

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX

screenplay by Michael Goldenberg

based on the book by J.K. Rowling

Shooting Script  
05/01/06

1 IN BLACK 1

As the WARNER BROS. LOGO appears an eerie LIGHT grows in the darkness beyond. PUSH THROUGH and TILT UP to find a glowing ORB, radiating power. It grows BLINDING as it fills the screen--

MATCH CUT TO:

2 OMITTED 2  
THRU THRU  
5 5

6 A BLAZING SUN 6

TILT DOWN to a blistering summer sky. A TITLE CARD appears:

**HARRY POTTER  
and  
The Order of the Phoenix**

A carpet of toy-like houses and parched yellow lawns appears below us. Faint SOUNDS rise up: a tinny RADIO ("Take it from me, Martin, not a drop of rain to be had out there..."), KIDS PLAYING, SPRINKLERS CHUGGING...

A FLUTTER OF BLACK CLOTH dances at the edge of frame as we MOVE toward a DESERTED PLAYGROUND, where a lone figure sits on the swings...

7 EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON 7

HARRY POTTER searches hungrily through a newspaper... grimaces in frustration...

MALCOLM  
...squealed like a pig, didn't he?

PIERS (O.S.)  
Brilliant punch, Big D; d'you see  
his face?

Harry peers over the paper at the approaching DUDLEY DURSLEY, his physique newly-transformed into that of a burly boxer. He is surrounded by his equally big and stupid GANG. Harry hesitates...then impulsively lowers the paper.

HARRY  
Hey "Big D." Beat up another ten  
year old?

Dudley falters as he sees Harry--glances anxiously at his mates--then quickly puffs up his chest.

DUDLEY  
This one deserved it.

HARRY

Four against one. Very brave.

DUDLEY

Yeah, well you're one to talk.  
Moaning in your sleep every night.  
At least I'm not afraid of my  
pillow.

HARRY

What are you talking about?

DUDLEY

"Don't kill Cedric! Don't kill  
Cedric!" Who's Cedric--your  
boyfriend?

Harry pales. The GANG HOOTS, fueling Dudley's bravado.

DUDLEY

"Dad! Help me, Dad!"

HARRY

*Shut up.*

THUNDER CRACKS. The other boys peer uneasily at the sky.

DUDLEY

He's going to kill me, Mum!

HARRY

Shut up Dudley, I'm warning you--!

In his anger Harry *pulls out his WAND*. Dudley freezes at the sight--the GANG exchanges confused looks--

A STIFF WIND suddenly kicks up, blowing Harry's hair from his scar. Dudley looks up at the sky--where UNEARTHLY DARK CLOUDS are coalescing.

DUDLEY

Wh-what are you doing?

HARRY

I'm not doing anything.

The WIND grows stronger, bangs the swings crazily as Dudley's GANG exchanges worried looks--and bolts. Dudley stares helplessly after them--

LIGHTNING splits the sky. A SIZZLING drop of RAIN hits the pavement. Another. Harry and Dudley look at each other--and run for it.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL the edge of the subdivision giving way to a RAISED DUAL CARRIAGEWAY, heavy with speeding

TRAFFIC. Harry and Dudley race towards the UNDERPASS that yawns beneath it as the skies open in a TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR.

9 EXT. UNDERPASS - DUSK 9

TRAFFIC DOPPLERS overhead as the boys take cover from the storm, breathing hard. They peer uneasily into the gloom of the darkened underpass, enter...

10 EXT. SKY - RAINDROP'S POV 10

From HIGH ABOVE we FALL with a RAINDROP, ROTATING AROUND it as we drop sickeningly towards the CARRIAGEWAY below. A TATTERED BLACK CLOAK SWOOPS through frame just before we SMASH into the PAVEMENT--

10A EXT. UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS 10A

The sickly yellow FLUORESCENTS suddenly flicker, DIE.

Harry and Dudley freeze, profiles etched by purple thunderstorm light...and then Harry notices: *their breath is visible*. CRACKLING ICE forms over the puddle Dudley's standing in--as Harry pales, realizing--

HARRY

Oh no.

The black skeletal figure of a DEMENTOR silently unfurls from the darkness above Harry--its bony fingers clutch Harry's neck and pull him out of frame with a strangled GASP, as his wand goes skittering away into darkness.

Terrified, Dudley runs for it--right toward ANOTHER DEMENTOR floating eerily at the other end of the tunnel.

HARRY looks around desperately for his wand as the Dementor begins to FEED on his lifeforce. He is fading fast. Finally he GASPS--

HARRY

*Lumos!*

A LIGHT FLARES in the shadows as his WAND TIP IGNITES.

HARRY

*Accio!*

The wand FLIES into his hand--

HARRY

*EXPECTO PATRONUM!*

A LUMINOUS SILVER STAG erupts from the tip of Harry's wand. Its antlers pierce the heart of the Dementor,

hurling it out the mouth of the underpass, where it is sucked up into the storm.

A strangled SCREAM spins Harry to see the second Dementor hovering over Dudley's face, a SILVERY WHITE LIGHT drifting from the boy's mouth...

And then the Dementor looks up in alarm as a GHOSTLY GALLOP approaches--and the STAG's SILVER ANTLERS PIERCE it, hurl it too up into the night.

A deafening SILENCE...then pattering RAIN and normal TRAFFIC returns. Drenched and shivering, Harry watches as the STAG canters to the end of the tunnel, DISSOLVES into silver mist.

The FLUORESCENTS BUZZ, FLICKER back on.

Dudley GROANS, his eyes rolling miserably. Harry kneels beside him...

Then a rhythmic SQUEAKING spins Harry, wand raised--to see a silhouetted FIGURE stop in the entrance, dragging a shopping trolley. A pair of TARTAN CARPET SLIPPERS step into the light...

HARRY

*Mrs. Figg?*

ARABELLA FIGG wipes the gray flyaway hair from her eyes. Harry realizes his wand is out, quickly tries to hide it.

MRS. FIGG

Don't put away your wand, boy!

(off Harry's confusion)

*They might come back!*

11 EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT

11

Dudley MOANS miserably, tongue lolling. A last RUMBLE of THUNDER draws a nervous glance at the passing storm from Mrs. Figg, as Harry struggles with Dudley's dead weight.

MRS. FIGG

*Dementors, in Little Whinging!*

*What's next, Giants trodding the M4? The whole world's gone topsy-turvy...!*

HARRY

I don't understand. How do you know about--?

MRS. FIGG

Dumbledore asked me to keep an eye on you.

HARRY  
*Dumbledore* asked--you know  
 Dumbledore--?

MRS. FIGG  
 After You-Know-Who killed that  
 poor Diggory boy last year did you  
 expect him to let you wander  
 around on your own? Good Lord, boy,  
 they told me you were intelligent.

They have arrived at Number Four Privet Drive.

MRS. FIGG  
 Now: get inside and *stay* there. I  
 expect someone will be in touch  
 soon, but whatever happens: *don't*  
*leave the house!*

Harry opens his mouth to protest but Mrs. Figg, not  
 unkindly, silences him with a POINTING FINGER.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT 12

PETUNIA DURSLEY tears her eyes from the TV with a  
 distracted smile.

AUNT PETUNIA  
 Diddykins? Is that...

She blanches as she sees Harry lugging Dudley inside.  
 Dudley looks greenly up at his mother, opens his mouth  
 to speak--and promptly vomits into a potted plant.

AUNT PETUNIA  
*DIDDY!* VERNON, come quick!

VERNON DURSLEY, standing in front of the open freezer  
 eating from a carton of ice cream, looks up vaguely.

As he enters Dudley HEAVES into the plant again; Vernon  
 grimaces in distaste.

AUNT PETUNIA  
 We have to take him to Hospital!

UNCLE VERNON  
 Who did this to you, boy?

Dudley's shaking finger rises at Harry. Vernon approaches,  
 brandishing the dripping spoon.

UNCLE VERNON  
 Happy are we now?! You've finally  
 done it! You've driven him loony!

AUNT PETUNIA  
 Don't *say* that, Vernon!

UNCLE VERNON

*Look at him, Petunia!*  
*(Dudley stares droolingly*  
*up at her)*  
*He's off his chump! Puggles!*  
*Crackers! Our boy's gone yampy!*  
*(jabbing at Harry with*  
*his spoon)*  
*Well I've reached my limit, d'you*  
*hear? I've taken the last of your*  
*nonsense--!*

A sudden SCREECH makes everyone turn as an OWL DIVEBOMBS down the chimney, CAROMS off the hearth, LAUNCHES back into the air, drops a PARCHMENT ENVELOPE at Harry's feet--then ZOOMS erratically out the kitchen window. Vernon appeals helplessly to the heavens, emits a tiny, defeated SQUEAK.

But Harry is staring down at the envelope--a PURPLE SEAL reads MINISTRY OF MAGIC. As he picks it up and opens it, a LETTER elaborately UNFOLDS ITSELF, as the WAX of the seal DEFORMS into a pair of thin, humorless LIPS:

MAFALDA HOPKIRK

Dear Mr. Potter: The Ministry has received intelligence that at twenty-three minutes past six this evening you performed the Patronus Charm in the presence of a Muggle. As a clear violation of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, you are hereby expelled from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Hoping that you are well, Mafalda Hopkirk.

With that the letter DISINTEGRATES into a cloud of PARTICLES, which spirals itself and VANISHES with a POP.

Silence...and then Uncle Vernon's eyes narrow in vindictive triumph, as he turns on the stunned Harry:

UNCLE VERNON

*Justice.*

In the b.g., Dudley again heaves into the plant.

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

14

As we watch the car SQUEAL away PULL BACK to reveal Harry at the window. He POUNDS the wall in a burst of anger... HEDWIG turns her snowy head in alarm as the VIBRATION--subtly, magically AMPLIFIED--sends a SHUDDER through the room--causing something to SHATTER behind Harry.

HARRY  
Sorry, Hedwig...

Harry turns...bends down to find the moving PHOTO of JAMES and LILY POTTER, its glass broken. As he picks up the broken photo, for a moment Harry's frustration darkens to despair...

LATER. Harry has fallen asleep on his bed. He twitches uneasily as we hear frightening WHISPERS grow...

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)  
*Kill the spare.*

14A-1 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - HARRY'S DREAM 14A-1

IN SILENCE: CEDRIC DIGGORY slowly turns in confusion--locks eyes with Harry, terror dawning in his eyes. He silently cries out--

HARRY  
*Cedric--!*

A BLINDING FLASH OF POISONOUS GREEN--A ROAR OF SOUND--

Harry stares as a familiar, ghostly visage resolves through a haze of steam, underlit by a glowing cauldron:

VOLDEMORT. His bone-white head bowed. As his gaze slowly rises his EYES OPEN, snake-slits IRISING--

14A-2 INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - SCENE CONTINUES 14A-2

Harry's eyes fly open. The SOUND of a sudden WIND; a muffled CLATTER comes from downstairs.

Harry silently reaches for his wand...an ominous HUMMING SOUND is coming up the stairs. As Harry cautiously approaches the door PINK LIGHT stabs through the keyhole--

The lock CLICKS. Harry jumps back just in time as the door BLOWS OPEN, knocking him off his feet. He scrambles for his wand, turns on his elbows--

A striking TABLEAU of WINDBLOWN, backlit figures stand in the doorway...and then an O.S. CRASH breaks the spell.

TONKS (O.S.)  
Watch that, dangerous bit of  
carpet there...

The WIND dies as the SILHOUETTES sag wearily.

MADEYE MOODY  
*Tonks--for God's sake...*

A SILHOUETTE with a punk haircut trips into frame--



TONKS  
 Very *clean*, these Muggles. Bit  
 unnatural...

--and completes the tableau. As she peers into the room  
 the tip of her wand IGNITES, revealing a young WITCH with  
 twinkling eyes and SHOCKING PINK HAIR.

TONKS  
 Oh, this is better...

Harry peers at another silhouette swigging from a flask...

HARRY  
*Professor Moody?* What are you  
 doing here?

Moody steps into the light as he wipes his mouth.

MADEYE MOODY  
 Rescuing you, of course.

14A INT. STAIRWELL - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT 14A

Tonks, Moody, KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT, ELPHIAS DOGE, and  
 EMMELINE VANCE push Harry before them as they trundle  
 down the stairs, carrying Harry's things.

HARRY  
 But where are we going? If I've  
 been expelled from Hogwarts--

MADEYE MOODY  
 You haven't been--not yet, anyway.  
 Kingsley, you take point.

HARRY  
 But--the letter said--

SHACKLEBOLT  
 (passing Harry)  
 Dumbledore's persuaded the Minister  
 to suspend your expulsion--

Before Harry can respond Moody *shoves* him through the  
 front door--

15 EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 15

--and out onto the lawn.

SHACKLEBOLT  
 --pending a formal hearing.

HARRY  
 A hearing--?

TONKS

Don't worry, Harry. We'll explain everything when we get back to Headquarters--

MADEYE MOODY

*Shhh!* Not here, Nymphadora.

Tonks goes rigid--her HAIR MAGICALLY turning an angry RED, as she fixes Shackbolt with a deadly look.

TONKS

Don't. Call me. Nymphadora.

MADEYE MOODY

(mounting his broom)

Stay in formation everyone. Don't break ranks if one of us is killed.

TONKS

Stop being so cheerful, Madeye-- he'll think we're not taking this seriously...

She WINKS at Harry, nonplussed--

16 EXT. SKY/PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT 16

The toy houses fall away beneath us. Harry is euphoric as the group soars through a star-strewn sky. Moody nods to Shackbolt and they switch into OVERDRIVE, bank toward the glittering sprawl of London.

17 OMITTED 17

17A EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - NIGHT [DUSK FOR NIGHT] 17A

The formation drops low to the river. Hurtling inches above the surface they whiz beneath the city's bridges, swerving around barges and speeding past TOURIST BOATS.

ON THE SOUTH BANK a group of SKATEBOARDERS practice stunts; on the river beyond we see only the parallel WAKES of the Guards' broomsticks.

18 EXT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT 18

A GARBAGE TRUCK is making late rounds; as it passes it REVEALS Harry and the others crossing a shabby square.

The MUFFLED POUNDING of a STEREO draws Harry's attention to nearby windows, open to the summer night. A GOLDFISH BOWL sits in one; beyond a middle-aged COUPLE watches TV. In another window a BOHO MAN is cooking dinner...

MADEYE MOODY  
Get a move on, sonny!

Madeye brusquely pushes Harry toward the sidewalk, raising his glowing WAND ahead of them--

--where a battered DOOR *emerges between two houses...* quickly followed by straining dirty WALLS and grimy WINDOWS, as a new building *magically begins to push the houses on either side out of its way--*

QUICK CUTS

The water in the Goldfish Bowl VIBRATES slightly as the FISH SWISHES; but the couple doesn't look up from the TV--

Chimes gently TINKLE in the second window as the Boho Man's GIRLFRIEND joins him in the kitchen, and he holds up a spoon for her to taste...

BACK TO SCENE

--the facade finishes expanding into place with a gentle POP...as the STEREO THUDS on, unperturbed.

19

INT. FOYER - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT - HARRY'S POV

19

The DOOR opens to reveal old-fashioned GAS LAMPS and peeling wallpaper; a cobwebby chandelier. The air is thick with the mildewed perfume of aristocratic decay.

As the others bring in his things behind him, Harry's attention is drawn to a DOOR at the end of the long hall; we hear VOICES beyond. Harry starts toward it...

As Moody hurries past we glimpse a candle-lit DRAWING ROOM packed with WIZARDS arguing in urgent tones; among them REMUS LUPIN, MINERVA MCGONAGALL and ARTHUR WEASLEY.

As Harry peers closer another face leans into the light: SIRIUS BLACK. He glances up from a moment of intense debate...sees Harry. For an instant his ferocity melts into warmth--

--and then Tonks pushes past Harry to enter the drawing room, blocking Sirius from view. Tonks flashes Harry a sympathetic smile--and promptly trips over a troll-foot umbrella stand. Shackbolt shakes his head, sighs...

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)  
Harry!

A tense, careworn MRS. WEASLEY emerges from the drawing room, quickly shuts the door behind her.

HARRY  
Mrs. Weasley...?

MRS. WEASLEY  
Thank heavens you're all right...

She hugs Harry tight, her drawn face deeply relieved.  
But as she pushes Harry to arm's-length to inspect him  
she forces a maternal smile.

MRS. WEASLEY  
A bit peaky--but I'm afraid dinner  
will have to wait till the  
meeting's finished.

HARRY  
(eyeing the door)  
Yeah, about that...

MRS. WEASLEY  
No time to explain. Upstairs,  
first door on the left!

20 EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT 20

Harry takes in the PLAQUES of SHRUNKEN ELF HEADS as he  
climbs the stairs. As he reaches the landing he spots an  
elderly HOUSE ELF (KREACHER) rummaging furtively through  
a cabinet down the hall. He MUTTERS to himself:

KREACHER  
...mudbloods and werewolves and  
traitors and thieves...if my poor  
Mistress knew the *scum* they've let  
into her house what would she say  
to old Kreacher...oh the *shame*...

As Harry's foot CREAKS on the landing Kreacher turns in  
alarm--for a moment his eyes narrow viciously--then he  
quickly shuts the drawer, bitterly forces a nod, scuttles  
off. Harry frowns...then hears indistinct VOICES behind  
one of the doors. He cautiously approaches...opens  
it...as Hermione's hug nearly knocks him flat.

HERMIONE  
HARRY--!

21 INT. BEDROOM - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 21

RON WEASLEY and HERMIONE GRANGER greet their old friend.

HERMIONE  
Are you all right? We overheard  
them talking about the Dementor  
attack; you must tell us  
*everything*--

RON  
(grinning)  
Let the man *breathe*, Hermione.

HERMIONE

--and this hearing at the Ministry--it's just *outrageous!* I've looked it up and they simply can't expel you! It's completely unfair!

HARRY

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around. What *is* this place anyway?

Hermione and Ron exchange a look as Harry looks around.

RON

It's Headquarters...

HERMIONE

...of the Order of the Phoenix. It's a secret society; Dumbledore founded it back when they first fought You-Know-Who.

HARRY

Couldn't have put any of this in a letter I suppose. I've gone all summer without any bloody news!

Hermione and Ron share a guilty look--

RON

We wanted to write mate, really we did--only--

HARRY

Only *what?*

HERMIONE

Only Dumbledore made us swear not to tell you anything.

HARRY

(stunned)

Dumbledore said that?

(they nod)

But...why would he want to keep me in the dark? Maybe I could help! After all, I'm the one who saw Voldemort return; I'm the one who fought him. I'm the one who saw Cedric...

Harry falters, suddenly emotional. Ron and Hermione exchange a concerned look--then *POP*--a grinning FRED and GEORGE WEASLEY APPARATE on either side of Harry.

FRED

Harry.

GEORGE  
Thought we heard your dulcet tones.

FRED  
Don't bottle up your anger, Harry;  
let it out!

GEORGE  
Anyway if you're all done  
shouting--

FRED  
--want to hear something *really*  
interesting...?

21A EXT. CORRIDOR - GRIMMAULD PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

21A

The meeting has just ended. WIZARDS and WITCHES murmur in troubled tones as they exit the Parlor. Just above the door FIND a floating DISEMBODIED EAR...it CUPS IN, listening to the shadowy figures still inside...

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
...if it wasn't for Harry we  
wouldn't even know Voldemort was  
back! He isn't a *child*, Molly!

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)  
...Well he's not an adult either!  
He's not *James*, Sirius.

We rapidly ASCEND the Ear's flesh-colored cord to the landing above--where the twins and the trio are gathered tightly around the other EAR. GINNY WEASLEY silently joins them, mouths "hi" to Harry.

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
Well he isn't your son!

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)  
He's as good as! Who else has he  
got?

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
*He's got me!*

Harry flushes with gratitude; Hermione smiles.

SNAPE (O.S.)  
How touchingly paternal, Black.  
Perhaps Potter will grow up to be  
a felon, just like his Godfather.

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
You stay out of this, *Snivellus*--

HARRY  
*Snape's* part of the Order?

RON  
(nods, grim)  
*Git.*

22 OMITTED

22

23 INT. FOYER - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT

23

The front door elaborately locks and bolts itself as Mrs. Weasley meets the trio, Ginny at the bottom of the stairs.

MRS. WEASLEY  
Well! We'll be eating down in the  
kitchen--

Without warning Fred and George APPARATE--*CRACK!*--on either side of her. Mrs. Weasley SCREAMS, calls after them.

MRS. WEASLEY  
*JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE ALLOWED TO USE  
MAGIC NOW DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO  
WHIP YOUR WANDS OUT FOR EVERYTHING!*  
(instantly maternal)  
Are you hungry, Harry?

Before Harry can respond MR. WEASLEY claps a warm hand on Harry's shoulder.

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
You're sure you're all right,  
Harry? Gave us all quite a turn.

Harry opens his mouth to reply but before he can--

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
What, no hello for me?

Harry turns to see a grinning Sirius, his long dark hair swept back from his glittering eyes.

HARRY  
*Sirius.*

And for the first time since we've seen him...Harry smiles. As he and Sirius EMBRACE, tight--

24 INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT

24

A cauldron of STEW stirs itself; a KNIFE chops vegetables. Tonks entertains Ginny by transforming her nose into a beak, a Pig's snout. In the shadows Kreacher cleans up empties. Harry sits near Mr. Weasley, who frowns deeply at a PARCHMENT with a familiar PURPLE SEAL...

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
 ...this is most unusual...it seems  
 Minister Fudge has called your  
 hearing before the entire  
 Wizengamot...

He grimly hands the parchment to Lupin to examine it...

SIRIUS  
 It's a set-up. A chance to publicly  
 discredit Harry.

LUPIN  
 I'm afraid you may be right,  
 Padfoot...

HARRY  
 I don't understand. What does the  
 Ministry of Magic have against me?

Silence. Tonks and Ginny frown; Ron and Hermione exchange  
 an apprehensive look. Sirius hesitates...

MADEYE MOODY  
 (quietly)  
 Show him. He'll find out soon  
 enough.

Tonks reluctantly produces a copy of the *Daily Prophet*,  
 hands it to Harry. A front-page editorial features  
 Harry's photo; the headline reading: "*Boy Who Lived*"  
 magically changes to "*Boy Who Lies?*" Harry is stunned.  
 Sirius frowns...he knows exactly how Harry feels.

SIRIUS  
 Fudge has been attacking Dumbledore  
 as well. Fudge is using all his  
 power--including his influence at  
 the *Daily Prophet*--to smear anyone  
 who claims the Dark Lord has  
 returned.

HARRY  
 But...why?

LUPIN  
 The Minister thinks Dumbledore is  
 after his job. That he's lying  
 about Voldemort's return as a ploy  
 to gain political power.

HARRY  
 But that's insane! No one in their  
 right mind would believe--



LUPIN

Exactly the point. Fudge *isn't* in his right mind. It has been twisted and warped--by fear.

(he stares into the fire)

Fear makes people do terrible things, Harry. The last time Voldemort gained power he almost destroyed everything we hold most dear. Now that he's returned...I'm afraid the Minister will do almost anything to avoid facing that terrifying truth.

HARRY

So what's Voldemort been up to--seeing as everyone's so thoughtfully ignoring him?

Lupin hesitates--glances up at Mrs. Weasley, who is looking at him pleadingly. He frowns...then reluctantly nods at Sirius, who turns to Harry:

SIRIUS

We think he wants to build up his army again. Fourteen years ago he had huge numbers at his command--not just witches and wizards but all manner of Dark creatures. He's been recruiting heavily, and we've been attempting to do the same...

(hesitates)

But gathering followers isn't the only thing he's interested in.

Moody's EYE SWIVELS instantly to Sirius--he CLEARS HIS THROAT loudly but Sirius ignores him, continues:

SIRIUS

We think Voldemort may be after something--something he didn't have last time...

MADEYE MOODY

(warns, low)

*Sirius--*

HARRY

You mean...like a weapon?

MRS. WEASLEY

*THAT'S ENOUGH!*

(all eyes turn to Mrs.

Weasley, wrought)

He's only a boy! Say much more and you might as well induct him into the Order straightaway!

HARRY

*Good--I want to join. If  
Voldemort's building an army I  
want to fight.*

Sirius nods, proud. Lupin sighs deeply.

LUPIN

I know, Harry. But for all you've  
been through, you're *not* an adult--  
not yet.

(hesitates)

Still...if things continue the way  
they're going...I'm afraid before  
long you may get your chance.

Mrs. Weasley pulls Ginny to her; Hermione draws closer  
to Ron. Even the twins looks somber. Harry stares into  
the CRACKLING FIRE--

25 INT. BEDROOM - GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT 25

Harry twists restlessly in his sleep. We hear frightening  
WHISPERS. As we PUSH IN on Harry a RUSHING WIND GROWS--a  
horrific SQUEAL--

26 OMITTED 26

& &

27 27

28 EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION ENTRANCE - LONDON - DAY 28

--which becomes the BRAKES of an UNDERGROUND TRAIN. FIND  
Harry and Mr. Weasley exiting with a tide of COMMUTERS.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

*Trains under the ground! So  
ingenious, these Muggles...*

(studying his map)

*This way, Harry--mustn't be late...*

29 EXT. SIDE ROAD - LONDON - DAY 29

A deserted area of Government offices. Mr. Weasley  
approaches a red TELEPHONE BOX.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Well! Here we are.

