

Rev. 03/13/09 (White)
Rev. 07/30/09 (Blue)
Rev. 08/19/09 (Pink)
Rev. 08/24/09 (Yellow)
Rev. 09/11/09 (Green)
Rev. 01/22/10 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 04/12/10 (Buff)(Chamois - UK)
Rev. 05/26/10 (Salmon)
Rev. 06/11/10 (Cherry)(Havana - UK)

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS - PART 1

screenplay by

Steve Kloves

Based on the novel by J.K. Rowling

FINAL WHITE DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 TITLE CARD - WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

1

We PUSH THROUGH THE LOGO INTO a living, breathing *DAILY PROPHET*. GRIM HEADLINES SAIL PAST US: Death. Paranoia. A world at war. We ZOOM INTO a MOVING PHOTOGRAPH of the Minister of Magic, RUFUS SCRIMGEOUR, standing in the...

2 INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - ATRIUM - DAY

2

... atrium of the Ministry of Magic, addressing a sea of MINISTRY EMPLOYEES as REPORTERS scribble intently.

SCRIMGEOUR

These are dark times, there is no denying. Our world has perhaps faced no greater threat than it does today. But I say this to our citizenry: we, ever your servants, continue to defend your liberty and repel the forces that would seek to take it from you. Your Ministry remains strong...

CAMERA FAVORS a pair of wizards, YAXLEY and PIUS THICKNESSE, who turn away as we PULL OUT of the PHOTOGRAPH and SAIL once more THROUGH the turning pages, the headlines growing grimmer, the faces more HAUNTED, until, finally, we emerge from the *Prophet* and find it in the hands of...

3 INT. GRANGER HOME - HERMIONE'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
(RAINING)

3

... HERMIONE. She stares stoically at a LURID HEADLINE -- MUGGLE FAMILY MURDERED -- VIOLENCE SPREADS.

MRS. GRANGER (O.S.)

*Hermione. Your tea is ready,
dear.*

Hermione glances through the doorway to the stairs beyond. Her MOTHER'S SHADOW clings to the wall, trembling within another SHADOW, that of a WIND-TOSSED TREE. It is strangely beautiful and Hermione seems transfixed...

HERMIONE

Coming, Mum.

(CONTINUED)

Her mother's SHADOW withdraws, leaving only the trembling tree. Hermione glances once more at the *Prophet's* troubling headline, then slips it into a TINY BEADED BAG.

4

INT. PARLOR - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER, RAINING)

4

As Hermione descends the stairs, MRS. GRANGER exits the kitchen with a teapot.

MRS. GRANGER
Don't you look lovely. All packed?

Hermione nods and watches her mother set the teapot on the table in front of the television. Just then, MR. GRANGER steps out holding a biscuit tin.

MR. GRANGER
Are you sure these biscuits are sugar-free?

MRS. GRANGER
Quite sure, dear. See the big bold letters that say 'Sugar Free'? Dead giveaway.

MR. GRANGER
Mm. Yes.
(passing Hermione)
Hello, kitten. Don't you look lovely.

Hermione smiles wanly as her father gives her a peck on the head, then joins her mother on the sofa opposite the television. An AUSTRALIAN WILDLIFE PROGRAM PLAYS.

TELEVISION (V.O.)
... the bandicoot has small pointed ears and a long snout from which it emits a distinctive trumpet sound when agitated...

MRS. GRANGER
Darling, don't be suspicious the biscuits taste so good, be grateful the company's so clever...

Hermione looks away from the screen, studies her mother and father. Slowly, she reaches into the tiny bag and withdraws her wand. Taking two steps forward, she points it toward the back of their heads. Hand trembling, she SPEAKS, her VOICE barely a WHISPER:

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Oblivate.

Mrs. Granger's face goes briefly slack and she reaches out, as if to break a fall, then, slowly, her hand drops, coming to rest upon her husband's. He blinks once, blankly, and then... enfolds her fingers in his. Hermione lowers her arm and, eyes stinging with tears, watches the PHOTOGRAPHS placed about the room begin to CHANGE. One by one, Hermione DISAPPEARS from each.

HERMIONE

Goodbye.

5

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER, RAINING)

5

Clutching the beaded bag, Hermione moves down the windswept street into the dying light. We BOOM UP TO the sky, HOLD briefly, then BOOM DOWN TO...

6

EXT. FRONT YARD (THE BURROW) - DUSK

6

... RON, staring at the stars. He drops his gaze to the house, studies GINNY and MRS. WEASLEY, aglow in the light of the kitchen, watching them with affection, as if committing them to memory. His gaze shifts to the adjacent SHED. Inside, ARTHUR WEASLEY is bent over his workbench.

7

INT. SHED - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

7

Mr. Weasley fiddles with a SMALL RADIO. Another half-dozen -- in various stages of repair -- stand in a line before him.

RON

What are those?

Mr. Weasley turns, sees Ron standing in the doorway.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Close the door.

Ron eases inside and steps to the workbench. Mr. Weasley turns the knob on the radio before him. STATIC spits forth, then a VOICE comes clear:

(CONTINUED)

RADIO (V.O.)

*... comes to us this evening from
the north of England, where a
wizard family by the name of
Westinburgh were found dead in
their cellar. While not a member
of the Order, Mr. Westinburgh and
his wife had, on numerous
occasions, provided shelter for
its members...*

Arthur switches off the radio. Gestures to the others.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

These are for the Order. So many
are on the run now, it helps them
to stay connected with the rest of
us. Know they're not alone...

Ron studies his father's weary face as the older man
stares at his handiwork. Places his hand upon his
shoulder.

RON

C'mon. Mum's got dinner ready.

Arthur nods, pushes away from the bench and heads out the door. Ron lingers briefly, studying the radio, then follows his father into the night. We FADE. The TITLE CARD appears... and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

A scarlet moon. A speck -- a nightbird, or a bat -- framed in the moon's surface, approaches rapidly, then -- WHOOSH! -- passes beneath. Far below, a sea of treetops shift eerily.

We PLUMMET THROUGH the shifting trees TO a narrow moonlit lane. A SHADOW ripples across the ground like a kite made of water. A BOOT touches down upon the graveled lane, then another. A cape flutters slowly down upon the shoulders of a wizard, lank hair splayed across his wind-blown collar. His head turns. Moonlight strikes his pale face. SNAPE.

Moving. Up a wide drive, to a pair of wrought iron gates. Beyond, a large manor that has seen better days. A RUSTLING sounds. Snape wheels, draws his wand.

(CONTINUED)

A PEACOCK, white as a ghost, emerges from the yew. Snape eyes it warily, then lifts his hand. The iron gates turn to smoke.

10

INT. MALFOY MANOR - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

10

Fractured in the prism of a diamond-paned window, Snape approaches. The front door glides open. As he enters, dark eyes in torch-lit portraits track him from above.

11

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

11

A door looms at the end of a hallway. Reaching it, Snape hesitates for a heartbeat, then enters.

12

INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

12

Two dozen figures sit silently at a large ornate table, illuminated by the flickering light of a fireplace. Snape studies the scene, then his eyes rise. Revolving slowly near the ceiling, as if suspended by an invisible rope, is an unconscious WOMAN (CHARITY BURBAGE).

VOLDEMORT

Severus. I was beginning to worry you'd lost your way. Come. I've saved you a seat.

VOLDEMORT grins, silhouetted against the fire, and gestures to the seat nearest his own. All eyes follow Snape, all except DRACO MALFOY, who nervously stares at the body above and a haggard LUCIUS MALFOY, who merely stares vaguely at his wand while his wife NARCISSA looks straight ahead.

VOLDEMORT

You know our hosts, of course, Severus. Narcissa in particular has been most hospitable. Lucius, on the other hand, is, I fear, burdened by my presence. Are you, Lucius?

LUCIUS

My lord?

VOLDEMORT

Are you burdened?

NARCISSA MALFOY

My lord is always welcome here.

(CONTINUED)

Voldemort smiles, his eyes shifting to Snape, who watches the great snake NAGINI as she slopes slowly over the feet of those present, unnerving all.

VOLDEMORT

You bring news I trust, Severus?

SNAPE

It will happen Saturday next. At nightfall.

VOLDEMORT

And this information comes --

SNAPE

-- from the source we discussed.

Yaxley, the wizard seen at the Ministry, leans into the flickering light from the opposite end of the table.

YAXLEY

I have heard differently, my lord. Dawlish, the Auror, let slip that the Potter boy will not be moved until the thirtieth of this month, the night before he turns seventeen.

SNAPE

This is a false trail. The Auror Office no longer plays any part in the protection of Harry Potter. Those closest to him believe we have infiltrated the Ministry.

SQUAT MAN

Well, they've got that right, then, 'aven't they?

As the Squat Man cackles wheezily, others join in. Voldemort raises a hand. All goes silent.

VOLDEMORT

Pius, what say you?

PIUS THICKNESSE looks up, his gaze placid.

THICKNESSE

One hears many things, my lord. Whether the truth is among them is not clear.

VOLDEMORT

Spoken like a true politician.
You will, I think, prove most
useful, Pius. Where will he be
taken? The boy?

SNAPE

To a safehouse. Likely the home
of someone in the Order. I'm told
it has been given every manner of
protection possible. Once there,
it will be impractical to attack
him. We may have compromised the
Ministry, but there are those who
remain loyal to him. As long as
the Ministry stands, his allies
within will have the means at
their disposal to insure his
safety.

BELLATRIX

My lord, if I might, I'd like to
volunteer myself for this task.
I'd like to kill the boy.

Just then a WAIL rises from the floorboards. Voldemort's eyes flash briefly with RED.

VOLDEMORT

Wormtail! Have I not spoken to
you about keeping our guest quiet?

WORMTAIL

Yes, m-my lord. Right away, my
lord.

As WORMTAIL scrambles up, Voldemort returns his gaze to BELLATRIX.

VOLDEMORT

As inspiring as I find your
bloodlust, Bellatrix, I must be
the one to kill Harry Potter. But
I face an unfortunate
complication. It has recently
come to my attention that my wand
and Potter's share the same core.
They are, in some ways, twins. We
can wound but not fatally harm one
another. Which means, if I am to
kill him... I will have to do it
with another's wand.

The others at the table stir nervously. Bellatrix stiffens. Voldemort's narrow eyes rake the room.

(CONTINUED)

VOLDEMORT

Come now. Surely one of you would
like the honor? What about...
you, Lucius?

Lucius peers up, sallow and beaten.

VOLDEMORT
I require your wand.

Lucius sits mute, paralyzed by the request, scanning the faces of the others, who avoid his gaze, all but Snape, who regards him with naked contempt and Draco, whose eyes meet his briefly, then glance away. Finally Narcissa's fingers lightly graze his wrist, summoning him back to the moment. Turning, he watches as, almost imperceptibly, she nods. Lowering his head, he ROLLS his wand slowly across the table, where it stops at Voldemort's skeletal hand. Voldemort holds the wand to the light.

VOLDEMORT
Do I detect elm?

LUCIUS
Yes, my lord.

VOLDEMORT
And the core?

LUCIUS
Dragon -- dragon heartstring.

Voldemort nods, getting a feel for the wand's heft, then his eyes shift, catch Lucius staring at the WAND on the table -- Voldemort's own.

VOLDEMORT
My wand? You can't possibly think
I would give you *my* wand.

Lucius' eyes meet Voldemort's. For a moment he is speechless. Finally his chin drops.

LUCIUS
No, my lord.

Voldemort studies Lucius' bowed head, then returns his attention to the wand in his hand. Raising it, he points it at the body above. With a FLICK, the body awakens, TWITCHING against its invisible bonds.

VOLDEMORT
For those of you who do not know,
we are joined tonight by Miss
Charity Burbage who until recently
taught at Hogwarts School of
Witchcraft and Wizardry. Her
specialty was Muggle studies. It
is Miss Burbage's belief that
Muggles are not so different from
us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

She would, given her way, have us mate with them. To her, the mixture of magical and Muggle blood is not an abomination but something to be encouraged. I, of course, take a contrary view. But we're all civilized here. All adults. We can agree to disagree.

Charity's tear-streaked face revolves once more to face Snape, her voice hoarse with fear.

CHARITY

Severus, please. We're friends...

Snape's face remains impassive. Voldemort's eyes narrow to scarlet slits... his voice Hisses. Draco watches a teardrop strike the table...

VOLDEMORT

Avada Kedavra!

(CONTINUED)

GREEN LIGHT envelops the room. Charity plummets to the table, body still. Voldemort ponders the wand, satisfied.

VOLDEMORT
Nagini... Dinner.

EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - DUSK

A blood-red sky hangs over the neighborhood.

INT. DURSLEY HOUSE - HARRY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - DUSK

An EYE shimmers in a SHARD of SILVERED GLASS. HARRY POTTER'S eye. He tosses the mirror inside a LUMPY RUCKSACK, than adds a LOCKET, a *Daily Prophet* CLIPPING entitled "Dumbledore Remembered" (above which is a PHOTOGRAPH of its author, ELPHIAS DOGE with DUMBLEDORE) and a NOTEBOOK filled with scribblings on Horcruxes and, in large block letters, the initials "R.A.B." He gives the rucksack a shake, then glances about to see if he's forgotten anything. The room looks as if it's been bottled up and shaken. Dresser drawers turned out, floor covered in detritus.

UNCLE VERNON (O.S.)
Come now, Dudley. Hurry up!

Harry steps to the window, peers to the driveway below. UNCLE VERNON rolls a large STEAMER TRUNK towards his car, followed by DUDLEY, who tugs an equally large TRUNK of his own. Harry speaks to HEDWIG.

HARRY
Time for the teary farewell.

INT. STAIRWELL/FRONT HALLWAY - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry drops down the stairs. The house feels barren, desolate. Aunt Petunia stands at the mouth of the kitchen, looking around. Seeing her, Harry comes to a stop.

AUNT PETUNIA
I've lived in this house twenty years. And now -- in a single night -- I'm expected to leave.

HARRY
They'll torture you. Even Dudley.
If they think you know where I'm going, they'll stop at noth--

(CONTINUED)

AUNT PETUNIA

You think I don't know that? You
think I don't know what they're
capable of?

Her eyes pierce Harry's.

AUNT PETUNIA

You didn't just lose a mother that
night in Godric's Hollow, you
know. I lost a sister.

Harry studies her, taken aback.

HARRY

Do you have any? Magic?

AUNT PETUNIA

What a cruel thing to ask.

Uncle Vernon tests the strap binding the trunks to a
small TRAILER hitched to the back of the Dursley car,
then squints awkwardly at Harry.

UNCLE VERNON

Well, this is goodbye then, boy.

Harry, standing by the front door, nods, eyes Petunia,
who sits in the front passenger seat, a ghost behind the
glass.

DUDLEY

I don't understand. Isn't he
coming with us?

UNCLE VERNON

Who?

DUDLEY

Harry.

UNCLE VERNON

Absolutely not.

DUDLEY

Why?

UNCLE VERNON

Well, because -- he doesn't want
to, do you, boy?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Absolutely not. Besides, I'm just
a waste of space. Isn't that
right, Vernon?

Uncle Vernon stares hard at Harry.

UNCLE VERNON

Come on, Dudley, we're off.

Uncle Vernon starts for the car. Dudley hesitates, then crosses the lawn to Harry, extends his hand.

DUDLEY

I don't think you're a waste of
space.

HARRY

Well... thanks.

Harry grips Dudley's hand, then watches his cousin turn and lope back across the lawn.

HARRY

(under his breath)
See you, Big D.

Harry stands, rucksack over his shoulder, Hedwig's cage in hand. Somewhere, nearby, a CLOCK TICKS. Otherwise, all is still. Utterly quiet. He glances about the house, full of shadows, like ghosts. His eyes burn with bitterness.

HARRY

Good riddance.

His eyes shift. The last rays of sunlight lay, like a stain, upon a SMALL CUPBOARD DOOR below the stairs. He lets the rucksack slip from his shoulder. Sets down the cage.

The door opens. Harry's face appears. Motes of dust dance before his eyes. He peers into the shadows, into his past. A DEAD SPIDER hangs within an ancient web. A REGIMENT of TOY SOLDIERS -- broken and draped with dust -- line a listing shelf. As the SUN withdraws from the hallway, a tremor passes through Harry's face and then...

A TREMENDOUS ROAR murders the silence, the roar of a MOTOR BIKE. Harry straightens -- half-believing he's dreamed it into existence -- and STRIKES his head on the low door frame.

19

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT

19

Harry pelts down the dark hall as OPAQUE SHAPES race past the windows. He trips past Hedwig's cage, sending it WOBBLING and flings open the front door.

20

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

20

HERMIONE flings her arms around Harry. RON gives him a clap on the back. Others emerge from the shadows: FRED, GEORGE, BILL, FLEUR, TONKS, LUPIN, ARTHUR WEASLEY, MAD-EYE MOODY, KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT and a small, dirty, hangdog man, MUNDUNGUS FLETCHER. Lastly, HAGRID dismounts a MOTORBIKE, strips a pair of fly-specked goggles from his face and yanks a SMALL TWITTERING BIRD from his beard.

HAGRID

All righ', 'arry? Yeh look fit.

MAD-EYE

Yeah, he's ruddy gorgeous. What say we get undercover before someone murders him.

21

INT. SITTING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

21

Everyone spills down the hallway into the sitting room.

HARRY

I thought you were looking after the Prime Minister, Kingsley.

SHACKLEBOLT

You're more important.

Harry grins, then a tall, red-headed man (BILL WEASLEY) is before him, hand extended. His face is horribly SCARRED.

BILL

Hello, Harry. Bill Weasley.

FRED

Wasn't always this handsome.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Dead ugly.

BILL

(smiling; to Harry)

True enough. Owe it all to a werewolf by name of Greyback.
Hope to repay the favor one day.

FLEUR

(a kiss to the cheek)

You are still beautiful to me,
William.

LUPIN

Just remember, Fleur, once you're married: Bill takes his steaks on the raw side now.

TONKS

My husband, the joker. By the way, wait until you hear the news!
Remus and I are --

MAD-EYE

All right, all right! You'll all have time for a cozy catch-up later! We've got to get the hell out of here and soon!

Moody drops some SACKS at his feet. Turns to Harry.

MAD-EYE

Potter, you're underage, which means you've still got the Trace on you.

HARRY

The Trace?

MAD-EYE

You sneeze and the Ministry will know who wipes your nose. Point is, we have to use those means of transport the Trace can't detect: brooms, thestrals and the like. We'll go in pairs. That way if anyone's out there waiting for us -- and I reckon there will be -- they won't know which Harry Potter is the real one.

HARRY

The real one...?

(CONTINUED)

Moody draws a FLASK from his cloak.

MAD-EYE
I believe you're familiar with
this particular brew.

HARRY
No! Absolutely not!

HERMIONE
(a sigh)
I told you he'd take it well.

HARRY
If you think I'm going to let
people risk their lives for me --

RON
Never done that before, have we?

HARRY
This is different. Taking *that*.
Becoming me -- no.

FRED
Well, none of us really fancy it,
mate.

GEORGE
Yeah, imagine if something went
wrong and we were stuck as
scrawny, specky gits forever.

MAD-EYE
Everyone here's of age, Potter,
and they've all agreed to take the
risk.

MUNDUNGUS
Technically, I've been coerced.
(turning to Harry and
extending his hand)
Mundungus Fletcher, Mr. Potter.
I've always been a huge admirer.

MAD-EYE
Nip it, Mundungus! All right,
Granger, as discussed.

Hermione grabs a tuft of Harry's hair -- yanks.

HARRY
Blimey, Hermione!

MAD-EYE
Straight in here, if you please.

Moody holds out the flask, un-stoppered now. The potion inside begins to spit forth smoke. He hands it to George.

MAD-EYE

For those of you who haven't taken Polyjuice Potion before, fair warning. It tastes like goblin piss.

FRED

Have a lot of experience with that, do you, Mad-Eye?

Moody's eye rotates menacingly onto Fred.

FRED

Just trying to defuse the tension.

Fred takes the flask from George, followed by Ron, Hermione, Fleur and a less than overjoyed Mundungus. He scowls as the potion trickles past his lips and seconds later, his features -- like those of the others -- begin to bubble like hot wax. As the transformation completes, seven Harry Potters stand in the tiny kitchen.

FRED/GEOERGE

Wow -- we're identical!

MAD-EYE

Not yet you aren't.

Moody pulls the ties on the SACKS and pulls out SEVEN IDENTICAL OUTFITS.

