. MAGICAL TRAIN CARRIAGE—EVENING**

*Newt, kneeling by his case, finishes feeding the Qilin and gently snaps the case shut.*

**NEWT**

You're all right, little one.

**LALLY**

Berlin . . . Wonderful.

*Newt turns, sees Lally standing by the adjacent window, looking out. One man (TALL AUROR) stands out for both his height and demeanor.*

*The train ceases its movement, engine HISSING. The others begin to collect their things. Kama is first to the door.*

**THESEUS**

Kama, stay safe.

*Kama pauses, locks eyes briefly with Theseus, then nods. As he exits, a CHILL WIND fills the carriage. Bunty appears at Newt's side.*

**BUNTY**

I must be going too now, Newt.

*Newt begins to reply, then stops, looks down, sees that Bunty's hand is entwined with his own on the case's handle.*

**BUNTY (CONT'D)**

No one can know everything. Not even you.

*He looks up at her, but she says nothing more. Finally, he releases the handle.*

*As she goes, Newt clocks Theseus and Jacob watching him. Turning away, Newt looks back out the window, watching as Kama and Bunty head in opposite directions.*

**27 EXT. STREET—BERLIN—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*A LIGHT SNOW FALLS as Jacob, Newt, Lally, and Theseus move through the street.*

**NEWT**

Right . . . Well, here it is.

*Newt leads them into an alleyway toward a BRICK WALL bearing a CREST. As the others stride toward the wall, Jacob glances from side to side and up and about when . . .*

WHOOSH.

*. . . the four of them have passed through to the other side. Jacob frowns and sees the same brick wall and the same crest—only depicted from the back.*

*Shrugging, Jacob looks forward and sees—emblazoned on MASSIVE BANNERS looming over the street—the face of a BENIGN-LOOKING WIZARD (ANTON VOGEL). Farther on, a BUILDING looms, surrounded by SUPPORTERS of Liu and Santos.*

**THESEUS**

The German Ministry of Magic.

**NEWT**

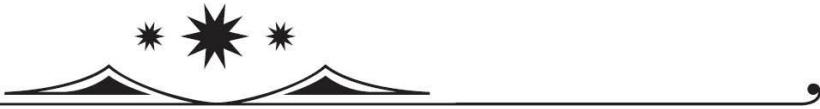
Yes.

**THESEUS**

I take it we're here for a reason.

**NEWT**

Yes. We have a tea ceremony to attend. And if we don't hurry up, we'll be late.



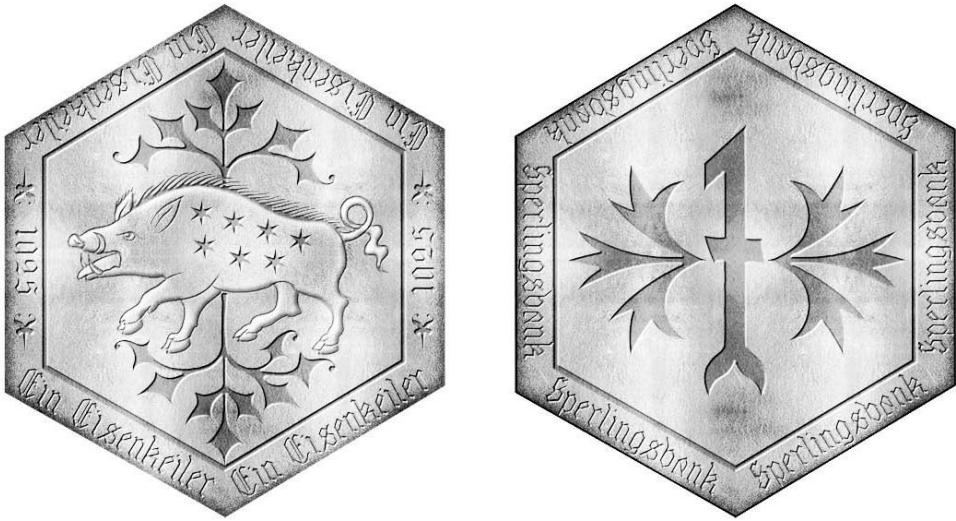
One of the things that I always loved about the Potter films and the whole wizarding world is the idea that we live in our own world and right next door to us, brushing our shoulder through that wall, another more fantastical, more thrilling world exists. Getting to see that in other countries rather than just in London and Britain has been astonishing.



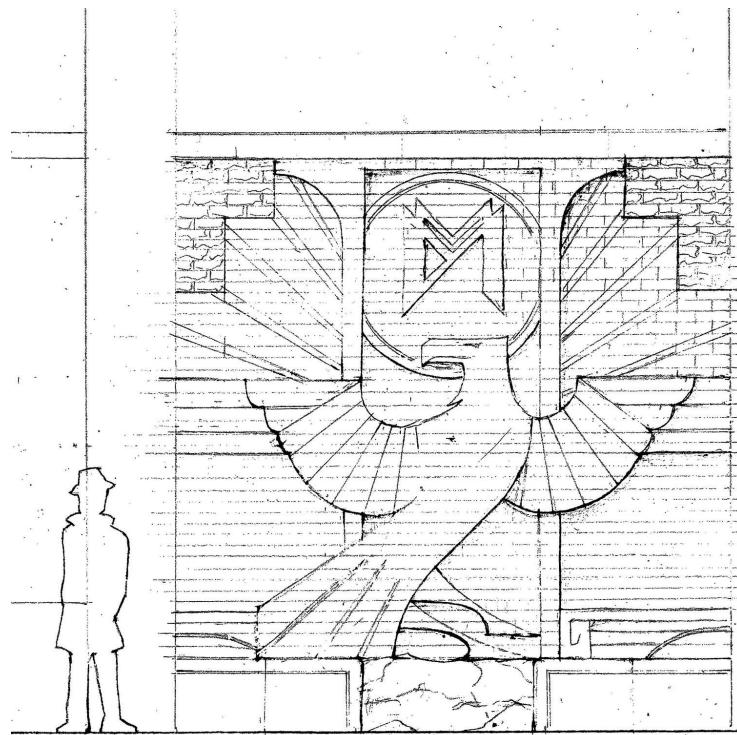
— EDDIE REDMAYNE  
*(Newt Scamander)*



**GERMAN MINISTRY OF MAGIC INSIGNIA**



**GERMAN WIZARDING CURRENCY**



**GERMAN MINISTRY OF MAGIC ENTRANCE SKETCH**

*As Newt heads off, Theseus and Lally exchange a glance, then follow. Jacob continues to trip along, glancing about in awe.*

**LALLY (O.S.)**  
Jacob!

*He looks, sees Lally gesturing.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**  
Stay with the group.

*As Jacob hurries off, he passes a moving WANTED poster of Grindelwald staring out, following Jacob's every move.*

*Jacob can't help but warily hold Grindelwald's gaze.*

**28 EXT. STEPS—GERMAN MINISTRY—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*CONTINGENTS of LIU AND SANTOS SUPPORTERS CHANT and hoist BANNERS in the air in an exuberant but peaceful display of partisan passion. Newt and the others weave their way toward the steps.*

*As Theseus leads the others through the throng and toward the Ministry entrance, one of the GERMAN AURORS stationed along the perimeter tries to impede Lally and Jacob from ascending the steps.*



PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR WANTED POSTER, WITH SPACE LEFT FOR MOVING PHOTOGRAPHS OF GRINDELWALD



GERMAN MINISTRY OF MAGIC EXTERIOR LOCATION RENDERING

**THESEUS**  
Evening, Helmut.

**HELMUT**  
Theseus.

**THESEUS**  
Hey. They're with me.

*The Auror blocking them sees Theseus, and his eyes flicker with recognition. He glances to the COMMANDING AUROR (HELMUT) overseeing all at the top of the stairs, who nods.*

*Theseus leads the others up.*

*Just then, the mob surges. Rosier and Carrow are pushing forward through a group of Santos supporters to the concussive beat of drums.*

*Rosier nods to Carrow, who raises her wand. A bolt of fire strikes a Santos banner. As Santos's face turns to ash, the mood becomes suddenly dark, with much pushing and bumping.*

**29 INT. GRAND HALL—GERMAN MINISTRY—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*HUNDREDS of DELEGATES mill about while TEAPOTS FLOAT throughout the magnificent room. Theseus walks alongside Newt, who is glancing about conspicuously, as if searching for someone.*

**THESEUS**  
I take it we're not here for the finger sandwiches?

**NEWT**  
No. I have a message to deliver.

**THESEUS**  
A message? To who?

*Newt stops. Looking. Theseus follows his gaze.*

*At the opposite end of the room, Anton Vogel, the benign wizard glimpsed on the STREET BANNERS, presses the flesh while a phalanx of BODYGUARDS shadows his every step, and a FEMALE ATTACHÉ (FISCHER) keeps him moving.*

**THESEUS (CONT'D)**

You are joking.

**NEWT**

No.

*As Newt heads in their direction, Theseus follows and we CUT TO:*

*NEW ANGLE—JACOB AND LALLY*

**JACOB**

What are we even doing here? Let's go outside. I'm not very good in these situations.

**LALLY**

These situations?

**JACOB**

With all the people. The fancy people.

**EDITH**

*Hello!*

*Jacob jumps, finds an elderly matron (EDITH) on his elbow.*

**EDITH (CONT'D)**

I saw you enter the room and I thought to myself, "Edith, that's an interesting-looking man."

**JACOB**

*(nervous)*

Jacob Kowalski. How are you? Very nice to meet you.

**EDITH**

And where is it that you hail from, Mr. Kowalski?

**JACOB**  
Queens.

**EDITH**  
Ahhh.

*Edith nods slowly and we CUT TO:*

*NEW ANGLE*

*Newt, trailed by Theseus, approaches Vogel and his contingent.*

**NEWT**  
Herr Vogel, I wonder if I could have a word—

*Vogel turns at the sound of Newt's voice.*

**VOGEL**  
Merlin's beard! It's Mr. Scamander, isn't it?

**NEWT**  
Herr Vogel . . .

*The bodyguards loom. Theseus looms. Vogel stares long at Newt, then waves his hand, signaling the bodyguards to stand down. As they step aside for privacy, Newt leans close.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

I have a message from a friend. And it cannot wait. “*Do what is right. Not what is easy.*”

*Newt straightens. Vogel remains still.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

He said it was important that I reach you tonight. That you hear them, tonight. The words.

*Fischer appears.*

**FISCHER**  
It's time, sir.

**VOGEL**  
*(ignoring her)*  
Is he here? In Berlin?

*Newt hesitates, not sure how to respond.*

**VOGEL (CONT'D)**

No. Of course not. Why leave Hogwarts when the world outside is burning?  
*(frowning)*  
I thank you, Mr. Scamander.

*As Fischer spirits Vogel away, she glances back at Newt.*

*The sound of a SPOON AGAINST CHINA cuts through the chatter and all eyes turn to Fischer, standing with a teacup in hand, Vogel at her side. Once she has the room's attention, she steps aside and Vogel takes the stage. The audience applauds as he steps forward.*

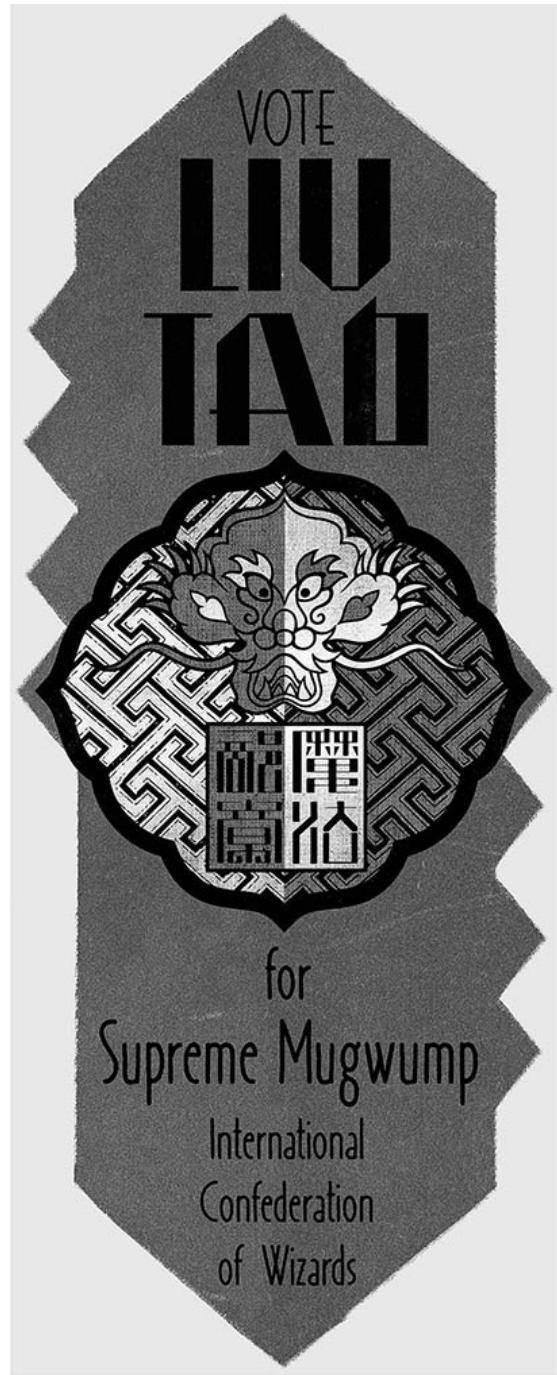
**VOGEL (CONT'D)**

Thank you, thank you. I see many familiar faces here tonight. Colleagues, friends, foes . . .

*As the crowd CHUCKLES.*

**VOGEL (CONT'D)**

Within the next forty-eight hours, you—along with the rest of the wizarding world—will choose our next great leader. A choice that will shape our lives for generations to come. I have little doubt that no matter who should triumph, the Confederation will be in able hands. Liu Tao. Vicência Santos.



ELECTION BANNER DESIGNS FOR CANDIDATES LIU AND SANTOS

**...VOTE...**  
**VICÊNCIA**  
**SANTOS**  
\*\*\*  
**LIDERANÇA!**  
**PROGRESSO!**  
**MAGIA!**

*As Vogel gestures to Liu Tao and Vicência Santos, who we recognize from the Prophet, those present APPLAUD.*

**VOGEL (CONT'D)**

It's at moments such as these we are reminded that it is this peaceful transfer of power that marks our humanity and demonstrates to the world that, despite our differences, all voices deserve to be heard.

*Vogel looks off. Theseus, watching from a few yards away, tracks his gaze. One after another, BLACK-CLAD AURORS are staging themselves at each exit.*

**VOGEL (CONT'D)**

Even voices which many may find disagreeable.

*Theseus tracks Acolytes walking through the room.*

**THESEUS**

Newt, any of those lot look familiar to you?

*Newt follows Theseus's gaze.*

**NEWT**

Paris. The night that Leta . . .

**THESEUS**

They were with Grindelwald.

*Theseus tracks Rosier through the crowd. She looks back, almost taunting him to follow. He follows, trying to reach her, and Newt follows at a distance.*

**VOGEL**

And so, after an extensive investigation, the Confederation has concluded that insufficient evidence exists to prosecute Gellert Grindelwald for the crimes against the Muggle community of which he was accused. He is hereby absolved of all his alleged crimes.

*Newt registers what Vogel's said. Suddenly, the room explodes in response: outrage, scattered cheers, confusion.*

**JACOB**

*Are you kidding me? They're letting the guy off? I was there! He was killing people!*

*A knowing hardness comes over Lally's face. Then:*

**THESEUS**

*You're under arrest! All of you! Wands down!*

*Theseus, wand raised, is in a tense standoff with five Dark Aurors.*

*A SPELL hits Theseus in the neck and he drops. Helmut appears, the tip of his wand smoking.*

**HELMUT**

*Nehmen Sie ihn weg.*

*Two Aurors lift Theseus.*

*Newt wheels and moves through the crowd in shock, as if shot himself.*

**NEWT**

*Theseus! Theseus!*

*As Newt breaks through the crowd, Lally and Jacob arrive at his side.*

**LALLY**

*Newt, Newt. Not here. Newt, we don't stand a chance.*

*Calmly, Helmut turns, as does the phalanx of Dark Aurors behind him.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**

*Let's go. Newt. They have the German Ministry. We've got to go.*

*Jacob shouts back into the room as he gets caught in the mass exodus.*

**JACOB**

It ain't right . . . it ain't right. That's not justice . . . extended investigation . . .  
. Were you there . . . I was there . . . you let a killer off!

*Lally grabs hold of him.*

**LALLY**

We have to go! We have to go! Jacob, let's go!

