

## Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone Script

Here you will find the complete script for Harry Potter ATPS.

The COMPLETE, ONE OF A KIND SCRIPT IS NOW UP!!! This took 3 WHOLE days to complete. 80 pages of written paper, 8 hours of watching a 2 1/2 hour movie, and 2 hours to typing it up. However, I am very very glad I got this done.

To my knowledge, it is the only Harry Potter Script on the Internet.

As such, I expect that some people will want this for their own sites. Now, my manual labour is not to be wasted away. If you want PARTS or this WHOLE SCRIPT, PLEASE, PLEASE E-MAIL ME. It was hard work, and I deserve to have some recognition.

Please e-mail me at:

Standup\_Shakeitoff@maximumedge.com

Write to: Katie of TFAM

THANK YOU AND ENJOY!!!

Scene:

A neighbourhood on a street called Privet Drive. An owl, sitting on the street sign flies off to reveal a mysterious appearing old man walking through a forest near the street. He stops at the start of the street and takes out a mechanical device and zaps all the light out of the lampposts. He puts away the device and a cat meows. The man, ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, looks down at the cat, which is a tabby and is sitting on a brick ledge.

Dumbledore: I should have known that you would be here...Professor McGonagall.

The cat meows, sniffs out and the camera pans back to a wall. The cat's shadow is seen progressing into a human. There are footsteps and MINERVA MCGONAGALL is revealed.

McGonagall: Good evening, Professor Dumbledore. Are the rumours true, Albus?

Dumbledore: I'm afraid so, Professor. The good, and the bad.

McGonagall: And the boy?

Dumbledore: Hagrid is bringing him.

McGonagall: Do you think it wise to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?

Albus: Ah, Professor, I would trust Hagrid with my life.

There is a motor sound, and the two professors look up to see a flying motorcycle coming down from the air. It skids on the street and halts. A large man, RUBEUS HAGRID, takes off his goggles.

Hagrid: Professor Dumbledore, Sir. Professor McGonagall.

Dumbledore: No problems, I trust, Hagrid?

Hagrid: No, sir. Little tyke fell asleep just as we were flying over Bristol. Heh. Try not to wake him. There you go.

Hagrid hands a baby in a blanket over to Dumbledore.

McGonagall: Albus, do you really think its safe, leaving him with these people? I've been watching them all day. They're the worst sort of Muggles imaginable. They really are

Dumbledore: The only family he has.

They stop outside a house.

McGonagall: This boy will be famous. There won't be a child in our world who doesn't know his name.

Dumbledore: Exactly. He's better off growing up away from all that. Until he is ready.

Hagrid coughs and snuffles, he is crying. He clears his throat.

Dumbledore: There, there, Hagrid. It's not really good-bye, after all.

Hagrid nods. Dumbledore takes a letter and places it on the baby, who is now at the foot of the door. The baby has a visible lightning-bolt shaped scar on his forehead.

Dumbledore: Good luck...Harry Potter.

The camera pans into the scar and the opening title shows:

## HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

Almost ten years after the: DURSLEY's home. The camera pans on a sleeping boy, almost eleven, with a lightning-bolt shaped scar on his forehead.

There is a click, and knocking. Outside, a tall woman, PETUNIA DURSLEY, raps the door.

Petunia: Up. Get up. {Knocks} {sighs} Now! {Smacks door of closet which is the boys bedroom}

A large, tubby boy, DUDLEY DURSLEY, suddenly comes running down the stairs above the closet. He stops half-way down and goes back, jumping on the staircase.

Dudley: Wake up, cousin! We're going to the zoo!

Dudley laughs, comes down the stairs and runs for the kitchen. The boy, HARRY POTTER, tries to come out of the closet, but is pushed back in by Dudley.

Petunia is in the kitchen, where Dudley has gone.

Petunia: Oh, here he comes, the birthday boy!

A larger man, VERNON DURSLEY, is sitting at the kitchen table.

Vernon: Happy birthday, son.

Petunia and Dudley giggle together. Harry comes into the kitchen, dressed in rags.

Petunia: Why don't you just cook the breakfast, and try not to burn anything.

Harry: Yes, Aunt Petunia.

He sets to work.

Petunia: I want everything to be perfect for my Dudley's special day.

Vernon: Hurry up! Bring my coffee, boy!

Harry: Yes, Uncle Vernon.

Petunia leads Dudley over to the family room, where there are a vast amount of presents. Dudley stares.

Dudley: How many are there?

Vernon: Thirty-six. Counted 'em myself.

Dudley: Thirty-six?! But last year last year I got thirty-seven!!

Vernon: Yes, well, some of them are quite a bit bigger than last year!

Dudley: I don't care how big they are!

Petunia: Oh, now, now, now. This is what we're going to do, is that when we go out we're going to buy you two new presents! How's that, Pumpkin?

Scene:

Outside, morning. The happy family is heading to the car. Harry goes to get in but is stopped by Vernon.

Petunia: This will be a lovely day at the zoo. I'm really looking forward to it.

Vernon: I'm warning you now, boy. Any funny business, any at all, and you won't have any meals for a week. Get in.

Scene:

The zoo. The family is in the reptile house, looking at a large BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Dudley: Make it move.

Vernon raps the glass of the cage.

Vernon: Move!

Dudley raps the glass much harder, and Vernon winces.

Dudley: MOVE!

Harry: He's asleep!

Dudley: He's boring.

Dudley and his parents retreat to another enclosure. Harry is left with the snake.

Harry: Sorry about him. He doesn't understand what it's like, lying there day after day, having people press their ugly faces in on you.

The snake looks up and blinks.

Harry: Can you...hear me? {The snake nods} It's just...I've never talked to a snake before. Do you...I mean...do you talk to people often? {The snake shakes its head} You're from Burma, aren't you? Was it nice there, do you miss your family? {The snake turns its head in the direction of a sign which says, Bred in Captivity} I see. That's me as well. I never knew my parents, either.

The now awake snake has attracted Dudley's attention. He rips over to the cage, knocking Harry to the floor.

Dudley: Mummy, dad, come here! You won't believe what this snake is doing!!

Dudley puts his hands on the glass wall. Harry, from the ground, glares at him. Suddenly, the glass disappears. Dudley wretches forward.

Dudley: Whoa! Ahh! Ahh!!

Dudley falls into the snake enclosure, sputtering in a pool of water. The snake gets out of the exhibit, stopping in front of Harry.

Snake: Thankssssssss.

Harry: Anytime.

The snake starts off.

Man: SNAKE!

There is a lot of screaming as the snake heads for freedom. Dudley gets up to get out, but the glass is now back over the enclosure. He is stuck. He pounds the glass.

Dudley: Mum, mummy!

Petunia: {Sees him} AHH!

Dudley: Mum, help! Help me!

Petunia: My darling boy! How did you get in there?!

Harry: {Grins and giggles}

Vernon glares down at him and Harry's grin disappears. Petunia continues screaming: How did you get in there? Dursley, oh, Dursley!

Scene:

Back at the Dursley's. Petunia and a bundled up Dudley come in.

Petunia: It's all right. It's all right.

They disappear around the corner. Harry and Vernon enter. Vernon slams the door and shoves Harry against a wall, taking his hair.

Harry: Ow!

Vernon: What happened?

Harry: I swear I don't know! One minute the glass was there and then it was gone! It was like magic!

Vernon: {Scoffs and shoves Harry into the closet} There's no such thing as magic!

Scene:

Outside, some time later. An owl flies by the house and drops a letter, which zooms in the letterbox. It lands away from the house and hoots.

Harry, inside, goes to collect the mail. He sorts through the letters and sees his, addressed to him. He goes into the kitchen, hands Vernon the rest of the mail, and walks around the other side of the table to see his letter.

Vernon: Ah, Marge is ill. Ate a funny wheelk.

Dudley: {Sees Harry's letter. He runs and grabs it} Dad, look! Harry's got a letter!!

Harry: Hey, give it back! It's mine!

Vernon: {Laughs} Yours? Who'd be writing to you?

The family gathers to look at the address. There is a broken seal on the letter. The family looks up and Harry gulps.

Scene:

Another owl flies by with a letter and drops it off. Inside, Vernon grabs a handful of letters and rips them up.

In the closet, Harry hears a whirring noise. He looks out at Vernon drilling wood over the letterbox opening.

Vernon: No more mail through this letterbox.

Scene:

Outside, Vernon and Petunia appear. Vernon is about to head off to work. Petunia kisses his cheek.

Petunia: Have a lovely day at the office, dear.

She stops, looks and sees a bunch of owls.

Vernon: Shoo! Go on!

Scene:

Inside. Vernon is tossing letters into the fireplace. Harry comes around the corner. Vernon grins evilly and tosses more in.

Scene:

Living/Family room. The family is sitting around, Harry is serving cookies.

Vernon: Fine day Sunday. In my opinion, best day of the week. Why is that, Dudley?

Dudley shrugs.

Harry: {Hands cookie to Vernon} Because there's no post on Sunday? Ah, right you are, Harry. No post on Sunday. Hah! No blasted letters today. No, sir. {Harry sees a shadow outside the window. Outside, millions of owls are perched.} No sir, not one blasted, miserable---

A letter shoots out of the fireplace and zips across Vernons face. There is a rumbling and then zillions of letters come shooting out of the fireplace.

Dudley: AHH! Make it stop! Please make it stop! {He jumps on Petunias lap}

Petunia and Vernon: {Screaming}

Vernon: Go away, ahh!

Dudley: What is it? Please tell me what's happening!

Harry jumps onto the coffee table to grab a letter. He gets one and starts to run away. Vernon jumps up as well.

Vernon: Give me that! Give me that letter!

He chases Harry and grabs him before Harry gets into his closet.

Harry: Get off! Aah!



Vernon: Ahh!

Harry: They're my letters! Let go of me!

Vernon: That's it! We're going away! Far away! Where they can't find us!

Dudley: Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?!

Scene:

A house, on a rock island somewhere out at sea. The family is sleeping, with Harry on the cold, dirt floor. He has drawn a birthday cake which reads, Happy Birthday Harry. Harry looks at Dudley's watch, which beeps 12:00.

Harry: Make a wish, Harry. {Blows}

Suddenly, the door thumps. Harry jumps. The door thumps again and Dudley and Harry jump up and back away. Petunia and Vernon appear, Vernon with a gun. The door bangs again and then cracks open, and a giant man appears.

Vernon: Who's there? Ahh!

Hagrid: Sorry 'bout that. {He puts the door back up}

Vernon: I demand that you leave at once, Sir! You are breaking and entering!

Petunia: Ooh.

Hagrid comes over, grabs the gun and bends it upwards.

Hagrid: Dry up, Dursley, you great prune. {The gun fires}

All: Ahh!

Hagrid: {sees Dudley} Mind, I haven't seen you since you was a baby, Harry, but you're a bit more along than I would have expected. Particularly 'round the middle!

Dudley: I-I-I'm not Harry.

Harry appears: I-I am.

Hagrid: Oh, well, of course you are! Got something for ya. 'Fraid I might have sat on it at some point! I imagine that it'll taste fine just the same. Ahh. Baked it myself. {Hands Harry the cake} Words and all. Heh.

Harry: Thank you! {Opens cake, which reads: Happee Birdae Harry.}

Hagrid: It's not every day that your young man turns eleven, now is it?

Hagrid sits down on the couch, takes out an umbrella and points it at the empty fire. Poof, poof! Two sparks fly out and the fire starts. The family gapes.

Harry: {puts cake down} Excuse me, who are you?

Hagrid: Rubeus Hagrid. Keeper of keys and grounds at Hogwarts. Course, you'll know all about Hogwarts.

Harry: Sorry, no.

Hagrid: No? Blimey, Harry, didn't you ever wonder where your mum and dad learned it all?

Harry: Learnt what?

Hagrid: You're a wizard, Harry.

Harry: I-I'm a what?

Harry: A wizard. And a thumping good one at that, I'd wager. Once you train up a little.

Harry: No, you've made a mistake. I can't be...a-a wizard. I mean, I'm just... Harry. Just Harry.

Hagrid: Well, Just Harry, did you ever make anything happen? Anything you couldn't explain when you were angry or scared? {Harry softens his expression} Ah.

