

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS - PART 2

by

screenplay Steve Kloves

Based on the novel by J.K. Rowling

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FADE IN:

A162-E162 OMITTED

A162-E162

E162A Out of SHIFTING DARKNESS...

E162A

... the WARNER BROS. LOGO surfaces...

... then VANISHES... swallowed by the shifting darkness once more. Slowly we discern that the darkness has form, surface. There is a sense of movement as we realize we...

E162B EXT. DARK WATER - NIGHT

E162B

... are RUSHING wicked fast over dark water, hastened by a STIFF WIND. Below, a SHADOW flickers intermittently on the water's surface but it is too dark and the surface too uncertain for the shadow to be identified.

We RISE SLIGHTLY, the VIEW EXPANDING until a SMALL ISLAND comes INTO VIEW. We CIRCLE SLOWLY. All is dark below. The WIND SCREAMS. Then something GLIMMERS, something PALE and SMOOTH, an OBELISK crafted of MARBLE.

We DROP FROM the sky, as if on wings.

E162C EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

E162C

The obelisk looms larger from this vantage point. A tomb fit for an emperor. A NAME is inscribed upon its surface: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE.

The obelisk begins to TREMBLE, then DRIFTS SLOWLY ASIDE, revealing a TRANSLUCENT STONE SLAB, beyond which a BODY in REPOSE can be discerned.

SMASH! The translucent slab SHATTERS. The air glimmers briefly with diamond-like shards and Dumbledore's body is revealed. He appears to be sleeping. A few of the diamond shards cling to his cheek. A SHADOW -- the shadow from before -- eclipses his face and...

... VOLDEMORT appears, peering down at Dumbledore's lifeless body. For a moment, he simply stares, transfixed by the sight of his old foe at peace. Then he reaches out and...

... covers Dumbledore's interlaced hands with his own. The moment is oddly tender. After a moment, he retracts his hand, claiming the WAND clutched in Dumbledore's fingers as his own. He studies it, his face a mask. The wind rises yet again, carrying us AWAY, BACK TO...

(CONTINUED)

E162C CONTINUED:

E162C

... the darkness of the water. TITLE CARD:

HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS

F162 A LAKE COMES INTO VIEW, the BLACK LAKE of HOGWARTS, its F162 surface thick and still as tar, shrouded in what appears to be a FOUL MIST but which is, we come to find, in reality a festering cluster of DEMENTORS...

G162 The Quidditch Pitch stands silent, untended, faded House G162 flags hanging limply...

H162 Under the slate sky, the CASTLE stands like a dark H162 fortress, its quirky angles and gleaming windows diminished in the gray light...

I162 FIGURES COME INTO VIEW, STUDENTS, marching in lines, I162 like GRIM REGIMENTS, across the BRIDGE, chivvied on by a pair of DEATH EATERS (ALECTO and AMYCUS CARRROW) while high upon a ballustrade, his face a mask, SEVERUS SNAPE looks on. We DRAW CLOSER, but nothing more is revealed. His face remains a mask, his eyes untroubling. Finally, he turns away, his CLOAK wiping our field, pitching us once more into...

162 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 162  
 DARKNESS. The STATIC, little more than a feeble hiss now, dies out altogether. A SOFT WHISPER of WIND fills our ears, faint but clear, and we are MOVING once more, UP HIGH yet again. The earth falls away below us, revealing...

A sea of treetops, shifting eerily as we SWEEP OVER them. A gravel road COMES INTO VIEW, and then, a few yards on, FIGURES on foot.

163 EXT. MALFOY MANOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 163  
 SCABIOR, FENRIR GREYBACK and a ragtag group of SNATCHERS escort HARRY, RON and HERMIONE past thick yew hedges. Hermione eyes a white peacock, looking like a ghostly lawn ornament. Harry, his face horribly swollen, WHISPERS:

HARRY  
 What did you put on me?

HERMIONE  
 A Stinging Jinx.

HARRY  
 How long will it last?

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Not long.

Harry glances down, sees his GLASSES cupped in Hermione's palm. As he slips them into his pocket, the group suddenly slows. Up ahead, on the other side of the gate, BELLATRIX, LUCIUS and NARCISSA approach. Scabior grabs Harry's arm, pushes his face up to the iron bars. Bellatrix steps close.

BELLATRIX

Show me.