*The ROAR of the CROWD RISES. A BANNER of Grindelwald unfurls above the throng encircling the Ministry. The crowd begins to CHANT Grindelwald's name, their voices growing LOUDER and LOUDER, and we CUT TO:*

*UTTER SILENCE*

*SNOW FALLS LIKE SUGAR*

*THROUGH A DARK SKY*



**THE HOG'S HEAD EXTERIOR LOCATION RENDERING**

**30 EXT. HOGSMEADE—NIGHT**

*The storefronts are shuttered. The street a long white blanket. Pristine.*

**31 INT. UPPER ROOM—HOG'S HEAD—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*Dumbledore stands before the PAINTING of ARIANA. It's as if she's watching him.*

**32 INT. HOG'S HEAD—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*Dumbledore and Aberforth sit across from each other in the empty pub, eating. Their spoons dipping into the bowls in front of them is the sole sound for a time.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

*(the soup)*

That's very good.

*Aberforth continues to eat.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Her favorite. Remember how she begged Mother to make it—Ariana—  
Mother claimed it calmed her. I think that was wishful thinking—



**PORTRAIT OF ARIANA DUMBLEDORE**

**ABERFORTH**  
Albus.

*Dumbledore stops, sees his brother looking him in the eye.*

**ABERFORTH (CONT'D)**

I was there. I grew up in the same house. Everything you saw, I saw.

(*a beat*)

Everything.

*Aberforth tucks back into his soup. Dumbledore studies his brother, burdened by the distance between them, then begins to return to his own bowl when—suddenly—a RAPPING is heard. Aberforth CALLS OUT GRUFFLY:*

**ABERFORTH (CONT'D)**  
Read the sign, you stupid sod!

*Dumbledore looks toward the FAMILIAR SHADOW beyond the entrance, rises.*

**33 INT./EXT. PUB ENTRANCE—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Dumbledore pulls open the door: MINERVA McGONAGALL.*

**MINERVA McGONAGALL**  
I'm sorry to disturb you, Albus—

**DUMBLEDORE**  
Tell me, what is it?

**MINERVA McGONAGALL**  
It's Berlin.

**34 INT. HOG'S HEAD—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Aberforth sits, listening to McGonagall's and Dumbledore's MURMURING VOICES, then—as if sensing something—turns.*

*The SURFACE of the GRIMY MIRROR behind the bar is SHIMMERING ODDLY.*

*Rising slowly, Aberforth crosses the room and stares into the mirror. Over his own bleary REFLECTION, WORDS EMERGE, as if rising to the surface of a pond:*

## **DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE**

*Aberforth considers the message for a moment, then seizes a nearby oily rag to wipe the mirror clean.*

35 INT./EXT. PUB ENTRANCE—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT

*McGonagall kneads her hands fretfully. Dumbledore's face is serious, contemplating what he's just been told.*

### **DUMBLEDORE**

I'm going to need someone to cover my morning classes, can I impose on you?

### **MINERVA McGONAGALL**

Of course. And, Albus. Please be . . .

### **DUMBLEDORE**

I'll do my best.

*McGonagall starts to exit, stops, CALLS OUT.*

### **MINERVA McGONAGALL**

Evening, Aberforth.

### **ABERFORTH (O.S.)**

Evening, Minerva. Apologies for calling you a stupid sod.

### **MINERVA McGONAGALL**

Apology accepted.

*McGonagall turns away then, and Dumbledore shuts the door.*

**36 INT. HOG'S HEAD—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Aberforth, hearing his brother's footsteps, turns away from the mirror to see Dumbledore carrying his hat and coat.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

I'm afraid I'll have to cut our evening short.

**ABERFORTH**

Off to save the world, are we?

**DUMBLEDORE**

That will take a better man than me.

*Dumbledore shrugs on his coat, then stops, his gaze fixing on the mirror, watching as the words DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALONE slowly appear. As he looks away, he sees Aberforth staring at him.*

**ABERFORTH**

Don't ask.

*The brothers stand like this, eyes locked on each other, then Dumbledore exits. Aberforth listens to him go, then glances once more into the words in the mirror.*

**37 EXT. COURTYARD—NURMENGARD CASTLE—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*The glowing PHOENIX sweeps through the air to catch a crust of bread. Credence stands below, his face suffused with a quiet joy as he watches it.*

**38 INT. DRAWING ROOM—NURMENGARD CASTLE—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*Grindelwald stands at a large window. As he watches the Phoenix, a vision of Dumbledore surfaces on the glass, then slowly gives way to Kama. He studies it, eyes fixed, when Rosier appears.*

**ROSIER**

There are thousands in the streets. Chanting your name. You're a free man.

*Grindelwald nods.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Tell the others to prepare to leave.

**ROSIER**

Tonight?

**GRINDELWALD**

Tomorrow. We'll have a visitor in the morning.

*Through the window, the Phoenix comes briefly into view, shedding ash. Grindelwald peers down into the courtyard where Credence stands.*

**ROSIER**

Why does it stay with him?

**GRINDELWALD**

It must sense what he's about to do.

**ROSIER**

And you're sure? That he can kill Dumbledore?

**GRINDELWALD**

His pain is his power.

*Rosier looks at Grindelwald.*

**39 INT. GERMAN MINISTRY OFFICE—CONTINUOUS—MORNING**

*Newt, Lally, and Jacob chase a MINISTRY OFFICIAL down a corridor.*

**NEWT**

The man that I'm inquiring about is the Head of the British Auror Office!

How can you have misplaced the Head of the British Auror Office!

*The official, turning to face him, stares placidly at Newt.*

**MINISTRY OFFICIAL**

It's our contention that since he was never in our custody, we never misplaced him.

**LALLY**

Sir. There were dozens of people there. Any one of them can corroborate—

**MINISTRY OFFICIAL**

And your name is?

*The official looks into Lally's eyes when:*

**JACOB**

Let's get out of here . . . Hey! Wait! That's the guy—

*Newt and Lally turn. Through the glass corridor, Helmut can be seen emerging from an office in the company of the Tall Auror we first saw on the train platform.*

*Jacob gestures for the official to follow him.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Come here! Come here!

*Jacob, Lally, and Newt rush to the door.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Excuse me! Hey! That's the guy. He knows where Theseus is. Hello!  
Where's Theseus!

*Helmut continues walking, ignoring them all.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

That's him—he knows about Theseus.

*Suddenly, a sheet of glass slides down from above like a guillotine.*

**40 EXT. GERMAN MINISTRY—MOMENTS LATER—MORNING**

*As Newt, Jacob, and Lally slip out of a side entrance, Lally stops.*

**LALLY**  
Newt.

*Newt and Jacob look back, see a GLOVE floating in midair. The GLOVE points around the corner. Newt walks forward and catches the glove in his hand. Then, following a second glove, Newt approaches a figure behind a pillar. Dumbledore.*

**41 EXT. GERMAN MINISTRY—MOMENTS LATER—MORNING**

*Recovering one glove from the air and taking the second from Newt, Dumbledore leads the others briskly down a busy avenue, his eyes constantly moving, as if every shadow offered the possibility of threat.*

**NEWT**  
Albus.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Theseus has been taken to the Erkstag.

**NEWT**  
But the Erkstag shut down years ago.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Yes, well, it's the Ministry's secret little bed-and-breakfast now. You'll need this to see him . . . and one of these . . . and this.

*Dumbledore places both gloves into his hat as he removes some PAPERS and slips them to Newt, clocking Newt's look.*

*Dumbledore leads them to the wall and they head through it. Lally pushes Jacob, who appears reluctant.*

**JACOB**  
Wait, wait, wait!

**Offizielles amtliches Antragsformular Nr 541/W**

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BERLIN - 1932 - EL/2474

**ERKSTAG VISITOR APPLICATION FORM**

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

I trust you're enjoying your wand, Mr. Kowalski?

**JACOB**

Me. Oh. Yeah. Thank you, Mr. Dumbledore. It's a real pip.

**DUMBLEDORE**

I advise you to keep it close.

*As Jacob ponders the meaning of this, Dumbledore fishes a POCKET WATCH from his coat and angles it. Newt sees Credence slide over the REFLECTION inside the lid.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Professor Hicks, assuming you're not otherwise engaged—and frankly, even if you are—I'd encourage you to attend tonight's Candidates' Dinner. Take Mr. Kowalski. I'm quite certain there will be an assassination attempt.

Anything you could do to scotch that would be greatly appreciated.

**LALLY**

It's my pleasure. I shall welcome the challenge. Besides, I'll have Jacob with me.

*Jacob, having monitored this conversation, looks mildly alarmed. Dumbledore clocks it.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Not to worry, Professor Hicks's defensive magic is superb. Until next time.

*He smiles, doffs his hat, and exits.*

**LALLY**

Such a flatterer.  
*(a beat)*

Well, not really. It is superb.

*Newt steps forward, calls out.*

**NEWT**  
Albus!

*Dumbledore turns, looks back.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
I was just wondering . . .

*Newt gestures as if holding a case.*

**DUMBLEDORE**  
Ah, yes. The case.

**NEWT**  
Yes.

**DUMBLEDORE**  
(continuing on)  
Rest assured it's in safe hands.

**42 EXT. BERLIN STREETS—MOMENTS LATER—LATE MORNING**

*Bunty—Newt's case in hand—skirts a tram and steps briskly across the street to a LEATHER GOODS store.*

**43 INT. OTTO'S LEATHER GOODS—SAME TIME—LATE MORNING**

*As a SMALL BELL tinkles, OTTO, a large, wispy-haired MAN in an apron, looks up from a table cluttered with shears and mallets and clamps.*

**OTTO**  
Can I help you?

*Bunty steps to the counter and places Newt's case carefully on the glass top.*

**BUNTY**  
Yes. I'd like to have this case replicated, please.



**BUNTY BROADACRE COSTUME SKETCH**

**OTTO**  
Certainly.

*Bunty watches nervously as the man runs his calloused hands over the beaten case, examining it from myriad angles, then tries to flip open the catch.*

**BUNTY**

Oh, no. You mustn't open it! I mean, that's not necessary. The interior isn't important.

*The man eyes Bunty curiously, then shrugs.*

**OTTO**

I see no reason I can't make you one.

*As the man turns to get paper and pen on the shelf behind, the baby Qilin pops her head out of the case and peers around curiously. Bunty quickly—and gently—eases her back inside just before the man turns back.*

**OTTO (CONT'D)**

If you leave it here—

**BUNTY**

Oh, no. I couldn't. Leave it. And I'll be needing more than one. You see, my husband he's a bit absentminded. He's always forgetting things—just the other day he forgot he was married to me. Can you imagine?

*She laughs, a bit maniacally, realizes it, and composes herself.*

**BUNTY (CONT'D)**

But I love him.

**OTTO**

Exactly how many were you thinking?

**BUNTY**

Half a dozen. And I'll need them in two days' time.

**44 EXT. BERLIN STREETS—MOMENTS LATER—LATE MORNING**

*Bunty returns across the street holding Newt's case.*

**45 INT. CREDENCE'S ROOM—NURMENGARD CASTLE—LATE MORNING**

*Queenie peers down. Sees Zabini and Carrow in defensive posture.*

**ZABINI**

*Show your hands!*

*A FIGURE calmly raises his hands, continues to advance . . .*

**46 EXT. COURTYARD—NURMENGARD CASTLE—SAME TIME—LATE MORNING**

*The figure takes a few more steps. Stops. Kama. Zabini separates from the others and crosses to him.*

**ZABINI**

*Who are you?*

**KAMA**

*My name is Yusuf Kama.*

*Grindelwald and Rosier emerge from the castle.*

**GRINDELWALD**

*Who's our visitor?*

**KAMA**

*I'm an . . . admirer.*

**ROSIER**

*You murdered his sister. Her name was Leta.*

*Grindelwald eyes him.*



**YUSUF KAMA COSTUME SKETCH**

**KAMA**  
Leta Lestrange.

**GRINDELWALD**

Ah, yes. You and your sister share an ancient bloodline—

**KAMA**  
*Shared.* It's the only thing we shared.

*Grindelwald studies Kama carefully.*

**GRINDELWALD**  
Dumbledore sent you, am I right?

He fears you are in possession of a creature. He fears the use you may put it to. He sent me here to spy on you. What would you like me to tell him?

**GRINDELWALD**  
Queenie. Is he telling the truth?

*Queenie eyes Kama. Something troubles her eyes.*

*She nods.*

*Grindelwald's gaze shifts to Credence in the shadows. Grindelwald nods, almost imperceptibly, and Credence slips away. Grindelwald turns his gaze back on Kama.*

**GRINDELWALD**  
What else?

**QUEENIE**

Even though he believes in you, he holds you responsible for his sister's death. He carries her absence with him every day. Every breath he takes is a reminder that she breathes no more.

*Queenie sees Kama staring into her eyes. Grindelwald nods to himself, as if pondering this. Then draws his wand.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Then I presume you won't mind if I relieve you of your sister's memory.

*Grindelwald steps forward and places the tip of his wand to Kama's temple, watching him, to see if he will resist in any way. But Kama remains still, stalwart.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Right?

**KAMA**

Right.

*Slowly, Grindelwald retracts his wand, extracting a TRANSLUCENT STRAND as he does. Queenie attempts to remain composed, watching as—for a fleeting moment—a sense of loss ripples through Kama's face.*

*Just then, the translucent strand breaks free of Kama's temple. It flutters like a kite's tail at the end of Grindelwald's wand and then turns to MIST.*

**GRINDELWALD**

There. Better?

*Kama stares ahead, eyes unfocused. Finally, Kama nods.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

I thought so. When we allow ourselves to be consumed by anger, the only victim is ourself.

*(a smile, then:)*

Now. We were just about to depart. Perhaps you'd like to join us? Come, we can talk some more about our mutual friend, Dumbledore.

*Queenie watches Grindelwald begin to escort Kama inside, when—just as he passes—Kama's vacant eyes meet hers—briefly aglimmer with*

*intensity—as if he were sending her a message. As he vanishes inside:*

**ROSIER**

After you.

*Queenie looks up, sees Rosier studying her. Rosier gestures and closes the door behind her as we CUT TO:*

**47 EXT. CROWDED STREET—BERLIN—DAY**

*Dumbledore, walking briskly, heads through the Berlin streets. Credence follows behind.*

*Dumbledore crosses the street and slowly comes to a stop in front of a shop, where he sees Credence, in the reflection of the window, visible behind and between passing cars.*

*Dumbledore slowly blows on a snowflake, and it transforms into a water droplet.*

*We follow the drop as it flies into the window like a translucent bullet and over the reflected view of the trams and cars, traveling across to Credence, breaking on his forehead. As it bursts, the sound of the street melts away, becoming distant.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Hello, Credence.

*Dumbledore turns and faces him. Credence tenses, wand ready, as Dumbledore steps out into the street. The world around them seems different, slower somehow, like we have shifted into a subtle mirror of BERLIN, a reflection of itself.*

*They circle each other; the crowds around them seem oblivious. Credence, wand poised.*

**CREDENCE**

Do you know what it's like? To have no one? To always be alone?

*Dumbledore slowly realizes.*

## **DUMBLEDORE**

*It's you. You're the one sending messages in the mirror.*

## **CREDENCE**

*I'm a Dumbledore. You abandoned me. The same blood that runs my veins runs yours.*

*The PHOENIX swoops past; Dumbledore glances up at it. The dark energy emanating from within Credence starts to ripple outward, cracking the pavement, lifting the tram rails up around them. Dumbledore studies the energy, recognizing it, all the while the world around seems to continue on as normal.*

## **CREDENCE (CONT'D)**

*He's not here for you. He's here for me.*

*The ground starts to splinter and break around Credence. Dumbledore tenses, sensing what may be coming.*

*A GREEN BOLT spits from Credence's wand. Dumbledore parries it, his movements smooth, wicked-fast. Instantly, Credence advances and fires another spell, lifting the ground and smashing it forward around Dumbledore, who dissipates the explosive onslaught before he Apparates out of the way.*

*Credence is running now, lifting cars, masonry, glass from windows, all collecting and sending a rippling, seismic earthquake ahead of him, toward Dumbledore.*

*Before Dumbledore can parry any further, Credence is upon him, the two locked arm in arm as they duel.*

*Behind them, a TRAM is approaching and Dumbledore Apparates backward. Credence follows, and we go with them ONTO THE TRAM, as Credence seeks him out in his relentless onslaught. Credence releases another powerful spell, splitting THE TRAM IN HALF, as we*

*travel at blinding speed from INSIDE OUT AND BACK INTO the street with them.*

### **SILENCE**

*The STREET, eerily quiet now, and for the first time, Credence starts to register how the world around him feels different.*

*Credence, suddenly aware of a wand at his neck, turns to see Dumbledore standing behind him.*

*Dumbledore lifts the DELUMINATOR.*

### **DUMBLEDORE**

Things are not quite what they appear, Credence. No matter what you've been told.

*With a flick, the STREET around them is sucked into it, melting like a painting, leaving a negative image of the real world as if it were a distant memory.*

### **CREDENCE**

My name is Aurelius.

### **DUMBLEDORE**

He's lied to you, to kindle your hate.