GEOERGE

Don't have something a bit more sporty, do you?

FRED

Yes, don't fancy this color at all.

MAD-EYE

Fancy this: You're not you, so shut it and strip.

(to Harry)

You'll need to change too, Potter.

Harry, a bit self-consciously, begins to strip down. The others, meanwhile, appear unconcerned to be exposing Harry's body.

FLEUR

Bill, look away -- I'm 'ideous.

(CONTINUED)

RON
(smirking)
I knew Ginny was lying about that
tattoo.

HERMIONE
(wobbling a bit)
Harry, your eyesight really is
awful.

MAD-EYE
Blimey. I almost forgot.

Mad-Eye rummages in his pocket, pulls out a fistful of
EYE-GLASSES.

MAD-EYE
Right then. We'll be pairing off.
Each Potter will have a protector.
As for you, Harry...

ALL
Yes?

MAD-EYE
The *real* Harry! Where the devil
are you, anyway?

HARRY
Here.

Moody's eye rotates onto the real Harry.

MAD-EYE
You'll ride with Hagrid.

HAGRID
Brought yeh here sixteen years ago
when you were barely bigger than a
Bowtruckle. Seems only righ' I
should be the one ter take yeh
away.

MAD-EYE
Yeah, it's all very touching.
Let's go.

As they file out, grabs his rucksack and ponders Hedwig
in her cage. He snaps open the wire door and she
flutters out, swoops down the hallway and soars out the
open door. Harry glances once more down the hall, at the
cupboard under the stairs, then exits. He HOLD ON
Hedwig's empty cage.

The other six Harrys sit upon thestrals and brooms.
Hagrid sits astride a motorbike, goggles on.

As the real Harry appears, Hagrid taps the sidecar and Harry drops in.

MAD-EYE

Good luck, everyone. On the count
of three. One... two --

Hagrid kicks the motorbike to life, lurches forward.
Hedwig swoops upward and beats toward the greasy moon.

(CONTINUED)

As Hagrid roars into the sky, Harry twists round, watching one Harry Potter after another whip past, watching Privet Drive grow smaller, his eyes stinging in the wind, briefly lost in the moment, when...

... a DISTURBANCE FILLS THE AIR. Harry turns away, looks up. DEATH EATERS drop from the clouds, surround the others. FLASHES of GREEN LIGHT splinter the darkness. Sparks explode on the bike's chassis and Hagrid HOWLS in fury.

HARRY

Hagrid! We've got to help the others!

HAGRID

Can't do it, 'arry. My job's ter
get you where we're goin' safe 'n
sound -- Mad-Eye's orders!

Before Harry can reply, FOUR DEATH EATERS jet out of the darkness, robes snapping in the wind. As one, their wands rise. Hagrid slams his hand onto a PURPLE BUTTON. With an EAR-SHATTERING BLAST, the motorbike quivers and FLAMES BELCH from the exhaust pipe. The Death Eaters SCREAM, robes afire, and pinwheel away, freefalling towards the earth.

HARRY

What was that?

HAGRID

Dragon fire!

More DEATH EATERS SWOOP from the sky, give chase. Hagrid DIVES, plummeting for the ground, trying desperately to shake them. Harry watches the earth rushing towards them, grimacing as the bike...

... SLAMS onto the asphalt and slaloms wildly as Hagrid...

... roars into a tunnel, the Death Eaters still in pursuit. Hagrid leans wildly from side to side, eluding the flashes of light from the Death Eaters' wands.

(CONTINUED)

Sparks skitter off the tunnel and shower down as the sidecar rides up into the air repeatedly, then slams down onto the roadway. Harry glances back, sees the Death Eaters closing when LIGHT FILLS THE TUNNEL and HAGRID ROARS. Turning back, Harry sees a HUGE LORRY rushing towards them. As the HEADLIGHTS GROW LARGE, Hagrid steers the motorbike directly into them -- then past -- and up the rounded side of the tunnel. The motorbike loops-the-loop and Harry dangles briefly, watching -- upside down -- as two Death Eaters fly smack into the lorry -- before the motorbike comes round right side up, shoots out...

... of the tunnel and soars back into the starry sky. Hagrid and Harry soar higher, the air CRACKLING with ELECTRICITY as...

... MASSIVE ELECTRICAL PYLONS appear in the darkness. As Hagrid weaves through the towers, a gang of Death Eaters jet INTO VIEW. Harry fires a volley of Stunning Spells, sending a pair of Death Eaters into the SIZZLING wires where they dangle briefly, spasming, before plummeting into the darkness. Harry fires again and watches two others take evasive measures... unaware of the Death Eater closing in from behind. Finally he turns. The Death Eater grins, wand twitching, when...

Hedwig swoops down, flaying the Death Eater's wand hand.

Harry grins triumphantly when... a mad volley of WAND BLASTS ricochet off the motorbike and Hedwig is gone. Harry glances about desperately, when:

DEATH EATER
That's him! The real one!

The remaining Death Eaters fall back and disappear.

HAGRID
Hol' tight, 'arry! We've got ter
get yeh out of here!

Hagrid hits the purple button again and the motorbike rockets forth. Harry gazes bleakly behind... then winces, eyes rolling back in his head. Gripping his scar, he squints toward the horizon and sees something closing on them. It looks like smoke, then begins to take shape.

Voldemort. Flying. Slowly, Harry raises his wand.

HARRY
Hagrid... HAGRID...!

Harry lets out a primal scream, his eyes clenched shut in pain, his wand hand trembling as he points it blindly. Voldemort's snake-like face draws near, his wand trained on Harry. Harry's arm goes slack, his wand dropping...

VOLDEMORT
Avada...

Abruptly, Harry's arm rises as if on a string, drawn up by the wand trembling in his hand. GOLD FIRE spits forth and -- Crack! -- SPARKS skitter up the chassis of the motorbike. Harry wheels and -- for a split second -- is face to face with Voldemort, whose eyes drift, staring -- with something like fear -- at Harry's wand. Then -- whoosh! -- Voldemort peels backward and away, evaporating like smoke. Just then...

... the motorbike's engine HICCUPS and Hagrid and Harry begin to drop. PUTT... PUTT... PUTT...

28 EXT. THE BURROW - SAME TIME - NIGHT

28

The motorbike splashes down into the reeds, sputters, then cuts out altogether in a SMOKING HISSSSS. Harry glances about. A door opens in a crooked house. TWO SILHOUETTES appear, dash forward -- MRS. WEASLEY and GINNY.

MRS. WEASLEY
Harry! Hagrid! What happened?!
Have you seen the others?

HARRY
Is no one back yet?

He looks from Mrs. Weasley to Ginny. Ginny shakes her head.

HAGRID
They were on us from the star',
Molly -- the Death Eaters. And
You-Know-Who as well.

Molly Weasley's face betrays panic, but she fights it back.

MRS. WEASLEY
Well, thank goodness you two are
all right.

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID

Haven't go' any brandy, have yeh,
Molly? Fer medicinal purposes?

She nods, leads him toward the house. Once out of earshot, Harry turns expectantly to Ginny. She looks frightened.

GINNY

Ron and Tonks should've already been back. Dad and Fred as well.

Suddenly, several yards away, a BLUE LIGHT burns in the darkness. Harry and Ginny rush towards it just as Lupin materializes, cradling an unconscious "Harry," clothes torn, head awash in BLOOD. Harry takes in the surreal tableau, then watches "himself" transform into George, who bears the true damage. Ginny's hands fly to her face.

GINNY

Oh my God! George!

LUPIN

The house! Quickly!

Lupin and Harry drop George onto the sofa, where his head rolls into the lamplight, the blood more shocking here. Molly Weasley screams. George's ear is gone.

MRS. WEASLEY

My boy! My darling boy! What've they done to you?!

Harry looks on miserably -- anger and guilt clashing within him -- when Lupin grabs a fistful of his shirt and hurls him against the wall.

GINNY

Remus! What're you doing!

LUPIN

What creature sat in the corner the first time that Harry Potter visited my office at Hogwarts!

HARRY

Are you mad...?

LUPIN
WHAT CREATURE!

HARRY
A grindylow!

Lupin releases Harry, turns back to the others.

LUPIN
We've been betrayed. Voldemort
knew you were being moved tonight.
I had to make sure you weren't an
impostor.

HARRY
Who did this to him?

LUPIN
Snape.
(nodding to George)
He'll be fine, Molly. But that's
Dark Magic. The damage is done.

She simply nods, weeping, dabbing at George's face. A blue glow glimmers against the window, where Hagrid stands.

HAGRID
Someone else is back.

Hermione and Kingsley stand together, looking shaken. As the others rush forward, Kingsley points his wand at Lupin.

SHACKLEBOLT
The last words Albus Dumbledore
spoke to the pair of us?

LUPIN
*'Harry is the best hope we have.
Trust him.'*

Shacklebolt lowers his wand, wheels on Harry.

SHACKLEBOLT
What gave you away?

HARRY
Hedwig -- I think. She was trying
to protect me --

Just then, the yard glows with BLUE LIGHT and one pair after another materialize: Fred & Mr. Weasley, Bill & Fleur, Ron & Tonks. Ron is still "Harry," but Hermione doesn't hesitate, enveloping him in a fierce hug. As he transforms back into his own battle-weary self, he looks mildly abashed to be in such close proximity to Hermione.

RON

Hey ya -- Well... thanks.

TONKS

Deserves that. Brilliant, he was.
Wouldn't be standing here without
him.

HERMIONE

Really?

RON

(breaking free of
her)

Always the tone of surprise.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Are we the last? Where's George?

Suddenly... silence. Mr. Weasley eyes all, turns to Lupin.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Remus. Where's my son?

Arthur Weasley, trailed by the others, stops dead. Molly looks up, her face saying it all. Fred comes up on his father's shoulder, eyes stinging with tears as he sees his brother. As if sensing them, George stirs.

FRED

How do you feel, Georgie?

GEORGE

Saint-like.

FRED

Come again?

George opens his eyes, lifts a blood-crusted finger, and points to the dark cavity in the side of his skull.

GEORGE

Saint-like... You see, I'm holy.
Holey, Fred, geddit?

(CONTINUED)

FRED

With the whole wide world of ear-related humor at your disposal, you go for holey? Pathetic.

GEORGE

Reckon I'm still better-looking than you. Better-looking than Bill, that's for sure.

Bill doesn't smile. Next to him, Fleur looks equally grim.

BILL

Mad-Eye's dead.

The room goes still.

BILL

Mundungus took one look at Voldemort and Disapparated.

LUPIN

Mad-Eye reckoned You-Know-Who would expect the real Harry to be with the most skilled Auror. He knew he'd be in the most danger.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

It doesn't explain how they knew we were moving Harry tonight.

The room grows quiet. Eyes shift.

HAGRID

Wha'? One of us? Tha's mad. I'd wager me life it wasn' none of you lot. An' if it was me I'd kno', wouldn' I? Talk in me sleep on occasion, I'll admit, but there's only Fang aroun' ter hear an' mostly it's gibberish an' besides I'd cut me tongue out 'fore 'd betray 'arry e'en in me dreams --

Hagrid stops, blinking miserably. Suddenly, all smile.

HAGRID

Wha's so funny!

HARRY

I trust you with my life, Hagrid. I trust everyone in this room. Understood?

(CONTINUED)

LUPIN

Understood.

GEORGE

'Ear, 'ear.

Fred nods approvingly to his brother.

FRED

Better.

33 INT. RON'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

33

Shadows cling to the ceiling. Harry tosses fitfully, something bedeviling his sleep. Suddenly, his SCAR CONTRACTS. He GRIMACES.

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)
You lied to me, Ollivander!

34 INT. MALFOY MANOR - CELLAR - NIGHT

34

At the bottom of a run of rotting wooden stairs, Wormtail props up an emaciated OLLIVANDER.

In the cracked surface of a TALL MIRROR, we see Voldemort reflected at the top of the stairs -- an angry silhouette.

OLLIVANDER

No! No! I believed a different wand would work, I swear!

VOLDEMORT

Then explain this!

Voldemort extends his skeletal fingers. Lucius Malfoy's wand lies shattered upon his ghostly skin.

OLLIVANDER

But it makes no sense...

VOLDEMORT

Perhaps our friend's loyalties lie elsewhere, Wormtail.

OLLIVANDER

No! There must be a way! I'll
think of something else!

VOLDEMONT

*I hope so, Ollivander, for your
sake. I won't be so forgiving
next time...*

35

INT. RON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

35

Harry awakens with a GASP, eyes flashing in the darkness. He eyes the shadows above him, then looks down at his hand where his wand glimmers in the moonlight.

35A

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

35A

Rucksack slung over his shoulder, Harry picks his way softly down the spiraling steps, past silent doorways, slipping in and out of shadow.

35B

EXT. YARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

35B

Harry emerges into the night, shifting the rucksack as he eyes the reeds shifting eerily in the darkness.

RON (O.S.)

Going somewhere?

Harry stiffens, turns to meet Ron's accusatory gaze, then continues on.

HARRY

No one else is going to die. Not
for me.

RON

For you? You think Madeye died
for you? You think George took
that curse for you? You may be
the Chosen One, mate, but this is
a whole lot bigger than that.

Harry stares at Ron. The air is tense.

HARRY

Come with me. Now.

RON

And leave Hermione? Are you mad?
We wouldn't last two days without
her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (CONT'D)

(glancing around)
Don't tell her I said that.
(back to Harry)
Besides, you've still got the
Trace on you. And there's the
wedding...

HARRY

Wedding?

RON

Bill and Fleur. Mum's been
planning it for months. Only
thing that's kept her sane, I
reckon. She'll kill me if I miss
it. Kill you too. Rather go face
to face with You-Know-Who if I'm
honest.

Ron tries a smile, but Harry looks foul.

HARRY

I don't care about a bloody
wedding -- no matter whose it is.
I have to start searching for the
Horcruxes. It's the only chance
we have to beat him. And the
longer we wait the stronger he
gets.

Ron just stares at Harry, calm, poised.

RON

Tonight's not the night, mate.
You'd only be doing him a favor.

Harry stares at Ron -- incensed by his cool demeanor and
common sense. Finally, he turns away, tosses the
rucksack in frustration. For a moment they stand like
this, Harry's back to Ron. Silent. Finally Ron speaks.

RON

Do you think he knows?

Harry turns his head halfway, but doesn't speak.

RON

I mean, they're bits of his soul,
the Horcruxes. Bits of him. When
Dumbledore destroyed the ring and
you destroyed Tom Riddle's diary
all those years ago -- he must've
felt something right?

Harry ponders this, but remains silent.

(CONTINUED)

RON

What I'm saying is, if we do this thing right, if we find the Horcruxes and begin to destroy them one by one...

Harry waits.

RON

Won't he know he's being hunted?

Still Harry says nothing. Silence descends once more, then:

ARTHUR WEASLEY (O.S.)
All together now!

Bird's-eye view: An ENORMOUS CIRCLE of SILK lies flat upon the ground. As Hagrid looks on, Arthur, Bill, Ron and Fred stand on its periphery, wands poised.

ARTHUR WEASLEY
One. Two. Three!

The silk rises, pitching itself into a perfect wedding marquee, trembling wondrously in the morning breeze... then collapses.

The *DAILY PROPHET* lies in f.g., HEADLINE SCREAMING: "DUMBLEDORE'S DARK SECRETS." We HEAR FOOTSTEPS descend the stairs... then Harry's blurry figure steps INTO FOCUS and takes the paper for a closer inspection.

RITA SKEETER grins up at him, holding a BOOK entitled *The Life and Lies of Albus Dumbledore*. A bit further down, another headline: "Think You Know Dumbledore? Think Again!"

GINNY (O.S.)
Were you going to tell me?

Harry turns, finds Ginny in the doorway in a beautiful dress.

HARRY
Yes.

GINNY

And Ron and Hermione. They'll not
be going back to Hogwarts either?

Harry stares at her. She looks excruciatingly beautiful
in the light streaming through the window.

GINNY

I see.

HARRY

Dumbledore didn't want anyone to
know what it is we're doing. If I
tell you, I'd be betraying him.

GINNY

Zip me up, will you.

She turns. The dress is open to the small of her back.
Harry steps forward and takes the zipper. As the panels
close, concealing her skin, his fingers linger at the
top, lightly brushing the nape of her neck. They stand
like this, utterly still, the moment fraught.

GINNY

Seems silly, doesn't it? A
wedding. Given everything that's
going on.

HARRY

Maybe that's the best reason to
have it. Because of everything
that's going on.

Her chin turns, coming into profile, her face very close.
Then she folds into him and they are kissing. Long.
Deep.

George wanders in brushing his teeth, pours himself a cup
of tea and, sticking the toothbrush in his ear-hole,
leans back against the stove for a sip. Ginny -- sensing
something -- opens her eyes and JUMPS. Harry wheels.
George winks, tips his cup in their direction.

GEORGE

Morning.

Arthur stands looking at the marquee from his POV:
perfect.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

How's it look on your end, boys?

(CONTINUED)

Ron and Fred look: bent, mangled.

FRED

Brilliant!

Just then, the silk snaps and the trees in the surrounding orchard shiver in a rush of wind. Everyone steps clear of the marquee and watches a TALL WIZARD with GRIZZLED HAIR and SCARRED CHEEK materialize. RUFUS SCRIMGEOUR.

GEORGE

Bloody hell, what's the Minister of Magic doing here?

RON

Dunno. But something tells me he didn't come to give away the bride.

Harry enters, trailed by Ron and Hermione. Scrimgeour gestures the trio to the sofa. Harry eyes Scrimgeour with thinly concealed contempt.

HARRY

To what do we owe the pleasure, Minister?

SCRIMGEOUR

I think we both know the answer to that question, Mr. Potter.

Scrimgeour pitches a CLOTH BAG onto the table before them. The trio regard it curiously, exchange glances.

HARRY

And this would be...?

SCRIMGEOUR

Don't be coy, Mr. Potter. Mr. Weasley. Would you say you were close to your former Headmaster?

RON

Dumbledore? And me? I dunno. I reckon I was just another Weasley to him. He was always polite --

SCRIMGEOUR

And you, Miss Granger? How would you characterize your relationship?

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

We were friendly, not close like Harry, but --

HARRY

What's this all about?

SCRIMGEOUR

This. Despite the fact that neither of your friends appear to have been particularly close to their recently deceased Headmaster, he saw fit to remember them in his will. Now why do you suppose that would be?

Harry, Ron and Hermione exchange glances again.

HARRY

No idea.

SCRIMGEOUR

Come now, you don't expect me to believe...

Scrimgeour reaches into his cloak, removes a SCROLL OF PARCHMENT. READS:

SCRIMGEOUR

'Herein is set forth the Last Will and Testament of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. First, to Ronald Bilius Weasley, I leave my Deluminator, a device of my own making, in the hope that -- when things seem most dark -- it will show him the light.'

Scrimgeour removes a SMALL SILVER OBJECT from the bag.

RON

Dumbledore left this? For me?
Brilliant. Er -- what is it?

Ron CLICKS it and all the light rushes from the lamps into the Deluminator, throwing the room into total darkness. He CLICKS it again and light flies back to the lamps.

RON

Wicked.

SCRIMGEOUR

'To Miss Hermione Jean Granger, I leave my copy of The Tales of Beedle the Bard, in the hope that she will find it entertaining and instructive.'

Scrimgeour reaches into the bag once again and retrieves a SMALL BOOK, its binding stained and peeling in places.

RON

Mum used to read me those! The Wizard and the Hopping Pot, Babbitty Rabbity and her Cackling Stump...

Harry and Hermione stare blankly at him.

RON

Oh, c'mon! Beedle's stories are famous! Babbity Rabbity? No...?

Scrimgeour eyes Ron with mild annoyance, continues.

SCRIMGEOUR

'To Harry James Potter, I leave the Snitch he caught in his first Quidditch match at Hogwarts, as a reminder of the rewards of perseverance and skill.'

Scrimgeour places the tiny golden orb onto Harry's palm, where it glimmers dully. Harry studies it, then looks up.

HARRY

That's it then?

SCRIMGEOUR

Not quite. Dumbledore left you a second bequest: The Sword of Godric Gryffindor. Unfortunately, the Sword of Gryffindor was not Dumbledore's to give away. As an important historical artifact, it belongs...

HERMIONE

To Harry! It belongs to Harry! It chose him! It came to him in the Chamber of Secrets when he most needed it!

