

HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER S STONE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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1 EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT

Dark at this hour, except for the STREET LAMPS that dot the street, spilling deep pools of light upon the ground.

On the far corner, a MAN MATERIALIZES out of the darkness. He is tall and thin, with a silver beard long enough to tuck into his belt. He wears a PURPLE CLOAK and is roughly one hundred and fifty years old. He is ALBUS DUMBLEDORE.

Dumbledore removes a small silver object from his cloak—the PUT-OUTER. He extends his hand and—CLICK—the nearest street lamp GOES OUT with a soft pop. He continues to click the Put-Outer until all the lamps go DARK.

He turns, spies a CAT, sitting on the wall of Number Four. He smiles knowingly.

DUMBLEDORE

I should have known you'd be here,
Professor McGonagall.

The cat leaps forward, TRANFIGURES itself into a rather severe-looking woman in an EMERALD CLOAK.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Are the rumors true, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE

(smile fading)

I'm afraid so. The good. And the bad.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

And the boy?

DUMBLEDORE

Hagrid's bringing him.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

You think it...wise...to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?

DUMBLEDORE

I would trust Hagrid with my life,
Professor.

A LOW RUMBLE disturbs the skies. Dumbledore and McGonagall look up and—suddenly—a HUGE MOTORCYCLE plummets through the clouds, hits the ground with a THUNDEROUS ROAR. As the SMOKE clears, a FIGURE climbs off. He is HAGRID and is, quite obviously, a GIANT. In his vast, muscular arms, he holds a BUNDLE of BLANKETS.

HAGRID

Ev'ning, professor Dumbledore, sir.
Professor McGonagall.

DUMBLEDORE

No problems, I take it, Hagrid?

HAGRID

No sir. Little tyke fell ter sleep
as we was flyin' o'er Bristol.

Hagrid steps forward and Dumbledore takes the bundle, turns toward the doorstep.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Albus, do you really think it best
to leave him here, with these
people? I've been watching them all
day. They're the worst sort of
Muggles imaginable. They're...

DUMBLEDORE

The only family he has.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

But this boy will be famous. There
won't be a child in our world who
doesn't know his name...

DUMBLEDORE

Exactly. It would be enough to turn
any boy's head. Famous before he
can walk and talk. Famous for
something he won't even remember.
No. He'll be much better off
growing up away from all that.
Until he's ready.

Dumbledore lays the bundle on the mat. Hagrid SNIFFLES.

DUMBLEDORE

There, there, Hagrid. It's not
really goodbye, after all.

Hagrid hods. Dumbledore tucks a PARCHMENT ENVELOPE into the blankets and steps back, his face suddenly dark. Serious.

DUMBLEDORE

Good luck, Harry Potter.

The CAMERA DOLLIES forward, toward the swaddled baby. A CUT, still fresh, gleams on the baby's forehead. It is in the shape of a BOLT of LIGHTNING. SMASH CUT TO TEN YEARS LATER.

2 INT. CUPBOARD - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

A pair of blinking GREEN EYES jerk into the light.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Up! Now!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

WOMAN'S VOICE

I said now!

FOOTSTEPS REcede and HARRY POTTER, now ten years old, swings his skinny legs to the floor. He's small, which is lucky since his room is not really a room at all, but merely a cupboard under the stairs.

Abruptly, the cupboard begins to SHAKE, DUST spilling from the joists above Harry's head. Calmly, Harry takes a pair of EYEGLASSES—taped at the bridge with Sellotape—from a nail.

3 EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Harry comes blinking out the cupboard door, watches his enormous cousin, DUDLEY, thunder down the last step. Just then, Harry's Aunt Petunia appears in the kitchen ahead.

AUNT PETUNIA

There's the birthday boy! Don't you look smart for your trip to the zoo.

(scowling at Harry)

You mind the bacon. And don't dare let it burn. I want everything perfect on my Dimplin's special day.

HARRY

Yes, Aunt Petunia.

4 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Harry enters, finds his UNCLE VERNON reading the Daily Mail behind a monstrous PILE OF PRESENTS.

UNCLE VERNON

Bring my coffee, boy.

HARRY

Yes, Uncle Vernon.

Dudley enters, stares at the presents.

DUDLEY

How many are there?

UNCLE VERNON

Thirty-six. Counted them myself.

DUDLEY

Thirty-six. But last year...last
year I had thirty-seven...

UNCLE VERNON

Well now, son, some of these are
quite a bit bigger than last year--

DUDLEY

I DON'T CARE HOW BIG THEY ARE!

AUNT PETUNIA

Now, now, here's what we'll do.
Today, when we're out, we'll buy
you two more presents. How's that,
popkin?

DUDLEY

So then I'll have...I'll have...

HARRY

Thirty-eight, popkin.

Aunt Petunia cuffs Harry on the head on her way to the
RINGING TELEPHONE.

AUNT PETUNIA

You just mind that bacon!

HARRY

Yes, Aunt Petunia.

As Dudley tears open a BOX of LEAD SOLDIERS, Uncle Vernon
ruffles his hair.

UNCLE VERNON

Want your money's worth, don't you,
tiger. Well, look there. Aunt
Marge's sent you the Fourth
Battalion?

Dudley twists the head off one.

DUDLEY

This one's lost its head.

UNCLE VERNON

Well now, son. Remember, we talked about this. They're not meant to move...

As Dudley tosses the damaged soldier aside, Harry studies it closely, then...Aunt Petunia HANGS UP the phone, turns.

AUNT PETUNIA
Bad news. Mrs. Figgs' broken her leg. She can't take him.

UNCLE VERNON
We could phone Yvonne.

AUNT PETUNIA
Don't be silly. She hates the boy.

HARRY
You could just leave me here.

UNCLE VERNON
And come back to find the house in ruins?

DUDLEY
I...Don't...Want...Him...To...Come!
He... always... spoils...
everything!

AUNT PETUNIA
Now, precious, don't cry. He won't spoil anything. What if Mummy buys you three more presents.

DUDLEY
Three?

AUNT PETUNIA
As many as you want, sweetums.

As Aunt Petunia cuddles him, Dudley shoots Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

5 EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - A BIT LATER

5

As Harry gets in the car, Uncle Vernon leans close.

UNCLE VERNON
I'm warning you now, boy. Any funny business, any at all, and you'll have no meals for a week...

6 EXT. ZOO - DAY

6

Happy children walk hand in hand with their parents, as...

7 INT. REPTILE HOUSE - LATER - DAY

7

Dudley presses his pudgy nose to a gleaming plate of glass.

DUDLEY
Make it move.

Uncle Vernon looks over a zoo map at the HUGE BURMESE PYTHON curled beyond the glass. RAPS his knuckles. Nothing.

HARRY
He's asleep.

DUDLEY
He's boring.

Dudley waddles away and the others follow, all but Harry, who steps forward and rubs Dudley's noseprint from the glass.

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

The snake nods. Harry stops, looks off, then back. WHISPERS:

HARRY
Can you hear me?

The snake cocks its head and...winks.

HARRY
It's just, I've never talked to a snake before. Do you, I mean...do you talk to people often?

The snake regards Harry...then slowly shakes its head no. Harry nods, looking a bit unnerved.

HARRY
So...you're from Burma, aren't you?
Was it nice there? Do you miss your family?
(listening)
I see. That's me as well. I never knew my parents either...

DUDLEY

MUMMY! DAD! COME HERE! You won't
believe what this snake is doing!

Dudley JABS Harry hard in the ribs, sending him tumbling to the concrete, floor. Angry, Harry looks up as Dudley leans against the^glass and it...VANISHES. Dudley flops forward, the snake slithers out, and people run screaming.

Stunned, Harry watches the python slip into the sunshine, then glances back to the snake tank. The glass has reappeared and Dudley sits within, face pale, eyes frozen in terror.

8 INT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - LATER - DAY

8

Uncle Vernon, face purple with rage, drags Harry by the ear.

HARRY

I swear, I don't know how it
happened! One minute the glass was
there and then it was gone. It was
like magic.

Uncle Vernon hurls Harry into the cupboard, stares hard.

UNCLE VERNON

There's...no...such...thing...as...
magic!

The door SLAMS. Harry sits quietly. Then, from his pocket, he removes the damaged soldier Dudley had discarded earlier.

Reaching up, he places it on a dark shelf, next to half a dozen others.

9 EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

9

A single OWL swoops down onto the Dursley's roof.

10 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

10

Dudley parades about the kitchen in knickerbockers, tailcoat and straw boater, tapping the floor with a KNOBBLY STICK, while a teary Aunt Petunia snaps a photo with a FLASH CAMERA.

AUNT PETUNIA

Oh, Vernon, look at him. To think
in only a week he'll be off to
Smeltings.

UNCLE VERNON

Proudest moment of my life.

HARRY
(with dread)
Will I have to wear that too?

AUNT PETUNIA
You! Go to Smeltings? Don't be
stupid. You'll goto state school,
where you belong. That there'll be
yours, once I'm done dying it.

Harry glances at a tub of grey mud boiling on the stove.

HARRY
But that's Dudley's old uniform.
It'll fit me like bits of old
elephant skin.

AUNT PETUNIA
Fit you fine enough. Now fetch the
post.

11 INT. FRONT HALL - DAY

11

Three letters lie on the mat. A bill. A postcard. An envelope
of YELLOW PARCHMENT. Harry takes all, then stops, staring at
the envelope, which is addressed in EMERALD INK.

Mr. H. Potter

The Cupboard Under The Stairs

4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging

Surrey

Harry turns the envelope over, finds a PURPLE WAX SEAL. It is
a COAT OF ARMS, surrounding a large letter H.

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

12

arry drops the post on the table and sits, staring in quiet
wonderment at his envelope. Uncle Vernon takes the postcard.

UNCLE VERNON
Marge's ill. Ate a funny whelk...

BAM! Dudley brings the Smelting stick down-hard on the table.

DUDLEY

Dad! Look! Harry's got a letter!

Quickly, Uncle Vernon SNATCHES it away.

HARRY

That's mine!

UNCLE VERNON

Yours. Who'd be writing to you—

Uncle Vernon's face goes pale.

13 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

13

The boys come flying into the hall, throw themselves against the door as it slams shut.

HARRY

I want my letter!

DUDLEY

I want my stick!

Harry and Dudley make a furious play for the keyhole, but Dudley's size proves too much and Harry, glasses dangling from one ear, settles for the crack between door and floor.

HARRY'S POV

of Uncle Vernon's thick black shoes pacing back and forth.

AUNT PETUNIA

Vernon. Look at the address. How could they possibly know where he sleeps? You don't think they're watching the house?

UNCLE VERNON

Watching. Spying. Following us. We both know the dangerous nonsense your sister and her husband were mixed up in.

AUNT PETUNIA

But what should we do, Vernon?
Should we write back. Tell them we don't want—

UNCLE VERNON

No. We'll ignore it. If they don't get an answer...Yes, that's best...I'll burn it.

HARRY
NO! I WANT MY LETTER!

14 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

14

Uncle Vernon walks to the stove, flips on a gas jet. As the letter BURNS, Harry POUNDS the door, and a MONTAGE BEGINS.

15 EXT. ROOF - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

15

An OWL beats its way across the sky, flutters down upon the TV ANTENNA, where TWO OTHER OWLS already sit.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

16

A frowning? Uncle Vernon stands before the TELLY, struggling to unscramble a RUGBY MATCH. The CLICK of the MAIL SLOT is heard and he turns.

17 INT. FRONT HALL -DAY

17

THREE MORE LETTERS lie on the mat. Uncle Vernon enters, snatches them up, RIPS them to pieces.

18 INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

18

Harry sits sadly upon his bed, when...BANG! BANG! BANG!

19 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

19

Harry eases open the cupboard door. Down the hallway, Uncle Vernon stands swinging a hammer, mouth bulging with nails as he POUNDS SHUT the mail slot.

20 EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

20

Uncle Vernon exits the house with his briefcase, stops. FOUR OWLS sit atop his Vauxhall. He watches curiously as they take flight, then looks down. FOUR LETTERS lie at his feet.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

The FIREPLACE BLAZES. Uncle Vernon pitches a handful of LETTERS into the flames, turns. Harry stands watching.

22 EXT. ROOF - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - SAME TIME

22

As the CHIMNEY SMOKES, FIVE OWLS sit in black silhouette against a full moon.

23 EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

23

Aunt Petunia cracks an EGG. Inside is a LETTER. She cracks another. Another LETTER. We PAN off the window to Dudley's neglected BICYCLE. Perched atop the handlebars, seat and tires are SIX OWLS. MONTAGE ENDS.

24 INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNDAY MORNING - DAY

24

Dudley lies on the floor, destroying another birthday toy, as Aunt Petunia carefully sets a cup of coffee by Uncle Vernon, who sits in an armchair, smiling strangely.

UNCLE VERNON

Fine day, Sunday. Best day of the week in my opinion. Know why I say that, Dudley?

HARRY

(entering)

Because there's no post on Sundays.

Uncle Vernon looks up brightly, but Harry's eyes are on the window behind him. Outside, the sky is DARK WITH OWLS.

UNCLE VERNON

Right you are, Harry! No damn letters today! No sir. Not one blasted...

Just then, something WHIZZES DOWN the chimney and SMACKS Uncle Vernon flat on the back of the head. Seconds later another follows, and then another, until the living room is aflock with...LETTERS. Harry leaps onto a table, trying to snag one, when Uncle Vernon seizes him by the waist.

25 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

25

As Uncle Vernon stumbles out, Harry shakes free of his grasp and stares dumbly: LETTERS swirl up and down the hall.

DUDLEY

Who on earth wants to talk to you this badly!

A letter flutters on Harry's fingertips...before Uncle Vernon sweeps it away, eyes crazed, SHOUTING CRAZILY:

UNCLE VERNON
That does it! We're going away! Far
away! Where they can't find us!
Where they can't get to us!

Dudley glances at his mother.

DUDLEY
Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?

26 EXT. HUT ON THE ROCK - NIGHT

26

A very sad-looking HUT sits perched upon a large ROCK far at sea. Wind whistles. The sea rages.

27 INT. HUT ON THE ROCK - NIGHT

27

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia sleep on a lumpy bed in the hut's only bedroom. Dudley SNORES on a moth-eaten sofa. Harry lies on the bare floor beneath a ragged blanket. LIGHTNING FLASHES. As the room goes dark again, Harry studies the lighted dial of Dudley's watch. As it ticks toward midnight, Harry puts the last touches to a BIRTHDAY CAKE he's etched in the dust that layers the floor.

HARRY
Make a wish, Harry.

Closing his eyes, he...blows...and the "flames" of dust scatter. Eyes still closed, Harry holds the wish when...

BOOM!

The DOOR SHUDDERS. HINGES squeal. A pin squirrels out of its housing. Falls to the floor.

BOOM!

Uncle Vernon comes sledding into the room in his socks, a RIFLE in hand, paper hanging by a string from the barrel.

UNCLE VERNON
Who's there? I warn you--I'm armed!

SMASH! The door falls flat. An IMMENSE SILHOUETTE stands against the raging sea outside, identical to the beastly figure seen climbing the stairs in Godric's Hollow. He is HAGRID and is, rather obviously, a GIANT. Presently he is standing on the front door.

HAGRID

Er, right. Sorry 'bout that...

Hagrid steps clear, takes the door, and fits it back into its frame. Glances at Dudley. Frowns.

HAGRID

Mind, I haven't seen yeh since you was a baby, Harry, but yeh're a bit more along than I woulda expected.
'Specially round the middle.

DUDLEY

(terrified)

I'm not Harry.

HARRY

I am.

Hagrid turns, watches Harty's face come into the light.

HAGRID

Well now, course yeh are.

UNCLE VERNON

I demand that you leave at once,
sir! You are breaking and entering!

HAGRID

Ah, dry up, Dursley, yeh great prune.

Hagrid takes the rifle, knots it like a piece of licorice.

HAGRID

Anyway, Harry. Got summat fer yeh.
'Fraid I mighta sat on it at some point, but 'magine it'll taste all right jus' the same...let's see now...got it here somewhere...

Hagrid rummages in his coat, removes: a kettle, frying pan, sausages, one PINK UMBRELLA and, finally, a squashed paper box containing a CHOCOLATE CAKE with "Happee Birthdae, Harry" scrawled in green icing.

HAGRID

Baked it meself, words an' all.

HARRY

Thank you.

HAGRID

Well, it's not ev' ry day yer young
mein turns 'leven.

Hagrid turns to the fireplace, gives the embers a poke with the pink umbrella. As they ROAR to life, he takes the frying pan, lobs in the sausages. Dudley perks up as they sizzle.

HARRY
Excuse me, but.. .who are you?

Harry stares blankly. Hagrid frowns.

HAGRID
Blimey, Harry, did yeh never wonder
where yer parents learnt it all?

HARRY
Learned what?

HAGRID
What? DURSLEY!!! Do yeh mean ter
tell me the boy knows nothin?

Uncle Vernon stands mute. Hagrid simmers, then shakes his head and turns back to the fire.

HAGRID
'Harry, yer a wizard.

For a moment, the hut is utterly silent.

HARRY
I'm a what?

HAGRID
A Wizard. And a thumpin' good 'un,
I'd wager, once yeh've been trained
up a bit.

HARRY
No. You've made a mistake. I...I
can't be a...wizard. I mean...I'm
just...Harry. Just Harry.

HAGRID
Tha' right. Tell me, Harry. Ever
make somethin' strange 'appen? When
yeh was scared maybe. Or angry?

As Harry looks up in recognition, Hagrid slaps a soggy ENVELOPE into Harry's hand. Harry opens it, reads.

HARRY

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

As Harry looks up, Hagrid winks, and takes a bite of sausage.

UNCLE VERNON

He'll not be going, I tell you! We swore when we took him in we'd put a stop to that rubbish!

HARRY

You knew? You knew I'm a...a wizard?

Aunt Petunia—looking furious—emerges from the shadows.