*Credence, frustrated, lashes out, lightning fast, and for a moment, he and Dumbledore duel at kinetic speed.*

*Dumbledore defends easily when Credence fires a VOLLEY of EXPLOSIVE SPELLS, which Dumbledore weathers before he stretches out his hand and hits Credence with a spell that sends him reeling backward, causing a black, kinetic mass to erupt from his body.*

*Gently lowered by Dumbledore's hand, Credence falls slowly, his back on the snowy street, staring upward at the angry sky, at the circling Phoenix.*

*Dumbledore, chest heaving, lowers his wand and as the black vapors writhe behind Credence, watches the Phoenix swoop down, hover briefly over Credence, then beat its wings and soar off.*

#### *NEW ANGLE—CREDENCE*

*Dumbledore approaches. He crouches down—calmly—watching at Credence's side.*

*Credence's eyes shift, peer into Dumbledore's.*

#### **DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

What he's told you isn't true. But we do share the same blood. You are a Dumbledore.

*Hearing this, Credence's eyes meet Dumbledore's. They remain like this for a moment, connected, before the flowing black mass rushes back into Credence. Dumbledore gently places his hand on Credence's chest.*

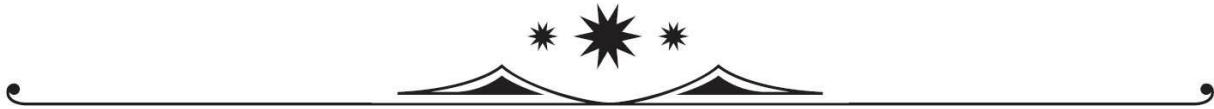
#### **DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry for your pain. We didn't know, I promise.

*Dumbledore lifts the DELUMINATOR once more, a spell ripples forth, and he and Credence are now in the street, the world of their duel reflected beneath them in pools of water collected by the melted snow.*

*Dumbledore steps back from Credence, studying him carefully, and stretches out his hand.*

*When Credence takes it, Dumbledore reaches down and lifts him up, before slipping away into the busy street. Credence watches him go.*



Usually if we smash up a city, we then have to fix it. But here Dumbledore and Credence are in a mirror world, and that gives us the chance to really show off Credence's unique skills as a wizard and come up with new ways to visualize spells, which ultimately are like these beautiful sculptures in the air. One thing we did was experiment with changing matter, so what looks like it should be solid becomes a liquid, or a massive tsunami of rubble becomes snow with the flick of a wand. And in the end, we're left in this world that's gone completely black, but in the melted puddles all over the ground you can see daylight and traffic in the real Berlin going on just as it was.



— CHRISTIAN MANZ

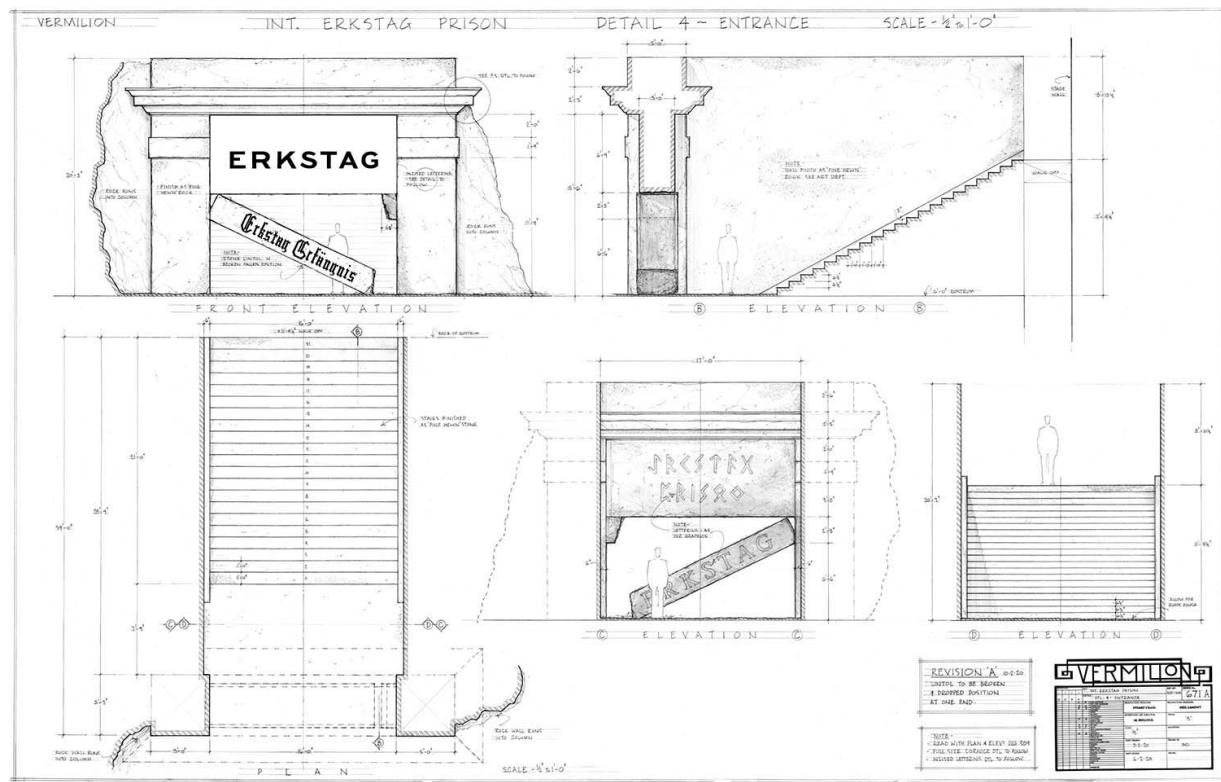
*(Visual Effects)*

**48 EXT. CLOSED U-BAHN ENTRANCE—BERLIN—SAME TIME—EVENING**

*We see Newt approach and unlock a RUSTED GRILLE.*

**49 INT. ERKSTAG PRISON—BERLIN—MOMENTS LATER**

*A GUTTERING CANDLE eerily illuminates an unkempt WARDER stationed before a wall of PIGEON HOLES.*



ERKSTAG PRISON ELEVATION

**NEWT**

I've come to see my brother. His name is Theseus Scamander—

*As Newt extends the PAPERS Dumbledore provided, a well-traveled PHOTOGRAPH of Tina spins onto the desk. An overzealous charmed STAMP moves its way across Newt's papers, heading toward the photograph. Newt snatches it away just in time.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

Sorry, that's just . . .

*Newt then notices: The Warder is wearing Theseus's tie. He stares for a moment, then:*

**WARDER**

*Wand.*

*Newt frowns, reaches into his coat, reluctantly complies. The Warder rises stiffly and begins to pass his own wand over Newt. As it hovers over a pocket, a SQUEAK is heard.*

**NEWT**

Oh. That's—I'm a Magizoologist . . .

*The Warder fishes Pickett out of the pocket.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

He's perfectly harmless. He's just a . . . pet, really.

*Pickett cranes his neck upward and frowns.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

*Sorry.*

*Teddy pokes his head out of another pocket.*

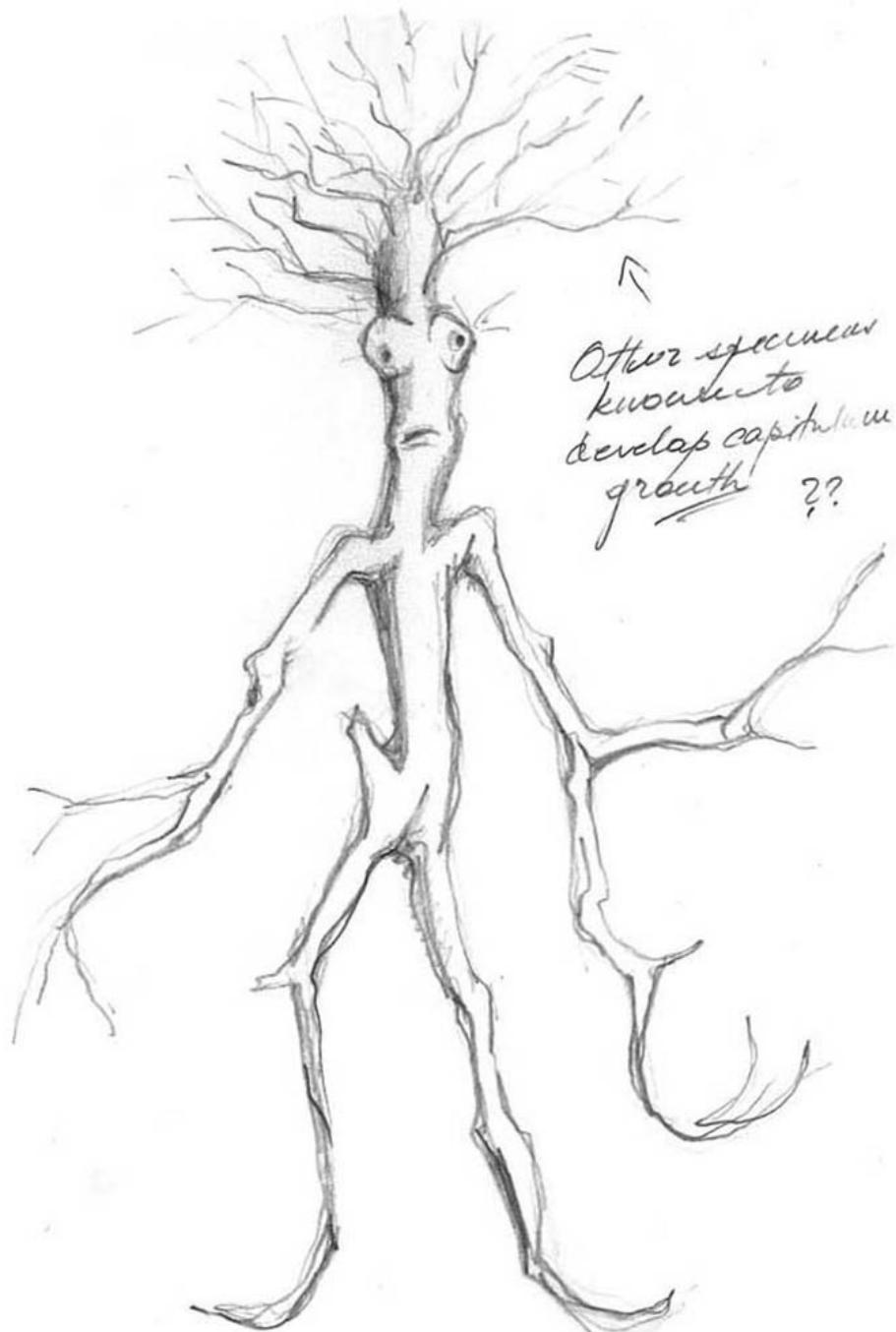
**NEWT (CONT'D)**

That's Teddy—he's a total nightmare, truth be told—

**WARDER**  
They stay here.

*Reluctantly, Newt hands both over, watching miserably as the Warder places Pickett, along with Newt's wand, into one cubbyhole and Teddy into another, his plump body filling it to capacity. Pickett SQUEAKS BESEECHINGLY.*

*With a SICKENING, SQUELCHING SOUND, the Warder plunges his hand into a BUCKET SQUIRMING with GRUBS, plucks one out, and shakes it in his fist, where it QUIVERS briefly before transforming into a FIREFLY. He deposits it in a tiny tin LANTERN. As it flutters about, the lantern glows feebly with a TREMULOUS LIGHT. Taking the lantern in hand, Newt eyes the dark passage.*



NEWT SCAMANDER NOTEBOOK SKETCHES



should probably  
get this to B!

**NEWT**

How will I know where to find him?

**WARDER**

He is your brother?

**NEWT**

Yes.

**WARDER**

He will be the one who looks like your brother.

*As Newt heads off, Pickett stares after him.*

**NEWT**

I'll be back, Pick. On my word.

*Just before the darkness swallows him, Newt looks back.*

**WARDER**

“I’ll be back, Pick. On my word.” And I’ll be Minister of Magic one day.

*The Warden GRINS CRUELLY. Teddy looks on as Pickett sticks out his tongue at him.*

**50 EXT. GERMAN MINISTRY—NIGHT**

*The streets surrounding the Ministry are now teeming with supporters of Grindelwald, holding placards bearing his likeness as the DRUMMERS beat their skins fiercely. At the top of the steps, Helmut surveys it all impassively.*

**51 INT. GRINDELWALD’S CAR—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Grindelwald stares—with cool fascination—at the FUNHOUSE OF FACES beyond the tinted glass. Rosier sits beside him.*

*The faces beyond are no longer in focus. Instead, an IMAGE plays on the glass, an image only Grindelwald can see. Jacob bearing a wand.*

*Rosier has leaned forward and is talking to the driver*

**ROSIER**

Take us around back. It's not safe here.

**GRINDELWALD**

*(coming round)*

No. Roll it down.



**GELLERT GRINDELWALD MONOGRAM HOOD ORNAMENT DESIGN**

**ROSIER**

What?

**GRINDELWALD**

The window. Roll it down . . .

*Hand trembling, Rosier reaches out and CRACKS the window. Instantly CLAWING FINGERS probe the shadows of the car and VOICES RAGE. Throughout, Grindelwald remains calm, eyes shut. Then, without warning, he LIFTS the door latch . . .*



**ROSIER**  
No! No!

*As Grindelwald pitches himself into the maelstrom outside, Rosier sits frozen.*

**52 EXT. GERMAN MINISTRY—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Waving like a Roman magistrate, Grindelwald lets the tide of rabid supporters sweep him up the steps.*

**53 INT. BALCONY ABOVE—GERMAN MINISTRY—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

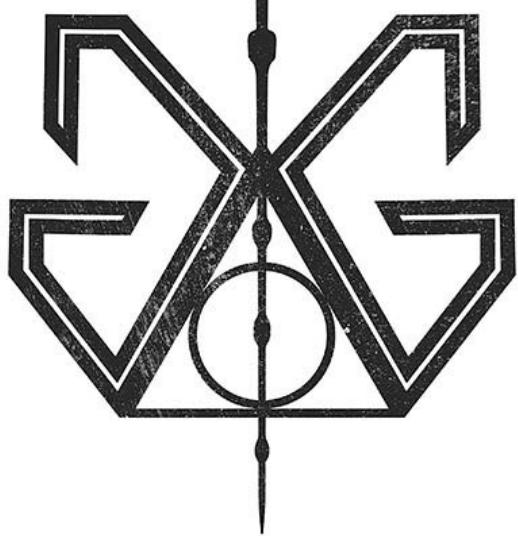
*A TALL BRITISH WITCH stands with the FRENCH MINISTER (VICTOR), Fischer, and Vogel, staring down at the swelling crowd.*

**VOGEL**

Those people aren't *suggesting* we listen to them. They aren't *asking* us to listen. They're *demanding* it.

**BRITISH WITCH**

You're not actually proposing that man be allowed to stand—

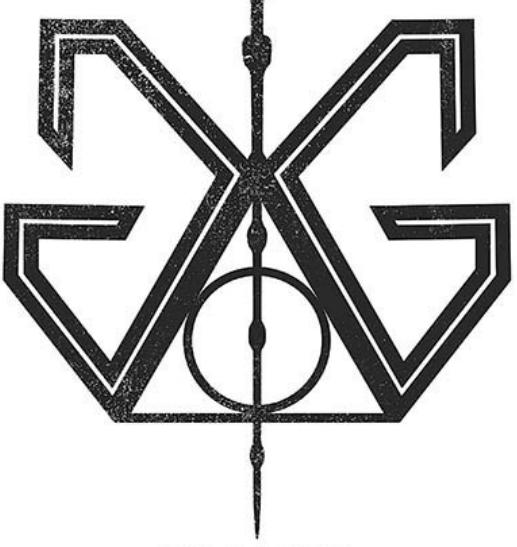


FOR THE  
GREATER  
GOOD

→ VOTE ←

Gellert  
**GRINDELWALD**

GRINDELWALD ELECTION MATERIALS



→ VOTE ←

Gellert  
GRINDELWALD

FOR  
SUPREME MUGWUMP

INTERNATIONAL  
CONFEDERATION  
OF WIZARDS

BEHOLD THE INSIGNIA OF THE GREATER GOOD

## VOGEL

Yes! Yes, let him stand!

*Below, Rosier, white as a ghost, steps out of the car and watches Grindelwald move through the crowd.*

## BRITISH WITCH

Gellert Grindelwald wants Muggle-Wizard war! And if he gets his wish, he won't just destroy their world, he'll destroy ours as well.

## VOGEL

Which is why he cannot win! Let him stand as a candidate. Let the people vote. When he loses, the people will have spoken. But deny them their voices . . . and those streets will run with blood.

*The others look down, watch Grindelwald borne over the arms of the crowd and up the steps of the Ministry.*

### 54 INT. PASSAGEWAY—ERKSTAG PRISON—NIGHT

*A tiny fluttering blob of light approaches. As it draws closer, Newt comes clear. He stops.*

## NEWT

Theseus!