Scabior reaches out his DIRTY FINGERS and pushes Harry's hair roughly off his forehead. Bellatrix SHINES her wand. Despite the swelling, one intriguing feature can be seen: a SCAR, in the shape of a LIGHTNING BOLT? Bellatrix studies it long and hard... then SMILES.

As Bellatrix leads the procession inside, she speaks to Narcissa.

BELLATRIX

Get Draco.

Narcissa eyes her sister briefly, warily, then strides off, toward the brightly-lit room ahead, where her husband Lucius stands, cradling a nearly-empty wine glass.

LUCIUS

Why Draco?

Narcissa passes her husband without a word.

BELLATRIX

Just sit back and watch, Lucius.  
Hm? Pour yourself another glass  
of wine.

As she passes, she flicks her finger off the rim of his glass -- pling!

Bellatrix turns, eyeing Harry, Ron and Hermione.

(CONTINUED)

BELLATRIX  
Where'd you find them?

SCABIOR  
In the North Forest.

WORMTAIL quietly enters the room. As Harry eyes him, Bellatrix pauses, studying his scar again.

BELLATRIX  
Lovely scarf, Scabior. Though I'm not sure it's your color.

SCABIOR  
It's not mine.

BELLATRIX  
You don't say.

Her eyes slide, catch him looking at Hermione.

BELLATRIX  
Fancy her, do you, Scabior? Can't say I blame you. Maybe we'll work out a little reward for you, hm? That is, assuming all is as it appears. Ah, Draco. Come here, darling.

From the shadows at the far end of the room Draco separates from Narcissa, steps cautiously forward.

BELLATRIX  
My friends here say they've got Harry Potter. Seeing as he's an old school chum of yours, I thought you could confirm the fact for us.

Draco stares at Harry.

BELLATRIX  
Well...?

DRACO  
I can't... I can't be sure.

Lucius steps forward, wine glass sloshing.

LUCIUS  
Look close, Draco. If we're the ones who hand Potter over to the Dark Lord, everything will be forgiven. Do you understand --

(CONTINUED)

SCABIOR

(quietly menacing)

Now, we won't be forgetting who  
actually caught him, I hope, Mr.  
Malfoy?

BELLATRIX

Of course not.

(eyes hardening)

Narcissa. Tend to your husband.

Lucius staggers back nervously next to his wife.

BELLATRIX

(to Draco)

Don't be shy, sweetheart. Get up  
nice and close.

Bellatrix nudges Draco forward until he's only inches  
from Harry.

DRACO

What's wrong with his face?

BELLATRIX

What *is* wrong with his face,  
Scabior?

SCABIOR

He came to us that way. I reckon  
he picked it up in the forest.

BELLATRIX

Or ran into a Stinging Jinx.

Bellatrix, eyes flashing, steps up close to Hermione.

BELLATRIX

Was it you, dearie? Give me her  
wand. We'll see what the last  
spell was.

Hermione looks alarmed as a Snatcher steps forward.

BELLATRIX

What is *that*?

Bellatrix's tone is quietly murderous. She pushes past  
Scabior and Greyback, steps before another Snatcher.  
Hermione's beaded purse dangles from one hand. In the  
other, he holds... the Sword of Gryffindor.

BELLATRIX

*Where did you get that!*

SNATCHER

It was in her bag when we searched  
her. Reckon it's mine now.

Bang! Quick as lightning, Bellatrix stuns the Snatcher  
and catches the sword as he drops. Scabior wheels.

SCABIOR

Are you mad!

Bang! Bellatrix drops him to his knees before his wand  
escapes his cloak. He BELLOWS in fury.

SCABIOR

How dare you! Release me, woman!

Bellatrix stares at him, eyes full of fire, then flicks  
her wand and he slumps forward, wincing.

BELLATRIX

Go. GO!

Scabior eyes her resentfully, then exits with Greyback  
and the others. Bellatrix turns.

BELLATRIX

Wormtail. Put these two in the  
cellar. I want to have a little  
conversation with this one. Girl  
to girl.

As Wormtail jerks them away, Ron's eyes flash with panic,  
meet Hermione's. She mouths: "It's okay."

Wormtail prods Harry and Ron down a steep flight of  
stairs, SLAMS the door. Ron throws himself against it,  
turns to Harry.

RON

Harry! What're we going to do?  
We can't just leave Hermione alone  
with her!

LUNA

Ron? Harry...?