He gestures "after you" to the bewildered Harry, then  
folds himself beside him into the telephone box.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

*I've never used the visitor's  
entrance before. This should be fun!*

As he reaches for the receiver he inadvertently smushes Harry's face into the glass.

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
 Sorry...let's see... M...A...G...  
 I...C.

For a moment nothing happens--and then the telephone box SHUDDERS, and with a dull GRINDING *begins sinking into the ground.*

Harry watches in amazement as the pavement rises over the windows, and darkness closes over them. And then a chink of GOLDEN LIGHT illuminates Harry's feet, rises up his body toward his astonished eyes--

30 INT. ATRIUM - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - DAY

30

The Ministry's splendid Lobby comes into view: walls lined with GILDED FIREPLACES, queues of WIZARDS arriving and departing in flashes of green light. At the end of the hall is an enormous GOLDEN FOUNTAIN depicting a group of MAGICAL CREATURES looking up at a noble WIZARD.

A GIANT FIGURE of CORNELIUS FUDGE stares balefully down at Harry and Mr. Weasley as they thread their way through the sea of briefcase and newspaper-carrying MINISTRY WORKERS; several stop and stare as they recognize Harry.

31 INT. LIFT LOBBY - DAY

31

Harry and Mr. Weasley join a crowd squeezing into one of the golden-gated LIFTS. As they enter Harry peers in confusion at the HANGING STRAPS above them...then finds himself face to face with another *Daily Prophet* editorial: *DUMBLEDORE: Daft or Dangerous?* The WIZARD reading the paper peers suspiciously down at Harry, as a big-bearded WIZARD holding a large cardboard box squeezes in beside Mr. Weasley. Something in the box CACKLES, emits a small jet of FLAME, singeing the wizard's beard.

BOB  
 'Morning Arthur.

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
 'Morning Bob.

BOB absently brushes the ash from his beard as a FLOCK of pale violet PAPER AIRPLANES swoop into the lift, flap idly above Harry's head. Mr. Weasley confides:

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
 Interdepartmental memos. We used  
 to use owls, but the mess was  
 unbelievable.

Just before the gates close Shacklebolt hurries in. As the lift LURCHES and RECEDES horizontally, he whispers urgently into Mr. Weasley's ear; he pales.

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
Merlin's Beard. Thank you Kingsley.  
(to Harry)  
They've changed the time of your hearing.

HARRY  
When is it?

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
Five minutes ago.

As Wizards automatically reach for hanging straps above them the lift suddenly *plunges from view--*

31A	OMITTED	31A
32	OMITTED	32
&		&
33		33

34	INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - STONE CORRIDOR - DAY	34
----	---	----

The DOORS OPEN to reveal Harry and Mr. Weasley, now alone.

LIFT VOICE  
Department of Mysteries.

Mr. Weasley pulls Harry out of the lift--and turns down a torch-lit corridor.

HARRY'S POV: rounding a corner we glimpse CORNELIUS FUDGE conferring intently with LUCIUS MALFOY. They look up in surprise as Harry passes. Harry stares back--*not noticing the PLAIN BLACK DOOR at the end of a long hallway beyond...*

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
...now remember, during the hearing  
you must speak only when spoken  
too, and *stay calm*--you've done  
nothing wrong. As the Muggles say,  
the truth will out, yes...?

They arrive at a large iron door. Harry starts in...but pauses as he sees Mr. Weasley isn't coming with him.

ARTHUR WEASLEY  
Not allowed in, I'm afraid. Good  
luck, Harry.

Harry frowns...takes a deep breath...and enters the lion's den. We FOLLOW HIM in...

35 INT. TRIAL CHAMBER - DAY

35

As Harry enters a court of FIFTY WIZARDS peer down at him with varying degrees of hostility and curiosity. As he approaches the chair at center, Fudge takes his place in the front. The chamber's four giant FLAMES gutter, and the crowd settles.

FUDGE

Disciplinary hearing of the twelfth of August into offenses committed by Harry James Potter, resident at number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

On Fudge's left sits AMELIA BONES, peering curiously at Harry through her monocle. On his right sits a broad-faced WITCH dressed in pink. PERCY WEASLEY is in the row behind, taking notes.

FUDGE

Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister--

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)

--*Witness for the defense*--

All heads turn as ALBUS DUMBLEDORE strides serenely across the courtroom.

DUMBLEDORE

--Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

Harry lights up in relief. But Dumbledore avoids his gaze.

FUDGE

Er. You got our message that the time and place of the hearing had been changed, did you?

DUMBLEDORE

I must have missed it. But due to a lucky mistake I arrived at the Ministry three hours early.

(helpfully)

The charges?

FUDGE

(a baleful beat, then:)

*The charges against the accused are as follows:* That he did knowingly and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions

(MORE)

FUDGE (CONT'D)  
 produce a Patronus Charm in the  
 presence of a Muggle.  
 (fiercely to Harry)  
*Do you deny producing said Patronus?*

HARRY  
 No, but--

FUDGE  
 Do you deny it was in the presence  
 of a Muggle, one Dursley Dudley?  
 (Percy leans down,  
 whispers to him)  
 Dudley Dursley?

HARRY  
 No, but--

FUDGE  
 --and you were aware you are  
 forbidden to use magic outside  
 school while under the age of  
 seventeen?

HARRY  
 Yes, but--

FUDGE  
 (broadly)  
 Witches and Wizards of the  
 Wizengamot--

HARRY  
*I only did it because of the  
 Dementors!*

A HUSH falls over the room. AMELIA BONES peers at Harry  
 over her monocle.

AMELIA BONES  
 Dementors? In Little Whinging?

FUDGE  
 Clever. Muggles can't see Dementors.  
 Highly convenient.

HARRY  
 I'm not lying! There were two of  
 them, and if I hadn't--

FUDGE  
 Enough! I'm sorry to interrupt  
 what I'm sure would have been a  
 very well-rehearsed story, but as  
 you can produce no witnesses--

DUMBLEDORE  
 Pardon me, Minister, but as it  
 happens...we can.

ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Figg--in her Sunday best but still wearing carpet  
 slippers--looks nervously up at the court.

AMELIA BONES  
 Please describe the attack. What  
 did they look like?

MRS. FIGG  
 Well...one was very large, and the  
 other rather skinny--

FUDGE  
 Not the *boys*, the *Dementors*.

MRS. FIGG  
 Oh. Right... Big...cloaked...  
 (shivers)  
 ...then everything went cold...as  
 though all the happiness had gone  
 from the world...

Her voice trembles and dies. Amelia Bones raises an  
 eyebrow at Fudge.

FUDGE  
 Now look here! Dementors don't  
 just *wander* into a Muggle suburb  
 and *happen* across a wizard. The  
 odds are astronomical--!

DUMBLEDORE  
 Oh, I don't think any of us believe  
 the Dementors were there by  
 coincidence, Minister.

The crowd MURMURS.

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
*Hem hem...*

FUDGE  
 The chair recognizes Senior  
 Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge.

The pink-dressed WITCH leans forward. She wears a black  
 velvet bow and speaks in a fluttery, girlish voice: meet  
 DOLORES UMBRIDGE.

UMBRIDGE  
 I'm sure I must have misunderstood  
 you, Professor. Dementors are,  
 after all, under the control of  
 (MORE)

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 the Ministry of Magic. So silly of me, but it sounded for a moment as though you were suggesting that the *Ministry* had ordered the attack on this boy!

She laughs a chilling, silvery laugh.

DUMBLEDORE  
 That would be disturbing indeed, Madame Undersecretary...which is why I'm confident the Ministry will be making a full inquiry into why two Dementors were so very far from Azkaban, and why they attacked without authorization.  
 (turning to Fudge)  
 Of course...there is another who might have been behind the attack.

Fudge goes rigid. Dumbledore steps forward in a private appeal.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Cornelius...I implore you to listen to reason. The evidence that the Dark Lord has returned is in contravert--

FUDGE  
HE'S. NOT. BACK!

Silence! Fudge is quivering with rage; even Percy is taken aback. Dumbledore sighs deeply...then quietly addresses the Panel.

DUMBLEDORE  
 In the matter of Harry Potter: the law plainly states that magic may be used before Muggles in life-threatening situations.

FUDGE  
*Laws can be changed, Dumbledore.*

DUMBLEDORE  
 Clearly--if it has become practice to hold a full criminal trial to deal with a simple matter of underage magic.

Some of the wizards shift uncomfortably in their seats.

AMELIA BONES  
 Those in favor of clearing the witness of all charges?



Harry holds his breath. Hands slowly rise, a few at first, then more, until most of the court is included.

AMELIA BONES  
Those in favor of conviction?

Fudge and a half dozen others raise their hands, including Percy and Umbridge. Fudge's eyes narrow in impotent fury.

FUDGE  
Cleared of all charges.

As the assembled adjourn Harry turns gratefully to Dumbledore--but the Headmaster is already sweeping away, leaving Harry staring uncomprehendingly after him.

With a shiver of apprehension, Harry turns to find one motionless face in the risers, silently appraising him...

Dolores Umbridge smiles a honeyed smile.

35A

EXT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

35A

Moody takes paranoid point as Shackbolt and Tonks flank Harry; Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred, George and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley are just ahead. CRANE UP as the group navigates the clattering chaos of PARENTS and STUDENTS...

Harry frowns as he hears the SOUND of TROTting PAWS...looks down...where a large, rather mangy BLACK DOG walks in lockstep beside him. Suddenly Moody is there; furiously grabs the Dog by the scruff of the neck--

MADEYE MOODY  
Are you barking mad? You'll blow  
the entire operation--!

The Dog GROWLS, pulls free of Moody's grip and slinks guiltily to an empty area of the platform. As Harry hurries after him into a WAITING ROOM we see through its OPAQUE GLASS the DOG TRANSFORM; his black fur becomes a shabby black overcoat cloaked around--

HARRY  
Sirius! What are you *doing* here?!  
If somebody sees you--

SIRIUS  
(grinning)  
Had to see you off, didn't I?  
Anyway what's life without a  
little risk?

HARRY  
I just don't want to see you  
chucked back in Azkaban!

SIRIUS

Being trapped in that house day  
and night is almost as bad. Worst  
part about being a fugitive is how  
bloody *boring* it is...

(softening)

I take it back. The *worst* part is  
people believing everything they  
read in the papers...

(Harry smiles gratefully)

Anyway. I wanted you to have this.

Sirius produces a tattered WIZARDING PHOTOGRAPH. In it a  
small CROWD OF WIZARDS wave and lift their glasses.  
Dumbledore is at center.

SIRIUS

Original Order of the Phoenix.

HARRY

You all look so young.

SIRIUS

We were.

(pointing)

Marlene McKinnon; she was killed  
two weeks after this was taken;  
Voldemort wiped out her entire  
family... Frank and Alice  
Longbottom...

HARRY

Neville's parents...

SIRIUS

A fate worse than death, you ask  
me...

FRANK and ALICE LONGBOTTOM smile happily out at us. Harry  
frowns...and then his breath catches as he spots JAMES  
and LILY POTTER. James has his arm around Sirius, who  
wears short hair and an innocent grin.

SIRIUS

It's been fourteen years...and  
still a day doesn't go by I don't  
miss your dad.

HARRY

I wish I could have known him...

Harry gazes at his father...then looks through the  
doorway at the sea of happy STUDENTS boarding the train,  
kissing PARENTS...all blissfully unaware.

HARRY

Sirius...Do you really think  
there's going to be a war?

Sirius looks at his Godson, torn between his impulse to console and his desire to be honest...

SIRIUS  
It feels like it did before. Like  
the calm before a storm.

Harry shivers. Hands the photo back to Sirius--

SIRIUS  
You keep it. Anyway, I suppose  
you're the young ones now...

Harry takes this in, chilled. He looks down at the photo. Innocent smiles from happier days. SOUND UPCUT: A TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS--

ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

STEAM BILLOWS from the Hogwarts Express. It begins to move.

As Harry hurries to step onboard something catches his eye down the deserted platform... Time seems to slow; the air shimmers with dreamlike hyperclarity...

VOLDEMORT stands at the end of the platform. Looking straight at Harry. His head slowly tilts--

35B INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - DUSK 35B

Harry's head leans against the window, asleep. As his eyes fly open his head tilts erect, mirroring Voldemort's move. Harry shivers, looks out the rain-spattered window--

35C EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - SAME TIME - DUSK 35C

Harry's troubled face dwindles from view as we PULL UP and AWAY...to reveal a global view of the wild countryside, the glinting towers of HOGWARTS CASTLE tiny on the horizon. We sense the curvature of the earth as the last rays of daylight slip away...

36 OMITTED 36  
THRU THRU  
40 40

41 EXT. ROAD - HOGSMEADE STATION - NIGHT 41

A sign reads HOGSMEADE STATION. As the trio start down the path toward the Carriage Road Harry frowns: everywhere he looks his eyes are met with nervous glances, furtive WHISPERS...and copies of the *Daily Prophet*. DRACO MALFOY--flanked, as ever, by CRABBE and GOYLE, calls out:

DRACO MALFOY

I'm surprised the Ministry's still  
letting you walk around free,  
Potter. Better enjoy it while you  
can--I expect there's a cell in  
Azkaban with your name on it...

He laughs...then, without warning Harry suddenly moves  
toward Draco. Draco flinches; a surprised Ron holds Harry  
back...

RON

It's only Malfoy, Harry. What'd  
you expect...?

HARRY

Just--stay away from me...

DRACO MALFOY

What'd I tell you--complete nutter.

MOMENTS LATER. As the trio approach the rain-washed road  
we see a CARRIAGE; inside is CHO CHANG and several  
GIRLFRIENDS. As Cho spots Harry she hesitates...nods  
shyly. Harry blanches--Ron and Hermione share a smile as  
the carriage RATTLES away...

NEVILLE (O.S.)

Hi guys.

NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM joins them, holding a pulsing CACTUS.

HARRY, RON, HERMIONE

Hey Neville.

As the next carriage pulls up Harry turns toward it--and  
finds himself face to face with a large skeletal horse  
with pupil-less eyes and leathery wings: a THESTRAL.  
Harry stares in amazement.

HARRY

What *is* it?

RON

What's what?

HARRY

*That*. Pulling the carriage.

Ron and Hermione share a concerned look.

HERMIONE

Nothing's pulling the carriage,  
Harry. It's pulling itself--like  
always.

Harry turns back to the Thestral, SNORTING STEAM. And  
then a calm, dreamy voice speaks nearby:

LUNA (O.S.)  
You're not going mad...

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE an upside-down magazine (The *Quibbler*) lowers to reveal LUNA LOVEGOOD, her wand tucked behind her ear. She studies Harry with wistful understanding, as if wanting to comfort him.

LUNA  
(smiling sympathetically)  
They've *always* pulled the carriages.

Ron raises a dubious eyebrow as the others exchange glances...then shrug. Luna studies Harry as he climbs into the carriage.

LUNA  
You're Harry Potter.

HARRY  
(grim)  
Yeah, I know.

Neville carefully climbs in with his CACTUS.

LUNA  
I don't know who you are.

NEVILLE  
Oh, nobody, really.

HERMIONE  
(climbing in)  
No you're not; you're Neville Longbottom. Everyone, this is Loony Lov--  
(mortified)  
*Luna Lovegood. She's in Ginny's year, in Ravenclaw.*

Mumbled "hi's" all around as an utterly unperturbed Luna smiles, fingers her necklace of butterbeer corks. Hermione tries to make amends.

HERMIONE  
What an interesting necklace.

LUNA  
Oh thank you! It's a charm actually.  
(leans in, confides)  
*Keeps away the Nargles.*

Hermione nods and smiles politely. Harry and Ron shoot her an inquisitive glance; Hermione surreptitiously shrugs--"no idea."

Luna looks wistfully out the window.

LUNA  
Hungry. I hope there's pudding.

As the carriage RATTLES off...

42 OMITTED 42

43 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT 43

TRACK ALONG the HIGH TABLE, where PROFESSORS FLITWICK, MCGONAGALL and SNAPE are all are looking distinctly uncomfortable...

DUMBLEDORE  
...We have two changes in staffing this year. We are pleased to welcome back Professor Grubbly-Plank, who will be taking Care of Magical Creatures while Professor Hagrid is on temporary leave...

We reach an OVERSIZED EMPTY CHAIR--

AT THE GRYFFINDOR TABLE a troubled Harry looks inquiringly at Hermione, who shrugs, equally concerned...

Continue TRACKING along the high table--where PROFESSOR TRELAWNEY--myopically trying to spear pieces of kipper with her fork--pauses to peer uncertainly at the person dining beside her...

DUMBLEDORE  
...We also wish to welcome our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher--Professor Dolores Umbridge.

REVEAL Umbridge--in pink Alice band and matching cardigan--sitting beside Trelawney. Harry is stunned.

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)  
[I'm sure I'm not alone in saying good luck, Professor...]

HERMIONE  
You know her?

HARRY  
She was at my hearing. She works for Fudge.

DUMBLEDORE  
...As usual, our Caretaker Mr. Filch has asked me to remind you--

UMBRIDGE  
*Hem, hem.*

Umbridge rises, steps toward the podium. Momentarily taken aback, Dumbledore politely yields the floor, to a MURMUR of shocked surprise from both teachers and students.

UMBRIDGE

Thank you Headmaster, for those kind words of welcome. And how lovely to see all your bright happy faces smiling up at me...  
     (the STUDENTS blink back, nonplussed)  
 I'm sure we're all going to be very good friends.

FRED/GEORGE

Oh *that's* likely...

The twins SNORT in amusement...but then their grins wither under Umbridge's icy gaze. She briskly produces a parchment, reads in a sing-song voice.

UMBRIDGE

The Ministry of Magic has always considered the education of young witches and wizards to be of vital importance. The task of passing down the ancient skills must be undertaken with the utmost seriousness. Although each headmaster has brought something new to this historic school...

A perfunctory nod at Dumbledore.

UMBRIDGE

...progress for progress's sake must be discouraged. A balance then, between old and new, between permanence and change, between tradition and innovation.

We think she's done--the students EXHALE--

UMBRIDGE

--Let us preserve what must be preserved, perfect what can be perfected--and prune practices that ought to be prohibited.

Hermione reacts with dawning alarm at this last...as Umbridge smiles primly, abruptly turns and goes, Dumbledore breaks the stunned silence by starting to clap, but the applause that joins him is meager at best.

DUMBLEDORE

Thank you Professor Umbridge; that was most...illuminating. As I was saying, Mr. Filch has asked me...

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)  
 [...to remind you all that magic  
 is not permitted in corridors  
 between classes, nor are any  
 number of other things, all of  
 which can be checked on the  
 extensive list now fastened to Mr.  
 Filch's office door. First-years  
 ought to know that the Forest in  
 the grounds is out-of-bounds to  
 students--and a few of our older  
 students ought to know by now, too.  
 Tryouts for the house Quidditch  
 teams will take place on the first  
 weekend of next month...]

RON  
 Illuminating? What a load of waffle!

HERMIONE  
 There was important stuff hidden  
 in that waffle.  
 (off their confusion)  
 "Progress must be discouraged?"  
 "Prune practices that ought to be  
 prohibited?"

HARRY  
 What's it mean?

HERMIONE  
 It means the Ministry's interfering  
 at Hogwarts.

They all slowly look up at the smug, satisfied smile of  
 Dolores Umbridge, as she carefully adjusts her bow.

43A INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

43A

As Harry enters through the portrait hole the TALK in  
 the room quickly dies. DEAN THOMAS stands with SEAMUS  
 FINNIGAN, who holds a copy of the *Daily Prophet*. An  
 editorial is visible: A picture of Harry, the accompanying  
 headline *POTTER* magically becomes *PLOTTER*?

HARRY  
 Dean. Seamus. Good holiday?

DEAN THOMAS  
 All right. Better than Seamus's  
 anyway.

Seamus looks uneasily at Harry, then:

SEAMUS  
 Me Mam didn't want me to come back.



HARRY

Why not?

SEAMUS

Well...I suppose because of you.

(Harry is stunned)

The *Daily Prophet*'s been saying a lot of things about you, Harry-- and Dumbledore as well...

HARRY

And your Mum *believes* them?

SEAMUS

Nobody knows what really happened the night Cedric died...

HARRY

Then I guess you should read the *Prophet* like your stupid mother-- it'll tell you everything you need to know!

SEAMUS

Don't you have a go at my mother!

HARRY

*I'll have a go at anyone who calls me a liar--!*

RON

(as he enters)

What's going on?

SEAMUS

He's mad is what's going on! Do you believe the rubbish he's come out with about You-Know-Who?

RON

As a matter of fact, I do! So unless you want a fistful of Weasley you'll shut your mouth!

(Seamus backs down)

Anyone else got a problem with Harry?

NEVILLE

(quietly)

My Gran says it's the *Daily Prophet* that's rubbish. She's canceled our subscription.

He looks up at Harry, who manages an awkward nod, then hurries up the stairs...

44 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

44

Harry is at the window. After a moment Ron joins him.

RON  
You all right?

HARRY  
(quietly furious)  
Fine.

RON  
Seamus was bang out of order, mate.  
But he'll come round, you'll see--

HARRY  
I said I'm *fine*, Ron!

Ron stares at Harry. Harry's eyes are instantly apologetic...but something prevents him from saying the words. A complicated moment between the old friends. Ron sees the helpless look in Harry's eyes, but can't help being hurt.

RON  
Right. I'll just leave you to your thoughts, then.

He goes. Harry looks out the window...

45 INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

45

A paper SWALLOW swoops and dives overhead. It is before class; STUDENTS buzz with CHATTER and horseplay. As the SWALLOW banks around we see it is being expertly controlled by the wand of PADMA PATIL...

The SWALLOW soars low over the class...then suddenly EXPLODES in a ball of flame.

Dead silence. All eyes turn to Umbridge as she slowly lowers her stubby wand, smiles a honeyed smile.

UMBRIDGE  
Good morning, children!

As she strides to the front of the room she aims her wand at a BLACKBOARD, flicks her wrist causing words to magically appear (stacked vertically) as she speaks them:

UMBRIDGE  
Ordinary. Wizarding. Level.  
Examinations...  
(turns)  
--more commonly known as OWLS. It  
is not an understatement to say  
your fifth-year examinations will  
(MORE)

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 in many respects determine your  
 futures. Study hard and you will  
 be rewarded! Fail to do so, and  
 the consequences may be...severe.

The remains of the singed swallow COLLAPSES into ash.

A stack of TEXTBOOKS now FLOAT out of a cupboard and  
 distribute themselves to the students, landing with a  
 thud before them: "Dark Arts Defense: Basics for  
*Beginners*" over an outdated, childish illustration.

UMBRIDGE  
 Your previous instruction in this  
 subject has been disturbingly...  
 uneven. But you will be pleased to  
 know that from now on you will be  
 following a carefully structured,  
*Ministry-approved* course of  
 defensive magic...

Hermione has been paging through the textbook with  
 growing alarm. She raises her hand. Umbridge nods.

HERMIONE  
 There's nothing in here about  
 actually *using* defensive spells.

UMBRIDGE  
 (the silvery laugh)  
*Using* spells? I can't imagine why  
 you would need to use spells in my  
 classroom.

RON  
 (incredulous)  
 We're not going to use magic?

Umbridge ignores him, calls on Hermione's upthrust hand.

HERMIONE  
 But surely the whole *point* of  
 Defense Against the Dark Arts--

UMBRIDGE  
 Wizards much older and cleverer  
 than yourself have devised our new  
 program of study. You will be  
 learning about defensive spells in  
 a secure, *risk-free* way...

HARRY  
 What use is *that*? If we're going  
 to be attacked it won't be "risk  
 free--"

UMBRIDGE

*Students will raise their hands  
when they speak in my class.*

*(instantly sweet)*

*It is the view of the Ministry  
that a *theoretical* knowledge will  
be sufficient to get you through  
your examinations--which, after  
all, is what school is all about.*

HARRY

*And how's *theory's* supposed to  
prepare us for what's out there?*

UMBRIDGE

*There is nothing out there, dear.  
Who do you imagine wants to attack  
children like yourself?*

HARRY

*Oh, I don't know. Maybe *Lord  
Voldemort*?*

Hermione cringes. Umbridge freezes...then turns, splay  
her fingers on her desk as she surveys the room.

UMBRIDGE

*Let me make this quite plain. You  
have been told that a certain Dark  
wizard is at large once again.  
*This is a lie.**

HARRY

*It's not a lie. I saw him, I  
fought him--*

UMBRIDGE

*Detention, Mr. Potter!*

HARRY

*So according to you, Cedric Diggory  
dropped dead of his own accord?*

UMBRIDGE

*Cedric Diggory's death was a  
tragic accident.*

HARRY

*It was murder. Voldemort killed  
him and you know it--!*

UMBRIDGE

*(volcanic)*

*ENOUGH!*

The entire class FLINCHES--but in an instant the glimmer  
of madness vanishes from Umbridge's eye, and she has  
completely regained her poise. Sweetly:

UMBRIDGE

Enough.