*Tiny movements can be heard in the surrounding shadows.*

*Newt crouches, swings the lantern. A tiny crab-like creature—a BABY MANTICORE—scuttles into view. Seeing Newt, it waggles its antennae. It is—there's simply no denying it—adorable.*

*Newt seems less than charmed. As he watches, another baby Manticore appears, then another, then another still. One peers up, bares TEETH. Not adorable.*

*Newt backs away into a central atrium, his feet at the edge of a great pit. He looks down into the vast, dark hole. Something stirs in the*

*shadows below.*

*Newt suddenly adopts an odd, crab-like pose. The baby Manticores copy him.*

**55 INT. GRAND HALL—GERMAN MINISTRY—NIGHT**

*Plates of lobster are being ferried to tables. Seated now, Lally's eyes rake the room, clocking the tables where Liu and Santos sit and assessing the potential threat the BUSBOYS and WAITERS orbiting them pose. One DARK-EYED WAITER keeps crossing into Lally's view.*

*As Jacob's GOBLET magically fills with wine, he takes it and—noticing Edith waving enthusiastically from across the room—tips his goblet in a toast. He then notices a DISTINGUISHED WIZARD with conductor's hair sitting to Edith's left.*

**JACOB**

Lally. The guy with the hair. Sitting next to Edith. He looks like he can kill somebody. He also looks like my uncle Dominic.

**LALLY**

*(looking)*

Is your uncle Dominic the Norwegian Minister of Magic?

**JACOB**

No.

**LALLY**

Didn't think so.

*Lally smiles. Then, abruptly, the energy in the room shifts and Grindelwald and his entourage stumble into the room in high spirits. Hair askew, jacket rumpled, Grindelwald seems rakishly authentic in this room of wheezing wannabes. He turns to the HOUSE ELF QUARTET to resume playing.*



JACOB KOWALSKI COSTUME SKETCH

*He moves through the room, trailed by Rosier, Queenie, Kama, Carrow, Zabini, and Acolytes.*

*As Queenie crosses, Jacob rises.*

**JACOB**

Queenie . . . Queenie.

*Queenie knows he's there but blinks him completely.*

**GRINDELWALD**

*(spotting Santos)*

Madam Santos. A pleasure. Your supporters are in fine voice.

**SANTOS**

*(a steely smile)*

As are yours, Mr. Grindelwald.

*Grindelwald constructs a smile.*

**56 INT. FAR PASSAGEWAY—ERKSTAG—NIGHT**

*Theseus hangs from his ankles in a small cell. As a CLATTERING SOUND RISES, he peers down the passageway, watching as Newt comes into view, doing an odd sidelong scissor walk, trailed by HUNDREDS of BABY MANTICORES, all of whom appear to be mimicking him.*

**THESEUS**

Rescuing me, are you?

**NEWT**

That's the general idea.

**THESEUS**

*(Newt's scissor walk)*

I presume this—whatever it is that you are doing—is strategic?

**NEWT**

It's a technique called limbic mimicry. It discourages violent engagement.  
Theoretically. I've only actually attempted it once before.

**THESEUS**  
And the results?

**NEWT**

Inconclusive. Also, that was a laboratory setting and the conditions were strictly controlled, and the current conditions are more volatile, making it less predictive of ultimate outcome.

**THESEUS**  
Ultimate outcome presumably being our survival.

*Newt remains very still as a huge ANTENNA emerges from the darkness below. Theseus and Newt stare at each other in alarm. Newt delicately turns to the antenna, it studies him for a moment, then the lamplight in the cell adjacent to Theseus's sputters out.*

*The antenna retreats down and a giant, scorpion-like tail plunges into the now-dark cell, retrieving the cocooned body that's in there and pulls it down into the pit below. A beat. Then:*

*The body is CATAPULTED back up from the darkness, landing with a SLOPPY THUD feet away. Newt raises his lantern to reveal it's been disemboweled, food now for the horde of Manticores that tumble over to feast. Newt grabs his moment and sidles into the cell, clawing away at the fibrous yarn encasing Theseus's ankles.*

*Newt claws the last remaining strands, and Theseus drops to the ground.*

**THESEUS (CONT'D)**  
Well done.

*The brothers step out of the cell to face a further ocean of Manticores, blocking their exit.*

**THESEUS (CONT'D)**  
And the plan is?

**NEWT**  
Hold this.

*He passes his lantern to Theseus. He cups his hands and emits an ODD WHISTLE akin to a whippoorwill.*



Newt is not a social animal. He is much more at ease with his creatures. He's not inherently someone that's good at being part of the system and he didn't really fit in at school. In fact, he ended up being thrown out! Whereas Theseus is very much the schoolboy hero who's gone into a life within the Ministry, was a war hero himself, and has a physical authority and a facility with people that Newt just doesn't have. So they're sort of chalk and cheese and yet because in this movie they have to work together they begin to realize that actually they complement each other quite well.



— EDDIE REDMAYNE  
*(Newt Scamander)*

**57 INT. ERKSTAG PRISON—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*As the Warden SNORES, feet up, Pickett unlocks the padlock on his cubbyhole and opens the door.*

**58 INT. ERKSTAG—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

**THESEUS**

What the bloody hell was that for?

**NEWT**

We're going to need some help.

*Newt strikes a BALLETIC limbic mimicry pose. The baby Manticores immediately copy him.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

Follow me.

*(a beat)*

Come on.

*Theseus assumes the same position, and Newt and Theseus start to shuffle away.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

You're not swiveling properly. Swivel, swivel, but delicately.

**THESEUS**

I'm swiveling like you're swiveling, Newt.

**NEWT**

I don't believe you are.

*Between them, a second LAMP outside a cell entrance goes out, and the tail comes up and takes another body.*

*After a beat, it too is deposited sloppily at their feet. Theseus and Newt share a look.*

**THESEUS**  
Swivel.



In the Erkstag sequence, the whole thing is lit by these lanterns that each contain a glow-fly. And the story is that the Manticore really doesn't like those bugs, so they're hung outside everybody's cell. When a lantern goes out, the Manticore attacks. So as soon as you see your bug die, you know you're dead, because the Manticore will come and skewer you.



— CHRISTIAN MANZ

*(Visual Effects)*

**59 INT. GRAND HALL—GERMAN MINISTRY—NIGHT**

*Queenie sits quietly. A TEAR trickles from her eye, tracking down the side of her face no one at the table can see.*

*Across the room, Jacob stares intently at her. We HOLD on them, lost in each other, the surrounding world irrelevant and fading, until . . .*

**GRINDELWALD**

Go to him.

*Queenie jumps, finds Grindelwald leaning close. He nods over her shoulder to where Credence lingers near the entrance. Queenie rises . . .*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Queenie. Tell him it's all right. I can see he's failed. He'll have another chance. It's his loyalty I most value.

*Grindelwald's eyes are locked on hers. She nods and, disengaging from him, heads off.*

**NEW ANGLE—LALLY**

*Lally watches Queenie cross the room. Jacob stands as she passes by, but Queenie, steeling herself—we can see it's hard for her now—blanks him again. Jacob, crushed, sits once more.*

*Lally looks over to Grindelwald. Rosier enters the room with the Dark-Eyed Waiter. The Dark-Eyed Waiter pauses, then moves toward Santos's table.*

*Lally starts to track the Dark-Eyed Waiter's journey across the room with a glass of ruby-red liquid. Tossing her napkin down, Lally rises and turns to Jacob as she goes.*

**LALLY**

Stay here.

*Jacob gulps another glass of wine.*

*Lally pushes past waiters and picks her way through busboys.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**  
Apologies.

*Lally watches the Dark-Eyed Waiter draw closer to Santos . . .*

*. . . the Dark-Eyed Waiter leans over Santos, setting the glass down.  
Lally approaches but is stopped by two bodyguards.*

**JACOB**  
Oh boy . . .

*Jacob approaches Grindelwald's table like a man on a swaying ship.*

*As Santos raises her glass, the ruby-red liquid rises into the air menacingly. Lally discreetly sends a spell, and the liquid hovering above Santos's glass zooms down the high table and hits a door, corroding the wood.*

*As Jacob arrives at the table, Grindelwald, only just now aware of him, eyes him mildly.*

**JACOB**  
Let her go.

**GRINDELWALD**  
Excuse me?

*Jacob draws his wand.*

**NORWEGIAN MINISTER**  
Assassin!

*Lally turns, looking back in disbelief as Jacob now holds up both hands.*

*WHOOSH! Lally flicks her wand again, and Jacob's arm holding the wand is thrust vertically into the air. A tornado-like VORTEX consumes the room, as if the contents of the room were tossed in a blender.*

*Lally quickly sends another spell, tying the bodyguard's shoelaces together.*

*Guests flee as each and every chandelier is TREMBLING and the draperies are billowing along the wall, the tablecloths are pitching to and fro, and napkins are taking flight like doves.*

*A FIGURE can be sensed—a suggestive BLUR—in the distance beyond. As Jacob's eyes adjust, we RACK FOCUS and see the FIGURE is . . .*

*Queenie.*

*She stands much like him, still amidst the chaos, staring at him. Their eyes lock. . .*

*. . . as Queenie begins to slip from view, pulled on by Kama.*

*Helmut and his Aurors enter the room.*

*Queenie, just before vanishing, FLICKS her own wand and sends a chair careening toward Helmut, temporarily obscuring his view of Jacob.*

*Lally pulls out her book and flips it into the air. She drops a chandelier on Helmut and his Aurors as the pages cascade forth, causing a series of steps to appear. Jacob turns and takes them at pace as Lally rushes toward him on the pages, firing spells at the Aurors.*

*Helmut shoots a fiery blast, setting the steps alight as Jacob rushes toward Lally. WHOOSH! They are sucked into the book.*

#### **60 INT. ERKSTAG PRISON—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*The Warder SNORTS, his chair tipping backward. Teddy—one end of the glittering necktie clenched in his teeth—skates forward, the pads of*

*his tiny feet SQUEAKING across the surface of the desk.*

*Above, Pickett precariously balances on the edge of one of the cubbyholes, trying to retrieve Newt's wand.*

*BELOW, as the Warder wakes, the chair steadies. Then . . .*

*It falls back as the knot in the tie is finally pulled undone and the Warder crashes like a tree that's been felled, SMASHING into the cubbyholes and launching Pickett forward.*

*Teddy leaps up, ignoring Pickett in midair, and grabs some falling coins before crashing to the ground.*

*The WHISTLE echoes again.*

**61 INT. CELLBLOCK—ERKSTAG—SAME TIME—NIGHT**

*The lamplight in Theseus's hand is frittering in and out. We hear a crunch, and Theseus stops.*

*The baby Manticores suddenly pause, staring. Theseus looks down and slowly, delicately, lifts his right foot, under which we see a squashed baby Manticore.*

*He looks at Newt.*

*In that instant, the light in Theseus's lamp fizzles out, plunging them both into darkness and sending the baby Manticores running away.*

*The HUGE tail lifts up, starts to recoil to strike.*

*As one, the brothers bolt, the tail smashing into the cell walls feet away from them.*

*Newt and Theseus race through corridors, the Manticore's tail and antennae whipping, SNAKING, smashing, and sending fiery bolts after them, followed by the GIANT MANTICORE itself, squeezing through crevices, close in pursuit.*

*Theseus swings right and races precariously along a ledge as the Manticore ferociously bears down upon him. Eyes, claws, limbs of the beast flail toward him, before Theseus trips left, just avoiding the limb that has almost skewered him.*

*Newt and Theseus reunite and rush forward as the ceiling collapses behind them, trapping the Giant Manticore.*

*Theseus breathes a sigh of relief just before one of the Manticore's antennae snakes around his waist and drags him away. Newt desperately follows, grabbing at his brother.*

*Racing toward them is Teddy—Theseus's tie clenched in his teeth, Pickett riding atop like a cowboy—carrying Newt's wand. The Warder fires spells after them before hitting Teddy and causing Pickett to be jettisoned forward into the air with Newt's wand.*

*Newt holds on to Theseus as he is pulled toward the edge of the pit by the Giant Manticore. Pickett lands at his feet with his wand.*

*Newt sees him, retrieves his wand, and Pickett quickly grabs hold. Newt casts a spell toward Teddy . . .*

**NEWT**  
*Accio!*

*. . . who is lifted into the air and tumbles toward them.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
*Grab the tie!*

*They begin to tumble into the pit.*

*. . . And they are gone.*

*The Warder chuckles to himself until his lamp starts to flicker and extinguish. He looks out in alarm into the inky darkness.*

*Newt and Theseus crash down through a thicket and land heavily on mossy ground. Covered in leaves, they rise, still holding hands.*

*Theseus pushes the Manticore antennae from his waist. It slithers toward the lake.*

**NEWT**

That was a Portkey.

*Theseus hands Teddy, still clinging to the tie, to Newt.*

**THESEUS**

Yeah.

**NEWT**

(to Pickett and Teddy)

Well done, you two.

*Newt and Theseus emerge from the trees and look across a shimmering lake. A CASTLE rises beyond. Teddy and Pickett peer out of Newt's pocket. Pickett COOS with delight.*

*Hogwarts.*

*Above the castle, a QUIDDITCH PLAYER pursues a GOLDEN SNITCH.*

**63 INT. GREAT HALL—HOGWARTS—MOMENTS LATER—MORNING**

*Lally sits with a few students finishing breakfast.*

**LALLY**

Not that either of you asked but I would highly recommend learning charms.

*Newt and Theseus walk in.*

**NEWT**

Lally.

**LALLY**  
What kept you two?



**HOGWARTS EXTERIOR LOCATION RENDERING**

**NEWT**

We encountered some complications. And you?

**LALLY**

We encountered some complications.

*She hands Newt the Daily Prophet. Theseus peers over Newt's shoulder. On the front page is a PHOTOGRAPH of Grindelwald and Jacob under a SCREAMING HEADLINE:*

**MURDEROUS MUGGLE!**

**THESEUS**

Jacob tried to murder Grindelwald?

**LALLY**

It's . . . a long story.

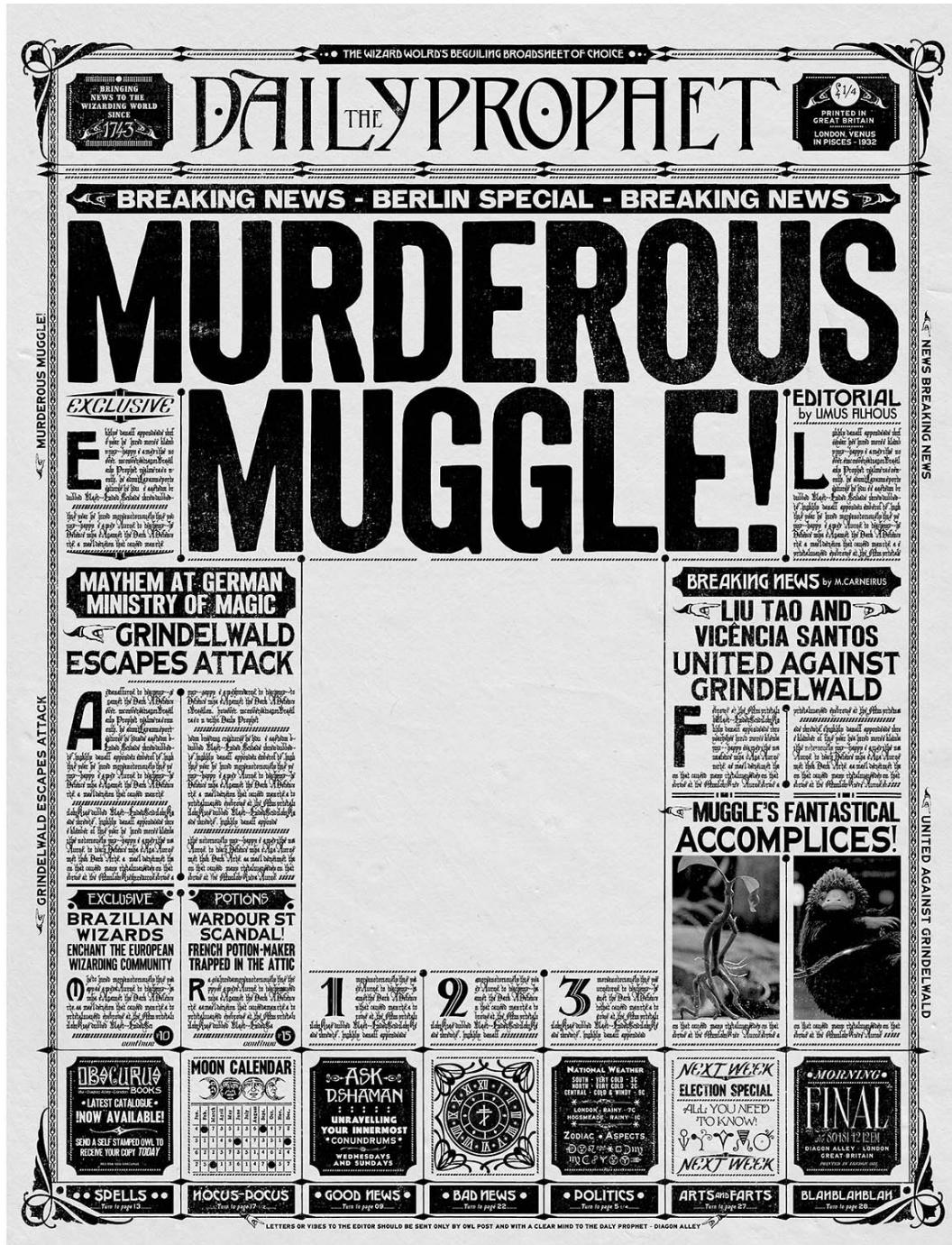
*Jacob sits at a House table with a group of students. He is showing them his wand.*

**REDHEADED RAVENCLAW**

Is it really snakewood?