AUNT PETUNIA

Of course we knew! How could you not be, my dratted sister being what she was? Oh, mother and father were so proud when the letter came. A witch in the family. Isn't it wonderful. I was the only one who saw her for what she was...a freak!

(distastefully)

Then she met that Potter and had you. I knew you'd be the same. Just as strange, just as abnormal. And then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up and we got landed with you—

HARRY

Blown up? You told me my parents died in a car crash.

HAGRID

CAR CRASH! A car crash kill Lily and James Potter? It's an outrage! A scandal!

UNCLE VERNON

HE'LL NOT BE GOING, I TELL YOU!

HAGRID

An' I s'pose a great Muggle like yerself is goin' ter stop him.

HARRY

Muggle?

HAGRID

Non-magic folk.

(turning to Uncle Vernon)
 This boy's name's been down ever
 since he was born. He's off to the
 finest school of witchcraft and
 wizardry in the world and he'll be
 under the greatest headmaster
 Hogwart's has ever known, Albus
 Dumbledore—

UNCLE VERNON
 I will not pay for some crackpot
 old fool to teach him magic tricks!

Hagrid spins, eyes bulging.

HAGRID
 NEVER...INSULT...ALBUS...DUMBLEDORE.
 ..IN...FRONT...OF..ME!

Hagrid spins, points the umbrella at Uncle Vernon, then spies Dudley, one hand deep in Harry's birthday cake. POP!—a FLASH of VIOLET LIGHT hits Dudley square in the rump. Instantly, a PIG'S TAIL curls through the back of his trousers. Uncle Vernon ROARS, hurries everyone out of the room.

HAGRID
 Tha's curious. Meant ter turn 'im
 into a complete pig, whole hog an
 all. Suppose he was so much like a
 pig already, there wasn't much left
 ter do.

Hagrid sees Harry staring in awe at the pink umbrella.

HAGRID
 Er, be grateful if yeh didn't
 mention that to anyone at Hogwarts.
 Strictly speakin', I'm not allowed
 ter do magic.
 (checks pocket watch)
 Bit behind schedule, aren't we?
 Best be off.

Hagrid exits, leaving Harry to consider his sorry surroundings. He looks momentarily at a loss, then...Hagrid pokes his head back in.

HAGRID
 T'Less, o' course, yeh'd rather
 stay.

Harry, reads ALOUD from his LIST as he trails Hagrid, who draws an eye or two—as a giant in Central London will.

HARRY

'First year students will require three sets of plain work robes, one plain pointed hat for day wear, one pair of dragon-hide gloves...'

Hagrid chuckles at a PARKING METER.

HAGRID

Things these Muggles dream up...

45 INT. TRAIN - LONDON - DAWN

45

Harry sits beside Hagrid, continues to read from his list.

HARRY

'...and the following Set Books:
The Standard Book of Spells by
Miranda Goshawk. One Thousand
Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida
Spore...'

46 EXT. STREET/LEAKY CAULDRON - LONDON - DAWN

46

Hagrid leads Harry on, parting the crowd easily.

HARRY

'One wand, one standard Size 2
pewter cauldron and may bring, if
they desire, either an owl, a cat,
or a toad.'

(looking up)

Can we find all this in London?

Hagrid pauses by a NARROW GRAY DOOR that stands between a BOOK SHOP on one side and a RECORD SHOP on the other.

HAGRID

If yen know where to go.

47 INT. LEAKY CAULDRON - DAY

47

A dark, shabby pub. in a corner, some OLD WOMEN sit drinking, one smoking a pipe as long as her arm. Up front, a TINY MAN in a TOP HAT talks to the BARTENDER, who resembles a gummy walnut. Harry and Hagrid enter.

BARTENDER

Hagrid! The usual, I presume—
(spying Harry)
Good Lord. Is this? Can this be
him? Bless my soul. It's Harry
Potter.

The pub goes quiet. Then... everyone is up and around Harry, holding out their hands and gabbling, while Hagrid looks on, beaming. Slowly, a NERVOUS YOUNG MAN makes his way forward.

HAGRID
Professor! Didn't see yeh there.
Harry, this 'ere's Professor
Quirrell. He'll be yer Defence
Against the Dark Arts teacher at
Hogwarts.

QUIRRELL
F-F-Fearfully f-fascinating
subject. N-Not that you n-need it,
eh, P-P-Potter?

Quirrell's eyes flutter nervously over Harry's scar.

HAGRID
Yes, well, must get on. Lots ter
buy.
 (as he pulls Harry along)
See? Tol' yeh you was famous.

48 EXT. BACK COURTYARD/LEAKY CAULDRON - MOMENTS LATER

48

Hagrid TAPS the bricks of one wall with the tip of his umbrella while Harry stands by, deep in thought.

HARRY

HAGRID
Don' know that I'm the right one
ter tell yeh that, Harry. Let's see
now...Three up...Two
across...Right. Stand back now.

Hagrid gives the wall one last 'TAP and the bricks QUIVER, wriggling and jiggling until an ARCHWAY appears, giving out on a COBBLED STREET so long and twisting it seems never to end. As Harry's jaw drops, Hagrid grins.

HAGRID

Welcome, Harry. To Diagon Alley.

49 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

49

As Harry steps through, the archway SHRINKS INSTANTLY into a solid wall. All around him, Harry sees mothers and fathers with children in tow, clutching LISTS similar to his own.

PLUMP WOMAN

Seventeen Sickles an ounce for
Dragon Liver, can you imagine?
They're mad!

MOTHER

It says brass, Trevor. As such, you
will get brass,

BOY

There it is! The Nimbus Two
Thousand! Runs a good twenty times
faster than the old Comets. Neil
Marks himself rides it for the
Chudley Cannons.

FATHER

Mind you don't drop your bottle of
eel's eye, Belinda, I'll not buy
you another.

Harry tries to take in everything at once, marveling at shops specializing in everything from cauldrons, owls and broomsticks to robes, 'unmentionables,' and spell books.

HARRY

Dragon Liver? Do they mean from a
real dragon?

HAGRID

Well, they don't mean a ruddy
penguin. Crikey, I'd like a dragon.

HARRY

You'd like a dragon?

HAGRID

Vastly misunderstood beasts, Harry.
Vastly misunderstood...

HARRY
 (staring in a cauldron
 shop)
 But how am I to pay for all this,
 Hagrid? I haven't any money.

Hagrid gestures to a TOWERING, SNOW-WHITE BUILDING ahead.

HAGRID
 There's yer money. Gringotts.
 Wizard's Bank. No place safer,
 Harry. Not one. 'Cept perhaps
 Hogwarts.

50 INT. GRINGOTTS - DAY

50

ONE HUNDRED GOBLINS sit on high stools at a long counter, scribbling in ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales. As Harry and Hagrid enter, a clever-looking goblin closes the door behind them, watches their every step.

HARRY
 Uh, Hagrid, what exactly was that?

HAGRID
 Yer basic Door Goblin. Clever as
 they come goblins, but not yer most
 friendly beasts. Best stay close.
 (stepping up to a teller)
 Mornin'. Mr. Harry Potter wishes to
 make a withdrawal.

GOBLIN
 And Mr. Harry Potter has his key?

HAGRID
 Let's see, got it 'ere somewhere...

The Goblin looks on disfavorably as Hagrid rifles his coat, producing in rapid succession: a jangly RING of KEYS, one BALL of STRING, a fistful of MINT HUMBUGS, two TEABAGS, and a MOTH...which simply flutters from one pocket to another.

HAGRID
 Ah, 'ere's the li'l devil.
 (leaning close)
 There's another matter as well.
 I've got a letter from Professor
 Dumbledore. It's about the You-
 Know-What in Vault You-Know-Which.

GOBLIN

Very well. I'll have Griphook take you.

51 INT. STONE PASSAGEWAY - GRINGOTTS - DAY

51

CLOSE ON: GRIPHOOK

...a swarthy, slit-eyed goblin, driving a small cart with white-knuckle precision down a STONE PASSAGEWAY lit with FLAMING TORCHES. They plunge deeper, come...

52 EXT. VAULT - STONE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

52

...whistling to a halt before a SMALL DOOR. Griphook steps out, takes Harry's key and UNLOCKS the vault, revealing - great glittering pyramids of coin. Harry is speechless.

HAGRID

Din' think yer parents would leave yeh with nothin', did yeh?

53 INT. CART - PASSAGEWAYS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

53

The cart hurtles even DEEPER, abruptly stops.

GRIPHOOK

Vault Seven Hundred Thirteen.

HARRY

What's in here, Hagrid?

HAGRID

Can't tell yeh that, Harry.
Hogwarts business. Very secret.

Griphook steps up to a door with no keyhole, strokes it with one long finger, and it simply MELTS away.

HAGRID

Anyone but a Gringotts goblin tried that, they'd be sucked through the door.

HARRY

How often do you check to see if anyone's inside?

GRIPHOOK

About once every ten years.

Harry peers into the vault, sees...a GRUBBY LITTLE PACKAGE.
Hagrid slips it into his LEFT COAT POCKET, returns.

HAGRID
Best not mention this ter anyone
either, Harry.

54 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - LATER - DAY

54

Harry and Hagrid exit the Apothecary, loaded with Harry's various purchases. Harry studies the list in his hand.

HARRY
I still need...a wand.

HAGRID
(points ahead)
Only place for wands, is
Ollivanders. You go inside. I got
one more thing I gotta'do.

Harry nods, walks into Ollivanders.

55 INT. OLLIVANDERS WAND SHOP - DAY

55

Harry and Hagrid stand in a very narrow shop where thousands of slender boxes are stacked to the ceiling. Hovering above them on a spindly ladder is a pale old man with eyes like silver moons. He is OLLIVANDER.

OLLIVANDER
I wondered when I'd be seeing you,
Mr. Potter. Seems only yesterday
your mother and father we're in
here buying their first wands...

Ollivander steps down.with a pair of slender boxes.

OLLIVANDER
(extending a box)
Here we are. Just give it a wave.

Feeling a bit supid, Harry raises his arm. Nothing.

OLLIVANDER
No. Apparently not. Perhaps this.

Harry raises it and...BRIGHT LIGHT shoots forth...sending a CRYSTAL VASE OF BLACK ROSES shattering to the floor.

OLLIVANDER

No. No. Definitely not. No Matter.
After all...it's the wand that
chooses the wizard.

56 INT. OLLIVANDERS WAND SHOP - LATER

56

HUNDREDS OF WAND BOXES lie at Harry's feet. Hagrid, eyes heavy, sits on a spindly chair. Ollivander, meanwhile, stands at the top of a spindly ladder, eyeing his inventory.

OLLIVANDER
I wonder...

Ollivander descends, presents a box. Stifling a yawn, Harry takes the wand...and his expression changes.

OLLIVANDER
Go on then.

As Harry extends his arm his hand trembles. A breeze stirs, sending the shop's tiny bell RINGING. The pages of a BOOK FLUTTER on the counter, and Harry's hair feathers off his forehead, showing his scar. Astounded, Harry smiles and then.. .Ollivander slips the wand from his fingers and the breeze dies, the shop returning to its eerie calm.

OLLIVANDER.
Curious. Very curious...

HARRY
Sorry, but what's curious?

OLLIVANDER
I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr. Potter. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather resides in your wand, gave another feather. Just one other. It's curious that you should be destined for this wand when its brother...
(eyes shifting)
...gave you that scar.

HARRY
And who owned that wand?

Ollivander exchanges a surprised glance with Hagrid.

HAGRID
We don't speak his name, Harry.

OLLIVANDER

As I said, the wand chooses the wizard, Mr. Potter. It's not always clear why. But I think it's clear we can expect great things from you. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things.

Ollivander slides the lid on the box, hands it to Harry.

OLLIVANDER
Terrible, yes. But great.

Harry looks out the window, sees Hagrid standing there, bolding a cage with a snow white Owl inside. Harry turns to say goodbye to Ollivander. He's gone. Harry runs outside.

57 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY

57

Harry runs up to Hagrid, looks at the owl.

HAGRID
Happy Birthday, Harry.

HARRY
(excited)
For me?...Really?...He's Mine?...

HAGRID
Crikey, yeh'd think yeh hadn't gotten a birthday present before.

HARRY
I haven't. Not really.

58 INT. LEAKY CAULDRON

58

Hagrid and Harry sit at a table in the corner. Hagrid dips a spoon into a huge bowl of soup, looks up.

HAGRID
You all right, Harry? Yer very quiet.

HARRY
(touching his scar)
He killed my parents, didn't he?
The one who gave me this. You know,
Hagrid. I know you do.

Hagrid studies Harry, conflicted, then sets down his spoon.

HAGRID.

'Course I know. Who do yeh think carried yeh out o' yer parents' house, Hallowe'en night, ten years ago? Who do yeh think brought yeh ter Dumbledore an' watched him lay yeh on yer Aunt an' Uncle's doorstep? 'Course I know, Harry.

Hagrid leans in closer, his eyes glimmering in the dim pub.

HAGRID

Firs', un'erstand this, 'cause it's important: not all yer wizards are good. Some go bad. Years ago, there was this one wizard who went as bad as you could go. His name was...was...

HARRY

Maybe if you wrote it down.

HAGRID

Nah-can' spell it. All right—Voldemort.

HARRY

Voldemort?

Hagrid shivers, holds up his hand, and glances quickly about the shadows of the pub before continuing.

HAGRID

Dark days those were, Harry. Volde...You-Know-Who...started lookin' fer followers. Got 'em too. Anyone that stood up to him ended up dead. Including yer parents. No one lived once he decided to kill 'em. Not one. 'Cept you.

HARRY

Me? Voldemort tried to kill me?

HAGRID

That's no ord'nary cut on your forehead. A mark like that only comes when yeh've been touched by a curse. An evil curse.

Just then, a HIGH, CACKLING VOICE pierces the silence. Harry turns, sees an OLD WOMAN laughing with the gummy bartender.

HARRY

But what happened to Vol...to You-Know-Who?

HAGRID

Some say he died. Codswallop, in my opinion. I reckon he's out there somewhere, jus' too weak to carry on. But one thing's fer certain, Harry. Somethin' about you stumped him that night. That's why you're famous. That's why e'ryone knows yer name.

Hagrid leans close once more and t-Ms time his voice is barely a WHISPER.

HAGRID

You're the boy who lived.

59 EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION - DAHN

59

Harry and Hagrid, laden with a heavy TRUNK and SNOWY OWL, stand outside the station in the shimmering dawn light.

Hagrid checks his WATCH, looks suddenly urgent.

HAGRID

Blimey, look at the time. 'Fraid I 'ave ter be leavin' yeh now, Harry. Dumbledore will be wantin'—

Hagrid pats his LEFT POCKET. Catches himself.

HAGRID

He'll be wantin' ter see me.
(handing him a TICKET)
That there's yer train. Leaves in about ten minutes time. Jus' make sure yeh stick ter yeh ticket.
That's very important, Harry. Stick ter yeh ticket...

HARRY

There must be something wrong, Hagrid. This says Platform Nine and Three Quarters. There's no such thing...

Harry looks up, but Hagrid...is gone.

HARRY

...Is there?

60 INT. LOWER LEVEL - KING'S CROSS - MOMENTS LATER

60

Harry dashes through a bustling King's Cross, sledding to a halt in front of a pair of PLATFORM SIGNS. One reads NINE. One reads TEN. Harry turns to a passing STATION OFFICER.

HARRY

Excuse me. Can you tell me where I might find Platform Nine and Three-Quarters.

STATION OFFICER

(grumbling off)

Think you're funny, do you? Nine and Three-Quarters indeed...

Harry looks about, despairingly, then HEARS...

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)

...packed with Muggles, of course.

Harry turns, sees a plump woman (MRS. WEASLEY) hurrying along FOUR RED-HEADED BOYS and their little, red-headed sister (GINNY). The boys all tow trunks identical to Harry's.

MRS. WEASLEY

All right, Percy. You first.

Harry watches the tallest boy walk straight toward a dividing barrier. and...VANISH. Harry squints in confusion. Next, Mrs. Weasley turns to a pair of cheeky twins (FRED and GEORGE).

MRS. WEASLEY

Fred. You next.

FRED

I'm not Fred. I'm George. Honestly, woman, you call yourself our mother?

MRS. WEASLEY

Sorry, George.

FRED

Only joking. I am Fred.

Fred dashes off, trailed by George. They too vanish.

HARRY

Excuse me. Could you tell me--

MRS. WEASLEY

How to get onto the platform? Not to worry, dear. It's Ron's first time to Hogwarts as well.

Harry looks at the youngest red-haired boy. He is tall, gangly, and presently has a SMUDGE on his nose.

MRS. WEASLEY

"All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between Platforms Nine and Ten. Focus...but don't stop and don't be scared you'll crash into it either. Best do it at a bit of a run if you're nervous.

Harry looks. Shrugs. 'Sprinting at full speed, the barrier coming closer and closer, he shuts his eyes and...

61 EXT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

61

...SLEDS onto a platform milling with people. A sign above reads HOGWARTS EXPRESS. Below it sits a SCARLET STEAM ENGINE.. Harry glances behind, sees a wrought-iron archway where the barrier had been, with the words PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS on it. Just beyond, he sees Kings Cross and the world he's left behind.

NEW ANGLE ON PLATFORM

Harry struggles with his heavy trunk as all around him people say goodbye to their families. A round-faced boy (NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM) turns frantically to his GRAN.

NEVILLE

Gran! I've lost my toad again.

GRAN

Oh, Neville. Honestly. Not again...

Further up, a BOY IN DREADLOCKS (LEE JORDAN) holds a BOX.

STUDENT

Go on, Lee. Give us a look.

As Lee lifts the LID, a LONG HAIRY LEG protrudes and students SHRIEK. Unimpressed, one of the twins spots Harry struggling.

GEORGE

Want a hand?

HARRY

Yes, please.

GEORGE

Oy! C'mere, Fred! Take a handle.