(then)

Friday, Mr. Potter...My office.

45A OMITTED

45A

&

&

45B

45B

46 OMITTED

46

46A INT. CORRIDOR - DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES

46A

A surreal, DISTORTED FIGURE moves past us as we HEAR familiar, frightening WHISPERS. Suddenly we are JOLTED by a CRACKLING ELECTRIC CHARGE--ZZZP--

46B INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT - INTERCUT

46B

Harry FLINCHES VIOLENTLY in his sleep--

THE FIGURE

Ripples past. It's strangely familiar--

HARRY

Jaw clenched, eyes rapidly moving in REM-sleep--ZZZZP--

THE FIGURE

Still closer...as we PAN to reveal HARRY making his way down a dark, torchlit corridor--we were looking at his REFLECTION, the distorted, broken effect caused by the ridges between the wall's shiny black tiles.

As we PAN BACK to Harry's reflection it again crosses the ridge of a tile--and becomes Voldemort, black robes flowing. CONTINUE PANNING to find a familiar FEATURELESS BLACK DOOR looming at the corridor's end. The WHISPERS grow deafening as we race toward the door--it FLIES open into BLINDING LIGHT--

TRELAWNEY (O.S.)

Dream Interpretation--

46C INT. DIVINATION CLASSROOM - DAY

46C

PROFESSOR TRELAWNEY stares airily into the ether.

TRELAWNEY

--a most important means of divination. For the inner eye sees sights to which the outer world is blind...

She walks into a table, knocking a thick BOOK to the floor. As she bends to retrieve it she comes across a PINK SLIPPER...she follows it up myopically to find Umbridge's face--jumps back in fright--

TRELAWNEY

Oh! What are you doing here?

UMBRIDGE

Oh don't mind me, dear...

(she begins searching  
through her BAG)

You see--Professor Trelawney,  
isn't it?--in addition to my  
teaching duties, the Ministry has  
asked me to act as an informal  
observer here at Hogwarts...

(incensed, Trelawney  
draws breath to protest)  
*Cornelius'* eyes and ears, as it  
were...

The silvery LAUGH as she produces a PARCHMENT [Educational Decree Number 12], which Trelawney blinks at uneasily.  
IN THE RISERS Harry frowns...

UMBRIDGE

Nothing whatsoever to worry about  
of course. Please, do go on. I'm  
just a fly on the wall...

Trelawney hesitates...finally turns back to the class.

TRELAWNEY

Yes. Well--

UMBRIDGE

Just one question dear. You've  
been in this post how long exactly?

TRELAWNEY

Nearly sixteen years.

UMBRIDGE

Quite a period...And it was  
Dumbledore who appointed you?

TRELAWNEY

He did.

Umbridge produces a CLIPBOARD, makes a SQUEAKY note.  
Trelawney can't help trying to peek but Umbridge pulls  
it away....nods for her to continue. Trelawney again  
starts to speak--double checks Umbridge--finally begins--

UMBRIDGE

Just one more thing. If it isn't  
too much bother, would you please...  
*predict* something for me?

Trelawney freezes. IN THE RISERS the STUDENTS shift uncomfortably. Harry frowns--he sees where this is going.

TRELAWNEY

Sorry?

UMBRIDGE

Predict something. Surely you're not surprised I ask. You would have foreseen it--no?

TRELAWNEY

The--the Inner Eye does not See upon command!

UMBRIDGE

Come now, one teensy little prophecy...No? Pity.

Umbridge raises her pen to make a note--Trelawney panics--

TRELAWNEY

I...I think I do see something... something *dark*...

(a shaking finger rises)

*You are in grave danger!*

Umbridge raises a bland eyebrow...and makes a note. OFF HARRY--

46D INT. SNAPE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

46D

Snape glowers from the front of his classroom, his eyes tracking back and forth...

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)

...you applied first for the Defense Against the Dark Arts Post, is that correct?

Umbridge, clipboard in hand, serenely paces the back of the room. Hermione watches, frowns with growing concern.

SNAPE

Yes.

UMBRIDGE

But you were unsuccessful...?

SNAPE

Obviously.

Ron and Harry share a covert smile--Snape CUFFS Ron on the head.

UMBRIDGE

Do you have any idea why Dumbledore has consistently refused to appoint you?

SNAPE

I suggest you ask him.

UMBRIDGE

(sweetly)

Oh, I shall. In fact...

(her eyes fall on Harry)

I believe I may have quite a lot to say to your esteemed Headmaster...in due time.

Snape raises a surprised eyebrow, as the class reacts to this ominous note. Hermione frowns deeply--turns to look at Harry, who turns to take in Umbridge's cold smile. Harry SHIVERS--

46E OMITTED

46E

47 INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DUSK

47

Umbridge tips a heaping spoonful of sugar into her tea. Another. Another. Finally takes a SLURP, smacks her lips.

A KNOCK at the door. Umbridge pauses to minutely adjust the row of razor-sharp pencils lying before a framed PUBLICITY PHOTO of Fudge--striving to look dashing but only managing to look constipated. She gets the pencils just so, then:

UMBRIDGE

Come in.

Harry enters--and stops, transfixed.

The Dark Arts Office has been transformed into a nightmare in pink. The surfaces have been draped in lacy cloth; the walls are covered with ENCHANTED ORNAMENTAL PLATES with playful technicolor KITTENS.

UMBRIDGE

Good evening, Mr. Potter. You know why you are here?

HARRY

Pink. Er...yes.

(a brief internal struggle)

For talking back to a teacher...

Umbridge raises an impressed eyebrow. But as she turns away Harry can't resist adding, soto:



HARRY  
And telling the truth.

UMBRIDGE  
(a slow smile)  
I'm the teacher, dear. *I'll* decide  
what the truth is.

She indicates a desk against the wall; Harry sits.

UMBRIDGE  
You are going to be doing some  
lines for me today, Mr. Potter.  
(Harry opens his bag)  
No, not with your quill. You're  
going to be using a rather special  
one of mine.

From behind her back she produces a long black quill with  
a razor-sharp point, hands it to Harry.

UMBRIDGE  
Now: I want you to write 'I must  
not tell lies.'

HARRY  
How many times?

UMBRIDGE  
Oh, let's say for as long as it  
takes for the message to *sink in*.

She starts back to her desk, as Harry realizes:

HARRY  
You haven't given me any ink.

UMBRIDGE  
Oh, you won't need *ink*.

Uneasy, Harry begins to write. After a few words he stops,  
gasping in pain--

The words "I must not" have appeared on the parchment in  
gleaming red--and at *the same time on the back of Harry's*  
*hand*, as if cut into his skin with a scalpel.

Harry stares as the cut magically *heals over*, leaving a  
faint trace of lettering on his reddened flesh. As Harry  
turns to stare at Umbridge she raises an eyebrow.

UMBRIDGE  
Yes?

HARRY  
(a long beat, then)  
Nothing.

A spark of understanding dawns in Umbridge's eyes.

UMBRIDGE

That's right. Because deep down,  
you know you *deserve* to be punished.  
Don't you, Mr. Potter...

Harry stares as a disturbing, strangely intimate moment passes between them. Umbridge nods for him to continue.

Harry begins to write, wincing in pain as the bloody letters glisten on the parchment...

48

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

48

A WIZARD'S WIRELESS blares the latest hit from Celestina Warbeck.

FIND Neville sitting before his CACTUS. Using a quill pen, he surgically prods one of its PULSATING BOILS-- which promptly ERUPTS with thick green STINKSAP, covering Neville's face. He grimaces, sighs.

Just beyond, Fred and George Weasley flank NIGEL, a young second-year. Fred holds a bright orange CANDY BOX; both he and George are focused intently on Nigel, slowly chewing and turning chartreuse. Beyond we may notice other VICTIMS in various forms of distress: nosebleeds, dizziness, violent sneezing, unconsciousness...

FRED

...oh, now he's feeling it!  
(Nigel looks alarmed)  
Get it? *Skiving snackboxes!*

GEORGE

Sweets to make you ill!

FRED

Get out of class whenever you like!

GEORGE

Extract hours of leisure from  
unprofitable boredom!

FRED

Care for another?

As Nigel races off to vomit George and Fred high-five.  
FIND Ron and Hermione entering, mid-conversation.

RON

...I'm not asking you to write *all*  
of it for me, just...*most* of it.

HERMIONE

All right; I'll do the  
introduction--but that's *all*.

RON

Hermione you are honestly the most wonderful person I've ever met and if I'm ever rude to you again--

HERMIONE

I'll know you're back to normal.

They approach the fireplace, where Harry sits doing homework. He instinctively has the raw back of his hand to his mouth. Hermione is instantly maternal.

HERMIONE

What's wrong with your hand?

HARRY

(quickly hiding it)

Nothing.

Hermione's steely gaze will brook no quarter. Harry sighs, holds out his hand.

HERMIONE

The *other* hand...

Harry reluctantly complies. Ron and Hermione stare.

HERMIONE

You've got to tell Dumbledore.

HARRY

(uneasy)

NO...I mean...Dumbledore's got enough on his mind right now... Anyway I don't want to give Umbridge the satisfaction.

RON

Bloody hell Harry, the woman's torturing you! If the parents knew about this--!

HARRY

Well I haven't got any of those, have I Ron!

HERMIONE

Harry...You've got to report this. It's a simple matter of--

HARRY

No it's not!

Hermione reacts, surprised. Straining for measured tones, Harry struggles to explain:

HARRY

Hermione...Whatever's going on here...*it isn't simple.*

Ron and Hermione stare at him. Harry shakes his head.

HARRY  
You don't understand.

HERMIONE  
Then help us to.

Harry looks at her helplessly...then rises, goes.  
Distressed, Ron and Hermione look after him...

REVEAL Neville on the balcony above, a towel to his face,  
frowning. He's overheard it all.

48A	OMITTED	48A
&		&
48B		48B

49	EXT. SKY ABOVE HOGWARTS - EARLY MORNING	49
----	---	----

CRISP BLUE SKY. As HEDWIG drops into FRAME, soars toward  
us, the PARCHMENT fixed to her leg fills the screen...

HARRY (V.O.)  
*Dear Padfoot. I hope you're all  
right...It's starting to get  
colder here; winter is definitely  
on the way...*

As Hedwig drops down to skim the treetops we spot Harry  
approaching Hagrid's Hut. He frowns up at the shuttered  
windows and dormant chimney.

HARRY (V.O.)  
*...In spite of being back at  
Hogwarts I feel more alone than  
ever. I know you of all people  
will understand...*

A distant WHINNY draws Harry's attention toward the  
Forbidden Forest...where a THESTRAL rises high above the  
treetops, soars in a great circle then plunges out of  
sight.

50	EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - CLEARING - EARLY MORNING	50
----	--	----

Several THESTRALS are gathered around Luna, who is gently  
petting them. She has a smudge of dirt on her nose. As  
Harry cautiously approaches she speaks without looking up.

LUNA  
Hello, Harry Potter.

Startled, Harry moves to join her. As he shivers in the  
early morning air he notices her feet are bare.

HARRY

Your feet--aren't they...cold?

LUNA

A bit. Unfortunately all my shoes  
have mysteriously disappeared...

(leans in; low:)

I suspect *Nargles* are behind it.

Harry nods uncertainly. A BABY THESTRAL approaches; Luna produces an APPLE, gently rolls it toward him. The BABY sniffs it, ignores it.

HARRY

What are they?

LUNA

They're called Thestrals. They're quite gentle, really, but most people avoid them because they're a bit...

HARRY

Different.

(Luna nods. A moment)

But...why couldn't the others see them?

LUNA

They can only be seen by people who have seen death.

HARRY

(murmurs)

Cedric...

(then)

You've known someone who's died, then?

LUNA

My Mum. She was quite an extraordinary witch, but she did like to experiment. One day one of her spells went rather badly wrong. I was nine.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

LUNA

(conversationally)

Yes, it was rather horrible. I still feel very sad about it sometimes. But, I've got Dad. We both believe you, by the way.

(off Harry's confusion)

That He Who Must Not Be Named is back and you fought him and now

(MORE)

LUNA (CONT'D)  
the Ministry is conspiring with  
the *Daily Prophet* against you and  
Dumbledore.

HARRY  
Um...Thanks. Seems you're about  
the only one.

LUNA  
Oh, I don't think *that's* true...

Luna reaches into a bag and produces a piece of RAW MEAT;  
gently tosses it toward the BABY THESTRAL, who happily  
catches it in mid-air.

LUNA  
...But I suppose that's how he  
*wants* you to feel.

HARRY  
What do you mean?

LUNA  
Well if *I* were You-Know-Who...I'd  
want you to be cut off from  
everyone else. Because if it's  
just you *alone*... you're not as  
much of a threat.

Harry stares at Luna. The BABY nuzzles her as she looks  
up at Harry with a radiant smile.

51 INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING

51

Ron is reading "How to Soar on Your OWLS" as he shovels  
down food at lightning speed and top volume. Hermione  
watches with a look somewhere between awe and disgust.

HERMIONE  
Don't you *ever* stop eating?

RON  
Wha'? Ah'm 'ungry...

Suddenly he looks beyond her; swallows:

RON  
Harry.

Hermione turns to see a vulnerable, contrite Harry.

HARRY  
All right if I join you?

Hermione smiles uncertainly...and then RAISED VOICES are  
heard outside the hall--

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)  
 ...and once brought to my attention  
 I felt it my duty to speak out.

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
 Speak out? I'm afraid I don't  
 understand...

52 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

52

The reunited trio exits the Great Hall to investigate.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)  
 Come now, you must admit such  
 behavior is *irregular* to say the  
 least. Furthermore--

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
 Pardon me Professor, but what  
 exactly are you insinuating...?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)  
 I am "insinuating" nothing...

McGonagall and Umbridge are on the Marble Stair.  
 McGonagall is clearly uncomfortable with the public  
 nature of the conversation.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
 ...I am merely *requesting* that  
 when it comes to my students, you  
 conform to prescribed disciplinary  
 practices...

Harry notices Neville among the gathering CROWD; he meets  
 Harry's eye with a look of guilty defiance. As Harry's  
 surprise softens into gratitude, Neville shrugs shyly.

UMBRIDGE  
 So silly of me, but it sounds as  
 though you're questioning my  
 authority in my own classroom...  
 (taking a deliberate step  
 up)  
 ...*Minerva*.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
 Not at all...  
 (stepping up as well)  
*Dolores*. Merely your medieval  
 methods.

Umbridge looks at McGonagall with sadness and pity.

UMBRIDGE

I *am* sorry dear...but to question my practices is to question the Ministry--and, by extension, the Minister himself. I am a tolerant woman, but the one thing I can't stand for is disloyalty.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

*Disloyalty--?*

The trio reacts. Umbridge looks out at the students, as we PUSH IN...

UMBRIDGE

Things at Hogwarts are far worse than I feared. Cornelius will want to take immediate action...

52A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

52A

*CLANG*--An IRON SPIKE is hammered into stone, attaching a NOTICE to the wall: *Educational Decree Number 23: Dolores Jane Umbridge has been appointed to the post of Hogwarts High Inquisitor.*

Filch cracks his neck, grimly satisfied...steps back as STUDENTS move in to read the LONE NOTICE on the huge expanse of empty wall. PAN to find the troubled trio, Hermione fearfully reading a copy of the

53 DAILY PROPHET

53

A BANNER HEADLINE reads: *MINISTRY SEEKS EDUCATIONAL REFORM*, and, below: *"New Era Dawns at Hogwarts."* As we DESCEND into the paper the PAGE TURNS--*WHOOSH*--to reveal a moving photo of FUDGE, trailed by a mob of REPORTERS as he strides through the Ministry Atrium.

FUDGE

--Having already revolutionised the teaching of Defense Against the Dark Arts, Dolores Umbridge will, as High Inquisitor, now have powers to address the seriously slipping standards at Hogwarts School--

Again we are falling into the pages--*WHOOSH*--the PAGE TURNS, as we FLY past various other STORIES--"*CENTAUR CRISIS CONTINUES*," subheaded *"Treaty Talks Break Down"*--and ADVERTISEMENTS--"*Magical Savings on last years models!*"--to FIND a sidebar story: *"PARENTS ENDORSE MINISTRY MOVE."* A moving PHOTO of LUCIUS MALFOY, sits holding a brandy by the fire in his Wiltshire Mansion, appeals to us with oleaginous sincerity:



LUCIUS MALFOY

As a parent, I believe the Ministry  
is doing what's best for *all* our  
sakes...

(emotionally)

For the sake of the *children*.

NOTE: Scenes 46C and 46D [Trelawney and Snape inspections]  
to be relocated HERE.

53A INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

53A

As the COMPOSER tries to conduct his CHOIR, Umbridge circles him, making notes. She matter-of-factly produces a TAPE MEASURE. As it magically unspools to measure him, the Composer tries to bear the humiliation with as much grace as possible.

53B INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

53B

Between classes, a familiar young COUPLE KISSES in an alcove--when suddenly a BLUE ELECTRIC ARC zaps their lips, BLOWING THEM APART. Umbridge's eyes narrow in satisfaction...as the two kids EXHALE in surprise--and SMOKE comes out of their mouths.

53C INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

53C

CLANG: *Educational Decree No. 22: "Boys and girls are not permitted to be within 8 inches of each other."*

A small GROUP of STUDENTS gather, frown...

53D EXT. COURTYARD - DUSK

53D

In a shadowy area off the courtyard (the better to see the effects) Fred and George display their latest wares to a group of KIDS: FIREWORK SPARKLER BALLS in vivid colors. Like YO-YOs with invisible strings, the twins do a variety of tricks in tandem, sending them in wide arcs around their heads (kids DUCKING out of the way just in time), letting them COLLIDE (at which point they EXPLODE, CHANGE COLOR and become BIGGER). Finally they detach from their "strings" altogether as the twins JUGGLE them in a fiery cascade, to the KIDS' applause...

Suddenly, to the Twins' surprise, the balls FIZZLE and SPUTTER as they're SUCKED through the air--

--and hoovered up into UMBRIDGE'S stubby wand. Umbridge raises a challenging eyebrow at the twins--

53E INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY 53E

*CLANG: Educational Decree No. 21: All Weasley Products will be banned immediately.*

The GROUP of STUDENTS grows larger, more disturbed...

53F INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - ANOTHER DAY 53F

A group of STUDENTS with their shirt-tails out and their ties loosened are LAUGHING boisterously as they walk down the hall between classes....

...not noticing UMBRIDGE walking the other way. Her eyes narrow in deep disdain as her stubby wand emerges--she FLICKS her wrist--

--as magically the Students shirt-tails TUCK THEMSELVES IN--rather violently--and their ties TIGHTEN abruptly, CHOKING off their laughter. Umbridge smiles--

53G INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - ANOTHER DAY 53G

*CLANG: Educational Decree No. 27: Proper Dress and Decorum is to be maintained at all times.*

MORE PROCLAMATIONS go up in rapid succession, too quick to read--

*CLANG: Any literature by non-Wizards or Half-breeds is banned, forthwith.*

*CLANG: Students must consent to have their post checked for illegal contraband.*

*CLANG: Any complaints about Hogwarts or its staff must be made in writing to the High Inquisitor.*

*CLANG. All Quidditch matches are hereby canceled. Broomsticks will be turned in to the High Inquisitor for safe-keeping.*

PULL BACK to reveal Filch--who now has to use a rickety STEP-STOOL to reach open wall...

BOOM down to find the TRIO staring up at the increasingly cluttered wall, surrounded by the largest GROUP yet--

--as in the distance we hear a growing COMMOTION-- something big is up. A group of STUDENTS rushes by, Cho among them.

HARRY

Cho--what's going on?

CHO

It's Professor Trelawney.

54	OMITTED	54
54A	OMITTED	54A
&		&
54B		54B
55	OMITTED	55
55A	OMITTED	55A
&		&
55B		55B
56	OMITTED	56
56A	OMITTED	56A
&		&
56B		56B
57	OMITTED	57
57A	OMITTED	57A

58	EXT. COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS	58
----	--	----

THUNDER RUMBLES as Harry pushes through a great ring of ONLOOKERS to join Ron and Hermione. It seems like most of the student body is circled around a wild-eyed, wind-blown Trelawney--a Crystal Ball clutched in one hand, an empty sherry bottle in the other. Two large trunks lay on the ground beside Filch, his arms crossed.

TRELAWNEY

S-Sixteen years I've lived and  
taught here! H- Hogwarts is m-my  
h-home! You c-can't do this!

REVERSE to reveal Umbridge approaching through a silently parting sea of STUDENTS.

UMBRIDGE

Actually...  
(holding up a DECREE)  
...I can.

Professor McGonagall now hurries to Trelawney, hands her a large handkerchief. Trelawney blows her nose as McGonagall looks daggers at Umbridge.

UMBRIDGE

Something you'd like to say, dear?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Oh, there are several things I'd  
like to say.

With a CRACK the oaken front doors swing wide--revealing a dangerously composed Dumbledore. All eyes on him, he approaches Trelawney; murmurs in her ear. She actually

manages a small smile. Umbridge fumes, opens her mouth to speak--

DUMBLEDORE  
Professor McGonagall...might I ask  
you to escort Sybill back inside?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
(eyeing Umbridge)  
Happy to.

UMBRIDGE  
*Dumbledore: May I remind you that  
under the terms of Educational  
Decree Number Twenty-three, as  
enacted by the Minister--!*

DUMBLEDORE  
--you have the right to dismiss my  
teachers. You do not, however,  
have the authority to banish them  
from the grounds. That power  
remains with the Headmaster.

UMBRIDGE  
(pausing)  
For now.

A charged moment between she and Dumbledore--the gloves  
are off. Dumbledore nods to Professor McGonagall, who  
takes Trelawney's trembling arm, guides her back inside.

DUMBLEDORE  
I trust you all have studying to do?

The CROWD OF STUDENTS quickly break up. In the tumult  
Harry desperately tries to reach Dumbledore.

HARRY  
Professor? Professor--!

But Dumbledore seems not to hear him. Harry has almost  
caught up as Dumbledore rounds a pillar--and *vanishes*.

FAT DROPS of rain begins to fall as we CRANE UP over  
Harry: frozen, lost. The WIND RISES; THUNDER BUILDS...

59 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

59

LIGHTNING FLASHES; RAIN POUNDS against the window.  
Hermione paces wildly as Harry and Ron watch her stalk  
back and forth like spectators at a tennis match.

HERMIONE  
That foul, evil old gargoyle!  
*We've got to do something!*

RON  
(confused)  
I thought you hated Trelawney...

HERMIONE  
*THAT'S NOT THE POINT, RON!* We're  
not learning how to defend  
ourselves, we're *not* learning what  
we need to pass our OWLS, she's  
*taking over the entire school--*  
*what's Dumbledore playing at?*

HARRY  
(murmurs)  
I wish I knew...

The WIZARD'S WIRELESS on the side table CRACKLES to life.

ANNOUNCER  
At the witching hour, here are the  
latest headlines...Cornelius Fudge  
today denied rumors that the  
mysterious disappearance of several  
Ministry workers is related to  
last year's appearance of the Dark  
Mark at the Quidditch World Cup...

Ron starts to say something but Hermione immediately  
SHUSHES him. Ron just sighs, shakes his head as she  
hurries to turn up the volume, and he and Harry join her.

ANNOUNCER  
...With increased incidents of  
Goblin unrest as well as rumblings  
among the Giants, the Minister  
sought to quell the qualms of the  
wizard world:

FUDGE (O.S.)  
We wish to assure the public that  
Security has been and will remain  
the Ministry's top priority.  
Furthermore, we have convincing  
evidence these disappearances are  
the work of notorious mass murderer  
Sirius Black. Make no mistake: we  
will hunt him down and find him  
wherever he hides...

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
Come and get me, Fudgey...

SIRIUS' HEAD appears in the fire's dancing flames. As  
his face eerily BURNS and REFORMS the trio rush to kneel  
on the hearthrug.

HARRY  
Sirius! What are you *doing* here?

SIRIUS

Answering your letter. You said you were worried about Umbridge. What's she doing, training you all to kill half breeds?

HARRY

Half-breeds? What are you talking about?

HERMIONE

I've been reading up on her-- Umbridge loathes part-humans of any kind. At the Ministry she was infamous for it--anti-werewolf legislation, imposing territorial restrictions on Centaurs...

HARRY

Sirius, she's not letting us use magic at all.

SIRIUS

I might have guessed. Latest intelligence is Fudge doesn't want you trained in combat.

RON

*Combat?* What does he think, we're forming some sort of wizard army?

SIRIUS

That's *exactly* what he thinks-- that Dumbledore is assembling his own forces to take on the Ministry. He's getting more paranoid by the minute...

The gravity of this sinks in. Sirius hesitates.

SIRIUS

The others wouldn't want me telling you this, Harry ...but things aren't going at all well with the Order. Fudge is blocking the truth at every turn...and these "disappearances" are just how it started last time. *Voldemort is on the move.*

HARRY

What can we do, Sirius?

SIRIUS

I'm not sure...I *do* know your Dad never would have lain down for the likes of Umbridge.

(MORE)

SIRIUS (CONT'D)  
 (Harry takes this in)  
 Someone's coming. Sorry I can't be  
 more help, but for now at least...  
 (grimaces, concerned)  
 ...looks like you're on your own.