SCRIMGEOUR

The sword may present itself to any worthy Gryffindor, Miss Granger. That does not make it that wizard's property. And in any event the current whereabouts of the sword are unknown.

HARRY

Excuse me?

SCRIMGEOUR

The sword is missing.
(before Harry can pursue)

I won't pretend to be your friend, Mr. Potter. But I assure you I'm not your enemy.

HARRY

You'll forgive me, Minister. But it's a little hard to tell the difference these days.

SCRIMGEOUR

Dumbledore said something very similar the last time we spoke.

Scrimgeour gazes out the window, eyes haunted.

HERMIONE

Where is your guard, sir?

SCRIMGEOUR

I came alone. I don't really need them anymore...

He turns then, exits. MUSIC IS HEARD and LAUGHTER...

The wedding party is in full swing. Harry, in dress robes, stands on the periphery, absently FINGERING THE SNITCH as Bill and Fleur twirl madly within a clapping circle of well-wishers. Harry's gaze drifts: to Ginny, laughing as Fred and George rush the dance floor, briefly sweep Fleur away from Bill, then begin to dance with each other; to Hermione, stunning in black silk: to Ron, who ignores all, his eyes focused entirely on Hermione.

Far across the garden, Hagrid wends through the tables in his horrible hairy suit and presents a SLICE OF CAKE to a pleased OLYMPE MAXIME.

Nearby, Tonks, hand to her belly, leans forward and WHISPERS something to Mrs. Weasley, who reacts with happy surprise. Harry studies Tonks' belly...

LUPIN (O.S.)
We want you to be the godfather.

Harry turns, sees Lupin standing behind, staring at Tonks with affection. As his eyes shift to Harry, Harry sputters:

HARRY
You mean -- But that's brilliant --
I... don't know what to say.

LUPIN
Say yes.

Lupin grins, claps Harry on the shoulder and hikes off into the darkness, joining the WIZARDS STANDING GUARD in the garden's deepest shadows. Harry looks back to Tonks, then notices a slight, TUFTY-HAIRED WIZARD (ELPHIAS DOGE) sitting alone at a table just beyond her.

LUNA
Hello, Harry!

LUNA LOVEGOOD approaches in the company of a cross-eyed wizard (XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD) with shoulder-length white hair the texture of candy floss. Both wear robes the color of egg yolk.

LUNA
Oh, I've interrupted a deep thought, haven't I? I can see it growing smaller in your eyes.

HARRY
No, 'course not. How are you, Luna?

LUNA
Very well. I was bitten by a garden gnome only moments ago.

She holds up her finger, which is sheathed in blood.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
Gnome saliva is enormously beneficial! Xenophilius Lovegood. We live just over the hill!

HARRY
Nice to meet you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Lovegood suddenly leans close, WHISPERS FIERCELY:

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
I trust you know, Mr. Potter, that
we at *The Quibbler*, unlike those
toadies at the *Daily Prophet*,
fully supported Dumbledore during
his lifetime and in his death
support you just as fully.

LUNA
Come, Daddy. Harry doesn't want
to talk to us right now. He's
just too nice to say so.

Lovegood's eyes burn with righteousness, a TRIANGULAR EYE
dangling from a chain around his neck. As Luna pulls him
away, Harry glances once again across the garden.

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

ELPHIAS DOGE sits alone, smiling absently as he observes
the happy goings-on. Then:

HARRY
Sir? May I sit down?

ELPHIAS DOGE
Mr. Potter! By all means!

In a nervous flutter, Doge pours Harry a goblet of
champagne.

HARRY
I found what you wrote in the
Daily Prophet very moving, sir. I
take it you knew Professor
Dumbledore well?

ELPHIAS DOGE
I certainly knew him the longest,
if you don't count his brother
Aberforth -- and somehow, people
never do seem to count Aberforth.

HARRY
I never even knew he had a
brother, sir.

ELPHIAS DOGE
Yes, well, Dumbledore was always
very private. Even as a boy.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Sir, I was wondering if you'd had
much contact with him before he
died.

ELPHIAS DOGE

The occasional owl. Though it was
strange...

HARRY

Strange, sir?

ELPHIAS DOGE

It was the owls themselves. They
often arrived in distress. It was
clear they'd traveled great
distances in some cases.

HARRY

Could you tell me from where
they'd come, sir?

ELPHIAS DOGE

I'm afraid not. Albus' messages
mostly referenced our days
together as schoolboys. They were
surprisingly intimate. When he
did speak of his current
activities his words would turn
elliptical. Still, I sensed he
was under great stress. Why do
you ask?

HARRY

Just curious. I was... close to
Professor Dumbledore.

ELPHIAS DOGE

Well, he treasured you, Mr.
Potter, I can attest to that. I
can also tell you that when a
person passes, it's only natural
to rue the things left unsaid, to
regret the question never asked.
I knew Albus nigh on 100 years,
but in many ways he will always
remain a riddle even to me.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Don't despair, Elphias. I'm told
he's been thoroughly unriddled by
Rita Skeeter. In 800 pages no
less.

(CONTINUED)

Harry and Doge turn, study the profile of an ANCIENT WITCH (MURIEL) sitting at an adjacent table, a glass of champagne cradled in the bony fingers of one hand.

ELPHIAS DOGE

That woman is a vulture, Muriel,
and you well know it.

MURIEL

Someone has to pick the bones to get at the truth. I read your obituary, Elphias. Lovely. But you did skate over some of the sticky patches in Dumbledore's life.

ELPHIAS DOGE

I'm sorry you think so, Muriel. I assure you I was writing from the heart.

MURIEL

Yes, well, Rita Skeeter hasn't made that mistake, I'm sure. Word has it someone talked to her, someone who knew the Dumbledore family well. You and I both know who that is, Elphias.

ELPHIAS DOGE

A monstrous betrayal. I can only conclude the rumors are true and that she has become untethered.

HARRY

Who are you talking about?

MURIEL

Well, I don't suppose it'll be a secret once the book comes out.

(relishing the
moment)

Bathilda Bagshot.

HARRY

Who?

MURIEL

Who? Bathilda Bagshot! My god, boy, she's only the most celebrated magical historian of the last century. Don't they read History of Magic at Hogwarts anymore?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Oh, right. Slipped my mind...

MURIEL

She knew the Dumbledores as well as anyone. She'd have letters, perhaps an interesting photograph or two. I'm sure Rita Skeeter would have thought it well worth a trip to Godric's Hollow to take a peek into that old bird's rattled cage.

HARRY

Godric's Hollow? Bathilda Bagshot lives in Godric's Hollow?

MURIEL

For years now. That's where she first met Dumbledore.

HARRY

Excuse me? You don't mean to say Dumbledore lived there too?

MURIEL

Of course. The family moved there after his father killed those three Muggles. It was quite the scandal.

(eyeing him)

Honestly, my boy, are you sure you knew him at all?

Harry sits, speechless, then his eye catches a shooting star -- or what appears to be. As it plummets, it grows, gaining speed until it slices through the canopy, exploding in a burst of light. All goes SILENT as a SILVER LYNX -- graceful and gleaming -- MATERIALIZES amid the crowd. When it speaks, the Patronus has Shacklebolt's sonorous voice.

PATRONUS

The Ministry has fallen. The Minister of Magic is dead. They are coming...

The lynx vanishes. A SCREAM shreds the silence. Then: chaos.

ELPHIAS DOGE

Nice meeting you, Mr. Potter!

Doge extends his hand toward Harry when -- CRACK! -- he DISAPPARATES.

(CONTINUED)

Seconds later, the ancient witch has done the same. Harry scans the scattering crowd and meets Ginny's eyes, as she gets buffeted about. He pelts toward her, bouncing between bodies, losing sight of her.

HERMIONE

Ron! Ron!

Harry turns, sees Hermione glancing about frantically. As she turns, Ron comes INTO VIEW, pushes toward her. Suddenly the canopy above turns to ribbons as DEATH EATERS -- in dark cloaks and masks -- descend into the crowd. Arthur, Fred and George wield their wands. Harry sees a flower fall from Fleur's hair, watches it crushed underfoot, then catches sight of Ginny through the madness as she draws her own wand, copper hair gleaming, eyes flashing. He starts toward her, when... Lupin crashes in, spinning him roughly round.

LUPIN

Harry! Go! Go!

A HAND REACHES OUT AND GRABS HIS. He looks. It's Hermione, clutching Ron's hand with her other. She closes her eyes and a great WHOOSHING SOUND fills Harry's ears. He takes one last desperate look at Ginny as he is thrown up and back in a WHIRLWIND and all goes BLACK. A HORN BLARES as...

... a DOUBLE-DECKER BUS careens within inches of Harry, Ron and Hermione as they stumble INTO VIEW, the streets teeming with drunken pub crawlers.

RON

Where are we?

HERMIONE

Shaftesbury Avenue. I used to come here to the theater with my mum and dad. Just popped into my head. I don't know why...

They hurry on, glancing over their shoulders at the DARK SHAPES that move within the crowd behind them, STRANGERS bumping by, FACES passing in a paranoid BLUR: a DRUNKEN MAN, a CACKLING WOMAN with BLOOD-RED LIPSTICK...

HERMIONE

This way!

42

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

42

As they take refuge in the shadows, Hermione begins to rummage through her TINY BEADED PURSE.

HERMIONE

We need to change.

Ron and Harry look at each other's dress robes. From the purse, Hermione extracts -- in quick succession -- two pairs of jeans, T-shirts, and a pair of light overcoats.

RON

How the ruddy --

HERMIONE

Undetectable Extension Charm.

RON

You're amazing, you are.

HERMIONE

Always the tone of surprise.

As she gives the bag a shake, there is LOUD echoing of heavy objects, as if something has fallen.

HERMIONE

That'll be the books.

43

INT. ALL-NITE CAFE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

43

Shabby. Greasy. Empty. The trio slide into a booth.

HARRY

Do you reckon everyone's alright
at the wedding? Maybe we should --

RON

They were after you, mate. We'd
just put everyone in danger going
back.

HERMIONE

Ron's right. Cappuccino, please.

A gum-chewing WAITRESS stands behind Harry. Ron,
clueless when it comes to cappuccinos, nods to Hermione.

RON

What she said.

HARRY

Same.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Wicked scar.

RON

(as she exits)

So where do we go from here? The
Leaky Cauldron?

HERMIONE

Too dangerous. If Voldemort's
taken over the Ministry, none of
the old places are safe.

The front door SQUEALS and TWO WORKMEN enter, glance idly
at the trio and step to the counter.

HARRY

My rucksack. With all my things.
I left it back at the Burrow --

Hermione is shaking her head. Harry eyes the beaded
purse.

HARRY

You're joking.

HERMIONE

I've had the essentials packed for
days. Just in case.

RON

By the way -- these jeans? Not my
favorite. Bit tight.

Hermione gives him a withering glance. Harry can't help
but smile. Then his eyes shift to the SMALL SECURITY
MIRROR near the ceiling, see the two workmen turning.

HARRY

DOWN!

The tile EXPLODES on the wall where Ron's head had been
only seconds before. A rope of green light singes
Hermione's hair.

HARRY

Stupefy!

The JET of RED LIGHT hits the biggest Death Eater
straight in the face and he crumples instantly.

DEATH EATER #2

Expulsio!

(CONTINUED)

The table behind Harry explodes and the spell ricochets, shattering the security mirror -- sending shards raining everywhere, including one that laces Hermione's cheek -- then striking the cappuccino machine, which sprays hot liquid all over the Death Eater. He BELLOWS in pain and Hermione and Ron hit him with TWIN STUNNING SPELLS. As he spasms on the ground, Hermione adds another for good measure:

HERMIONE
Petrificus Totalus!

He goes still. The Waitress steps from the backroom. Sees the trio. The wands. Her gum bubble... POPS.

HERMIONE
Go.

She doesn't argue.

HARRY
Lock the door, get the lights.

Hermione throws the bolt. Ron clicks the Deluminator, pitching the cafe into shadow. Harry eyes the unconscious Death Eater.

HARRY
This one's name is Rowle. He was on the Astronomy Tower the night Snape killed Dumbledore.

RON
This is Dolohov. I recognize him from the wanted posters.

Ron rolls him over with his foot. Dolohov's eyes shift in fear from Harry to Hermione, then back to Ron.

RON
So what do we do with you, huh?
Kill us if it was turned round,
wouldn't you?

Ron's face is hard. Hermione eyes him uneasily. He notices.

RON
Suppose it's him that did Mad-Eye.
How would you feel then?

Hermione looks at Dolohov. The moment hangs, then:

HARRY

It's better we wipe their
memories. We kill them, they'll
know we were here.

RON

You're the boss.
(turning to Hermione)
Hermione?

She turns, looks at him. He reaches out, wipes a trickle
of blood from her cheek.

RON

You're the best with spells.

Shakily, she points her wand at Dolohov. Her arm
trembles.

HERMIONE

Oblivate.

There is a FLASH OF LIGHT and we --

CUT TO:

The trio move quickly, glancing about, paranoid.

HARRY

How is it they knew we were there?

HERMIONE

Maybe you still have the Trace on
you.

RON

Can't be. The Trace breaks at
seventeen. It's Wizarding law.

Hermione stops. Harry and Ron turn, look back.

RON

What?

HERMIONE

We didn't celebrate your birthday,
Harry. Ginny and I -- we'd
prepared a cake. We were going to
bring it out at the end of the
wedding...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Hermione. I appreciate the thought -- honestly. But given that we were almost killed by a couple of Death Eaters a few minutes ago...

HERMIONE

Right. Perspective.

RON

We've got to get off the streets, get somewhere safe.

HARRY

I have an idea.

45

EXT. 12 GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

45

A DOOR marked by the number 12. Harry TAPS his wand on the weathered surface and a series of METALLIC CLICKS are heard. The door swings open with a CREAK.

46

INT. ENTRYWAY (12 GRIMMAULD PLACE) - CONTINUOUS ACTION -
NIGHT

46

The GAS LAMPS spring to life, illuminating a narrow cobwebbed hallway. The trio glance about, then Harry takes a step forward.

MAD-EYE (O.S.)

Severus Snape?

HARRY

Mad-Eye...?

Just then a great RUSH OF COLD AIR sweeps through the hallway and the trio's tongues curl back in their mouths. Some THING shifts in the shadows at the end of the hall, rising from the carpet -- tall, dust-colored and terrible-looking -- then rushes toward them. It's Dumbledore, but a ghostly, worm-eaten Dumbledore, a corpse come to life, with empty eye sockets and sunken face. It raises its wand and then... EXPLODES in a great cloud of dust, swirling like mist in the corridor, drifting back to the carpet.

RON

What was *that* about?

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Mad-eye's doing, I'd guess. In
case Snape decided to come
snooping.

Just then, a FLOORBOARD CREAKS. The trio stiffen.
Slowly, Hermione draws her wand, peers into the shadows.

HERMIONE

Homenum revelio.

Nothing. Hermione lowers her wand. Explains.

HERMIONE

It's a spell to reveal human
presence.

She extends her hand, watches the settling dust stream
through her fingers.

HERMIONE

We're alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY

AT DAWN...

The view expands and a SMALL VILLAGE is revealed, swathed
in mist. This has the feel of a POV. The IMAGE JUMPS
and...

... the POV is MOVING now, THROUGH streets teeming with
cloaked figures. The TONGUE that is spoken here is
foreign, Germanic. We TURN DOWN an alleyway and the path
narrows, the shadows growing more dense. Scratched into
a wall is the SYMBOL Xenophilius Lovegood wore around his
neck, but the POV LINGERS upon it only briefly. A SIGN
comes INTO VIEW, hanging outside a small shop at the very
end of a dark cul de sac: "GREGOROVITCH, WANDMAKER." We
CLOSE QUICKLY ON the shop's door, catch a glimpse of
VOLDEMORT'S REFLECTION IN THE GLASS, when...

49

INT. DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

49

... Harry awakens, peering at the cobwebbed chandelier overhead. He sits up, looks at Hermione, asleep upon the sofa, her arm dangling down to where Ron lies upon the floor, her fingers only inches from his. Nearby, the RADIO HISSES SOFTLY, distant VOICES struggling to be heard.

HARRY (O.S.)

Lumos.

50

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING/CORRIDOR - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER)

50

Harry's wand BLOOMS in the darkness as he scales the stairs and reaches the landing. He peers into a bedroom. The drawers have been turned out. The bedsheets stripped. He moves on, painting the wall with wandlight, illuminating an EMPTY PORTRAIT of a MUDDY LANDSCAPE. He studies it -- long enough that we'll remember it -- then a FLOORBOARD SQUEAKS -- like the night before. Harry wheels, points his wand down the dark corridor adjacent.

51

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER)

51

Harry moves down the narrow corridor to its end, to a DOORWAY. He eyes the nameplate: "SIRIUS."

52

INT. SIRIUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

52

We watch Harry enter from an UNSETTLINGLY LOW POV (Kreacher's). This room, like the others, has been ransacked. Harry lingers by a PHOTOGRAPH. In it, FOUR YOUNG HOGWARTS STUDENTS -- JAMES POTTER, SIRIUS BLACK, PETER PETTIGREW and Lupin -- stand GRINNING before the WHOMPING WILLOW. Harry traces the thin cone of light of his wand across their faces.

Books and papers carpet the floor. A WOMAN'S FACE, striking and wise, peers out from a dust jacket. Harry crouches, turns the book over to read its TITLE: *A History of Magic* by Bathilda Bagshot. Harry turns it BACK over, studies the woman's face again. He begins to rise when he notices a CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER embossed at the top with a name: Lily Potter. As Harry begins to read, we hear HER VOICE:

LETTER (LILY) (V.O.)

*Dear Sirius. Thank you for
Harry's birthday present. You'd
think he'd been born on a broom.
(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

LETTER (LILY) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

James says he's got the look of a Seeker, but then James would. We had a very quiet birthday tea, just us and old Bathilda, who dotes on Harry. Wormy dropped by late in the day, but seemed down and didn't stay long. James is frustrated being shut up here, but Dumbledore's still got his Invisibility Cloak, so he doesn't have much choice. By the way, Bathilda tells the most amazing stories about our old Headmaster. I don't know how much to believe. Can it really be true that Dumbledore --

Harry turns the letter over, but there is no more.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Harry! Harry!

Harry steps out, finds Hermione dashing up the stairs. Seeing him, she exhales in relief. CALLS OUT:

HERMIONE

Ron! I've found him!

RON (O.S.)

Good! Tell him from me he's a git!

HERMIONE

Harry, you can't just disappear.
We thought --

She stops as Harry hands her the letter. She reads.

HERMIONE

It's from your Mum. To Sirius.
Bathilda Bagshot...?

HARRY

Yeah. They knew her. She wrote *A History of Magic*, you know.

HERMIONE

(with irony)
Did she now?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I'm thinking maybe we should go talk to her. She still lives in Godric's Hollow. I'm thinking maybe she could help us.

Hermione looks up, regards Harry closely.

HERMIONE

Harry. I can imagine why you'd want to go there, but... I don't think Bathilda Bagshot is going to know where Voldemort hid his Horcruxes.

Harry starts to respond, frowns. Hermione reaches out, touches his face lightly.

RON (O.S.)

Hey! I think you two better come down here.

Ron peers out a curtain as Hermione and Harry join him. In the courtyard outside, TWO DARK figures stand near a tree. ANOTHER sits on a bench.

RON

The two clinging to the tree are Death Eaters for sure. Dunno 'bout the bloke on the bench.
(dropping the curtain)
Can't see us, of course. But we'll have to be careful coming and going. C'mon. There's something else you need to see.

Harry and Hermione trail Ron to a narrow doorway. Beyond is a cramped bedroom, walls covered with EERIE scrawlings and symbols of Dark Magic.

HERMIONE

Lovely.

Ron pulls the door shut. Affixed to the outside is a SMALL SIGN, hand-lettered in a spidery crawl:

Do Not Enter

(CONTINUED)

Without the Express Permission of
Regulus Arcturus Black

HERMIONE
Regulus Arcturus Black...?

Hermione GASPS. Ron nods, extends his hand and taps the first letter of each name on the sign.

RON
R... A... B.

INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON THE LOCKET - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER)

AS HARRY REMOVES THE NOTE.

HARRY
*To the Dark Lord. I know I will
be dead long before you read
this... I have stolen the real
Horcrux and intend to destroy
it...*

RON
R.A.B. was Sirius' brother?

We see the trio from the strange LOW POV again, sitting round the kitchen table. SLOPPY STACKS of OLD DAILY PROPHETS surround them.