62 EXT. PLATFORM - FURTHER ALONG - SECONDS LATER

62

Fred and George heave Harry's trunk atop other, similar trunks while Harry sets Hedwig with the owls. Harry wipes his sweaty hair off his brow...revealing his scar.

HARRY

Thanks very much.

GEORGE

Blimey. You're...

FRED

Harry Potter.

HARRY

What? Oh, him. Yes. I mean, I am.

MRS. WEASLEY

Fred! George! Come say goodbye to Ginny.

Mrs. Weasley stands waving, the redheaded girl clinging to her dress. The twins take one last look at Harry, dash off.

63 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT/EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

63

Harry exits the crush of the aisle, enters an empty compartment. Very much alone, he sits, peers out the window as Percy Weasley strides forth in billowing BLACK ROBES.

PERCY

Have to go, Mother. The other Prefects are expecting me up front.

FRED

Mum! Guess who's on the train?
Right now.

FRED/GEORGE

Harry Potter!

GINNY

Oh, Mum, can I go on and see him?
Please.

MRS. WEASLEY

Certainly not. The boy isn't something you goggle at in a zoo.

(as the WHISTLE BLOWS)
 All right, on you go, all of you.
 Ron, what is that on your nose?

She goes for a handkerchief, but Ron spins away. She sighs, calls after the twins.

MRS. WEASLEY
 You two watch out for your brother.
 And behave yourselves this year..If
 I get one more owl telling me
 you've blown up a toilet or
 something--

FRED
 Blown up a toilet? We've never
 blown up a toilet.

GEORGE
 Great idea, though, thanks, Mum!

64 EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - DAY

64

As the train moves out of the station, Ginny chases after.

Harry watches her from his' window until she drops back. King's Cross, and the life he's known, drift away.

65 EXT. SCOTLAND - HOGWARTS EXPRESS - DAY

65

The train whips past fields, small country lanes.

66 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

66

Harry sits quietly. Then the compartment door slides open. Ron stands there. Seeing Harry, he hesitates.

RON
 Mind? Everywhere else is full.

HARRY
 Not at all.

RON
 I'm Ron, by the way.

HARRY
 I heard. I'm Harry.

RON
 I...heard.

(unable to resist)
Is it true? I mean, have you really
got the...you know...

Without prompting, Harry lifts his hair.. Shows the scar.

RON
Wicked.

HARRY
Are all your family wizards?

RON
Huh? Oh. I think so. Well, Mum's
got a second cousin who's an
accountant. But we never talk about
him. I heard you went to live with
Muggles. What are they like?

HARRY
Horrible. Well, not all of them.
Mine are, though. Trade them for
three wizard brothers any day.

RON
Five. I'm the sixth in our family
to go to Hogwarts. Everyone expects
me to do as well as the others. But
if I do, it's no big deal because
they did it first. You never get
anything new, either, with five
brothers. I've got Bill's old
robes. Charlie's old wand. Even
Scabbers used to be Percy's...

Ron reaches into his pocket, pulls out a fat, gray, seemingly unconscious, RAT (SCABBERS).

RON
Hardly ever wakes up. He's useless
basically. Percy got an owl for
making Prefect, but Mum and Dad
couldn't afford-- I mean, I got
Scabbers instead.

Roh looks embarrassed. Just then, a DIMPLED WOMAN pushing a TROLLEY FULL OF SWEETS pops her head in.

DIMPLED WOMAN
Anything off the trolley, dears?

Ron mumbles 'No thanks,' takes out a lumpy sandwich. Harry studies him, then digs into his pockets, heavy with coin.

HARRY
We'll take the lot.

CLOSE UP: TROVE OF TREATS

67 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

67

...spread out on an empty seat. Harry marvels at the strange, wondrous candies before him.

HARRY
'Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans'?

RON
They mean every flavor. There's chocolate, peppermint...but you can also get liver or spinach or tripe. George reckons he had a bogey-flavored one once.

HARRY
These aren't real frogs, are they?

Harry holds up a pack of "CHOCOLATE FROGS"—something is wriggling under the foil—then sees that Ron already has a very realistic leg squirreling out the corner of his mouth.

RON
(mumbling)
Just a spell. Besides, it's the card you want. Each pack's got a Famous Witch or Wizard. Got about 500 myself. Watch it!

As Harry breaks the foil on his pack, the frog springs into the air and out the open train window.

RON
That's rotten luck. They've only got one good jump in them to begin with.

Harry glances at the card in his hand. On it, there's a MAN with a crooked nose, long silver beard, and half-moon glasses. Underneath is a name: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE.

HARRY
I've gotten Dumbledore!

RON
I've about six of him. Trade you Scabbers though, if you get Agrippa or Ptolemy.

HARRY

(reading the back)

'Considered by many the greatest wizard of modern times, Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for his discovery of the 12 uses of dragon's blood, and his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel. Approximately one hundred and fifty years old, Professor Dumbledore enjoys chamber music, tenpin bowling, and...

(looking up)

One hundred and fifty years old?

RON

Thought he'd be older, did you?

HARRY

No--I--Hey, he's gone.

Harry holds up the cardn-now blank--to Ron, who only shrugs.

RON

Well, you can't expect him to hang around all day, can you?

HARRY

It's just, in the Muggle world, people stay put in photos.

RON

Really? They don't move at all?
Weird!

Just then, Scabbers SNORTS, falls back asleep.

RON

Pathetic, isn't it? Fred gave me a spell that's to turn him yellow.
Want to see?

Harry nods, eager to see some magic. Ron pulls out a BATTERED WAND--just as the compartment door OPENS and a GIRL with bushy brown hair and rather large front teeth looks in. She is HERMIONE GRANGER and is already wearing her school robes.

HERMIONE

Has anyone seen a toad? A boy named Neville has lost one.

(seeing Ron's wand)

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

She sits down. Ron looks a bit taken aback, but clears his throat nonetheless, poises his wand over Scabbers.

RON
Sunshine, daisies, butter mellow,
Turn this stupid, fat rat yellow.

Scabbers SNORTS, but otherwise remains fat, grey, and asleep.

HERMIONE
Are you sure that's a real spell?
Well, it's not very good, is it?
I've only tried a few simple ones
myself but they've all worked for
me. For example...

To Harry's surprise, Hermione takes her wand, points it directly over his brow, then...stops.

HERMIONE
Goodness. You're Harry Potter,
aren't you? I know all about you,
of course. I was doing a little
recreational reading and you're in
Modern Magical History, The Rise
and Fall of the Dark Arts and Great
Wizarding Events of the 20th
Century.

HARRY
Am I?

HERMIONE
Didn't you know? I'd have found out
everything I could if it was me.
(raising her wand)
Anyway...Oculus Reparo.

instantly, the cracked bridge of Harry's glasses is mended.

HERMIONE
There. That's better, isn't it? I'm
Hermione Granger, by the way. And
you are...?

Ron is still staring at the glasses, feeling a bit outdone.

RON
Um...Ron Weasley.

HERMIONE

Pleasure. Do either of you know what House you'll be in? I'm hoping for Gryffindor--I hear Dumbledore himself was in it--but I think I might just die if they put me in Slytherin. That was You-Know-Who's House. Anyway, you two had better change into your robes. I expect we'll be arriving soon. You've got dirt on your nose, by the way, did you know?

As she exits, Harry and Ron just sit, staring at the door.

68 EXT. HOGSHEADS STATION - HOGWARTS - NIGHT

68

As the scarlet engine HISSES to a stop, Harry and the others spill out. Harry's robes shimmer grandly, while Ron's secondhand silks show a bit too much sneaker.

HAGRID
Firs' years! Firs' years over here!

Hagrid gives Harry a wink as he comes loping out of the darkness, swinging a LAMP. Ron, preoccupied with wiping his nose clean on his robes, stops, dumbstruck by Hagrid's size.

69 EXT. BLACK LAKE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

69

A FLEET of TINY BOATS glides silently over a glassy lake. Harry rides with Ron, Hermione and Neville Longbottom, gazing at the DARK TREES of the FOREST that surrounds them. A GLINT OF SILVER flickers through the black trees, like a dream. Harry watches, transfixed, then...

HAGRID
You there! Don' be trailin' yer fingers in the water. Yeh might find yeh don' get 'em all back.

Harry turns, sees that Hagrid is speaking to a POINTY-FACED BOY (DRACO MALFOY). Malfoy eyes Hagrid darkly, whispers to a PAIR OF THICK-LOOKING BOYS (CRABBE and GOYLE).

Harry peers into the black water, sees his own pale face looking back, then a soft GLITTER of REFLECTED LIGHT dances on the surface. He looks up, watches a magnificent CASTLE drift into view. Hogwarts.

70 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT

70

Harry and the others enter a grand entryway lit with flaming torches. PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL, a rather severe-looking witch in an emerald cloak, stands before a pair of TOWERING DOORS.

She lifts her chin, surveys the new students.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Welcome to Hogwarts. In a moment, you will pass through these doors and join your classmates, but before you can take your seats, you must be sorted into your Houses. They are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. While here, your House is, in many ways, your family. Your triumphs will earn your House points, while any rule-breaking will lose points. At the end of the year, the House with the most is awarded the House Cup, a great honor. I hope each of you...

Just then, a rather LARGE TOAD springs forth, CROAKS.

NEVILLE

Trevor!

Neville, blissfully relieved, gathers his toad, then peers up from the hem of Professor McGonagall's robes.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

...will be a credit to whichever House becomes yours. The Sorting Ceremony will begin momentarily.

Professor McGonagall glowers at Neville, then exits. As she goes, there is a BRIEF CLAMOR of SOUND from the students waiting in the Great Hall beyond.

HARRY

How exactly do they sort us?

RON

Some kind of test, I think. Fred says it hurts like hell, but I'm sure he was joking. At least...I think he was.

Just then, Draco Malfoy pushes through the crowd, shadowed by the boys from the boat. Malfoy stares openly at Harry's scar.

MALFOY

It's true then, what they were saying on the train. Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts.

Harry's eyes slide, appraise the other two boys.

MALFOY

Oh. This is Crabbe and Goyle. And my name's Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.

Ron COUGHS, masking a snigger. Malfoy's eyes narrow.

MALFOY

Think my name's funny, do you? No need to ask yours. Red hair, freckles, and a hand-me-ddwn robe-- you must be a Weasley.

(to Harry)

You'll soon find out some wizarding families are better than others, Potter. You don't want to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there.

Malfoy extends his hand, but Harry's gaze remains level.

HARRY

I think I can tell the wrong sort for myself, thanks.

Malfoy's eyes glitter with rage. Finally he drops his hand, turns away.

HERMIONE

Well, he's rather disagreeable, isn't he?

Ron and Harry turn, see Hermione. Just then, Professor McGonagall returns.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

We are ready for you.

71 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

71

Harry and the others file into a strangely splendid place lit by THOUSANDS OF CANDLES FLOATING in midair over four long tables lined with students. Harry looks to the windows below the ceiling, finds glorious stars and an icy blue moon.

HERMIONE

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

Professor McGonagall sweeps to the front of the room where a WIZARD'S HAT—patched and frayed—sits on a stool.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Before we begin, Professor
Dumbledore would like to say a few
words.

Harry watches with great interest as the great wizard himself rises from his seat at the High Table.

DUMBLEDORE
Yes, and here they are: Nitwit!
Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!

The Great Hall THUNDERS with APPLAUSE.

HERMIONE
I hear he's a genius.

As the applause subsides, the hat TWITCHES. At the brim, a rip OPENS WIDE, and the hat begins to TALK.

SORTING HAT
Oh, you may not think I'm pretty
But don't judge on what you see
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me. There's
nothing hidden in your head The
Sorting Hat can't see So try me on
and I will tell you Where you ought
to be....

As the students APPLAUD, the hat takes a bow and Professor McGonagall: steps forward with a ROLL OF PARCHMENT.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
When I call your name, you will
come forth, put on the hat and be
sorted.
(consulting her list)

Hermione Granger.

HERMIONE
Oh dear. Here it is, isn't it? The
moment. Goodness. What if the hat
says nothing and we're all just
left standing here forever...

RON
 (as she goes mumbling
 off)
 Mental, that one. I'm telling you.

Both watch Hermione seat herself, lower the Hat.

SORTING HAT
 GRYFFINDOR!

Percy pulls out a chair for Hermione at the Gryffindor table.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
 Draco Malfoy.

RON
 Slytherin.

Draco Malfoy swaggers forth and grips the hat. He's barely touched it to his head, when:

SORTING HAT
 SLYTHERIN!

RON
 (off Harry's amazement)
 There's not a witch or wizard who went bad who wasn't in Slytherin.
 Draco's father was one of the first to join You-Know-Who when he got power. And one of the first to come back when he lost it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
 Susan Bones.

As SUSAN BONES dashes up front, Harry glances to the High Table. Dumbledore watches the proceedings placidly, while Professor Quirrell talks to a hook-nosed man with greasy black hair and sallow skin, PROFESSOR SNAPE. Slowly, as if he can feel Harry's gaze, Snape turns, looks straight into Harry's eyes. Instantly, a sharp, hot PAIN shoots across Harry's scar.

HARRY
 Ouch!

RON
 Harry? What is it?

HARRY
 N-nothing. I'm fine.

SORTING HAT

Hufflepuff!

As Susan Bones runs off...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Ronald Weasley.

As Ron steps nervously away, Harry glances back to the High Table. Shape has returned to his conversation.

SORTING HAT
Gryffindor!

Fred and George WHOOP LOUDLY as Ron comes grinning out of the hat, greatly relieved. Harry starts to clap himself when...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Harry Potter.

There is an abrupt drop in the CHATTER. As Harry makes his way, he avoids the eyes of the many who stare and whisper.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
If you will, Mr. Potter.

Harry sits, takes the hat, and...slowly...lowers it. He waits, then the hat begins to SPEAK.

SORTING HAT
Hmmm. Difficult. Very Difficult.
Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad
mind either. There's talent, oh
yes, and a thirst to prove
yourself. But where to put you...?

Harry grips the edge of the stool, closes his eyes. His lips move ever so slightly: Not Slytherin. Not Slytherin.

SORTING HAT
Not Slytherin, eh? Are you sure?
You could be great, you know, it's
all here in your head, and
Slytherin will help you on the way
to greatness, no doubt about
that... No? Well, if you're sure
better be GRYFFINDOR!

A ROAR erupts from the Gryffindor table. Harry stands shakily and walks to his table, where Percy, the Weasley twins, and Hermione all welcome him. At the High Table, Dumbledore lifts his goblet and, meeting Harry's eyes...nods.

Freshly sorted and seated, the Gryffindor first years watch in amazement as the empty plates before them suddenly...fill with food. There is roast beef, chicken, pork chops, lamb chops, sausages, bacon, steak—the feast of all feasts. Harry listens as a rather wild-looking boy named SEAMUS talks to another student, DEAN THOMAS.

SEAMUS

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

As Percy leans over to pour a strange liquid into Harry's goblet, Harry nods to the High Table, to Professor Snape.

HARRY

Say, Percy. Who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?

PERCY

Hm? Oh. Professor Snape. Head of Slytherin House.

HARRY

What's he teach?

PERCY

Potions. But everyone knows it's the Dark Arts he fancies. Been after Quirrell's job for years.

Just then, several STUDENTS SHRIEK as a volley of GHOSTS stream into the hall overhead. One swoops down.

PERCY

Hello, Sir Nicolas. Have a nice summer?

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

Dismal. What with the Slytherins winning the House Cup six years in a row, the Bloody Baron's become unbearable.

Nick nods his head in the direction of the Slytherin table, where a horrific, BLOOD-STAINED GHOST hovers imperiously.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

Then again, he's always been unbearable.

RON

I know you. You're Nearly Headless
Nick.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK
I prefer Sir Nicolas, if you don't
mind.

HERMIONE
Nearly headless? How can you be
nearly headless?

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK
Like this.

Seizing himself by the left ear, Nick swings his ENTIRE HEAD off his neck and onto his shoulder, as if it were on a hinge.

NEVILLE
(blanching)
I think I'm done eating.

Just then, Dumbledore rises at the High Table.

DUMBLEDORE
If I may, I have a few start-of-term notices to announce. First Years should note that the Dark Forest is strictly forbidden to all pupils. Also, our caretaker, Mr. Filch has asked me to remind you that...

FILCH, a sour-looking man, stands near a side exit while MRS. NORRIS, a cat with glittering RED EYES, sits by his feet.

DUMBLEDORE
...no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. And finally, please note that this year, the third floor corridor on the right hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a most painful death.

Hearing this, Ron stops chewing for the first time, glances at Harry. But before either can speak...

DUMBLEDORE
And now, let us sing the school song! Everyone pick their favorite tune and off we go!

Professor McGonagall rolls her eyes slightly as Dumbledore wields his wand. Consulting the PARCHMENT of LYRICS placed beside their plates, Harry and his fellow First Years join a rousing, but rather dischordant, chorus of VOICES.

SCHOOL SINGING

Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty
 Hogwarts Teach us things worth
 knowing Bring back what we've
 forgot. Just do your best, we'll do
 the rest And learn until our brains
 all rot...

73 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - HOGWARTS - LATER - NIGHT

73

As the new Gryffindors follow Percy up the staircase, Harry stares in wonderment at the PORTRAITS on the walls: the people in them MOVE.

PERCY

This is the most direct path to the dormitory, except on Fridays, of course, when the staircases...change.

As the staircase before them moves to the right, Percy waits briefly, then leads on without comment to a...

74 INT. 7TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

74

... a new corridor. Up ahead, Harry spies a bundle of WALKING STICKS floating in midair. Without warning, the walking sticks come flying forth. As the First Years duck and dodge, Percy sighs in annoyance.

PERCY

Gryffindors, I give you Peeves,
 Hogwarts resident poltergeist.

POP! A tiny translucent man with wicked eyes and wide mouth appears, clutching the last walking stick. He is PEEVES.

PEEVES

Oooh! Ickle Firsties! What fun!