Dudley: {whimpers}

Hagrid hands Harry the same letter that has been sent the past while. Harry opens it.

Harry: Dear, Mr. Potter. We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts' School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!

Vernon: Hell not be going! We swore when we took him in wed put an end to this rubbish!

Harry: You knew?? You knew all along and you never told me?

Petunia: Of course we knew. How could you not be? My perfect sister being who she was. Oh, my mother and father were so proud the day she got her letter. We have a witch in the family. Isn't it wonderful? I was the only one to see her for what she was. A freak! And then she met that Potter, and then she had you, and I knew you'd be just the same, just as strange, just as ... abnormal. And then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up! And we got landed with you.

Harry: Blown up? You told me my parents died in a car crash!

Hagrid: A car crash? A car crash kill James and Lily Potter?

Petunia: We had to tell him something.

Hagrid: It's an outrage! It's a scandal!

Vernon: He'll not be going!

Hagrid: Oh, and I suppose a great Muggle like yourself's going to stop him, are you?

Harry: Muggle?

Hagrid: Non magic folk. This boy's had his name down ever since he was born! He's going to the finest school of witchcraft and wizardry in the world, and he'll be under the greatest headmaster Hogwarts' has ever seen: Albus Dumbledore.

Vernon: I will not pay for some crackpot old fool to teach him magic tricks!

Hagrid: {whips out umbrella and points it at Vernon} Never insult Albus Dumbledore in front of me.

Hagrid sees Dudley eating Harry's cake, and points the umbrella at his rear. A grey tail grows.

Dudley: Ahh!

All: Ahh! {family chases Dudley}

Harry: {laughs}

Hagrid: Oh, um, I'd appreciate if you didn't tell anyone at Hogwarts about that. Strictly speaking, I'm not allowed to do magic.

Harry: {Nods} Okay.

Hagrid: {checks a clock} Ooh, we're a bit behind schedule. Best be off. Unless you'd rather stay, of course. Hmm? {Leaves}

Harry grins, looks back, and grins again.

Scene:

Streets of London. Hagrid and Harry are walking.

Harry: All students must be equipped with...one standard size two pewter cauldron and may bring if they desire either an owl, a cat or a toad. Can we find all this in London?

Hagrid: If you know where to go.

They go to a corner store and enter, The Leaky Cauldron.

{Music and talking}

Barkeep Tom: Ah, Hagrid! The usual, I presume?

Hagrid: No thanks, Tom. I'm on official Hogwarts business today. Just helping young Harry here buy his school supplies.

Tom: Bless my soul. It's Harry Potter.

The pub goes silent. A man comes up and shakes Harry's hand.

Man: Welcome back, Mr. Potter, welcome back.

A witch comes up and shakes Harry's hand, as well.

Witch: Doris Crockford, Mr. Potter. I can't believe I'm meeting you at last.

A man in robes with a turban on his head appears. It is PROFESSOR QUIRRELL.

Quirrell: Harry P-potter. C-can't tell you how pleased I am to meet you.

Hagrid: Hello, Professor. I didn't see you there. Harry, this is Professor Quirrell. He'll be your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts.

Harry: Oh, nice to meet you. {Puts out hand. Quirrell refuses}

Quirrell: F-fearfully fascinating subject. N-not that you need it, e-eh, Potter? Heheh.

Hagrid: Yes, well, must be going now. Lots to buy. Heh.

Harry: Good-bye.

The two leave into a back room winery in front of a brick wall.

Hagrid: See, Harry, you're famous!

Harry: But why am I famous, Hagrid? All those people back there, how is it they

know who I am?

Hagrid: I'm not exactly sure I'm the right person to tell you that, Harry. {Taps the brick wall clockwise with his umbrella. The blocks shift and open up to reveal a hidden, busy street.}

Welcome, Harry, to Diagon Alley.

Harry grins broadly as they step into the street and walk down it. An owl screeches.

Hagrid: Here's where you'll get your quills and ink, and over there all your bits and bobs for doing your wizardry.

Harry is amazed as they pass by shops and owls and bats. The camera pans on a broom store, where a group of boys are crowded around a shiny broom.

Boy: It's a world class racing broom. Look at it, it's the new Nimbus 2000! It's the fastest model yet.

Harry: But, Hagrid, how am I to pay for all this? I haven't any money.

Hagrid: Well there's your money, Harry. Gringotts, the Wizard Bank. That's no place safer, except perhaps Hogwarts.

Inside the bank, they walk down the shiny aisle, passing tiny creatures working.

Harry: Uh, Hagrid, what exactly are those things?

Hagrid: They're goblins, Harry. Clever as they come goblins but not the most friendly of beasts. Best stick close to me. {Harry sticks to him.} {Hagrid clears his throat as they approach a counter with a goblin in it.} Mr. Harry Potter wishes to make a withdrawal.

The goblin looks up.

Goblin: And does Mr. Harry Potter have his key?

Hagrid: Oh. Wait a minute. Got it here somewhere. Hah. Here's the little devil. Oh, and there's something else as well. Professor Dumbledore gave me this. It's about you-know-what in vault you-know-which. {Hands Goblin letter wrapped in string.}

Goblin: Very well.

Scene:

Racing down the depth caverns in a cartlike structure. The cart stops, a goblin, GRIPHOOK, clambers out.

Griphook: Vault 687. Lamp, please. {Hagrid hands him the lamp and he walks to the vault} Key please. {Hagrid hands him the key and he unlocks it}

The room is filled nearly top to bottom with coins. Harry is amazed.

Hagrid: Didn't think your mum and dad would leave you with nothing, now didja?

They continue on through the cavern.

Griphook: Vault 713.

Harry: What's in there, Hagrid?

Hagrid: Can't tell you, Harry. It's Hogwarts business. Very secret.

Griphook: Stand back. {Slides finger down the door. Clank. Clank. The vault opens to expose a small white stone package. Hagrid hurries in and scoops it up. The eerie light it was shining with disappears.}

Hagrid: Best not mention this to anyone, Harry.

Harry nods.

Scene: Outside in the street, walking.

Harry: I still need...a wand.

Hagrid: A wand? Well, you'll want Ollivanders. No place better. Run along there, but wait. I just got one more thing I got to do. Won't be long.

Harry goes into the store, quietly. He looks around. There are shelves of wands, but no people.

Harry: {Softly} Hello? Hello?

There is a thunk. A man appears on a ladder and looks at Harry. He smiles.

Ollivander: I wondered when I'd be seeing you, Mr. Potter. It seems only yesterday that your mother and father were in here buying their first wands. {Picks a wand} Ah. Here we are. {Harry holds it but just stands} Well, give it a wave.

Harry: Oh! {waves. All the shelves come crashing down. Harry jumps and hurriedly puts the wand back on the counter.}

Ollivander: Apparently not. {Gets another wand.} Perhaps this. {Harry waves at a vase, which blows apart.} No, no, definitely not! No matter...{gets a wand} I wonder. {Hands wand to Harry. Harry glows under it.} Curious, very curious.

Harry: Sorry, but what's curious?

Ollivander: I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr. Potter. It just so happens that the phoenix, whose tail feather resides in your wand gave one other feather, just one. It is curious that you should be destined for this wand when its brother gave you that scar. {Points to scar}

Harry: And...who owned that wand?

Ollivander: Oh, we do not speak his name. The wand chooses the wizard, Mr. Potter. It's not always clear why, but I think it is clear that we can expect great things from you. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things...terrible, yes, but great. {Hands Harry his wand.}

There is a knock on the window.

Hagrid: Harry! Harry! Happy birthday! {Has a snowy owl in a cage which hoots.}

Harry: Wow.

Scene: Later, eating supper. The two, Hagrid and Harry, are at a long table, eating soup.

Hagrid: You all right, Harry? You seem very quiet.

Harry: He killed my parents, didn't he? The one who gave me this. You know, Hagrid, I know you do.

Hagrid: {Sighs and pushes bowl away} First, and understand this, Harry, 'cause it's very important. Not all wizards are good. Some of them go bad. A few years ago there was one wizard who went as bad as you can go. And his name was V...his name was V-...

Harry: Maybe if you wrote it down?

Hagrid: No, I can't spell it. All right. His name was Voldemort.

Harry: Voldemort?

Hagrid: Shh!!

{Harry looks around}

A flashback ensues, consisting off a cloaked man walking towards a house, breaking in with his wand, and proceeding to terrorize. Hagrid narrates.

Hagrid: It was dark times, Harry, dark times. Voldemort started to gather some followers, brought 'em over to the dark side. Anyone that stood up to him ended up dead. Your parents fought against him, but nobody lived once he decided to kill 'em. {Harrys mother, LILY, screams as she is killed by Voldemorts wand} Nobody ...not one. Except you. {close-up of baby Harry.}

Harry: Me? Voldemort tried to kill...me?

Hagrid: Yes. That ain't no ordinary cut on your forehead, Harry. A mark like that only comes from being touched by a curse...and an evil curse at that.

Harry: What happened to Vo-...to You-Know-Who?

Hagrid: Some say he died. Codswallop in my opinion. Nope, I reckon he's out there, still, too tired to go on. But one thing's absolutely certain. Something about you stumped him that night. That's why you're famous, Harry. That's why everybody knows your name. You're the boy who lived.

Scene: London Train Station. Up on a crossing bridge, Harry (with cart and owl) walk beside Hagrid.

A couple look at Hagrid.

Hagrid: What're you looking at? {Looks at watch} Blimey, is that the time?? Sorry, Harry, I'm gonna have to leave you. Dumbledore'll be wanting his...well, he'll be wanting to see me. Now, uh, your train leaves in 10 minutes. Here's your ticket. Stick to it, Harry that's very important. Stick to your ticket.

Harry looks at his golden ticket.



Harry: Platform 9 ¾? But Hagrid, there must be a mistake. This says Platform 9 ¾. There's no such thing...is there? {Harry looks up and Hagrid has vanished.}

Scene: Harry is walking down lane between trains. A man rushes by.

Man: Sorry.

Harry sees a train master.

Harry: Excuse me, excuse me.

Trainmaster: {talking to woman and child} Right on your left, ma'am.

Harry: Excuse me, Sir. Can you tell me where I might find Platform 9 ¾?

Trainmaster: 9 ¾? Think you're being funny, do ya? {Leaves}

A woman, daughter, and four boys walk by, pushing carts.

Mrs. Weasley: It's the same year after year. Always packed with Muggles, of course.

Harry: Muggles?

Mrs. Weasley: Come on. Platform 9 ¾ this way! All right, Percy, you first.

A tall boy with red hair comes forward and runs towards a brick wall. Amazingly, he disappears right into it. Harry is amazed.

Mrs. Weasley: Fred, you next.

George: He's not Fred, I am!

Fred: Honestly, woman, you call yourself our mother!

Mrs. Weasley: Oh, I'm sorry, George.

Fred: I'm only joking. I am Fred. {He runs through the wall, and is followed by his twin brother.}

Harry shakes his head in disbelief.

Harry: Excuse me! Could you tell me how to

Mrs. Weasley: How to get on the platform? Yes, not to worry, dear. It's Ron's first time to Hogwarts as well. {pan to a red haired boy who smiles} Now, all you've got to do is walk straight at the wall between platforms 9 and 10. Best do it at a bit of a run if you're nervous.

Ginny (daughter): Good luck.

Harry takes a breath and runs at the wall. He shuts his eyes and emerges on the other side a magnificent station with a red train and bundles of people. A whistle blows, and Harry sighs with relief.

Scene: The train is traveling through unknown country. Pan to inside compartment, where Harry is sitting. The red headed boy, RON, appears, dirt on his nose.

Ron: Excuse me, do you mind? Everywhere else is full.

Harry: No, not at all.

Ron: {sits across from Harry} I'm Ron, by the way. Ron Weasley.

Harry: I'm Harry. Harry Potter.

{Ron goes agape.}

Ron: So-so it's true?! I mean, do you really have the...the...

Harry: The what?

Ron: {whispers} Scar...?

Harry: Oh, yeah. {lifts up hair}

Ron: Wicked.

A trolley comes by the compartment, full of sweets.

Woman: Anything off the trolley, dears?

Ron: {Holds up mushed sandwiches} No, thanks, I'm all set. {smacks lips.}

Harry: {pulls out coins} We'll take the lot!