HERMIONE
Yes. Question is, did he actually
destroy the real Horcrux?

Harry nods... then spots a SHADOW trembling on the wall just outside the kitchen. He scrambles up and out of sight.

HARRY (O.S.)
Stop! I order you!

Seconds later, Harry reappears... dragging KREACHER the house-elf by one ear. Kreacher MUMBLES FOUL OATHS.

RON
Kreacher...

HARRY
Been spying on us, have you?

KREACHER

Kreacher has been... watching.
Kreacher always watches.

HERMIONE

Maybe he knows.

Harry glances at her, realizes what she means, takes the locket and dangles it before Kreacher's massive eyes like a hypnotist. Kreacher watches it sway back and forth.

HARRY

Ever seen this before?

Kreacher GRUMBLES incoherently.

HARRY

Kreacher, I own this place.
Sirius left it to me. Which means
I own you too.

Kreacher grimaces mightily, then gives in.

KREACHER

That was Master Regulus' locket.

HARRY

That's right. But there were two,
weren't there?

Kreacher's eyes widen in surprise. He nods again.

HARRY

Where's the other one?

KREACHER

Kreacher doesn't know where the
other locket is.

HERMIONE

But was it here? Did you ever see
it?

Kreacher spins, his face ugly and vicious:

KREACHER

*Filthy Mudblood -- The Death
Eaters will soon be coming for
you!*

Ron snatches Kreacher by the neck, shakes him.

KREACHER

(gargling the words)
Blood-traitor Weasley --

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Ron! RON!

Reluctantly, Ron releases the elf.

HARRY

Answer her.

KREACHER

Yes. It was here, in this house.
A most evil object...

HARRY

How do you mean?

KREACHER

Before he died, Master Regulus
ordered Kreacher to destroy it.
It was the last thing he asked of
Kreacher. But no matter how
Kreacher tried, he could not..

HARRY

Where is it now? Did someone take
it, Kreacher?

KREACHER

(nodding)

He came in the night. He took
many things, including the locket.

HARRY

Who, Kreacher? Who was it?

KREACHER

Mundungus. Mundungus Fletcher.

The trio glance at one another, then Harry turns back to
Kreacher, looks him in the eye.

HARRY

Find him.

Crack! -- Kreacher VANISHES. BEGIN MONTAGE:

PIUS THICKNESSE, the new Minister For Magic, stands just
where his predecessor did, addressing his EMPLOYEES. In
the b.g. we see Yaxley again and DOLORES UMBRIDGE.

THICKNESSE

As your new Minister for Magic, I promise to restore this temple of tolerance to its former glory. Therefore, beginning today, each employee will be required to submit themselves for evaluation. But know this: You have nothing to fear... as long as you have nothing to hide...

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57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

As Thicknesse smiles, a GANG of DARK WIZARDS (SNATCHERS) emerge into the atrium, pushing a BLOODIED MAN before them. The crowd STIRS uneasily and we...

58 INT. ATRIUM - AFTERNOON 58

... watch a FLURRY of LEAFLETS flutter from the sky and land in a NEAT pile next to a stack of *Daily Prophets*. Instantly, the NEWSPAPER BOY begins to insert the leaflets into the paper. Each leaflet is imprinted with HARRY'S FACE and emblazoned with "UNDESIRABLE #1"...

59 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK 59

The HOGWARTS EXPRESS stands still upon the cracks as DARK WIZARDS board the train...

60 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - SAME TIME - DUSK 60

Dark wizards move down the aisle, flinging open cabin doors, in search of Harry. They pass Ginny and SEAMUS, KATIE BELL, LAVENDER, ROMILDA VANE and CORMAC.

CORMAC
My father will hear about this.

Finally NEVILLE bars their way, smiles defiantly.

NEVILLE
He's not here, you fools.

61 INT. GRANGER HOUSE - PARLOR - DUSK 61

Dark wizards smash through the front door, enter the parlor. The photographs still sit upon the mantle, showing only Hermione's parents, the tea they'd been drinking still sitting on the table, dried up, but unwashed...

62 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DUSK (RAINING) 62

POSTERS of HARRY pattern alley walls and street posts, trembling in a bitter wind. In the shadows, Mundungus Fletcher concludes a transaction with a desperate-looking witch, then begins to count his money with a cruel smile. Seconds later, a Snatcher squad appears and he withdraws into an alley, into the safety of the darkness when suddenly a loud CRACK! is heard and... MONTAGE ENDS.

63 EXT. 12 GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT (LATER, RAINING) 63

DARK FIGURES continue to loom in the square.

64 INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT (RAINING) 64

Ron fiddles with the RADIO, which WHISTLES EERILY as he attempts to find a signal. Harry lies on his side, studying the Snitch in his palm, its wings flapping slowly.

HERMIONE

They have flesh memories.

Harry turns, sees that Hermione is eyeing the Snitch.

HERMIONE

Snitches. They're never touched by bare skin until the Seeker captures it. Even the wizard who fabricates it wears gloves. That way, if there's a dispute, the Snitch can identify who first touched it.

HARRY

You mean... it remembers me?

HERMIONE

(nodding)

When Scrimgeour first gave it to you, I thought it might open at your touch -- that Dumbledore had hidden something in it.

Harry ponders this, eyeing the wings flapping slowly, then... Crack! A SOUND ECHOES down the hall.

65 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) (RAINING) 65

Harry and Hermione race into the kitchen. CRAZY SHADOWS spill from a far door and POTS CRASH. Suddenly, a TINY FIGURE, WET AND RAGGED, tumbles INTO VIEW, bangs into the wall opposite, and scrambles up. As he starts back for the kitchen, he stops. Sees Harry. Smiles. DOBBY.

DOBBY

Harry Potter! So long it's been --

Just then, a HAND -- Kreacher's -- reaches out, grabs Dobby by the neck and pulls him away.

66

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT (RAINING)

66

Kreacher, Dobby and Mundungus Fletcher TUMBLE from one side of the kitchen to the other. As they fly apart, Mundungus rolls to his feet, dripping wet, wand flashing.

HERMIONE

Expelliarmus!

Mundungus' wand soars into the air... into Hermione's hand.

KREACHER

As requested, Kreacher has returned with the thief Mundungus Fletcher!

DOBBY

Dobby has also returned with the thief Mundungus Fletcher!

MUNDUNGUS

What are you playing at -- setting a pair of bleedin' 'ouse-elves on me!

DOBBY

Dobby was only trying to help! Dobby saw Kreacher in Diagon Alley, which Dobby thought was curious. And then Dobby heard Kreacher mention Harry Potter's name, which Dobby thought was very curious. And then Dobby saw that Kreacher was talking to the thief Mundungus Fletcher, which Dobby thought was very, very --

MUNDUNGUS

I'm no thief, you foul little git. I'm a purveyor of rare and wondrous objects --

RON

You're a thief, Dung. Everyone knows it.

Everyone turns. Ron stands in the doorway. Dobby smiles.

DOBBY

Master Weasley! So good to see you again!

Ron nods, eyes the BRIGHT RED SHOES on Dobby's feet.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Wicked trainers.

MUNDUNGUS
Listen, I panicked that night, all right? I never volunteered to die for you, mate. Can I help it if Mad-Eye fell off his broom --

HERMIONE
Stop lying!

Hermione begins to move toward Mundungus. Ron reaches out, takes her by the shoulders, eyes Mundungus warningly.

RON
Piece of advice. Let's not rehash old times. Got it... mate?

HARRY
When you turned this place over -- *don't deny it!* -- you found a locket, am I right?

MUNDUNGUS
Why? Was it valuable?

HERMIONE
You've still got it.

RON
No. He's worried he should have got more money for it.

MUNDUNGUS
Wouldn't be difficult, would it? Bleedin' gave it away, din' I? There I was, pitching me wares in Diagon Alley when some ministry hag comes up and asks to see my license. Says she's of a mind to lock me up and would've, too, she hadn't taken a fancy to that locket.

HARRY
Who was she? This witch?

MUNDUNGUS
Well, she's right there, in't she? Bleedin' bow an' all.

He points to a yellowed *Prophet* on top of a nearby stack, where a SQUAT WOMAN with the face of a toad blinks from the front page: DOLORES UMBRIDGE.

An empty street corner. Then... Ron peers round a building. A few yards off, a WITCH (MAFALDA HOPKIRK) approaches. Ron begins to walk, preceding her down the street, then kneels, fiddling with his shoelace. Zap! The witch stiffens and falls... into the arms of Harry. Ron hurries back, takes her feet and...

... helps Harry hustle her OUT OF VIEW. They prop her up between TWO WIZARDS, one tall, one short, both UNCONSCIOUS. Hermione is pouring POLYJUICE POTION into THREE CUPS.

RON

Right. So let's do it. Who gets who?

HERMIONE

Well, unless one of you fancies wearing a skirt...

Hermione leans down, PLUCKS a HAIR from the witch. Ron frowns as he surveys the two remaining wizards.

HERMIONE

Remember what we said. Keep your eyes down. Don't speak to anyone unless absolutely necessary. Act as normal as possible. Just do what you see everyone else doing. We do that -- and with a bit of luck -- we get ourselves inside. And then...

HARRY

It gets really tricky.

HERMIONE

Correct.

Harry and Hermione look once more at the STUNNED TRIO before them.

HARRY

This is completely mental.

HERMIONE

Completely, utterly, without
question.

RON

The world's mental. Come on,
drink up. We've got a Horcrux to
find.

*
*
*

The trio -- in their new identities -- emerge. Ron (in
the guise of REG CATTERMOLE) takes out an ID CARD.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

In case you're interested, I'm Reg
Cattermole, Magical Maintenance
Department.

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

Mafalda Hopkirk, assistant in the
Improper Use of Magic Office.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
 (patting his pockets)
 I'm nobody.

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE
 You're somebody. Be careful.

Just then a SKINNY WIZARD strides by.

SKINNY WIZARD
 Morning, Reg! Good luck today.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
 Oh... yeah. Thanks.

Ron glances to Harry and Hermione, jerks his head toward the skinny wizard and they follow.

As the skinny wizard drops down the stairs into a public toilet, the trio appear.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
 What do you reckon he meant by
 'Good luck.'?

Harry and Ron enter, glance around, then, seeing as everyone else is doing so, slip into cubicles.

Harry enters. FLUSHING sounds all around him. He looks to his left, sees a PAIR OF BOOTTED FEET climb into the next toilet, then looks to his right, sees Ron -- as Reg Cattermole -- peering in.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
We flush ourselves in?

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
 Apparently so.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
 That's bloody disgusting.

As Reg/Ron's face disappears, Harry steps up onto his toilet, dips his shoe in gingerly, then withdraws it. Completely dry. Stepping in fully, he reaches up, pulls the chain and is instantly sucked down. Seconds later...

73

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - ATRIUM - MORNING (SECONDS LATER) 73

... he comes shooting out of a FIREPLACE into the grand atrium of the Ministry of Magic. He sees Hermione's already arrived and standing before a MASSIVE STATUE of BLACK STONE depicting a witch and wizard sitting upon hundreds of naked bodies twisted in pain. Harry joins her.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

Are those...?

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

(nodding; with
disgust)

Muggles. In their rightful place.

Harry glances at the base of the statue, where the words MAGIC IS MIGHT are engraved. Just then, a BALDING WIZARD bumps into Harry.

BALDING WIZARD

Move it, will you -- oh, Runcorn!
Forgive me...

The Balding Wizard hurries away, clearly frightened, as does ANOTHER WIZARD, merely at the sight of Harry.

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

You appear to be quite popular.

Ron approaches, running a gauntlet of pitying looks from co-workers who echo the Skinny Wizard's "Good Luck."

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

I gotta tell you, I'm starting to
freak out a bit.

Just then, a gang of YOUNG, ROUGH-LOOKING WIZARDS, led by their leader, SCABIOR, enter the Atrium, pushing along a small group of CAPTIVES.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

The Ministry must be hiring young
these days.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

They're not Ministry. They're
Snatchers. They hunt Muggle-borns
and blood-traitors for a price.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

How long did you say this batch of
Polyjuice Potion would last,
Hermione?

(CONTINUED)

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE
I didn't.

YAXLEY
Cattlemole!

They all jump. Yaxley strides directly up to Ron.

YAXLEY
It's still raining in my office.
Two days now.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
Really? Have you tried an
umbrella?

Yaxley eyes Ron curiously, then leans forward menacingly.

YAXLEY
You do realize I'm on my way
downstairs, don't you, Cattermole?

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
Downstairs...?

YAXLEY
To interrogate your wife! If my
wife's blood status were in doubt
and the Head of the Department of
Magical Law Enforcement needed a
job doing, I think I'd make it a
priority. You've got one hour.

Just then, the LIFT behind them clangs open. Hermione
tugs Ron inside. Yaxley turns and storms off just as...

74 INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 74

... the doors close.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
Oh my god. What am I going to do?
My wife's all alone downstairs?

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
Ron. You don't have a wife.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
Oh. Right.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
Look, we'll go with you --

(CONTINUED)

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

No, that's mad. You two find
Umbbridge. I'll be fine. But how
do I stop it raining?

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

Try Finite Incantatem. Of course
if something's gone wrong with an
Atmospheric Charm --

FEMALE (V.O.)

*Level Two. Department of Magical
Law Enforcement, including
Wizengamot Administration
Services, Auror Headquarters and
Improper Use of Magic Department.*

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

This is you.

The lift opens and Ron begins to back out.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

Finite Incantatem, okay. And if
that doesn't work...?

But before she can respond the golden grilles of the lift close and she and Harry are swept away.

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

I don't like him being on his own
down there.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

Ron's been coming here since he
was two years old. It's us you
should be worrying about.

MAFALDA HOPKIRK/HERMIONE

You really have horrible teeth,
you know that.

FEMALE (V.O.)

*Level One. Minister of Magic and
Support Staff...*

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75 CONTINUED: 75

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
(whispering quickly)
I say if we don't locate Umbridge
within the hour, we go find Ron
and come back another day. Deal?

The grilles clang open again and Harry and Hermione
freeze.

76 INT. LIFT - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 76

Standing next to a LONG-HAIRED WIZARD, her neck enwrapped
in a fuzzy PINK SCARF, is DOLORES UMBRIDGE. She looks up
from the clipboard in her hand and sees Hermione.

UMBRIDGE
Ah, Mafalda! Travers sent you,
did he? Good. We'll go straight
down.
(eying Harry)
Albert, aren't you getting out?

Harry nods mutely, steps out. As the lift descends, he
watches Hermione's anxious face sink out of sight.

77 INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - LEVEL ONE - MORNING (MOMENTS
LATER) 77

Harry passes one gleaming door after another, glancing
down purple-carpeted corridors that stretch into
nothingness. A MUTTERING WIZARD passes by, murmuring to
a QUILL floating in front of him. Otherwise, it is
eerily quiet.

YOUNG WIZARD (O.S.)
Weasley!

Harry stops dead, peers around a corner and sees a
slight, familiar-looking RED-HEADED WIZARD: PERCY
WEASLEY.

YOUNG WIZARD
They're waiting for your report
downstairs.

PERCY WEASLEY
Oh, yes... of course.

Harry watches Percy hurry off.

78

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER)

78

Harry moves on. Hears VOICES ahead. Emerges into a wide open space and discovers dozens of witches and wizards sitting at a sea of small desks. Waving their wands in unison, squares of PINK PAPER flit like kites through the air, dropping into neat stacks. Harry creeps closer, sees that they are pamphlets entitled, "MUDBLOODS and the Dangers They Pose to a Peaceful Pure-Blood Society."

RED-HAIRED WITCH

Reckon the old hag will be
interrogating Mudbloods all day?

BESPECTACLED WIZARD

Sh...careful.

Pius Thicknesse appears, trailing a retinue of lackeys.

THICKNESSE

Runcorn.

Harry returns Thicknesse's nod, watches him pass FROM VIEW. As his gaze shifts, he finds the Red-Haired Witch regarding him with fear. She looks quickly away, resumes her work at double-time. Harry's eyes shift again, regard a SHINING MAHOGANY DOOR across the way. He squints: something is imbedded within the door. He crosses the room, stops dead. Fitted into the wood is an EYE. It spins weakly, then stops: Mad-Eye's eye. He looks down to the BRASS NAMEPLATE next to the door:

DOLORES UMBRIDGE

HEAD OF THE MUGGLE-BORN REGISTRATION COMMISSION

Harry's jaw tightens in anger and he glances over his shoulder, sees the Red-Haired Witch watching him. She glances away quickly. Harry reaches into an inner pocket and removes a DECOY DETONATOR, an odd object with little weaving legs and a rubber-bulbed horn for a body. He releases it.

It scuttles down his body, across the floor and directly into the sea of desks. Harry waits. Then... Bang! Black smoke billows into the air, pink pages fly everywhere and the Detonator gives birth to dozens of tiny replicants of itself, which race about the floor, up the legs and across the desks of the pamphleteers. The Red-Haired Witch SHRIEKS. Others follow and Harry...

79

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING

79

... slips into Umbridge's office, closes the door. The room's decor is sickeningly cute. Lace doilies. Dried flowers. Harry takes out his wand.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

Accio locket.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing. Harry frowns, glances about. A LEAFLET bearing his face -- "Undesirable #1" -- lies upon Umbridge's desk, along with PHOTOGRAPHS of other Order members. Two have a LARGE PINK "X" scratched on them: Dumbledore and Mad-Eye.

Harry begins to search the office, opening drawers, riffling through filing cabinets... then stops. Pulls out a file. Inside is a PHOTOGRAPH of Hermione and an accompanying DATA SHEET: "Blood Status: MUGGLE BORN" "Whereabouts: Last seen in the company of Undesirable #1." Quickly Harry replaces the file and searches out Ron's. "Blood Status: PURE BLOOD... Pro-Muggle leanings." "Whereabouts: Last seen in the company of Undesirable #1." Harry starts to put the file away, then pauses, looks closer. "Father: Arthur Weasley. Ministry Employee. Status: TRACKED. Strong likelihood Undesirable #1 will contact." Harry stares at the word "TRACKED." Then:

BALDING WIZARD (O.S.)
All right, all right. Let's calm down, shall we?

Harry replaces the file, steps to the door and peers through. Slowly, he eases open the door, back out and...

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING

... turns. The Red-Haired Witch is watching him. He puts his finger to his lips. Her eyes go wide as saucers.

BALDING WIZARD
It probably just snuck up here from Experimental Charms. I think none of us will soon forget last month's Poisonous Duck...

Seeing the Red-Haired Witch's expression, the Balding Wizard turns and, as before, withers at the sight of Harry.

BALDING WIZARD
R-Runcorn.

Harry gives him an appraising look, turns the corner...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING

... and dashes off.

82 INT. LEVEL ONE - OUTSIDE LIFTS - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER) 82

Harry sprints INTO VIEW just as the same MUTTERING WIZARD trails his QUILL out of an empty lift.

83 INT. LIFT - MORNING 83

Harry races inside, hits a button and watches the grilles close. He glances at his reflection in the mirrored wall. Bares his teeth. Hermione's right. They're awful. Just then, the grilles clang open and Ron enters, soaking wet and wild-eyed.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
M-morning.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
Ron, it's me.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON
Harry! Blimey, I forgot what you looked like. Where's Hermione?

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY
She went down to the courtrooms with Umbridge --

The grilles open again and reveal... Arthur Weasley, in the company of an elderly witch (WAKINDA).

ARTHUR WEASLEY
I understand, Wakinda, but I can't be a party to that.

Arthur stops then, seeing Harry, and regards him with utter disdain, then turns his eyes to Ron and softens.

ARTHUR WEASLEY
Hello, Reg. Isn't Mary in for questioning today? Try to have faith. If there's anything Molly and I can do for you --

Arthur pats Ron's shoulder, stops. Pulls his dripping hand away.

WAKINDA
Let me guess. It's raining in Yaxley's office again?

ARTHUR WEASLEY
Tell him to try an umbrella.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur and Wakinda exit. As they go, Ron cranes his neck, watching with a look of longing as the grilles begin to close. Suddenly, Harry reaches out, blocks the doors.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

Arthur! You know you're being tracked, don't you?

Arthur turns.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Is that a threat, Runcorn?

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

No, Arthur. It's a fact. They're watching you.

Arthur eyes Harry with a mixture of suspicion and confusion and perhaps... recognition. Harry removes his hand. The grilles close. Ron stares at him.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

I'll tell you later. Let's find Hermione.