His face turns to ASH and vanishes.

THUNDER CRACKS; LIGHTNING FLASHES. Hermione goes to the window, shivers.

HERMIONE  
 He really is out there, isn't he.

Harry and Ron join her. The trio look out at the increasingly violent storm.

HERMIONE  
 We've got to be able to defend  
 ourselves. And if Umbridge refuses  
 to teach us how...  
 (turning to Harry)  
 We need someone who will.

Ron looks up in dawning comprehension. They both look at Harry--LIGHTNING FLASHES--

60 REVERSE

60

We PULL BACK *THROUGH* the window as Ron and Hermione fall on Harry, talking with greater and greater animation--as Harry looks more and more dubious. THUNDER CRACKS as SHEETS OF RAIN obscure the castle from view...

...and now as the wind spirals us wildly upward, LIGHTNING suddenly illuminates a towering CLOUD FORMATION that looks eerily like Voldemort's head. The WIND HOWLS...and BECOMES THE WHISPERS FROM HARRY'S DREAMS as we are propelled TOWARD it, *THROUGH* its gaping MOUTH...

As the rain CRYSTALLIZES into SNOW and night BRIGHTENS into day, the wind bears us toward Hogsmeade Village...

61 EXT. MAIN STREET - HOGSMEADE VILLAGE - DAY

61

The trio hurries through the slushy SNOW. Harry, shivering, is visibly nervous.

HARRY  
 This is mad. Who'd want to be  
 taught by *me*? I'm a nutter,  
 remember?

RON  
 Look on the bright side--you can't  
 be any worse than old toad-face.

HARRY  
(stares, then)  
Thanks, Ron.

RON  
I'm here for you, mate.

62 INT. HOG'S HEAD INN - DAY

62

A mounted BOAR'S HEAD turns as the door CREAKS open. The trio peers into the dingy room, lit by stubby candles on rough wooden tables. Ron sniffs at the sour air.

RON  
Lovely spot.

HERMIONE  
I thought it'd be safer someplace  
off the beaten track.

The BARMAN (ABERFORTH DUMBLEDORE) peers goatishly at them as he wipes glasses with a filthy rag.

HARRY  
Who's supposed to be meeting us?

HERMIONE  
Oh, just a couple of people...  
(looks around the deserted  
pub)  
I'm sure they'll be here soon.

Harry frowns...and then Hermione brightens as the door opens and a crowd of STUDENTS hurries in: Neville, Ginny, Fred and George, Cho, Luna, the young second-year Nigel, PARVATI and PADMA PATIL, a SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY, a SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY, and a dozen OTHERS stand looking around the gloom.

HARRY  
*A couple of people?*

Hermione smiles weakly. As the group gathers there is uneasiness on both sides; some of the students have openly challenging expressions; others are more curious. Harry spots Cho's uncertain smile; flushes.

HERMIONE  
Um--hi. So, you all know why we're  
here. We need a teacher--a *proper*  
teacher, one who's had real  
experience defending themselves  
against the Dark Arts--

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY  
Why?



RON

*Why?* Because You-Know-Who is back,  
you tosspot!

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY

(a nod at Harry)

So *he* says.

HERMIONE

So *Dumbledore* says--

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY

So *Dumbledore* said *because* he says.  
The point is, where's the proof?

SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY

If Potter could tell us more about  
how Diggory got killed...

Cho stands perfectly still, refusing to cry.

HARRY

I'm not going to talk about Cedric.  
So if that's what you're here for,  
you might as well clear out now.

A flash of gratitude from Cho; Harry turns to Hermione:

HARRY

Let's go. They're just here because  
they think I'm some sort of *freak*--

HERMIONE

(desperate)

Harry, wait--

LUNA (O.S.)

Is it true you can produce a  
Patronus Charm?

The crowd grows quiet. Harry spots Luna standing in the  
back. Hermione seizes the opening.

HERMIONE

Yes. I've seen it. A fully-formed  
stag Patronus.

DEAN THOMAS

Blimey Harry! I never knew that!

NEVILLE

He--he also killed a Basilisk--  
with the sword in *Dumbledore's*  
office!

GINNY

It's true.

The crowd is impressed. The tide is beginning to turn.

RON

And third year he fought off about  
a hundred Dementors at once--

HERMIONE

And last year he *did* fight off  
You-Know-Who in the flesh--

HARRY

*Wait.*

All eyes swing to Harry. He is struggling mightily with  
this. Finally, speaking to both his friends and the group:

HARRY

Look--it all sounds great when you  
say it like that. But the truth is,  
a lot of it was *luck*. I didn't  
know what I was doing half the  
time, I nearly always had help--

HERMIONE

(quickly)

He's just being modest.

HARRY

No, Hermione. I'm not.

(to the group)

Facing this stuff in real life...it  
isn't like school at all. In  
school, if you make a mistake you  
can just...try again tomorrow. But  
out there...

(haunted)

...when you're a second away from  
being murdered...or watching a  
friend die right before your eyes...

He falters as his eyes fall on Cho, her eyes brimming.

HARRY

You just...you don't know what  
it's like.

The group is silent. Hermione looks at Harry; chastened.

HERMIONE

You're right Harry. We don't.  
That's why we need your help.  
Because if we're to have any  
chance of beating V-Voldemort...

It's the first time she's said his name. Harry looks at  
her, then the group. Young Nigel, scared, looks up at  
Harry. In a small voice:

NIGEL

He really is back?

Harry nods. The group looks solemnly back...and it strikes us their arrangement is quite reminiscent of the photo of the original Order. Harry realizes, murmurs...

HARRY

We're the young ones now.

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY hesitates...then silently steps forward...and nods--"I'm in." Harry's eyes fall on Nigel, gazing at him almost worshipfully--and the responsibility of what he's taking on sinks in.

One by one the OTHERS step forward; Ron and Hermione exchange shivery glances--there is an air of destiny about the moment. The SUN breaks through clouds, brightening even the pub's grimy windows...as the BARMAN winces grumpily...

INSERT: A PIECE OF PARCHMENT with the words *DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY* written in bold letters across the top. One by one one the students sign their names.

HARRY (O.S.)

...all right--next thing is to find a place to practice where Umbridge won't find out--

63

EXT. BRIDGE/CLOCKTOWER BRIDGE - DAY

63

We SOAR toward the bridge. FIND the trio, flanked by Ginny and Neville. They walk purposefully toward us, their excitement palpable.

GINNY

The Shrieking Shack?

HARRY

Too small.

HERMIONE

The Forbidden Forest?

RON

Not bloody likely.

GINNY

Harry...What happens if Umbridge does find out?

HERMIONE

(a bit giddy)

Oh, who cares. I mean, it's sort of *exciting*, isn't it? Breaking the rules?

RON

Who are you, and what have you done with Hermione Granger?

HERMIONE  
 (flushes)  
 Anyway...we know at least one  
 positive thing came from today.

HARRY  
 What's that?

HERMIONE  
 (grinning)  
 Cho just couldn't keep her eyes  
 off you, could she...

Harry turns pink as Ron beams, slaps him on the back.  
 Ginny, however, doesn't seem quite as pleased...

HARRY  
 Okay: in the next few days each of  
 us comes up with a couple of  
 possibilities for places to  
 practice...

As the others nod we MOVE IN ON Neville, his brow creased  
 in concentration...

63A EXT. TOWER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 63A

Umbridge's eyes narrow in deep suspicion as she watches  
 the kids from on high...and then her face hardens into  
 determination. As she turns to FILCH standing beside her,  
 she WHISPERS in his ear...until his dimly confused  
 expression hardens as well.

64 OMITTED 64

64A OMITTED 64A

64B INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY 64B

Neville, still deep in thought, almost bumps into Draco  
 Malfoy walking the other way.

DRACO MALFOY  
 Watch where you're going,  
 Longbottom...

Draco sneers, moves on, as Neville hurries around the  
 corner...

As he walks past a blank section of wall he abruptly  
 halts. Slowly turns, goes back...and now where the plain  
 stone wall was, a HIGHLY FILIGREED DOOR has appeared.  
 Neville hesitates, opens it...

65 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

65

Neville stares in amazement as he steps into the spacious room lit with flickering torches. PAN across its bookcase-lined walls, its floor covered with silk cushions...

LIGHTS SHIFT/TIME LAPSES as we complete the PAN to reveal Neville has been joined by the trio.

HERMIONE

You've done it, Neville! You've found the Room of Requirement!

RON

The which?

HERMIONE

I've heard rumors about it for ages but I never believed them until now...!

(seeing their confusion)

It's also known as the Come and Go room. The Room of Requirement only appears when a person has real need of it, and is always equipped for the seekers' needs.

RON

So, say you really needed a toilet...?

HERMIONE

Charming, Ronald. But yes, that's the general idea.

HARRY

It's brilliant. Like Hogwarts wants us to fight back...

Suddenly a glint of silver falls past Harry's face. Harry smiles in amazement as he bends down and picks up a shiny WHISTLE...holds it to his lips--BLOWS--

65A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

65A

*CLANG. Educational Decree No. 68: All Student Organizations are henceforth disbanded. Any Student in noncompliance will be expelled.*

Filch turns sycophantically to Umbridge--who turns to glare meaningfully at the assembled STUDENTS. We suddenly move *through* the notice wall behind them--

66 OMITTED

66

67 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

67

--into Harry's first class; the last of the STUDENTS hurries into place. Harry is visibly nervous as he looks down the line of eager faces. Hermione offers an encouraging smile, Ron a covert fist of solidarity.

HARRY

All right...so...I was thinking  
the first thing we should practice  
is disarming charms...

SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY

Isn't that sort of...basic?

HARRY

It saved my life last year.

An impressed MURMUR. Ron and Hermione exchange a happy look...Harry exhales--he's begun.

A DEATH EATER

towers above us, its hideous skull-like MASK grinning.  
PULL BACK to reveal it is a quite realistic-looking DUMMY,  
its arms extended, one hand holding a prodigious bone WAND.

Uneasy STUDENTS stand in a line before it--Neville first.  
He stares up at the Death Eater--takes a deep breath--

NEVILLE

*Expelliarmus!*

Neville's wand goes spinning out of his hand in a SHOWER  
OF SPARKS--STUDENTS DUCK as it SHOOTS over their heads  
and smashes against the wall. Harry frowns--this is going  
to be harder than he thought. Neville sags in despair.

NEVILLE

I'm hopeless.

Harry hesitates--then, with determination:

HARRY

No you're not. You're just  
flourishing your wand too much.  
Here, try it like this--

Harry demonstrates with a sharp flick of his wrist...as  
just beyond, Hermione and Ginny exchange an impressed  
smile...

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)

...you will please copy the  
approved text four times--

67A INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM - ANOTHER DAY

67A

ENCHANTED CHALK writes an endless list of defensive theory minutiae on the blackboard. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Umbridge's dour face as she starts down the aisle, watching students miserably open their notebooks.

UMBIDGE  
--to ensure maximum retention.  
(the class GROANS)  
*There will be no need to talk.*

As Umbridge passes Hermione she grips her pencil in frustration, mutters:

HERMIONE  
No need to *think's* more like it.

Umbridge stops--glares at her imperiously--then her eyes widen in fury as she spots Neville intently practicing the same wrist flick motion beyond.

UMBIDGE  
*Wands away!*

Neville nearly jumps out of his chair--Umbridge glowers ...then her eyes fall on Harry. She is disarmed to find him looking evenly--even challengingly back at her--"I've got a secret." Umbridge's eyes narrow suspiciously...

67B OMITTED

67B

67C INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - ANOTHER DAY

67C

Filch's rheumy eyes narrow in kind as he peers around a corner--spots CHO with a small GROUP OF STUDENTS hurrying down the corridor, looking around to make sure they're not being watched...

Panting, Filch silently stalks them--quickly ducking behind a SUIT OF ARMOR when Cho hears footsteps--waiting--

--then high-stepping it to hug the adjacent wall. He peers slyly around the corner...just in time to see the FILIGREED DOOR *melting into stone*. Filch smiles a curdled smile as MRS. NORRIS leaps into his arms...

67C1 EXT. TOWER - DAY

67C1

Now Umbridge listens as Filch whispers in her ear. She listens, intrigued...and more determined than ever.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Stunning is one of the most useful  
spells in your arsenal...

67D OMITTED

67D

68 OMITTED

68

69 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

69

The class has formed an elongated circle. Harry stands towards one end. His confidence has clearly grown.

HARRY  
....it's sort of a wizard's bread  
and butter, really...

Students LAUGH appreciatively; as Harry turns we see who he's squared off against--a very nervous Nigel. Harry smiles encouragingly:

HARRY  
It's all right, Nigel. Take your  
best shot.

Nigel takes a deep breath, then--

NIGEL  
*STUPEFY!*

A JET of RED LIGHT leaps from Nigel's wand--sending Harry FLYING twenty feet through the air! But Nigel goes sprawling too--not used to the KICKBACK from his wand.

Fortunately the stone floor DEFORMS into PILLOWY SHAPES, cushioning Nigel's landing completely.

Harry and an awed Nigel blink at each other from across the floor--Harry grins.

HARRY  
Not bad. Next--

A LITTLE LATER. Ron and Hermione are up; they step forward together, both feeling a bit awkward. BOYS and GIRLS silently gravitate towards their respective champion--Ginny and Luna silently rooting for Hermione, Dean and Neville for Ron--who confides quietly to Hermione:

RON  
Don't worry--I'll go easy on you.

HERMIONE  
(playing along)  
Oh, *thank you*, Ronald.

They take their positions--both take a deep breath--

HERMIONE/RON  
*STUPEFY!*

Hermione's wand emits a JET of RED LIGHT--sending Ron soaring through the air and slamming--OOF--against the mirror wall. He stares up at a slightly abashed Hermione,



who is instantly surrounded by happy GIRLS. Ron turns to the silent, stone-faced boys--

RON  
 I--I let her do that. I mean it's  
 just good manners, isn't it!  
 (the BOYS turn away,  
 GRUMBLING)  
*It was completely intentional--I'm  
 telling you--!*

He turns helplessly to a grinning Harry--

69A  
 THRU  
 69C

OMITTED

69A  
 THRU  
 69C

69D

EXT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

69D

Filch has staked out the wall with a little encampment; cot, tea pot. As he keeps his drooping eyes on the wall we PAN around the corner...where the FILIGREED DOOR appears in a *different* wall, just out of Filch's view. It opens; kids sneak silently out...

69D1

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69D1

Filch stands before Umbridge's desk, head hung low in shame. Holding tight to one of her pencils, Umbridge glowers at him--and SNAPS the pencil in two.

69E

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

69E

*CLANG. Educational Decree No. 82: All Students will submit to questioning about suspected illicit activities.*

Filch, eyes red from lack of sleep, turns and glares.

70

INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM/UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

70

PULL PAST a LINE of NERVOUS STUDENTS waiting on the stairs outside the Dark Arts office. The door opens and a THIRD-YEAR GIRL emerges, shaken. A FOURTH-YEAR BOY, next in line, peers uncertainly past her..where Umbridge smiles a saccharine smile, taps the back of a waiting chair as she stirs a cup of TEA...

70A-1

OMITTED

70A-1

70A-2

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - ANOTHER DAY

70A-2

TRACK behind a line of students, straining mightily with trembling wands outstretched.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Good...keep your concentration...

REVERSE to show their victims--the YOUNGER STUDENTS, floating in mid-air. Harry walks alongside, gently adjusting positions, wand angles.

HARRY  
Little higher there...nice.

He reaches Cho, struggling to hold up Nigel, his eyes pleading not to drop him. Harry gingerly puts his arms around her to adjust her wand angle; as they touch, both SHIVER, BLUSH--and Nigel tumbles wildly out frame. Fred and George exchange a knowing grin...

...and as our view passes the WINDOWS reflected in the MIRROR WALL, DAYLIGHT magically fades to NIGHT--

70A-3 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 70A-3

--as the SHOT continues unbroken into another session.  
[NOTE: Harry's dialogue begins over previous scene]

HARRY (V.O.)  
Working hard is important...but  
there's something that matters  
even more: believing in yourself...

We FIND HARRY as he walks through the room of practicing STUDENTS. Neville is still working on the elusive wrist flick. STUDENTS pull BOOKS from shelves with ACCIO--as Harry ducks just in time. Luna turns Dean Thomas' wand into a bouquet of DAISIES.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Think of it this way...

As Harry passes each student they look to him, eager for approval--he nods warmly.

HARRY  
...every great wizard in history  
started out as nothing more than  
what we are now--students. If they  
could do it...why not you?

Harry turns to survey the room--STUDENTS FLOATING in the AIR, being KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET, FROZEN. The joy of learning is palpable. Harry takes it all in, exhilarated.

70A-4 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

70A-4

Filch returns miserably to his stool...to find a big pink heart-shaped CANDY BOX with elaborate bow sitting on it, a card reading: "to Mr. Filch." Enraptured, Filch lifts up the lid, takes out a SWEET, lifts it to his lips--

70A-5 INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 70A-5

His face covered in BOILS, Filch again stands before Umbridge's desk. Furious, Umbridge again SNAPS her PENCIL in two...then, unsatisfied, grabs ANOTHER PENCIL and snaps it as well.

70A-6 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY 70A-6

Crabbe, Goyle and Malfoy cheerfully shove a poor FIRST YEAR back and forth between them like a football...

...as FROM HIGH ABOVE we reveal UMBRIDGE, again watching. She has an idea. Once again she turns, WHISPERS into Filch's ear, as again his dimness hardens into understanding, then determination...

70A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY - INTERCUT 70A

*CLANG. Educational Decree No. 98: Those wishing to join the INQUISITORIAL SQUAD for extra credit may sign up in the High Inquisitor's Office.*

71 OMITTED 71  
THRU THRU  
73 73

73A OMITTED 73A

74 INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT 74

CANDLES FLICKER as we TRACK PAST Crabbe, Goyle, PANSY PARKINSON, and the plus-sized WARRINGTON, each with a handsome silver "I" PIN on their lapels. Umbridge pins the last one on a smirking Draco. OFF Umbridge, demonic in the candlelight--

74A-1 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT 74A-1

Harry suddenly JOLTS awake from a nightmare--as if caused by the previous shot of Umbridge.

74A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY 74A

The DEATH EATER DUMMY once again grins at us. SPIRAL DOWN FROM ABOVE TO REVEAL the class standing in a large CIRCLE around it. Their skills clearly improved, the students brandish their wands, happily sending it spinning back and forth between them. As cries of STUPEFY send it flying, LEVICORPUS sends it floating, EXPELLIARMUS disarms it, it ricochets faster and faster--yet there is a grace and balletic quality to the coordinated attacks...

75 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY - INTERCUT 75

Luna hurries down the corridor, ducks through the new location of the FILIGREED DOOR. REVEAL Draco, who's staked out that particular wall--

75A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY - INTERCUT 75A

SCENE CONTINUES. PAN across the STUDENTS FACES--focused, confident--as the DUMMY continues its dance--

HARRY walks the perimeter of the circle. Trying to show professorial restraint, he's obviously elated...

75B INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY - INTERCUT 75B

Draco signals excitedly to Filch, who motions to Crabbe, Goyle and Warrington at other corners...

Filch signals NOW. They rush to the door--

75C INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY - INTERCUT 75C

SCENE CONTINUES. At last the Dummy pirouettes towards Ginny, who raises her wand--the Dummy careens towards her--Ginny braces for impact--

GINNY

*REDUCTO!*

--as the DUMMY EXPLODES into dust!

75D INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY - INTERCUT 75D

Filch throws it open in triumph--to reveal a BROOM CLOSET.

75E INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT 75E

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! Umbridge BREAKS pencil after pencil in an orgy of furious destruction. Finally she SWEEPS the contents of her desk off with her arm--which rains down on Filch, cowering in the corner--

NEVILLE (O.S.)

*Expelliarmus!*

76 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - EARLY EVENING 76

A WAND flies from PARVATI's hand, clatters to the floor. The STUDENTS surrounding the two duelers stare in silent disbelief--as does Neville, who looks up at Harry.

NEVILLE  
I--I did it.

Harry beams at his friend with pride as EVERYONE comes up to congratulate Neville, pound his back...

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS glint in the blue magic-hour light. Harry turns to catch the eye of Nigel, standing near the door with the MARAUDER'S MAP. He gives Harry a thumbs up.

HARRY  
(blows his WHISTLE)  
All right, that's it for this time.  
Now we won't be meeting again  
until after the holiday...  
(a disappointed GROAN)  
...so keep working on your own as  
best you can. But good work,  
everyone--really.

A spontaneous round of APPLAUSE as Harry turns pink; Hermione and Ron beam.

As class breaks up STUDENTS wish Harry "Happy Christmas." The room begins to clear as Harry collects the cushions. He pauses as he spots Cho standing alone by the class NOTICE BOARD. He takes a deep breath, starts toward her--but is intercepted by Fred and George, each with an armful of bright orange SKIVING SNACKBOXES.

FRED  
We've been thinking, Harry--we  
could slip Umbridge some puking  
Pastilles with her tea.

GEORGE  
Or Fever Fudge--they give you  
these massive pus-filled boils  
right on your--

HARRY  
Sounds good guys...would you  
excuse me?

They glance at Cho; grin. Harry flushes...then approaches a tearful Cho.

HARRY  
Are you all right? I heard Umbridge  
gave you a rough time the other  
day...

CHO  
I'm okay. Anyway it's worth it...

Her gaze rises to the NOTICE BOARD; on it is the PARCHMENT with the list of D.A. members, the PHOTO of the old Order, Prophet articles with ominous headlines...and a large photo of CEDRIC DIGGORY in a

place of honor.

CHO

It's just...learning all this...it makes me wonder whether if he'd known it...

HARRY

Cedric *did* know this stuff. He was really good. It's just Voldemort was better.

CHO

You're a really good teacher, Harry. I've never been able to Stun anything before...

Cho looks into Harry's eyes. The moment is palpable...and as Cho silently glances up, we SWEEP UP TO REVEAL the MISTLETOE hanging over their heads.

CHO

Mistletoe.

HARRY

(swallows hard)

Yeah....probably full of Nargles though.

CHO

What are Nargles?

HARRY

No idea.

And with that they both find themselves leaning in...Time slows, the HEAVENS SPIN as they KISS--

77 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

77

Hermione and Ron are sitting eagerly opposite Harry, who still has a stunned expression on his face.

RON

Well? How was it?

HARRY

Wet.

(clarifying)

I mean she was sort of...crying.

RON

(winces sympathetically)

That bad at it, are you?

HERMIONE

I'm sure Harry's kissing was more than satisfactory. Cho spends half her time crying these days.

RON

You'd think a bit of snogging would cheer her up.

HERMIONE

(incredulous)

Don't you understand how she must be feeling?

Harry and Ron share a bewildered look, shake their heads.

HERMIONE

Well *obviously* she's feeling sad about Cedric, and therefore *confused* about liking Harry and *guilty* about kissing him. Also she's *conflicted* because Umbridge is threatening to have her Mum sacked from her job at the Ministry, as well as *frightened* of failing her OWLs because she's so busy worrying about everything else.

RON

One person can't feel all that at once, they'd explode!

HERMIONE

Just because *you've* got the emotional range of a teaspoon...

Harry grins as Ron makes a face at Hermione...but as Harry looks into the FIRE his smile fades...the crackling FLAMES WHISPER as they FLARE, CONSUMING us--

77A-1 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT

77A-1

Harry flinches in his sleep, having another nightmare--

77A INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - CORRIDOR - NAGINI'S POV

77A

We are again moving down the dark corridor--but now it SHIMMERS in electric, inhumanly vibrant colors. As we UNDULATE toward the same PLAIN BLACK DOOR we glimpse our broken REFLECTION in the wall--that of an enormous SNAKE.

As the BLACK DOOR flies open again we are jolted by the ELECTRIC CHARGE--ZZZZP--

77B OMITTED

77B

77C INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT - FLASH CUT 77C

Harry's neck vein throbs as he twists violently in his sleep--

78 INT. HALL OF PROPHECY - NAGINI'S POV - INTERCUT 78

We are GLIDING through a vast dark space, lit only by vibrantly-blurred glass ORBS displayed on towering SHELVES. We SLITHER purposefully down the aisle, HISSING--

FLASH CUT

Arthur Weasley turns in alarm at the sound--

NAGINI'S POV

We accelerate--suddenly SWERVE abruptly down AISLE 97--  
ZZZP--

FLASH CUTS

Harry's NOSTRILS FLARE above his clenched jaw, his face bathed in sweat--ZZZP--

ECU: Mr. Weasley's frightened face peers between two glowing GLOBES--

NAGINI'S POV

We *double back* and around, approaching Mr. Weasley's frightened form from behind. At the sound of HISSING he whirls, white with horror--ZZZP--

FLASH CUT - HARRY

In a cold sweat, face contorted in fear--

NAGINI'S POV

Mr. Weasley scrambles away from us, desperately fumbling for his wand as we rear, STRIKE. He throws up his arms in terror as we STRIKE again--BLOOD SPATTERS the wall beyond as we REAR BACK--

79 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT 79

--PULLING Harry forward as he JOLTS awake with a CRY, drenched in sweat. He turns wildly--

--to see Ron staring at him from his bed.