With that, Peeves swoops off, wagging his tongue and bouncing a walking stick off Neville's head.

PERCY

(walking on)

Rather a nuisance, I'm afraid. Ah.
 Here we are.

At the very end of the corridor, hangs a PORTRAIT of a WOMAN in a pink silk dress. She looks at Percy.

PINK LADY
Password?

PERCY
Caput Draconis.

The portrait SWINGS FORWARD, revealing a ROUND HOLE in the wall. The students all scramble through it, into the...

75 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

75

The students enter a cozy, round room, filled with squashy armchairs. At the top of a SPIRAL STAIRCASE, are two DOORS.

PERCY
Girls' dormitory to the left. Boys to the right. You'll find your belongings have already been brought up. Any questions?

(no one speaks)

Then, goodnight all. Oh, and don't forget. Before retiring, please place all living potion ingredients in your cupboards. This includes slugs, fire beetles and cutworms. Sweet dreams...

76 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - LATER - NIGHT

76

Moonlight falls through the tower windows as Ron, Neville and Seamus slumber. As we find Harry, he is sleeping too, but it is not restful. He twitches and turns... there is a FLASH OF GREEN...then he awakens with a start, sits up. Trembling. He glances about the room, then lies slowly back. Eyes open.

77 INT. STAIRWAY - 12 NORTH - HOGWARTS - MORNING

77

The stairway bustles with students as Harry and Ron make their way. Clearly lost, Ron consults his TIMETABLE.

RON
This is Staircase Twelve North, which should take us to Backward Staircase Seven—no wait a minute, we're on Backward Staircase Seven...

HARRY

How many staircases are there?

HERMIONE

One hundred forty-two, though, in A History of Magic, Bathilda Bagshot makes unattributed reference to three others.

Harry and Ron watch Hermione pass by, apparently holding every single First Year course book in her arms.

RON

I hate her.

78 INT. MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

78

Students sit attentively, looking front...at a CAT. Its markings, particularly around the eyes, are somehow familiar. Harry and Ron burst in, glance around.

RON

Whew! We made it, mate. Can you imagine old McGonagall's face if we were late first day out...

Hearing this, the cat narrows its eyes, leaps up and...TRANSFORMS...into old McGonagall herself. Ron's mouth drops open in amazement.

RON

That was bloody brilliant!

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Thank you for that assessment, Mr. Weasley. But perhaps it might be more useful if I transfigured Mr. Potter or yourself into a pocket watch. That way one of you might be on time.

HARRY

We got lost.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

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

Harry and Ron Slink past Hermione, sitting front row center.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Transfiguration is some of the most complex, dangerous and valuable magic you will learn at Hogwarts. Use it skillfully and it may, one day, save your life. Make a mistake and you could find yourself with a toad's head and a monkey's tail.

(opening a textbook)
All right then. Shall we?

Harry and Ron exchange a glance, whip open their books.

79 INT. DUNGEONS - POTIONS - NEXT MORNING - DAY

79

As Professor Snape paces imperiously, Harry and the others sit in dead silence, eyes wandering to the PICKLED ANIMALS floating in GLASS JARS along the cold stone walls.

SNAPE

There will be no foolish wand waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don't expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art that is potion making. However, for those select few...

(glances at Malfoy)
...who possess the predisposition, I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you howto bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death. Then again, maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts in possession of abilities so formidable that you feel confident enough to...not pay attention.

Harry blinks, realizes Snape is looking at him.

SNAPE

Mr. Potter. Our hew...celebrity. Tell me. What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?

Harry looks at a loss. Hermione's hand shoots into the air.

SNAPE

You don't know. Well, let's try again. Where, Mr. Potter, would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?

HARRY
I don't know, sir.

SNAPE
And the difference between
monkshood and wolfsbane?

Harry sees Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle sniggering.

HARRY
I don't know, sir.

SNAPE
Pity. Clearly fame isn't
everything, is it, Mr. Potter.

HARRY
Clearly Hermione knows. It seems a
pity not to ask her..

Neville, Seamus and a few other Gryffindors LAUGH.

SNAPE
Silence! And put your hand down,
you silly girl!

Hermione wilts. Snape steps toward Harry, eyes glimmering.

SNAPE
For your information, Potter,
aspodel and wormwood make a
sleeping potion so powerful it is
known as the Draught of the Living
Dead. A bezoar is a stone taken
from the stomach of a goat and it
will save you from most poisons. As
for monkshood and wolfsbane, they
are the same plant, which also goes
by the name of aconite.

(to the others)
Well, why aren't you all copying
this down?

The students scramble for their quills and parchment.

SNAPE
And Gryffindors. Note that five
points will be taken from your
House for your classmate's cheek.

Harry stares glumly at the FOUR HOURGLASSES as the PRECIOUS GEMS drop in Gryffindor's, rise in Slytherin's. Down the table, Seamus is MUTTERING.

SEAMUS
Eye of rabbit, harp string hum...

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

RON
Turn it to rum. Actually managed a weak tea yesterday before it...

PFFT! BLUE FLAMES shoot over the rim of the glass.

RON
Two Knuts says he loses his eyebrows by week's end. Ah, mail's here.

DOZENS OF OWLS circle the ceiling, then swoop down, dropping parcels from home. A copy of The Daily Prophet rolls onto the table near Harry.

RON
Hey look! Neville's gotten a Remembrall!

Neville holds a GLASS BALL filled with WHITE SMOKE. Slowly, the smoke begins to turn a DEEP SCARLET.

HERMIONE
I've read about those. If the smoke turns red it means you've forgotten something.

NEVILLE
Only problem is...I can't remember what I've forgotten.

Harry, Daily Prophet in hand, nudges Ron.

HARRY
Hey, Ron. Somebody broke into Gringotts! Listen: 'Believed to be the work of Dark wizards or witches unknown, Gringotts goblins, while acknowledging the breach, insist nothing was taken. The vault in question had, in fact, been emptied earlier that very same day.' That's odd.

RON

It's mad. Dad says there are dragons guarding some of the vaults.

HARRY

No. It's just odd...That's the day Hagrid and I were there.

81 EXT. THE GROUNDS - HOGWARTS - DAY

81

Harry stands in a cluster of Gryffindors, across from Malfoy and his Slytherin cronies. Between them, there is a LONG LINE OF BROOMSTICKS. MADAME HOOCH, a rangy witch with short grey hair and hawk-like eyes, stands between the two groups.

MADAME HOOCH

Welcome to your first Flying Lesson. Well, what are you all waiting for? Everyone step up to a broomstick. Come now. Hurry up.

Harry steps forward nervously, glances down. His broom is old, with twigs sticking out at odd angles.

MADAME HOOCH

Stick out your right hand, Over the broom, and say "Up"!

SHOUTS of "Up!" ring on the cold afternoon air. Though he barely WHISPERS the command, Harry's broom SNAPS smartly into his hand. Hermione's simply rolls over. Ron's FLIES UP and CRACKS HIM IN THE NOSE.

MADAME HOOCH

Now. Once you've got hold of the broom, I want you to mount it. And grip it tight. We don't want you sliding off the end.

(walking the row)

Your other right hand, Mr. Finnegan. Goodness, boy, what have you done with your eyebrows?

SEAMUS

Lost 'em, ma'am.

MALFOY

Excuse me, Madam Hooch. Given that a few of us have been on sticks for years, would it not make sense to separate the expert flyers from...

(glancing at Harry)

...the neophytes?

MADAME HOOCH

Thank you, Mr. Malfoy, but I'm sure even an expert flyer such as yourself can appreciate the benefits of reacquainting oneself with the basics. Your grip, for example. It's thumb in, not out.

As Malfoy reddens, Harry and Ron share a grin.

MADAME HOOCH

Very well. Now when I blow my whistle, I want each of you to kick off from the ground. Hard. Keep your brooms steady, hover for a moment, then lean forward slightly and touch back down. On my whistle...Three...Two...

Jumping the gun entirely, a nervous Neville shoots straight up into the air, like a cork out of a bottle.

MADAME HOOCH

Mr. Longbottom! Exactly where do you think you're going?

Clutching desperately to his broom, Neville caroms crazily off a tree, flops upside down, rockets past the other students—who duck—then soars into a mad spiraling climb.

MADAME HOOCH

Come down here this instant!

Neville's pale face peers down, his eyes roll up...

MADAME HOOCH

On your broomstick, Longbottom!

Too late. With a giant THUD and a nasty CRACK, Neville hits the pitch. Madame Hooch and the Gryffindors rush over.

MADAME HOOCH

Broken wrist. Come on, dear. Up you get.

(leading him off)

Everyone's to keep their feet on the ground while I take Mr. Longbottom to the Hospital Wing. Understand? If I see a single broom in the air, the one riding it will find themselves out of Hogwarts before they can say 'Quidditch.'

As they go, Harry watches Neville's broom sail high over Hagrid's house, where the giant himself sits in the front garden, watching with a pair of BINOCULARS. Malfoy scoops Neville's Remembrall from the grass, cackles.

MALFOY

Did you see his face? Perhaps if
the great lump had given this a
squeeze, he would've remembered to
fall on his fat arse.

HARRY

Give it here, Malfoy.

MALFOY

No, I think I'll leave it somewhere
for Longbottom to find. How about
up a tree?

Malfoy slings a leg over his broom, KICKS into the air.

MALFOY

What's the matter, Potter? A bit
beyond your reach?

Harry glowers up at Malfoy, then GRABS his broom.

HERMIONE

Harry! No! You heard what Madame
Hooch said. Besides you don't even
know how to...fly.

Harry shoots into the sky, so angry that it's a moment before he realizes what the others see clearly: he's a natural. Turning his broomstick sharply, he hovers, glaring at Malfoy.

HARRY

Give it here. Or I'll knock you off
that ruddy broom.

MALFOY

Is that so?

Harry SHOOTS forth like a javelin, Malfoy just managing to slip his charge. As Harry whips around, Malfoy glances down at the ground, clearly unnerved. Harry simply smiles.

MALFOY

Have it your way, then!

Malfoy hurls the ball high. As it plummets, Harry throws himself into a steep dive, rocketing recklessly downward, ignoring the earth as it rushes toward him, extending his hand and...snatching the ball only feet from the ground. He lands running, grinning, as the Gryffindors cheer. then...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
HAR-RY POT-TER!

Harry's stomach drops. Malfoy grins hideously.

MALFOY
Chin up, Potter. They might let you stay on as Hagrid's assistant.

82 INT. CORRIDOR - HOGWARTS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 82

Harry trails silently after Professor McGonagall.

83 INT. ADJOINING CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER 83

Professor McGonagall leans into an adjacent classroom.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Excuse me, Professor Quirrell,
could I borrow Wood for a moment.

Startled, Professor Quirrell jumps, then OLIVER WOOD, a burly fifth-year, emerges, glances curiously at Harry.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Potter, this is Oliver Wood.
Wood...I've found you a Seeker.

84 INT. CORRIDOR - HOGWARTS - EVENING 84

Harry and Ron walk, buffeted by the stream of students heading for dinner. Hermione walks a few steps behind.

RON
Seeker! But first years never make the House teams. You must be the youngest Quidditch player in--

HARRY
--a century. According to McGonagall.

Just then, Fred and George descend.

FRED

Well done, Harry. Wood's just told us.

RON
Fred and George are on the team too. Beaters.

GEORGE

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

FRED
Brutal. But no one's died in years. Someone will vanish occasionally...

GEORGE
But they turn up in a month or two.

As the twins dash off, Ron reads Harry's troubled faze.

RON
Oh go on, Harry. Quidditch is great. Best game there is. And you'll be great too.

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

HERMIONE
You won't make a fool of yourself.

Ron and Harry turn. They hadn't even noticed Hermione.

HERMIONE
It's in your blood.

85 INT. TROPHY STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

85

Hermione leads Harry and Ron to a DISPLAY CASE. Inside is a history of Quidditch at Hogwarts, with ancient brooms, strange equipment, and various TROPHIES. She points. Etched upon a SILVER TRAY, below a GRYFFINDOR LION, one NAME shines:

James Potter. Seeker.

RON
Harry...you didn't tell me your father was a Seeker too.

HARRY

I...didn't know.

86 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

86

As Harry and Ron trail Hermione up the staircase, Ron WHISPERS.

RON

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

HARRY

Who doesn't?

Just then, the staircase LURCHES beneath their feet...

87 INT. FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

87

...and transports them to a very dark, very creepy corridor.

RON

Does anybody feel like...we shouldn't be here?

HERMIONE

We're not supposed to be here. This is the Third Floor. It's forbidden.

HARRY

(intrigued)

Why, though?

HERMIONE

Because Dumbledore said so. Let's go.

Meow. They freeze. A CAT sits watching them, eyes glittering in the dark. Then...a SHADOW scales the wall.

FILCH (O.S.)

Who goes there!

They turn, dash the opposite way. As they reach a DOOR, Harry grips the knob, twists. It's LOCKED.

FILCH (O.S.)

Lead me to them, my sweet....

RON

That's it. We're done for.

HERMIONE

Oh, move over. Alohomora!

Hermione gives her wand a swish and...the door swings open.

Harry and Ron stare incredulously.

HERMIONE
Standard Book of Spells. Chapter
Seven.

88 INT. FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

88

As they fall inside, Hermione presses her ear to the door.

RON
Chapter Seven?

HERMIONE
Shhh! Filch is...gone.

RON
He probably thinks this door is
locked.

HERMIONE
It was locked.

HARRY
And for good reason...

Hermione and Ron turn. Standing a feet away is a DOG...only this one has three heads, three pairs of mad, rolling eyes, and three sets of hideous yellow fangs dripping with saliva.

As the dog ROARS, they tumble back outside and...

89 INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR

89

...Harry FLINGS home the DOOR just before the dog throws itself against it. They exchange a glance, dash off.

90 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

90

The Pink Lady frowns as they spill through, stand gasping.

RON
What do they think they're doing
keeping a thing like that locked up
in school?

HERMIONE

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

RON

I wasn't looking at its feet. I was
 a bit preoccupied with its heads.
 Or maybe you didn't notice. There
 were three.

HERMIONE

It was standing on a trapdoor,
 which means-it's not there by
 accident. It's...

HARRY

Guarding something.

HERMIONE

That's right. Now, if you don't
 mind, I think I'll go to bed before
 either of you figures out another
 clever way to get us killed. Or
 worse...expelled.

133 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DUSK

133

Harry stands with Oliver Wood on the empty practice pitch.

WOOD

Quidditch is easy enough to
 understand. Each team has seven
 players: Three Chasers, two
 Beaters, one Keeper and the Seeker—
 that's you. There are three kinds
 of balls. This one's called the
 Quaffle.

(holds up a red ball)

The Chasers handle the Quaffle and
 try to put it through one of three
 hoops. The Keeper—that's me—defends
 the hoops. With me so far?

Harry nods, points to a WOOD CRATE rocking Violently.

HARRY

I think so. What's in there?

WOOD

Here. Take this.

Wood hands Harry a SMALL CLUB, kneels before the crate, and unlashes a leather strap. Instantly, a BLACK BALL rockets into the sky, then, without warning, PLUMMETS straight down—at Harry's head. Startled, Harry jumps aside and—purely on instinct—clubs it back into the sky.

WOOD

Not bad, Potter. You'd make a fair Beater. Careful now, it's coming back.

As the ball screams back to earth, Wood crates it.

HARRY

What was that?

WOOD

Bludger. Nasty little buggers. But you're a Seeker. The only ball I want you to worry about is...this.

Wood takes out a TINY BALL about the size of a walnut. BRIGHT GOLD, it has little, fluttering WINGS.

HARRY

I like this ball.

WOOD

You like it now. Just wait. It's wicked fast and damn near impossible to see.

HARRY

What do I do with it?

WOOD

Catch it. Before the other team's Seeker. You catch this, the game is over. You catch this, Potter...we win.

134 INT. PROFESSOR FLITWICK'S CLASS - DAY

134

PROFESSOR FLITWICK, a very tiny, gnome-like wizard, stands on a PILE OF BOOKS as he oversees the class.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK

Now don't forget that nice wrist movement we've been, practising. Swish and flick. Swish and flick.

Harry, paired with Seamus, poses his wand over the FEATHER before him and begins to swish and flick.

HARRY
Wingardium Leviosa.

The feather flutters, but never leaves the table.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK
And enunciate! Never forget Wizard Baruffio, who said 's' instead of 'f' and found himself on the floor with a buffalo on his chest.

RON
WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA!

Ron windmills his arms grandly. Nothing. Hermione frowns.

HERMIONE
Honestly. You're going to take someone's eye out. Besides, you're saying it wrong. It's Levi-ohhhh-sa. Not Levi-o-saaaah.

RON
You do it then, if you're so clever.

HERMIONE
Wingardium Leviosa.

Hermione swishes and flicks. Instantly the feather rises.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK
Oh, well done! Everyone see here.
Miss Granger's done it!

PFFT! Across the room, SMOKE curls between Seamus and Harry.

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

135 INT. COURTYARD - LATER - DAY

135

As Harry and Ron cross the courtyard, Ron mimics Hermione.

RON
It'sLevi-ohhhh-sa. Not Levi-o-saaaah. She's a nightmare, honestly. No wonder she hasn't got any friends.

Just then, someone BUMPS into Harry. He turns, sees Hermione dash by, hugging her books, eyes glittering; with tears.

HARRY
I think she heard you.

136 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

136

Candlelit PUMPKINS flicker throughout the hall, while THOUSANDS OF LIVE BATS flutter overhead. Harry sits quietly, studying an EMPTY CHAIR, then sees Professor McGonagall standing across the way with Hagrid. Both are looking at him. McGonagall says something to Hagrid, who nods, then she steps away, approaches Harry.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
How are you, Potter? All right?

HARRY
Yes, Professor. Fine.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
I know...that is, we know...the members of the staff...that this is perhaps a difficult night for you. Halloween. Your parents...

Harry realizes what she is talking about. Nods.

HARRY
I'm all right, Professor.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Very well.