Harry and Ron move down a dark torch-lit stone passageway. As they move further along, their BREATH becomes VISIBLE and Ron, soaked to the bones, begins to tremble.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

Bloody cold down here.

Then they see. Swirling outside the courtroom doors like sentinels are tall black-hooded figures. DEMENTORS. Just then, a man comes stumbling out of the courtroom in the company of a PAIR of DEATH EATERS.

SCARED MAN

I'm half-blood, I tell you! My father was a wizard! Look him up! William Alderton! He worked here for thirty years...

As Ron watches the terrified man pass, Harry grabs his arm, pulls him toward the courtroom.

85

INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME - MORNING

85

A dark cathedral, possessed of a palpable chill. Dementors float eerily in the gloom. The ceiling stretches high, disappears in darkness. As Harry and Ron enter -- unnoticed at first -- they move cautiously, taking in their surroundings. Hermione comes INTO VIEW, sitting with a STACK of PARCHMENT behind a balustrade alongside Umbridge and Yaxley, while a BRIGHT-SILVER CAT -- Umbridge's Patronus -- prowls up and down, providing warmth to them and them only. Harry's eyes track the cat, then drift to Umbridge herself. Suddenly he falters. Ron notices. Eyes him curiously. WHISPERS:

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

What is it?

The corners of Harry's eyes contract, his head slightly cocked... as if he can sense the presence of something.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

It's here...

As Ron reacts -- deciphering Harry's words -- a WOMAN'S VOICE comes their way:

MARY CATTERMOLE

Reg...

Ron turns. Below the balustrade, a frail woman, MARY CATTERMOLE, sits alone, wrists chained. Seeing Ron, her wan face brightens. Ron glances at Harry, who nods, urging him on. Ron moves to the center of the room, taking his place behind the woman. Hesitating, he places his hands gently upon her shoulders, then glances up, sees Hermione watching him.

UMBRIDGE

Mary Elizabeth Cattermole?

MARY CATTERMOLE

Yes.

UMBRIDGE

Mother to Maisie, Ellie and Alfred? Wife to Reginald?

Mary looks up to Ron, her eyes glistening with fear. He smiles reassuringly. She looks away, replies:

MARY CATTERMOLE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Harry eyes Umbridge. She has draped the pink scarf over her chair, revealing a GOLD CHAIN that extends from her neck down into the ruffled folds of her blouse.

A slight HUMMING, faint and oddly lyrical, rings in Harry's ears as he studies the chain. As if drawn forward by some irresistible force, he begins to drift toward the balustrade.

UMBRIDGE

A wand was taken from you upon your arrival at the Ministry today, Mrs. Cattermole. Is this that wand?

Umbridge displays a CHERRYWOOD WAND. Mary Cattermole nods.

UMBRIDGE

Would you please tell the court from which witch or wizard you took this wand.

MARY CATTERMOLE

But I didn't take it. I got it in
Diagon Alley, at Ollivander's,
when I was eleven. It *chose me*.

Umbridge leans forward, teeth glittering as the cat slinks by and briefly illuminates her face -- and the chain at her neck trembles like a snake, something heavy swinging forward and dangling over the void.

The LOCKET.

Ron stares at it dumbstruck. Hermione catches her breath. Harry, fully removed from the shadow now, stands clearly in view, the corners of his eyes narrowing once again, the HUM growing louder in his ears. Slowly, he reaches into his pocket...

UMBRIDGE

No, no, I don't think so, Mrs. Cattermole. Wands only choose witches. And you are not a witch.

MARY CATTERMOLE

But I am! Tell them, Reg! Tell them what I am!

Ron starts to speak, but Umbridge's gaze has shifted, to Harry, to the wand rising in his hand.. and pointed at her.

UMBRIDGE

What the devil are you doing,
Albert?

As Harry speaks, his own face ripples through Runcorn's, the Polyjuice Potion wearing off.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

You're lying. And one mustn't tell lies, Dolores... *Stupefy!*

A flash of red light hits Umbridge and she slumps, forehead striking the balustrade. Instantly the silver cat vanishes. Yaxley draws his wand, but Ron is too quick and takes him out with a single blast. Hermione strips the locket from Umbridge's neck and leaps down. Instantly, her breath comes in plumes as the Dementors drift forward.

ALBERT RUNCORN/HARRY

EXPETO PATRONUM!

A SILVER STAG soars from the tip of Harry's wand, circling the room as it drives the Dementors back.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Relashio!

The chains encircling Mary Cattermole's wrists drop like dead snakes. As she stands, she eyes Harry in amazement as he transforms back into himself.

MARY CATTERMOLE

You? It's you! Reg, it's Harry Potter!

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

'Tis, isn't it? This'll be one to tell the kids.

As the trio, along with Mary Cattermole, pelts into the atrium and races toward the fireplaces, Harry bumps into the muttering wizard, who spins, takes a look at Harry, blinks.

MUTTERING WIZARD

Harry Potter...?

(louder)

Harry Potter.

Another wizard hears, looks, then repeats the same, Harry's name spreading like wildfire in the gloomy hush. Hermione glances about nervously and as she does, begins to transform back into herself.

HERMIONE

Harry... they've seen you. We've got to get out of here.

Harry nods, quickens his pace. Ron glances about, then turns, facing Mary as he continues to walk backwards.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

Mary. Go home. Get the kids.

I'll... I'll meet you there. We have to get out the country, understand?

Mary shakes her head, confused.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

Mary! Do as I say!

Mary stops, a bit teary-eyed, nods dutifully. Ron frowns.

REG CATTERMOLE/RON

I'm sorry. It's just --

Mary Cattermole takes him by the collar, pulls him into a deep kiss. Harry and Hermione glance back and watch as Ron transforms -- during the kiss -- back into himself.

REG CATTERMOLE
MARY!

All eyes turn. The real Reg Cattermole stands -- robeless -- outside one of the fireplaces. She looks up at Ron, now transformed, and jumps back.

RON
Long story. Nice meeting you.

He gives her a peck, races off. He's halfway to the fireplaces when he spies... Percy. He slows, then stops altogether, and they stare, wordless, at one another. Finally, Percy begins to open his mouth --

RON
Piss off.

Yaxley staggers into the atrium.

YAXLEY
Seal the exits! Now!

Harry, Ron and Hermione glance at each other, break for the fireplaces. As Yaxley fires on them, one fireplace after another seals itself. As they reach the last open grate, they pitch themselves -- as one -- onto the polished marble floor -- spells sailing over their heads -- and go sliding inside. As they fall into darkness, Harry glances back and watches Yaxley pitch himself into the void just before a solid block of granite drops -- like a guillotine -- sealing the fireplace and plunging Yaxley -- and the trio -- into total darkness.

A whirlwind tosses the trio as FLASHES of LIGHT reveal each briefly, including Yaxley, who reaches out for Hermione's robe. The door of Grimmauld Place rushes forward, the eyes of the SERPENT KNOCKER flashing, then there is a BURST of PURPLE LIGHT, a TORTURED SCREAM and...

The world spins as Harry lies on his back on a bed of leaves and twigs. Above, sunlight streams through a canopy of trees. Wincing, Harry rises on his elbows, sees the locket lying in the dirt. He scrabbles up, scoops it into his fingers and GRINS.

HERMIONE
Harry, quickly, in my bag, there's a small bottle labeled 'Essence of Dittany.'

(CONTINUED)

Harry turns, sees Hermione, bent over Ron's twitching body.

HERMIONE
Quickly!

Harry blinks, stumbles dizzily to the bag. As he reaches in, objects present themselves in furious succession.

HARRY
Accio Dittany.

A small BROWN BOTTLE lands in his palm.

HERMIONE
Unstopper it.

Hermione rips open Ron's shirt, which is soaked in blood. The flesh of his upper arm is flayed, as if someone had scooped a portion away.

HARRY
Hermione. His arm --

HERMIONE
Just do it!

Harry does so, hands her the bottle. She sprinkles three drops onto Ron's BLEEDING WOUND. Greenish SMOKE billows.

HARRY
What happened? I thought we were going back to Grimmauld Place.

HERMIONE
We were. We were there. But Yaxley had hold of me. I knew we couldn't stay once he'd seen, so when he let go I brought us here. Ron got Splinched. I'm... sorry.

HARRY
Don't be stupid.

The smoke sifts, clears. Ron's wound no longer bleeds.

HERMIONE
It's all I feel safe doing.

Hermione rises, takes out her wand and begins to walk in a wide circle, MUTTERING.

HERMIONE
Salvio Hexia... Protego Totalum...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What're you doing?

HERMIONE

Protective enchantments. I don't fancy another visit like we had on Shaftesbury Avenue, do you? Especially with Ron like this. You can get going on the tent...

HARRY

Tent? Where am I supposed to find --

He stops, glances down at her bag, then back to Hermione.

HERMIONE

Repello Muggletum... Muffliato...

The tent glows from within under a starlit sky.

Hermione pours tea from a kettle into cups.

HERMIONE

How're the mushrooms? Seem to be the only edible things growing round here.

Harry grimaces as he chews. "Edible" is clearly debatable.

HARRY

They're great.

HERMIONE

Make sure to leave some for Ron.

HARRY

(under his breath)

No problem.

Harry sets his plate aside, plucks up the locket, dangles it in the firelight. Glances at Ron.

HARRY

How bad is he?

HERMIONE

He'll be alright in a few days.
Hopefully. If we could take him
to Hogwarts, to Madam Pomfrey --

Harry's glance stops her, confirming what she knows.

HERMIONE

So where do we go next?

HARRY

Dumbledore had a theory. He felt
that the Horcruxes would not be
made out of random objects. And
he felt they wouldn't be hidden
randomly either. We know of three
so far. The ring, which according
to Dumbledore belonged to Tom
Riddle's grandfather. The diary,
which belonged to Tom himself. And
this, which -- again, according to
Dumbledore -- belonged to his
mother.

Hermione eyes the locket as it glimmers in the firelight.

HERMIONE

It scares me a bit, that, thinking
it's a piece of Vol--

RON

No, don't! Don't say it!

Harry and Hermione turn, see Ron stirring.

RON

It's taboo -- You-Know-Who's name.
That's how they track people now.
It's how they found us in the cafe
that night.

HARRY

How d'you know?

RON

I overheard a bloke from the
Enforcement office talking about
it at the Ministry. Blimey,
what's that smell?

HERMIONE

(no longer confident)

Dinner?

(CONTINUED)

RON

Not bloody likely. Smells like something Ginny would cook.

HERMIONE

Tea?

Ron nods. Grimacing, he pushes himself up, notices he's wearing a SLING of Hermione's fashioning. He looks from it to her as she tends the tea, a flicker of remorse playing over his face for his "dinner" remarks.

RON

Is that it?

Harry nods, hands him the locket. Ron turns it over in his hand. Frowns. Looks at Harry, who nods.

HARRY

I know. I felt it too.

(off Hermione's look)

It's... it's like it's ticking or something, like it has a tiny metal heart, like it's --

RON

... alive.

Harry nods. Hermione eyes it coldly.

HERMIONE

I hate it. It's like he's here with us.

HARRY

That's why we're going to kill it.

LYING UPON A TREE STUMP.

Ron leans against a tree, looking pale. Hermione nods to Harry. He raises his wand.

HARRY

Dissendium!

The locket spins swiftly in place, but remains whole.

HERMIONE

Incendio!

Flames engulf the locket and its metal flesh turns scarlet, but then the flames die.

HARRY
Expulso!

The tree stump EXPLODES, but the locket remains unmarked.

HERMIONE
Confringo!

The ground beneath the stump craters, but the locket remains untouched. Hermione lowers her wand, but Harry continues on, firing a succession of spells, looking almost possessed. Hermione studies him oddly until, finally, he stops. All goes silent except for the leaves shifting in wind above. Then, slowly, another sound comes clear... a TICKING. Coming from the locket.

RON
It's angry.

Hermione shivers. Harry steps forward, kneels down and takes the locket by its chain. It TICKS. He slings it over his neck. Rises.

HERMIONE
What're you doing?

HARRY
We have to keep it safe until we can figure out how to destroy it.

HERMIONE
I can put it in my bag --

HARRY
No.

RON
Seems strange, mate. Dumbledore sends you off to find a load of Horcruxes, but doesn't bother to tell you how to destroy them. Doesn't that bother you?

Harry studies the locket, whose TICKING has slowed, then walks off. Hermione eyes Ron, who returns her glance, then pushes away from the tree and walks off slowly in the opposite direction.

Ron lies on his cot, fiddling with the radio. VOICES surface in the STATIC briefly, then fade.

92

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SAME TIME - DUSK

92

Harry turns the MIRROR SHARD over in his fingers, then eyes Hermione collecting flowers in the distance. She looks beautiful. Seeing him, she smiles, waves, moves on. The RADIO SPITS STATIC and he TILTS THE MIRROR so he can see Ron. He looks annoyed, but holds his tongue and slips the mirror in his pocket. Noticing the locket, he slips it from his shirt, studies the fissures in the locket's metal skin. Suddenly he WINCES. The locket spills from his palm, dances upon the chain. The SKIN encircling his scar CONSTRICTS.

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

*Tell me, Gregorovitch. Tell me
where it is...*

93

INT. WANDSHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

93

An OLD MAN (GREGOROVITCH) with pure-white hair and a bushy beard cowers in a dark corner.

GREGOROVITCH

I told you! I no longer have it!
It was stolen from me! Many years
ago!

VOLDEMORT

*You wouldn't be lying to me, would
you, Gregorovitch? Because, I
must tell you... that will only
make it worse for you...*

As a bony hand -- Voldemort's -- extends a wand, Gregorovitch reacts with fear and we RUSH IN, DRIFTING THROUGH his dilating pupil INTO...

94

FLASHBACK - INT. DARK CORRIDOR - YEARS PAST

94

... a hall of shadows. A younger Gregorovitch hurries toward a distant room, a lantern bobbing in his hand.

GREGOROVITCH (V.O.)

I speak the truth! I remember
like it was yesterday...

95

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

95

Gregorovitch bursts inside, lantern swaying. Wood shavings litter the floor.

(CONTINUED)

On the window ledge, perched like a giant bird, a YOUNG MAN (GRINDEWALD) with golden hair grins devilishly, then raises his WAND. A BLAST of LIGHT bleaches the screen and we --

CUT TO:

Gregorovitch's face stricken with terror, as Voldemort's want tip blazes with light.

VOLDEMORT

Who was he? The thief?

GREGOROVITCH

Just a boy! Not of the village.
It was he who took it. I never
saw it again. I swear on my life.

VOLDEMORT

I believe you...

A BURST OF GREEN LIGHT engulfs the room and...

Harry's eyes flutter open. He sees Hermione, beautiful in the amber dusk, standing a bit away, studying him.

HERMIONE

I thought it had stopped.

Harry looks at her, shakes his head.

HERMIONE

You can't let him in, Harry.
Dumbledore himself said it. You
have to close your mind. It's too
dangerous --

HARRY

It's not a candle I can blow out,
Hermione. It always burns, even
if it's just a flicker. Can you
understand that?

Harry eyes her, then looks away. She frowns, concerned by this, then:

HERMIONE

Tell me. What you saw.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
He's found him. Vol--

He stops, glancing back toward the tent, toward Ron.

HARRY
You-Know-Who. He's found
Gregorovitch --

HERMIONE
The wandmaker?

HARRY
Yes. How'd you know?

HERMIONE
Viktor got his wand from
Gregorovitch. Most Durmstrang
students did at one time. What's
he got to do with You-Know-Who?

HARRY

You-Know-Who wants something
Gregorovitch once had -- dunno
what. But he's desperate to have
it. It's as if his life depends
on it.

Hermione studies Harry. The RADIO SQUAWKS from inside
the tent. Harry's eyes flare; he starts to speak --

HERMIONE

Don't -- It... comforts him.

HARRY

Well it sets my teeth on edge.
What's he expecting to hear? Good
news?

HERMIONE

I think he just hopes he doesn't
hear bad news. It gets him
through the day.

HARRY

And what gets you through the day?

HERMIONE

We've all made sacrifices, Harry.

Harry eyes her expressionlessly, nods toward the tent.

HARRY

How long before he can travel?

HERMIONE

I don't know. It takes time. I'm
doing all I can.

HARRY

You're not doing enough.

Hermione studies Harry's angry profile. Then:

HERMIONE

Take it off.

Harry turns, sees Hermione studying him closely. She
points toward his throat, toward the locket.

HERMIONE

Take it off. Now.

Harry slips the locket off... REACTS.

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HERMIONE
Better?

HARRY
Loads.

Hermione takes the locket, cradles it in her fingers.

HERMIONE
It's cold. Even though it's been
lying against your skin for days.

Hermione sees Harry studying the locket, troubled.

HERMIONE
We'll take turns. Okay?

Hermione slips it over her neck. She frowns briefly, sensing its presence, then looks up at Harry. He studies her, then nods.

98 INT. TENT - NIGHT (LATER)

98

Ron sleeps beside the CRACKLING radio. Harry lies a few feet away, awake.

99 EXT. TENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

99

Hermione huddles outside in the frigid darkness, trembling. Her eyes rake the trees. Deep within, there is, for the briefest of instances... movement. Or so it seems. She squints. Sees nothing. Returns her chin to her chest. As she does, something carries on the air... laughter. The cackle of... boys? Or so it seems. Her chin rises. She looks again into the trees...

100 INT. TENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

100

Harry reaches out, starts to turn the radio off when:

RADIO (V.O.)
... Severus Snape, newly appointed Headmaster of Hogwarts...

As the signal fades, Harry rolls onto his side and twists the dial. Behind him, we see Hermione's shadow RISE, move away from the tent...

101 EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

101

Hermione moves toward the trees...

102 INT. TENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

102

As the radio resists him, fading in and out, Harry grabs his rucksack, pulls out the WRINKLED MARAUDER'S MAP.

RADIO (V.O.)
*... bears little resemblance to
 the school under Dumbledore's
 leadership. Snape's curriculum is
 severe, reflecting the wishes of
 the Dark Lord and infractions are
 dealt with harshly by the two
 Death Eaters on the staff...*

Harry peers at the map before him and -- sure enough -- discovers Snape's name drifting about Dumbledore's office.

103 EXT. TREES - SAME TIME - NIGHT

103

Hermione moves deeper into the trees, then stops. SHADOWS splinter amid the towering trunks and VOICES come clearer. Standing utterly still, Hermione watches as a GANG of SNATCHERS make their way in her direction. They look unwashed and feral, as if they've been in the wild for some time. As they pass, within feet of her, but unable to see her, only Hermione's eyes track their passage. As before Scabior leads the way, FENRIR GREYBACK at his side. Abruptly, Scabior stops, eyes narrowing.

SCABIOR
 What's that? That... smell?

The others glance about dumbly. Scabior retraces his steps until he stands directly in front of Hermione, his eyes looking right through her. He leans forward ever-so-slightly, only inches from her neck, NOSTRILS FLARING. The locket TICKS, trembling upon Hermione's breastbone. Then, slowly, Scabior pulls back, eyes probing the darkness, before withdrawing, leading the others away. The last pair drag what appear to be BODIES.

As they vanish within the trees, Hermione finally swallows.

HARRY (O.S.)
 Snatchers.

She spins, finds Harry standing a few feet off.

HARRY
 Good to know your enchantments work.

(CONTINUED)

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HERMIONE
He could smell it. My perfume.

104 EXT. TENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 104

Ron pushes past the tent flap, peers into the darkness. In the distance, he sees Harry and Hermione. Standing close.

105 EXT. TREES - SAME TIME - NIGHT (ALT) 105

Hermione hugs herself. Shivers.

HARRY
We have to leave. We're not safe here.

HERMIONE
I told you. Ron's not strong enough to Apparate.

HARRY
Then we'll go by foot.

105A EXT. FARM - DAY 105A

We PAN DOWN FROM the sky, FIND the HORIZON. THREE FIGURES approach in the distance. Harry. Hermione. Ron. We HOLD. Then, faintly, so faint it can barely be heard at first, a SOFT WHISTLING SOUND rises on the breeze. We PAN BACK UP. Slowly, one by one, DOTS perforate the blue. The WHISTLING SOUND BUILDS.

Harry stops, listening, then turns. Hermione trailing a few feet behind, stops, eyeing him questioningly. We RACK FOCUS, OVER her shoulder, watch the DOTS attenuate, take the shape of PLUMES.