**JACOB**

Yes, it's really snakewood.



PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR THE *DAILY PROPHET*, WITH SPACE LEFT FOR MOVING PHOTOGRAPH OF JACOB KOWALSKI

*A TINY SECOND YEAR WITCH leans close.*

**TINY WITCH**  
Can I . . . ?

*She begins to reach out toward the wand.*

**JACOB**

Uh-uh. It's very dangerous—it's very powerful. It's rare, if it got in the wrong hands—you know, it could mess you up.

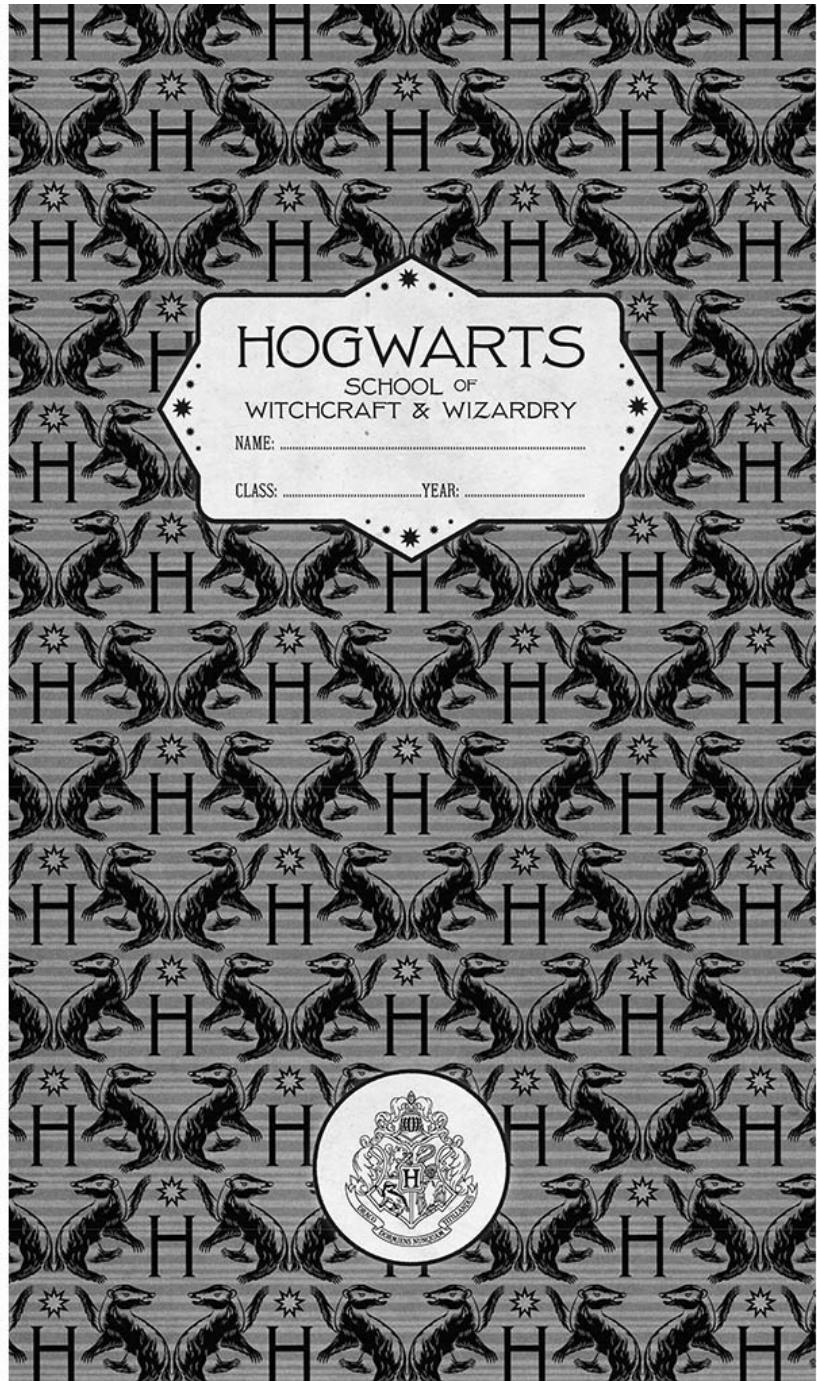
**WITCH**  
Where did you get it?

**JACOB**  
I got it for Christmas.

**LALLY (O.S.)**  
Jacob! Look who I found.

*Jacob turns to see Lally, Newt, and Theseus.*

**JACOB**  
Hey! It's my wizard friends.  
*(to the kids)*  
Newt and Theseus. We're like this.



HUFFLEPUFF NOTEBOOK COVER DESIGN

*Jacob crosses his middle and forefinger and sticks out his thumb.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

And that's me right there. I gotta go. All right, have fun. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

*As Jacob and the others come together.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Can you believe this place, they got pint-sized witches and wizards running around here.

**THESEUS**

Uh. You don't say?

**JACOB**

*(to Newt)*

I was the assassin.

**LALLY**

Newt and Theseus both went to Hogwarts.

**JACOB**

Oh. I knew that. Well, they're being very nice to me. The Slytherin boys over there, they gave me these. They're delicious, who wants one?

*Jacob takes a packet from his pocket and tips a DARK CLUMP into his mouth, offers it to the others.*

**NEWT**

I never cared for cockroach clusters much myself. Though Honeydukes are supposed to be the best.

*As Jacob blanches, a COLLECTIVE BURST OF LAUGHTER rises from the Slytherins. They proceed to the back of the Hall. The others turn to see McGonagall, who ushers students away. Dumbledore approaches.*

**THESEUS**

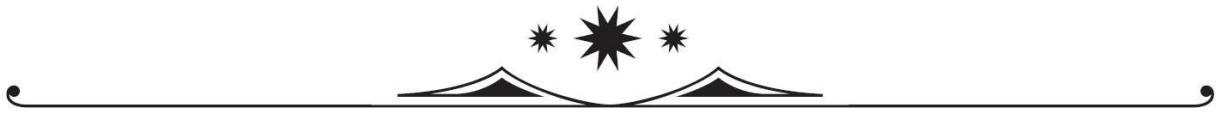
McGonagall. Albus.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Well done. All of you. Well done. Congratulations.

**THESEUS**

Congratulations?



I think Hogwarts is the place that Dumbledore feels most at home. It's his sanctuary from the world.



— JUDE LAW  
*(Albus Dumbledore)*



In this film, Dumbledore is looking a little more refined than we've seen him previously, particularly with regard to materials and fabrics. The tweediness of his costumes conveys the idea of luxury and comfort, and the very soft grays hearken to the lavender that he wears later in the Potter films.



— COLLEEN ATWOOD  
*(Costume Designer)*



**ALBUS DUMBLEDORE COSTUME SKETCH**

# TRANSFIGURATION TODAY

EDITION 5948 THE MAGAZINE THAT CHANGES LIVES

## TRANSFIGURATION MASTERS OF TOMORROW ←→ A LOOK AT THE TOP WIZARDING STUDENTS OF HOGWARTS AND BEYOND...

*In cursus daphis matta. Duis conegueat id ura vitae mire. Etiam teles unum hecderit a talius pectus. Praesent mire. In classe platea dictum. Present vivera a pars ut cursus. Suspendisse id dindunt libera, at dindunt phas. Non necem impudicem. quamdam velicula clefend nra. Quisque si amet eros a vici cursus daphis. Nulla turpis est hibisci in cursus. Pecunia pectus. Pecunia. Pelleentesque facilis lectus et censum velicula eros bliga premium ligula, sed varius dolor orci. Ut enim possum eget facilis maxims orci. In id tristis lucis 3 wyeza manut. Ut convallis nisi si amet blandi tingle, magna arcu aperte. Ut enim possum eget facilis maxims orci. Donec ac vulputate ante. In et nisi nisi. Vestibulum congue ex sagittis posuer. Nullam posuere toror et diam porta gravida.*

CONTINUES ON..... Pg.14

### ►'OUT OF THIN AIR' DISCOURSE IN CONJURATION

*Sed manu veli dignissim ac splicidum inctundit, variis eu metus. Suspendisse purus sem, sollicitudin vitae ante si elefend. end manis magna. Maecenas lectus odio necem. Etiam teles unum hecderit a talius pectus. Praesent vivera a pars ut cursus. Suspendisse id dindunt libera, at dindunt phas. Non necem impudicem. quamdam velicula clefend nra. Quisque si amet eros a vici cursus daphis. Nulla turpis est hibisci in cursus. Pecunia pectus. Pecunia. Pelleentesque facilis lectus et censum velicula eros bliga premium ligula, sed varius dolor orci. Ut enim possum eget facilis maxims orci. In id tristis lucis 3 wyeza manut. Ut convallis nisi si amet blandi tingle, magna arcu aperte. Ut enim possum eget facilis maxims orci. Donec ac vulputate ante. In et nisi nisi. Vestibulum congue ex sagittis posuer. Nullam posuere toror et diam porta gravida.*

CONTINUES ON..... Pg.9

### ESSAYS on REPARIFARGE

## ALBUS DUMBLEDORE PRESENTS THEORY & PRACTICE IN 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY TRANSFIGURATION

Printed by ML Press  
Ed. 23/5/05

TRY THESE TIPS TO STREAMLINE ★★ Your ★★ SPELLS

----- Pg. 7

SARDINE HEX ~ GOES ~ HORRIBLY WRONG... ----- Pg. 21

13 NEW SPELLS TO TRY ON THE FAMILY CAT ----- Pg. 17

----- Pg. 17

PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR TRANSFIGURATION TODAY FRONT PAGE

**DUMBLEDORE**

Indeed. Professor Hicks managed to foil an assassination. And you are alive, and you are well. The fact that everything did not go precisely to plan, was precisely the plan.

**LALLY**

Countersight 101.

**THESEUS**

Albus. Forgive me, but aren't we back where we started?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Actually, I would argue that things are a great deal worse.

*(to Lally)*

You haven't told them, have you?

*Theseus and Newt turn to Lally.*

**LALLY**

Grindelwald has been allowed to stand in the election.

**THESEUS/NEWT**

What! How?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Because Vogel chose easy over right.

*Dumbledore sweeps his wand into the air, etching together IMAGES of hand-drawn MOUNTAINS and VALLEYS as though he were a street artist. The images start to MATERIALIZE out of smoke all around them and then slowly transform into a beautiful landscape. The others stare up in wonder.*

*Jacob looks around, disoriented.*

**THESEUS**

It's all right.

**NEWT**  
Bhutan.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Correct. Three points to Hufflepuff. The kingdom of Bhutan sits high in the Eastern Himalayas. It's a place of indescribable beauty. Some of our most important magic has its origins there. They say if you listen carefully enough, the past whispers to you. It also happens to be where the election will be held.

*CLOUDS form under the Hall's ceiling. Amidst them an EYRIE can be glimpsed, visible one moment, gone the next.*

**THESEUS**  
He can't win, can he?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Only a few days ago he was a fugitive from justice. Now he's an official candidate in the International Confederation of Wizards. Dangerous times favor dangerous men.

*Dumbledore turns and begins to make his way back down the Great Hall. The image of Bhutan begins to fade away into smoke behind him.*

*The others stare after him.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

And by the way, we'll be dining with my brother in the village. Should you need anything before then, Minerva is here.

*As Dumbledore exits, Lally leans in, speaks quietly.*

**LALLY**  
Dumbledore has a brother?

**64 INT. HOG'S HEAD—LATER—NIGHT**

*Aberforth offers the Qilin a saucer of milk. Instantly, the Qilin perks up, making all manner of happy sounds as it leans over and slurps. Bunty*

*looks on.*

*Just then, the front door RATTLES and the rush of wind and scatterings of snow sail into the pub. The sound of VOICES and the STAMPING OF BOOTS precedes the entrance of Dumbledore, Newt, Theseus, Lally, and Jacob.*

**NEWT**

Bunty! You're here!

**BUNTY**

Yes.

**NEWT**

How is she?

**BUNTY**

Oh, she's fine.

*Newt bends down as a Niffler runs toward him.*

**NEWT**

Whoa, what's Alfie done now? You've not been biting Timothy's bottom again, have you?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Miss Broadacre. I trust my brother has been a gracious host?

**BUNTY**

Yes. Ever so gracious.

*Dumbledore glances at his brother.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

I'm delighted to hear. So, rooms have been arranged for you in the village, and Aberforth here will prepare you a delicious dinner. His own recipe.

*We CUT TO:*

**65 INT. HOG'S HEAD—LATER—NIGHT**

*PLOP! Aberforth, greasy pot in hand, LADLES a thick grayish STEW into the chipped bowls sitting before the group, who sit at a long table.*

**ABERFORTH**

There's more of that if you want it.

*The others stare queasily at their bowls as Aberforth heads for the stairs.*

**BUNTY**

Thank you. Thanks.

*Aberforth pauses, glowering down at a smiling Bunty, then nods shortly and continues on up.*

**THESEUS**

Astonishing . . . Never has something that looked so repellent tasted so delicious.

*The Qilin BLEATS with pleasure. The others all dip their spoons.*

**JACOB**

Who's this little one . . . Hey, do you mind?

*Newt watches Jacob jockeying with the Qilin over the stew in his bowl.*

**NEWT**

She's a Qilin, Jacob. She's incredibly rare. One of the most beloved creatures in the wizarding world.

**JACOB**

Why?

**NEWT**

Because she can see into your soul.

**JACOB**

Oh, you're kidding me.

**NEWT**

*(shaking his head)*

So if you're good and worthy, then she'll see that. If, on the other hand, you're cruel and deceitful, then she will know that too.

**JACOB**

Oh yeah? Does she just tell you that or . . . ?

**NEWT**

Not exactly *tells*—

**LALLY**

Well, she bows. But only in the presence of someone truly pure of heart.

*Jacob gazes at Lally, captivated.*

**LALLY (CONT'D)**

I mean, almost none of us are, of course. No matter how good a person we try to be. There was actually a time, many, many years ago, when the Qilin chose who would lead us.

*Jacob takes his bowl and moves to the Qilin's milk bowl. The Qilin dances around him. Jacob spoons some of the stew into the Qilin's bowl.*

*Newt smiles, enjoying the moment, when his gaze catches sight of the mirror. Words are surfacing, one by one:*

**I WANT TO COME HOME.**

**66 INT. UPPER ROOM—HOG'S HEAD—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Within, Dumbledore and Aberforth stand opposite each other, their voices low, but their postures suggesting their discussion is tense.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Come with me. I'll help you. He's your son, Aberforth. He needs you.

*We see the POV is Newt's. He begins to turn away when he notices something in Aberforth's hand: a FEATHER, strewn with ASH, darkening Aberforth's fingers where he touches it. A PHOENIX FEATHER.*

*Newt knocks . . .*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**  
Newt.

*Aberforth brushes past Newt wordlessly, still clutching the feather.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**  
(*to Newt*)  
Come in.

*Newt enters.*

**NEWT**  
Albus. The mirror downstairs. There's a message.

**DUMBLEDORE**  
Close the door.

*Newt closes the door, then turns back to Dumbledore.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**  
It's from Credence, Newt. The summer Gellert and I fell in love, my brother fell in love as well. With a girl from the Hollow. She was sent away. There were rumors. About a child.

**NEWT**  
Credence?

**DUMBLEDORE**

He's a Dumbledore. Had I been a better friend, to Aberforth . . . If I'd been a better brother, he might have confided in me. Perhaps things would have been different. This boy could have been part of our lives. Part of our family.

*(a beat)*

Credence can't be saved, I know you know that. But he may yet be able to save us.

*As Newt reacts, Dumbledore holds up his hand, fingers stained with soot.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Phoenix ash. The bird comes to him because he's dying, Newt. I know the signs.

*(off Newt's look)*

You see, my sister was an Obscurial.

*Newt stares at Dumbledore. Stunned.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

And like Credence, she never learned to express her magic. Over time it grew darker and began to poison her.