She turnsstarts to go.

HARRY
Professor...Thank you.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
You're welcome, Potter.

As she goes, Harry sees Ron glumly pushing his food around, listening to Neville speak across the EMPTY CHAIR to Seamus.

NEVILLE
Parvati Patil said she wouldn't come out of the girls' bathroom. Said she's been in there all afternoon. Crying.

Just then, Professor Quirrell runs into the room, CRIES OUT:

QUIRRELL
TROLL IN THE DUNGEON! TROLL IN THE

DUNGEON ! Thought you ought to
know...

He faints to the floor. There is a brief silence, then utter pandemonium breaks out; Students SHRIEK. Bats SCREECH.

POP! POP! POP! The hall goes still, all eyes on Dumbledore, standing at the front, purple smoke trailing from his wand.

DUMBLEDORE

Everyone will please not panic.
Prefects, lead your Houses back to
the dormitories. Teachers, follow
me to the dungeons.

137 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

137

As they follow Percy up the stairs, Ron still looks glum.

HARRY

How could a troll get in?

RON

Not on its own. Trolls are really stupid. Probably Peeves' playing jokes...
(seeing Harry's face)
What?

HARRY

Hermione. She doesn't know.

138 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

138

Harry and Ron slip away from the Gryffindors, in with the Hufflepuffs, then down a deserted hallway. As FOOTSTEPS ring out, they duck behind a STONE GRIFFIN, see Snape hurry past.

HARRY

That's the third-floor he's going to. Teachers were supposed to go to the dungeons...
(wrinkling his nose)
What's that?

RON

Smells like Fred's socks.
Only...worse.

Much worse. Lumbering toward them is a TROLL with an ENORMOUS CLUB. As it comes into a PATCH OF MOONLIGHT, it blinks stupidly, peers into a doorway, then slouches slowly inside.

Harry studies a SUIT OF ARMOR beside the door, thinks...

HARRY
Follow me.

Harry edges forward, pulls the SWORD from the suit of armor, and runs it through the door handle, trapping the troll.

RON
Yes!

Harry grins, then HEARS a high, petrified SCREAM.

HARRY
This wouldn't be the girl's
bathroom, would it?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP — HERMIONE SCREAMING

139 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

139

A HUGE SHADOW falls over Hermione's face.

HERMIONE'S POV

...as the troll advances directly toward her.

She dashes into a stall, bolts the door. Trembling, she peers upw'ard.. .watching as...the troll's face appears over the top, looking in.

Panicked, she drops to the floor and shimmies into the next stall, out of Sight. Angered, the troll raises its club and—
SMASH!—shatters the stall Hermione just vacated. As wood rains down in jagged, splintered pieces...

...Harry and Ron rush in, staring in horror as the troll raises the club high and SHATTERS the next stall.

Hermione, still crawling, covers her head and peers back.

SMASH! The club comes thundering down yet again, this time just inches from her foot.

RON
Don't worry, Hermione! We're here!
(turning to Harry)
She's dead.

HERMIONE
I heard that!

RON
What do we do?

HARRY
(looking about
frantically)
Confuse it!

RON
Confuse it?
(SHRUGGING)
Hey, pea brain!

Harry and Ron grab anything they can and begin to hurl it at the troll, but they might as well be throwing marshmallows.

As shards of wood bounce off its pint-sized head and great lumpy shoulders, the troll brings the club down once more and SHATTERS the last stall.

As Harry and Ron look on grimly, the troll jabs its club into the hash of wood before it, poking about for Hermione, when, at the last second...

...she scrambles out and dashes under the sink. GRUNTING furiously, the troll turns, begins to advance on her.

Harry, thinking fast, rushes forward and leaps upon the troll's rising club, rising himself...right out of FRAME...and then...dropping...

...right onto the troll's slimy neck. The troll blinks dimly and, before it can react, Harry—purely on instinct—shoves his wand straight up the troll's nose.

The troll ROARS in pain, dropping the club and stamping about. Ron watches helplessly, then glances at the club on the floor, an idea flickering across his face. Raising his wand, he SPEAKS:

RON
Wingardium Leviosa.

Harry swings around, sees Ron standing, wand poised. It does not inspire confidence. Ron looks at Hermione, takes a breath, and this time, employs the correct pronunciation.

RON
Wingardium LEVI-OHHHH-SA!

With that, the club quivers upon the floor...begins to rise. The troll, still raging, grabs Harry's leg and peels him off his body. As he holds Harry up high, suspended by one leg, Harry's world goes upside down, spinning, when...

...the club floats by his face. The troll pauses, watching in confusion as the club rises toward the ceiling, hanging in magical suspension until...

...THUNK! It drops smack on the troll's head. Wobbling, the troll releases its grip on Harry's leg and...

...drops him hard to the floor. Harry peers up. The troll wobbles one last time and starts to fall...directly on top of Harry. Quickly, Harry rolls away...

...just before the troll SLAMS to the floor, inches away.

All is quiet for a moment. Then Hermione steps forward.

HERMIONE
Is it--dead?

HARRY
I don't think so. Just knocked out.

RON
No need to kill it, after all.

HARRY
Yes, well, that was big of you.
Ugh. Troll snot.

Harry extracts his wand, wipes it on the troll's trousers. A sudden VOLLEY of FOOTSTEPS announces the arrival of Professors McGonagall, Snape, and a still queasy Quirrell. Harry notices a SPOT OF BLOOD on Snape's leg, sees Snape shift his cloak to cover it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Explain yourselves! Both of you.

HERMIONE
It's my fault, Professor
McGonagall.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Miss Granger!

HERMIONE
I went looking for the troll. I've
read about them and thought I could
handle it. But I was wrong. If
Harry and Ron hadn't come
along...I'd be dead.

Ron drops his wand, stunned by Hermione's lie.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

I'm very disappointed in you, Miss Granger. Five points will be taken from Gryffindor for your very serious lack of judgement. As for you gentlemen, I hope you realize just how lucky you are. Not many First Years could take on a full grown maintain troll and live to tell the tale. I award each of you five points...for sheer dumb luck.

140 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

140

Hermione walks silently beside Harry and Ron.

HARRY

Good of her to get us out of trouble like that.

RON

Mind you, we did save her from a full grown mountain troll.

HARRY

Mind you, she might not have needed saving if we hadn't locked the thing in with her.

Ron glances at Hermione, then away.

RON

What are friends for?

141 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

141

Harry, Ron and Hermione sit together. Harry ignores his breakfast. Ron, as usual, is stuffing his face.

RON

Take a bit of toast, mate. Go on.

HERMIONE

Ron's right, Harry. You're going to need your strength today.

HARRY

I'm not hungry.

SNAPE

(appearing)

Good luck today, Potter. Then again, now that you've proven yourself against a troll, a little game of Quidditch should be easy work for you. Even if it is against my boys.

Snape smiles, LIMPS away toward the Slytherin table.

HERMIONE
That was...disturbing.

RON
I tell you what's disturbing. Snape smiling.

HARRY
That explains the blood...

HERMIONE
Blood?

HARRY
Last night, Ron and I saw Snape heading for the third floor. I'm guessing he let the troll in as a diversion, tried to get past the three-headed dog, and got himself bit. That's why he's limping.

HERMIONE
But why would anyone go near that dog?

HARRY
Listen. The day I was at Gringotts, Hagrid took something out of one of the vaults. Said it was Hogwarts business. Very secret.

HERMIONE
So you're saying...

HARRY
That's what the dog's guarding.
That's what Snape wants.

RON
"But what's safer than Gringotts?

HARRY
One place, according to Hagrid.
Hogwarts.

HERMIONE

Well, whatever it is, it must be
really valuable.

HARRY

Or really dangerous.

Just then, an OWL beats into the room.

HERMIONE

Bit early for mail, isn't it?

HARRY

That's Hedwig.

All watch as she swoops down with a LONG, THIN PACKAGE. Harry slips Hedwig a piece of his uneaten toast, strips open the parcel and finds, inside, a sleek mahogany BROOMSTICK.

HARRY

It's a broomstick.

RON

That's not a broomstick, Harry.
That's a Nimbus Two Thousand.

HARRY

But who...?

Harry glances up, sees--far across the room--Professor McGonagall looking his way. Quickly, she turns away.

142 EXT. QUIDDITCH FIELD - DAY

142

The stadium is full. Ron and Hermione join Neville and Seamus in the Gryffindor section, unfurl a banner that reads POTTER FOR PRESIDENT. As the Slytherin and Gryffindor teams take the field, the CROWD ROARS. Oliver Wood runs up alongside a nervous Harry, who clutches his new Nimbus 2000.

WOOD

I know what you're thinking, Harry.
I'm playing my first game of
Quidditch, the entire school's
watching me and, worst of all, it's
against Slytherin. Am I right?

HARRY

Pretty close.

WOOD

It's all right. I felt the same way
before my first game.

HARRY

What happened?

WOOD

I don't really remember. I took a Bludger to the head about two minutes in and woke up in the hospital a week later.

Madame Hooch, clad in REFEREE ROBES, addresses the players.

MADAME HOOCH

Now, I want a nice clean game. From all of you.

She glances tellingly at Slytherin Captain MARCUS FLINT.

Harry leans over to ANGELINA JOHNSON, Gryffindor Chaser.

HARRY

Who's he, Angelina?

ANGELINA

Marcus Flint. Slytherin Captain. They say he's got troll blood in him.

Harry swallows as Flint glares at him murderously.

MADAME HOOCH

Mount your brooms, please.

Hands trembling, Harry waits, then the WHISTLE BLASTS. FOURTEEN BROOMSTICKS rise into the air. As the crowd ROARS, Madam Hooch kicks the crate, releasing two SCREAMING Bludgers, then tosses up the Quaffle. In the stands, LEE JORDAN does COMMENTARY.

LEE JORDAN

Quaffle's up...and straight off taken by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor. What an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive too, I might add.

Professor McGonagall casts a disapproving glance at Jordan, then turns to watch the action below.

Cradling the Quaffle, Angelina Johnson WEAVES wickedly past a Slytherin Chaser, DUCKS UNDER a sizzling Bludger that Fred Weasley CHIPS AWAY, then DISHES OFF to a speeding Alicia Spinnet. Alicia FALLS into a FIFTEEN FOOT ROLLING DIVE, feeds the Quaffle back to Angelina...but has it INTERCEPTED by a slashing Marcus Flint. Flint FLIES FAST for the hoop, rears back...but has his shot BLOCKED by Oliver Wood. Wood bumps, the Quaffle to Chaser Katie Bell, who ROCKETS past Flint the length of the field...only to take a Bludger to the back of the head. As the Quaffle pops loose, Marcus Flint grabs it, drives with astonishing speed back the other way, then takes a Bludger himself, courtesy of George Weasley. Angelina Johnson swoops down, Snatches the spinning Quaffle and, flying like lightning, races the field to score.

As Gryffindor CHEERS fill the cold air, Hagrid makes his way up the stands, scattering students in his wake.

HAGRID
Budge up there. Clear the way.
How's Harry holdin' up?

Ron and Hermione squeeze together, giving Hagrid space.

RON
He hasn't had much to do yet.

HAGRID
First game. He stays outta trouble,
that'll be doin' enough.

Above the pitch, Slytherin's ADRIAN PUCEY eludes two Bludgers, two Weasleys and the Chaser, ZOOMING toward the goals...when suddenly a FLASH OF GOLD zips by his left ear.

HARRY
The Snitch!

Far below, Slytherin Seeker TERENCE HIGGS makes his move.

Harry DIVES. Faster than Higgs, he closes the gap quickly, eyes locked on the tiny golden ball. He adds some speed, reaches out, and-WHAM!—Marcus Flint HITS HIM full on, sending him reeling. Harry PULLS UP his tip, LEVELS-OFF, and glances about. But the Snitch is GONE.

RON/HERMIONE/HAGRID
FOUL! FOUL! FOUL!

As a Bludger screams past Harry, he tries to kick his broom higher. Instead, it LURCHES, nearly tossing him off. Below, Hagrid peers through his BINOCULARS, frowns.

HAGRID

Dunno what Harry thinks he's doin'.
If I didn't know better, I'd say
he's lost control of his broom...

RON
Maybe something happened to it when
Flint blocked him.

In the stands, people gasp as the broom ROLLS OVER and leaves Harry DANGLING from one end. Neville buries his face.

HAGRID
No. Can't nothin' interfere with a broomstick except, powerful Dark magic. No kid could do that to a Nimbus 2000.

Hearing this, Hermione GRABS Hagrid's binoculars.

HERMIONE
(whispering to Ron)
It's Snape. He's jinxing the broom.

Ron takes the binoculars, looks. Snape sits MUTTERING in the opposite stands, staring into the sky. Staring at Harry.

RON
Jinxing the broom? What do we do?

HERMIONE
Leave it to me.

As Hermione dashes off, Ron turns the binoculars back to the sky. Harry hangs from the broom with two hands while Fred hovers nearby. George circles about ten feet below.

HARRY
What's George doing?

FRED
Just in case you fall, George will...
(not sure of this himself)
...catch you.

HARRY
I knew I should have gone out for football.

GEORGE
What's football?

Hermione fights her way through the Slytherin faithful, who cackle at Harry's plight, toward Snape.

MALFOY

Take a good look, lads. With any luck we'll be having Potter soup for supper—

Just then, Hermione brushes past, sending Malfoy ass over tea kettle into Professor Quirrell in the row below. Reaching Snape, Hermione crouches down and whips out her wand.

Across the field Ron peers through the binoculars...

RON

Come on, Hermione...

Just then, BLUE FLAMES spit from Hermione's wand, climbing quickly up Snape's robes. Snape continues to mutter, staring skyward, then realizes he's on fire, and looks away. In the commotion, that ensues, Ron sees Hermione scoop the blue fire into a little jar, slip it into robe, and make her escape.

Instantly, Harry's broom stops jerking. He clammers back on, when—SWOOSH!—A FLASH OF GOLD streaks by him: the Snitch. Higgs ZOOMS UP from below and he and Harry give chase.

The Snitch SWERVES, then... DIVES. As it PLUMMETS, Harry and Higgs plummet too, giving it all they've got.

On the pitch below, Hermione puts her hand to her mouth. In the stands, Neville buries his head again.

As the Snitch drops, the ground rushes crazily upward, the speed breathtaking. Harry seems intoxicated by it, slightly crazed, eyes riveted to the fluttering Snitch, seeing it and only it. Higgs, on the other hand, sees only the ground and, at the last minute, can bear it no longer, PULLING UP on his broom and SWERVING to safety. As Harry and earth collide, the Nimbus cartwheels away, Harry rolls off and, coming up on all fours, Claps his hand to his mouth. As if he were sick.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Well, that's unfortunate.
Understandable, but unfortunate.

As Harry COUGHS, Hagrid takes back his binoculars, which, unfortunately for Ron, are still around Ron's neck.

HAGRID

Unfortunate nothin'. He's got the Snitch!

Harry SHOOTS his hand in the air. The crowd ROARS. Marcus Flint touches down, fuming.

FLINT
He didn't catch it. He swallowed it!

HERMIONE
(popping in)
Nothing in the Quidditch rulebook discriminates against catching the Snitch in your mouth. Or any other place for that matter. In fact, in a game played in Greece in the late seventeenth century—

MADAME HOOCH
Thank you, Miss Granger. We can dispense with the more unattractive historical details of the game. Nevertheless, your point is well taken. Match to Gryffindor!

As Harry's teammates lift him to their shoulders, Hermione spies Snape in the far stands, limping quickly away, his robes still smoking.

143 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - LATER - DAY

143

Harry, Ron, and Hermione walk with Hagrid towards his home, a WOODEN HUT on the edge of the Dark Forest.

HAGRID
Rubbish! Why would Snape put a curse on Harry's broom?

HARRY
Who knows? Why was he trying to get past that three-headed dog on Halloween?

HAGRID
How do you know about Fluffy?

RON
Fluffy?

HERMIONE
That thing has a name?

HAGRID

'Course he's got a name. He's mine.
Bought him off an Irish bloke I met
in the Pub las' year. Lent him to
Dumbledore to guard the...

HARRY

Yes?

HAGRID

Don' be askin' me anymore. That's
top secret, that is.

HARRY

But Hagrid, whatever Fluffy's
guarding, Snape's trying to steal
it.

HAGRID

Codswallop! Snape's a Hogwart's
teacher.

HERMIONE

Hogwarts teacher or not, I know a
jinx when I see one, Hagrid. I've
read all about them. You've got to
keep eye contact, and Snape wasn't
blinking.

HAGRID

Now listen to me, all three of yeh-
yer meddlin' in things that
shouldn't be meddled. It's
dangerous. What that dog's guardin'
is strictly betw'n Professor
Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel-

Hagrid stops, furious with himself, then turns for his hut,
where FANG, an enormous black boarhound, greets him.

HARRY

Nicolas Flamel. Why does that name
sound familiar?

144 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

144

December.. Snow falls, dusting the castle turrets and
blanketing the grounds. Hagrid drags a GIANT CHRISTMAS FIR
toward the Castle, Fang trotting by his side.

145 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

145

Nearly Headless Nick SWOOPS about a TOWERING CHRISTMAS TREE, running GARLAND over the limbs, while Peeves plucks ORNAMENTS from the branches, hurling them to the floor.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Listen up! As the lake is frozen,
all students going home for holiday
will take a flying sleigh to the
departure platform. Earmuffs are
strongly recommended.

Harry and Ron pay no attention to the students bustling about them, sitting alone by the window playing WIZARD CHESS. Unlike Muggle chess, these figures are alive. Presently, Harry's BISHOP looks cross.

BISHOP
Don't send me there! Can't you see
his Knight? Send him. We can afford
to lose him.

The bishop points to a PAWN. Harry sheepishly complies.

RON
Queen to pawn six.

Ron YAWNS as his queen steps forward and--with extreme prejudice--disposes of the pawn. Hermione, huge trunk in tow, arrives just in time to witness the carnage.