Harry peers into the small, shadowy space below, senses  
movement.

HARRY

Luna...?

168

INT. MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

168

Bellatrix twirls a SILVER DAGGER in her fingers.

BELLATRIX

This sword is meant to be in my vault at Gringotts. How did you get it?

HERMIONE

I don't know what you're talking about.

BELLATRIX

Liar. What else did you take?

169

INT. CELLAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

169

CLICK! -- Ron, Deluminator in hand, sends a BALL of LIGHT across the darkness and a GASLIGHT BLOOMS faintly. Luna's pale face floats forward, hovers vaguely.

LUNA

You look strange, Harry. Mr. Ollivander, look who's here. It's Harry Potter.

Harry looks past Luna and sees a GOBLIN (GRIPHOOK) standing in the shadows. Next to him, sitting slumped against the wall, is the wandmaker OLLIVANDER, looking frail. His chin lifts slightly, runny eyes glimmering against the light as he studies Harry's swollen face.

HARRY

Hello, sir.

Ollivander falters, his face troubled. Harry eyes him curiously, when Bellatrix's voice ECHOES through the VENT.

BELLATRIX (O.S.)

I'm going to ask you once again: what else did you and your friends take from my vault!

HERMIONE (O.S.)

I told you. I don't know what you're talking --

Hermione SCREAMS in pain. Ron slams his fist against the wall, turns.

RON

We have to do something, Harry!

(CONTINUED)

OLLIVANDER

There's no way out. We've tried everything.

LUNA

You're bleeding, Harry.

She points downward. Harry removes his glasses from his pocket, slips them on and peers at his sock, where BLOOD has soaked through. Harry reaches down, pulling the sock away from his ankle, revealing a SMALL GASH and the thing that caused it: the MIRROR SHARD.

LUNA

That's a curious thing to hide in your sock.

Taking the shard, Harry turns the silvery side toward himself (and only himself) -- and for a split second -- the EYE seems to flicker there again. Harry wipes away the film of blood... but the eye is gone.

LUNA

You were hiding it, weren't you?

Before Harry can respond, Hermione SCREAMS again. Pained by this, Harry debates something, then peers into the mirror:

HARRY

*Help us.*

The others study him curiously, then FOOTSTEPS SOUND. Ron CLICKS the Deluminator and all goes DARK. The cellar door squeals open and Wormtail's silhouette appears in a shaft of light. Ron rushes forward, but Wormtail stops him with a gesture of his wand.

RON

Let her go! Let her go!

WORMTAIL

Shut it! You. Goblin. Come with me.

As Griphook mounts the stairs he turns, eyeing Harry curiously, then Wormtail grabs his arm, slams shut the door. Ron clicks the Deluminator again and -- CRACK! -- as light returns... DOBBY materializes before them.

HARRY

Dobby. What're you doing here?

DOBBY

Dobby has come to rescue Harry Potter, of course.

Everyone stares, stunned. Harry stares in similar amazement at the mirror glittering in his palm.

HARRY

Do you mean to say you can Apparate in and out of here? And take us with you?

DOBBY

Of course. I'm an elf.

RON

Works for me.

HARRY

Right. Dobby, I want you to take Luna and Mr. Ollivander to --

RON

Shell Cottage on the outskirts of Tinworth.

(as Harry looks at him)

Trust me.

Harry nods, turns to Luna.

HARRY

You'll see to Mr. Ollivander?

LUNA

Of course.

(to Dobby)

Whenever you're ready, sir.

Dobby blinks at Luna's use of "sir." He GRINS.

DOBBY

Like her very much.

(to Ron and Harry)

Meet me at the top of the stairs in ten seconds.

Luna takes Ollivander's withered hand in hers and Dobby reaches out. CRACK! -- they vanish. Harry and Ron peer at each other, then rush up the stairs toward the SLIVER of LIGHT under the door above. CRACK! The knob turns and light splashes into the cellar as...

... Wormtail fills the doorway.

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169

Harry and Ron stiffen, then watch Wormtail fall forward, stiff as a board, tumbling in a heavy heap on the cement floor below. They turn back as Dobby appears, Wormtail's wand in his tiny fist.

DOBBY

Who gets his wand?

170 INT. CORRIDOR TO MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

170

Quickly, cautiously, Harry and Ron (brandishing Wormtail's wand now) pad toward the main room as Dobby slips off in another direction. As Ron steps past the lifeless Snatcher without a glance, Harry hesitates, glances down.