79A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 79A

SWEEP TOWARD Harry, Ron and McGonagall, all in their dressing gowns, as they race toward us, a frightened



McGonagall lighting the way with her wand. PUSH IN on Harry--

80 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

80

Dumbledore, in his dressing gown, looks out the window, deeply troubled. Here and throughout the scene, Harry is desperately trying to catch his eye.

DUMBLEDORE  
...in the dream, were you standing  
beside the victim, or looking down  
on the scene?

Harry glances over at Ron--now joined by a subdued George, Fred and a frightened Ginny, all in their dressing gowns. Harry hesitates.

HARRY  
Neither. It was like I...I...

Dumbledore closes his eyes in pained comprehension.

HARRY  
Professor...please...just tell me--

Harry moves into his eyeline but Dumbledore subtly counters, turning toward

DUMBLEDORE  
Everard.

A sallow-faced PORTRAIT WIZARD opens his eyes.

DUMBLEDORE  
Arthur was on Guard Duty tonight...  
(HARRY reacts)  
Make sure he is found by the right  
people.

HARRY  
(desperately)  
Sir--?

Harry again approaches. Though it clearly pains him to do so, Dumbledore again turns away from Harry, towards

DUMBLEDORE  
Phineas: I need you to go to your  
portrait at Grimmauld Place. Tell  
them that Arthur Weasley has been  
gravely injured and that his wife  
and children will be arriving  
shortly by portkey.

PHINEAS nods, exits--once more Harry tries to catch Dumbledore's eye--just as Everard returns, out of breath--

EVERARD

They've got him, Albus. It was close but they think he'll make it; they're taking him to St. Mungo's now.

DUMBLEDORE

(deeply relieved)

Thank heavens. Now. Next we must--

HARRY

(erupting)

LOOK AT ME!

Silence! Dumbledore's blue eyes lock onto Harry in surprise--and fear. For an instant Harry's eyes are ablaze with rage--though whether his own or Voldemort's isn't immediately clear.

Harry falters; suddenly bewildered, terrified.

HARRY

*What's happening to me...?*

Dumbledore turns away, anguished...as SNAPE appears in the doorway.

SNAPE

You wished to see me, Headmaster?

DUMBLEDORE

Yes, Severus. I'm afraid we daren't wait even until morning.

80A INT. DUNGEON SPIRAL STAIR - NIGHT

80A

WE SPIRAL UP FROM ABOVE as Snape pulls Harry after him down into the bowels of the castle...

SNAPE (O.S.)

*Occlumency: the art of magical mind defense...*

80B INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

80B

Harry shivers as he looks around the shadowy office, filled with hundreds of JARS of potion ingredients.

SNAPE

It would appear there is a connection between the Dark Lord's mind and your own. Whether he is yet aware of this connection is, for the moment, unclear. Pray he remains ignorant.

HARRY

You mean if he knows...he'll be  
able to read my mind?

SNAPE

Read it. Control it. *Unhinge* it...  
In the past it was often the Dark  
Lord's pleasure to invade the  
minds of his victims, creating  
visions designed to torture them  
into madness. Only after extracting  
the last exquisite ounce of agony--  
only when he had them literally  
begging for death--would he finally  
kill them.

(approaching)

Used properly the power of  
Occlumency will help shield you  
from access or influence. In these  
lessons I will attempt to penetrate  
your mind. You will attempt to  
resist. Prepare yourself.

(raising his wand)

*LEGILIMENS!*

Harry squeezes shut his eyes--

80C EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

80C

A dungeon window GLOWS RED as a heavy SNOW falls  
past...we swiftly PULL UP AND AWAY as the Castle dwindles,  
consumed in whirling SNOW...

81  
THRU  
88

OMITTED

81  
THRU  
88

88A  
THRU  
88F

OMITTED

88A  
THRU  
88F

88F1 EXT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - CHRISTMAS DAY

88F1

Two MUGGLE BOYS throw snowballs at each other. PUSH PAST  
THEM to the hidden building beyond, where we hear faint  
WHIZZING SOUND...

88G INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - GRIMMAULD PLACE - CHRISTMAS DAY 88G

Harry steps into the doorway, takes in the scene.

The FIREBOLT soars over Ron and Hermione, through the  
ENCHANTED SNOW falling over a CHRISTMAS TREE in the  
corner. The kids sit among a huge pile of (animated)  
wrapping paper.

Mr Weasley sits by the fire. As he looks up he sees Harry in the doorway, raises his GLASS to him in gratitude. Harry, guilt-stricken, tries to smile back...

...and then he notices another figure standing in the doorway opposite: Sirius, also watching from the periphery. As Harry meets his eye Sirius smiles shyly, like a little boy, at this kind of Christmas he never knew. A moment between them, as we DISSOLVE TO...

89

INT. FOYER/TAPESTRY ROOM - GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

89

Ron and Hermione lug their bags toward the front door. As Harry follows he pauses in an open doorway--and stares.

POV: Sunlight falls across an enormous faded TAPESTRY depicting a sprawling FAMILY TREE: The Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, "Toujours Pur." Harry approaches...

KREACHER (O.S.)

*Nasty brat, standing there bold as brass...*

Harry turns in surprise to find KREACHER, lovingly polishing a MUTTERING curtained PORTRAIT. The old Elf's eyes widen; he HISSES:

KREACHER

*Harry Potter...the boy who stopped the Dark Lord. Friend to mudbloods and blood-traitors alike...if my poor Mistress only knew...*

Kreacher *spits* at Harry's feet--

SIRIUS (O.S.)

*KREACHER!*

*(Kreacher whirls to find Sirius in the doorway)*  
*Enough of your bile. Leave us.*

KREACHER

*Of course, Master. Kreacher lives to serve the Noble House of Black...*

He bows out, MUTTERING all the way. Sirius grimaces.

SIRIUS

*Sorry about that. He was never very pleasant, even when I was a boy. Well, not to me anyway...*

HARRY

*Wait a second--you grew up here?*

SIRIUS

It was my parents house. I offered it to Dumbledore as headquarters for the Order. About the only useful thing I've been able to do.

He moves to the tapestry; regards it.

SIRIUS

I hated the lot of them; my parents with their pure-blood mania...

We notice the MOVING IMAGE of a wild-eyed WITCH, her face literally UNRAVELING--BELLATRIX LESTRANGE. Nearby, next to REGULUS BLACK, Harry finds Sirius' name--but instead of a portrait there is only a SCORCHED HOLE.

SIRIUS

My Mother did that after I ran away. Charming woman. I was sixteen.

HARRY

Where did you go?

SIRIUS

Your Dad's. I was always welcome at the Potter's... I see him so much in you, Harry. You're so very much alike...

HARRY

I'm not so sure.

(hesitates)

Sirius...When I saw Mr. Weasley attacked, I wasn't just watching. I was the snake. And afterwards, in Dumbledore's office...for a moment I wanted to...I wanted...

He can't say it. Anguished:

HARRY

This connection between me and Voldemort--what if the *reason* for it is because...is because I'm becoming more *like* him?

(helplessly)

I just feel so angry all the time now...What if, after everything I've been through, something's...

(his darkest fear)

....gone wrong inside me? What if I'm becoming...bad?

Sirius looks deeply into his Godson's eyes.

SIRIUS

I want you to listen to me very carefully, Harry. You are not a bad person. You're a very good person, who bad things have happened to. Do you understand?

(Harry, welling, nods)

Besides...the world isn't split into good people and Death Eaters. We've all got both light and dark inside us. What matters is the part we choose to act on. That's who we really are.

Harry looks up at Sirius, deeply grateful. And then Hermione appears in the doorway.

HERMIONE

Harry? Time to go.

Harry nods. Turns to Sirius.

HARRY

Seems like we're always saying goodbye.

SIRIUS

It won't always be this way. When all this is over we'll be a proper family. You'll see.

As Sirius and Harry hug, we MOVE PAST them toward the tapestry. We PUSH IN on the SCORCHED HOLE above Sirius' name--FLY THROUGH IT--

89A  
THRU  
89D

OMITTED

89A  
THRU  
89D

90

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

90

We are SKIMMING LOW over the blooming highlands with tremendous speed. As we race up a hill the SPIRES of HOGWARTS rise into view. We LAUNCH into the sky...

Far below, STUDENTS linger in the COURTYARD. FIND one of them--Ron--urgently pushing his way through--

91

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - DAY

91

Ron races through the throng until he reaches Hermione, her nose deep in a book. As he whispers in her ear she lights up. Now both hurry through the crowd--past Draco Malfoy, a familiar arm around an uncertain Seamus--to find Harry, talking shyly to Cho, perhaps asking her out on a date. Hermione whispers to Harry--he looks at her in surprise--

92 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - DAY

92

The trio races down the slope; PAN with them as they approach Hagrid's hut, its windows finally lit.

They slow at the sound of raised VOICES within. Harry motions them around the side--they peer in the window...

93 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

93

Umbridge paces before HAGRID, his back to us.

UMBRIDGE

...I will say this one last time.  
As High Inquisitor and the  
Ministry's representative I am  
*ordering* you to tell me where  
you've been!

HAGRID

I told yer--I've been away for me  
health.

As he speaks he turns toward the window--revealing his horribly bruised face. Hermione GASPS. Hagrid gives her a warning look. Umbridge leans to look around his massive form but the trio has ducked out of sight--just.

UMBRIDGE

Your health.

HAGRID

Bit o' fresh air, yeh know.

UMBRIDGE

Yes, as gamekeeper fresh air must  
be difficult to come by.

(pausing)

You should know "Professor," the  
Ministry is most determined to  
weed out unsatisfactory teachers--  
particularly those less...*lucky*...in  
their lineage. You are half giant,  
are you not?

Hagrid stiffens. Hermione stares, her blood boiling. Ron warns her with a stern but sympathetic look.

HAGRID

I don't see what that has to do  
with my ability to teach.

UMBRIDGE

No...You wouldn't.

(pausing at the door)

If I were you I shouldn't get too  
used to being back. In fact...I  
mightn't bother unpacking at all.

LATER. The FIRE CRACKLES as Hagrid places a kettle over it.

HERMIONE

Oh Hagrid, what *happened*?

HAGRID

I told yer, it's nothin'. Want a cuppa?

RON

*Nothing*? Would you say that if one of us turned up with a pound of mince instead of a face?

Hagrid grimaces, limps over to his chair, winces as he clutches his ribs. As he settles back in his chair he slaps a green dragon steak over his eye...which his tail-wagging BOARHOUND FANG locks his eyes on.

HARRY

Hagrid...it's *us*.

Hagrid hesitates--looks around warily--then leans in, low:

HAGRID

Now this is all top secret, mind yeh...but Dumbledore sent me ter parley with the Giants.

HERMIONE

*Giants!*

(Hagrid shushes her  
nervously; whispers:)  
You *found* them?

HAGRID

They're not that difficult ter find, ter be honest. Pretty big, see. Live deep in the mountains... Went over a ridge one nigh' an' there they was...Like watchin' bits o' the mountain movin'...

HARRY

And *they* did this to you?

HAGRID

(hesitates)  
Not exactly...I mean, in a manner o' speakin'...  
(finally sighs)  
Long story.

The trio exchange confused looks...

HAGRID

Anyhow I tried to convince 'em ter join the cause--but I wasn't the only one trying to win 'em over...



RON  
Death Eaters?

HAGRID  
(nods; grimly:)  
Tryin' to persuade 'em to join  
You-Know-Who.

HARRY  
And...? Did they?

HAGRID  
Don' know. I gave 'em Dumbledore's  
message; I 'spect some o' them'll  
remember he's friendly to 'em...I  
'spect. Oh all right yeh can have  
it, yeh dozy dog...

Fang, who has been WHIMPERING plaintively, now leaps up  
as Hagrid tosses him the steak, attacks it with relish.

Hagrid rises, goes to the window. Subdued:

HAGRID  
It's changin' out there. Jus' like  
last time...  
(turns)  
The storm's comin', Harry. And we  
all best be ready when she does.

93A	OMITTED	93A
94	OMITTED	94
94A	OMITTED	94A
95	OMITTED	95
95A THRU 95D	OMITTED	95A THRU 95D
96	OMITTED	96
96A	OMITTED	96A
97	EXT. NORTH SEA - DUSK	97

We are racing over white-capped waves; TILT UP to reveal  
the brooding island fortress of AZKABAN, the surrounding  
skies circled by patrolling DEMENTORS. UNEARTHLY DARK  
CLOUDS BEGIN TO SWIRL, forming a miniature HURRICANE  
above the prison.

As we approach the towering walls suddenly SNAKELIKE  
BOLTS OF LIGHTNING angle in from the roiling skies--  
*blowing out a huge section of wall--*

97A INT. AZKABAN - SERIES OF SHOTS - DUSK

97A

--as a series of DARK FIGURES huddled in the corners of still darker CELLS are suddenly blinded by storm-light:

DOLOHOV--a pale, twisted face with murderous eyes. He looks sharply down at the the DARK MARK that swims on his bare, heavily-muscled forearm--then slowly back up as his hard face grows still harder--

ROOKWOOD--pockmarked, wind blowing his greasy hair, eyes dead as a shark's--smiles a snaggle-toothed smile.

A familiar gaunt-faced WOMAN with straggly hair and a cruel mouth looks up. Lovingly fingers her own DARK MARK as she whispers ecstatically:

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE

*My Lord.*

BELLATRIX stands, staggers toward the blown-out wall in her cell, high above the cliffs. She laughs a terrifying laugh, as RAIN lashes her and the SEA CRASHES on the rocks below.

MORE DEMENTORS SCREAM OUT TOWARD US. As the ALARMS SHRIEK they HOWL straight for us--suddenly we PULL BACK with dizzying speed--

--and the image becomes a PHOTO on the front page of the *Daily Prophet*. A HEADLINE screams: *MASS BREAKOUT FROM AZKABAN*. Again we DESCEND back into the paper...

FUDGE (O.S.)

We have confirmed that ten high-security prisoners escaped in the early hours of yesterday evening; the Muggle Prime Minister has been alerted to the danger...

WHOOSH--the PAGE TURNS to reveal a MOVING PHOTO of FUDGE--fear in his eyes--now retreating through the Atrium as he dodges a throng of REPORTERS.

FUDGE

We strongly suspect this breakout was engineered by a man with personal experience escaping Azkaban: notorious mass-murderer Sirius Black, cousin to escapee Bellatrix Lestrange...

We rapidly PULL OUT--

98 INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING

98

--to find Neville reading the article during breakfast. He looks up, his gaze hard, distant. FIND the trio just

beyond--Harry looking at Neville with a frown. Beyond we see other subdued students, also reading the *Prophet*...

HERMIONE

Dumbledore warned Fudge this could happen. He's going to get us all killed, just because he's too scared to face the truth.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Harry?

Harry turns in surprise to find a nervous Seamus.

SEAMUS

I wanted to apologize. Now even me Mam says the *Prophet's* version of things don't add up. What I'm trying to say is...I believe you.

98A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

98A

As Harry enters the empty room before class he sees a lone figure standing at the class notice board.

Harry silently joins Neville, who is looking up at the PHOTO of the old Order. Neville studies his parents' smiling faces; then, softly:

NEVILLE

Fourteen years ago...a Death Eater named Bellatrix Lestrange used the Cruciatus Curse on my parents. She tortured them for information, but they never gave in. They've been...like you saw...ever since.

Harry doesn't know what to say. Neville turns to him.

NEVILLE

I'm quite proud to be their son. But I'm not sure I'm ready for everyone to know just yet.

Harry nods...then puts a hand on Neville's shoulder.

HARRY

We're going to make them proud, Neville. That's a promise.

They both look up at the photo...both sets of parents smiling down at their sons.

99 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - SAME DAY - LATER

99

Harry walks among the students. The mood is serious, focused; Harry's command firm and authoritative.

HARRY

Make it a powerful memory, the  
happiest you can remember. Allow  
it to fill you up...

He passes the newest DA Member--SEAMUS--straining as a  
WISP OF VAPOR comes out of his wand...

HARRY

Keep trying, Seamus...

(moving on)

A corporeal Patronus is the most  
difficult to produce, but shield  
forms can also be extremely useful  
against a variety of opponents...

He passes Hermione, rigid with concentration. Suddenly  
an OTTER PATRONUS BLOOMS from her wand, gambols around  
her, to her delight. Harry nods his approval.

HARRY

Now remember: Your Patronus can  
only protect you as long as you  
stay focused...

He passes Luna, peering vaguely down the end of her wand.

HARRY

Focus, Luna.

Luna sighs as Harry moves on...passes Neville, his face  
shining with sweat. But only feeble wisps of vapor issue  
from his wand tip.

HARRY

Think of the happiest thing you  
can, Neville.

NEVILLE

(holding his breath)

I'm--trying--

Finally he exhales. Determined, instantly tries again--

Harry approaches Ginny, straining-- suddenly LIGHT erupts  
out of her wand; she stares in amazement at the SILVERY  
VEIL above her.

Harry smiles with pride as he turns to take in the class,  
mostly VAPOR and SHIELDS--but here and there an animal  
form--a BADGER erupts from Somewhat Doubtful Boy's  
wand...a DOG forms in front of an amazed Ron--

NIGEL

Harry!

Nigel urgently motions Harry to join him by the door.

HARRY  
Who've we got this time?

NIGEL  
All of them I think.

INSERT: On the MARAUDER'S MAP we see the names UMBRIDGE, FILCH, MALFOY--and a DOZEN OTHERS--floating just on the other side of the wall. Harry frowns.

HARRY  
That's funny. How would they know we're here *now*...?

He turns to see Cho's usual spot is empty.

Suddenly a BOOMING THUD makes the entire door wall vibrate. DUST trickles down from above.

Shields begin to EVAPORATE as the class looks over in confusion. Another THUD; more DUST falls as the stones GROAN in protest.

THUD--MORTAR flies--Harry throws himself in front of Nigel as a thin beam of LIGHT stabs the dusty air. Harry cautiously peers through the chink...to see Filch, sledgehammer in hand; Umbridge beside him.

UMBRIDGE  
Stand aside, Argus. I'll make short work of this.

She AIMS HER WAND directly at us. Harry's eyes go wide--

HARRY  
*GET DOWN!*

UMBRIDGE  
*BOMBARDA MAXIMA!*

A GLITTERING EXPLOSION rocks the room as students dive for cover. Choking on dust, Harry pulls himself to his feet...to see a huge, ragged HOLE has taken out half the wall, its raw edges sparkling with residual MAGICAL ENERGY. The ROOM ITSELF seems to GROAN IN PAIN as shadows appear through colored smoke--

HARRY  
*RUN!*

UMBRIDGE  
*GET THEM!*

We MOVE through the chaos as students spill out through the hole in a panic--right into the waiting clutches of the Inquisitorial Squad. Harry watches it all helplessly...

...then sees through the madness the still figure of Umbridge, her triumphant eyes locked on Harry.

101 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

101

Umbridge brandishes a familiar piece of PARCHMENT:

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
*Dumbledore's Army*--proof of what  
 I've been telling you right from  
 the beginning, Cornelius!

Fudge, Shacklebolt, and DAWLISH--a tough-looking wizard with short wiry hair--surround Dumbledore. Percy Weasley takes notes.

Harry stares at *Cho*, seated, near tears. Cho looks up at him pleadingly...but finally Harry is unable to look at her, and turns away. Cho wells up...

Umbridge hands the DA Parchment to a stunned Fudge as she sneers at Dumbledore:

UMBRIDGE  
 All your fearmongering about You-Know-Who never fooled us for a minute. We saw your lies for what they were--a smokescreen for your bid to seize control of the Ministry!

DUMBLEDORE  
 Naturally.

Harry's eyes widen as he realizes what Dumbledore's doing.

HARRY  
 Professor--no--!  
 (desperately turns to  
 Umbridge)  
*He knew nothing about this!* It was  
 me--!

DUMBLEDORE  
 (overriding him)  
 Most noble of you, Harry, to try and shield me, but as has been pointed out, the Parchment clearly says "*Dumbledore's Army*"--not "*Potter's*."  
 (turns to Fudge)  
 I instructed Harry to form this organization--and I alone am responsible for its activities.

Fudge blinks at Dumbledore, slightly stunned...as Dumbledore looks reassuringly at Harry.

FUDGE

Dispatch an owl to the *Daily Prophet*; if we hurry we should still make the morning edition. Dawlish, Shacklebolt: You will escort Dumbledore to Azkaban to await trial for conspiracy and sedition--

DUMBLEDORE

Ah, I thought we might hit that little snag. You seem to be laboring under the delusion that I am going to--what is the phrase? 'Come quietly.' But I'm afraid I have no intention of going to Azkaban.

UMBRIDGE

Enough of this rubbish. *TAKE HIM.*

As they raise their wands Dumbledore smiles a warm, encouraging smile at Harry--who looks helplessly back--

And then a STREAK OF SILVER LIGHT flashes as FAWKES swoops low overhead. Harry watches in astonishment as Dumbledore WHIRLS--A CONCUSSIVE BLAST OF LIGHT sends Fudge and Umbridge sprawling as Dumbledore reaches up to grab the Phoenix' tail--and in a BLAZE OF FIRE both bird and Headmaster are gone. As Fudge and Umbridge sit up, stunned, Shacklebolt smiles a private smile.

SHACKLEBOLT

You may not like him, Minister... but you can't deny Dumbledore's got *style*.

102 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

102

*CLANG. Educational Decree No. 119: Dolores Jane Umbridge has replaced Albus Dumbledore as Head of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.*

A LOW GROAN; a fine RAIN OF DUST falls in front of the notice. As the students gathered around it nervously look up, we PAN across their stricken faces--which FALL INTO SHADOW as somewhere a cloud covers the sun--

102A SERIES OF SHOTS

102A

TUMBLERS fall and CYLINDERS rotate as the CLOCK TOWER DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

We CORKSCREW down and through the Marble Stair. Most of the PORTRAITS have been removed. Near the bottom FILCH is taking down one of the last protesting PORTRAITS; as he sets it on its side the OCCUPANTS of the GROUP

PORTRAIT tumble into a pile.

We continue on, FLYING into the Great Hall, where the remains of Dumbledore's Army sit silently at a table. At first we think a test is in progress...until we notice the familiar BLACK QUILLS they are writing with...and their expressions of pain...and the redness of the ink.

LAND finally on Umbridge, in headmistress robes, alone at the high table. Regal.

102B INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY - IMMEDIATELY 102B  
FOLLOWING

The DA file out, very subdued. [ALT: As FRED and GEORGE walk toward us they turn to look at each other with quiet fury: they've had it.]

As Harry comes out a snuffle causes him to turn...to see a FIGURE lurking in the shadow of the statue. Cho. Her eyes pleading, desperate to explain.

CHO

Harry...

Harry hesitates...then finally turns away, unable to look at her. As he walks away Cho stares after him, tears welling...then turns and runs.

103 OMITTED 103  
& &  
104 104

105 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 105

A chilly DRIZZLE falls over the valley as we find the small figures of the trio, standing at the bridge's railing. They look silently out over the sea of shifting MIST. Harry is distraught.

RON

...you did everything you could.  
No one could win against that old hag.

HERMIONE

He's right. Not even Dumbledore saw this coming. Besides, if it's anyone's fault it's ours...

RON

Yeah, we talked you into it.



HARRY  
 But I agreed.  
     (struggling)  
 I tried so hard to help--but all  
 I've done is make things worse.  
     (quietly)  
 Anyway. It doesn't matter now...

Ron and Hermione look at him, confused...then, intensely:

HARRY  
 ...because I don't want to play  
 anymore. All it does is make you  
 care too much. And the more you  
 care...the more you have to lose.  
     (his darkest moment)  
 Maybe it *is* better just to...

HERMIONE  
 What?

HARRY  
 Go it alone.

Ron and Hermione share a worried look as Harry turns away,  
 starts down the bridge--but is stopped by the sight of  
 Hagrid peering in from the forest end of the bridge--his  
 face scratched and bruised; his eyes red from crying.

HARRY  
 Hagrid...?

105A       OMITTED  
     &  
 105B

105A  
     &  
 105B

106       EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

106

As Hagrid pushes through the mist the trio follows,  
 peering nervously around them at a wild, primeval part  
 of the forest.

RON  
 Any idea where he's taking us?

Hermione shakes her head. Harry approaches Hagrid.

HARRY  
 Hagrid? Please, can't you just  
 tell us--

Hagrid tries to reply, but--too upset to speak--finally  
 just shakes his head woefully and continues on. Ron looks  
 after him with quiet awe:

RON  
 He's lost his mind.

LATER. We are now surrounded by giant primordial trees with enormous EXPOSED ROOTS. Suddenly Hagrid stops, listening... and then we hear it: an ominous RUMBLING--growing closer.

HERMIONE  
What is that?

RON  
Whatever it is...it's not a happy sound.

Suddenly Hagrid scoops up all three of them, DIVES off the path--just as a deafening BLUR OF HOOVES THUNDER BY. As the trio peers up through the roots we catch glimpses of HUMAN TORSOS and fierce, war-painted faces.