Ron: Whoa!

Scene: Eating bundles of sweets.

Ron's rat, Scabbers, is perched on Ron's knee, a box over its head.

Harry: Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans?

Ron: They mean every flavour! There's chocolate and peppermint, and there's also spinach, liver and tripe. George swore he got a bogey-flavoured one once!

Harry quickly takes the bean he was chewing out of his mouth.

Harry: {picks up blue and gold package} These aren't real chocolate frogs, are they?

Ron: It's only a spell. Besides, it's the cards you want. Each pack's got a famous witch or wizard. I got about 500 myself.

Frog: Ribbit. {The frog jumps onto the window and climbs up, then leaps out the window...disappearing.}

Ron: Oh, that's rotten luck. They've only got one good jump in them to begin with.

Harry: Hey, I got Dumbledore!

Ron: I got about 6 of him.

Harry: Hey, he's gone!

Ron: Well, you can't expect him to hang around all day, can you? {Scabbers squeaks} This is Scabbers, by the way, pitiful, isn't he?

Harry: Just a little bit.

Ron: Fred gave me a spell as to turn him yellow. Want to see?

Harry: Yeah!

Ron: {clears throat} Ahem. Sun-

A girl, HERMIONE GRANGER, with bushy brown hair appears at the doorway.

Hermione: Has anyone seen a toad? A boy named Neville's lost one.

Ron: No.

Hermione: Oh, are you doing magic? Let's see then.

Ron: Aghhemmm. Sunshine, daises, butter mellow, turn this stupid fat rat yellow!

{Zap. Nothing happens. Ron shrugs.}

Hermione: Are you sure that's a real spell? Well, it's not very good, is it? Of course I've only tried a few simple spells myself, and they've all worked for me. For example...{Hermione goes over and sits across from Harry. He points her hand at his glasses and Harry tenses} Oculus Reparo. {The glasses, which noseband is battered, are repaired. Harry takes them off, amazed.} That's better, isn't it? Holy Cricket, you're Harry Potter. I'm Hermione Granger...and you are...?

Ron: {full mouth} I'm...Ron Weasley.

Hermione: Pleasure. You two better change into your robes. I expect we'll be arriving soon. {Gets up and leaves, then comes back and looks at Ron.} You've got dirt, on your nose, by the way, did you know? Just there. {Points} {Ron scratches his nose, embarrassed.}

Scene: Darkness, the train blows its whistle and pulls into an outdoor station. Hagrid walks along the side aisle, with a lantern. People begin pouring out of the train.

Hagrid: Right, then! First years! This way, please! Come on, now, don't be shy! Come on now, hurry up!

Harry and Ron walk up to Hagrid.

Hagrid: Hello, Harry.

Harry: Hey, Hagrid.

Ron: Whoaa!

Hagrid: Right then. This way to the boats! Come on, now, follow me.

Scene:

A number of boats are plugging across a vast lake, where up ahead a huge castle can be seen. People are in awe.

Ron: Wicked.

Scene: On a higher level, Professor McGonagall is waiting. She raps her fingers on a stone railing, and then goes to the top of the stairs to greet the newcomers.

McGonagall: Welcome to Hogwarts. Now, in a few moments, you will pass through these doors and join your classmates. But before you can take your seats you must be sorted into your houses. They are Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and Slytherin. Now, while you are here, your house will be like your family. Your triumphs will earn you house points. Any rule breaking, and you will lose points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup

NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM, a scared looking boy, spots his toad sitting near McGonagall

. He jumps forward.

Neville: Trevor! {McGonagall stares down at him} Sorry. {He backs away.}

McGonagall: The sorting ceremony will begin momentarily. {leaves}

DRACO MALFOY, a slicked back evil looking boy speaks up.

Draco: It's true then, what they're saying on the train. Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts. {Students whisper, Harry Potter?} This is Crabbe, and Goyle {nods to thugs} and I'm Malfoy...Draco Malfoy. {Ron snickers at his name} Think my name's funny, do you? No need to ask yours. Red hair, and a hand me down robe? You must be a Weasley. Well soon find that some wizarding families are better than others, Potter. Don't want to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there. {extends hand.}

Harry: I think I can tell who the wrong sort are for myself, thanks.

Draco glares. McGonagall returns and smacks him on the shoulder with a paper. He retreats with one last glare.

McGonagall: We're ready for you now.

She leads everyone through two large doors and into the Great Hall, where there are four long tables with many kids, as well as floating candles. The roof appears to be the sky.

Hermione: It's not real, the ceiling. It's just bewitched to look like the night sky. I read about it in Hogwarts: A History.

McGonagall: All right, will you wait along here, please? Now, before we begin, Professor Dumbledore would like to say a few words.

Dumbledore rises from the main table.

Dumbledore: I have a few start of term notices I wish to announce. The first years please note that the dark forest is strictly forbidden to all students. Also, our caretaker, Mr. Filch {signals to ragged old man with a cat with red eyes} has asked me to remind you that the 3rd floor corridor on the right hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a most painful death. Thank you.

McGonagall: When I call your name, you will come forth, I shall place the sorting hat on your head, and you will be sorted into your houses. Hermione Granger.

Hermione: Oh, no. Okay, relax. {She goes up}

Ron: Mental that one, I'm telling you.

Harry nods in agreement.

Sorting Hat: Ah, right then...hmm...right. Okay...Gryffindor!!

(Cheering)

Hermione jumps off with a smile.

McGonagall: Draco Malfoy.

Draco saunters up proudly. The tattered hat nearly freaks before touching down on Draco's head.

Sorting Hat: SLYTHERIN!

Ron: There isn't a witch or wizard who went bad who wasn't in Slytherin.

McGonagall: Susan Bones.

A small, redhead goes up.

Harry looks around and spots a black haired, pale teacher, SEVERUS SNAPE, looking at him. His scar hurts.

Harry: Ahh! {puts hand on forehead}

Ron: Harry, what is it?

Harry: Nothing...it's nothing, I'm fine.

Sorting Hat: Let's see...I know...Hufflepuff!

McGonagall: Ronald Weasley.

Ron gulps and walks up. He sits down and the hat is put on.

Sorting Hat: Ah! Another Weasley. I know just where to put you...Gryffindor!!

Ron: {Sighs}

(Cheering)

McGonagall: Harry Potter.

Everything goes silent. Harry walks up and sits down.

Sorting Hat: Hmm...difficult, very difficult. Plenty of courage I see, not a bad mind, either. There's talent, oh yes, and a thirst to prove yourself. But where to put you?

Harry: {whispers} Not Slytherin. Not Slytherin.

Sorting Hat: Not Slytherin, eh? Are you sure? You could be great, you know. Its all here in your head. And Slytherin will help you on your way to greatness! There's no doubt about that! No? {Harry whispers: Not Slytherin...anything but Slytherin} Well, if you're sure...better be...GRYFFINDOR!!

There is an immense cheering and Harry goes to the Gryffindor table.

Fred and George are also there, and cheer: We got Potter! We got Potter! Harry sits down.

McGonagall: {dings on a cup} Your attention, please.

Dumbledore: Let the feast...begin.

Food magically appears on all the tables, and the hall is filled with awe and chatter.

Harry: Wow.

Draco looks at all the food, raises his eyebrows and digs in.

Ron stuffs his face.

SEAMUS FINNIGAN, a tiny boy, speaks.

Seamus: I'm half and half. Me dad's a Muggle. Mam's a witch. Bit of a nasty shock for him when he found out.

Neville laughs.

Harry is sitting next to Percy. He leans over.

Harry: Say, Percy, who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?

Percy: Oh, that's Professor Snape, head of Slytherin house.

Harry: What's he teach?

Percy: Potions. But everyone knows it's the Dark Arts he fancies. He's been after Quirrells job for years.

Ron, having just finished a chicken wing, reaches into the bowl for more, and a ghostly head, SIR NICHOLAS, pops out.

Ron: Ahh!

Nick: Hello! How are you? Welcome to Gryffindor.

Numerous ghosts come pouring from the walls, sailing along.

Hufflepuff ghost: Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Girl: Look, its the Bloody Baron!

Percy: Hello, Sir Nicholas. Have a nice summer?

Nick: Dismal. Once again, my request to join the headless hunt has been denied.  
{Begins to leave}

Ron: Hey, I know you! You're Nearly Headless Nick!

Nick: I prefer Sir Nicholas if you don't mind.

Hermione: Nearly headless? How can you be nearly headless?

Nick: Like this. {Grabs head and pulls it to the side. His head is hanging on just by a thread.}

Ron: Ahh!



Hermione: Eugh.

Scene:

Percy is leading the Gryffindors to the staircases.

Percy: Gryffindors, follow me please. Keep up. Thank you.

Boy: Ravenclaw, follow me. This way.

Percy: This is the most direct path to the dormitories. Oh, and keep an eye on the staircases...they like to change.

The camera pans up and we see a vast amount of staircases, people walking on them, and some switching places.

Percy: Keep up, please, and follow me. Quickly now, come on. Come on. {They begin walking up the stairs}

Neville: Seamus, that picture's moving!

Ron: Look at that one, Harry!

Harry: I think she fancies you.

Girl: Oh, look! Look! Who's that girl?

Man in painting: Welcome to Hogwarts.

Girl: Who's that?

Scene:

Approaching the Gryffindor dorms. They come up to a large painting of a large woman in a pink dress.

Woman: Password?

Percy: Caput Draconis. {The woman nods and the painting opens to reveal a gape in the wall.} Follow me, everyone. Keep up, quickly, come on.

Girl: Oh, wow.

Percy: {Inside common room} Gather 'round here. Welcome to the Gryffindor Common Room. Boys' dormitories, upstairs and down to your left. Girls, the same on your right. You'll find that your belongings have already been brought up.

Scene: Mid-night. Harry is sitting by a window in his pj's, with his owl, Hedwig. He pets the owl and looks out the window, sighing with content.

Scene: Morning. Harry and Ron are running through the stone halls to their class. They rush in. In the class, a tabby cat is sitting on a desk.

Ron: Whew, amazing, can you imagine the look on old McGonagall's face if we were late?

The cat jumps off the desk and turns into Professor McGonagall. The two boys are amazed.

Ron: That was bloody brilliant.

McGonagall: Thank you for that assessment, Mr. Weasley. Maybe if I were to transfigure Mr. Potter and yourself into a pocketwatch, maybe one of you would be on time.

Harry: We got lost.

McGonagall: Then perhaps a map? I trust you don't need one to find your seats.

Scene: Snape's potions class. The students are chattering, sitting near steaming cauldrons. The door slams open and Snape comes rushing in.

Snape: There will be no foolish wand waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don't expect many of you to enjoy the subtle science and exact art that is potion making. However, for those select few {looks at Draco, who smiles}, who possess the predisposition, I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory and even put a stopper {Draco looks on} in death. {Draco raises his eyebrows.} {Snape sees Harry, writing this down, in, his view, not paying attention.} Then again, maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts in possession of abilities so formidable that you feel confident enough to not...pay...attention.

Hermione nudges Harry in the ribs. He looks up.

Snape: Mr. Potter. Our...new...celebrity. Tell me, what would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood? {Hermione's hand skyrockets. Harry shrugs.} You don't know? Well, let's try again. Where, Mr. Potter, would you look if I asked you to find me a bezoar? {Hermione's hand shoots up again.}

Harry: I don't know, Sir.

Snape: And what is the difference between Monkshood and Wolfbane?

Harry: I don't know, Sir.

Snape: Pity. Clearly, fame isn't everything, is it, Mr. Potter?

Scene: In the great hall, probably midday. The students are all working on homework.

Seamus is trying a spell on a cup.

Seamus: Eye of rabbit, harp string hum. Turn this water, into rum. {Looks in cup and shakes head.} Eye of rabbit, harp string hum...

Harry: What's Seamus trying to do to that glass of water?

Ron: Turn it into rum. Actually managed a weak tea yesterday, before...

ZAPOOF! The cup explodes. There is laughter amongst the students. Suddenly, a flock of owls start coming into the hall from the rafters above.

Ron: Ah. Mail's here!

The owls soar by, dropping parcels to students. Harry gets nothing. He sees the newspaper Ron has put down.