Something FLUTTERS WEAKLY in the Snatcher's pocket. The tip of a golden wing. Harry crouches, looks. It's the Snitch.

RON

Sss.

Harry looks up, sees Ron gesturing for him. Quickly, he takes the Snitch, slips it in his pocket.

NEW ANGLE

As Harry joins Ron and looks:

Slowly, Bellatrix comes INTO VIEW, towering over Griphook, who holds the sword, studying it. Hermione lies at Bellatrix's feet. Seeing her, Ron starts to lurch forward. Harry restrains him.

BELLATRIX

Well?

GRIPHOOK

I left Gringotts employ many weeks ago, but when I was last in your vault, the sword was there.

Hermione studies the two then watches as a STRAND of BELLATRIX'S HAIR drifts free and, as if in a dream, floats through the air...

BELLATRIX

Perhaps it just walked out on its own then.

(CONTINUED)

GRIPHOOK

There is no place safer than  
Gringotts, Madam LeStrange.

... and catches on Hermione's shirt.

BELLATRIX

Liar! You can't deceive me!

As Hermione looks up, away from the hair, Bellatrix slashes the dagger across Griphook's cheek and a deep gash opens. He barely flinches, the hint of a SMILE on his lips. Bellatrix looks mildly unnerved by his reaction.

BELLATRIX

Consider yourself lucky, Goblin.  
The same won't be said for this one.

Bellatrix poises the dagger over Hermione.

RON

*Like hell!*

Bellatrix wheels, sees Ron pelting forward.

RON

*Expelliarmus!*

Bellatrix's dangling wand shoots free, tumbles end over end... right into Harry's hand.

HARRY

*Stupefy!*

Lucius Malfoy drops instantly, his wine glass shattering in a burgundy bloom on the hearth. Narcissa and Draco draw their wands. JETS of LIGHT spray across the room.

BELLATRIX

*Stop or she dies!*

Harry and Ron freeze, see Hermione leaning limply against Bellatrix, the dagger at her throat.

BELLATRIX

Drop your wands.

Ron stands rigidly, staring balefully at Bellatrix.

BELLATRIX

*I said drop them!*

RON  
 (angrily)  
 All right!

Ron flings away Wormtail's wand. Harry drops Bellatrix's.

BELLATRIX  
 Pick them up, Draco. Now! Well, well, look what we have here. Harry Potter. All bright, shiny and new again. Just in time for the Dark Lord.

Harry glances in the mirror opposite, sees that the Stinging Jinx is wearing off.

BELLATRIX  
 Call him, Draco.

Draco hesitates. But Lucius doesn't, pulling up his sleeve and touching his finger to the DARK MARK on his forearm. Harry's SCAR CONSTRISTS and he GRIMACES in agony. Bellatrix CACKLES maniacally, her knife pressed against the tender flesh of Hermione's neck. A bead of blood bubbles on the blade and then... a GRINDING NOISE is HEARD. Harry glances up, sees the CHANDELIER begin to TREMBLE. As the TINKLE of GLASS fills the room, Bellatrix stares directly upward, watching as...

... the chandelier bursts free of the ceiling and plummets. Bellatrix bolts and Hermione staggers clear, falling into Ron's arms. Griphook grabs the sword and as GLASS EXPLODES in razor-sharp slivers, Draco screams and covers his bloody face. Harry wrests the blood-soaked wands from his hands and, wheeling, points all three at Lucius.

HARRY  
*Stupefy!*

Lucius flies off his feet and drops in a heap.

BELLATRIX  
*You dirty little monkey! You could have killed me!*

Harry turns, sees Bellatrix raging at Dobby. The elf stands fearlessly across from her, defiant.

DOBBY  
 Dobby meant only to maim or seriously injure, not kill.

BELLATRIX

For God's sake, Cissy, you've got  
a wand! Use it!

Narcissa hesitates. Crack! -- Dobby waves his little fist and Narcissa's wand flies from her hand.

BELLATRIX

How dare you take a witch's wand.  
How dare you defy your masters.

DOBBY

Dobby has no master! Dobby is a free elf, and Dobby has come to save Harry Potter and his friends!

Harry tosses Ron a wand, grabs Hermione's beaded bag and joins the others in the center of the room.

HARRY

Give the Dark Lord our regards.