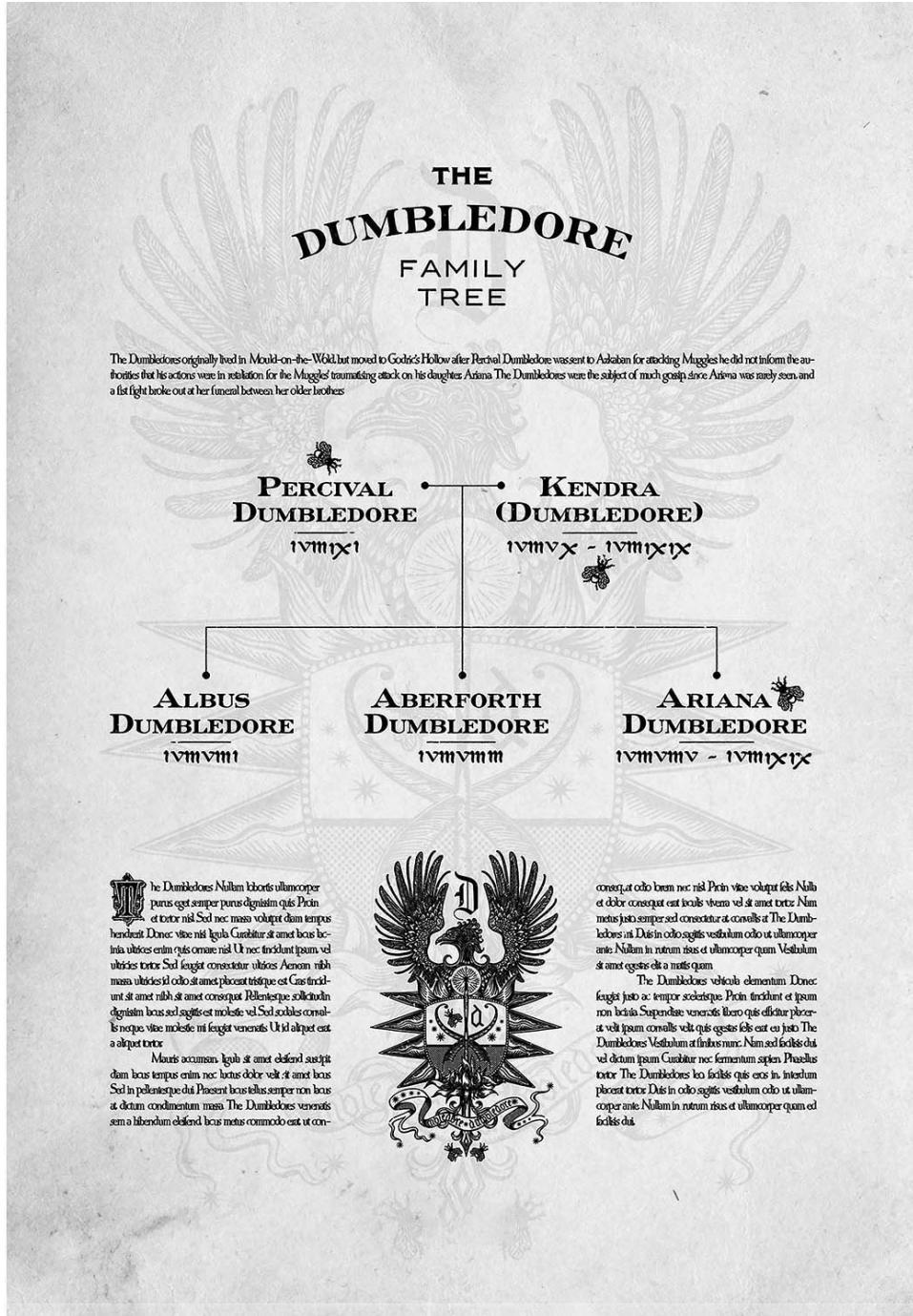
*Dumbledore looks to the painting.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Worst of all, none of us were capable of easing her pain.

**NEWT**

Can you tell me how it is—how it came to an end for her?



PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR DUMBLEDORE FAMILY TREE



DUMBLEDORE FAMILY CREST

## DUMBLEDORE

Gellert and I had made plans to go away together. My brother didn't approve. One night, he confronted us. Voices were raised. Threats made. Aberforth drew his wand, which was foolish. I drew my wand, which was even more foolish. Gellert just laughed. No one heard Ariana coming down the stairs.

*Dumbledore's eyes glitter as he stares at the painting.*

## DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

I can't say for certain it was my spell. It doesn't really matter. One minute she was there, and the next she was gone . . .

*His voice trails off.*

## NEWT

I'm so sorry, Albus. If it's of any comfort, perhaps she was saved some pain

---

## DUMBLEDORE

Don't. Don't disappoint me, Newt. You of all people. Your honesty is a gift, even if at times a painful one.

*Newt studies Dumbledore as he stares off toward the painting once more.*

## DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Our friends downstairs will be tired and wanting to go home. You should go.

*Newt begins to exit, then stops just shy of the door.*

## NEWT

Albus. Lally said something earlier. About most of us ultimately being imperfect. But even if we've made mistakes, terrible things, we can try to make things right. And that's what matters. The trying.

*Dumbledore doesn't turn, just stares at the painting.*

**67 EXT. NURMENGARD CASTLE—LATE DAY**

*The camera circles high across the slate sky above the castle. Far below, we see an ARMY OF DARK-CLAD FIGURES assembled. As Grindelwald and Credence make their way toward the castle, the figures part. Reaching the entrance, Grindelwald turns, surveying them.*

**GRINDELWALD**

Our time is close, my brothers and sisters. The days of hiding are over. The world will hear our voice. And it will be deafening.

*A ROAR goes up amongst the throng. Grindelwald smiles faintly, then his eyes fix on Kama, standing to one side in front of the cheering Acolytes, somehow both a part of the throng and separate. Grindelwald steps over to him and, to Kama's surprise, takes his face in both hands.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

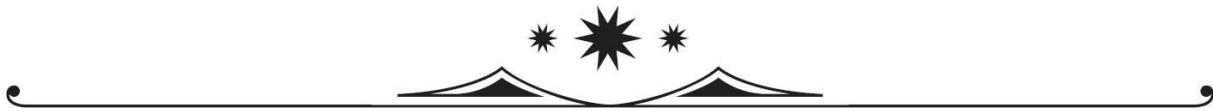
You didn't come here to betray Dumbledore. You know in your pure-blood heart your place is here. To believe in me is to believe in yourself.

*He stares deeply into Kama's eyes one more moment and walks him down into the crowd, gently pushing him into the assembled troops.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Prove your loyalty, Mr. Kama.

*Then releases him, before turning for the castle.*



Historically, wizards and witches have not been treated well by people. And —just to give my own take on his backstory—I have a hunch that Grindelwald experienced something unforgivable or even extremely brutal at a very young age, and that was when his hatred of Muggles began. It just grew stronger and stronger and every passing day confirmed his belief that there's nothing good in Muggles.



— MADS MIKKELSEN  
*(Gellert Grindelwald)*

**68 INT. CELLAR—NURMENGARD—MOMENTS LATER—LATE DAY**

*CLOSE ON—THE DEAD QILIN.*

*As the limp creature's head flops to one side, the laceration across its throat is revealed.*

. . . UNDERWATER, looking upward through a strangely undulating surface. All is eerily SILENT, like a dream, then a FIGURE appears—indistinct through the liquid—cradling something. The figure PLUNGES his hands into the water and the face of the DEAD QILIN turns our way. Blood blooms from its ragged throat.

*NEW ANGLE—GRINDELWALD*

*He stands waist-deep in a pool, shirtsleeves rolled up past his elbows, holding the Qilin underwater as he murmurs indistinctly. He waits for the water to grow still, then WHISPERS:*

**GRINDELWALD**

*Rennervate . . .*

*Credence, Vogel, and Rosier watch from the shadows.*

*With great tenderness, Grindelwald plays his fingers over the Qilin's throat, mending the flesh there. BUBBLES rise from the pool. The Qilin's head breaks the surface and it SCREECHES. Grindelwald lifts it from the water.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

*Vulnera Sanentur . . .*

*As the scars vanish under his fingertips, the Qilin turns its head to him, its eyes still eerily vacant, but otherwise appearing healthy and whole.*

*Grindelwald smiles, strokes it.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

*There, there. There, there . . .*

*(without turning)*  
Come look.

*Vogel glances away, staying put, but Credence leaves the shadows and goes to the edge of the pool.*

**GRINDELWALD**

This is why we're special. To conceal our powers is not merely an affront to ourselves. It's sinful.

*Grindelwald places the Qilin at the side of the pool, where it stays standing. Credence studies the newly reborn Qilin, bewitched. Gratified by Credence's reaction, Grindelwald looks back to the Qilin . . . then stops, his smile faltering. A PALE SHADOW, identical to the Qilin in his hands, appears briefly within the currents of the water. His eyes harden.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

Was there another?

**CREDENCE**  
Another?

**GRINDELWALD**

That night. Was there another Qilin?

*In the shadows, Vogel turns, looks back to the pool. Grindelwald's eyes are pinched with fury. Credence, his face pale and slick, looks suddenly uneasy.*

**CREDENCE**  
I don't think so—

*With frightening speed, Grindelwald throws Credence back from the pool with a powerful burst of water and pins him to the wall. Grindelwald Apparates from the water, his fingers laced about Credence's throat and face. His eyes glitter with anger.*

**GRINDELWALD**

That's twice you've failed me! Do you not understand the danger you've put me in?!

*Credence remains frozen like a terrified child under Grindelwald's grip.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**  
One last chance. Understood? Find it.

**69 INT. HOG'S HEAD—MORNING**

*Newt is inside his case.*

*Theseus is holding the Qilin, like a baby.*

*Theseus hands the Qilin to Newt, the pair like two doting parents. Theseus and Bunty look on as Newt gently lowers the Qilin into his case.*

**70 EXT. HOGWARTS—SAME TIME—MORNING**

*Mist hangs over the grounds. Bridge and castle glow softly in the morning light.*

**71 INT. 7TH FLOOR CORRIDOR—HOGWARTS—SAME TIME—MORNING**

*We follow Lally, Newt, Theseus, and Jacob toward an ornate door emerging from the wall at the far end of the corridor.*



**HOGWARTS EXTERIOR LOCATION RENDERING**

**72 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT—MOMENTS LATER—MORNING**

*Newt, Theseus, Lally, and Jacob suddenly appear in a sparsely appointed room.*

*Jacob, looking utterly confused, follows Newt's gaze to the far end of the room, where FIVE CASES—identical to Newt's—stand in a circle in front of a huge, ornate BHUTANESE PRAYER WHEEL. Bunty stands by the cases.*

**JACOB**

Hey, Newt, what is this place?

**NEWT**

The room we require.

*Dumbledore strides into view.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

I trust all of you have the tickets that Bunty gave you?

*Nods all around. Jacob dutifully holds his up for all to see.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

You'll need them to gain access to the ceremony.



“THE WALK OF THE QILIN” TICKET DESIGN

*Dumbledore's eyes shift, clock Newt staring at the circle of cases.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

What do you think, Newt? Can you tell which one is yours?

*Newt looks another moment, then shakes his head.*

**NEWT**

No.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Good. I'd be worried if you could.

**LALLY**

I assume the Qilin's in one of these cases?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Yes.

**LALLY**

Well, which one is it?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Which one indeed.

**JACOB**

Oh, it's like a three-card monte thing.

*(as the others eye him)*

Like a shell game thing. Like a short con.

*(giving up)*

Never mind, it's a Muggle thing.

**DUMBLEDORE**

Grindelwald will do anything within his power to get his hands on our rare friend. Therefore it's essential we keep whoever he dispatches on his behalf guessing so the Qilin gets to the ceremony safely. If by teatime, the Qilin—not to mention all of us—are still alive, we should consider our efforts a success.

*Dumbledore puts his hat on and wraps a scarf around his neck.*

**JACOB**

For the record, no one ever died playing three-card monte.

**DUMBLEDORE**

An important distinction. All right, everyone choose a case and we'll be on our way. Mr. Kowalski, you and I will proceed together first.



**NEWT'S CASE AND REPLICAS**

**JACOB**  
Me? Okay . . .

*Jacob steps forward, selects a case, then stops as Dumbledore clears his throat and almost imperceptibly shakes his head. Jacob selects another and points. Dumbledore nods and turns away.*

*Jacob picks up the case. Nods. Glances around. Frowns. No exit.*

*The Bhutanese prayer wheel glitters in front of Dumbledore. He reaches out, touches it, and a beautiful glow fills the room.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

I'm looking forward to you educating me a little further on the finer points of three-card monte.

*He looks over to Jacob, reaches out his hand to him.*

**JACOB**  
My pleasure.

*Jacob takes Dumbledore's hand, and together they disappear into the wheel as it rapidly spins.*

*As they vanish, the others consider the remaining cases.*

**BUNTY**  
Well, good luck, everybody.

*Newt walks forward and picks up a case.*

**NEWT**  
Good luck.

*Newt vanishes.*

**LALLY**  
And you too, Bunty girl.

*Lally walks forward, picks up another case, and vanishes.*

**THESEUS**  
See you, Bunty.

*Theseus walks forward and picks up another case before disappearing into the wheel too.*

*Bunty takes a deep breath, then picks up the last case. She walks toward the prayer wheel and vanishes.*

### 73 EXT. BASE OF EYRIE—BHUTAN—DAY

*Green mountains rise in the distance, and at the very top, almost settled into the very sky, we glimpse the Eyrie.*

*A crowd gathers at the base of an enormous set of steps that climb toward the sky, on top of which sits the magnificent Eyrie. A figure stands in front of a gilded cage set beneath the steps.*

### **VOGEL**

*It is not lost on those of us in leadership that we are currently a world divided. Each day brings talk of another conspiracy.*

*Vogel's speech is seen projected into Magical Ministries around the world.*

### **VOGEL (CONT'D)**

*Each hour another dark whisper. These whispers have only increased in recent days with the addition of a third candidate. There is only one way to leave absolutely no doubt that a worthy candidate exists amongst the three who have been presented.*



**EYRIE LOCATION RENDERING**



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“THE WALK OF THE QILIN” CEREMONIAL BANNER

*Vogel enters the golden cage and emerges with something cradled in his arms. As he resumes his place and slowly reveals what he holds, there is a palpable GASP.*

*A Qilin.*

### **VOGEL (CONT'D)**

As every schoolboy and girl knows: The Qilin is the purest of creatures in our wonderful, magical world. It cannot be deceived.

*(holding it before him)*  
Let the Qilin unite us!

#### **74 EXT. ROOFTOPS—BHUTAN—DAY**

*We drop through layers of cloud to a village and a series of terraced rooftops, where dark-clad figures appear. Rosier stands at the head of one group, Helmut the other. They scan the streets below, at the massing crowds, eyes searching.*

#### **75 EXT. STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Bobbing along with a group of Santos supporters, case in hand, is Jacob and next to him, keeping point, Dumbledore. Just ahead of them, a vast BANNER bearing Santos's image twists on the poles carrying it as the supporters march toward the mountains beyond the city.*

*Just then, Dumbledore's gaze lands on a group of Dark Aurors trailing close behind and he pulls Jacob ducking and swerving into an alley. They Apparate out of a doorway behind their pursuers and give them the slip.*

### **DUMBLEDORE**

Come.

### **JACOB**

Where to next?

### **DUMBLEDORE**

Oh. This is where I leave you.

**JACOB**

I'm sorry, you're what? You're leaving me?

*Dumbledore takes off his scarf.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

I have to meet someone else, Mr. Kowalski. Not to worry. You'll be perfectly safe.

*Dumbledore casts off his scarf. As it flutters through the air, the scarf morphs into a curtain. Dumbledore turns back to Jacob.*



**BHUTAN LOCATION RENDERING**

# HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MUGGLE?

JACOB KOWALSKI

WANTED FOR THE DEFECTED  
MASTER OF A WIZARD

IN POSSESSION OF A COUNTERFEIT WAND  
THIS MINDLESS MUGGLE IS EXTREMELY  
DANGEROUS AND VIOLENT

REWARD 500 POUNDS

IF LOCATED HE SHOULD BE IMMOBILIZED  
AND APPREHENDED AT ONCE.



THE ICW DEPT OF AURORS  
MUST BE ADVISED IMMEDIATELY BY OWL

PRELIMINARY GRAPHIC FOR WANTED POSTER, WITH SPACE LEFT FOR MOVING  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF JACOB KOWALSKI

## DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

You don't have the Qilin. Feel free to drop the case at the first hint of trouble.

*(stopping)*

One other thing, if you don't mind me saying. You should stop doubting yourself. You have something most men go their entire lives without. Do you know what that is?