Harry: Can I borrow this? {Ron nods} Thanks.

Neville is unwrapping a gift. It is a clear ball with gold around it.

Seamus: Hey, look! Neville's got a Remembrall!

Hermione: I've read about those. When the smoke turns red {the smoke turns red}, it means you've forgotten something.

Neville: The only problem is, I can't remember what I've forgotten.

Harry: Hey, Ron, somebody broke into Gringotts. Listen, Believed to be the work of dark witches or wizards unknown, Gringotts goblins, while acknowledging the b

reach, insist that nothing was taken. The vault in question, number 713, had in fact been emptied earlier that same day. That's odd. That's the vault Hagrid and I went to.

Scene: Outside, flying practice. The students, Gryffindor and Slytherin, are lined up in two rows with brooms by their sides. The teacher, MADAM HOOCH, comes down the line. She has short hair and hawk yellow eyes.

Hooch: Good afternoon, class.

Class: Good afternoon, Madam Hooch.

Hooch: Good afternoon, Amanda, good afternoon. {to class} Welcome to your first flying lesson. Well, what are you waiting for? Everyone step up to the left side of their broomstick. Come on now, hurry up. Stick your right hand over the broom and say, Up!

Class: Up!

Harry's broom flies into his hand.

Harry: Whoa. {Hermione stares as the class continues.}

Draco: Up! {broomstick flies up and Draco smugly grins.}

Hooch: With feeling!

Hermione: Up. Up. Up. Up.

Ron: Up!! {His broom flies up and conks him on the nose} Ow! {Harry laughs} Shut up, Harry. {laughs}

Hooch: Now, once you've got hold of your broom, I want you to mount it. And grip it tight, you don't want to be sliding off the end. {Class mounts} When I blow my whistle, I want each of you to kick off from the ground, hard. Keep your broom steady, hover for a moment, and then lean forward slightly and touch back down. On my whistle...3...2...{tweet!}

Neville immediately lifts off. He looks quite frightened.

Neville: Oh...

Hooch: Mr. Longbottom.

Girl: Neville, what are you doing?

Students: Neville...Neville...

Boy: We're not supposed to take off, yet.

Hooch: {Neville begins soaring away} M-M-Mr. Longbottom Mr. Longbottom!

Neville: AHH!

Hooch: Mr. Longbottom!

Neville: {soars away} Down! Down! Ahhhh!

Harry: Neville! {shouting}

Neville: Help!!!

Hooch: Come back down this instant!

Neville: AHH!

He soars through the sky and hits a wall, conking along it and then swooping off. All the while, he is screaming. He begins to zoom back towards the group of students. Hooch holds out her wand to stop him.

Neville: Help!

Hooch: Mr. Longbottom! {Neville approaches. The students scatter and Hooch dives out of the way. Neville goes through the scatter and up a tower.}

Neville: Ahhhh! Whoa! Ahhh! {zooms past a statue of a man with a sharp spear. Neville's cloak catches on it. He is flipped off the broom and hangs there.} Oh. Ah...help! {He wavers, then the cloak rips, and he falls, catching on a torch, but then slipping out and falling to the ground.} Ahh!

Hooch: Everyone out of the way! {She runs through the group, and they scatter.} Come on, get up.

Girl: Is he alright?

Neville: Owowowow.

Hooch: Oh, oh, oh, oh dear. It's a broken wrist. Tch, tch, tch. Good boy, come on now, up you get. {Draco reaches down and grabs Neville's Remembrall, which has fallen. Hooch begins to lead Neville away with her.} Everyone's to keep their feet firmly on the ground while I take Mr. Longbottom to the hospital wing. Understand? If I see a single broom in the air, the one riding it will find themselves out of Hogwarts before they can say, Quidditch. {Exit.}

Draco: {snickers} Did you see his face? Maybe if the fat lump had given this a squeeze, he'd have remembered to fall on his fat ass. {Laughs.}

Harry: Give it here, Malfoy.

Draco: No. I think I'll leave it somewhere for Longbottom to find. {hops on broom and soars around group, then through.} How 'bout up on the roof?? {soars off and hovers high in the sky.} What's the matter, Potter? Bit beyond your reach?

Harry grabs his broom and runs to get on it. Hermione stops him.

Hermione: Harry, no! You heard what Madam Hooch said! Besides, you don't even know how to fly. {Harry flies off.} What an idiot.

Harry is now in the air, across from Draco.

Harry: Give it here, Malfoy, or I'll knock you off your broom!

Draco: Is that so? {Harry makes a dash for him, but Draco twirls around his broom in a 360.} Have it your way, then! {He throws the Remembrall into the air.}

Harry zooms after the ball, speeding towards a tower. Just as he is about to hit a window, from which McGonagall is working/watching, he catches it, and then he adds back to the group. The students all cheer and run to see him.

Boy: Good job, Harry!

Boy 2: Oh, that was wicked, Harry.

McGonagall: {appears quickly} Harry Potter? Follow me. {Harry sullenly follows her. Draco and his goons laugh.}

Scene: Professor Quirrell's classroom. He is inside, teaching, holding an iguana.

Quirrell: An iguana s-such as this is {McGonagall approaches the class and stops Harry: You wait here.} an essential ingredient

McGonagall: Excuse me, excuse me, Professor Quirrell. Could I borrow Wood for a moment?

Quirrell: Oh. Y-yes, of course. {a boy, OLIVER WOOD, gets up to leave and Quirrell continues.} And the vampire b-bat...{eerie roar.}

McGonagall: Potter, this is Oliver Wood. Wood, I have found you a Seeker!

Scene: Harry and Ron are walking through crowded halls. Sir Nicholas and a lady ghost float by.

Nick: Have you heard? Harry Potter's the new Gryffindor Seeker. I always knew he'd do well.

Ron: Seeker? But first years never make their house teams! You must be the youngest Quidditch player in

Harry: A century, according to McGonagall.

Fred and George approach and walk along with Ron and Harry.

Fred: Hey, well done, Harry, Wood's just told us!

Ron: Fred and George are on the team, too. Beaters.

George: Our job is to make sure that you don't get bloodied up too bad. Can't make any promises, of course. Rough game, Quidditch.

Fred: Brutal. But no one's died in years. Someone will vanish occasionally... {They break off from Harry and Ron, who walk across a courtyard.

George: But they'll turn up in a month or two!!

Ron: Oh, go on, Harry, Quidditch is great. Best game there is! And you'll be great, too! {Hermione jumps up from her work and comes to join them.}

Harry: But I've never even played Quidditch. What if I make a fool of myself?

Hermione: You won't make a fool of yourself. It's in your blood.

Scene: The three approach a trophy case. Hermione points at a plaque of Quidditch players. One lists Harry's father as a Seeker.

Ron: Whoa. Harry, you never told me your father was a Seeker, too.

Harry: I-I didn't know.

Scene: The three are walking up a staircase. A railing pulls in...Hermione looks, but continues walking.

Ron: I'm telling you, it's spooky. She knows more about you than you do.

Harry: Who doesn't?

The staircase shudders and begins to move. The three grab the railings.

Ron: Ahh!

Hermione: {Gasps.}

Harry: What's happening?

Hermione: The staircases change, remember? {The staircase stops, in a new place.}

Harry: {taps Ron} Let's go this way.

Ron: Before the staircase moves again. {They all open a door and walk into a spooky, dark room.}

Harry: Does anyone feel like...we shouldn't be here?

Hermione: We're not supposed to be here. This is the 3rd floor. It's forbidden.

Suddenly, a flame lights on a tall stone support. At that moment, the caretaker's cat, MRS. NORRIS, comes running in and meows. The group jumps.

Harry: Let's go.

{meow}

Ron: It's Filch's cat!

Harry: Run!

The group runs. Flames are lit as they go. They get to the end of the corridor, to a door. Harry grabs the handle, but it's locked.

Harry: It's locked!

Ron: That's it, we're done for!

Hermione: Oh, move over! {pushes through and pulls out wand} Alohomora. {The door opens.} Get in. {They bustle in.}

Ron: Alohomora?

Hermione: Standard book of spells, Chapter 7.

Filch appears at the start of the corridor with a light. Mrs. Norris looks at him.

Filch: Anyone here, my sweet? {meow} Come on. {exit.}



Hermione: Filch is gone.

Ron: Probably thinks this door's locked.

Hermione: It was locked.

Harry: And for good reason. {Ron and Hermione turn to stand with Harry. There is a massively huge three headed dog sleeping in front of them. The dog, FLUFFY, begins to wake. It growls, yawns, and growls more...noticing the intruders.}

All: AHHHHHHH! {The three bolt, running out of the door. They turn quickly to shut the door and battle against the dog. They get the door shut and run.}

Scene:

Back in the Gryffindor room. They are breathless.

Ron: What do they think they're doing?? Keeping a thing like that locked up in a school.

Hermione: You don't use your eyes, do you? Didn't you see what it was standing on?

Ron: I wasn't looking at its feet! I was a bit preoccupied with its heads. Or maybe you didn't notice, there were three! {they begin to climb the stairs to the dorms.}

Hermione: It was standing on a trap door. Which means it wasn't there by accident. It's guarding something.

Harry: Guarding something?

Hermione: That's right. Now, if you two don't mind, I'm going to bed before either of you come up with another clever idea to get us killed...or worse, expelled! {turns and leaves, shutting the door to her dorms.}

Ron: She needs to sort out her priorities!

Harry nods.

Scene: Outside, day time. Oliver and Harry appear, carrying a trunk. They put it down.

Oliver: Quidditch is easy enough to understand. Each time has seven players, 3 chasers, 2 beaters, 1 keeper and a seeker that's you. There are three kinds of balls. {picks up a red one} This one's called the Quaffle. Now, the chasers handle the Quaffle and try to put it through one of those three hoops. {Points to a far away Quidditch pitch.} The keeper, that's me, defends the hoops. {throws ball to Harry.} With me so far?

Harry: {throws back} I think so. What are those? {points to two squirming chained down balls.}

Oliver: ...You better take this. {hands Harry a small bat. He bends down and releases one ball. With an angry growl, it flies off into the air. The two boys watch it.} Careful now, it's comin' back. {The ball comes whizzing down, and Harry cracks at it with the bat. The ball soars off through a statue.} Eh, not bad, Potter, you'd make a fair beater...Uh-oh. {The ball zooms down, and Oliver grabs it, wriggling to get it back in the box. He succeeds and is out of breath.} Bludger. Nasty little buggers. But the only ball I want you to worry about is this...the Golden Snitch. {hands Harry a walnut sized golden ball.}

Harry: I like this ball.

Oliver: Ah, you like it now. Just wait. It's wicked fast and damn near impossible to see.

Harry: What do I do with it?

Oliver: You catch it...before the other team's seeker. You catch this, the game is over. You catch this, Potter, and we win.

{The ball flutters out two delicate wings and jumps into the air. Harry keeps an eye on it.}

Harry: Whoa.

Scene: PROFESSOR FLITWICK's class. The teacher is very short, and is standing on a bunch of books.

Flitwick: One of a wizard's most rudimentary skills is levitation the ability to make objects fly. Uh, do you all have your feathers? {Hermione raises hers.} Good. Now, uh, don't forget the nice wrist movement we've been practicing, hmm? The swish and flick. Everyone. {All} The swish and flick. Good. And enunciate. Wingardium Leviosa. Off you go then.

Draco: Wingardium Levio-saaa.

{All practice.}

Ron: Wingardrium Leviosar. {whacks with wand numerous times.}

Hermione: Stop, stop, stop. You're going to take someone's eye out. Besides, you're saying it wrong. It's Leviosa, not Leviosar.

Ron: You do it then if you're so clever. Go on, go on.

Hermione straightens up and swishes her wand.

Hermione: {crisply} Wingardium Leviosa. {The feather glows and lifts up. Ron puts his head on his books dejectedly.}

Flitwick: Oh, well done! See here, everyone! Ms. Granger's done it! Oh, splendid!

Seamus begins swishing at his feather.

Seamus: Wingard Levosa. Wingard Levosa. {Flitwick to Hermione: Well done, dear.}

BOOOM!!! Seamus' feather explodes. Flitwick gasps.

Flitwick: Whooaaa! Ooh.

Harry: I think we're going to need another feather over here, Professor.