HERMIONE
Oh my god! That's barbaric!

RON
That's chess. I see you're packed.

HERMIONE
I see you're not.

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

HERMIONE
You can help Harry then. He promised to keep looking in the library for Nicolas Flamel over holiday.

RON
We have looked. A hundred times.

HERMIONE
(as she exits)
Not in the Restricted Section.

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

146 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - MORNING**146**

CAMERA PANS a stack of PACKAGES at the foot of Harry's bed.

RON
Happy Christmas, Harry!

Harry rubs his eyes, sees Ron wearing a MAROON SWEATER over his pajamas. Ron tosses him a present.

HARRY
I've got presents.

RON
What'd you expect? In your hand's from Hagrid. And by the looks of that lumpy one, Mum's sent you a Weasley sweater.

Harry opens Hagrid's, finds a WOODEN FLUTE. As he blows it, Hedwig cocks her head. It sounds like an owl. Harry takes up the next parcel. It's very light. He reads the NOTE attached.

HARRY
'Your father left this in my possession before he died. It is time it was returned to you.'

Harry tears the paper away, finds something SHINY and translucent slithers to the floor.

HARRY
It's some kind of...cloak.

RON
Well, let's see then. Put it on.

As Harry takes the cloth, we hang on Ron, watching, then:

RON
Ahhh!

Harry's head is floating in midair. Ron looks on in awe.

RON

Harry, do you know what this is?
It's an invisibility cloak. They're
really rare. Who gave you this?

HARRY
There's no name...It just says,
'Use it well.'

147 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

147

Pitch black. A match STRIKES, floats by itself, in midair. It drifts forward, LIGHTS a LAMP.

148 INT. LIBRARY - ROW OF BOOKS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

148

The lamp floats eerily among the books, then rises, illuminates a SIGN: RESTRICTED.

149 INT. RESTRICTED ROOM - LIBRARY - NIGHT

149

The lamp FLOATS into the room, the invisibility cloak drops and, bit by bit, HARRY appears.

HARRY
Flamel. Nicolas Flamel...

Harry runs his finger along the spines, stops. Takes a LARGE BOOK from the shelf. Runs his hand over the coarse leather, then...opens it. At once it begins to SHRIEK! Harry SLAMS it shut, but it goes on WAILING. Stumbling back, Harry tips the lamp and all GOES dark. FOOTSTEPS ring out. Frantically, Harry sifts the darkness for the cloak, panicking, when his hands...DISAPPEAR. Pitching the cloak over himself, he dashes to the door, just as it CLANGS open-revealing Filch. As Filch's pale, wide eyes stare straight ahead, Harry glides right past him...

150 INT. LIBRARY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

150

-then dashes into the corridor, the book's SHRIEKS echoing behind him, coming face to face with... Snape and Quirrel, in the midst of a heated conversation.

SNAPE
Have you found out how to get past
that beast of Hagrid's, yet?

QUIRRELL
B-b-but Severus, I-

SNAPE

You don't want me as your enemy,
Quirrel.

QUIRRELL

I don't know what you—

SNAPE

You know perfectly well what I
mean. Your little bit of hocus
pocus...

Harry walks slowly, carefully around them, trying not to be heard. Snape stops, as if he's felt a small breeze, then... turns... seeing soft FEATHERS OF VAPOUR. Snape reaches out to touch them... Inside the cloak, Harry puts his hand to his mouth, to stop his breath... Snape finds nothing in front of him. He turns back to Quirrel.

SNAPE

We'll have another little chat
soon, when you've had time to think
things over and decide where your
loyalties lie.

The door behind them slowly opens and closes... quietly,
carefully...

Filch appears, from around the corridor, walks up to Snape and Quirrel.

FILCH

Professors... I found this. In the
Restricted Section. It's still hot.

SNAPE

Then they can't be far.

Snape, Quirrel and Filch exit.

151 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

151

Harry drops the cloak, exhales, and absently rubs his scar; wincing mildly. As his eyes adjust, he sees a MAGNIFICENT MIRROR, as high as the ceiling, across the room. On the frame is an INSCRIPTION: Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi. He steps in front.

HARRY

Ah!

Harry turns—as if expecting to see someone—but finds only the dark shapes of desks and chairs.. Slowly, he turns back.

In the mirror, Harry sees his own startled reflection and...beyond...a MAN and a WOMAN.

HARRY

Mum? Dad?

152 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

152

CLOSE UP: A SLEEPING RON

HARRY

Ron! Ron! Wake up!

Ron squints in confusion, then Harry lowers the cloak.

HARRY

There's something you've got to see!

153 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

153

Harry drags Ron to the mirror.

HARRY

Come look! It's my family.

RON

(yawning)

That's you, Harry.

HARRY

Look in properly, go on, stand here.

Harry steps aside. Ron takes his place and...freezes.

HARRY

There. You see them, don't you?
That's—

RON

Me. Only I'm...Head Boy! And I'm holding the Quidditch Cup and...bloody hell...I'm Quidditch Captain too! Harry, do you think this mirror shows the future?

HARRY

(troubled)

How can it? All my family are dead.

154 INT. GREAT HALL - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY

154

The Hall looks deserted as the students who remain eat breakfast. The Weasleys chatter amongst themselves, laughing, then Ron looks away, sees Harry staring into the distance.

RON

Want to play chess?

HARRY

No.

RON

Want to go visit Hagrid?

HARRY

No.

RON

Harry, I know what you're thinking.
But don't. There's something not
right about that mirror.

155 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

155

Harry sits before the mirror, transfixed.

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)

Back again, Harry?

Harry turns. Dumbledore slips off a desk, sits beside him.

DUMBLEDORE

I see that you—like so many before
you—have discovered the delights of
the Mirror of Erised. I expect by
now you realize what it does.

HARRY

It shows me my family.

DUMBLEDORE

And it showed your friend Ron
himself as Head Boy.

Harry looks surprised. Dumbledore smiles.

DUMBLEDORE

I don't need a cloak to become
invisible.

(re: the mirror)

I'll give you a clue, Harry. The happiest man on earth would look into the Mirror of Erised and see only himself, exactly as he is.

HARRY

So, then, it shows us what we want... Whatever we want...

DUMBLEDORE

Yes and no. It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desire of our hearts. You, who have never known your family, see them gathered around you. Ronald Weasley, who has always been overshadowed by his family, sees himself standing alone. Remember this, though, Harry. This mirror gives us neither knowledge or truth. Men have wasted away before it. Even gone mad.

(rising)

That's why it will be moved to a new home tomorrow. I ask that you do not go looking for it again, Harry. It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live.

HARRY

Can I ask you something, Professor? What do you see when you look in the Mirror?

DUMBLEDORE

I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks. One can never have enough socks, Harry. You'll do well to remember that as well.

156 EXT. SCHOOLCOURTYARD - DAY

156

Bundled against the chill, Harry—burdened by heavy thoughts—enters the empty courtyard, Hedwig on his arm. As he releases her, she sails high over the castle walls...wending her way through the turrets and then out over the wintry grounds, her reflection glimmering on the surface of the icy lake below.

As she turns, beating her way back, the dark sky lightens, turning a slow, glorious blue and the once-dark trees shimmer in the crisp Spring light. Hogwarts itself shimmers as well, no longer dusted with snow. Hedwig glides over the castle walls, swoops, and comes to a fluttering rest outside one of the high windows of the Great Hall.

157 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

157

Hermione—book in hand—quizzes Ron, who seems more interested in the pack of Chocolate Frogs in his hand.

HERMIONE

I'll ask you again. What are the three most Crucial ingredients in a Forgetfulness Potion?

RON

And I'll tell you again. I forgot.

HERMIONE

And what, may I ask, do you plan to do should you get that question on final exams?

RON

Crib off you.

HERMIONE

You will not. Besides, according to Professor McGonagall, we're to be given special quills bewitched with an anti cheating spell.

RON

That's insulting. It's as if they don't trust us.

(frowning)

Dumbledore again.

As Ron tosses the wizard card onto the table, HARRY WATCHES IT SPIN...just.as...a smattering of LAUGHTER erupts across the hall. Neville is HOPPING like a bunny, legs STUCK TOGETHER, while Seamus trails after.

RON/HERMIONE

Leg-Locker Curse.

(and then to each other)

Malfoy.

Neville, breathing hard, reaches the Gryffindor table, then, before anyone can catch him, topples to the floor.

RON

You've got to start standing up to
him, Neville.

NEVILLE

How? I can't stand up at all.

SEAMUS

I offered to do the countercurse,
but he wouldn't let me.

NEVILLE

Of course not. That's all I need,
you to set my bloody kneecaps on
fire.

SEAMUS

I don't appreciate the insinuation,
Longbottom. Besides, if anyone
cares to notice, my eyebrows have
completely grown back.

As Seamus turns away, the others see a curious BALD SPOT on
the back of his head. Ron takes out his wand.

RON

All right then, Neville, who shall
it be? Me, Hermione, or...

HARRY

I've found him.

Ron stops, sees Harry holding up Dumbledore's wizard card.
Ron takes it.

RON

He's bowling. So what? He's always
bowling.

Harry rolls his eyes, turns the card over for Ron to READ.

RON

'Dumbledore is particularly famous
for his defeat of the dark wizard
Grindelwald, for the discovery of
the twelve uses of dragon's
blood...and his work on
alchemy...with his partner, Nicolas
Flamel.'

HARRY

I knew the name sounded familiar. I
read it on the train that day.

Hermione steps right over Neville.

HERMIONE
Follow me.

NEVILLE
Hey! Wait! What about that counter-curse!

Neville's eyes shift. Seamus smiles, raises an eyebrow.

158 INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

158

CLOSE UP: A BOOK ON ALCHEMY

as it hits the table with a LOUD THUD. Hermione flips through the pages as Harry and Ron look over her shoulder.

HERMIONE
How could I be so stupid! I checked this out weeks ago for a bit of light reading.

RON
This is light?

HERMIONE
Of course! Here it is!
(whispers dramatically)
Nicolas Flamel is the only known maker of the Sorcerer's Stone!

Harry and Ron glance at each other, then Hermione.

HARRY/RON
The what?

HERMIONE
Oh, honestly, don't you two read?
(reading)
'The Sorcerer's Stone is a legendary substance with astonishing powers. It will transform any metal into pure gold and produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal.'

RON
Immortal.

HERMIONE
It means you'll never die.

RON

I know what it means—

HERMIONE

'The only stone currently in existence belongs to Mr. Nicolas Flamel, the noted alchemist, who last year celebrated his six hundred and sixty-fifth birthday.'

(looking up)

That's what Fluffy's guarding on the Third Floor. That's what's under the trapdoor. The Sorcerer's Stone!

HARRY

So Flamel knows someone's after the Stone...gives it to Dumbledore to keep safe at Hogwarts...not realizing that the one who's after it...

HERMIONE

Teaches at Hogwarts.

RON

So Snape wants piles of gold and to live forever. Who wouldn't?

Hermione closes the book, troubled by something.

HARRY

What is it, Hermione?

HERMIONE

I don't want to scare you, Harry. It's just...if all Snape wants is the Sorcerer's Stone...why did he try to kill you that day on the Quidditch pitch?

Harry ponders this, but doesn't have an answer.

159 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - LATER - NIGHT

159

Harry, trailed by Ron and Hermione, KNOCKS on Hagrid's door.

The door rattles, opens a crack, and Hagrid peers out.

HAGRID

Oh. Hullo. Er...not ter be rude, but I'm not really fit ter entertain right about--

HARRY

We know about the Sorcerer's Stone.

160 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

160

Everything here is oversized. Hagrid adds wood to an already roaring fire, putters about a large, simmering kettle.

HAGRID

Snape! Blimey, yer not still on abou' him, are yeh?

HARRY

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

HAGRID

Harry, Snape was one o' the teachers in on protectin' the Stone. He's not abou' ter steal it.

HARRY

What?

HAGRID

Yeh heard me: Snape was one o' the teachers in on protectin' the Stone. Now, as I said, I'm a bit preoccupied at the moment--

HARRY

Wait a minute. One of the teachers?

HERMIONE

Of course! There are other things defending the Stone, aren't there? Spells, enchantments...

HAGRID

Tha's right. Bloody waste o' time if yeh ask me. T'ain't no one goin' ter get past Fluffy. Not a soul knows how 'cept me an' Dumbledore-

CRACK! A CLICKING SOUND is heard coming from the kettle, then a curious SCRAPING. Harry looks. Sees a HUGE BLACK EGG.

HARRY

Hagrid...exactly what is that?

HAGRID

Ah. Well. That's....er....

RON

I know what that is! But Hagrid.
How did you ever get one?

HAGRID

Won it. Off a stranger in the
village. Think he was glad ter be
rid of it, ter be honest. Blimey...

The scraping is furious now. Quickly, Hagrid takes the egg from the kettle, sets it on a table. Fissures spread like veins over its surface, then it...EXPLODES... SHELL FLYING LIKE SHRAPNEL. Harry, Ron and Hermione cover themselves.

HERMIONE

Is that...a dragon?

RON

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

HAGRID

Isn't he beautiful! Bless 'im,
look, he knows 'is Mummy!
(tickling the dragon's
tummy)
Hullo, Norbert.

HARRY

Norbert?

HAGRID

Well, he's got ter have a name.

The dragon blinks at Hagrid, screws up its face and...SNEEZES, spewing forth a shower of SPARKS, which sends Fang whimpering and kindles a brief blaze in Hagrid's beard.

HAGRID

Needs ter be trained up a bit, o'
Course,
(stopping cold)
Hey, you there!

All turn. Peering through the window is a FACE.

HARRY

Malfoy!

They leap to the door--see a fleet figure racing across the grounds, disappearing in the night.

161 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

161

Harry, Ron and Hermione walk toward the glittering castle.

HARRY

Hagrid always wanted a dragon. Told
me so the first time I ever met
him.

RON

But it's crazy. And worse, Malfoy,
knows.

HARRY

I don't understand. Is that bad?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)

Mr. Potter. Mr. Weasley. Miss
Granger.

Up ahead stands Professor McGonagall, a jagged silhouette in castle-light. Beside her, Draco Malfoy grins arrogantly.

RON

It's bad.

162 INT. PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

162

Harry, Ron and Hermione stand before a displeased McGonagall, while Malfoy looks on, practically quivering with pleasure.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

As every schoolchild knows, dragon
breeding is against our laws, has
been ever since the Warlock's
Convention of 1709. And for good
reason. It's hard to keep the
Muggles from noticing us if we've
got a thirty-foot Ukrainian
Ironbelly running around the back
garden.

RON

Norwegian Ridgeback.

Professor McGonagall's eyes shift, narrow on Ron.

RON

I just meant... in this
case... sorry.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Personally, I don't care if Hagrid has a Chinese Fireball sitting in his kitchen, Mr. Weasley. He answers to Dumbledore. You, on the other hand, answer to me. Nothing — I repeat, nothing—gives a student the right to walk about the school at night. Therefore, as punishment for your actions, fifty points will be taken.

As the others gasp, Malfoy's eyes glimmer with cruel ecstasy.

HARRY

Fifty?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

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

MALFOY

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

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Indeed. You see, Mr. Malfoy, however noble your intentions, you too were out of bed after hours. You will join your classmates in detention.

163 INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING

163

As Harry, Ron and Hermione eat breakfast, the HOURGLASSES tell the tale: Gryffindor has slipped to last place. Just then, Fred and George pass by.

FRED

Don't worry, you three. This'll all blow over.

GEORGE

It may take a year or two, but eventually people will start talking to you again.

HERMIONE

(sniffing defensively)

Well, I for one, see nothing wrong
with a reduced social life. It'll
give us more time to revise for
finals.

RON

Why bother? Even with Malfoy losing
points, Slytherin's a lock for the
House Cup. And look. Malfoy knows
it.

All three peer at Malfoy. He raises a goblet in their
direction, cackles with Crabbe and Goyle.

HERMIONE

He won't be smiling tonight,
(off Harry and Ron's
looks)

Haven't you heard? For detention
they're taking us into the Dark
Forest.

164 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

164

Beneath a pale moon, Filch, carrying a lantern, leads Harry,
Ron, Hermione and Malfoy across the dark grounds.

FILCH

A pity they let the old punishments
die. Was a time, detention would
find you all hanging by your thumbs
in the dungeons...

165 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT -MOMENTS LATER

165

As Filch and the others reach the yard, they find Hagrid
stringing a crossbow, Fang at his side.

FILCH

A sorry lot this, Hagrid. I pity
you.

Filch squints, sees tears running down Hagrid's face.

FILCH

Good god, man, you're not still on
about that bloody dragon, are you?

HAGRID

(to Harry, Ron, Hermione)

Norbert's gone. Dumbledore's sent
'im off ter Romania ter live in a
colony.

HERMIONE

Well, that's good, isn't it? He'll
be with his own kind. Better all
around, don't you think? Especially
for Fang.

Hearing his name, a singed Fang beats his BANDAGED tail.

HAGRID

But what if Norbert doesn't like
Romania. What if the other dragons
are mean to him? He's only a baby,
after all.

RON

A baby that breaths fire.

Harry elbows Ron, silencing him.

FILCH

For god's sake, pull yourself
together, man. You're going into
the Forest, after all. Got to have
your wits about you.

MALFOY

The Forest? But I thought that was
just a joke. We can't go in the
Forest. Students aren't allowed.
And there's...werewolves.

FILCH

(turning away)

Oh, there's more'n werewolves in
those trees, lad. You can be sure
o' that.

166 EXT. DARK FOREST - LATER

166

Harry and the others trail Hagrid down a skinny path through
the dark trees. Hagrid turns to Harry, speaks low.

HAGRID

Sorry abou' this, Harry. Know it's
me that deserves punishin', not
you. By all rights I should be
sittin' in a cell in Azkaban
tonight.

HARRY

It's all right, Hagrid. Besides, it's not your fault we were out after hours. If we hadn't come knocking on your door in the middle of the night-

Abruptly Hagrid kneels, takes something onto his fingers.