*Jacob shakes his head.*

## DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

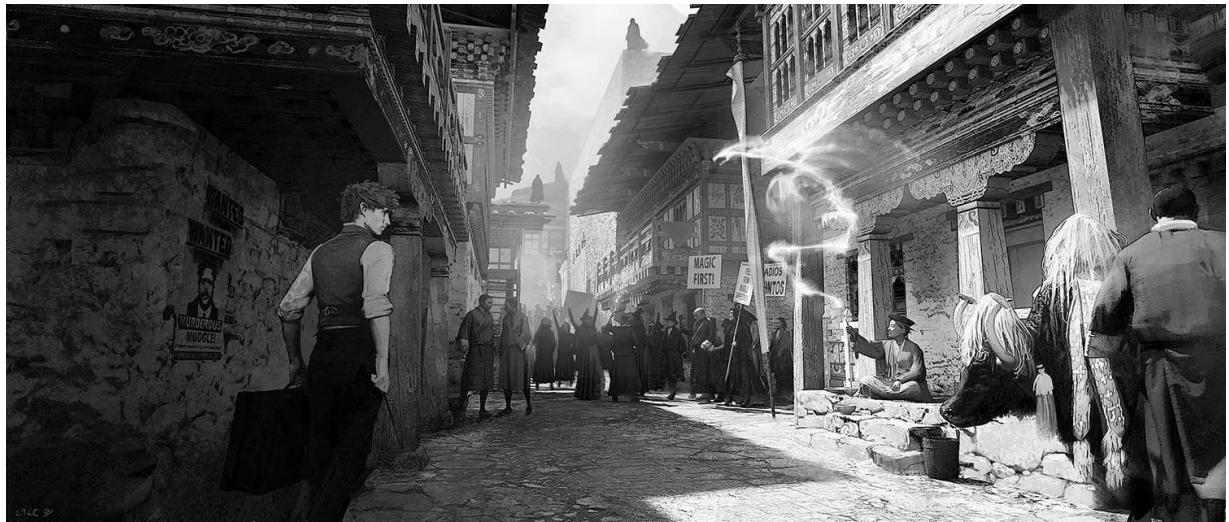
A heart that is full. Only a truly brave man could open himself up so honestly and completely. As you do.

*With that, Dumbledore tips his hat and is gone.*

76 EXT. STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY

*Newt moves quickly, trying his best to remain inconspicuous. Sensing something, he stops. Turns.*

*No one.*



**BHUTAN LOCATION RENDERING**

**77 EXT. NARROW STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Theseus moves warily forward, case held tightly.*

**78 EXT. NARROW STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Newt proceeds through the village. A GREEN-ROBED FIGURE comes into frame.*

**79 EXT. STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*We follow a case, Lally, moving quickly. Glimpsing ahead, she sees Aurors. She turns into an alley and disappears from view.*

**80 EXT. STREET—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Theseus moves warily through a narrow passage. We see figures shifting on the rooftops above him. Ahead, he spots two Aurors and draws his wand.*

**81 EXT. BACK STREETS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Lally moves quickly, glancing over her shoulder when . . .*

**82 EXT. JUNCTION—BACK STREETS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*. . . she comes together with Theseus at the junction of their respective streets. Both whirl, raise their wands . . . then recognize each other. Then, as one, their gazes shift. Around them, everywhere, are DARK AURORS.*

*Lally and Theseus deflect, parry, and duel the Dark Aurors from all sides, retreating up the steps as they fire a flurry of counter spells and charms.*

*Lally Stuns three Dark Aurors, Theseus Stuns half a dozen more. Lally levitates a dozen crystal balls and sends them cascading toward the Aurors as Theseus Stuns a Dark Auror on a balcony above them. Turning, Lally incapacitates another by wrapping him in fabric before sending an Auror shooting into a wall and imprisoning him there as if stuck in a portrait.*

*Aurors are left sprawled all over the street before them. Their victory is short-lived, though, as two wands appear, drawn at the backs of their necks . . .*

**HELMUT**  
Cases, please.

*Helmut stands behind them, flanked by two Dark Aurors.*



**BHUTAN LOCATION RENDERING**

**83 EXT. ALLEYS/STONE STEPS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Newt rounds a corner, and in the distance he sees two Aurors emerge ahead.*

*Just beyond, he spots someone else.*

**JACOB**

Hey, fellas . . .

*The Aurors turn, and TWHACK, Jacob sends both spinning with a swing of his case before darting out of sight. The Aurors recover and give chase.*

**84 EXT. NARROW ALLEY, LEADING UPWARD—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Jacob stumbles around a corner and races up some steep, narrow steps. Moments later, his pursuers come into view, stop, and stare upward.*

*Empty.*

*Except for Jacob's case.*

**85 EXT. BACK STREETS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Helmut and his men take Lally's and Theseus's cases and set them down. A Dark Auror takes aim. Helmut raises his hand.*

**HELMUT**

Wait. Open them. Make sure it's in there. Idiot.

*The Auror trapped in the wall bangs with his fists to be let out. With a sigh, Helmut raises his wand and releases him, sending him sprawling to the ground with a thud.*

*Lally and Theseus glance at the cases.*

**86 EXT. BACK STREETS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*One of Jacob's pursuers tentatively approaches the abandoned case.*

*As Lally and Theseus look on, two of Helmut's Dark Aurors kneel beside the cases.*

*POP! Jacob's case flips open to REVEAL . . . POLISH PASTRIES.*

*Lally's and Theseus's cases are opened, revealing BOOKS and the GOLDEN SNITCH.*

*The Dark Auror hovering over Jacob's case grabs a paczki and inspects it.*

*As the Golden Snitch BUZZES upward, Helmut watches it rise past the surrounding rooftops when:*



**BHUTAN LOCATION RENDERING**

*WHOOSH!*

*The books erupt out of Lally's case and engulf the Dark Aurors, mummifying them in a windstorm of paper.*

*Jacob's case erupts with thousands of pastries cascading in a wave that sweeps the Dark Aurors down the steep steps and away.*

*The Monster Book of Monsters attacks as Bludgers fly out of Theseus's case and catapult into the Dark Aurors in the alley and atop the rooftops high above.*

*Helmut furiously strips a piece of paper from his face only to discover, in the chaos, Lally and Theseus have escaped.*

**87 EXT. STREETS/ALLEYS—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Dumbledore moves swiftly, glancing to a nearby rooftop as Bludgers rain down upon the Aurors and send them tumbling. A Snitch buzzes down toward him, and he catches it midair and pockets it. Suddenly, in lockstep, from an alleyway, a figure joins him.*

*Never breaking stride, Aberforth.*

**ABERFORTH**

*How long does he have?*

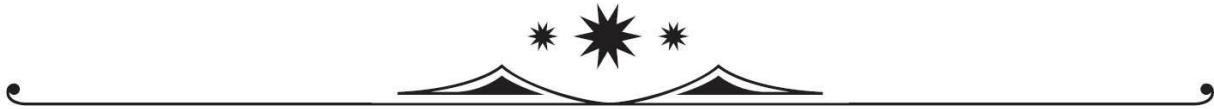
*THE PHOENIX FLIES OVERHEAD . . .*

**88 EXT. STREET—BHUTAN—DAY**

*. . . skating over the mass of people streaming far below.*

*NEW ANGLE—STREET LEVEL*

*Credence, looking ever more pale, bumps along amidst the jubilant throng of Liu supporters. Weakened and in pain, he pauses, leaning against a pillar before steeling himself once more and moving on.*



Credence yearns, like so many of Jo's characters, to belong. And he feels in his heart that he cannot count on Grindelwald. He's also very sick—the Obscurus seems to be taking him over more and more. So as he faces his own mortality, he is trying to figure out just where he belongs at this point in his life.



— DAVID HEYMAN  
*(Producer)*

**89 EXT. NARROW ALLEY LEADING UPWARD—BHUTAN—DAY**

*Jacob, case-less now, walks down a narrow alley. He feeds onto a street. He passes a GREEN-ROBED FIGURE when another figure sweeps in and grabs him firmly by the hand . . .*

*. . . pulling him into a side street and away from the main street.*

**QUEENIE**

You're in danger, all right. You need to leave.

**JACOB**

Well . . .

*As he starts to speak, she puts a finger over his lips.*

**QUEENIE**

I can't. I can't come home. It's too late for me. Some mistakes are just too big.

*Jacob takes her hand away.*

**JACOB**

Can you listen to me—

**QUEENIE**

There's no time! I was followed. I gave them the slip, but it won't be long before they find me.

They're going to find . . .

*(voice breaking)*

. . . us.

**JACOB**

I don't care. All I got is us. I make no sense without us.

**QUEENIE**

Jacob, come on! I don't love you anymore. Just get out of here.

**JACOB**

You're the worst liar in the world, Queenie Goldstein.

*Just then, CHURCH BELLS peal softly.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

You hear that? That's a sign.

*She stops, glaring at him. He stares at her.*

*Jacob enfolds Queenie's hand in his and pulls her close.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Come here. Close your eyes. Please close your eyes. You know what Dumbledore said to me? He said that I got a full heart . . . He's wrong, I'm always going to have room in there for you.

**QUEENIE**

Yeah.

**JACOB**

Look at me. Queenie Goldstein . . .

*As a tear trickles down her cheek, they both look up to see FIGURES surrounding them.*

**90 EXT. BRIDGE—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Newt watches as Santos supporters cross a BRIDGE that rises into the sky; they disappear through a portal partway across. He grips his case tighter and moves forward, mingling with the crowd.*

*From this vantage, the mountain looms mightily, its peak draped in thick clouds.*

*Newt makes his way onto the bridge, toward the portal. Stepping through it, he disappears with a whoosh.*

**91 EXT. BASE OF EYRIE—BHUTAN—DAY**

*At the base of the Eyrie we see vast steps rising up to the clouds and the Eyrie above. We drop down to reveal Newt, striding purposefully, in the direction of the steps.*

*Directly ahead, a solitary figure, Fischer, stands unmoving. She turns, eyes focused on Newt. There is something ominous in her posture.*

*Newt, debating a detour, but there is only one way up when . . .*



**EYRIE LOCATION RENDERING**



**BHUTAN LOCATION RENDERING**

**FISCHER**

Mr. Scamander. We've never been properly introduced. Henrietta Fischer.  
Herr Vogel's attaché.

**NEWT**

Ah, yes— Hello—

*She nods to the clouds overhead.*

**FISCHER**

I can take you up. There's a private entrance for members of the High Council. If you just follow me . . .

*Newt doesn't move, eyeing her skeptically.*

**NEWT**

I'm sorry, why would you do that? Take me up?

**FISCHER**

Isn't it obvious?

**NEWT**

No, frankly, it's not.

**FISCHER**

Dumbledore's sent me.

*(the case)*

I know what you have in the case, Mr. Scamander.

*As Fischer's eyes narrow, a throng of exuberant Santos, Liu, and Grindelwald supporters spill into view. Quick as a snake, Fischer's hand snatches Newt's where he grips the handle. They lock eyes, and Newt makes to wrest the case free while the crowd converges. They continue to wrestle over control of the case as they are borne down the middle of the square, surrounded by happy faces and cheering voices.*

*FLASH!—a bolt of fire strikes Newt behind his ear. He falls. Zabini appears, standing within the crowd, looking down at him, wand*

*SMOKING. Fischer smiles before turning away, carrying the case with her.*

**92 EXT. BRIDGE—BHUTAN—SAME TIME**

*Theseus paces nervously as Lally stands by. The bridge is nearly deserted now. A HORN, like a CLARION CALL, rises over the city.*

**LALLY**

*He should be here any minute.*

*Just ahead, Kama and a group of Dark Aurors appear, heading toward them. The Dark Aurors raise their wands. Kama moves through the Aurors.*

*Kama suddenly drops, driving his wand into the earth, releasing a pulse of magic that stuns the Aurors, concussing them instantly.*

**THESEUS**

*What kept you?*

*Theseus, Lally, and Kama head onto the bridge and disappear.*

**93 EXT. BASE OF EYRIE—BHUTAN—DAY**

*Coming to, Newt glances about frantically, buffeted by the crowd . . .*

*He sees Fischer making her way up the stairs ahead.*

*Towering above supporters and voters are massive freestanding BANNERS, which act as SCREENS to reflect the ceremony above. As Newt stares at the banner—in reflection—Vogel appears.*

**VOGEL**

*I thank the candidates for their words . . .*

**94 EXT. EYRIE—BHUTAN—CONTINUOUS—DAY**

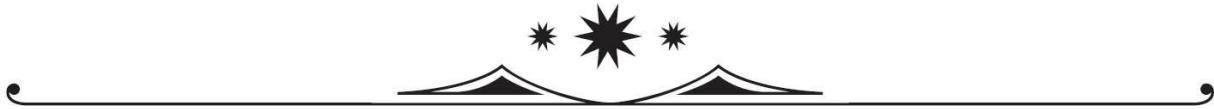
*Liu, Santos, and Grindelwald stand side by side.*

## **VOGEL**

Each represents a distinct vision of how we will shape not only our world, but the non-magical world as well. Which brings us to the most important part of our ceremony. The walk of the Qilin.

*A Qilin is brought forth.*

*We CUT TO:*



What I love about Jo's characters is they are rich; they are never one thing. Grindelwald is very dark, but unlike Voldemort, it's not just that love is absent in his life. I think he feels a deep sadness that Dumbledore—his great love—hasn't joined him on this journey. So, yes, Grindelwald is evil and dark and desirous of power and would stop at nothing to achieve his goals. But beneath that he is filled with a sense of loss, of melancholy.



— DAVID HEYMAN

*(Producer)*

**95 EXT. EYRIE—BHUTAN—SAME TIME—DAY**

*Newt reaches the great steps that stretch up to the Eyrie, seeing a tiny figure up ahead with his case—Fischer.*

*As he pounds up the steps, he looks across to the banners and sees the Qilin being put before Grindelwald, Liu, and Santos.*

*A QUICK TOUR AROUND THE WORLD, as dignitaries at MAGICAL MINISTRIES, in EUROPE and elsewhere, watch the ceremony.*

*On the screen the Qilin moves tentatively forward—toward the candidates. As the Qilin moves toward Grindelwald, Liu and Santos exchange a glance.*

*Newt charges toward Fischer, who simply turns to look at Newt, making no effort to move.*

*The Qilin stands in front of Grindelwald and gazes up at him.*

*Fischer holds out the case. Newt studies her, perplexed by her demeanor, then reaches out. As his fingers make contact, the case turns to dust. In a panic, he watches the particles drift into the air. He looks back to Fischer, who continues to smile.*

*As the dust drifts up, the banners reveal Grindelwald and the Qilin.*

*The Qilin, in front of Grindelwald, bows. For a moment, there is a long beat of silence.*

**VOGEL**

The Qilin has seen. Seen goodness, strength, qualities essential to lead, and to guide us. Who do you see?

*The assembled witches and wizards thrust their wands into the air. SPELLS explode. The THREE COLORS of Liu, Santos, and Grindelwald stream into the sky and then turn to one, Grindelwald's green.*

*Newt stands stunned.*

*Grindelwald savors the adulation.*

### **VOGEL (CONT'D)**

Gellert Grindelwald is the new leader of the magical world by acclamation.

*As the crowd ROARS, Acolytes on either side of Newt shove him up the steps. Grindelwald nods to Rosier and she brings forth Queenie and Jacob.*

*Newt tries to push his way toward Queenie and Jacob, but the two Acolytes restrain him.*

*Rosier brings Jacob farther up the steps and hands his snakewood wand to Grindelwald.*

*Grindelwald surveys the crowd, who waits, eyes fixed on him, then gestures to Jacob.*

### **GRINDELWALD**

This is the man who tried to take my life. This man who has no magic, who would marry a witch and pollute our blood. This forbidden union will make us less, make us weak, like his kind. He is not alone, my friends. There are thousands who seek to do the same. There can only be one response to such vermin.

*Grindelwald tosses away Jacob's wand and raises his own.*

*As Jacob turns to face him, Grindelwald hits him with a spell that throws him down the steps and sends him sprawling onto his back at Queenie's feet.*

### **GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

*Crucio!*

*A lightning spell sends Jacob writhing in pain at Queenie's feet.*

**NEWT**

No!

**QUEENIE**  
Make him stop!

**GRINDELWALD**  
Our war with the Muggles begins today!

*Grindelwald's SUPPORTERS CHEER wildly.*

*Lally, Theseus, and Kama can be seen moving through the crowd, looking shocked.*

*Jacob remains writhing in pain on the ground until Santos raises her wand and lifts the Cruciatus Curse afflicting him. Relieved, Jacob lies back in Queenie's arms.*

*Grindelwald turns his face to the sky, basking in his glory.*

*He stays like this, reveling in the moment when . . .*

*. . . he spies the Phoenix circling overhead. A solitary feather of ASH seesaws from the sky and attaches itself to his cheek. He wipes it away, looking troubled.*

*Grindelwald turns, squinting, as a FIGURE emerges from the steps . . .*

*Credence.*

*Grindelwald studies him with interest as he approaches, looking weak but defiant. As he stops in front of Grindelwald, he reaches out, as if he were going to cradle Grindelwald's face, then takes his fingers and smears the ash on his cheek. Aberforth and Dumbledore emerge at the back of the crowd as Credence turns, addressing the dignitaries.*

**CREDENCE**  
He's lying to you. That creature is dead.

*Newt regards the bewitched Qilin sadly.*

*Nearing the end of his strength, Credence falls to his knees.*

*Aberforth moves to help him, but is held back gently by Dumbledore.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Not now. Wait.