Scene: Neville, Harry, Ron and Seamus are walking through a courtyard with other students all around.

Ron: It's Leviosa, not Leviosar. Honestly, she's a nightmare. No wonder she hasn't got any friends!

Hermione bustles past, sniffing.

Harry: I think she heard you.

Scene: Night, in the great hall. It is Halloween. Everyone is eating candy, and Jack O'Lanterns are keeping the place lit. There is chatter.

Harry: Where's Hermione?

Neville: Parvati Patil said that she wouldn't come out of the girl's bathroom. She said that she'd been in there all afternoon...crying.

{Ron and Harry exchange glances. Suddenly, Professor Quirrell comes flying into the room, screaming.}

Quirrell: TROLL! IN THE DUNGEON! T-TROOLLL IN THE DUNGEON!! {stops and there is utter silence.} Thought you ought to know. {falls over in a dead faint.}

The room is silent, and then everyone freaks, screaming and running.

Dumbledore: SILLLLLLLEENNNNCEEEEE! {Everyone stops.} Everyone will please, not panic. Now, Prefects will lead their houses back to the dormitories. Teachers will follow me to the dungeons.

Girl: Hufflepuff, this way!

Boy: Stay together!

Snape looks aghast, and he disappears through a doorway.

Scene: Percy is leading the house down a hall.

Percy: Gryffindors...keep up please. And stay alert!

Harry: How could a troll get in?

Ron: Not by itself. Trolls are really stupid. Probably people playing jokes. {Suddenly, Harry stops and pulls Ron aside.} What?

Harry: Hermione! She doesn't know!

The two run off, down corridors. They start running down a hall when they stop, because there is a grunting noise. Harry pulls Ron into a doorway and a large, ugly TROLL thunks by into a room.

Harry: He's going into the Girl's Bathroom!

Scene: In the bathroom, Hermione emerges from a stall, wiping her eyes. She stops when she sees something. The troll is standing there. Hermione backs up, into the stall just as the troll raises its club and smashes the top part of the stalls. Hermione screams. Harry and Ron come bursting in.

Harry: Hermione, move!

The troll smashes the remaining stalls.

Hermione: Help! Help! {The boys start throwing wood pieces at the troll.}

Ron: Hey, pea brain! {Ron throws wood and hits the troll on the head. Hermione escapes from the stalls to under a sink, but the troll sees her and goes to smash her. It cracks the sink and barely misses Hermione. Harry cringes.}

Hermione: Ahhh! Help!

Harry gets out his wand. He runs forward and grabs the troll's club, and is lifted up.

Harry: Whooa! Whoa, whoa! {He lands on the troll's head, and is hurled forward, then back, and his wand goes up the troll's nose.}

Ron: Ew.

The troll snorts, and whips around.

Harry: Whoa, whoa whoa!

The troll gets Harry off its head and is holding him by one leg, upside down. It gears up its club and swipes at Harry. He pulls himself up, then down. The troll swipes again.

Harry: Do something! {swipe}

Ron: What? {swipe}

Harry: Anything! Hurry up!

Ron grabs his wand. Under the sink, Hermione waves her hand.

Hermione: Swish and flick!

Ron: Wingardium Leviosa! {flick. The club is lifted out of the troll's hand and hovers above its head. The troll looks up, confused, just as the club comes crashing back down. (Ron: Cool.) It hits the troll's head and the troll wavers, then drops Harry, who crawls away, and comes crashing down, hard.

Hermione approaches carefully.

Hermione: Is it...dead?

Harry: I don't think so. Just knocked out. {He grabs his wand...which is covered in goo.} Ew. Troll bogies.

Suddenly, McGonagall, Snape and Quirrell come rushing in.

They all gasp.

McGonagall: Oh! Oh, my goodness! E-Explain yourselves, both of you!

Ron and Harry: Well, what it is...

Hermione: It's my fault, Professor McGonagall. {The teachers, and Ron and Harry, gape}

McGonagall: Ms. Granger?

Hermione: I went looking for the troll. I'd read about them and thought I could handle it. But I was wrong. If Harry and Ron hadn't come and found me...I'd probably be dead.

McGonagall: Be that as it may...it was an extremely foolish thing to do. {Harry looks at Snape's leg...which has a large cut on it. Snape notices and covers it up, glaring at Harry.} I would have expected more rational behaviour on your part, Ms. Granger. 5 points will be taken from Gryffindor for your serious lack of judgment. As for you two gentlemen I just hope you realize how fortunate you are. Not many students could take on a full grown mountain troll and live to tell the tale. 5 points...will be awarded to each of you. For sheer dumb luck. {Snape and McGonagall exit.}

Quirrell: Perhaps you ought to go...M-might wake up...heh. {Exit Ron and Harry and Hermione.} {Troll roars.} Ahh! Hehe....

Scene: The next morning, in the great hall. The gang is sitting, eating. Harry is twirling his food on a fork.

Ron: Take a bit of toast, mate, go on.

Hermione: Ron's right, Harry. You're gonna need your strength today.

Harry: I'm not hungry.

Snape appears.

Snape: Good luck today, Potter. Then again, now that you've proven yourself against a troll, a little game of Quidditch should be easy work for you...even if it is against Slytherin. {Leaves, limping.}

Harry: That explains the blood.

Hermione: Blood?

Harry: Listen, last night, I'm guessing Snape let the troll in as a diversion so he could try and get past that 3 headed dog. But, he got himself bitten, that's why he's limping.

Hermione: But why would anyone go near that dog?

Harry: The day I was at Gringotts, Hagrid took something out of one of the vaults. He said it was Hogwarts' business, very secret.

Hermione: So you're saying...

Harry: That's what the dog's guarding. That's what Snape wants.

{An owl screeches. It is Hedwig. She is carrying a very large, long parcel. She drops it off.}

Hermione: Bit early for mail, isn't it?

Harry: But I-I never get mail.

Ron: Let's open it.

{They open it.}

Harry: It's a broomstick!

Ron: That's not just any broomstick, Harry. It's a Nimbus 2000!

Harry: But who...?

{He sees Professor McGonagall up at the head table, stroking Hedwig. She smiles and Harry nods.}

Scene: Inside a Quidditch tower. The Gryffindor team is marching towards the starting gate. They reach it and stop, behind a closed double door.

Oliver: Scared, Harry?

Harry: A little bit.

Oliver: That's all right. I felt the same way before my first game.

Harry: What happened?

Oliver: Er, I don't really remember. I took a bludger to the head 2 minutes in. Woke up in the hospital a week later.

Harry gulps and looks straight ahead as the doors open. They mount their brooms and zoom out onto the enormous pitch. There is cheering. The commentator, LEE JORDAN, is talking from a tower.

Lee: Hello, and welcome to Hogwarts' first Quidditch game of the season! Today's game Slytherin versus Gryffindor!!!

{Cheering. Close-up of Gryffindor students. They are cheering. Neville: Gryffindor!}

The players take their positions in the air in a circle. Harry weaves in, highest amongst. He looks down.

Lee: The players take their positions as Madam Hooch steps out onto the field to begin the game.

Hooch: Now, I want a nice clean game...from all of you. {looks at Slytherin. She kicks the trunk, and the bludgers zoom out.}

Lee: The bludgers are up...followed by the Golden Snitch. Remember, the snitch is worth 150 points. The seeker who catches the Snitch ends the game.

The snitch zooms around each Seeker's head, then disappears. Hooch grabs the Quaffle.

Lee: The Quaffle is released...and the game begins!

Gryffindor takes possession of the ball and a chaser, ANGELINA JOHNSON, zooms past Slytherins towards their goal, and throws the ball, and scores! There is a ding.

Lee: Angelina Johnson scores! 10 points for Gryffindor! {He presses a button and a 10 shows up beside a plaque with Gryffindors name.}

Harry, in the air, claps.

Harry: Yes! {a bludger zooms by him.} Whoa!

In the stands, Gryffindor cheers.

Hagrid: Well done!

Lee: Slytherin takes possession of the Quaffle. Bletchley passes to Captain Marcus Flint.



Flint dodges people and throws for the Gryffindor hoops. Oliver appears and whacks the ball away with his broom. He smirks at Flint, who glares. Johnson and KATIE BELL pass the Quaffle back and forth as they strategize to score. Johnson takes it, throws, and once again scores!

Ron and Seamus: Yay!

Harry: Yes!

Lee: Another 10 points to Gryffindor! {ding.}

Gryffindors: Yay!

The Slytherins decide to get messy. They dodge, kick, and try to score. Once again, Oliver blocks.

Flint: Give me that! {he grabs a beater's bat from one and whacks a bludger right at Oliver. It hits Oliver in the stomach and he falls to the ground.}

Crowd: {Booing}

Harry is visibly upset.

Slytherin laughs.

The Slytherin members head off. One jumps over George (or Fred) and scores. Harry is upset again. Slytherin cheers.

Flint: {to other members} Take that side!

They box Johnson in and sent her into the capes covering one of the towers. She falls down in and is out. The crowd boos. Slytherin scores once again. Suddenly, Harry sees the Snitch. He starts to head off after it and then his broom starts bucking and turning.

Harry: Whoa! Whoa!

Hagrid: What's going on with Harry's broomstick?

Hermione looks through binoculars at Harry, then at Snape, who is muttering some thing.

Hermione: It's Snape! He's jinxing the broom!

Ron: Jinxing the broom? What do we do?

Hermione: Leave it to me. {She hands Ron her binoculars and leaves.}

Harry is knocked around, then falls, dangling by one arm from the broom.

Ron: Come on, Hermione!

Hermione is hurrying up a tower. She appears underneath Snape and touches his cloak with her wand.

Hermione: Lacarnum Inflamarae.

A spark ignites and Snape's cloak catches fire. Hermione leaves.

Man: Fire! You're on fire!

Snape: What? Oh! {knocks the man back, who falls into Quirrell, who then also falls. Snape bats out the fire and acts as though nothing happened. The broom stops bucking, and Harry climbs back on. The Slytherin seeker is after the Snitch. Harry takes off.}

Ron: Go!

Hagrid: Go go go!

Harry rams the Slytherin Seeker, then is butted out. He returns, smashing the Seeker again as the Snitch dives. The boys follow, but they approach the ground quickly. The Slytherin Seeker backs out, and Harry pulls up his broom as he follows the Snitch, feet above the ground. Harry stands up, and steps forward, trying to grab the ball. He goes too far, and topples off the broom with a yelp, tumbling on the ground. He gets up and lurches.

The crowd gasps. Hermione appears beside a tower to see.

Hagrid: Looks like he's gonna be sick!

Harry lurches and the Snitch pops out of his mouth. It lands in his hands.

Lee: He's got the Snitch! Harry Potter receives 150 points for catching the Snitch!

Hooch: {Blows whistle} Gryffindor win!

All: YAY!

Draco: No!

Hagrid: Yes!

Hermione: Whoo-hoo!

McGonagall: {Giggles happily}

Harry raises the Snitch into the air and the crowd, and his team, cheers.

Crowd: Go go Gryffindor! Go go Gryffindor! Go go Gryffindor! Go go Gryffindor!

Scene:

Harry, Hermione and Ron are walking along a path with Hagrid, talking.

Hagrid: Nonsense. Why would Snape put a curse on Harry's broom?

Harry: Who knows. Why was he trying to get past that 3 headed dog on Halloween?

Hagrid: Who told you 'bout Fluffy?

Ron: Fluffy?

Hermione: That thing has a name?

Hagrid: Well, of course he's got a name. He's mine. I bought him off an Irish feller I met down at the pub last year. Then I lent him to Dumbledore to guard the

Harry: Yes?

Hagrid: Shouldn'ta said that. Don't ask any more questions. That's top secret, that is.

Harry: But Hagrid, whatever Fluffy's guarding, Snape's trying to steal it!

Hagrid: Codswallop. Professor Snape is a Hogwarts teacher.

Hermione: Hogwarts teacher or not, I know a curse when I see one. I've read all about them. You have to keep eye contact. And Snape wasn't blinking.

Harry: Exactly.

Hagrid: {sighs} Now, you listen to me, all three of you. You're meddlin' in things that ought not to be meddled in. It's dangerous. What that dog is guarding is strictly between Professor Dumbledore and Nicholas Flamel.