HARRY

(a bit warily)

What's that?

HAGRID

The reason we're here.

(rising)

All righ' now, lis'en up. See this here?

Hagrid holds up his fingers. They're marked with SILVER.

HAGRID

It's unicorn blood. I found one dead a few weeks back and two before that first term. This one here's been hurt bad by summat. It's our job to find the poor thing. Only one way ter get that done and that's ter split inter two parties. Ron, Hermione—yeh'll come with me. Harry, yeh'll go with Malfoy.

MALFOY

I want Fang then.

HAGRID

Fine. But jus', so yeh know. He's a bloody coward.

167 EXT. PATH - DARK FOREST

167

Fang trots down the path ahead of Harry, while a nervous Malfoy trails behind.

MALFOY

Wait until my father hears about this. This is servant stuff. We should be writing lines or...something.

HARRY

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

MALFOY

You're too stupid to be scared, Potter, growing up with Muggles. If you were from a real wizard family, you wouldn't be laughing.

HARRY

I'm not, believe me...

As Malfoy joins Harry, he stops dead. The trees ahead are striped violently with DRIPPING SILVER, and beyond-lying in a small clearing-is the broken body of a UNICORN.

Fang backs off, something primal in his eyes. Harry watches Mm, reading his fear, then..the SLITHERING SOUND returns. Seconds later, a HOODED FIGURE slithers over the leaves, drops its head over the leering WOUND on the unicorn's side...and begins to DRINK ITS BLOOD.

MALFOY

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Malfoy bolts, slipping and sliding as Fang whimpers after. Barry WINCES, clutches his scar, then sees that the Hooded Figure is staring directly at him, silver dribbling down its front. Woozy from pain, Harry staggers back, then falls, the SLITHERING SOUND DRAWING CLOSER, when...

HOOVES pummel the path behind him and some thing leaps clear over him, flickering past the moon above. It charges the hooded figure, drives it back into the trees...and away.

A SHADOW FALLS across Harry's face. It is a CENTAUR with eyes like pale saphires. He is FIRENZE.

FIRENZE

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

HARRY

What was that thing you saved me from?

FIRENZE

Only one who has nothing to lose would commit such a crime. It is a monstrous thing to slay a unicorn. The blood of a unicorn will keep you alive, even if you are an inch from death, but at a terrible price. You have slain something so pure that-- from the moment the blood touches your lips--you will have a half life. A cursed life.

HARRY

But who would choose such a life?

FIRENZE

Can you think of no one?

HARRY

Do you mean to say that thing that killed the unicorn, that was drinking its blood, that was Voldemort!

FIRENZE

Do you know what is hidden in the school at this very moment, Mr. Potter?

HARRY

The Sorcerer's Stone.

AND FOR THE UK AUDIENCE...

HARRY

The Philosopher's Stone...

A commotion is heard as Hagrid and the others come slashing through the trees. As Harry reacts, the others break into the clearing.

HERMIONE

Harry!

HAGRID

Oh, it's you, is it, Firenze. I see you've met our Mr. Potter. All right there, Harry?

Harry nods...but he looks anything but all right.

RON

You mean...You-Know-Who's out
there, right now, in the forest!

HARRY

But he's weak. He's living off the
unicorns. Don't you see? We had it
wrong. Snape doesn't want the Stone
for himself. He wants the Stone for
Voldemort. With the Elixer of Life
Voldemort will be strong again.
He'll...come back.

RON

But if he comes back, you don't
think he'd try to...kill you? Do
you?

HARRY

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

Ron looks vaguely sick.

RON

And to think I've been worrying
about my Potions final.

HERMIONE

No. We're forgetting one thing.
Who's the one wizard Voldemort
always feared?

(as they turn)

Dumbledore. As long as Dumbledore's
around, you're safe, Harry. As long
as Dumbledore's around...you can't
be touched.

169 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

169

Students flock onto the sunny grounds, finished with exams.

HERMIONE

I'd always heard Hogwarts' end of
year exams were frightful. But I
found that rather enjoyable.
Weren't you stunned not to be asked
about Elfric the Eager?

RON

I'm stunned my head didn't explode.
Alright there, Harry?

HARRY

My scar. Keeps...burning.

HERMIONE

It's happened before...

HARRY

Not like this...

Harry glances across the grounds at Hagrid, sitting in his front garden playing a FLUTE. At his feet, Fang's eyes droop.

HARRY

No...

HERMIONE

Harry?

Harry starts across the grounds. Hermione and Ron glance at one another, rush after.

HARRY

Don't you think it's a bit odd, that what Hagrid wants more than anything is a dragon? And a stranger turns up who just happens to have one? I mean, how many people wander around with dragon eggs in their pocket? Why didn't I see it before?

170 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

170

Hagrid shrugs, goes on polishing the FLUTE in his hand.

HAGRID

Ne'er saw his face. Kept his hood up.

HARRY

Didn't that strike you as unusual?

HAGRID

Yeh meet a lot o' unusual types in the village. Ain't 'xactly usual meself.

HARRY

This stranger, though. You and he must've talked...

HAGRID

He asked what I did, the sorta
creatures I look after. Tol' him
after Fluffy a dragon wouldbe easy.

HARRY

And did he seem interested in
Fluffy?

HAGRID

Well, yeah. How many three-headed
dogs do yeh meet, even if yeh're in
the trade? So I tells 'im, this
stranger, the trick with any beast
is ter know what calms 'em. Take
Fluffy, fer example. Jus' play 'im
a bit o' music an' he'll go
straight off ter sleep--

Hagrid stops, horrified by his slip.

HAGRID

I shouldn'ta tol' yeh that! Forget
I said it! Hey! Where yeh goin'!
Hey!

171 INT. MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

171

Harry, Ron and Hermione clang through the door, Professor McGonagall looks up.

HARRY

We have to see Professor
Dumbledore. Immediately.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

I see. Well, I'm afraid Professor
Dumbledore is not here. Only
moments ago, he received an urgent
owl from the Ministry of Magic and
flew off to London.

HARRY

He's gone? Now? But this is
important! This is about...the
Sorcerer's Stone.

Professor McGonagall nearly drops the books in her hands.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

How do you know--

HARRY

Someone's going to try and steal it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Nonsense. I don't know how you three found out about the Stone, but I assure you it is well protected. Now, run along.

172 EXT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

172

Harry leads the others down the corridor.

HARRY
That was no stranger Hagrid met in the village. It was Snape. Which means he knows how to get past Fluffy.

HERMIONE
And with Dumbledore gone...

SNAPE (O.S.)
Good afternoon.

They freeze. Up ahead, Snape stands, studying them.

SNAPE
Now what would three fine Gryffindors such as yourselves be doing inside on such a lovely day?

HERMIONE
We were just...

SNAPE
You want to be careful. People will think you're...up to something.

Snape eyes Harry, then turns away.

HERMIONE
What do we do now?

HARRY
Go through the trapdoor. Tonight.

173 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

173

Empty. Dark. Two doors ease open. Hermione slips out the one, Harry and Ron the other. They creep toward the Pink Lady when--CROAK!--they freeze. Look. Breath a sigh of relief.

HARRY/RON/HERMIONE
Trevor.

Trevor the toad blinks up at them. CROAK!

RON
Trevor! Shh! Go! You shouldn't be here.

NEVILLE
Neither should you.

They all jump. Neville rises from an armchair.

NEVILLE
You're sneaking out again, aren't you?

HARRY
Now, Neville, listen...

NEVILLE
No! I won't let you. You'll get Gryffindor in trouble again.
I'll...I'll fight you! You were the ones who told me I had to stand up to people!

RON
To people. Not us.

Neville raises his fists. Unfortunately, his teddy bear pyjamas somewhat undermine the intended effect.

HERMIONE
Neville. I'm really, really sorry about this.
(raising her wand)
Petrificus Totalus!

Instantly, Neville's arms and legs snap to his sides. He SWAYS...then FALLS FLAT...only his eyes moving, staring at them in horror. Harry and Ron look a little horrified too.

RON
You're a little scary sometimes, you know that? Brilliant. But scary.

CAMERA DRIFTS...down the corridor. Suddenly, up ahead, Peeves rounds the corner, MUMBLING to himself as he JUGGLES a trio of APPLES. Suddenly, he stops, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

PEEVES

Who's there? Know you're there,
even if I can't see you. Are you
ghoulie or ghostie or wee student
beastie?

Nothing. Peeves smiles slyly, reaches back, and hurls one of the apples. It streaks through the air...then...disappears in mid-flight. Peeves smile fades.

PEEVES

Never mind.

He backpedals frantically, turns, and swoops off the way he came. Seconds later, Harry drops the cloak, tosses the APPLE in his hand to Ron.

HERMIONE

That was close.

Harry steps to the chamber before them. Inside, the thrum of MUSIC can be heard. Slowly, Harry starts to ease open the door...when... CRUNCH! Hermione and Harry jump, turn. Ron stands chewing the apple.

RON

Sorry. I get hungry when I'm nervous.

Harry pushes the door clear...finds...a giant quivering nose and yellow fangs dripping with saliva. They GASP, then...

RON

Wait a minute. He's...

HARRY

Snoring.

Harry pushes the door further and the light from the corridor falls on a TINY HARP. Playing by itself.

175 INT. FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

175

As they enter, Harry takes a FLUTE from his pocket.

HARRY

Suppose we won't be needing this now. Look, it's obvious Snape's already got past Fluffy. If you two want to go back—

RON
Don't be stupid.

HERMIONE
We're coming.

HARRY
Right then. All together now.

Straining mightily, they put their shoulders to the massive paw that lays across the trapdoor. Once done, Harry flings it open. Below lies only darkness...a faint whistling wind.

HARRY
I'll go first. Don't follow until I give you a sign. If something...bad happens...get yourselves out—
(stopping)
Does it seem a bit...quiet...to you?

HERMIONE
The harp...what happened to the—

Splat! Something wet and sticky hits Ron's shoulder.

RON
Yuck! What's this ruddy stuff—

Slowly, they look up. A MONSTROUS, DROOLING SHADOW darkens their faces. Fluffy. Awake. Hungry. Each head ponders its own particular snack, then, with a mighty GROWL, swoops.

Instantly, the trio pitches themselves into the darkness...

176 INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE - SECONDS LATER

176

Harry PLUMMETS down a glittering shaft, tumbling head over heels, down, down, down, until...

FLUMP! He lands in something soft and yamlike, followed quickly by Ron and Hermione. Harry adjusts his glasses, looks up. A tiny SQUARE OF LIGHT—the trapdoor—glimmers far above.

RON
That was...cool.

HARRY

We must be miles under the school.

RON

Lucky this plant thing's here,
really.

HARRY

WO!

A vine snakes out Ron's back collar.

RON

Wo!

Twin creepers encircle Harry's chest.

HERMIONE

Stop moving! Both of you! This is
Devil's Snare! You have to relax.

HARRY

Uh, Hermione, it's a bit difficult
to relax...

(as a vine encircles his
neck)

...given the circumstances.

HERMIONE

I know, Harry. But you must. If you
don't, it'll only kill you faster.

RON

Kill us faster? Oh now I can relax.

As they watch, Hermione takes a LONG, SLOW BREATH and...is
SUCKED beneath the surface...VANISHING.

HARRY/RON

Hermione!

Panicking, Harry and Ron begin to struggle anew, but the
vines only wrap more tightly around them.

RON

What are we going to do now!

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Just relax.

HARRY

(glancing about)

Hermione? But how...where?

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Do what I say!

Harry looks at Ron. He's almost completely entwined.

HARRY
I suggest we do what she says.

Harry takes a DEEP BREATH and closes his eyes. Slowly, like witch's fingers...the vines DRAW him beneath the surface.

177 INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE)

177

Harry drops through the ceiling, twisting through the webby undergrowth of Devil's Share and onto the ground next to Hermione. From above, Ron can be HEARD screaming for HELP.

HERMIONE
He's not relaxing, is he?

Ron's VOICE BELLOWS again.

HARRY
Apparently not.

Hermione furrows her brow, thinking ALOUD in a sing-song.

HERMIONE
Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare.
Dances in the dark, delights in the
damp...

178 INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE

178

Ron, wrapped tight as a mummy by this point, cocks his ear in disbelief.

RON
Is she doing a poem? It's not
possible she's doing a poem, is it?

179 INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE)

179

Hermione ignores him, continuing in deep concentration.

HERMIONE
It's deadly fun, but will...sulk in
the sun! That's it! Light! Devil's
Snare hates the light!

She whips out her wand, points it at the vines hanging from the ceiling, and sends forth a BRIGHT BURST of GOLD.

180 INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE

180

As the LIGHT BURNS through, the plant withers. An OPENING forms, the vines SNAP free of Ron, and...he DROPS through.

181 INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE)

181

Ron lands heavily, looks up.

RON

Lucky we didn't panic.

HARRY

Lucky Hermione pays attention in Herbology.

Just then...they detect a SOUND: a RUSTLING, a CLINKING. The three exchange a glance, begin to descend the staircase.

HERMIONE

What is that?

HARRY

I don't know...sounds like wings.

182 INT. CHAMBER OF KEYS

182

Harry, Hermione and Ron enter a brilliantly lit chamber where hundreds of JEWEL BRIGHT BIRDS flutter below a high arching ceiling. On the opposite side is a HEAVY WOODEN DOOR and, floating in the center of the chamber, a single BROOMSTICK.

Ron and Hermione begin to cross to the door, gazing in wonder at the strangely beautiful creatures overhead.

HERMIONE

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

HARRY

They're not birds...

Ron and Hermione turn, see Harry standing by the floating broom in the center of the room, looking up.

HARRY

They're keys. And I'll bet one of them fits that door.

Hermione tests the doorknob, nods.

HERMIONE

Locked.

RON
Alohomora!

Hermione turns, sees Ron waving his wand at the knob. No good. It's still locked. He shrugs.

RON
Well, it was worth a try.

HERMIONE
(peering up)
Sowhat do we do? There must be a thousand keys up there...

RON
(examining the lock)
We're looking for a big, old-fashioned one—probably silver, like the handle. There! That one, see!
With the bright blue wings!

Ron points. Fluttering within a pocket of brass keys is a larger, SILVER one.

HERMIONE
What's wrong with its wing?

RON.
The feather's pinched. Probably from Snape catching it before us.

Hermione nods, sees Harry still staring at the broom.

HERMIONE
Harry?

HARRY
It's...too simple.

RON
Oh, go on, Harry. If Snape could catch it on that old CleanSweep, you can. It's not for nothing you're the youngest Seeker in a Century.

Harry nods uncertainly—still troubled—but slowly reaches out nonetheless. As his fingers touch the broomstick...

...the KEYS EXPLODE IN A FRENZY, hissing like wasps, swarming in great, glittering clouds. Ron's smile droops.

RON

Well, this complicates things a bit.

As Harry kicks into the air, a seething cluster of keys falls like HARD RAIN, CHATTERING at his arms and legs, SLICING at his skin, SHREDDING his sweater...

RON

He'll be torn to pieces..

Horrified, Ron and Hermione watch Harry soar higher, fending off the keys with his free hand, until...

HARRY'S POV

Through a MAD CLATTERING, CLUSTER of KEYS, he spies the larger, silver one, fluttering only feet beyond his grasp.

Harry hovers, grimacing as the hissing keys drop like DARTS onto his extended hand...then SNATCHES the silver key.

Instantly, Harry whips downward in a wide, dizzying circle, trying to outrun the now furious keys. They shadow his every move, drawing closer and closer, HUMMING VICIOUSLY as they begin to CHIP at the TAIL TWIGS of the broom. Desperate, Harry throws the broom into a reckless dive and, steering with one hand...

...FLINGS the key to Ron. As Ron dashes to the door, Harry soars back up, taking the raging keys with him, then circles back and watches Ron JAM the key into the lock. As Hermione and Ron scurry through, Harry rockets straight after, the keys gaining once again, CHIPPING at the tail of broom like a buzzsaw through balsa wood. As the broom begins to WAFFLE, Harry gives one last BURST of SPEED and...SOARS through the open door. Together, Hermione and Ron FLING the door SHUT... just before the keys rain down like BULLETS.

183 INT. CHESS ROOM

183

...UTTER DARKNESS. Hermione's VOICE pierces the darkness.

HERMIONE

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

A small bouquet of BLUE FLAMES blooms in Hermione's hands, illuminating little more than the trio's faces and some VAGUE SHAPES looming ahead.

HARRY

Where are we? A graveyard?

Harry steps forward and--suddenly--one of the SHAPES moves towards them. Hermione GASPS. The SHAPE stops.

RON
This is no graveyard...

Ron takes an unlit torch from the wall, touches it to the blue flames fluttering in Hermione's palms, and kneels. As he paints the floor with light, a SPARK SPITS from the torch and ignites a trail of FIRE.

RON
It's a chessboard.

Sure enough. As the chamber glows with light, a kind of battlefield is revealed, studded with faceless soldiers.

HERMIONE
But what're we to do?

As Hermione takes a tentative step onto the board, a BISHOP'S STONE SWORD drops heavily down, barring her way.

RON
It's obvious, isn't it? We've got to play pur way across the room.
Excuse me...are we meant to join you?

(as the bishop nods)
Brilliant.
(to Harry, Hermione)
Now don't be offended, but neither of you are particularly good at chess—

HARRY
Just tell us what to do.

RON
All right. Harry, you take the empty Bishop's square. Hermione—you'll be the Queenside castle. As for me...

Ron leaps astride the only riderless horse.

RON
...I'll be a Knight.

HERMIONE
What happens now?

RON
We play.

Across the board, a WHITE PAWN moves forward two squares (e4). As Ron contemplates his own move, Hermione glances apprehensively at the fierce pieces across the board.

HERMIONE

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

Ron—contemplating something--doesn't answer immediately, instead gesturing to his own pawn.