As the herd of CENTAURS finally passes Hagrid and the trio rise, look after them.

HAGRID  
Never seen the Centaurs so riled--an' they're dangerous at the bes' of times. Ministry restricts their territory much more, they're gonna have a real uprisin' on their hands--or worse.

HERMIONE  
(gently)  
Hagrid...? What's going on?

Hagrid takes out his huge spotted handkerchief, blows his nose, wipes his tear-filled eyes.

HAGRID  
Sorry t'be so mysterious you three. I wouldn' be botherin' yer with this at all--but with Dumbledore gone I'll likely be gettin' the sack any day now, an' I can' leave withou' tellin' *someone* abou' him...

HARRY  
About...who?

107 EXT. CLEARING - FORBIDDEN FOREST - DUSK

107

As the group approaches a clearing Hagrid motions them to slow, whispers.

HAGRID  
Go easy now...he can be a bit... high-spirited.

They creep forward, emerge into a clearing with a small HILL in the center. A low, rhythmic RUMBLING is audible.

RON

Harry...that hill. It's *breathing*.

As the "hill" shifts in its sleep several BIRDS light into the air. Hagrid cautiously approaches the slumbering GIANT.

HERMIONE

Oh Hagrid...you *didn't*.

HAGRID

I *had* ter bring 'im back! The other giants were all bullyin' him, 'cause he's so small!

HERMIONE

Small?

(and once more)

*Small?*

HAGRID

I couldn' jus' leave 'im! See-- he's my brother.

RON

Blimey.

HAGRID

Well--half-brother. Turns out after me mother left me dad she took up with this other giant, see--well actually, she knew him *before* she left, but it wasn't 'til *after* that she went an had--  
(sighs)  
Long story.

GRAWP STIRS, *sniffing* at Hagrid...cautiously opens a sleepy eye.

HAGRID

Had a nice sleep, did yeh Grawpy?

Grawp YAWNS hugely, stretches, and rises to his full sixteen-foot height. He peers in fascination at the circling BIRDS...

HAGRID

Grawp! Down here, yeh big buffoon!

Ignoring him, Grawp playfully reaches for one of the BIRDS--catches it--SPLAT. He frowns in confusion...tears well...and then abruptly licks his hand. BELCHES.

HAGRID

Come on now Grawpy! I brought yeh some company!

Finally Grawp peers curiously down at the trio; as he starts toward them he absently KNOCKS Hagrid out of the way--OOF. The trio step back in alarm--but Grawp is stopped short by a ROPE tying him to a nearby tree.

HARRY  
Hagrid...is *this* how you got all  
your injuries?

As Hagrid climbs to his feet he flushes, embarrassed:

HAGRID  
Oh, no no no no...well, yes. But  
he's a good boy, really--jes don'  
know his own strength is all....

Grawp bends down; Harry and Ron don't much interest him, but Hermione is another matter. He *sniffs*...smiles a shy broken-toothed smile...and with a swift movement *grabs her and lifts her into the air*. Hermione SCREAMS.

HAGRID  
GRAWPY! THA'S NOT POLITE!

Hermione is rigid as Grawp deeply breathes in her hair, sighs happily.

RON  
HAGRID, DO SOMETHING!

HAGRID  
(sternly, clears his  
throat)  
BAD BOY, GRAWPY! I tol' yeh, we  
*don' grab--!* Tha's yer new friend  
Hermione!

Ron finds a stick and starts furiously beating Grawp's shins as Hagrid desperately tries to save the situation.

HAGRID  
Don' you worry now, he's completely  
harmless--! PUT HER DOWN YEH BIG  
OAF! Like I said, jes a bit high-  
spirited is all--GRAWPY--!

Suddenly Grawp *kicks* Ron, sending him sprawling into a tree--hard. Ron winces in pain. Hagrid grimaces. Hermione turns instantly to Grawp, fixes him a furious stare.

HERMIONE  
Grawp. GRAWP. Listen. Carefully:  
Put. Me. DOWN.  
(Grawp hesitates)  
NOW.

Her tone defies the possibility of argument.

Grawp frowns...then reluctantly complies. Ron is there in an instant as Hermione brushes off her jumper.

RON  
Are you all right?

HERMIONE  
Just needs a firm hand is all.

HARRY  
I think you've got an admirer...

Grawp is biting his finger, gazing down at Hermione with inordinate fondness. Ron glares jealously up at him.

RON  
You just stay away from her.

Chastened, Grawp turns to where he's stored a collection of precious items under a tree root. He picks out a bicycle handlebar with a bell, shyly presents it to Hermione, who blushes.

HAGRID  
He can get his own food an' all...  
it's company he'll need--after I'm gone.  
(to Harry)  
Yeh *will* look after him, won't yer?  
I'm the only family he's got.

Harry looks helplessly up at Grawp...and nods.

A BIRD CRIES; wheels through the dusky, star-strewn sky. Grawp looks up, follows it wistfully with his eyes, as if envying its freedom...DISSOLVE TO:

107A INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

107A

We are FLOATING THROUGH an EMPTY CLASSROOM. Bands of DAZZLING LIGHT from the windows alternate with DEEP SHADOW. We APPROACH a familiar SMALL FIGURE standing before the MIRROR OF ERISED...ELEVEN-YEAR OLD HARRY gazes longingly up at the reflection of JAMES and LILY POTTER...

...and then a sneering figure steps out between them:

SNAPE  
Feeling sentimental...?

Suddenly the IMAGE SWIMS, RUSHES TOWARD US--WHOOSH--

108 OMITTED

108

109 INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

109

Harry's eyes fly open. Snape stands opposite, wand raised--they are in the middle of an Occlumency lesson. Through gritted teeth:

HARRY  
*That's--private.*

SNAPE  
*Not to me--and not to the Dark Lord if you don't improve! Every memory he has access to is a weapon he can use against you! You won't last two seconds once he invades your mind!*  
(sneers)  
*You're just like your father. Lazy. Arrogant.*

HARRY  
*Don't you say a word against my--*

SNAPE  
*Weak.*

HARRY  
*I'm. Not. Weak.*

SNAPE  
*Then prove it. Control your emotions, discipline your mind! Legilimens--!*

A FLASH OF RED--again the OFFICE SWIMS--

109A FLASH CUTS

109A

A FLURRY of blurred IMAGES RUSH TOWARD US as we're PLUNGED through HARRY'S MIND--Harry under the sorting hat--Harry and Cedric running through the Maze...

SNAPE (O.S.)  
*Concentrate, Potter. FOCUS--*

The IMAGE SWIMS, FALLS AWAY--we're SPUN UP THROUGH ANOTHER FLURRY OF IMAGES, which suddenly RESOLVES into--

109B EXT. CLOCKTOWER COURTYARD - NIGHT

109B

A wild-haired SIRIUS, smiling up at a YOUNGER HARRY.

SIRIUS  
*...but know this: the ones who love us never really leave us. You can always find them*  
(MORE)

SIRIUS (CONT'D)  
 (he taps Harry's chest)  
 In here.

Younger Harry smiles...as we CIRCLE to reveal SNAPE.

SNAPE  
 I may vomit.

109C INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SCENE CONTINUES

109C

Again Harry opens his eyes, seething.

HARRY  
STOP IT--!

SNAPE  
 Is this what you call control?

Harry stares--and falters. He looks exhausted.

HARRY  
 We've been at it for hours. If I  
 could just rest--

SNAPE  
*The Dark Lord isn't resting!*  
 (approaching)  
 You and Black are two of a kind:  
 sentimental *children* forever  
*whining* about how bitterly unfair  
 your lives have been. *Well perhaps*  
*it's escaped your notice but life*  
*isn't fair.* Your "blessed" father  
 knew that, in fact he frequently  
 saw to it--

HARRY  
*My father was a great man!*

SNAPE  
 YOUR FATHER WAS A SWINE--

Snape PUSHES Harry's chest, sending him crashing into a wall of jars. Fury burns in Harry's eyes. He raises his wand--Snape extends his own--

SNAPE  
*LEGILIMENS!*

HARRY  
*PROTEGO!*

The brilliant FLASH OF RED from Snape's wand *recoils* off Harry, sends Snape sprawling in surprise--we hurtle into his EYE--

110 OMITTED 110  
 & &  
 111 111

111A SERIES OF SHOTS - SNAPE'S MEMORY 111A

FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD SNAPE sits hugging his knees in the corner of a shabby room; the sound of his PARENTS FIGHTING off. In a flash the image DISSOLVES, FLIES PAST US--only YOUNG SNAPE staying constant, but now he is

111B INT. HOGWARTS CORRIDOR - SNAPE'S MEMORY - DAY 111B

hugging his schoolbooks to his chest as he hurries past a trio of older PRETTY GIRLS, laughing at him--he looks down to see the piece of toilet paper trailing from his shoe. The IMAGE SPINS AROUND US as we PLUNGE through it--

112 EXT. HOGWARTS LAWN - SNAPE'S MEMORY - DAY 112

FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD JAMES POTTER sneers directly at us--

YOUNG JAMES  
*HEY SNIVELLUS!*

Young Snape, sitting alone under a tree, looks up from his book with panicked eyes. Immediately pulls his wand from his robe--

YOUNG JAMES  
*Expelliarmus!*

Young Snape's wand flies out of his reach. As he dives to retrieve it--

YOUNG JAMES  
*Impedimenta!*

Snape goes sprawling--and FREEZES IN MID-AIR...as now we REVEAL HARRY, watching in mute horror.

HARRY  
*Dad...?*

Suddenly the memory SWIMS, JUMP CUTS--Harry remains constant but the scene shifts around him to moments later--a CROWD has gathered. YOUNG SIRIUS, YOUNG LUPIN, and YOUNG WORMTAIL back up James as he effortlessly rotates Young Snape in the air. Young Sirius exchanges an uneasy look with Young Lupin, as a pretty GIRL with red hair pushes through the crowd.

YOUNG LILY  
*Leave him alone!*



YOUNG JAMES  
Well well, the indomitable Miss  
Evans...

HARRY  
Mum...

YOUNG LILY  
Why do you hate him so much, Potter?

YOUNG SNAPE  
(humiliated)  
*I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, MUDBLOOD--*

Lily reacts as if slapped--she and Young Snape lock eyes.  
James angrily brandishes his wand--*SCOURGIFY!*--and SOAP  
BUBBLES froth from Snape's mouth, gagging him.

YOUNG JAMES  
He makes it easy to hate him...  
doesn't he.

Ashaken Lily looks up at James.

YOUNG LILY  
That's the thing, isn't it. Hate  
is *always* easy. It's the other bit  
that's hard. But you wouldn't  
understand that--would you.

James' assurance falters. He watches her vanish into the  
crowd...then turns to the crowd with false cheer:

YOUNG JAMES  
Who wants to see me take off  
Snivelly's pants?

SNAPE  
ENOUGH--!!!

Harry looks up to see *adult Snape*, white with rage--*THE  
SCENE DISSOLVES BEHIND HIM*--

113 INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

113

--as WITHOUT A CUT we are back in Snape's office--Snape  
grabs Harry by the throat.

SNAPE  
*Your lessons are at an end.*

HARRY  
I--

SNAPE  
Get. Out.

Terrified, Harry bolts--

113A EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

113A

Harry bursts out the front doors, breathless. Races blindly away from the castle, churning with emotion.

Finally he comes to rest by a far pillar, grief-stricken, shell-shocked...we HOLD on Harry...

And then after a moment he hears an unexpected sound...a young BOY CRYING. Perplexed, Harry follows the sound...to find a young FIRST YEAR [as in the opening playground scene, there is a subtle echo of a young Harry] sitting alone against a wall, nursing the back of his hand-- obviously the recent victim of an Umbridge detention.

Harry looks at the crying boy, helpless...despairing...is this just the way the world really is?

And then his eyes are drawn toward a silhouetted figure standing in the great doorway: Umbridge, in her headmistress robes, her face a study in cold triumph. As Harry stares back at her, helpless, Umbridge smiles...

...and as we begin to CRANE UP to a high POV we PAN to take in two more figures, watching it all from high above: Fred and George. Their faces grimly determined...

FRED

(quietly)

You know George...I've always felt our futures lay outside the world of academic achievement.

GEORGE

Fred: I've been thinking the same thing myself.

FADE TO BLACK

113B OMITTED

113B

&amp;

&amp;

113C

113C

114 OMITTED

114

&amp;

&amp;

115

115

115A OMITTED

115A

&amp;

&amp;

115B

115B

116 OMITTED

116

116A OMITTED

116A

117 OMITTED

117

117A OMITTED

117A

118 INT. GREAT HALL - DUSK

118

The four house tables have been replaced by a hundred smaller ones. The hall is eerily silent except for the SCRATCHING of a hundred QUILLS: the OWLS are in progress.

Umbridge paces malevolently before the high table. Surveys the students with an eagle eye...

TRACK down the aisle to Hermione, hurrying through the questions--she pauses to cast a meaningful glance behind her at Ron, chewing his pencil...who glances behind him at Harry, clearly preoccupied...holding his breath...

BOOM.

Umbridge stops cold. STUDENTS look up in confusion.

BOOM.

The sound is coming from outside the hall. Furious at the interruption, Umbridge strides down the aisle--

--yanks open the great doors--

--to reveal *AN EIGHTY-FOOT CHINESE DRAGON roaring straight towards her*. As its giant maw opens wide Umbridge freezes in terror--it SWALLOWS HER WHOLE--

--then EXPLODES into the GREEN AND GOLD SPARKS of an ENCHANTED FIREWORK. As the smoke clears we see Umbridge: choking, hair wild, frock smoking. Her eyes slowly look up, narrow as she HISSES:

UMBRIDGE

*Weasleys...*

Fred and George appear high above the chaos on their broomsticks, wave cheerily at Umbridge. SILVER ROCKETS RICOCHET off the walls, the wind from them WHIPPING up test papers from the desks into a miniature tornado, sending them soaring up into the rafters...

A barrage of shocking-pink CATHERINE WHEELS whiz toward Umbridge; she ducks just in time as they soar out the window. She spins around in outrage, sputters:

UMBRIDGE

*FILCH!!*

Fred and George taunt Filch as he tries swatting at them with his broom--which promptly bursts into flames.

FRED

So long! We won't be seeing you!

GEORGE

Don't bother to keep in touch, you  
old bat!

As the TWINS soar out the doors Umbridge follows them  
out--

118A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 118A

As Fred and George wheel above the CHEERING CROWD they point their wands at the PROCLAMATION WALL, loosing a JET OF FIRE across it. The Proclamations go up in flames, drift through the air like charred confetti--as the crowd ROARS its APPROVAL.

Harry grins hugely. As the PANDEMONIUM continues Umbridge and Filch stand furious, impotent. The giant front doors swing wide. The mass of students follow them as the twins fly out, to a CRESCENDO of CHEERS--

REVERSE

The trio, surrounded by cheering students, watches from the doorway as the twins dwindle into a glorious pink and gold sunset.

And then Harry's grin slowly fades to confusion.  
Something's wrong.

SOUND begins to die. As we PUSH IN on the trio we see the blood draining from Harry's face. Something's very wrong. He suddenly FLINCHES with the pain of a thousand volts--ZZZP--

FLASH CUT

Voldemort opens his eyes; his snake-slits IRIS--

HARRY

Terror growing as we continue to PUSH IN. Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Luna, Neville and others still cheering in SLOW MOTION as bits of burning proclamation fall like confetti, all in eerie SILENCE--ZZZP--

FLASH CUT

Sirius's FACE, contorted in agony--

HARRY

Shaking, white as a sheet now as Hermione finally notices, turns in slow motion toward him, silently mouthing his name--as we PUSH *relentlessly into Harry's eye*--

119	OMITTED	119
&		&
120		120

121 INT. HALL OF PROPHECY - HARRY'S VISION

121

--and circle out from behind a towering BLACK-ROBED figure. We are surrounded by shelves of HUMMING GLASS SPHERES. A voice cold as death speaks low:

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

I cannot touch it...but you can.

VOLDEMORT steps aside to reveal a huddled FIGURE on the floor. Sirius lifts his head, his face twisted in pain.

SIRIUS

You'll have to kill me.

VOLDEMORT

Oh I will. But first you *will* fetch it for me. *CRUCIO!*

Sirius writhes in agony. As he contorts we suddenly GLIMPSE in the distance a familiar PLAIN BLACK DOOR--our view ROCKETS towards it at the speed of thought--and suddenly WITHOUT A CUT we pull back from the OTHER side of the door to reveal

121A FLASH CUT - DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - HARRY'S MEMORY

121A

Lucius Malfoy conferring with Fudge in the corridor outside the courtroom--the BLACK DOOR between them--

122 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DUSK

122

PULL OUT OF HARRY'S EYE, as we rapidly ASCEND to see a small group gathering around him, lying on the floor. Many of the other students are still celebrating, oblivious; the last of the fireworks still going off...

123 INT. MARBLE STAIR - DUSK

123

SWEEP toward the trio, racing up the swiveling staircase as it swings toward us. Ron and Hermione hurry after Harry, wild with panic.

HERMIONE

Harry, are you sure?

HARRY

I saw it--just like with Mr. Weasley! It's the same door I've been dreaming about for months--only I couldn't remember where I'd seen it before!

(they don't understand)

Sirius said Voldemort was after something--something he didn't

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 have last time--*and it's in the  
 Department of Mysteries!*

HERMIONE  
 Harry, please, just listen. What  
 if Voldemort *meant* for you to see  
 this? What if he's only hurting  
 Sirius because he's trying to get  
 to you?

HARRY  
*What if he is? I'm supposed to  
 just let him die?!  
 (desperately)  
 Hermione--he's the only family  
I've got left.*

Hermione is truly torn. She turns to find Ron looking at  
 her--and the loyalty and resolve in his eyes says it all.  
 Hermione takes a deep breath--and nods. Ron turns to Harry.

RON  
 What do we do.

123A EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SUNSET

123A

The HUGE ORANGE SUN is beginning to set behind the  
 castle...

HARRY (V.O.)  
 The portkey in Dumbledore's office  
 is locked up...we'll have to use  
 the Floo Network.

HERMIONE (V.O.)  
 But Umbridge has all the chimneys  
 under surveillance!

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Not hers. I have an idea...

124 OMITTED

124

125 INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM - DUSK

125

VOICES audible beyond. As the DOOR MAGICALLY OPENS we  
 glimpse Ginny and Luna standing guard just outside it--  
 STUDENTS beyond are rushing down the stairs; in the  
 distance we can still hear a few FIREWORKS going off.

As the door CLOSES itself suddenly the trio--now changed  
 out of their robes--emerges from under the INVISIBILITY  
 CLOAK. They hurry toward Umbridge's office--

HARRY (O.S.)  
*Alohomora--!*

126 INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DUSK

126

The door bursts open. As the trio hurries past a KITTEN PLATE, the KITTEN narrows its eyes...*then exits the plate.*

Harry hurries to the fireplace, grabs a handful of FLOO POWDER and tosses it into the grate. EMERALD FLAMES leap high as he prepares to step into the fire.

HARRY

Alert the Order if you can--

RON

Are you mental? We're going with you!

HARRY

It's too dangerous--!

HERMIONE

When are you going to get it through your head, Harry--*we're in this together!*

UMBRIDGE (O.S.)

*That--you--are.*

The trio spins to find a wildly disheveled Umbridge, a mad gleam in her eye--wand extended.

ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry is bound to a chair. Hermione, Ron, Ginny and Luna are each held by a member of the Inquisitorial Squad. Umbridge's rage is at a fever pitch.

UMBRIDGE

Take their wands.

Crabbe, Goyle and Warrington roughly comply, as Malfoy brings in Neville, a wand at his back.

DRACO MALFOY

Caught this one trying to help the Weasley girl.

Ginny kicks Malfoy in the shins; he HOWLS--and stumbles into a pile of items confiscated from the Room of Requirement. Ron's eyes fall on a stack of familiar bright ORANGE BOXES...as Umbridge turns on Harry.

UMBRIDGE

You were going to Dumbledore, weren't you.

HARRY

No--

UMBRIDGE  
 (she *SMACKS* him)  
LIAR!

SNAPE (O.S.)  
 You sent for me, Headmistress?

UMBRIDGE  
*Snape.* Yes. The time has come for answers--whether he wants to give them to me or not. Have you brought the Veritaserum?

SNAPE  
 I'm afraid you've used up all my stores interrogating students; the last of it on Miss Chang...  
 (the trio reacts)  
 Unless you wish to poison him--and I assure you I would have the greatest sympathy if you did--I cannot help you. If that will be all...

Harry watches as he turns to go; blurts out desperately.

HARRY  
 He's got Padfoot! He's got Padfoot at the place where it's hidden!

Snape stops...slowly turns.

UMBRIDGE  
 Padfoot? What is "Padfoot?" Where *what* is hidden? What is he talking about, Snape?

Snape pauses for an excruciatingly long moment, then:

SNAPE  
 No idea.

And he is gone. Umbridge pauses....then slowly turns back to Harry. Automatically straightens the wands laid out on her desk...

UMBRIDGE  
 Very well. You give me no choice, Potter. As this is an issue of Ministry security, you leave me with no alternative...  
 (taking out her wand)  
 The Cruciatus Curse ought to loosen your tongue...

HERMIONE  
 (gasps)  
 That's illegal!



Umbridge picks up the framed PHOTO of Fudge, regards it solemnly...then resolutely turns it face down on the desk.

UMBRIDGE

What Cornelius doesn't know won't hurt him. After all, he never knew I ordered the attack on Potter last summer.

HARRY

You sent the Dementors?!

UMBRIDGE

*Somebody* had to act! All that useless *deliberating* about what should be done, or whether this or the other were *true*--but I was the one who actually *did* something! Only you wriggled out of that one, didn't you, Potter? Not today though...not now...

(she raises her wand)

CRUC--

HERMIONE

*Tell her, Harry!*

UMBRIDGE

Tell me...what?

Harry stares at Hermione, bewildered.

HERMIONE

Well if you won't tell her where it is, I will! It's not worth another student dying!

UMBRIDGE

Where *what* is?

HERMIONE

Dumbledore's secret weapon.

127 OMITTED

127

128 EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DUSK

128

Umbridge, her wand at Harry and Hermione's backs, looks around uneasily as they walk through the Forbidden Forest.

UMBRIDGE

How much further?

HERMIONE

Not far. It had to be somewhere students weren't going to find it accidentally.

OWLS HOOT; RUSTLINGS from the shadows. Umbridge FLINCHES at every sound, growing more paranoid by the minute. BRAMBLES pull at her frock, dirt falling on her shoulders, which she compulsively brushes off...

Harry leans in to Hermione, whispers:

HARRY  
What are you doing?

HERMIONE  
*Improvising.*

129 EXT. CLEARING - DUSK

129

As the three enter Grawp's clearing Hermione stops, stares: he's nowhere to be seen. The ROPES that bound him lie frayed and broken.

UMBRIDGE  
*Well? Where is this weapon?*

Hermione looks helplessly at Harry.

UMBRIDGE  
(realizing)  
There isn't one...is there. You were trying to trick me.

Umbridge pauses--Harry and Hermione brace for the explosion--then, her voice quivering:

UMBRIDGE  
You know...I really *hate* children.  
You really are the most...  
(searches for the darkest  
imaginable epithet)  
...*untidy* creatures. Lord knows  
I've tried to help you...to instill  
discipline, and respect for decorum.  
I've tried my very best to bring  
order, yet at every turn been  
assailed by chaos...

She now seems on the brink of a nervous breakdown. She regards her ruined frock, her flyaway hair.

UMBRIDGE  
*I MEAN LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!*  
*I really cannot take it anymore...*  
(then)  
But I must! Authority must be  
upheld! Sometimes the ends do  
justify the means--and certainly  
no one could blame me...  
(MORE)

UMBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 (steeling herself)  
 ...and if it falls to me to sort  
 out the mess--to tie up the loose  
 ends--then so be it. For the  
 greater good *I will do what must  
 be done--*

She raises her wand--

A GUTTURAL VOICE barks in an ANCIENT TONGUE.

Umbridge whirls...slowly looks up as a CENTAUR (MAGORIAN)  
 steps forward. He has long black hair; his face and body  
 are covered with WAR MARKINGS. He holds a cocked BOW in  
 his powerful arms.

UMBRIDGE  
 Y-You have no business here,  
 Centaur! This is a *Ministry*  
 matter...

Magorian reacts--SPEAKS LOW as another Centaur--BANE--  
 steps forward, bow also raised. Nervously:

UMBRIDGE  
 Lower your weapons! I warn you--  
 any attack on a Ministry Official  
 by a half-breed is--

Bane spits a furious RESPONSE to Magorian. More CENTAURS  
 step forward as Umbridge continues, growing hysterical--

UMBRIDGE  
 Under the law, as creatures of  
 near-human intelligence--

ZING--Bane looses an arrow. It sails toward Umbridge--  
 who RAISES her WAND--*PROTEGO!*--the arrow bounces  
*harmlessly to the side.*

UMBRIDGE  
 HOW DARE YOU! *FILTHY HALF-BREED--!*  
 (raising her WAND)  
*CRUCIO!*

Bane stumbles in agony. Hermione SCREAMS. Umbridge's eyes  
 gleam as she uses her wand to force the proud Centaur to  
 its knees--it STUMBLES, *rolls down the hill to her feet--*

HERMIONE  
*STOP IT! STOP!*

The CENTAURS on the ridge DRAW THEIR BOWS--Umbridge  
 raises her wand--

--as Hermione throws herself in front of the fallen  
 Centaur; Harry quickly joining her.