Harry: Nicholas Flamel?

Hagrid: I shouldn't have said that. I should not have said that. I should not have said that. {Exit.}

Harry: Nicholas Flamel...Who's Nicholas Flamel?

Hermione: I don't know.

Scene: Christmas. The camera pans up to a snowy castle, then to Hagrid, who is b ringing in a large tree. Inside the great hall, students are leaving and ghosts are singing (Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, ring the Hogwarts bell. Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas...) Hermione approaches the empty tables, wheeling a cart. She goes to Ron and Harry, who are playing chess.

Harry: Knight to E-5.

A piece moves across the board.

Ron thinks for a moment.

Ron: Queen to E-5.

A queen walks over to E-5 and clinks the knight away.

Hermione: That's totally barbaric!

Ron: That's wizard's chess. I see you've packed.

Hermione: See you haven't.

Ron: Change of plans. My parents decided to go to Romania to visit my brother, Charlie. He's studying dragons there!

Hermione: Good. You can help Harry, then. He's going to go the library for information on Nicholas Flamel.

Ron: We've looked a hundred times!

Hermione: Not in the restricted section...Happy Christmas. {exits.}

Ron: I think we've had a bad influence on her.

Scene:

X-mas morning. Hedwig is perched in the boys' room, and Harry is asleep in bed.

Ron: {calling from downstairs} Harry, wake up! Come on Harry, wake up!

Harry gets up and runs to a balcony overlooking the common room, where Ron is standing next to a tree. He is wearing a sweater with an R on it.

Ron: Happy Christmas, Harry.

Harry: Happy Christmas, Ron. What are you wearing?

Ron: Oh, Mum made it for me. Looks like you've got one too!

Harry: I've got presents?

Ron: Yeah!

Harry: Oh! {Harry runs down the stairs.}

Ron: There they are. {Ron sits on a couch arm and eats jelly beans as Harry picks up a silver wrapped package. Harry takes out the card.}

Harry: "Your father left this in my possession before he died. It is time it was returned to you. Use it well."

Harry opens the present. It is a cloak.

Ron: What is it?

Harry: Some kind of...cloak.

Ron: Well, let's see then. Put it on.

Harry puts the cloak on, and all of him disappears except for his head.

Ron: Whoa!

Harry: My body's gone!

Ron: I know what that is! That's an invisibility cloak!

Harry: I'm invisible??

Ron: {gets up} They're really rare. I wonder who gave it to you.

Harry: {comes over} There was no name. It just said, "Use it well."

Scene:

Late at night. A lantern and hand appear, but nothing else. The ensemble walk through the dark library and into the Restricted Section. The lamp is put down, and the cloak removed. Harry appears.

Harry: {Reading books} Famous fire eaters...15th Century Fiends...Flamel...Nicholas Flamel...where are you?

Harry picks up a book and opens it. A man's face appears.

Man: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Harry slams the book shut and puts it back.

Filch's voice: Who's there?! {Harry whips around, grabbing his cloak. The lamp falls and shatters.} I know you're in there. You can't hide. {Harry puts on his cloak and creeps around Filch.} Who is it? Show yourself!

Harry runs from the room, breathing heavily. He gets into the hall, where Mrs. Norris is. The cat meows and begins to follow him. Harry runs around a corner, just as Snape and Quirrell appear. Snape pushes Quirrell into the wall.

Quirrell: Severus...I-I thought...

Snape: You don't want me as your enemy, Quirrell.

Quirrell: W-what do you mean?

Snape: You know perfectly well what I mean. {Snape senses something. Harry stops breathing. Snape reaches out to grab something, but doesn't. He whips his finger back in front of Quirrell's face.} We'll have another chat soon...when you've had time to decide where your loyalties lie.

Filch appears, carrying the broken lamp.

Filch: Oh, Professors. I found this, in the Restricted Section. It's still hot. That means there's a student out of bed.

They all dart off. A door opens, and closes. On the other side, there is a vast, empty room that has a large mirror in the center. Harry appears and walks over to the mirror. In it, he sees two people appear.

Harry: Mum? {the woman nods and smiles} Dad? {nods and smiles. Harry reaches out to touch them, but only gets the mirror. Then, his mother puts her hand on his shoulder. He puts his own hand on his own shoulders, as if trying to feel her there.}

Scene:

The boys' room. Harry comes whipping in, invisible.

Harry: Ron! You've really got to see this! Ron! You've got to see this! {pulls back covers. Ron wakes up.} Ron, Ron, come on. Get out of bed!

Ron: Why?

Harry: There's something you've got to see. Now, come on!

Scene:

Back in the mirror room. Harry and Ron appear as if magically and Harry runs to the mirror.

Harry: Come on. Come. Come look, it's my parents!

Ron: I only see me.

Harry: {moves over} Look in properly. Go on. Stand there. There. You see them, don't you? That's my dad

Ron: That's me! Only, I'm head boy...and I'm holding the Quidditch cup! And bloody hell, I'm Quidditch Captain too! I look good. Harry, do you think this mirror

shows the future?

Harry: How can it? Both my parents are dead. {Harry smiles sadly.}

Scene:

Another night. Harry is sitting in front of the mirror. Dumbledore appears behind him.

Dumbledore: Back again, Harry? {Harry turns around and stands up.} I see that you, like so many before you, have discovered the delights of the Mirror of Erised. I trust by now you realize what it does. Let me give you a clue. The happiest man on earth would look into the mirror and see only himself, exactly as he is.

Harry: So, then it shows us what we want? Whatever we want?

Dumbledore: Yes...and no. It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desires of our hearts. Now you, who have never known your family, you see them standing beside you. But remember this, Harry. This mirror gives us neither knowledge or truth. Men have wasted away in front of it, even gone mad. That is why tomorrow it will be moved to a new home, and I must ask you not to go looking for it again. It does not do to dwell on dreams, Harry, and forget to live. {Harry looks back at the mirror.}

Scene:

Daytime. It is all snowy. Harry is out in a main courtyard, bundled up, with Hedwig on his arm. He stops and she lifts off, soaring away into the sky. When she returns, it is spring time.

Scene:

In the library. Harry and Ron are seated, reading. Hermione comes up with a huge book. She thumps it onto the table. Harry jumps.

Hermione: I had you looking in the wrong section! How could I be so stupid? I checked this out a few weeks ago for a bit of light reading.

Ron: This is light?

Hermione: {glares} Of course! Here it is! "Nicholas Flamel is the only known maker of the Philosopher's Stone!"

Ron and Harry: The what?

Hermione: Honestly, don't you two read? "The Philosopher's Stone is a legendary substance with astonishing powers. It will turn any metal into pure gold and produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal."

Ron: Immortal?



Hermione: It means you'll never die.

Ron: I know what it means!

Harry: Shh!

Hermione: "The only stone currently in existence belongs to Mr. Nicholas Flamel, the noted alchemist, who last year celebrated his 665th birthday!" That's what Fluffy's guarding on the 3rd floor. That's what's under the trapdoor...the Philosopher's Stone!

They all look at each other.

Scene:

Nighttime. Hermione, Ron and Harry are running across the wet ground to Hagrid's hut. They knock on the door and it opens.

Harry: Hagrid!

Hagrid: {clad in oven mitts and an apron} Oh, hello. Sorry, don't wish to be rude, but I'm in no fit state to entertain today. {Closes door.}

All 3: We know about the Philosopher's Stone!

{Door reopens.}

Hagrid: Oh.

{They all come into Hagrid's small hut.}

Harry: We think Snape's trying to steal it.

Hagrid: Snape? Blimey, Harry, you're not still on about him, are you?

Harry: Hagrid, we know he's after the Stone. We just don't know why.

Hagrid: Snape is one of the teachers protecting the Stone! He's not about to steal it!

Harry: What?

Hagrid: You heard. Right. Come on, now, I'm a bit preoccupied today.

Harry: Wait a minute. {Ron and a big black boarhound, FANG, meet. Fang sniffs Ron.} One of the teachers?

Hermione: {sitting in a large chair} Of course! There are other things defending the Stone, aren't there? Spells, enchantments.

Hagrid: That's right. Waste of bloody time, if you ask me.

{Hermione looks at Ron, who is being sniffed in the face by Fang. Ron shuffles away.} Ain't no one gonna get past Fluffy. Hehe, not a soul knows how. Except for

me and Dumbledore. I shouldn't have told you that. I shouldn't have told you that. {A cauldron over a fire begins to rattle.} Oh! {Hagrid hurries over and grabs something} Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! {puts the thing, an egg, on the table. The group crowds around.}

Harry: Uh, Hagrid, what exactly is that?

Hagrid: That? It's a ... its um...

Ron: I know what that is! But Hagrid, how did you get one?

Hagrid: I won it. Off a stranger I met down at a pub. Seemed quite glad to be rid off it, as a matter of fact.

The egg rattles and cracks. Pieces fly off as a dragon emerges. It squeaks and slips on an egg piece.

Hermione: Is that...a dragon?

Ron: That's not just a dragon. That's a Norwegian Ridgeback! My brother Charlie works with these in Romania.

Hagrid: Isn't he beautiful? Oh. Bless him, look. He knows his mummy. Hehe. Hallo, Norbert. {The dragon squeaks as it looks at Hagrid.}

Harry: Norbert?

Hagrid: Yeah, well, he's got to have a name, doesn't he?

Ron: {laughs}

Hagrid: Don't you, Norbert? {raises fingers back and forth across Norbert's chin} Dededede.

Norbert backs away, hiccups and blows a fireball of fire into Hagrid's beard.

Hagrid: Ohh! Ooh, ooh, ooh, well...he'll have to be trained up a bit, of course. {Norbert hiccups. Hagrid sees someone looking in the window.} Who's that? {The person scampers away.}

Harry: Malfoy.

Hagrid: Oh, dear.

Scene:

The three are walking back through a corridor. An owl screeches.

Harry: Hagrid always wanted a dragon. He told me so the first time I met him.

Ron: It's crazy. And worse, Malfoy knows.

Harry: I don't understand. Is that bad?

Ron: It's bad.

They stop as McGonagall, in her nightgown, appears.

McGonagall: Good evening.

Malfoy appears smugly beside her.

Scene:

McGonagall's classroom. The three accused are standing in front of McGonagall's desk, while Malfoy is feet away, smirking.

McGonagall: Nothing, I repeat, nothing gives a student the right to walk about the school at night. Therefore, as punishment for your actions, 50 points will be taken.

Harry: 50?!

McGonagall: Each. And to ensure it doesn't happen again, all four of you will receive detention.

Malfoy nods, then his smile vanishes.

Draco: Excuse me, Professor. Perhaps I heard you wrong. I thought you said..."the four of us."

McGonagall: No, you heard me correctly, Mr. Malfoy. You see, as honorable as your intentions were, you too were out of bed after hours. You will serve detention with your classmates.

Harry, Ron and Hermione grin, and Draco sags.

Scene:

Outside, at night, the four students are being led to Hagrid's hut by Mr. Filch.

Filch: A pity they let the old punishments die. There was a time detention would find you hanging by your thumbs in the dungeons. God, I miss the screaming. {Draco gulps, and Hermione rushes by.} You'll be serving detention with Hagrid tonight. He's got a little job to do inside the dark forest. {Hagrid appears with a crossbow. He snuffles.} A sorry lot this, Hagrid. Oh, good God, man, you're not still on about that bloody dragon, are you?

Hagrid: {sniffs and sighs} Norbert's gone. Dumbledore sent him off to Romania to live in a colony.

Hermione: Well, that's good, isn't it? He'll be with his own kind.

Hagrid: Yeah, but what if he don't like Romania? {Filch rolls eyes.} What if the other dragons are mean to him? He's only a baby, after all.

Filch: Oh, for Gods sake, pull yourself together, man. You're going into the forest, after all. Got to have your wits about you.

Draco: The forest? I thought that was a joke! We can't go in there. Students are n't allowed. And there are...{a howl sounds}...werewolves!

Filch: There's more than werewolves in those trees, lad. You can be sure of that. {Draco looks frightened.} Nighty-night. {Exit.}

Hagrid: Right. Let's go.

Scene: In the forest. The group walks along a path to a tree. Hagrid stops, bends down and dips his fingers in a silver puddle. He pulls out his fingers and rubs them together. A silver trail smears with his fingers.