Harry's hand closes on Dobby's and the drawing room begins to SPIN. Bellatrix's face twists into an ugly blur. Her arm rises, dagger in hand. There is a flash of SILVER. Then...

All goes BLACK. For a long time. Then...

... with a great WHOOSH, Harry and the others tumble onto solid earth and hear the CRASH of WAVES. As Harry staggers to his feet, stars whirl above him. He sees he is on a cliff overlooking a dark sea. Ron holds Hermione gently. Tears sting her eyes.

HARRY

It's all right, Hermione. You're safe. We're all safe.

She doesn't respond, nor Ron. Then Harry realizes they are looking past him, even Griphook, the sword hanging limply in his hand. Harry turns. Dobby stands alone, a queer smile on his face, hand over his heart, the hilt of Bellatrix's dagger protruding between his fingers.

HARRY

Dobby... no...

As Harry rushes to him, the elf crumples in his arms, his eyes rolling up to the stars.

HARRY

It's okay... Here... Just hold on,  
 Dobby... I'll fix you -- Hermione  
 -- your bag -- you must have  
 something -- Essence of Dittany --  
 something... *Hermione! Help me!*

She merely stands, tears streaking her cheeks.

DOBBY

Such a beautiful night... to be  
 with friends. Dobby is happy...  
 to be with his friend... Harry  
 Potter...

Dobby gives a little shudder, then goes still. The others simply stare, mute, listening to the waves thunder.

Footfalls sound. Ron turns, sees his brother Bill and Luna approaching from the cottage in the distance.

BILL

Fleur's seeing to Ollivander.  
 Anyone else need tending --

He eyes Harry curiously, crouched, his back turned. Then sees Dobby's limp little legs dangling lifelessly. As the others watch, Harry reaches out and -- gently as he can -- pulls the dagger from Dobby's chest, then shrugs off his jacket and enwraps the elf's body. Slowly, his shoulders begin to shake. Only Luna dares to step forward. Kneeling, she sees Harry is silently crying.

LUNA

We should close his eyes. Don't  
 you think?

Luna reaches out, tenderly places her fingers upon Dobby's eyelids and closes them.

LUNA

There. Now he could be sleeping.

She turns then, looks at Harry.

LUNA

Harry. It's all right. That it  
 hurts. That's what reminds us how  
 lucky we are to be alive.

Harry turns, studies her serene face briefly, then his eyes shift to Dobby, his face serene as well, in death.

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

HARRY  
 I want to bury him properly.  
 Without magic.

171A EXT. SHELL COTTAGE - DAY (MORNING)

171A

A SPADE pierces the earth as Harry begins to dig, fiercely obsessed by his task. A moment later, Ron kneels beside him and begins to do the same, then Hermione. CAMERA RISES and the THUNDERING OCEAN comes INTO VIEW and the lone cottage in the distance...

172-179 OMITTED

172-179

180 INT. SHELL COTTAGE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME - DAY

180

As Bill fills a kettle, Luna taps the WIND CHIME hanging in the window and a GHOSTLY REFRAIN fills the room.

LUNA  
 It's beautiful here.

BILL  
 It was our Aunt's. We used to come here as kids. The Order uses it now as a safe house -- what's left of us, at least.

Luna ponders this, then taps the chime again.

LUNA  
 Muggles think these keep evil away. But they're wrong...

Bill studies her curiously. Then Harry appears in the doorway with Ron and Hermione.

HARRY  
 I need to talk to the goblin.

181 INT. SHELL COTTAGE - BEDROOM 2 - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

181

A KNOCK sounds. Griphook turns, watches Bill push open the door, step aside for Harry, Ron and Hermione. Harry waits for Bill to withdraw. Turns to Griphook.

HARRY  
 How are you?

GRIPHOOK  
 Alive.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You probably don't remember --

GRIPHOOK

-- that I showed you to your vault  
the first time you visited  
Gringotts? Even amongst goblins,  
you are famous, Harry Potter.

(nodding to the  
window)

You buried the elf. I saw you.

HARRY

Yes.

GRIPHOOK

And brought me here.

Griphook studies him curiously.

GRIPHOOK

You are a very unusual wizard.

HARRY

Why did you leave Gringotts?

GRIPHOOK

Soon the Death Eaters will control  
it. That was unacceptable to me.

RON

Then you're on our side.