RON

You there...d5

As Ron's BLACK PAWN obliges, WHITE'S PAWN slides swiftly forth (to d5) and, with a THUNDEROUS collision, the black pawn EXPLODES, rubble raining to the ground.

RON

Yes, Hermione? I think this is
going to be exactly like wizard's
chess.

DISSOLVE TO:

...the chess board, a real battlefield now, littered on both sides with fallen pieces. Ron, drained but intense, surveys the board, MUTTERING to himself.

RON

Think...Think.
(deciding)
Castle to ...c3

The BLACK CASTLE advances. Instantly, the WHITE QUEEN sweeps forward and, with cruel indifference, SHATTERS the Rook. Harry, only one square removed, stares with horror.

Unnerved, he glances up at Ron, but Ron's eyes see only the board. Harry turns, taking a look himself...and blinks.

HARRY

Wait a minute...
(pointing to the Queen)
She's made the same mistake I
always make. If I go there, she has
to take me, and the King is
exposed!

Ron nods, but it's clear he doesn't share Harry's enthusiasm.

RON

There's just one problem with that.
It's you that has to go on, Harry.
I know it. Not me. Not Hermione.
You.

HARRY
No, Ron...

HERMIONE
What is it?

HARRY
He's going to sacrifice himself.

HERMIONE
No. There has to be another way!

RON
Do you want to stop Snape from
getting the Stone or not!
(turning to Harry)
You understand, right, Harry? Once
I make my move, the Queen will take
me. Then you're free to check the
King.

Harry stares at Ron—an understanding between them—then simply nods. Ron grips the reins then and, without a word, drives his horse forward (Nh3). Instantly, the White Queen POUNCES. As Ron hits the floor, Hermione SCREAMS. She starts to go to him, when Harry holds up his hand.

HARRY
No!
(AS SHE FREEZES)
Don't forget we're still playing.

Hermione nods, staring at Ron. Harry steps forward (Bc5).

The WHITE QUEEN moves to block (Qe3), but it's futile.

Harry stares at her, eyes full of hatred, then steps forward, places his trembling hand on the cold stone of her gown and, with the gentlest of shoves...topples her.

HARRY
(softly)
Checkmate.

As a veil of dust hovers, the white king removes his CROWN, lets it roll from his fingers, across the stone floor, where it comes to rest at Harry's feet. Harry stares at Hermione's stricken face.

HARRY

If you can, go to the Owlery and send a message to Dumbledore. Ron's right. I have to go on.

Hermione turns, her eyes glittering. Without warning, she rushes forward, embraces Harry.

HERMIONE

You're a great wizard, Harry Potter! You are, you know!

HARRY

(a bit embarrassed)
Not as good as you.

HERMIONE

Me! Books. And cleverness. There are more important things—friendship and bravery and—oh, Harry, be careful!

She turns then, goes to Ron. Harry studies his two friends, then looks away. The remaining chessmen bow, parting the way to the next door. He steps forward.

184 INT. LAST CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

184

Alone, Harry makes his way through a corridor that drops down like a tunnel. Up ahead, a chamber glimmers.

185 INT. THE LAST CHAMBER - NIGHT

185

Harry descends a staircase. As the chamber below comes into view, he sees a FIGURE standing before the Mirror of Erised.

HARRY

You!

The figure turns. It is Professor Quirrell.

HARRY

No. It can't be. Snape...

QUIRRELL

Mm, yes, he does seem the type, doesn't he? So useful Snape. Swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-poor st-stuttering Professor Quirrell?

HARRY

But that day, during the Quidditch
match...Snape to kill me.

QUIRRELL

No, dear boy, I tried to kill you.
And, trust me, if Snape's cloak
hadn't caught fire and broken my
eye contact, I would've succeeded.
Even with Severus muttering his
little countercurse.

HARRY

Snape was trying to save me?

QUIRRELL

Oh, don't misunderstand. He hates
you, just as he hated your father
when they were at Hogwarts
together. But he never wanted you
dead. Your father, after all, saved
his life once, long ago.

Harry looks stunned. Quirrell looks amused.

QUIRRELL

Didn't know? Surprising, given how
curious you are Potter. I knew you
were a danger to me right off.
Especially after Halloween.

HARRY

You let the Troll in.

Quirrell nods, examining the Mirror as he speaks:

QUIRRELL

Yes. I have a way with trolls.
Snape, unfortunately, wasn't
fooled. While everyone else was
running about the dungeons, he went
straight to the Third Floor to head
me off. That three headed dog
didn't even manage to bite Snape's
leg off properly. He, Of course,
never trusted me again. Rarely left
me alone,. But he doesn't
understand. I am never alone.
Never...

(frowning)

Now what does this mirror do? I see
what I desire, I see myself holding
the Stone. But how do I get it?

VOICE (O.S.)
Use the boy.

Harry glances about in horror as the DARK VOICE echoes.
Quirrell turns, eyes Harry.

QUIRRELL
Come here, Potter.

Quirrell points to the mirror. As Harry steps in front, he sees himself, looking pale and scared. Then, slowly, his reflection SMILES, puts its hand in its pocket, and pulls out a BLOOD-RED STONE. Harry's own eyes widen—in a mixture of stunned disbelief and fear. Struggling to control his expression, he shuts his eyes briefly...as if making a wish...lets out a breath, and opens them once again. His reflection WINKS, returns the Stone to its pocket and, to Harry's amazement...

...it DROPS HEAVILY into his own: He's gotten the Stone.

QUIRRELL
(studying him)
What is it? What do you see?

HARRY
I...I'm shaking hands with
Dumbledore. I...I've won the House
Cup.

VOICE (O.S.)
He lies.

QUIRRELL
Tell the truth! What do you see!

VOICE (O.S.)
Let me speak to him.

QUIRRELL
Master, you are not strong enough.

VOICE (O.S.)
I have strength enough...for this.

Quirrell reaches up, unfurls his turban. In the mirror, Harry watches a FACE appear...on the back of Quirrell's head.

HARRY
(in a whisper)
Voldemort.

VOLDEMORT
Harry Potter. We meet...again.

Petrified, Harry stares at the face. It is hideous, constantly changing, struggling to become whole.

VOLDEMORT

Yes. You see what I've become.
Unicorn blood can sustain me, but
it cannot give me a body of my own.
But there is something that can.
Something that, conveniently
enough...lies in your pocket.

Harry wheels, dashing toward the staircase.

VOLDEMORT

Stop him!

Coolly, Quirrell SNAPS his fingers and, just as Harry reaches the threshold, FLAMES SHOOT from the floor, barring his way.

VOLDEMORT

Don't be a fool, Harry. Why suffer a horrific death, when you can join me...and live.

HARRY

Never!

VOLDEMORT

Ah, bravery. Your parents had it too. Tell me, Harry...would you like to see your mother and father again?

Harry stops, looks up. Quirrell steps aside, Voldemort's face sliding from the glass and revealing...Harry's parents.

VOLDEMORT

Together, we can bring them back.
All I ask...is for something in return.

Slowly, almost involuntarily, Harry removes the Stone from his pocket.

VOLDEMORT

That's it, Harry. There is no good and evil, there is only power, and those too weak to seek it.
Together, we'll do extraordinary things. Just...give me the Stone.

Harry studies his parents' faces, drifting to his mother's, when...we RACK FOCUS...and Voldemort's hideous face surfaces through her's...and she is gone.

HARRY

Liar!

Voldemort's eyes narrow.

VOLDEMORT

Kill him.

Instantly, Quirrell flies across the room, knocking Harry clean off his feet and the Stone tumbling from his grasp.

Quirrell drops, his hand closing on Harry's neck. Harry winces at the touch, face creased in pain, looking up into Quirrell's face, when....for the briefest of moments—it becomes Voldemort's. Harry gasps, struggling, when—to his amazement—Quirrell's own face returns, SCREAMING, releasing Harry and recoiling.

QUIRRELL

Wh—what is this magic?

Harry, breathing hard, follows Quirrell's gaze, stares in horror: Quirrell's fingers are slowly turning to dust.

VOLDEMORT

Fool! Get the Stone!

Harry rises, looks at Quirrell's withering fingers, then to his own hands, healthy and whole. As Quirrell starts to move, Harry, in the flash of a second...

...decides. He bolts forward, reaches up with both hands and...presses them to Quirrell's face.

Quirrell SCREAMS, but Harry holds tight, growing weaker as the face under his fingers begins to DISSOLVE until, finally, just when Harry looks ready to pass out...

Quirrell's face drops away.

Harry staggers back. Quirrell's body steps forward, blindly lurching towards Harry, and then...crumbles to dust. Harry stands still, just staring, then turns wearily, picks up the Stone, when...an APPARITION-bearing Voldemort's devilish face—SWOOPS up behind. Harry spins, watching in terror as...

WHOOSH!—in a VIOLENT RUSH—Voldemort returns to DUST and WHISTLES FORWARD, passing through Harry, blasting him back -- through the air and onto the stone floor. As the dust disappears, all is quiet once more, and we CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Of Harry. Lying on the floor. The Stone glimmering dully in his palm.

186 INT. HOGWARTS HOSPITAL WING - DAY

186

A PAINTING...of an INJURED SOLDIER lying in a HOSPITAL BED. A NURSE enters the frame, begins to tend to his dressings as...

Harry awakens in a hospital bed of his own. On the table next to him, TREATS are piled high, including a raft of open WIZARD CARDS. In one, Dumbledore beams down.

DUMBLEDORE

Good afternoon, Harry.

Harry squints, as if the card itself had spoken to him, then sees that the real Dumbledore is sitting on the windowsill. The great wizard slides off, gestures to the treats.

DUMBLEDORE

Tokens from your admirers.

HARRY

Admirers?

DUMBLEDORE

What happened down in the dungeons between you and Professor Quirrell is a complete secret—so naturally the whole school knows. Your friend Ronald has saved you the trouble of opening your chocolate frogs. Though one suspects Agrippa and Ptolemy still elude him.

HARRY

Ron was here? Is he all right? What about Hermione--

DUMBLEDORE

Fine. Both of them. Madame Pomfrey has explicitly forbidden visitors. But I think—with the help of a certain cloak—they've managed to monitor your progress.

HARRY

But what happened to the—

DUMBLEDORE

Relax, dear boy. The Stone has been destroyed. My friend Nicolas and I had a little chat and agreed it was best all around.

HARRY

But then, Flamel...he'll die, won't he?

DUMBLEDORE

He has enough Elixir to set his affairs in order. But, yes, he will die. To one as young as you, I'm sure it seems incredible. But to the well-organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.

HARRY

But to destroy such a remarkable thing...

DUMBLEDORE

Yes, yes. As much money and life as one could ever want—the two things most human beings would choose above all else. Unfortunately, humans do have a knack for choosing precisely those things that are worst for them.

HARRY

How is it I got the Stone, Sir? One minute I was stating in the mirror—

DUMBLEDORE

Ah. You see, only a person who wanted to find the Stone—find it, but not use it—would be able to get it. One of my more brilliant ideas and, between you and me, that's saying something.

HARRY

Does that mean—with the Stone gone, that is—that Voldemort can never come back?

DUMBLEDORE

I'm afraid there are other ways for him to return. And when—if he does, it will take someone willing to fight a losing battle to stop him again. Someone like your parents. Someone like you.

HARRY
(troubled)

Professor Dumbledore. Voldemort said...if I gave him the Stone, he could bring back my...family. Could he have, sir? Really?

DUMBLEDORE

Some people are like mirrors, Harry. They reflect our most desperate desires. We see what they want us to see. As painful as it surely was...you made the right choice.

Harry nods. Dumbledore studies him thoughtfully.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you know why Professor Quirrell couldn't bear to touch you, Harry? It's because of your mother. She sacrificed herself for you. And that kind of act leaves a mark.

Harry reaches up to his scar.

DUMBLEDORE

No, this kind of mark cannot be seen. It lives in your very skin. It is the very thing someone like Professor Quirrell—full of hatred and greed—cannot understand. Or bear to touch.

HARRY
What is it?

DUMBLEDORE
Love, Harry. Love.

Dumbledore looks away then, smiles at Harry's treats.

DUMBLEDORE

Ah! Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans! I was unfortunate enough in my youth to come across a vomit flavored one, and since then I'm afraid I've lost my liking for them. But I think I'll be safe with a nice toffee.

(popping it)
Alas! Ear wax!

187 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

187

As Harry limps down the staircase, he can hear the good cheer of those feasting beyond the doors of the Great Hall. Below, Hermione and Ron stand talking. Harry stops, simply studying them, then they turn, see him. Nothing is said for a moment.

All of them beyond words. Then Harry nods to Ron's bruises.

HARRY
All right there, Ron?

RON
All right. You?

HARRY
All right. Hermione?

She smiles.

HERMIONE
Never better.

188 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

188

The roaring Hall is bedecked in GREEN AND SILVER-Slytherin colors—in honor of their winning the House Cup.

RON
D'you think Dumbledore meant for it all to happen? And for you to do it? Sending you your father's cloak and all?

HERMIONE
Well, if he did—I mean—that's terrible. You could have been killed. Come to think of it, I could've been killed...

HARRY
I think Dumbledore knows pretty much everything that goes on here. The only thing I don't understand is Snape...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Professor Snape, Potter.

Harry looks up, sees Professor McGonagall there.

HARRY

Yes, of course. I was only
wondering. Is it true? Did he hate
my father?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
They were not compatible
personalities, if that's what you
mean. And then, of course, your
father did something Severus could
never forgive.

HARRY
What was that?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
He saved his life.

Astonished, Harry glances at Snape sitting at the High Table.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
I suppose he felt it his obligation
...to look after you this year.

RON
Of course! And now that he's
squared things, he can hate Harry
in peace, right, Professor?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL
Hogwarts teachers do not hate their
students, Mr. Weasley...
(pointedly, as she exits)
No matter how taxing they may be.

RON
I think she's warming up to me.

At the High Table, Dumbledore rises and the Hall quiets.

DUMBLEDORE
Another year gone! Now as I
understand it, the House Cup needs
awarding, and the points stand
thus: in fourth place, Gryffindor,
with 312.

Percy turns and glares at Ron.

RON
You'd think saving the bloody
school from a Dark Lord would count
for something.

DUMBLEDORE

In third place, Hufflepuff, with 352. In second, Ravenclaw, with 426. And in first place, with 472 points...Slytherin House.

The Slytherin table erupts. Draco Malfoy, banging his goblet, casts a smirk at Harry, Ron and Hermione.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes, well done, Slytherin. However, recent events must be taken into account. I have a few last minute points to award.

The hall goes very STILL. The Slytherin smiles FADE a bit.

DUMBLEDORE

First, to Miss Hermione Granger, for the cool use of intellect when others were in grave peril... fifty points.

As the Gryffindors cheer, Hermione looks overwhelmed.

DUMBLEDORE

Second, to Mr. Ronald Weasley, for the best played game of chess Hogwarts has seen in many years...fifty points..

PERCY

My youngest brother, you know!

DUMBLEDORE

Third, to Mr. Harry Potter, for pure nerve and outstanding courage, I award Gryffindor House...sixty points.

The DIN is deafening as Hermione makes the calculations.

HERMIONE

Oh my goodness. We've tied Slytherin!

DUMBLEDORE

And finally...it takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but even more to stand up to our friends. I therefore award 10 points to...Mr. Neville Longbottom.

As the room ROARS and the HOURGLASSES shift, a stunned Neville accepts wild slaps on the back.

DUMBLEDORE

Assuming my calculations are correct, I believe a change of decoration is in order.

umbledore CLAPS his hands and--instantly--the green and silver of Slytherin--become the scarlet and gold of Gryffindor. Neville, white with shock, disappears under a pile of people hugging him. Draco Malfoy, looks stunned and horrified. Snape, with a horrible, forced smile, shakes Professor McGonagall's hand, then catches Harry's eye, his hatred still evident, but not enough to mar the moment. Harry considers the cheering faces' that surround him, alone in the eye of a happy hurricane. For a moment, he is not part of them, just watching. Then his voice joins the others, his face saying it all...

This is a long way from the cupboard under the stairs.

189 EXT. HOGSMEADE STATION - NEXT DAY - DAY

189

The Hogwarts Express stands steaming, ready to depart. From the doorway, Ron calls to Harry, alone on the platform.

RON

Come on now, Harry.

Harry glances about once more, then starts for the train.

HAGRID

Didn' think yeh'd be leavin'
without sayin' goodbye, didya?

Harry stops, smiles as Hagrid comes loping forward. Hagrid hands him a LEATHER-COVERED BOOK.

HAGRID

That there's fer you to open on the train. Which seems to be leavin', by the way.

Harry holds out his hand. Hagrid takes it, then pulls him into a rough hug.

HAGRID

Go on now. An' Harry? If tha' dolt of a cousin o' yers Dudley gives yeh any grief, yeh can always threaten ter give 'im a pair o' ears ter go with that tail of 'is.

HARRY

But Hagrid. We're not allowed to do
magic away from Hogwarts. You know
that.

HAGRID

I do...
(a wink)
But yer cousin don't.

190 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

190

Ron half-dozes against the window, while Hermione does some "light reading." Harry sits opposite them, studying Hagrid's gift curiously. Then he opens it. Inside, the pages are filled with WIZARD PHOTOGRAPHS. Smiling and waving at Harry from every page are the faces he first saw in the Mirror of Erised. The faces of his mother and father.

As the train lurches forward, Hermione looks up.

HERMIONE

Feels strange, doesn't it? To be
going home.

Harry traces his finger over the smiling face of his mother, then looks up, following Hermione's gaze to the window.

HARRY

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

191 EXT. TRAIN - MOVING AWAY - SAME TIME

191

As Harry peers out, his face is calm. Peaceful. Hogwarts Castle glimmers in reflection on his window and we...

PULL AWAY

...rising high above Hogsmeade Station, above the Dark Forest and Hogwarts Castle itself as the Scarlet Express glitters far below, making its way back to the Muggle world. Slowly, we...

FADE TO BLACK