Harry: Hagrid, what's that?

Hagrid: What we're here for. See that? That's unicorn's blood, that is. I found one dead a few weeks ago. Now, this one's been injured bad by something. {Harry suddenly sees a large cloaked figure walking through the trees. He looks at Hagrid.} So, it's our job to find the poor beast. Ron, Hermione, you'll come with me.

Ron: {weakly} Okay.

Hagrid: And Harry, you'll go with Malfoy. {Draco grimaces, and Harry nods.}

Draco: Okay. Then I get Fang!

Hagrid: Fine. Just so you know, he's a bloody coward. {Fang whines.}

Scene:

Harry and Draco are walking through the forest, Fang leading. Draco has the lamp

.

Draco: You wait till my father hears about this. This is servant's stuff.

Harry: If I didn't know better, Draco, I'd say you were scared.

Draco: Scared, Potter?! {Scoffs} {howl} Did you hear that? Come on, Fang. Scared

.

Scene:

The group approaches a flat ground with gnarled roots all over. Fang stops, then growls.

Harry: What is it, Fang?

Up ahead, a cloaked figure is crouched over a dead unicorn, drinking its blood. The figure raises its head, silver blood dripping from its mouth.

Harry gasps and grabs his scar, which is hurting.

Draco: {A look of pure fear} AHHHHHHHHH!!! AHHH! {runs away, with Fang} HELP!!!!  
!

Harry is left by himself. The figure slides over the unicorn and rises erect. It advances towards Harry, who backs up, but trips. He crawls backwards. Suddenly, there is the sound of hoofbeats. A figure leaps over Harry and lands near the cloaked figure. It is a silver centaur, FIRENZE. It rears, and the cloaked figure retreats, flying away.

Firenze: Harry Potter, you must leave. You are known to many creatures here. The forest is not safe at this time. Especially for you.

Harry: {rises} But what was that thing you saved me from?

Firenze: A monstrous creature. It is a terrible crime to slay a unicorn. Drinking the blood of a unicorn will keep you alive even if you are an inch from death. But at a terrible price. You have slain something so pure that the moment the blood touches your lips, you will have a half-life. A cursed life.

Harry: But who would choose such a life?

Firenze: Can you think of no one?

Harry: Do you mean to say...that that thing that killed the unicorn...that was drinking its blood...that was Voldemort?

Firenze: Do you know what is hidden in the school at this very moment?

Harry: The Philosopher's Stone.

Suddenly, a dog (Fang) barks. Harry looks up and sees Hagrid, Hermione, Ron and Draco appear.

Hermione: Harry!

Hagrid: Hello there, Firenze. I see you've met our young Mr. Potter. You all right there, Harry? {Harry nods}

Firenze: Harry Potter, this is where I leave you. You're safe now. Good luck.

{Close up on the dead unicorn.}

Scene:

Gryffindor common room. Right after 'attack.' The group is around the fire. Hermione and Ron are seated, but Harry stands.

Hermione: You mean, You-Know-Who's out there, right now, in the forest?

Harry: But he's weak. He's living off the unicorns. Don't you see? We had it wrong. Snape doesn't want the stone for himself, he wants the stone for Voldemort. With the Elixir of Life, Voldemort will be strong again. He'll He'll come back. {Sits down.}

Ron: But if he comes back, you don't think he'll try to kill you, do you?

Harry: I think if he'd had the chance, he might have tried to kill me tonight.

Ron: {Gulp} And to think, I've been worrying about my Potions final!

Hermione: Hang on a minute. We're forgetting one thing. Who's the one wizard Voldemort always feared?

{The boys shrug.} Dumbledore! As long as Dumbledore's around, you're safe. As long as Dumbledore's around, you can't be touched. {Harry smiles slightly.}

Scene:

Some time later. In the outdoor courtyard. The three are walking.

Hermione: I've always heard Hogwarts' end of the year exams were frightful, but I found that rather enjoyable.

Ron: Speak for yourself. All right there, Harry?

Harry: My scar. It keeps burning.

Hermione: It's happened before.

Harry: Not like this.

Ron: Perhaps you should see the nurse.

Harry: I think it's a warning. It means dangers coming. Uhh! {He rubs scar and then sees Hagrid across the field, at his hut.} Oh. Of course! {runs for hut.}

Hermione: What is it?

Harry: Don't you think it's a bit odd that what Hagrid wants more than anything is a dragon, and a stranger shows up and just happens to have one? {They approach Hagrid, who is playing the Harry Potter theme on his flute.} I mean, how many people wander around with dragon eggs in their pockets? Why didn't I see it before? Hagrid, who gave you the dragon egg? {Hagrid stops playing.} What did he look like?

Hagrid: I don't know. I never saw his face. He kept his hood up.

Harry: The stranger, though, you and he must have talked.

Hagrid: Well, he wanted to know what sort of creatures I looked after. I told him. I said, "After Fluffy, a dragon's gonna be no problem."

Harry: And did he seem interested in Fluffy?

Hagrid: Well, of course he was interested in Fluffy! How often do you come across a three headed dog, even if you're in the trade? But I told him. I said, "The trick with any beast is to know how to calm him. Take Fluffy, for example, just play him a bit of music and he falls straight to sleep."

The three gape.

Hagrid: I shouldn't have told you that. {The three take off.} Where you going?! Wait!

Scene:

McGonagall's classroom. The three come tearing in and run up the aisles between desks. They pass a ghost and stop at the desk.

Harry: We have to see Professor Dumbledore, immediately!

McGonagall: I'm afraid Professor Dumbledore is not here. He received an urgent o

wl from the Ministry of Magic and left immediately for London.

Harry: He's gone?! Now? But this is important! It's about...the Philosopher's Stone.

McGonagall: {shocked} How do you know

Harry: Someone's going to try and steal it.

McGonagall: I don't know how you three found out about the stone, but I can assure you it is perfectly well-protected. Now would you go back to your dormitories? Quietly. {They leave.}

Scene:

After exiting McGonagall's class, they walk down the hallway.

Harry: That was no stranger Hagrid met in the village. It was Snape, which means he knows how to get past Fluffy.

Hermione: And with Dumbledore gone

{Snape suddenly appears behind them}

Snape: Good afternoon. Now, what would three young Gryffindors such as yourselves be doing inside on a day like this?

Hermione: Uh...we were just...

Snape: You want to be careful. People will think you're {Harry glares madly at Snape, who looks shocked} up to something. {Exit.}

Hermione: Now what do we do?

Harry: We go down the trapdoor. Tonight.

Scene: Nighttime. In the Gryffindor Common Room. The three friends come down the stairs and begin to walk across the floor. They stop when they hear croaking.

Harry: Trevor.

Ron: Trevor shh! Go, you shouldn't be here!

Neville: {appears behind a chair} Neither should you. You're sneaking out again, aren't you?

Harry: Now, Neville, listen. We were

Neville: No! I won't let you! {stands} You'll get Gryffindor in trouble again! I -I'll fight you. {holds out fists.}

Hermione: Neville, I'm really, really sorry about this...{takes out wand} Petrifi



icus Totalus.

Neville is frozen and falls backwards onto the ground. Hermione puts her wand back.

Ron: {Gulp} You're a little scary sometimes...you know that? Brilliant, but scary.

Harry: Let's go. {Walks by Neville} Sorry.

Hermione: Sorry.

Ron: It's for your own good, you know. {Exit.}

Scene: The three are under the Invisibility cloak, sneaking along the corridor.

Hermione: Ow! You stood on my foot!

Ron: Sorry. {A flame lights. Hermione draws out her wand and points it at the door.}

Hermione: Alohomora.

The door opens and they go in.

Ron: Wait a minute...he's....{a blow of air, and the cape flutters off them.} Sleeping.

Harry: Snape's already been here. He's put a spell on the harp. {They approach the sleeping dog.}

Ron: Uh. It's got horrible breath!

Harry: We have to move its paw.

Ron: What?!

Harry: Come on! {grabs paw, which is blocking the door.} Okay. Push! {They strain and move it. They open the door.} I'll go first. Don't follow until I give you a sign. {Fluffy's eyes open.} If something bad happens, get yourselves out...Does it seem a bit...quiet?

Hermione: The harp. It stopped playing.

Drool from one head comes down on Ron's shoulder.

Ron: Ew! Yuck! Ugh. {All three kids look up and see Fluffy standing there. Fluffy barks and growls, thrashing. It breaks the harp and dives at the three.}

Harry: Jump! Go! {They all jump through the trapdoor.}

Ron: Ahh! {gasps as he lands on some mushy black ropelike vines.} Whoa. Lucky this plant-thing is here, really.

Harry: Whoa! {The plant begins to move towards them.} Oh. Ahh! {The plant ties them up.}

Hermione: Stop moving, both of you. This is Devil's Snare. You have to relax. If you don't, it will only kill you faster.

Ron: Kill us faster?! Oh, now I can relax!

Hermione manages a smile as she is sucked down below.

Ron and Harry: Hermione!!

Ron: Now what are we gonna do?!

Hermione's voice: Just relax!

Harry: Hermione! Where are you?!

Hermione (from below): Do what I say. Trust me.

Harry relaxes and is sucked through.

Ron: Ahh! Harry!

Harry falls through and lands on the hard ground. Hermione goes over to him and he stands up.

Ron: Harry!

Hermione: Are you okay?

Harry: Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

Ron: Help!

Hermione: He's not relaxing, is he?

Harry: Apparently not.

Ron: Help! Help me!

Hermione: We've got to do something!

Harry: What?

Hermione: Uh! I remember reading something in Herbology. {Ron: Help!} Um Devil's Snare, Devil's Scare, {The snare shuts Ron's mouth} it's deadly fun...but will sulk in the sun! That's it! Devil's Snare hates sunlight! {takes out wand and points upwards.} Lumus Solem! {A beam of light shoots out. The Snare shrieks and recoils. Ron falls below.}

Ron: Ahhh!

Harry: Ron, are you okay?

Ron: Yeah.

Harry: Okay.

Ron: {stands} Whew. Lucky we didn't panic!

Harry: Lucky Hermione pays attention in Herbology.

There is a sound.

Hermione: What is that?

Harry: I don't know. Sounds like wings.

They enter into a room filled with golden "birds."

Hermione: Curious. I've never seen birds like these.

Harry: They're not birds, they're keys. And I'll bet one of them fits that door.  
{They come upon a broomstick, suspended in the air.}

Hermione: What's this all about?

Harry: I don't know. Strange.

{Ron creeps over to the door and takes out his wand.}

Ron: {rattles lock.} Alohomora! {Shrugs} Well, it was worth a try.

Hermione: Ugh! What're we going to do? There must be 1000 keys up there!

Ron: We're looking for a big old fashioned one. Probably rusty like the handle.

Harry: There! I see it! {points} The one with the broken wing! {He looks at the broom.}

Hermione: What's wrong, Harry?

Harry: It's too simple.

Ron: Oh, go on, Harry! If Snape can catch it on that old broomstick, you can! You're the youngest seeker in a century!

Harry nods and grabs the broom. All the keys suddenly go one direction, right at Harry. He climbs on, swiping at them.

Ron: This complicates things a bit!

Harry pushes off into the air. He flies off, after the key. The others follow him. Harry grabs the key.

Harry: Catch the key!

He zooms by and throws the key to Hermione, who catches it and heads for the lock while Harry distracts the other keys. Hermione puts it in the lock.

Ron: Hurry up!

The door opens, and Hermione and Ron rush through, followed by Harry. They shut the door just as the keys slam up against it.

Scene:

They enter a dark room, with broken pieces all around it.

Hermione: I don't like this. I don't like this at all.

Harry: Where are we? A graveyard.

Ron: This is no graveyard. {sighs} It's a chessboard. {Walks out onto the marble board and flames light, illuminating the board and GIANT players. Harry and Hermione come up with him.}

Harry: There's the door.

They walk across the board, towards the door. Suddenly, as they reach a line of pawns, the pawns bring up their swords. The three jump and back up.

Hermione: Now what do we do?

Ron: It's obvious, isn't it? We've got to play our way across the room. All right. Harry, you take the Bishop's square. Hermione, you'll be the Queen's side castle. As for me, I'll be a knight. {They all take their places.}

Hermione: What happens now?