GRIPHOOK

This is a wizard's war. I take no  
side.

HARRY

I need to get inside Gringotts,  
into one of the vaults.

GRIPHOOK

It is impossible.

HARRY

Alone, yes. With you, no.

Griphook stares impassively at him, silent. He glances  
at the Sword of Gryffindor, which stands in the corner.

GRIPHOOK

How did you come by this sword?

HARRY

It's complicated. Why did Bellatrix Lestrange think it should be in her vault at Gringotts?

GRIPHOOK

It's complicated.

Harry and the goblin stare at each other, as if testing one another. Finally, Harry speaks:

HARRY

The sword presented itself to us in a moment of need. We didn't steal it.

Griphook nods, pondering this.

GRIPHOOK

There is a sword in Madam Lestrange's vault identical to this one, but it is a fake. It was placed there this past summer.

HARRY

And she never suspected?

GRIPHOOK

The replica is very convincing. Only a goblin would recognize that this is the true Sword of Gryffindor.

RON

Who put it there? The fake.

GRIPHOOK

It was not my place to ask, nor did I desire to. There are more than a few curious things in the vaults at Gringotts.

HARRY

And in Madam Lestrange's vault as well?

GRIPHOOK

Perhaps.

HARRY

I have gold. Lots of it.

GRIPHOOK

I have no interest in gold.

HARRY

Then what?

The goblin twists the curl at his chin... then his eyes drift once again to the sword. Harry starts to respond, but the goblin cuts him off with finality.

GRIPHOOK

That is my price.

HARRY

(a beat)

All right.

Ron and Hermione look shocked.

GRIPHOOK

I have your word, Harry Potter,  
that you will give me the Sword of  
Gryffindor if I help you?

Griphook extends his hand. Harry reaches out, takes it.

The trio walk. Hermione WHISPERS.

HERMIONE

Harry, are you thinking there's a  
Horcrux in Bellatrix's vault?

HARRY

She was terrified when she thought  
we'd been in there. She kept  
asking you what else we'd taken.  
I'd bet anything there's a Horcrux  
there. If we find it, we can kill  
it. And if we kill it, we're one  
step closer to killing him.

RON

And if we find one? How're we  
supposed to destroy it if we've  
given Griphook the sword?

HARRY

I'm still working on that part.

FLEUR exits the room ahead, a half-empty bowl in hand.  
Seeing Harry, she stops, effectively barring the door.

FLEUR

He's too weak.

Harry stares at her. Resolved. Fleur steps aside.

183

INT. SHELL COTTAGE - BEDROOM 1 - SAME TIME - DAY

183

Ollivander rolls his sunken eyes toward the trio as they enter. Attempts a feeble smile.

OLLIVANDER

Forgive me if I don't get up.

HARRY

Mr. Ollivander, I need to ask you a few questions.

OLLIVANDER

Anything, m'boy, anything.

HARRY

Can you identify these, sir?

Harry removes TWO WANDS. Ollivander takes one in hand.

OLLIVANDER

Walnut and dragon heartstring.  
Twelve and three quarter inches.  
Unyielding. This belongs to  
Bellatrix Lestrange.

HARRY

And this?

OLLIVANDER

Hawthorn. Unicorn hair. Ten  
inches. Reasonably pliant. This  
was the wand of Draco Malfoy.

HARRY

Was? Isn't it still?

OLLIVANDER

Perhaps not -- if you won it from  
him. I sense its allegiance has  
changed.

HARRY

You talk about wands like they've  
got feelings. Can think.

OLLIVANDER

The wand chooses the wizard, Mr.  
Potter. That much has always been  
clear to those of us who have  
studied wandlore.

(CONTINUED)

Harry nods, pondering the wand that Ollivander returns to him, then speaks:

HARRY  
What do you know about the Deathly Hallows, sir?

Ollivander eyes Harry with surprise. And a hint of fear.

OLLIVANDER  
There are rumored to be three:  
The Elder Wand, the Resurrection Stone and the Invisibility Cloak.  
It is said that to possess them all is to make oneself the Master of Death. But few truly believe such objects exist --

HARRY  
But you, sir? Do you believe they exist?

OLLIVANDER  
I see no reason to put stock in an old wives tale --

HARRY  
You're lying. You know one exists and you told him about it. You told him about the Elder Wand and where to go looking for it.