UMBRIDGE  
ENOUGH! I *WILL--HAVE--ORDER--!!*

She aims her wand--

--suddenly a tree trunk CRACKS behind her, as a giant  
HAND *grabs Umbridge around the waist--she drops her*  
wand--

Umbridge looks up in speechless horror as GRAWP glares  
furiously down at her through broken yellow teeth.

GRAWP  
*NO--HURT--HERMY--!*

HERMIONE  
(touched)  
He remembered...

Umbridge SCREAMS. The CENTAURS REAR UP at the towering  
Giant--

UMBRIDGE  
*UNHAND ME, YOU ANIMAL!*

Annoyed, Grawp covers her mouth with his thumb, muffling  
her continuing SCREAMS. As the Centaurs recover, advance  
on Grawp with drawn bows Harry and Hermione share a  
frightened look--

HERMIONE  
*No--please! He doesn't understand!*

A timeless beat as GRAWP frowns uneasily at the Centaurs...  
then slowly looks down at Umbridge, putting two and two  
together. She looks up at him in dawning horror...

UMBRIDGE  
Now--now listen here...  
(calls, desperately)  
POTTER--*DO SOMETHING--TELL THEM I*  
MEAN NO HARM--!

HARRY  
I'm sorry, Professor...*I must not*  
*tell lies.*

Umbridge's eyes widen--Grawp *sniffs* her head dubiously.  
Makes a disgusted face--

--then absently DROPS her. Magorian is already signaling  
two Centaurs--who instantly *gallop alongside Umbridge*,  
each grabbing an arm. Her legs kick uselessly in the air--

UMBRIDGE  
*UNHAND ME YOU BEASTS--you ANIMALS!!*  
I am Senior Undersecretary Dolores  
Jane Umbridge! Let me GOOOooo---!!

Her SCREAMING dwindles as she is borne away over the ridge, the other CENTAURS folding in behind her...

...as Magorian helps Bane back to his feet. Still burning with humiliation, Bane suddenly DRAWS HIS BOW on Harry and Hermione. They freeze in fear--but Magorian puts a hand on Bane's shoulder, staying him.

BANE  
(seething)  
You cannot trust them--they are  
*humans.*

MAGORIAN  
They are young. We do not attack  
foals.

BANE  
Not so young--  
(he aims at Harry, who  
holds his breath)  
This one is nearing manhood.

MAGORIAN  
True...But there remains the scent  
of innocence about him.

A tense moment of standoff between the two Centaurs--then Bane snorts in disgust, turns and gallops away. Harry and Hermione sag in relief as Magorian turns to them; quietly:

MAGORIAN  
Go, humans.

He too gallops off...as Harry and Hermione turn to find Grawp has wandered off and is now sitting in the middle of a BED OF FLOWERS. He's still sniffing his Umbridge hand dubiously as they approach.

HERMIONE  
Thank you, Grawp.

She stands up on tiptoes to kiss his cheek. Grawp blushes... then reaches down and pulls up the entire bed of flowers, gently tosses them toward Hermione. Petals rain down on her and Harry as they smile gratefully up at him through the cascade...then Harry turns to Hermione.

HARRY  
*Sirius.*

129A EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DUSK

129A

The setting sun filters through the trees as Harry and Hermione rush breathlessly through the forest.

130

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - DUSK

130

As Harry and Hermione emerge from the trees they find Ron, Ginny, Neville, and Luna hurrying to meet them. Ron hands them their wands--

HERMIONE

How did you get away?

RON

Told 'em I was hungry and wanted some sweets. 'Course they said bugger off and ate it all themselves.

GINNY

Puking Pastilles. It wasn't pretty.

HERMIONE

(truly impressed)

Ron! That was *clever*.

RON

(flushing)

It *has* been known to happen.

NEVILLE

It was brilliant! But how are we going to get to London...?

Hermione and Ron's eyes go instantly to Harry. Torn:

HARRY

Look...it's not that I don't appreciate everything you've done, all of you...but I've got you into enough trouble as it is, and...

Luna frowns. Hermione just looks at him, terribly disappointed. Harry frowns...

NEVILLE

(quietly)

Dumbledore's Army was supposed to be about doing something real. Or was that all just words to you?

Harry hesitates. Ron looks at him; gently:

RON

Maybe you don't have to do this all by yourself, mate.

A long moment...he takes in their faces...then--an open appeal:

HARRY

So how are we going to get to London?

LUNA  
 (smiling beatifically)  
 We fly, of course.

131 EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DUSK 131

In rapid succession SIX THESTRALS burst through the treetops, soar into the fiery sky.

ON HARRY'S FACE--fear, determination, a million emotions, bathed in the light of the setting sun as the ground falls away beneath.

132 EXT. SKY/HOGWARTS - FLYING - DUSK 132

The SUN emerges from behind a cloud and GOLDEN LIGHT illuminates the towers of Hogwarts, FLARING off the glittering windows, as if in celebration of Umbridge's defeat.

Harry clings tight to his Thestral's mane as the formation banks around Dumbledore's Tower...and heads into the blood-red sunset.

133 EXT. SKY/LONDON - NIGHT 133

The Thestrals SOAR through clouds GLIMMERING with internal LIGHTNING. They burst from the belly of the storm to appear over a rain-swept London. As our view lowers a f.g. building WIPES VERTICALLY--

134 OMITTED 134

& &

135 135

135A INT. ATRIUM - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - NIGHT 135A

--as we BOOM DOWN to reveal the Six standing side by side in the deserted Atrium. The vast lobby is silent except for the burbling FOUNTAIN. The others stare in awe, then look at Harry nervously...

HARRY  
 It's this way.

136 INT. CORRIDOR - DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES 136

The golden lift grille RUMBLES open to reveal the Six.

LIFT VOICE  
 Department of Mysteries.

Harry hurries down the corridor, turns the corner--and stops at the sight of the BLACK DOOR at the end of the

hall. Harry stares; for a moment WHISPERS seem to call from beyond...then:

HARRY

Stay behind me. Once we've found  
Sirius I'll create a diversion--  
you just get him out of danger  
quick as you can...

HERMIONE

But V-Voldemort...

It's still hard for her to say his name. Harry hesitates--  
turns back to the door--

HARRY

(grim)

Leave Voldemort to me.

Harry takes a deep breath. Opens the door--

137 OMITTED

137

138 INT. HALL OF PROPHECY

138

As the DOOR opens into darkness the group nervously  
follows Harry in. They notice the door is FLOATING slowly  
but methodically across the floor--the corridor still  
disorientingly visible beyond. More FREE-STANDING DOORS  
drift past ROWS of high SHELVES, lined with rows of ORBS  
that give off a weird liquid glow.

HARRY

*Lumos.*

His WAND TIP FLARES but the black void seems to suck up  
all the light. As Harry takes point, the others fall into  
an arrow formation behind him.

FROM HIGH ABOVE: The tiny group makes their way through  
the blackness...a sudden dark WHOOSH wipes frame--

WITH THE SIX

Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO as we study their nervous faces...  
extended wands... trembling hands...

As they approach a CROSSROADS of two WIDER AISLES, Harry  
notes the LABELS on the end of each row: ROW 95, 96...97.

Harry silently raises his hand to stop the others, who  
exchange nervous glances. Harry flattens himself against  
the end of the shelf--slowly peers around the corner,  
wand extended...

Empty.



Harry stares--then moves quickly to where he saw Sirius in his vision. He finds only dusty floor.

HARRY  
*He should be here!*

Harry looks around wildly--down row after empty row.

HARRY  
(his voice echoing)  
*SIRIUS!!*  
(returns)  
They've done something with him!  
Taken him somewhere else, or--

HERMIONE  
(scared)  
Harry--what if Sirius was never  
here at all?

HARRY  
*What? But I saw--*

HERMIONE  
What if Voldemort learned about  
the connection between you--and  
tricked you into only *thinking* you  
saw him?

Harry stares at her, unwilling to believe it.

NEVILLE (O.S.)  
(calls)  
Harry...

Harry turns to see Neville peering up at a glowing GLOBE high on a shelf. He turns to Harry.

NEVILLE  
It's got your name on it.

As Harry approaches the SHELF SILENTLY LOWERS ITSELF to Harry's level, as if presenting the globe to him. The dusty LABEL beneath it reads: *S.P.T. to A.P.W.B.D. Dark Lord and (?) Harry Potter*. As the globe reaches Harry its low throbbing HUM grows more powerful; it lights up his face with an ethereal GLOW.

Transfixed, Harry reaches for it--

HERMIONE  
(worried)  
Harry...

HARRY  
(simply)  
It's got my name on it.

Harry grasps the globe--and is *ELECTRIFIED* by its power. SYBILL TRELAWNEY'S VOICE ECHOES in an eerily hollow tone we've heard once before [NOTE: FROM THE OTHERS' REACTIONS IT IS CLEAR ONLY HARRY HEARS THIS]:

TRELAWNEY (V.O.)

*The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives...*

A DISTANT SCREAM rapidly grows louder. With enormous difficulty Harry tears his focus away from the globe--to find Hermione holding a frightened Ginny--Harry stares at her in confusion--Ginny points--

Harry turns--to see a TALL, DARK FIGURE, silhouetted against the blackness--Voldemort? But as it steps into the light we see its hooded, hideous mask: a DEATH EATER.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Very good, Potter...

TWO MORE DEATH EATERS (DOLOHOV and ROOKWOOD) seem to form from the shadows behind Malfoy, flanking him. [This effect should seem somewhat eerie but mostly realistic--we won't reveal magic is involved until later.]

LUCIUS MALFOY

*...now give me the Prophecy.*

Harry's eyes widen in confusion. He turns to take in the endless rows--

HARRY

Sirius--

LUCIUS MALFOY

It's time you learned the difference between reality and dreams, Potter--you saw what the Dark Lord wanted you to see. Now *give. That. To me.*

Harry slowly looks down at the globe in his hands. Then:

HARRY

Get behind me.

(the others realize, fall back. To Malfoy:)

If you want to get to us you're going to have to smash this first. [Something tells me your boss wouldn't be too pleased about that.]

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE (O.S.)  
 Oh, he knows how to play, little  
 bitty baby Potter...

Another Death Eaters HISSES, steps forward. Familiar mad  
 eyes glitter behind the mask: BELLATRIX LESTRANGE. She  
 raises her wand--

LUCIUS MALFOY  
 Bellatrix, no.

NEVILLE  
 (eyes widening)  
 Bellatrix Lestrange.

A spark of delighted recognition dawns in Bellatrix' eyes.

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE  
 Master Longbottom! How's Mum and  
 Dad?

NEVILLE  
 B-better, now they're about to be  
 avenged.

Bellatrix's smile twists into a sneer of rage--she  
 abruptly raises her wand--

NEVILLE  
*EXPELLIARMUS!*

Just as a JET OF FIERY LIGHT shoots from Bellatrix' wand  
 Neville's spell PULLS it from her hand. His eyes widen  
 in amazement as the EXPLOSION rocks the shelf a foot to  
 Harry's left, SHATTERING several globes. Two SMOKELIKE  
 FIGURES unfurl from the broken glass, MURMUR inaudibly.

LUCIUS MALFOY  
*DO NOT ATTACK. WE NEED THAT  
 PROPHECY.*

HARRY  
 I don't understand. Why did  
 Voldemort need *me* to come get it?

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE  
*Filthy half-blood.* You dare speak  
 his name!

Malfoy restrains Bellatrix; icily:

LUCIUS MALFOY  
 As those who died trying to acquire  
 it for the Dark Lord learned--  
*prophecies can only be retrieved  
 by those about whom they are made.*  
 (MORE)

LUCIUS MALFOY (CONT'D)  
 (changing tacks;  
 seductively)

Haven't you ever wondered *why* the Dark Lord tried to kill you as an infant? The *reason* for the connection between you? The secret...of your scar? You hold the answer in your hands. Come-- let me show it to you...

Harry looks down at the glowing orb--hesitates--then:

HARRY  
 I've been waiting fourteen years...  
 I guess I can wait a little longer.  
NOW--!!

HERMIONE/RON/GINNY/NEVILLE/LUNA  
STUPEFY!

Five JETS of LIGHT EXPLODE OUTWARD, sending an equal number of Death Eaters CRASHING into the shelves of PROPHECIES--

HARRY  
RUN!!

FIERY JETS OF LIGHT CRACKLE through the air as the Six SCATTER IN ALL DIRECTIONS. ARROWS OF LIGHT EXPLODE GLOBES left and right, lighting up the darkness--

--as we CRANE UP TO REVEAL for the first time the VAST SCALE OF THE ROOM--INFINITELY TALL SHELVES stretching AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE--

LUNA

races down an aisle, looking behind her in terror--and runs straight into a huge DEATH EATER. She stares up at him in horror--turns to run but he grabs her brutally around the neck. Kicking and struggling desperately, she spots his DARK MARK floating on his arm--and suddenly BITES it, hard. The Death Eater cries out, drops her. Luna scrambles away on hands and knees--

--and runs right into another DEATH EATER. As the two advance on her she looks wildly back and forth--

The first Death Eater raises his wand--FIRES--but at the last second Luna DIVES for cover, the JET OF FIRE SIZZLING JUST OVER HER HEAD, singeing her hair--it hits the second Death Eater, sending him flying into a shelf--and giving Luna the diversion she needs to fire a BLAST at the first, who goes sprawling.

As Luna scrambles through a small GAP between Globes on the bottom shelf, we TRACK THROUGH IT WITH HER--

She climbs to her feet in the adjacent aisle, starts to run. But as she rounds a corner...

...she suddenly slows to a halt, confused. She tilts her head quizzically...as we come around to reveal what she's seeing:

NEVILLE

stands stunned and mute, wand in hand, looking down at a PETRIFIED DEATH EATER, his arms still reaching skywards clutching at nothing. Neville seems equally frozen, utterly stunned at his accomplishment.

For a long moment Luna just stands there, breathing hard, staring at Neville, breathing hard, staring at the Death Eater, not breathing at all. Finally:

LUNA

Well done, Neville.

Neville remains utterly oblivious,. Another endless moment of mutual breathing...and then an EXPLOSION goes off nearby. Startled into action, Luna grabs Neville by the hand--

LUNA

Come on, Neville. You can do it some more.

As she pulls Neville off he continues to stare back at the frozen Death Eater in stunned amazement...

...as we abruptly TRACK laterally *THROUGH* THE SHELVES, to FIND

RON AND HERMIONE

racing down an aisle, SHOOTING OFF SPELLS behind them as they are pursued by Two Death Eaters. Hermione wings one of them but the other remains hot on their trail. Seeing the GHOSTLY FOG inside some of the Prophecies she's running past, Hermione gets an idea--

--and USES HER WAND to TRIP a ROW OF PROPHECIES off their stands. Ron, realizing what she's doing, immediately does likewise--

In rapid succession orbs EXPLODE on the floor like giant light bulbs. RISING MURMURING GHOSTLY FIGURES obscure the Death Eater's view; as he struggles through the mist RED BOLTS of FIRE FLASH in the fog around him; he takes a HIT, VANISHING into the fog--

--as Ron and Hermione approach the end of the aisle suddenly a HUGE DEATH EATER appears from the darkness, blocking their way. A FLASH of LIGHT as Ron takes a HIT to his arm, goes flying--

HERMIONE

*Ron--!*

--but before she can say another word the Death Eater uses his wand to FLOAT HERMIONE INTO THE AIR--she SCREAMS--

--Hermione's eyes find Ron's, plead--"do something!" With steely resolve Ron scrambles for his wand, takes aim--

RON

STUPEFY--!!

The Death Eater goes SPINNING round and CRASHING into the shelves--as a shower of PROPHECIES rain down on him, knocking him out cold--

--but leaving Hermione floating in mid-air. We STAY WITH HER as she SCREAMS, tumbling through space--

--abruptly stopping as she lands *in Ron's arms*. Ron is as just as stunned as Hermione, who stares at Ron, as if seeing him with new eyes. Finally:

RON

Better keep running.

HERMIONE

(instantly)

Right.

They race off--

TRACKING WITH HARRY

on the run through the maze. As he races through the endless disorienting rows and aisles we hear VOICES CRY out in the darkness. Suddenly a DEATH EATER seems almost to form from the shadows right in front of him--Harry sends it flying with a STUPEFY, races back the other way--only to find another APPEAR--seemingly out of nowhere--before him. HARRY sends it too flying, but--nightmarishly--TWO MORE instantly take its place. He turns again--to see MALFOY striding toward him, wand extended, ROARING--

LUCIUS MALFOY

*GIVE IT TO ME--!*

Again Harry turns to run--but he's surrounded--

--and then his eyes lock onto

GINNY

breathing hard, visible watching THROUGH the prophecies on a shelf. They lock eyes. She raises her wand, takes a deep breath--

GINNY

*REDUCTO!*

A massive EXPLOSION takes out the bottom of the shelf beyond--the Death Eaters whirl--to see the towering shelf SWAY--TIP--

Harry runs--DIVES and ROLLS as a huge piece of shelf barely misses him--and CRASHES on top of Malfoy and the Death Eaters--

--who at the last instant IMPLODE INTO BLACK SMOKE-- [accompanied by a SONIC BOOM effect] their PLUMES ROCKET up THROUGH the fallen shelf and high into the AIR--

Harry and Ginny stare in breathless amazement--that's how these guys have been moving so fast. And they realize something else: they're utterly out of their depth.

GINNY

Y-you were right, Harry. This isn't at all like being in school.

Suddenly a DEEP RUMBLING is heard. As Harry and Ginny slowly turn their eyes widen in disbelief:

The falling SHELF has caused a CHAIN REACTION--SHELF after SHELF toppling like the worlds largest dominos.

Headed straight for them.

Harry grabs Ginny's hand as they race away from the chaos--and down the long aisle toward the distant doors.

TWENTY YARDS AHEAD of them Neville and Luna suddenly spill into the main aisle, also racing for the line of DOORS--after a moment Ron and Hermione tumble out of another aisle, joining Neville and Luna--

HIGH ANGLE - PLUME'S POV

We DIVE TOWARD THE SMALL FIGURES of HARRY and GINNY, smashing THROUGH the shelves, exploding GLOBES left and right--raining FIRE down on Harry and Ginny--

GINNY

CRIES out in pain as BOLT hits her leg; she stumbles. Looks behind her in terror at the approaching WAVE OF DESTRUCTION. Harry quickly helps her up, holds her as she limps bravely onward--

NEAR THE DOOR the four look helplessly as the Wave approaches Harry and Ginny--

HERMIONE

*HURRY!*

Now Harry and Ginny are almost at the door--which begins to swing shut. Behind them the wave of CRASHING SHELVES has almost reached them; converging BOLTS OF FIRE are RAINING DOWN, one SINGEING Luna's hair--another hitting Ron in the arm as he pushes Ginny ahead of him--the group dives into the blackness just as the door SLAMS SHUT behind them--

139 OMITTED 139

140 INT. VEIL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 140

Blackness. Silence. We hear approaching CRIES--and as the Six suddenly FALL into frame we instantly PLUMMET WITH THEM. TILT DOWN to see far below a FLOOR of ROUGH STONE flying up at us--

At the last second an UPWARD BLAST OF WIND arrests their fall and deposits them--OOF--in a pile--the GLOBE miraculously still intact in Harry's hands.

Bruised and battered, the Six pull themselves to their feet. Ron helps Hermione up...mutters:

RON  
"Department of Mysteries..." Got  
that one right, didn't they...

And now as the Six look around we see they are standing on huge stones that make up the floor of a vast AMPHITHEATER, its RISERS dwindling into infinity.

In the center of the space is a DAIS, upon which stands a cracked and crumbling STONE ARCHWAY. It is hung with a tattered BLACK VEIL, which sways eerily in an invisible breeze. The WHISPERS we've been hearing in Harry's dreams are quite loud here--this, apparently, is their source.

Mesmerized, Harry steps onto the dais, approaches the veil. He shivers as frigid BREEZE blows through it.

HARRY  
The voices. Can you tell what  
they're saying?

Ron and Hermione share a chilled look.

HERMIONE  
There aren't any voices, Harry.  
Let's get out of here--

Luna approaches the fluttering veil, rapt. The breeze rustles her hair.

LUNA  
I hear them too.



HERMIONE

*It's just an empty archway! Please  
Harry, they'll be here any--*

Too late. A HOWLING WIND draws her gaze upwards--where  
HIGH ABOVE, TEN PLUMES OF THICK BLACK SMOKE are billowing  
toward them.

Harry looks around. There's no where to run.

The Six stand abreast. The PLUMES SCREAM in. SIX WANDS  
RISE in unison--

THE SIX

*STUPEFY--!!*

--but it's too late--their voices are swallowed in the  
deafening WIND as now TWO MORE PLUMES sweep down *behind*  
them from opposite directions--the Six spin in confusion--

And then the other PLUMES are there, SPIRALING DOWN  
AROUND THEM, creating a TORNADO EFFECT. As the grotesque  
forms of half-reconstituted Death Eaters HOWL PAST one  
by one each of the kids is SUCKED into the maelstrom.  
Finally only Harry is left, hugging the Prophecy to his  
chest--

And then suddenly the ROAR of the wind dwindles to  
silence. Harry looks up from the ground--*to see each of  
his friends held at wandpoint in a circle around him.*

Malfoy begins to laugh.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Did you actually believe...Were  
you really *naïve* enough to think  
that *children* stood a chance  
against...us?

Harry looks helplessly at the others. Malfoy holds out  
his hand.

LUCIUS MALFOY

The Prophecy.

NEVILLE

(his nose bleeding)  
DON'T GIB IT TO DEM, HARRY!

Dolohov roughly twists Neville's arm behind his back.

LUCIUS MALFOY

I'll make it easy for you, Potter.  
Give it to me now...or watch them  
die.

Beaten, Harry haltingly steps forward...and hands Malfoy  
the Prophecy. Malfoy raises the glowing orb up to his  
face, illuminating a cruel smile:

LUCIUS MALFOY  
*Kill the spares. [ALT: Kill them.]*

QUICK CUTS: Harry stares. Ron and Hermione exchange a last look. Ginny and Luna clasp hands. Neville steels himself, looks unblinkingly at--

BELLATRIX. Grinning horribly, she raises her wand--draws an ecstatic breath to cast the killing spell--

--then suddenly her wand goes flying from her hand--  
 Rookwood and Dolohov's are stripped from theirs as well--

Harry whirls--all heads turn--to see SIRIUS step from shadow into light, his dark eyes shining.

SIRIUS  
*Get away from my Godson.*

And with that he PUNCHES Malfoy brutally in the jaw--

--as the Prophecy goes *sailing out of his hands*. Malfoy stares in stunned disbelief as it SMASHES on the stone. As the pearly-white figure of SYBILL TRELAWNEY rises from the broken glass and DISSOLVES INTO SMOKE Malfoy falls to his knees, holds up the broken shards in horror--

LUCIUS MALFOY  
*No...*

Now the SOUND of RUSHING WIND spins the heads of the stunned Death Eaters as a WHITE VAPOR TRAIL circles in from above--

--as the kids use the diversion to elbow, kick and pull free of their captors. Simultaneously Sirius grabs Harry, pulls him to the ground just as the VAPOR TRAIL ROCKETS OVERHEAD--and an ARC of WHITE LIGHTNING shoots from it, FORKING and SPLITTING into multiple BOLTS that send Death Eaters flying left and right--

--as the WHITE PLUME COALESCES into Tonks, spinning balletically as she lands gracefully on the run--

--suddenly TRIPS--

--then catches herself at the last moment, sticking her landing. MORE WHITE VAPOR TRAILS are streaming in from all directions; in disarray, the DEATH EATERS fire spells off wildly as the WHITE PLUMES COALESCE into Lupin--Moody--Shacklebolt--all in motion, wands blazing. Tonks quickly helps shepherd the KIDS out of harms way as THE BATTLE BEGINS--

SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

HIGH ON A RISER MADEYE MOODY is in his glory, sending spells BOOMING left and right. A DEATH EATER comes at him from behind--but Moody's EYE SPINS in his socket--

MADEYE MOODY  
Oh no you don't, Boyo--

Moody ELBOWS him brutally, grabs him, yanks him around and HEAD BUTTS him. As Moody watches him crash down the risers, he takes a hit from his flask, BELCHES with satisfaction--

A DEATH EATER SCREAMS like a banshee as he flies toward Shackbolt--who just calmly fires a carefully aimed shot that sends him twirling fifty feet through the air. Just then ROOKWOOD ROCKETS UPWARDS, transforming into a black PLUME as he sends FIRE raining down on Shackbolt--who, without missing a beat, aims over his shoulder--

--and hits the BILLOWING TRAIL dead on. Rookwood RECONSTITUTES in mid-air--plummets, FLAILING helplessly--as Shackbolt whirls with a flourish, wand already sweeping toward its next target--

SIRIUS

leans over Harry in concern; helps him sit up. They are just out of the battlezone, in the SHADOW of the ARCH.