105B EXT. FARM - BARN - DAY (SECONDS LATER) 105B

The WHISTLING is EAR-SPLITTING now, more of a ROAR, as the trio scurry into a listing barn and throw shut the doors. As they peer upward through the skeletal remains of the hayloft, their faces lashed with LIGHT, they see a succession of DEATH EATERS strafe the blue above. The rotting timber buzzes and BATS dance crazily in the loft above. Gradually, the sound recedes. The bats settle.

106

EXT. ROLLING LANDSCAPE - DAY (ALT)

106

An epic flyover. Three small figures move slowly below. One figure -- Ron -- trails the other two: Harry and Hermione. We CUT DOWN TO ground level. TO Ron. He glances about sullenly, staring at the forsaken landscape, then looks up ahead to Harry and Hermione. The sight of them, walking side-by-side, does nothing to improve his mood.

RON

I'm hungry.

Harry and Hermione stop, turn. Study him for a moment.

HARRY

What?

RON

I'm hungry.

Hermione glances at Harry, who continues to stare at Ron, as if taking the measure of him.

HARRY

We're all hungry.

Ron returns Harry's glance, then looks off again. Hermione crosses to Ron, examines his RAGGED BANDAGE.

RON

Leave it.

Hermione glances at Ron's profile, then -- briefly -- at the Horcrux dangling from his neck. Ignoring his words, she begins to rummage in her beaded bag.

RON

Mum can make food appear out of thin air.

HERMIONE

(tenderly)

No one can conjure food out of thin air. Food is the first of the five Principal Exceptions to Gamp's Law. The other four are --

RON

(sharply)

Oh, speak English, can't you?

As Ron jerks his injured arm away, Hermione looks up, meets Ron's hard gaze.

(CONTINUED)

RON
I said leave it.

Hermione glances at the bandage in her hand, puts it away.

HARRY
It'll be dark soon. We need to find a place to sleep.

HERMIONE
Good plan.

RON
Yeah. Brilliant. Only, correct me if I'm wrong... wasn't that yesterday's plan? And the day before that? And the day before that? Walk. Sleep. Walk. Sleep.

Harry stares at Ron, then begins to walk toward him. Hermione watches silently. Ron stands utterly still. When Harry stops, he simply nods to Ron's neck.

HARRY
My turn.

As he reaches out, Ron blocks his hand. For a moment, they simply stand silently. Then Ron strips the chain from his neck, hands it to Harry and brushes past him. Harry glances at Hermione, drapes the Horcrux over his head and follows. Hermione watches them go, then does the same.

107

EXT. ENCAMPMENT (COOLING TOWERS) - LATE AFTERNOON

107

A light RAIN falls. Harry, wearing the locket now, walks the perimeter of the camp. He glowers toward the tent in the distance.

In the tent, safe, warm and out of earshot, Hermione tends to Ron's arm as he stares at Harry.

RON

He doesn't know what he's doing,
does he?

A frown creases Hermione's forehead as she studies Ron, then she glances at Harry, a trace of doubt in her eyes.

HERMIONE

None of us do.

107A

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

107A

Three figures move through a blood-red autumnal landscape.

107B

EXT. ABANDONED CARAVAN PARK - DAY

107B

The charred husks of several RVs -- hulking black masses -- lay about the ash-ridden park. Ron, trailed by Harry and Hermione, pauses. His eyes scan the scorched earth, fix on a BLACKENED SWING, swaying back and forth in a tiny playground. His eyes shift to the ground and he crouches. His fingers shift the dry dirt, reveal a SHINY TOY not of Muggle making.

RON

Wizards were here.

HERMIONE

I don't like this place.

Harry and Ron both turn, look at her.

HERMIONE

I want to go.

108

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

108

RON'S FACE FILLS THE SCREEN -- unwashed and wild. He looks toward something UNSEEN. Then...

... a RABBIT hops INTO VIEW, nose probing some brush. Slowly, Ron raises his wand, poised to fire when...

(CONTINUED)

BAM! Dirt explodes near the rabbit's rump and it is off and running. Seconds later, Harry appears, giving chase. Ron curses and pelts after.

The rabbit zig-zags through the trees, eluding one blast after another as Harry and Ron trip through the forest. They begin laughing, their aim becoming more and more erratic. A tree limb explodes over Harry's head and he wheels, fires playfully back at Ron. They exchange a few more blasts when one narrowly misses Harry. Instinctively, eyes flaring, he wheels, fires back at Ron, narrowly missing him.

They both stop, stare at one another, chests heaving, their breath drifting in plumes, smiles gone. Ron rubs his injured arm, almost healed now, and turns away.

... OF MUSHROOMS.

In the shadows, Ron lies on his back, staring gloomily at the pitched ceiling of the tent, listening to the RADIO'S MURMUR, while Hermione, WEARING A RED SCARF AGAINST THE CHILL, runs the fingers of her left hand through Harry's hair, alternately employing the wand in her right hand to trim Harry's hair and flip the pages of *A History of Magic*.

HERMIONE

Oh my god...

HARRY

(alarmed)

What?

HERMIONE

I'll tell you in a minute.

Harry watches his hair dropping to the ground.

HARRY

Maybe you could tell me now.

HERMIONE

Alright. The Sword of Gryffindor?
It's Goblin made.

HARRY

Brilliant.

HERMIONE

You don't understand. Dirt and
rust have no effect on the blade.
*It only takes in that which makes
it stronger.*

HARRY

O-kay.

HERMIONE

Harry. You already destroyed one
Horcrux, right? Tom Riddle's
diary -- in the Chamber of
Secrets.

HARRY

With a basilisk fang. If you tell
me you've got one of those in that
bloody beaded bag of yours --

HERMIONE

Don't you see! In the Chamber of
Secrets, you stabbed the basilisk
with the Sword of Gryffindor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Its blade is impregnated with
basilisk venom.

HARRY

*It only takes in that which makes
it stronger...*

HERMIONE

Exactly! Which means...

HARRY

... it can destroy Horcruxes.

HERMIONE

Which is why Dumbledore left it to
you in his will.

HARRY

You're brilliant, Hermione.
Truly.

HERMIONE

Actually, I'm highly logical,
which allows me to look past the
extraneous detail and perceive
clearly that which others
overlook.

HARRY

There's only one problem...

Suddenly the LIGHTS CLICK OFF...

RON

The sword was stolen.

The lights click back ON. Hermione and Harry turn, see Ron, Deluminator in hand, lying in the shadows of his bunk, staring at the roof as the FIRST DROPS OF RAIN hit the canvas above.

RON

Yeah, I'm still here. But you two
carry on. Don't let me spoil your
fun.

Harry glances at Hermione, who is studying Ron warily.

HARRY

What's the problem?

RON

Problem? There's no problem. Not
according to you, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

Heavy DROPS of rain begin to PELT the canvas of the tent.
Plunk. Plunk. Plunk.

HARRY

Look, don't be shy. If you've got
something to say, spit it out.

Ron swings out of the bunk. As his face meets the light,
he looks mean, the locket chain glittering.

RON

All right, I'll spit it out.
Don't expect me to skip up and
down because now there's some
other damn thing we've got to
find.

HERMIONE

(quietly)
Ron...

HARRY

I thought you knew what you signed
up for.

RON

Yeah, I thought I did too.

HARRY

I don't understand. What part of
this isn't living up to your
expectations? Did you think we'd
be staying in five-star hotels?
Finding a Horcrux every other day?
Did you think you'd be back to
Mummy by Christmas?

RON

No, I just reckoned after all this
time, we'd have actually *achieved*
something. I reckoned you knew
what you were doing. I reckoned
Dumbledore had told you something
worthwhile! I reckoned you had a
plan!

HARRY

I've told you everything
Dumbledore told me! And in case
you haven't noticed, we've found a
Horcrux!

RON

Yeah, and we're about as near
getting rid of it as we are to
finding the rest of them, aren't
we!

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Take it off, Ron. Please take it off. You wouldn't be talking like this if you hadn't been wearing it all day --

HARRY

Yeah, he would. D'you think I haven't noticed the two of you whispering behind my back? D'you think I haven't guessed what you were thinking?

HERMIONE

Harry, we weren't --

RON

Don't lie! You said it, too, you said you were disappointed --

HERMIONE

I didn't! Not like that! Harry --
I didn't!

RON

Do you know why I listen to that radio, every night? Do you! To make sure I don't hear Ginny's name or Fred or George or Mum or --

HARRY

You think I don't listen! You think I don't know what it's like --

RON

NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE! YOUR PARENTS ARE DEAD! YOU HAVE NO FAMILY!

Dead silence. Harry glares at Ron. Hermione looks shocked. Suddenly, they both rush forward and lock on each other's throats, Hermione rushes in.

HERMIONE

Stop! Stop!

They let go, step back. Harry points to Ron's neck.

HARRY

Go then. But leave that.

Hermione, eyes flashing with panic, glances from Harry to Ron. Ron strips the chain from his neck, casts it away, then turns to Hermione.

(CONTINUED)

RON

And you?

HERMIONE

Me?

RON

Are you staying? Or coming?

Hermione looks anguished, glancing from one to the other.
The canvas streams with rain behind her.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Fine. I get it. I saw you two the other night. Yeah, that's right. Didn't know I knew, did you?

HERMIONE

What? Ron, no -- please --

He whips aside the tent flap and the RAIN ROARS. As Hermione rushes after him, she tips over the radio. As it Hisses Harry glowers at the Horcrux. Seconds later, Hermione returns, sopping hair plastered to her face.

HERMIONE

He's gone.

The river flows quietly, thick and muddy from the previous night's rain. Harry emerges from the tent, peers into the trees. Hermione stands far down by the riverbank, tying the red scarf to a tree.

Hermione, eyes red from crying, clutches the beaded bag in one hand while the locket dangles from the other. She peers one last time toward the trees, then, without turning, reaches out her hand. Harry studies her, then steps forward, gently takes her fingers in his. Instantly...

... they Disapparate, pitched into a whirlwind of darkness. As they reappear...

... on a windswept hillside, their hands break free and Hermione stumbles away, sobs racking her body as she buries her face in her hands. Harry watches her, then turns away, takes out his wand and begins to walk in a circle, casting enchantments in a soft voice.

HARRY

Salvio Hexia... Protego Totalum...

Harry walks the perimeter of the camp, looking up every so often to look at the ILLUMINATED TENT.

(CONTINUED)

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He watches HERMIONE'S SHADOW pass within, sliding over the canvas. Seconds later, the RADIO CRACKLES to life. He shakes his head, vaguely annoyed, then starts to move off again when a SONG comes CLEAR. He stops.

114 INT. TENT - DUSK (SECONDS LATER) 114

As Harry ducks into the tent, Hermione looks up.

HERMIONE
It's a Muggle station.

Hermione smiles and Harry does too. Harry listens then, debating, reaches out his hand. Hermione eyes him uncertainly, then allows him to pull her to her feet. He steps forward, gently removes the locket from her neck and tosses it to the ground. She looks at it, then back to him. He smiles and, without prompting...

... they begin to dance, tentatively at first, then letting themselves go.

115 EXT. TENT - SAME TIME - DUSK 115

Their shadows flicker upon the canvas like joyous shadow puppets, moving with abandon until, abruptly, the signal slips away and...

116 INT. TENT - SAME TIME - DUSK 116

... the STATIC returns. Their smiles fade. They stop moving. Hermione averts her eyes, exits. Harry watches her go, then takes the locket from the floor, slings it over his neck.

117 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY 117

Hermione, wrapped in a blanket, sits just outside the tent by a wind-whipped fire, going back and forth between *Tales of Beedle the Bard* and another book, *Spellman's Syllabary*.

118 INT. TENT - SAME TIME - DAY 118

Harry lies on the top bunk above Ron's empty lower, eyeing his face in the surface of the Snitch sitting there. As he takes it in hand, the wings begin to flap slowly up and down. He watches it for a long time... when an idea strikes.

(CONTINUED)

Folding his fingers around the orb, he brings it to his lips briefly, then turns it over in his palm.

The Snitch's tired wings go still. Then, as if written by an invisible hand, WORDS appear on the smooth golden surface:

"I open at the close."

HARRY
Hermione.

Harry slips through the flap, hands her the Snitch.

HARRY
You were right. It's like you said. Snitches have flesh memories. But I didn't catch my first Snitch with my hand. I almost swallowed it.

Hermione watches the WORDS VANISH on orb.

HERMIONE
'I open at the close?'

HARRY
What do you reckon it means?

HERMIONE
I don't know. But look, I've found something as well...

She turns *The Tales of Beedle the Bard* into the flickering light, points to the top of the title page, to a SMALL DRAWING of a TRIANGULAR EYE.

HERMIONE
I thought it was a picture of an eye, but now I don't think it is. It isn't a rune and it's not in *Spellman's Syllabary* either. And it's been inked in -- somebody drew it -- it isn't part of the book.

HARRY
Luna's dad was wearing that, at Ron-
(catching himself)
At Bill and Fleur's wedding.

HERMIONE

What d'you mean -- wearing it?

HARRY

Around his neck. Like an amulet. I didn't think much of it at the time. You know Luna -- she's always got some mad thing or the other she's carrying around. I just figured it ran in the family.

HERMIONE

Why would someone have drawn it in a children's book?

As Hermione shakes her head, musing, Harry eyes her.

HARRY

Hermione, I've been thinking. I -- I want to go to Godric's Hollow. It's where I was born, it's where my parents died --

HERMIONE

And it's exactly where You-Know-Who will expect you to go. Because it means something to you.

HARRY

But it means something to him too, Hermione. You-Know-Who nearly died there. Wouldn't that be just the kind of place he'd hide a Horcrux?

Hermione eyes him. Despite herself, she knows he's right.

HERMIONE

It's dangerous, Harry. But I have to admit, recently even I've been thinking we might have to go. I think it's possible something else is hidden there.

(off Harry's look)

The sword. If Dumbledore didn't want it falling into the Ministry's hands, but wanted you to find it, what better place to hide it than the birthplace of the founder of Gryffindor himself?

HARRY

Godric's Hollow is the birthplace
of Godric Gryffindor -- I mean,
'course it is. Obvious, isn't it?

HERMIONE

(eyeing him
knowingly)

Harry, did you ever even open *A
History of Magic*?

HARRY

Tossed it at Neville once when he
was snoring -- might've popped
open.

She smiles, then rises, collecting her books and blanket.

HARRY

Hermione...

Words fail him. Hermione reaches out, lightly strokes
his hair as she heads toward the tent.

HERMIONE

Don't ever let me give you a
haircut again.

Golden streetlights glimmer along a narrow road leading
to the center of town. Christmas decorations twinkle in
the windows of small cottages, roofs blanketed in snow.
Hermione and Harry Apparate INTO VIEW, wearing HEAVY
COATS and hats, scarves wrapped around their mouths.

HERMIONE

I still think we should've used
Polyjuice Potion.

HARRY

No. This is where I was born.
I'm not returning as someone else.

He holds out his arm and Hermione takes it. They move
off.

Harry and Hermione walk, arms linked. A PUB DOOR opens
briefly and LAUGHTER and MUSIC spill forth.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Harry, I think it's Christmas Eve!
Listen...

Her voice is wistful. As they listen, VOICES carry from the church up ahead. Harry eyes the GRAVEYARD beyond.

HARRY

Do you think they'd be in there?
My mum and dad?

HERMIONE

Yeah. I think they would.

The SINGING is FULL AND RICH here as Harry and Hermione make their way through the snow toward the graveyard. Harry peers up at the STAINED GLASS windows glittering over him.

Harry pushes through a gate, then lets go of Hermione's hand, row upon row of snowy tombstones stretch before him. As he heads off, Hermione studies him, then follows.

NEW ANGLE - GRAVEYARD

Hermione pauses by a large tombstone freckled with lichen.

HERMIONE

Harry.

HARRY

Is it -- ?

HERMIONE

No. But look.

Harry steps over, looks: KENDRA DUMBLEDORE AND HER DAUGHTER ARIANA. A quotation is etched in the granite: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

HERMIONE

Did you know he had a sister?

Harry stares at the stone, his face a mask.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
No.

Harry turns away, walks off.

NEW ANGLE - TOMBSTONES

Hermione walks amid the stones, studying the names, then stops by an extremely old grave. She crouches.

HERMIONE
Lumos.

Hermione plays the wand's light over the surface of the stone, then stops. Though deeply worn by time, the symbol is unmistakable: the TRIANGULAR EYE. Hermione rakes the light over the name: IGNOTUS PEVERELL.

HERMIONE
Ignotus... Hey, Har --

She stops. Harry stands several rows away. Utterly still.

NEW ANGLE - HARRY

As he stares at the tombstones of his parents:

JAMES POTTER	LILY POTTER
Born 27 March 1960	Born 30 January 1960
Died 31 October 1981	Died 31 October 1981

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Hermione appears, looks at Harry. Sees that tears are streaming down his cheeks. Hermione raises her wand, traces a circle in the air and a WREATH of

CHRISTMAS ROSES blossom in the snow. Harry nods, staring at them.

HARRY
Happy Christmas, Hermione.

HERMIONE
Happy Christmas, Harry.

Hermione laces her arm around his waist and he drapes his arm over her shoulder. They stand silently. Then:

HERMIONE
Harry...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Yeah.

HERMIONE
Someone's watching us. By the gate.

Harry nods, careful not to look too soon, then glances up. A STOOPED FIGURE, barely discernible in the drifting snow, stands in the shadows of the church. She -- it is distinctly female, and older -- doesn't move initially -- as if wanting Harry to see her -- then turns away.

HARRY
C'mon.

All light has left the sky. The stooped figure hobbles along, past the pub, where shadows play against the windows and muffled voices can be heard. Harry and Hermione follow.

Hermione eyes the woman ahead, then looks about their surroundings, feeling trapped.

HERMIONE
I don't think this is a good idea.

HARRY
We look like ordinary Muggles.

HERMIONE
Muggles who've just been laying flowers on your parents' grave.

Just then, up ahead, the stooped woman holds up her hand and Hermione and Harry stop. Seconds later, a group of SNATCHERS passes by the alley. As they vanish, the woman continues on.

HARRY
Relax. This is right. I know it.

The woman hobbles on. The lane is lined with modest cottages with small and tidy gardens. Hermione barely gives them a glance, nervously eyeing the woman ahead, before realizing she is walking alone.

(CONTINUED)

She turns, sees Harry standing several yards back, staring at a dark cottage, its garden overgrown with weeds, its roof entirely covered in ivy and snow. Hermione returns to him, looks. GASPS.

HERMIONE

Omigod. Harry...

HARRY

This is where they died, Hermione.
This is where he murdered them.

Hermione studies Harry's bitter profile, then the house, careful not to disturb the moment with words. Absently, Harry places his fingers upon the locket at his chest. It is trembling -- over-so-slightly. Then, without turning, while still staring at the house, Harry speaks:

HARRY

You're Bathilda, aren't you?

Hermione blinks, confused, then turns and jumps. The old woman is standing only yards away, watching them.

The door rattles open and tiny BATHILDA BAGSHOT hobbles inside, followed first by Harry, then Hermione, who wrinkles her nose. As Bathilda exits the room, Hermione glances about.

HERMIONE

Harry, I'm not sure about this.

HARRY

Hermione, she knew Dumbledore.
She might have the sword.
Besides, she's barely knee-high to
a house-elf. I think we can
overpower her if it turns ugly.

HERMIONE

There's something odd about her.
And what's that smell?

HARRY

She's gaga, remember?

Bathilda returns, holding a box of matches. She strikes one, tries to light a candle, but her movements are clumsy.

HARRY

Here. Let me do that.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

You have a lovely house, Miss Bagshot.

Hermione eyes a PHOTOGRAPH of a CURIOUSLY COMPELLING YOUNG GIRL (ARIANA), then runs a finger along a table. It comes away thick with dust. She frowns, looks up, finds Bathilda watching her.

HARRY

Miss Bagshot? Who is this man?

Harry stands by a chest of drawers, holding the match over a grouping of PHOTOGRAPHS. Coated in DUST, the figures in the frames flit like ghosts behind veils. Harry picks one up, wipes away the dust with his hand. In it a merry-faced boy looks out, his cheery expression belying a particularly intense gaze.

HARRY

His name. Can you tell me his name?

Bathilda stares at the photograph solemnly, then peers up at Harry. Her eyes are THICK with CATARACTS. Harry stares, unnerved, then Hermione walks over, looks at the picture.