*Newt pulls free of his captors.*

**NEWT**

He did it to trick you. He killed it and bewitched it so that you might think him worthy to lead. But he doesn't want to lead you, he just wants you to follow.

**GRINDELWALD**

Words. Words designed to deceive. To make you doubt what you've seen with your own two eyes.

**NEWT**

There were two Qilins born that night. A twin. And I know that,

---

**GRINDELWALD**

Because . . . ? Because you have no proof. Because there was no second Qilin. Am I not right?

**NEWT**

Its mother had been killed.

**GRINDELWALD**

Then where is it now, Mr. Scamander?

*Grindelwald looks at Newt, triumphant, when his gaze falls to a green-robed dignitary . . .*

*She steps forward, into the light, a CASE in hand, and gives it to Newt, who stares at it, dumbfounded.*

*The robed figure looks up to reveal . . . Bunty.*

## BUNTY

No one can know everything, Newt. Remember?

*She glances around, abruptly—and uncomfortably—aware of the dignified persons present, then moves away as Newt opens the lid of the case.*

*A small head emerges, looks about.*

*The Qilin.*

*Vogel stares incredulously, nervously eyeing Grindelwald, who looks unsettled as well. Theseus and Lally exchange stunned glances. Tina watches on from the AMERICAN MINISTRY. Newt, more stunned than anyone, smiles—looking relieved, grateful.*

*As everyone watches, the Qilin crawls out of the case and stands upright, blinking in confusion, trying to get its bearings. Then, sensing something, it turns and sees:*

*The bewitched Qilin, standing by Grindelwald's side.*

*Instantly, the Qilin SOFTLY KEENS, calling out, the sound heartbreakingly in its naked emotion, but its twin's expression remains unchanged, its eyes blank.*

*Newt kneels down beside the confused Qilin.*

## NEWT

*(softly)*

*She can't hear you, little one. Not here. But perhaps somewhere she's listening in . . .*

## VOGEL

*This is the true Qilin!*

*Vogel snatches up the bewitched Qilin and turns to all those watching.*

## VOGEL (CONT'D)

Look at it! You can see it with your own eyes . . . This is the true—

*He falters as the Qilin in his hands slumps to the side, its eyes dark and empty.*

*The British Witch we last saw in Berlin steps forward.*

### **BRITISH WITCH**

This can't be allowed to stand! The vote must be taken again. Come on, Anton. Do something!

*Vogel looks confused, frightened.*

*The living Qilin is slowly making its way toward Dumbledore.*

### **DUMBLEDORE**

No. No. No. Please.

*The Qilin eyes him carefully, its probing eyes silencing Dumbledore. The Qilin begins to glow and then slowly bows.*

*Newt looks on curiously, compassionately.*

### **DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

I'm honored.

*(a troubled beat)*

Just as two of you were born that night, there is another here. Equally worthy. I'm certain of it.

*Dumbledore gently strokes the Qilin.*

### **DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Thank you.

*The Qilin eyes Dumbledore curiously before making its way toward Santos to bow, as Grindelwald watches on with disgust.*

*Grindelwald looks at Dumbledore, consumed by the moment—and raises his wand toward the Qilin. Credence, seeing Grindelwald taking*

*aim at the Qilin, summons what strength he has and stands before him.*

*Lightning fast, Grindelwald turns and casts a spell toward CREDENCE WHEN . . .*

*. . . a BRIGHT, BLINDING SHIELD OF LIGHT materializes in front of Credence, courtesy of . . .*

*. . . Dumbledore and Aberforth, who—reflexively—independently—have cast protective spells.*

*As Grindelwald's spell strikes the SHIMMERING SHIELD OF LIGHT, we follow his gaze up the path of the spell and discover . . .*

*. . . his and Dumbledore's spells have knotted together.*

*As one, their gazes meet, each stunned to find themselves shackled to the other. For a moment, they remain like this, connected, each draining the power of the other, the world in suspension. Then:*

*The troth's CHAIN SHATTERS, sending the CRYSTAL slowly spinning to the ground. Grindelwald and Dumbledore watch as the light from the troth begins to FLICKER, and with a FLASH, everything goes suddenly silent . . . The world goes slowly STILL, as if the rotation of the earth itself were slowing.*

*The troth continues to spin slowly through the air, its center cracking.*

*Their spells evaporate. Grindelwald's and Dumbledore's eyes meet, both realizing in the same moment that they have been emancipated.*

*Instantly, their wands rise, FLASHING again and again—fire and parry, fire and parry—in a dizzying—and cathartic—display of power. As they continue to battle, they draw closer and closer, neither able to get the best of the other, neither willing to concede, until finally, nearly face-to-face, their arms cross and they . . .*

*Stop. Chests heaving. Eyes locked on each other. Dumbledore reaches out, delicately puts his hand on Grindelwald's heart. Grindelwald does*

*the same, hand on Dumbledore's.*

*Dumbledore, head bowed, peers up into Grindelwald's eyes.*

*Just then, a THIN THREAD of YELLOW LIGHT stitches its way up into the sky from the crowd below. Moments later, another THREAD of YELLOW LIGHT joins it. Then another.*

*Grindelwald watches, his face betraying an impending dread.*

*Dumbledore watches more threads of light knit their way into the sky and, looking strangely moved, turns away, making to rejoin the frozen world behind him.*

*Grindelwald stands stricken.*

### **GRINDELWALD**

*Who will love you now, Dumbledore?*

*The blood troth strikes the floor.*

*CRACK.*

*It breaks in two, and smoke rises from its center . . . The world begins to rotate on its axis once more, the figures surrounding Grindelwald and Dumbledore coming back to life.*

*Dumbledore doesn't turn, leaving Grindelwald behind, to stand alone.*

### **GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

*You're all alone.*

*Instantly, a THOUSAND YELLOW THREADS LACE THE SKY and all are bathed in a soft yellow light. MAGICAL MINISTRIES around the world, including Brazil and France, cheer for Santos, sending their own exploding yellow spells into the air. Grindelwald looks on, defeated.*

*He gazes over at those who oppose him, unified now as they move toward him, led by Santos and the Qilin, pointing their wands in his*

*direction.*

*Apparating to the edge, Grindelwald stands backed to the precipice of a great cliff. He rapidly puts a shield around him as spells are cast from those who stand opposite.*

*But there is only one person who interests him: Dumbledore.*

**GRINDELWALD (CONT'D)**

I was never your enemy. Then or now.

*Almost as ONE, spells fly toward Grindelwald, when, with one final glance at Dumbledore . . . he falls backward and Apparates.*

*Theseus, Lally, and Kama, followed by others, race to the wall edge to see . . .*

*He's gone.*

*Dumbledore looks away, sees Aberforth cradling Credence. Credence is weak now, looking at Aberforth curiously, his face bathed in yellow light.*

**CREDENCE**

Did you ever think of me?

**ABERFORTH**

Always. Come home.

*Aberforth reaches his hand out and lifts his son up to his feet. As they begin to descend, Dumbledore watches as the Phoenix takes flight behind them and drifts slowly down the mountain.*

*Newt looks out over the sea of yellow and the Kingdom of Bhutan beyond. He looks suddenly weary.*

**BUNTY**

Here she is.

*Newt turns, sees Bunty standing with the Qilin.*

**NEWT**

Well done, Bunty.

*Bunty shakes her head and smiles.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

Come on, little one.

*Newt opens the case for the Qilin.*

**BUNTY**

I'm sorry. I must have given you an awful fright.

*Newt takes the Qilin. Shakes his head.*

**NEWT**

No, I think sometimes it takes losing something to realize quite how much it means.

*Bunty eyes Newt's case as he cradles the Qilin. She spots the picture of Tina and smiles gently.*

**BUNTY**

And sometimes you just . . .

*She falters. Newt studies her.*

**BUNTY (CONT'D)**

Sometimes you just know.

*She turns away, heading back toward the others.*

**NEWT**

In you pop.

*As Newt places the Qilin in the case, we CUT TO:*

*Jacob, watching Dumbledore from a distance.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Mr. Kowalski, I owe you an apology.

*Jacob turns, sees Dumbledore.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

It was never my intent for you to suffer the Cruciatus Curse.

**JACOB**

Yeah, well, you know, we got Queenie back, so we're square.

*(a beat)*

Hey, can I ask you a question?

*Jacob glances around, then leans forward, WHISPERS.*

**JACOB (CONT'D)**

Can I keep this? You know, for like old times' sake?

*Dumbledore looks down, sees the snakewood wand in Jacob's hand, then looks up, studies him.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

I can't think of anyone more deserving.

**JACOB**

Thanks, Professor.

*Jacob grins happily and pockets it. Dumbledore watches him head toward Queenie before joining Newt.*

*Inspecting the edge of the cliff, Dumbledore removes the broken blood troth from his pocket and shows Newt.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Remarkable.

**NEWT**

But how? I thought you couldn't move against one another.

**DUMBLEDORE**

We didn't. He sought to kill. I sought to protect. Our spells met.

*Dumbledore smiles ruefully.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

Let's call it fate. After all, how else would we fulfill our destinies?

*Newt eyes him curiously when Theseus joins them.*

**THESEUS**

Albus. Promise me. You'll find him. And stop him.

*Dumbledore nods.*

*The yellow sky toward the horizon begins to DISSOLVE, slowly fading to black . . .*

**96 EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE—NEW YORK—NIGHT**

*. . . onto a street on the Lower East Side, where the WINDOWS of KOWALSKI'S BAKERY glow warm with light.*



KOWALSKI BAKERY LOCATION RENDERING

**97 INT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*PEOPLE flit in and out of view—both Muggle and magical. Jacob's wedding cake now stands proud with the bride and groom on top, reunited.*

**JACOB**

Albert! Don't forget the pierogies!

**ALBERT**

Yes, Mr. K.

*Jacob and Newt stand in matching MORNING SUITS, Jacob fighting a losing battle with his tie.*

**JACOB**

Albert! No more than eight minutes on the kolaczkis.

**ALBERT**

Yes, Mr. K.

**JACOB**

*(to Newt)*

He's a sweet kid. He doesn't know the difference between paszteciki and golabki.

*Just then, Queenie enters in a BEAUTIFUL LACE GOWN.*

**QUEENIE**

Hey, sweetheart.

**JACOB**

What!

**QUEENIE**

Newt doesn't know what you're talking about. I don't know what you're talking about. And you are not working today, remember?

*(eyeing Newt)*

Are you all right, honey?

(*to Newt*)

You're nervous about the speech. Don't be nervous.

(*to Jacob*)

Tell him, honey—

**JACOB**

Don't be nervous about the speech.

**NEWT**

I'm not nervous.

**JACOB**

What's that smell? Why is there burning?! Albert!

*Jacob rushes off. Queenie rolls her eyes.*

**QUEENIE**

Maybe we're nervous about something else, huh?

**NEWT**

I can't imagine what you're talking about.

*Queenie smiles knowingly, moves off.*

**98 EXT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—MOMENTS LATER—NIGHT**

*Newt steps out under the front awning and takes out a piece of PAPER. Unfolds it. Begins to MUTTER his speech.*

**NEWT**

*The day that I first met Jacob . . . the day that I first met Jacob we were both sitting in the Steen National Bank . . . Never would I—*

*Newt frowns, looks up. Sees a FIGURE on the bus bench across the street, sitting in the falling snow.*

*Just then, something tickles the periphery of Newt's vision and he turns—slowly—to see a WOMAN approaching through the snow. He doesn't*

*need to look twice. He knows.*

*Tina.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**  
The maid of honor, I presume?

**TINA**  
The best man, I gather?

**NEWT**  
You've done something to your hair?

**TINA**  
No. Oh . . . Well, yes, actually, just for tonight.

**NEWT**  
Well, it suits you.

**TINA**  
Thank you, Newt.

*They look at each other, no longer talking, when . . .*

*. . . Lally and Theseus appear.*

**THESEUS**  
Hello.

**NEWT**  
Look who's here.

**THESEUS**  
How are you?

**NEWT**  
You look wonderful, Lally.

**LALLY**

Well, thank you, Newt. I appreciate it. Good luck.

(to Tina)

Tina. Come on. You must tell me how MACUSA's been.

*They slip inside the bakery.*

*Newt goes to follow the others inside, then pauses, looking back in the direction of the street. A moment passes, then:*

**THESEUS**

What about me? How do I look? You all right?

**NEWT**

You look fine.

**THESEUS**

You okay?

**NEWT**

Yeah, I'm all right.

**THESEUS**

You're not nervous, are you? Can't be nervous about a speech after saving the world.

*A look between them, and then Newt looks across and sees Dumbledore sitting on the bus bench opposite.*

*Newt steps across the snowy street, pauses before the bench.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

It's a historic day. Where once was before, there will now be after. Funny how historic days seem so ordinary when you're living them.

**NEWT**

Perhaps that's what happens when the world gets things right.

**DUMBLEDORE**

It's jolly nice to know it happens occasionally.

*Newt eyes him.*

**NEWT**

I didn't know if I'd see you here.

**DUMBLEDORE**

I wasn't sure you would either.

*Their eyes meet, then Dumbledore looks off. The door to the bakery opens and Queenie appears. Luminous.*

**QUEENIE**

Hey, Newt! Jacob seems to think he's lost the ring. Please tell me you've got it.

*Newt turns and Pickett pops out of his pocket, clutching a SIMPLE BAND with a SMALL, but lovely, CHIP of a DIAMOND.*

**NEWT**

No, it's all good.

*She smiles, then disappears inside. Newt looks at Pickett.*

**NEWT (CONT'D)**

Good man, Pick.

*(looking at Dumbledore)*

I should probably—

*Dumbledore says nothing, still staring off.*

**DUMBLEDORE**

Thank you, Newt.

**NEWT**

What for?

**DUMBLEDORE**

Pick your poison.

*Newt nods.*

**DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)**

I really couldn't have done it without you.

*Newt smiles faintly. Dumbledore merely nods. Newt starts to go, then stops.*

**NEWT**

I'd do it again, by the way. Should you ask.

*Newt eyes him curiously, then turns, walks back to the bakery, and disappears inside.*

*As he closes the door, a YOUNG WOMAN wearing a DRESS PATTERNED IN RED ROSES comes rushing into view.*

*Looking confused, she glances about in quiet alarm, then spies the bakery.*

*Bunty.*

*Dumbledore watches her hurry inside.*

*He sits another moment, looking around, then rises.*

**99 INT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Queenie steps forward to join Jacob in front of a MAGICAL MINISTER. Queenie turns and looks at him, as behind, Newt and Tina, Lally, Theseus, Bunty, and Albert gather, watching with emotion.*

**JACOB**

Wow. You're so beautiful.

**100 EXT. KOWALSKI'S BAKERY—CONTINUOUS—NIGHT**

*Dumbledore looks through the window and smiles. He pulls the collar of his coat tight and begins to move off, striding alone through the snow-strewn street toward the wintry horizon in the distance.*



**LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK, LOCATION RENDERING**



Special thanks to the cast, crew, and creative team from *Fantastic Beasts: The Secrets of Dumbledore*, whose work is featured in the commentary, production renderings, sketches, and graphic designs included in this book.



This book was designed by Paul Kepple and Alex Bruce at Headcase Design. The text was set in ITC Stone Serif, a typeface designed by Sumner Stone.

**J.K. ROWLING** is the author of the enduringly popular, era-defining Harry Potter seven-book series, as well as several stand-alone novels for adults and children, and the acclaimed Strike crime fiction series written under the pseudonym Robert Galbraith. Many of her books have been adapted for film and television, and she has collaborated on a play continuing Harry's story onstage, *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child*, and a new series of films inspired by her series companion volume *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*.

**STEVE KLOVES** wrote the screenplays for seven of the Harry Potter films, based on the beloved books by J.K. Rowling. He also served as a producer on *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* and *Fantastic Beasts: The Crimes of Grindelwald*, and more recently produced *Mowgli: Legend of the Jungle*.

His additional credits include *Racing with the Moon*, *Wonder Boys*, *Flesh and Bone*, and *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. He also directed the latter two.

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*Screenplay by*  
J.K. Rowling & Steve Kloves

*Based upon a screenplay by*  
J.K. Rowling

*Produced by*  
David Heyman, p.g.a., J.K. Rowling, Steve Kloves, p.g.a., Lionel Wigram,  
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*Production Designers*  
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*Edited by*  
Mark Day

*Costume Designer*  
Colleen Atwood

*Music by*  
James Newton Howard

*STARRING*

**Newt Scamander**  
Eddie Redmayne

**Albus Dumbledore**  
Jude Law

**Credence Barebone**  
Ezra Miller

**Jacob Kowalski**  
Dan Fogler

**Queenie Goldstein**  
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