SIRIUS  
Harry--are you all right?

Harry is overwhelmed with joy and relief at seeing his Godfather unharmed.

HARRY  
*Sirius...I thought...I mean I saw...*

SIRIUS  
(gently)  
I know. But's it all right. I'm fine.  
(a moment...then an  
EXPLOSION goes off nearby)  
Listen to me: I want you to take the others and *get out of here*--

HARRY  
What? No! I'm staying with you!

SIRIUS  
Harry--

HARRY  
*Sirius, I won't lose you again!*

Sirius looks at his Godson. For a moment the SOUNDS of the BATTLE grow distant.

SIRIUS

Harry...my life...has largely been  
a wasted one. Twelve years in  
Azkaban. Living on the run. The  
one good thing in it...has been  
you. Don't take that away from me.

(Harry is torn)

Besides...

Sirius is looking beyond him. Harry turns, follows his gaze...to where where Tonks is helping the other kids, bruised and battered. Luna is still very shaky; Ron helps the limping Ginny.

SIRIUS

They need their leader.

Harry looks at his friends--back at Sirius--and finally, reluctantly nods. Sirius smiles--

BOOM! Harry darts across the no-man's land of EXPLOSIONS and strobing colored LIGHT. As he reaches the others, headed toward the amphitheater DOORWAY, Tonks squeezes his shoulder, then rushes back into the fray. As Harry watches her go he takes a last look at the battle--his searching eyes find Shackbolt--Lupin--then

SIRIUS

dueling Malfoy before the VEIL. BOLTS of FIRE explode from their wands as they circle, each seeking the high ground. Malfoy is good--very good. He battles Sirius back, gaining the advantage--

LUCIUS MALFOY

You should have stayed in hiding,  
Black!

SIRIUS

When I'm done with you, Malfoy--  
(deftly tossing his wand  
from hand to hand)  
--you'll wish I had.

Sirius backs up onto the DAIS, sends a multicolored BARRAGE OF FLAMES at Malfoy. Malfoy ducks behind the Arch--but suddenly a BOLT comes at Sirius from *behind*--he spins to find BELLATRIX. She HISSES as she fires again--he nimbly dodges it.

SIRIUS

Come now *Cousin*, we can do better  
than that!

Bellatrix fires--but as Sirius moves to evade it he is blocked by another SIZZLING BOLT from Malfoy--and Sirius takes a painful HIT in the side--

HARRY, watching, sucks in his breath--looks at Ron and Hermione, also riveted, torn--

SIRIUS' eyes grow hard as he summons all his power--sends a massive CRACKLING ELECTRIC BOLT, frying Bellatrix as she's hurled SCREAMING through the air and out of sight--

Now DOLOHOV flies to Malfoy's aide. Together they use their wands to press Sirius back against the VEIL. As Sirius struggles against the crushing force of the spell, ROOKWOOD dives down from above, sending FIRE raining down on Sirius. Paralyzed, he struggles to roll clear--takes another agonizing HIT--

HARRY

Can't take it anymore. Hermione sees it. With quiet urgency:

HERMIONE

Go.

MALFOY AND DOLOHOV

advance on the pinned Sirius, wands extended--Sirius is helpless as Malfoy moves in for the kill--

LUCIUS MALFOY

The Dark Lord will be pleased indeed. Today will see both the end of Harry Potter--and the Order of the Phoenix!

Suddenly Malfoy is BLASTED, sent flying. A wild-eyed Sirius looks up to see HARRY--

SIRIUS

*Good one, James!*

Harry stares at Sirius. Dolohov sends a BOLT OF FIRE at him--who dodges as he spins back into action. Caught in the crossfire, Harry and Sirius are dueling back to back. Sirius is ebullient, taking all comers.

And then IN THE FOREGROUND a bloodied BELLATRIX rises into view, unseen. She takes shaky aim at Sirius--at the last second Harry sees--

HARRY

Sirius, look out--!

SIRIUS

It's all right Harry! I'm back--

He laughs triumphantly as Bellatrix FIRES--

--and a jet of light hits Sirius squarely on the chest. His laughter is still ringing as his eyes widen in surprise--

Time slows, sound fades.

Harry and Sirius lock eyes as Sirius goes sprawling backwards in SLOW MOTION. Terror lights in Harry's eyes. A look of surprise, and at the last moment, fear glints in Sirius' eyes as he flies backwards through the ragged VEIL...and *vanishes*.

Silence...then SOUND RETURNS with a rush as we hear Bellatrix' triumphant SCREAM.

HARRY

Sirius?

With dawning horror he starts toward the veil, but Lupin is there to hold him back.

LUPIN

No, Harry--he's gone.

Harry is stunned. Hermione, Ron, Neville, Luna white-faced. Harry struggles against Lupin's grip, refusing to believe it.

HARRY

*SIRIUS!*

Bellatrix is on the run, both Shacklebolt and Tonks firing after her. A shot hits Tonks'--her face contorts in pain as her hair turns WHITE.

Bellatrix disappears through the amphitheater DOORWAY--

--as Harry pulls free of Lupin and races after her.

LUPIN

Harry, no--!

141 INT. CORRIDOR - DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - CONTINUOUS 141

Harry emerges from the other side of the doorway--and stops, disoriented as he realizes--

--*he has exited the SAME DOOR they all first went through*.  
He hears the LIFT jangling at the end of the hall--

142 INT. LIFT LOBBY - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - CONTINUOUS 142

The GRILLE opens as Harry stumbles out the door--

143 INT. ATRIUM - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - CONTINUOUS 143

The vast deserted hall is illuminated only by the glowing, golden FOUNTAIN.

As Harry enters he spots Bellatrix across the Atrium, heading for the fireplaces. He raises his wand--

HARRY  
*CRUCIO!!*

Bellatrix SCREAMS as a FLASH of light knocks her off her feet--

Harry is there. On fire, his wand pointed at her head. She looks up at him in terror--

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE  
(whispers)  
No--

ON HARRY

Hatred and murder blazing in his eyes--a timeless moment--

*And then from the inky blackness beyond him a bone-white visage emerges, swims toward us.*

VOLDEMORT  
(softly)  
Do it. [ALT: You've got to mean it, Harry.]

Voldemort draws closer. He is gentle, sympathetic... reasonable.

VOLDEMORT  
She *killed* him. She *deserves* it--

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE  
M-master--I tried, but, the  
Animagus Black, he--

VOLDEMORT  
Don't speak to me. Or can you  
restore my broken Prophecy?

Bellatrix is terrified into silence.

VOLDEMORT  
*You know the spell. Do it--*

Bellatrix looks pleadingly at Harry--Harry is on the brink--his wand trembling--

--and then a flash of LIGHT illuminates his face.

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)  
Harry.

Harry tears his eyes away from Bellatrix...to see Dumbledore's pained, kindly eyes.

VOLDEMORT

You're too late, old man. The boy knows the truth.

HARRY

(barely audible)

What truth.

VOLDEMORT

That you've been lied too...  
betrayed...just as I once was.

(his eyes burn at

Dumbledore, then:)

Tell me Harry: do you know the  
real reason your Godfather died?

HARRY

BECAUSE *SHE* KILLED HIM--!!

Harry again raises his wand--Bellatrix cringes in terror--

VOLDEMORT

NO. Because he "loved" you.

He spits the word contemptuously.

VOLDEMORT

Why did your mother and father die?  
Why will your *friends* die, when  
their turn comes--as it will? What  
has this "love" that he exalts  
above all else ever brought you  
but pain, and despair, and terrible,  
terrible loss...?

(intensely)

*It doesn't exist, Harry.* It's a  
fairy tale. A lie that the weak  
enshrine--and the shrewd exploit.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry--

VOLDEMORT

Just look at him--the great  
*Dumbledore!* As if he cared a *whit*  
about you--!

HARRY

(like a little boy)

*That's not true!*

VOLDEMORT

He cares only to the extent you're  
*useful* to him. You're but a pawn  
in his great chess match against  
me...it's all you've ever been.  
And this "love" he professes...

(MORE)



VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

(quietly)

...that's the greatest illusion of all. Mine is a hard truth... but it *is* the truth. You are alone.

Dumbledore continues to look at Harry.

DUMBLEDORE

It was foolish of you to come here tonight, Tom. The Aurors are on their way.

VOLDEMORT

Yes. By which time I shall be gone, and you *dead*--

Suddenly a SCALDING ROPE OF FIRE arcs from his wand. With a SWOOP of his WAND Dumbledore FLINGS Harry out of the line of fire--he's SLAMMED against the wall, Dumbledore shielding him like a lion guarding a cub--

--BELLATRIX sees her chance, bolts toward the fireplaces--

--even as Dumbledore's WAND whips around and ANOTHER ROPE OF FIRE emanates from it, SMASHES into the first--

TIGHT ON HARRY

LIGHTS STROBE and ARC across his face as the two great Wizards to battle, the very walls TREMBLING. RUBBLE and SHATTERED TILES fall in slow motion around him. But it all seems distant, remote as we PUSH IN on Harry, crushed with grief.

DUMBLEDORE AND VOLDEMORT

are face to face, the power emanating from their wands blowing back Dumbledore's hair, creating a miniature HURRICANE around them.

Voldemort sneers contemptuously--and *vanishes*. Instantly the fiery rope TRANSFORMS into a FIFTY-FOOT HIGH SERPENT, HISSING furiously--

With a burst of FLAME Voldemort reappears on the plinth in the fountain. He watches as the SERPENT rears high above Dumbledore--*strikes*--

--and suddenly *implodes into smoke*, quickly dissipates revealing an unharmed, albeit slightly-singed Dumbledore.

Voldemort's smile fades--and then the WATER in the pool begins to RISE UP, covering him like a cocoon of molten glass. His rippling faceless figure struggles to throw off the suffocating mass--suddenly goes still as he again *vanishes*, and the water CRASHES to the floor--

HARRY

dimly becomes aware of what's going on. SOUND is distant, swimming...slowly his eyes focus as he looks up--

HARRY'S POV

The surreal sight of the two great Wizards battling. Flashes of LIGHTNING brilliantly illuminate the darkened atrium. Harry tries to focus, peers at their faces--

Voldemort, radiating power--Dumbledore grim--

As EXPLOSIONS rock the walls HARRY struggles to clear his head--

VOLDEMORT

suddenly inhales deeply--focuses intently--

--as a SHOCK WAVE explodes out through his wand. It sends Dumbledore sprawling, knocking the wind out of him--

--as the wave RADIATES OUTWARD, SHATTERING the glass in the towering wall of WINDOWS above. The falling deadly rain SWOOPS OVER VOLDEMORT'S HEAD at the last moment, directed by his wand into a torrent of SHARDS headed straight for Dumbledore, still on the floor, still momentarily DAZED. The GLASS SINGS towards him--

--as just in time Dumbledore grimaces--digs deep--turns on his elbows--

--producing a SILVERY PATRONUS SHIELD. The GLASS SHARDS slow, STOP IN MID AIR, QUIVERING as they're caught between two mighty spells--

Both Dumbledore and Voldemort are straining--stalelated--

And then Dumbledore sees something from the corner of his eye:

Harry. Shaky, disoriented, barely upright; wand in hand. Voldemort sees him too--hesitates--

--as Dumbledore uses the diversion to press his advantage--his PATRONUS SHIELD instantly ENVELOPS the GLASS, SPIRALS TIGHT AROUND IT and IMPLODES....

...leaving only SAND, which swirls and eddies harmlessly across the Atrium floor.

Suddenly the great space rings with SILENCE.

Dumbledore climbs wearily to his feet. On the verge of breakdown, Harry stares at him--winded, sweat on his brow--as if he doesn't know him.

DUMBLEDORE  
 (alarmed)  
 Harry...

Now Harry's eyes are drawn inexorably to Voldemort's piercing gaze. Harry instinctively stumbles back in fear. He looks anxiously back and forth between the two wizards, his wand TREMBLING--

Voldemort regards Harry with genuine pity.

VOLDEMORT  
 (softly)  
 So weak...so vulnerable...

...and then--we see it--an idea registers in Voldemort's eyes. His gaze moves to Dumbledore...

Voldemort smiles.

He closes his eyes, grows still. A WIND starts to rise. As Dumbledore realizes --

DUMBLEDORE  
 Harry! *Stay where you are--!*

--Voldemort *vanishes*--

Harry stares in confusion--

--and then A BURST OF WIND blows back Harry's hair; he CONVULSES in agony--

--and then suddenly he goes dead still. His eyes open--now inert, lifeless--and TWO voices issue from his mouth.

HARRY/VOLDEMORT  
*You've lost, old man.*

Dumbledore stares back in helpless horror--

--as one last time we PUSH INTO HARRY'S EYE--ZZZZP--

A KALEIDOSCOPIIC FLURRY OF IMAGES

A BLUR of random shots of Harry from throughout the films flash by, too quick to grasp--it is as if Voldemort is rifling through Harry's brain. Simultaneously a SUPERSONIC WHINE rises in pitch, becomes excruciating--ZZZZP--

ZZZZP--FLASH CUT--Sirius being blown back through the veil, fear rising in his eyes--

IN THE ATRIUM: Harry CONVULSES with pain--

ZZZZP--FLASH CUT: YOUNG JAMES laughs as he floats Young Snape in mid-air--

IN THE ATRIUM: Harry again CONVULSES in agony. His SKIN grows pale as death--

ZZZZP--FLASH CUT: Harry stands staring down at the terrified Bellatrix, on the brink of murder--his wand trembling, his face contorted with hate--

ZZZZP--Harry once again stands before the MIRROR of ERISED, hidden from us. He stares into it as we COUNTER TO REVEAL HARRY'S REFLECTION: IT IS VOLDEMORT. Harry tries desperately to avert his eyes--

VOLDEMORT  
LOOK AT ME!

ZZZZP. For a split second we are back in the Atrium--Harry CRIES OUT.

HARRY  
NO...

--and then abruptly his eyes again go dead.

HARRY/VOLDEMORT  
He knows the truth, Dumbledore.  
(he *smiles*)  
I am too strong.

DUMBLEDORE  
Don't fight him Harry! You can't  
win, *not on his terms*.

For an moment Harry is himself again--he stares back at Dumbledore uncomprehendingly...

...and then all SOUND drains from the scene. Time is suspended.

Harry stares at Dumbledore's ancient, anguished face--  
half in deep shadow, half in light...then:

SIRIUS (O.S.)  
We've all got both light and dark  
inside us...

Suddenly Harry is back in the Tapestry room with Sirius.

SIRIUS  
What matters is the part we choose  
to act on...

FLASH CUT: ADULT JAMES smiles out at us from the Photo of the Original Order, his arm around Sirius...

SIRIUS  
That's who we really are.

Harry looks up at his smiling Godfather...then:

YOUNG LILY (O.S.)  
Why do you hate him so?

Confused, Harry turns toward the voice--

--and finds himself on a familiar lawn, now empty except for YOUNG LILY.

FLASH CUT--ADULT LILY turns in terror, holding INFANT HARRY--

HARRY  
*Because he murdered you!*

Young Lily just looks sadly, compassionately at Harry. He stares at her in confusion, as the scene WHITES OUT--

IN THE ATRIUM, HARRY is fading. His heartbeat ECHOES as he starts to pass out. We sense this is his final moment. And then a distant VOICE reverberates through Harry's mind...

TRELAWNEY (V.O.)  
*...but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...*

Dumbledore looks deeply into Harry's eyes. Softly:

DUMBLEDORE  
Harry...*it's not how you are alike--it's how you're not.*

Confusion...then the glimmer of understanding begins to grow in Harry's eyes. And now something draws his gaze beyond Dumbledore--

Ron and Hermione, breathless and fearful at the entrance of the smoking, ruined Atrium.

Something clicks in Harry's head. His eyes widen as he REALIZES--

HARRY  
(whispers, realizing)  
You're the one who's weak! [ALT:  
You're not strong. You're weak.]

He looks back at Ron and Hermione, gazing helplessly at him...then Luna, Neville, and Ginny appear behind them, bloody but unbowed. Tonks and Lupin quickly follow.

Harry looks back. With the last of his strength--

HARRY  
You'll never know friendship--or  
love, or real happiness--and I--  
*FEEL--SORRY--FOR--YOU--!*

ZZZZP--for a second Harry again stands before Voldemort's reflection--

--as with a final surge of defiance Harry SMASHES the Mirror--

IN THE ATRIUM--Harry is suddenly buffeted by a violent WIND--

--and then Voldemort is standing above him like a dark shadow. But his expression betrays no anger, or weakness. Instead it shows an almost humane sadness. With the smallest gesture of his hand Voldemort FLOATS Harry's limp form upright, bringing them face to face.

VOLDEMORT

You are a fool, Harry Potter...

He reaches out to gently touch Harry's face.

VOLDEMORT

And you will lose everything.

A suspended moment--the world is FROZEN around the two of them--then--

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!*--FIREPLACES IGNITE in a quick succession of EMERALD BURSTS; loud VOICES ECHO all over the Atrium as FUDGE enters--stops, dumbstruck--

Voldemort looks evenly at Harry--and with another BLAST OF WIND he TWIRLS UP INTO THE AIR--VANISHES --

--as Harry collapses to the floor.

And then Dumbledore is there, gently touching his face as Harry, shivering, stares up into his kindly eyes through his shattered glasses. In a moment they are surrounded by MINISTRY OFFICIALS--and a stunned Cornelius Fudge, pajamas visible under his robes. VOICES cry "I saw him!" "It was Voldemort, he was *here!*"

Dumbledore looks up from Harry, his hard eyes meeting Fudge's...as Fudge sags in defeat.

FUDGE

He's back.

The scene is a chaos of rushing wizards, as Dumbledore turns lovingly back to Harry, who has finally passed out.

144  
THRU  
147

OMITTED

144  
THRU  
147

148

EXT. LAWN - DAY

148

BUTTERFLIES flutter on a beautiful summer's day.

TRACK PAST students out on the lawn, subdued, reading the *Sunday Prophet*: *HE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED RETURNS*, and, beneath, *Dumbledore, Potter Vindicated*. Below, a miserable-looking FUDGE cringes from reporters beneath the headline *FUDGE JUDGED...Minister to Resign?*

Suddenly we FLY *through* the paper, as we continue up the lawn...

...toward a group of SLYTHERINS: Another page shows a MUGSHOT of Lucius Malfoy, with the headline *AZKABAN'S LATEST RESIDENT*. His livid scowl comes to life as we again fly *through--WHOOSH*--to find Draco, seething...

Continue TRACKING; the next paper shows UMBRIDGE, with accompanying headline: *UMBRIDGE SUSPENDED PENDING INVESTIGATION*. As we soar *through* her--*WHOOSH*--we begin to HEAR a familiar brogue...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)  
 "...we urge the magical population  
 to remain vigilant. The Ministry  
 is currently publishing guides to  
 elementary defense for all  
 Wizarding homes..."

As we reach Professor McGonagall, sitting in a wheelchair, she lowers her paper, looks up at HAGRID beside her. As the SUNLIGHT FADES they both look up. A PEAL OF THUNDER--

149

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

149

RAIN patters the window, blurring the view of the KIDS far below, hurrying inside holding their newspapers over their heads.

PAN to FIND Harry, standing in the open doorway, a NOTE in his hand. The office is apparently empty. He hesitates, clearly not wanting to be here. Impulsively turns to go--

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)  
 Harry?

Harry stops. Dumbledore turns--he is in a chair on the UPPER LEVEL of his office, facing the window. Subdued.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Please. Come in?

Harry hesitates. Unable to meet his gaze, he moves to the wall, his eyes falling on the artifacts of his youth...the SORTING HAT, GRYFFINDOR'S SWORD. He touches its blade...Dumbledore watches, uncertain how to begin.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Harry...I know how you must be  
 feeling...

HARRY  
 (simply)  
 No. You don't.  
 (then, his voice catching)  
 It's my fault.

DUMBLEDORE  
 No, Harry....the fault is mine.  
 (Harry turns in surprise)  
 If I had been open with you, as I  
 should have been, you would have  
 known long ago that Voldemort  
 might try and lure you to the  
 Department of Mysteries. You would  
 never have been tricked into going  
 there... and Sirius would not have  
 come after you. The blame lies  
 with me, and with me alone. An old  
 man's mistake...

HARRY  
 (stares)  
 You're *Dumbledore*. You don't *make*  
 mistakes.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Harry...as much as it pains me to  
 disillusion you, I am all too  
 fallible...and this war that has  
 now begun may just as easily be  
 lost as won.

THUNDER RUMBLES. For the first time Harry really looks  
 at Dumbledore. He looks different since his battle with  
 Voldemort. He looks, for the first time...old. Dumbledore  
 turns to the window, RAIN now sheeting down it.

DUMBLEDORE  
 I knew it was only a matter of  
 time before Voldemort became aware  
 of the connection between you, and  
 tried to exploit it. I thought by  
 distancing myself from you, as I  
 have all year, he would be less  
 tempted, and you might thereby be  
 protected. Another mistake...  
 (turning to him)  
 I'm sorry, Harry.

Harry doesn't know what to say...then notices Dumbledore's  
 HAND is TREMBLING. As Dumbledore massages his wrist Harry  
 seems struck by this sign of frailty. Struggling:

HARRY  
 The Prophecy said "neither can  
 live while the other one  
 survives..."  
 (MORE)



HARRY (CONT'D)  
 (looking up)  
 It means one of us has got to kill  
 the other in the end?

DUMBLEDORE  
 Yes.

HARRY  
*Why didn't you tell me?*

DUMBLEDORE  
 (quietly)  
 For the same reason you tried to  
 save Sirius. For the same reason  
 your friends saved you.  
 (Harry doesn't understand)  
 The reason I failed to tell  
 you...was because after all these  
 years...after all you've suffered...  
 I couldn't bear to cause you any  
 more pain. I cared too much. I  
 acted exactly as Voldemort expects  
 we fools who love to act.

Something releases in Harry. As Dumbledore rests a gentle  
 hand on his shoulder, Harry looks out at the rain, not  
 wanting Dumbledore to see his tears.

150 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT

150

Harry is packing. Ron appears in the doorway, subdued.

RON  
 Feast's about to start.

HARRY  
 Thanks Ron...but I'm not really in  
 the mood.

Ron frowns, hesitates.

RON  
 You know...I'm not really that  
 hungry. I could...

HARRY  
 (smiles, grateful)  
 No, you go on. I'll be all right.

151 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

151

Ron comes down the stairs, looks up at a hopeful  
 Hermione... and shakes his head.

151A INT. MARBLE STAIR - NIGHT

151A

A tired FILCH grumbles as he restores the last of the PORTRAITS (its PIQUED OCCUPANTS grumbling as well) as the last few STUDENTS hurry down towards the Great Hall. Reveal Harry, watching from above...and then he sees someone watching him from the opposite balcony.

Cho.

Harry looks at her...and doesn't know what to say. She looks wistfully back at him for a long moment...then turns away, and starts down the stairs.

152 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

152

Harry's footsteps ECHO as he wanders the deserted corridor. In the distance we hear SOUNDS of the Feast.

Harry slows as he notices another lone figure: Luna, posting a NOTICE. Harry hesitates, but she's already seen him; she smiles, waves. Harry joins her.

HARRY

How come you're not at the feast?

LUNA

I'm trying to find my possessions. Apparently people have been hiding them.

HARRY

That's awful.

LUNA

Oh, it's all good fun...but as it's last night I really do need them back.

HARRY

D'you want help finding them?

Luna smiles, shakes her head. Then, softly:

LUNA

I'm sorry about your Godfather, Harry.

She squeezes his hand. It's a small gesture, but somehow coming from Luna it means an enormous amount to Harry.

HARRY

You sure you don't want help looking?

LUNA

That's all right. Anyway, my Mum  
always said the things we lose  
have a way of coming back to us in  
the end...

Her gaze rises...to find her SHOES, tied together,  
hanging from a chandelier. Luna sighs.

LUNA

...if not always in the way we  
expect.

(a moment, then)

I think I'll just go and have some  
pudding.

She smiles beatifically, then turns and goes. Harry looks  
after her, thoughtful...

153 EXT. HOGSMEADE STATION - DAY

153

The comfortable chaos of homeward-bound STUDENTS make  
their way toward the train.

PULL BACK to include the trio, pulling their trunks. They  
pause for a moment on the outskirts, reluctant to face  
the final moment of leavetaking.

HARRY

I've been thinking about something  
Dumbledore said.

HERMIONE

What's that, Harry?

HARRY

Even though we've got a fight  
ahead of us...we've also got one  
thing Voldemort *doesn't* have.

RON

What's that?

HARRY

(quietly)

Something worth fighting *for*.

He puts a hand on each of their shoulders, more grateful  
than ever for their friendship. Both Ron and Hermione  
look back, moved...

...and as the trio moves forward into the crowd they are  
joined by an excited Neville, Luna and Ginny...and then  
still more friends from Dumbledore's Army...and even some  
Slytherins offer shy smiles and grateful nods, as the  
train BLASTS STEAM...

... and our VIEW RISES to INCLUDE the SPIRES of Hogwarts,  
glowing and radiant before the gathering storm, as we  
FADE TO BLACK.