HARRY

This is him, Hermione. The one I saw in Gregorovitch's wandshop. The thief. Miss Bagshot, who is he?

She looks at him, then jerks her head toward the stairs.

HARRY

She wants us to go upstairs.

HERMIONE

All right...

As Hermione moves, Bathilda shakes her head, points at Harry.

HARRY

She wants me to go. Alone.

HERMIONE

Why?

HARRY

It's all right. You stay here.

HERMIONE

Harry...

Harry holds up his hand, silencing her, then follows Bathilda. Just before he disappears, he looks back and winks, but Hermione doesn't look reassured.

Harry trails Bathilda up a circular staircase, uncomfortably narrow and lined with books.

The Life and Lies of Albus Dumbledore. A hand reaches in, takes it. Hermione's hand. A NOTE is attached:
"Dear Batty. Thanks for your help. You said
everything... even if you don't remember. Rita."

Harry enters a dark low-ceilinged room. He wrinkles his nose at the smell, then hears the door close behind him. The room plunges into darkness.

HARRY

Lumos.

Harry sweeps the room, gives a start. Bathilda's face wavers in the dark, only feet away, staring at him.

Hermione hugs herself as she exits the sitting room and peers into the adjacent hallway. A sliver of the kitchen can be seen and a faint BUZZING heard. A strange SHADOW dances on one kitchen wall, of SPECKS moving. Hermione approaches.

Harry watches as Bathilda moves closer, transfixed by her milky eyes. The Horcrux on his chest TWITCHES.

BATHILDA BAGSHOT
(in Parseltongue)
You are Potter?

HARRY
(in Parseltongue)
Yes.

133

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT 133

As Hermione nears the kitchen, she eyes the CLOUD of SPECKS swarming the wall curiously. The BUZZING GROWS to a HISS as the room... comes INTO VIEW. Hermione GASPS.

CLOTTED BLOOD streaks the sink and great wide swaths of RED stain the floor where HUNDREDS OF FLIES swarm.

BATHILDA BAGSHOT (O.S.)
(in Parseltongue)
I have something for you...

Hermione's gaze rises, to the ceiling, to the HEATING VENT, from which the hissing voice has just come.

134

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

134

Harry's arm droops, his wand tip painting the room with dots of light as he sways, wincing as his scar stings. Bathilda points, to a dressing table cluttered with soiled laundry, her milky eyes fixed on Harry. Something surfaces in her filmy corneas, her pupils changing from dots to silts.

135

INT. SERPENTINE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

135

Hermione, wand drawn, ascends the stairs.

136

INT. BAGSHOT HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

136

Harry peers at the foul laundry, moving closer, when, out of the corner of his eye, Bathilda moves weirdly. He wheels and watches in horror as...

Bathilda's old body collapses and Nagini pours from her neck. As Harry raises his wand, Nagini STRIKES, piercing his forearm. His wand flies out of his hand, its light spinning dizzily around the room. Nagini's tail swings about, knocks Harry's legs out from under him.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Harry!

As Harry rolls onto his back, gasping for breath, Nagini's massive body rolls over him, the Horcrux ticking feverishly against his chest. As Harry ROARS in pain, the lenses of his GLASSES fracture.

The bedroom door swings open, reveals Hermione silhouetted against the stairwell, wand poised. A FLASH OF RED LIGHT ricochets around the room and Nagini's tail whips angrily about, shattering the bedroom window. Hermione dives aside and Harry covers his face as the curtains burst into flames and shards of glass shower the room in a rush of cold air.

As Harry reclaims his wand and rises, Nagini's body uncoils in fury, splintering furniture and blasting holes into the walls.

HERMIONE
Confringo!

As Hermione's spell caroms off the trembling walls, we see both her and Harry reflected in a MIRROR. He leaps, sweeping her toward the smoldering window. As they pitch themselves into the night, the mirror EXPLODES and shards of glass, reflecting bits of Hermione and Harry and the giant snake, tumble in the night, slowly vanishing into... nothingness.

Weirdly quiet. Like the memory of a day long ago. A lone figure -- Hermione -- walks from the river to the woods, a pail of water in hand, leaving silent footprints in the FROST that glitters on the ground.

DARKNESS. For a moment, we hear nothing. Then, Hermione's voice SOFTLY WHISPERS:

HERMIONE (O.S.)
*Harry... Harry, can you hear
me...?*

HARRY (O.S.)
Yes.

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Good. That's good...

HARRY (O.S.)
We got away.

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Yes.

HARRY (O.S.)
Are you alright?

HERMIONE (O.S.)
I'm fine. But you've been sick.
Rest... Rest a bit more...

All stays DARK...

Hermione sits reading a BOOK by the fire. The hillside is glorious, overlooking a vast valley.

HARRY (O.S.)
You've outdone yourself this time.

Hermione turns, finds Harry standing outside the tent, admiring the view. He looks pale, battle-worn.

HERMIONE
The Forest of Dean. I came here once with my mum and dad, years ago. It's just how I remember it. The trees. The river. It's like nothing's changed. Not true, of course. Everything's changed. If I brought my parents here, they wouldn't recognize any of it. Not the trees. Not the river. Not... me.

HARRY
Where are they?

HERMIONE
Wendell and Monica Wilkens now reside happily in Sydney, Australia. They have two dogs, run a small sweet shop, but floss daily. No children.

She smiles, then it fades.

HERMIONE
Maybe we should just stay here, Harry. Grow old.

Harry has no words. She inhales, shakes off her tears.

HERMIONE

You wanted to know who the boy in
the photograph was. Well, I know.

(CONTINUED)

Hermione holds up the book in her lap: *The Life and Lies of Albus Dumbledore.*

HERMIONE

It was in Bathilda's sitting room.
Rita Skeeter had sent it to her.
Harry, it doesn't make for very
nice reading --

HARRY

Who is he, Hermione? The thief?
Did Dumbledore know him?

HERMIONE

Yes.

HARRY

Well?

HERMIONE

For a time.

HARRY

Tell me, Hermione. Who is he?

HERMIONE

Gellert Grindelwald. He's not
very well known in Britain, but
there was a time, before You-Know-
Who...

HARRY

Hermione, I don't need to have
read *A History of Magic* to know
who Gellert Grindelwald is.

Hermione nods, hands him the book, open to a PHOTOGRAPH
of a TEENAGED DUMBLEDORE laughing with another BOY
(GELLERT GRINDELWALD). The caption: "For the Greater
Good? Dark Days; Dumbledore and Grindelwald." On the
opposite page is a PHOTOGRAPH of Grindelwald in later
days, clad in black, holding a JAGGED WAND -- no longer
the carefree lad of youth.

HERMIONE

When Grindelwald was seventeen, he
was expelled from Durmstrang.
He'd started doing some twisted
things at school -- experiments.
A few teachers had always
protected him, but they couldn't
anymore. After he left, he
traveled for awhile, then ended up
in Godric's Hollow where his great
aunt lived, Bathilda Bagshot.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Get to the hard part, Hermione.

HERMIONE

She introduced him to Dumbledore. It made sense. Dumbledore's mother had just died, Grindelwald was troubled and they were both brilliant -- they'd never really had anyone they could talk to on the same level. They did a lot of talking that summer. But they always returned to one particular subject.

Harry looks up.

HERMIONE

Wizard rule over Muggles.

HARRY

And Dumbledore believed in it?

HERMIONE

Yes.

Harry nods, looking at the photograph again.

HARRY

'For the Greater Good.' What does that mean?

HERMIONE

It was something Dumbledore came up with. He believed wizards were superior and should rule over Muggles, but gently, for their own good. Grindelwald took a more violent position.

Harry shakes his head, staring at the book.

HERMIONE

It was a different time, Harry. It was one summer. Dumbledore was young --

HARRY

We're young, Hermione. And here we are, risking our lives to fight against the very thing Dumbledore supported.

HERMIONE

He *changed*, Harry. Years later,
it was Dumbledore who put
Grindelwald in prison.

Harry stares at the photograph of the laughing thief one last moment, then tosses the book away.

HARRY
Where's my wand? I'll take the watch.

Hermione hesitates. Her expression makes him apprehensive.

HARRY
Hermione. Where's my wand?

She points. There, lying by the fire, is a shattered stick. He picks it up gently, sees that it is nearly severed in two. One fragile strand of phoenix feather holds it together.

HERMIONE
It's my fault. As we were leaving Godric's Hollow, I cast a curse and it rebounded... I'm sorry, Harry, I tried to mend it but wands are different --

HARRY
It's done.

HERMIONE
Maybe we can --

HARRY
It's done.

His tone puts an end to it. She nods.

HARRY
Leave me yours. You get back in the warm. And give me that.

Harry gestures to the locket. Hermione starts to speak, then simply hands it over. She starts to leave, pauses.

HERMIONE
He loved you, Harry. I know he loved you.

She trails her fingers lightly over his hair, and he closes his eyes. We --

DISSOLVE TO:

140

EXT. TENT (FOREST OF DEAN) - NIGHT (LATER)

140

The fire is merely embers. Harry sits with a frost-encrusted blanket draped over his shoulders, staring bitterly into the dark forest. The silence is eerie, SHADOWS play in the trees. He peers through the tent flap and sees Hermione slumbering in the light of a SMALL BOWL of FLAMES. Then, slowly, LIGHT CRAWLS briefly over the tent canvas and he turns, peers into the forest once more. Something seems to GLIMMER FAINTLY, but so briefly as to seem a trick of the eye. The air is cold, gives texture to the darkness, makes it a living thing.

(CONTINUED)

And then it is there again, the LIGHT -- pure and bright and silver and moving through the trees toward him. Harry rises and the blanket slithers off his shoulders. Gripping Hermione's wand, he watches the LIGHT drift closer, then shatter throughout the trees, momentarily blinding. And then it appears...

... a SILVER-WHITE DOE, moon-bright and dazzling. It gazes at Harry and he stands, transfixed. And then the doe turns away. His voice cracks:

HARRY
No...

FROST CRUNCHES beneath Harry's feet as he dashes through the trees in pursuit of the silent doe up ahead, breath streaming from his lungs. She leads him deep into the forest until, finally, she stops, as does Harry. As he watches, she turns her beautiful head toward him... and vanishes. For a moment, a GHOST IMAGE of her, like a retina burn, hangs in the air and then Harry is plunged into darkness.

HARRY
Lumos!

Hermione's wand-tip ignites. Harry paints the clearing with light and something GLEAMS: a small FROZEN POOL. He crosses to it, looks down. He sees his own image reflected dully and then, deeper, within, a SILVER CROSS. He looks closer.

It is the SWORD OF GRYFFINDOR.

Harry steps back, blinks. It's still there. He glances about, painting the trees with light, looking to insure he is alone, then casts light upon the pool once more.

HARRY
Accio Sword.

Nothing. Harry walks about the pool again and again and then stops. He crouches...

... and looks slowly down at his chest. The Horcrux around his neck has begun to TWITCH. Harry places his fingers upon it briefly, then rises. Quickly, with fumbling fingers, he SHEDS his clothes and points Hermione's wand at the pool.

HARRY

Diffindo.

The pool's icey crust CRACKS, echoing in the silence. CHUNKS of DARK ICE rock the surface. Harry steps to the pool's edge, peers within... and PLUNGES...

... SCREAMING in the dark silence of the chill water. He kicks down to the glimmering sword, grabs the hilt and kicks for the surface when...

... the locket's chain begins to COIL, tightening like a SNAKE about his neck. As the links bite into his throat, he releases the sword and begins to thrash about, struggling to get his fingers under the chain. Realizing it's no use...

... he reaches for the pool's edge, his fingers scrabbling desperately over the ice, but unable to gain purchase. Slowly, his hands go limp and slip from the ice back into...

... the water, where he drifts slowly down, a slow trail of bubbles escaping his mouth, eyes half-closed as he peers upward, watching as the surface of the water grows slowly calm... peaceful... when... a SHADOW appears and...

... a PAIR of HANDS shatter the glassy surface of the water and Harry is pulled upward and out, landing...

... face-down on the frigid ground, choking and retching.

HARRY

Hermione...

A HAND reaches in, strips the locket from his neck.

RON

Are -- you -- *mental?*

Harry's eyes pop open. Standing a few yards away, fully dressed and half-drenched, clutching the sword of --

Gryffindor in one hand and the locket in the other, is Ron. Harry just stares, then begins to pull on his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
It was you!

RON
Well, yeah. Bit obvious, I'd think.

HARRY
And the doe. That was you as well.

RON
No. I reckoned it was you.

HARRY
My Patronus is a stag.

RON
Right. Antlers.

Ron brings his arms up, vaguely pantomiming antlers, but the effect is lost, what with the sword and locket.

HARRY
You didn't see anyone else?

RON
No, I... I did think maybe I saw something -- when I was running -- over there --

Harry crosses to a pair of OAKS grown close together.

RON
Anything?

HARRY
(shaking his head)
But I reckon whoever cast the doe, put the sword in that pool hoping we'd find it.

RON
And we did, didn't we?

The "we" hangs in the chill air. Harry eyes Ron, then steps forward and dangles the locket close to the sword. It immediately begins to TWITCH.

HARRY
See that? It knows. It's afraid.
(looking up)
Do it.

(CONTINUED)

RON

What? No. Harry. That thing's bad for me. I can't handle it. I'm not making excuses for how I acted, but that thing affects me more than it affects you and Hermione. It made me think stuff -- stuff I was thinking anyway, but it made everything worse.

HARRY

All the more reason.

RON

No. I can't --

HARRY

Then why are you here? Why did you come back?

Harry's tone is hard, meant to wound. This stops Ron. He steps back, grips the sword with both hands. Harry nods.

HARRY

I'll have to speak to it in order for it to open. When it does, don't hesitate. I don't know what's in here, but it'll put up a fight. The bit of Riddle that was in his diary tried to kill me.

Ron nods and then Harry sweeps a layer of frost from a flat rock, lays the locket down.

HARRY

On three. One. Two. Three.
(in Parseltongue)
Take me inside...

Click! The twin doors of the locket SNAP open. Behind each glass window a LIVING EYE blinks -- Tom Riddle's eyes.

HARRY

Stab it, Ron. Now.

Ron raises his trembling hands, poises the sword. Then a VOICE hisses from the Horcrux.

VOICE (V.O.)

I have seen your heart and it is mine...

HARRY
Don't listen to it.

VOICE (V.O.)
I have seen your dreams, Ronald Weasley, and I have seen your fears...

HARRY
Ron. Don't listen to it!

VOICE (V.O.)
Least loved, by the mother who craved a daughter. Least loved, by the girl who prefers your friend...

HARRY
Ron. Stab it!

The locket QUIVERS in Harry's fingers, turning WHITE-HOT, and he releases it. As the eyes gleam SCARLET, Harry grimaces and a FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT BURSTS forth, leaving in its wake two FIGURES floating in the darkness -- GHOST IMAGES of Harry and Hermione.

RIDDLE-HARRY
We were better without you, happier without you.

RIDDLE-HERMIONE
Who could look at you beside Harry Potter? What are you, compared with the Chosen One...?

Ron stands transfixed, sword in hand, horrified.

HARRY
Ron. It lies! Stab it! STAB IT!

RIDDLE-HARRY
Your mother confessed that she would have preferred me as a son...

RIDDLE-HERMIONE
Who wouldn't prefer him, what woman would take you, you are nothing, nothing, nothing to him...

The ghostly Hermione, frightening yet beautiful, entwines herself around the ghostly Harry, her hair running like silk over their faces as she leans forward and covers his mouth with hers.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Do it, Ron! Kill it!

Ron's head turns then, to Harry, and Harry freezes. A trace of SCARLET glints in Ron's eyes. He raises the sword high and -- for a moment -- Harry looks fearful. Then, Ron pivots and brings the blade down hard, cleaving the locket. A SCREAM echoes throughout the forest and the ghostly Harry and Hermione turn to dust, becoming one with the vapor drifting from Ron's mouth and all is...

Quiet.

Harry eyes the shattered locket, then turns his gaze on Ron who stands alone, sword dangling from the end of his arm, chest heaving.

Harry scoops up the locket and examines it. Riddle's eyes are gone, the silk lining stained and faintly smoking. Ron lets the sword fall to the ground, drops to his knees. Harry steps forward and -- carefully -- places a hand upon his shoulder.

HARRY
After you left, she cried for a week. She's like my sister.

RON
I'm sorry. I'm sorry I left.

HARRY
You've sort of made up for it tonight. Getting the sword. Finishing off the Horcrux.

RON
Saving your life.

HARRY
That too.

They both stare at the remains of the locket.

RON
And just think of it. Only three to go.

The bowl of flames boils timidly now; Hermione still slumbers.

HARRY (O.S.)
Hermione!

(CONTINUED)

She stirs, sits up. Pushing her hair out of her face, she peers through the tent flap.

Harry sticks the sword in the ground. As Hermione emerges, she blinks against the brightness of the morning sun.

HERMIONE
Everything all right?

HARRY
Fine. Actually... more than fine.

He steps aside and Hermione sees Ron, standing at the edge of the camp. She stares, mute, then walks past Harry and the ashes of the campfire, stopping right in front of Ron. He raises a hand, smiles sheepishly.

RON
Hey.

And then... Hermione begins to PUNCH HIM.

RON
Wo -- hey -- ouch!

HERMIONE
(with each punch)
You -- complete -- arse -- Ronald
-- Weasley! You crawl back here
after all these weeks and say,
'Hey?'
(turning to Harry)
Where's my wand? Harry, where's
my wand!

Harry places his hand over his pocket.

HARRY
Um... I don't know?

HERMIONE
Harry Potter, you give me my wand!

RON
How come he's got your wand?

HERMIONE
Never mind why he's got my wand --
(stopping)
What is that?

(CONTINUED)

She stares at the blackened locket dangling in Ron's hand.

HERMIONE
You destroyed it?

Hermione glances at Harry. He indicates Ron. She turns back to Ron. He nods. She starts to speak when her eyes shift, see the sword stuck in the ground.

HERMIONE
And exactly how is it you have the
Sword of Gryffindor?

HARRY
It's a long story.

Hermione ponders this, baffled, then looks back at Ron.

HERMIONE
Don't think this changes anything.

RON
No, of course not. I only
destroyed a bloody freaking
Horcrux! Why would *that* change
anything! Do you know what it was
like for me to hear those words
coming from you! To see you doing
those things --

Ron stops.

HERMIONE
See me doing what things?

Ron blinks, mortified. Hermione turns to Harry.

HERMIONE
What happened out there?

HARRY
(at a loss, then)
It's a long story.

RON
Look, I wanted to come back the
minute I'd left. I just... didn't
know how to find you.

HARRY
Exactly how did you find us?

RON
With this.

(CONTINUED)

145

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY... - PT. 1 - Rev. 6/11/10 108A.
CONTINUED: (2) 145

Ron reaches into his pocket, pulls out the Deluminator.

(CONTINUED)

RON

It doesn't just turn off lights.
I don't know exactly how it works,
but Christmas morning I -- I was
sleeping -- in this little pub--
I'd given some Snatchers the slip
the night before, me being a blood-
traitor and all -- anyway, I was
sleeping when I heard it...

HARRY

It?

RON

A voice.

Ron turns to Hermione, holds up the Deluminator.

RON

Your voice, Hermione. Coming out
of this.

HERMIONE

And what may I ask did I say?

RON

My name. Just my name. Like a
whisper.

Hermione stands perfectly still... and blushes.

RON

So I took this and I clicked it
and this tiny ball of light
appeared. And I knew.

HARRY

Knew what?

RON

Just knew. On account of
Hermione's voice. And sure
enough, it floated toward me, the
ball of light, right to my chest
and then -- went straight through
-- right here.

Ron touches a point close to his heart.

RON

I could feel it inside me. It was
warm, like the first sip of a good
cup of tea. And I knew it would
take me where I needed to go.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

145

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY... - PT. 1 - Rev. 6/11/10 110.
CONTINUED: (4) 145

RON (CONT'D)

So I Disapparated and came out on
this hillside. It was dark. I
didn't have any idea where I was.
I just had to hope one of you
would show yourselves in the end.
And you did.

146

INT. TENT (FOREST OF DEAN) - NIGHT

146

Harry lies in his bunk while Ron sits cross-legged,
warming his hands over a bowl of FLAMES.

RON

I've always liked it. These
flames Hermione makes.

Harry peers at the bowl, then beyond the tent flap, sees
Hermione sitting just outside, keeping watch.

RON

How long you reckon she'll stay
mad at me?