Ron: {aboard a horse.} Well, white moves first, and then...we play. {A pawn on the other side moves forward. Ron studies the game.}

Hermione: Ron, you don't suppose this is going to be like...real wizard's chess, do you?

Ron: You there! D-5! {A black pawn moves forward, diagonal to the white pawn. The white pawn raises its sword and smashes the black one. The three jump.} Yes, Hermione, I think this is going to be exactly like wizard's chess!

The game continues. Pieces smash each other, boom! Boom!

Ron: Castle to E-4! Smash! Ron: Pawn to C-3! Smash! Boom! The Queen turns, and smashes a piece! Harry, Ron and Hermione win. The Queen turns again. Both Ron and Harry study the game.

Harry: Wait a minute.

Ron: You understand right, Harry. Once I make my move, the Queen will take me... then you'll be free to check the King.

Harry: No, Ron! No!

Hermione: What is it?

Harry: He's going to sacrifice himself!

Hermione: No, Ron, you can't! {Ron closes his eyes.} There must be another way!

Ron: {turns to face Hermione.} Do you want to stop Snape or not? Harry, it's you that has to go on. I know it. Not me, not Hermione, you. {Harry nods.} Knight...to H-3.

Ron's horse moves forward, slides and stops.

Ron: Check.

The Queen turns and advances. Ron breathes faster, clutching the steel reins. The Queen stops. SMASH! Ron goes flying off the horse and lands on the floor, unconscious.

Ron: Ahhhh!

Harry: RON! {Hermione starts walking to him.} NO! Don't move! Don't forget, we're still playing. {Hermione moves back. Harry walks the diagonal in front of the King.} Checkmate. {The King's sword falls onto the ground in victory. Harry breathes out and then the two run to Ron. They bend beside him.} Take care of Ron. Then, go to the owlery. Send a message to Dumbledore. Ron's right...I have to go on.

Hermione: You'll be okay, Harry. You're a great wizard, you really are.

Harry: Not as good as you.

Hermione: {smile} Me? Books and cleverness? There are more important things. Friendship, and bravery. And Harry, just be careful.

Harry nods and stands, walking away.

Scene:

Harry walks down a long staircase to an empty room with pillars around it. The Mirror of Erised is in the middle of the room, and a man is standing before it. It is Quirrell. Harry yelps and grabs his scar.

Harry: You? {Quirrell turns around.} No. It can't be...Snape. He was the one

Quirrell: Yes. He does seem the type, doesn't he? Next to me, who would suspect, "p-p-poor s-stuttering Professor Quirrell?"

Harry: B-but, that day, during the Quidditch Match, Snape tried to kill me.

Quirrell: No, dear boy. I tried to kill you! And trust me, if Snape's cloak hadn't caught fire and broken my eye contact, I would have succeeded. Even with Snape muttering his little counter-curse.

Harry: Snape was trying to...save me?

Quirrell: I knew you were a danger right from the off. Especially after Halloween.

Harry: Then you let the troll in.

Quirrell: Very good Potter, yes. Snape, unfortunately, wasn't fooled. While everyone else was running to the dungeon, he went to the 3rd floor to head me off. He, of course, never trusted me again. He rarely left me alone. {Quirrell turns back to the mirror and Harry's scar hurts.} But he doesn't understand. I'm never alone. Never. Now...what does this mirror do? I see what I desire. I see myself

holding the stone. But how do I get it?

{A raspy voice, VOLDEMORT, calls.}: Use the boy.

Quirrell: Come here, Potter, now!

Harry walks forward shakily.

Quirrell: Tell me. What do you see?

Harry looks in the mirror. He sees himself. His mirror self brings his hand into his pocket and takes out a red stone! The mirror self winks and puts the stone back. Very subtly, Harry reaches to his pocket. There is a lump. He gasps.

Quirrell: What is it?! What do you see?!

Harry: I-I'm shaking hands with Dumbledore. I've won the house cup.

Voldemort's voice: He lies.

Quirrell: Tell the truth! What do you see?!

Voldemort's voice: Let me speak to him.

Quirrell: Master, you are not strong enough.

Voldemort's voice: I have strength enough for this. {Quirrell unwraps his turban and on the side opposite his face, another face is planted. It is Voldemort who appears kind of like a snake. He stretches out and faces Harry via the mirror.} Harry Potter. We meet again.

Harry: Voldemort.

Voldemort: Yes. You see what I have become? See what I must do to survive? Live off another. A mere parasite. Unicorn blood can sustain me, but it cannot give me a body of my own. But there is something that can. Something, that conveniently enough, lies in your pocket!

Harry turns and runs.

Voldemort: Stop him! {Quirrell snaps his fingers and fire erupts all around the room. Harry is stuck.} Don't be a fool! Why suffer a horrific death when you can join me and live?!

Harry: {shakes his head} Never!

Voldemort: Haha. Bravery. Your parents had it too. Tell me, Harry, would you like to see your mother and father again? Together, we can bring them back. {In the

mirror, Harrys parents faces appear.} All I ask for is something in return. {Harry takes the stone from his pocket.} That's it, Harry. There is no good and evil. There is only power, and those too weak to seek it. Together, we'll do extraordinary things. Just give me the stone! {Mother and father vanish.}

Harry: You liar!

Voldemort: Kill him!

Quirrell soars into the air and smashes into Harry, one hand on Harrys throat. They fall to the steps. The stone falls out of Harry's reach as Quirrell chokes him. Harry strains and squeaks. Suddenly, Harry puts his hand on Quirrell's, trying to get him off. Smoke furls from under his hand.

Quirrell: Ahh! Ahh! {backs up. His hand is crumbling into a mountain of black ash.} What is this magic? {hand dissipates.}

Voldemort: Fool! Get the stone!

Quirrell: {Walks forward, but Harry puts both hands on his face.} Ahhhhhhhhhh!

Quirrell backs up, then his face, which is horrendously burned, crumbles as he walks forward. His whole body is ash. He falls to the floor. Harry gasps. He looks at his own hands and hurries over to the stone. He picks it up and sighs, when he hears something. Turning, Harry sees a dust clouds with Voldemort's face. The cloud rushes forward, right through Harry!

Voldemort: Arrrrhhhhh!

Harry: Ahhhhhhhhhh! {Voldemort flies away. Harry falls to the ground, unconscious. He holds the stone in an outstretched hand.}

Scene:

The hospital wing. Harry is bandaged, lying in bed. He awakens, puts on his glasses, and sits up. There are cards and candy all over. Dumbledore approaches him.

Dumbledore: Good afternoon, Harry. Ah. Tokens from your admirers?

Harry: Admirers?

Dumbledore: What happened down in the dungeons between you and Professor Quirrell is a complete secret, so, naturally, the whole school knows. {Both smile.} Ah, I see your friend Ronald has saved you the trouble of opening your Chocolate Frogs.

Harry: Ron was here? Is he all right? What about Hermione?

Dumbledore: Fine. They're both just fine.



Harry: But, what happened to the Stone?

Dumbledore: Relax, dear boy. The stone has been destroyed. My friend Nicholas and I had a little chat and agreed it was best all around.

Harry: But Flamel, he'll die, won't he?

Dumbledore: {sits on the bed.} He has enough Elixir to set his affairs in order. But yes, he will die.

Harry: How is it I got the Stone, sir? One minute I was staring in the mirror, and the next...

Dumbledore: Ah. You see, only a person who wanted to find the Stone, find it, but not use it, would be able to get it. That is one of my more brilliant ideas. And between you and me that's saying something. {Smile both.}

Harry: Does that mean, with the Stone gone, I mean, that Voldemort can never come back?

Dumbledore: Ah, I'm afraid there are ways in which he can return. Harry, do you know why Professor Quirrell couldn't bear to have you touch him? {Harry shakes his head.} It was because of your mother. She sacrificed herself for you, and that kind of act leaves a mark. {Harry touches his scar.} No, no, this kind of mark cannot be seen. It lives in your very skin.

Harry: What is it?

Dumbledore: Love, Harry, love. {Pats Harry's head and stands up.} Ah. Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans. I was most unfortunate in my youth to come across a vomit flavoured one, and since then I have lost my liking for them. But I think I could be safe with a nice toffee...{takes brown bean and eats it.} Mm. Alas. Earwax.

Scene:

Harry approaches a room where up on a stairwell balcony Hermione and Ron are talking. They stop when they see Harry and lean over the railing.

Harry: All right there, Ron?

Ron: All right? You?

Harry: {shrug} All right. Hermione?

Hermione: {smile} Never better.

Scene:

In the great hall. All students are seated, and green banners with snakes on them are around the ceiling.

Dumbledore, at the head table, nods to McGonagall.

She dings her glass and the chatter stops. Dumbledore rises.

Dumbledore: Another year gone. And now, as I understand it, the house cup needs awarding, and the points stand thus. In fourth place, Gryffindor with 312 points. {Clapping. Harry and Hermione hide their heads.} Third place, Hufflepuff, with 352 points. {Clapping.} In second place, Ravenclaw, with 426 points. {Clapping.} And in first place, with 472 points, Slytherin House.

There is immense cheering.

Students: Whoo! Yeah!

Draco: Nice one, Mate! {sees Ron looking at him and sneers.}

Dumbledore: Yes, yes, well done Slytherin, well done Slytherin. However, recent events must be taken into account. And I have a few last minute points to award. {The Gryffindor students look up.} To Miss Hermione Granger, for the use of cool intellect when others were in great peril, 50 points. {Applause.}

Harry: {Pats} Good job.

Dumbledore: Second, to Mr. Ronald Weasley, for the best played game of chess {Ron looks at Harry and mouths, 'Me?' Harry nods, and mouths, 'You!'} that Hogwarts has seen these many years...50 points. {Applause} And third, to Mr. Harry Potter, for pure nerve and outstanding courage, I award Gryffindor house 60 points. {Immense cheering.}

Hermione: We're tied with Slytherin!

Dumbledore: And finally, it takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to your enemies, but a great deal more to stand up to your friends. I award 10 points to Neville Longbottom.

Immense cheering erupts. Neville is unbelieving, and sits there while cheering gets louder. Draco is downfallen.

Dumbledore: Assuming that my calculations are correct, I believe that a change of direction is in order. {Claps. The green banners change to Gryffindor red and yellow.} Gryffindor wins the House Cup!

Cheering.

Hagrid: Yes! {grins}

All students stand and throw their hats into the air, except Draco, who smashes his down onto the table.

Seamus: Neville! {Shakes his hand.}

All rub each other's hair and jump around, cheering and laughing.

Lee: Yeah! We won!! {Jumps with Harry, who looks back and grins very widely.}

Scene:

The outdoor train station. Students are walking around, getting in the train.

Hagrid: Come on now, hurry up. You'll be late. Train's leaving. Go on. Go on. Come on. Hurry up.

Harry hands Hedwig to a train man, and walks to an open door of the train with Hermione. Hermione waves to Hagrid, who waves back. Hermione gets in the train.

Hermione: Come on, Harry.

Harry: One minute. {He walks over to Hagrid.}

Hagrid: Thought you were leaving without saying good-bye, didja? {Hagrid takes a red album out of his coat pocket and hands it to Harry.} This is for you.

Harry opens the album and sees a picture, moving, of him as a baby with his parents. They are all smiling and waving. Harry smiles.

Harry: Thanks, Hagrid. {Shakes Hagrid's hand, then hugs him tightly.}

Hagrid: Oh. Go on...on with you. {Harry lets go.} Oh, listen, Harry, if that dolt of a cousin of yours, Dudley, gives you any grief, you could always, um, threaten him with a nice pair of ears to go with that tail of his.

Harry: But Hagrid, we're not allowed to do magic away from Hogwarts. You know that.

Hagrid: I do. But your cousin don't, do he? Eh? {chuckle} Off you go.

Harry walks away, back to the train door where Hermione and Ron are waiting.

Hermione: Feels strange to be going home, doesn't it?

Harry: I'm not going home. Not really.

The train whistles and they climb aboard. As the train starts to leave and the camera pans up over the whole scene, Harry waves out the window to Hagrid, who waves back and then waves more to other students as the camera pans far back, then the credits begin.