HARRY

Keep talking 'bout that little
ball of light touching your heart
-- she'll come round.

RON

It was true. Every word.

(a beat)

You're going to think I'm mental,
but I think that's why Dumbledore
left it to me -- the Deluminator.
I think he knew that at some point
I'd... need to find my way back.
And she'd lead me.

Harry eyes Ron, pondering this. Then suddenly, Ron jumps
up, grabs his own rucksack and begins to fish through it.

RON

Bloody hell. I just realized.
You need a wand, right?

HARRY

Yeah...

RON

Well, I've got one. Here. It's
Blackthorn, ten inches, nothing
special, but I reckon it'll do. I
took it off a Snatcher a few weeks
back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't tell Hermione, but they're a bit dim, Snatchers. This one was definitely part Troll. The smell off him...

Harry points the wand at the flames.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Engorgio.

The flames FLARE MASSIVELY and Ron leaps back.

RON
Wo.

HARRY
Reducio!

As the flames subside, Ron pats down a small flare-up on the canvas.

HERMIONE
What's going on in there?

HARRY/RON
Nothing.

RON
(to Harry)
Maybe a bit more practice, eh?

HERMIONE
We need to talk.

Ron wheels, sees Hermione standing in the mouth of the tent, *Life and Lies* in hand, looking at Harry.

RON
All right.

HERMIONE
(ignoring him)
I want to go and see Xenophilius Lovegood.

HARRY
Sorry?

HERMIONE
See this? It's a letter Dumbledore wrote to Grindelwald. Look at the signature. It's the mark again.

Hermione turns the book in Harry's direction. Dumbledore replaced the "A" in Albus with the TRIANGULAR EYE.

HERMIONE
It keeps cropping up. Here. In *Beedle the Bard*. In the graveyard in Godric's Hollow -- what?

(CONTINUED)

146

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY... - PT. 1 - Rev. 6/11/10 112.
CONTINUED: (3) 146

Hermione looks at Harry, who is staring hard at the book.
Suddenly, we are...

147

INT. VILLAGE STREET - DAWN

147

... MOVING through the village streets again, PAST the cloaked figures, turning down the narrowing alleyway that leads toward Gregorovitch's wand shop and... HOLDING on the TRIANGULAR SYMBOL scratched crudely into the wall...

148

INT. TENT (FOREST OF DEAN) - SAME TIME - NIGHT

148

Harry blinks.

HARRY

Jesus. It was there too.

HERMIONE

Where?

HARRY

Outside Gregorovitch's wand shop.
on the alley wall...

RON

But what does it mean?

They all look down at the symbol etched in Dumbledore's fine hand in the book.

HERMIONE

Harry, you don't have a clue where the next Horcrux is. And neither do I. But this, this means something. I'm sure of it.

RON

I think Hermione's right. I think we ought to go and see Lovegood. What say we vote on it? Those in favor...

Ron's hand flies into the air. Harry eyes him knowingly. Hermione rolls her eyes, then lifts her hand as well.

RON

Sorry, Harry. Looks like it's Hermione and me this time.

149 EXT. HILLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

149

The sun hangs low over a hillside gloriously free of snow. Ron leads the way, far ahead of Harry and Hermione.

HARRY

Not still mad at him, are you?

HERMIONE

I'm always mad at him.

(CONTINUED)

As we RISE, a STRANGE-LOOKING HOUSE appears in the distance, etched like a great black cylinder against the sky. Seeing it, Ron turns back, GRINNING as he calls out.

RON
Luna?

Harry and Hermione take a look.

HARRY/HERMIONE
Luna.

A SIGN is tacked to a door studded with nails: "THE QUIBBLER. EDITOR: X. LOVEGOOD. Hermione raps three times.

RON
Keep off the dirigible plums.

Hermione turns, gives him an odd look. Ron points to a SIGN: "KEEP OFF THE DIRIGIBLE PLUMS." Just then, the door swings open and Xenophilius Lovegood appears, barefoot, wearing a soiled nightshirt.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
(to Hermione)
What is it?
(to Ron)
Who are you?
(to Harry)
What do you want --

Seeing Harry, Lovegood's jaw goes slack in shock.

HARRY
Hello, Mr. Lovegood. I'm Harry
Potter. We met a few months back?

Lovegood's eyes drift to Harry's scar.

HARRY
Would it be okay if we came in?
It won't take long, sir. I
promise.

151

INT. LOVEGOOD HOUSE - PRESS ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

151

Great tottering towers of Quibbler back-issues rise to the ceiling while an old-fashioned WOODEN PRINTING PRESS chugs away in the center of the room, spitting out new ones.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Excuse me.

As Lovegood steps to the wheezing press, the trio glance at past QUIBBLERS laying about: MUGGLE MURDERS RISE, DOZENS DIE AS DEATH EATERS ATTACK, HARRY IN HIDING, WHERE IS THE CHOSEN ONE? YOU-KNOW-WHO CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM: QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP CANCELLED AMID DEATH THREATS.

Abruptly, the press goes silent and Lovegood turns.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

So. What brings you here, Mr.
Potter?

HARRY

Well, sir, we need some help.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Ah. Help. I see. Yes, well, the thing is, helping Harry Potter, rather dangerous these days...

The trio exchange glances.

RON

Aren't you the one who keeps telling everyone it's their first duty to help Harry?

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

I have expressed that view, yes. In the past. Would you excuse me one moment. I shall return shortly and, um, try to help you...

Lovegood dashes from the room.

HARRY

What's going on here?

RON

He's mental. Let's face it. Luna's always good value, but she's nutty as squirrel poo.

Just then, Hermione GASPS, points to an ENORMOUS SPIRAL HORN mounted on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE
Do you see that?

RON

Well, yeah, of course. It's massive, isn't it?

HERMIONE

No! Don't go near it!

Harry stops.

HERMIONE

It's an Erumpent horn. It's a Class B Tradeable Material.

Harry and Ron exchange a "she's mental" glance.

RON

Yeah, all right...

Just then, Lovegood returns with a TRAY rattling with CUPS.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

May I offer you all an infusion of Gurdyroots? We make it ourselves.

HERMIONE

Where is Luna, sir?

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Luna? Oh, um, she'll be along. Now how can I help you, Mr. Potter?

HARRY

Well, sir, it's about something you were wearing around your neck at the wedding. A symbol...

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

You mean this?

Lovegood reaches into his nightshirt and pulls out the chain with the TRIANGULAR EYE.

HARRY

Yes! Exactly. What we wondered, sir, is, well, what is it?

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

What is it? Well, it's the sign of the Deathly Hallows, of course.

HARRY/RON/HERMIONE

The what?

(CONTINUED)

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

The Deathly Hallows. I assume
you're all familiar with 'The Tale
of the Three Brothers?'

HERMIONE/RON

Yes.

HARRY

No.

Harry looks at the others, then Hermione reaches into her beaded bag and pulls out *The Tales of Beedle the Bard*.

HERMIONE

It's in here.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Well, there's no real reason to go on unless one is familiar with the tale. Why don't you read it aloud, Miss...?

HERMIONE

Granger. Well... all right.

(opening the book)

There were once three brothers who were traveling along a lonely, winding road at twilight --

RON

Midnight. Mum always said midnight.

(as Hermione glowers)

But twilight's fine. Better actually.

HERMIONE

In time, the brothers reached a river too treacherous to pass...

As Hermione continues, Lovegood looks out the window. A CROW cycles INTO VIEW and we FOLLOW it, the sky DARKENING...

... as the crow swoops over a river to reveal THREE SILHOUETTES.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

But being learned in the magical arts, the three brothers simply waved their wands and made a bridge. They were halfway across it when they found their path blocked by a hooded figure.

(CONTINUED)

A BRIDGE MAGICALLY MATERIALIZES and the three figures begin to cross, when the HOODED FIGURE appears.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

*It was Death and he felt cheated,
for travelers usually drowned in
the river. But Death was cunning.
He granted each brother a wish for
their cleverness. The oldest, who
was a combative man, asked for a
wand more powerful than any in
existence. So Death fashioned one
from an elder tree on the banks of
the river.*

All of this is dramatized in surreal silhouette.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

*The second brother, who was an
arrogant man, asked for the power
to recall others from Death. So
Death plucked a stone from the
river. Finally Death turned to
the third brother. A humble man,
he asked for something that would
make him disappear. And so it was
that Death handed over his own
Cloak of Invisibility. Death then
stepped aside and the brothers
went their separate ways...*

We see the brothers cross the bridge, and part.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

*The first brother traveled to a
distant village where, with Elder
Wand in hand, he killed a wizard
with whom he had once quarreled.
Proceeding to an Inn, he bragged
of his invincibility. But that
very night...*

We see a wizard, in shadow, slip into a room, KNIFE in hand.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

*... another wizard crept upon him
as he lay sleeping. He took the
Elder Wand... and slit the
brother's throat for good measure.
And so Death took the first
brother for his own...*

We see the second brother approach a cottage.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE (V.O.)

Meanwhile, the second brother journeyed to his home, where he took out the stone and turned it thrice in hand. To his delight, the girl he had once hoped to marry before her untimely death appeared before him. Yet soon she turned sad and cold, for she did not belong in the mortal world. Driven mad with hopeless longing, the second brother killed himself so as to join her. And so Death took the second brother...

We see Death etched upon a bleak hillside.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

As for the third brother, Death searched for many years but was never able to find him. Only when he had attained a great age did the youngest brother shed the Cloak of Invisibility and give it to his son. He then greeted Death as an old friend and went with him gladly, departing this life as equals...

As Death and the third brother retreat, the crow returns, beating into the sky, which LIGHTENS, and we PULL BACK...

... to find Xenophilius Lovegood staring out the window. The sun has nearly vanished over the lip of the hill.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Well, there you are. Those are the Deathly Hallows.

HARRY

Sorry... I still don't really understand...

Lovegood turns and, taking quill and parchment, draws a STRAIGHT VERTICAL LINE...

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

The Elder Wand...

... then adds a CIRCLE on top of the line...

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
The Resurrection Stone...

... then encloses both in a TRIANGLE.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
The Cloak of Invisibility.
Together... they make the Deathly
Hallows. Together... they make
one master of Death.

The trio stare at the symbol.

HERMIONE
Mr. Lovegood, does the Peverell
family have anything to do with
the Deathly Hallows?
(to Harry and Ron)
That was the name on the grave
with the mark on it in Godric's
Hollow. Ignotus Peverell.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
Ignotus and his brothers Cadmus
and Antioch are thought to be the
original owners of the Hallows and
therefore the inspiration for the
story.

Lovegood's focus abruptly wavers, sadness in his eyes,
then he blinks, eyes the tea kettle.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD
Ah, but your tea's grown cold.
Excuse me, I'll be right back.

RON
(as Lovegood exits)
Let's get out of here once he's
back. I'm not touching this
stuff, hot or cold.

HARRY
(lost in thought)
Which one would you choose if you
could? Of the Deathly Hallows?

HERMIONE
It's obvious, isn't it?

All three speak at once:

(CONTINUED)

RON HERMIONE
The Wand. The Cloak.

HARRY
The Stone.

They glance at each other, amused.

RON
You're *supposed* to say the Cloak,
but who wants to spend all day
being invisible. Dead boring if
you ask me. But an *unbeatable*
wand!

HERMIONE
Its owner grew drunk with power
and was murdered.

RON
Yeah, but imagine what a short
wicked life you'd lead.

HERMIONE
(rolling her eyes)
Why the Stone, Harry?

HARRY
Well, you could bring people back,
couldn't you? Mad-Eye.
Dumbledore. Sirius. Anybody.

HERMIONE
(gentle
But according to the story they
don't want to come back. It's all
rubbish anyway. There's no such
thing as the Deathly Hallows.

HARRY
But I have one. The Invisibility
Cloak my father left me.

HERMIONE
There have always been Cloaks --

RON
Not like Harry's. I've seen a
fair few. Dad used to bring home
the ones the Ministry confiscated
from petty thieves and the like.
They always got holes or tears.
Harry's is different. It's
perfect.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

And I think I've actually held the Resurrection Stone in my hands, that night in Dumbledore's office when he showed me the ring he'd destroyed, the Horcrux. It had a symbol on it. Now I think it was the mark of the Hallows.

The trio stand silently when Lovegood returns.

HERMIONE

Mr. Lovegood. Thank you, sir --

RON

You forgot the water.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

The water?

RON

For the tea.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Did, didn't I? How silly of me.

HERMIONE

No matter, sir. We really ought to be go--

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

No, you mustn't --

HARRY

Sir?

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

You're my only hope. They were angry, you see, about what I'd been writing, so they took her. They took my Luna...

(eyes finding Harry)

But it's really you they want...

HARRY

Who took her, sir?

Hermione eyes the printing press. A copy of the *Quibbler* lies stuck under a roller. She reaches out, pulls it free, the INK STREAKING over the cover, over HARRY'S FACE and the BLAZING HEADLINE: UNDESIRABLE NUMBER #1.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Him. Surely you call him You-Know-
Who. But his real name of course
is... *Voldemort*.

RON

Noooooooooo!

Instantly, out the window, FIGURES on BROOMSTICKS appear in the sky, jetting directly toward the house. As Harry, Ron and Hermione hit the floor, ROPES of LIGHT ricochet off the windowsill. The printing press EXPLODES, raining Quibblers everywhere, like a flock of doves, smoking with flames. Lovegood waves madly from the window.

XENOPHILIUS LOVEGOOD

Stop! I've got him --

Lovegood is blasted off his feet by a Stunning Spell so great the chain around his neck flies across the room and settles at Harry's feet. Harry glances down, watches the symbol of the Deathly Hallows dissolve like mercury, then looks up, sees Lovegood streak out the door.

HERMIONE

Ron! Harry! Take my hand!

Harry and Ron begin to crawl on their knees toward Hermione when another volley of spells ricochet about the room and -- ping! -- strike the Gurdyroot teapot. As Hermione watches, it flies into the air, tumbling end over end toward the Erumpent Horn. Harry's hand closes on hers, Ron reaches out and...

... the teapot strikes the Erumpent Horn.

There is a COLOSSAL EXPLOSION. The second floor of the black cylinder ruptures. Quibblers belch into the air like confetti as Lovegood narrowly escapes and the Death Eaters are engulfed and Harry, Ron and Hermione...

... tumble INTO VIEW and roll to their feet, barely visible in the darkness.

RON

That treacherous old bleeder! Is there no one we can trust!

HARRY

(softly)

They've kidnapped Luna because he supported me. He was just desperate.

Ron says nothing, then SPITS, clearing the grit from his teeth and peers toward the river. Unlike the raging force it was the last time they were here, it is little more than a trickle now. The trees are eerily quiet.

RON

I'll do the enchantments.

Ron takes out his wand... when Hermione raises her hand, stopping him. Her eyes rise. Her breath catches. Ron and Harry look. Clinging to the branches of the trees above, almost as if a part of the trees themselves, are...

SNATCHERS.

A wand BLOOMS above, illuminates the face of Scabior. Hermione's red scarf, now faded and filthy, dangles from his neck. He presses it to his grimy nose, inhales and GRINS.

SCABIOR

Hello, beautiful.

Harry, Ron and Hermione DASH through the trees. As they diverge, we CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE THREE:

Hermione, swift as the wind, flickers through the trees as Scabior pursues her.

Harry slashes through the river, looks up, and sees a Snatcher leap across the divide from one tree to another.

Ron pounds through thick brush, over a fallen tree.

The forest grows more dense, the shadows thicken. Spells splinter through the trees, ropes of light lace the night.

Hermione stumbles, regains her footing, finds herself in a clearing. Another figure pelts toward her: Harry.

They freeze briefly, then the clearing explodes with light as spells ricochet. They hit the ground. Hear the Snatchers closing in. Harry looks to Hermione. The TIP of her WAND GLOWS and her face blooms in the darkness, looking mildly demonic. She reaches out, STRIPS HIS GLASSES FROM HIS FACE, then points her wand... at him. A BURST of WHITE LIGHT strikes him in the eyes. As her wand goes dark...

... he is flying toward a fortress, gliding around the high walls, up to the topmost window of the highest tower. He passes through the window -- little more than a slit -- and...

... finds a SKELETAL FIGURE lying beneath a ragged blanket. The figure stirs, looks up, and grins with broken teeth. It is the young man -- the thief -- grown old. Grindelwald.

GRINDELWALD

*Ah, Tom, I thought you would come
one day. But surely you must know
I no longer have what you seek...*

A SHADOW -- Voldemort's -- falls across Grindelwald.

VOLDEMORT

If not you, then who?

GRINDELWALD

*You're so innocent, Tom. Like a
schoolboy. There's so much you
don't understand...*

VOLDEMORT

*Tell me, Grindelwald. Tell me
where to find it! Tell me who
possesses it! The name,
Grindelwald! The name!*

GRINDELWALD

Can't you guess, Tom? It lies with him, of course. Buried within the earth. It is he who possesses it, even in death. Your old friend and mine... Dumbledore.

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Harry blinks and IN A (SWOLLEN) BLUR peers at Hermione,
WHISPERS QUICKLY:

HARRY
They exist. The Hallows.

Hermione looks at him expectantly. He nods, his FACE SHROUDED IN SHADOW, BARELY VISIBLE.

HARRY
But he only wants the one, the last one. That's what he's been looking for.

HERMIONE
What're you saying?

HARRY
He knows where it is, You-Know-Who. He'll have it by the end of the night. He's found the Elder Wand.

As Hermione stares in stunned disbelief, figures emerge from the trees. Ron is shoved to the ground next to them. Scabior strips Harry and Hermione of their wands.

RON
Don't touch her!

A fist hits Ron hard. It's GREYBACK.

HERMIONE
Stop it!

SCABIOR
Your boyfriend'll get worse than that if he doesn't behave, lovely.

Scabior paints her face with light then casts it on Harry. Harry peers up, his eyes SWOLLEN to slits, his face HORRIBLY MISSHAPEN.

SCABIOR
What happened to you, ugly?

Harry's hand finds his face, feels the lumps.

SCABIOR
What's your name?

HARRY
Dudely. Vernon Dudley.

(CONTINUED)

SCABIOR
Check the list. And you, ginger?

RON
Stan Shunpike.

SCABIOR
Like 'ell you are. We know skinny
Stan. Try again.

Greyback, his boot to Ron's neck, presses harder.

RON
Weasley...
(making it up)
Barney Weasley.

SCABIOR
Weasley, eh? Wouldn't be related
to that blood traitor Arthur
Weasley, would you?

RON
Piss off! Arthur Weasley's ten
times the wizard you are!

SCABIOR
Worth ten times you if I can find
him. Wasn't you that tipped him
off, was it?

Ron stays mute. Scabior turns to Hermione.

SCABIOR
How 'bout you, lovely? What do
they call you...?

HERMIONE
Penelope Clearwater. Half-blood.

Scabior strokes the nape of Hermione's neck, then takes
her hair in hand, sniffs it.

SCABIOR
You smell like vanilla, Penelope.
I think you're going to be my
favorite.

SNATCHER
There's no Vernon Dudley on 'ere.

Reluctantly, Scabior turns from Hermione to Harry.

HARRY GREYBACK

Hear that, ugly? The list says
you're lying. How come you don't
want us to know who you are? Hm?

HARRY

The list is wrong. I told you who
I am --

Scabior puts a finger to his lips, silencing Harry, his
wand probing Harry's face more closely.

SCABIOR

Change of plans, boys. We won't
be taking this lot to the
Ministry.

The sea of treetops shift eerily below as we sweep over
them.

Scabior and the others escort Harry, Ron and Hermione
past the yew hedges. Hermione eyes the white peacock,
looking like a ghostly lawn ornament. Harry WHISPERS:

HARRY

What did you put on me?

HERMIONE

A Stinging Jinx.

HARRY

How long will it last?

HERMIONE

Not long.

Harry glances down, sees his GLASSES cupped in Hermione's
palm. As he slips them into his pocket, the group
suddenly slows. Up ahead, on the other side of the gate,
BELLATRIX, LUCIUS and NARCISSA approach. Scabior grabs
Harry's arm, pushes his face up to the iron bars.
Bellatrix steps close.

BELLATRIX

Show me.

Scabior reaches out and pushes Harry's hair off his
forehead.

(CONTINUED)

Bellatrix points her wand, illuminating the skin.
Slowly, she smiles. Despite the swelling, one intriguing
feature can be seen. A SCAR. In the shape of a
LIGHTNING BOLT? We HOLD, then...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END