OLLIVANDER  
He tortured me! Besides, I conveyed only rumors. There's no guarantee he will find it --

HARRY  
He has found it, sir.

Ollivander blinks. Ashen. Stunned.

HARRY  
That's all, sir. We'll leave you to get some rest now.

The trio begins to exit.

OLLIVANDER  
He's after you, Mr. Potter. If it's true, what you say, that he has the Elder Wand, I'm afraid you really don't stand a chance.

HARRY

Then I guess I'll just have to  
kill him before he finds me, sir.

A FIRE CRACKLES. Harry toys with the SNITCH Dumbledore bequeathed him.

RON

You're sure it's hers?

Harry looks up, sees Ron turning a STRAND OF HAIR in the firelight.

HERMIONE

Positive.

Harry turns to the two wands on the table -- the ones he showed Ollivander -- and extends the longest to Hermione.

HARRY

I reckon you should take this then.

HERMIONE

Can't I use the other?

RON

You heard Ollivander. It's Harry's now.

HERMIONE

But I hate that thing -- that's the wand that killed Sirius! How can I hold it and not feel...

HARRY

If I can hold it, you can.

Hermione looks him in the eye, then takes it.

RON

How will we know what it is when we get in there? After all, a Horcrux can be anything.

HARRY

I'll know. I can't explain. It's like...

(touching his chest)  
... they sing to me.

Hermione and Ron exchange a troubled glance.

(CONTINUED)

RON  
That's a bit scary.

HERMIONE  
It is, Harry. Did Dumbledore ever say anything to you, something that might explain why --

HARRY  
No. I just know. When one's near.

Hermione and Ron stare at him, silent, when a FLOORBOARD SQUEAKS. They turn, watch SHADOWS appear: Bill and Fleur. Fleur hands Hermione a LONG BLACK WOMAN'S CLOAK.

FLEUR  
This is the closest I could find to what you described, Hermione.

HERMIONE  
It's perfect. Thank you, Fleur.

Fleur lays the cloak in Hermione's hands, then steps back next to Bill. He studies the trio.

BILL  
You're leaving, aren't you.

HARRY  
In the morning.

BILL  
And Griphook?

HARRY  
He'll be leaving too.

Bill nods, staring off briefly. Then:

BILL  
Listen, I don't know what you're up to, but I know goblins. If you've struck any kind of bargain with Griphook, you must be exceptionally careful to live up to it. If you don't... he won't be forgiving.

The trio sits in silence. Watches Bill withdraw. Harry glances down at his palm again, at the Snitch.

185 EXT. CLIFF - MORNING

185

The ocean crashes. Harry crouches by Dobby's fresh grave, which now bears a simple STONE: "Here Lies Dobby, A Free Elf." Harry ponders the mirror shard, turning it from sky to sea when:

LUNA (O.S.)  
The sky has lost a star.

Luna's image skitters across the mirror's surface and Harry looks up, finds her standing there clutching a small TRAVELING BAG, staring at Dobby's stone.

LUNA  
My father used to say that when a child died.

She looks up, smiles.

LUNA  
Funny how Mr. Dobby knew exactly where to find us.

HARRY  
Yeah. Funny. Listen, Luna, about your father, I don't want you to think I --

LUNA  
I know you understand why my father did what he did, Harry. That's why we don't need to talk about it.

She continues to smile. Harry eyes the traveling bag.

HARRY  
Hogwarts?

She nods, looks to the sea.

HARRY  
It's not the place you left, you know. It's not the same.

LUNA  
Neither am I.

She gives a little wave, still bearing the trace of a smile, then DISAPPARATES and is gone.

RON (O.S.)  
Always good value. I'll miss her.

(CONTINUED)

Harry turns, sees Ron standing nearby. He has BROWN HAIR.

RON  
What d'you think?

HARRY  
Wouldn't know you if I didn't know you.

Ron studies the mirror as Harry turns it over in his palm.

RON  
You want to tell me what that is?

HARRY  
Sirius gave it to me. He had a matching piece. He said if I ever needed him, all I had to do was look into it.

RON  
You mean he could see you?

HARRY  
Something like that. I don't know. He died before I ever got to use it. The thing is...

RON  
Go on.

HARRY  
You'll think I'm mental, but more than once, when I've looked into it -- I think I've seen Dumbledore.

As Ron reacts, Harry's eyes shift. Bellatrix Lestrange and Griphook, clutching the sword, approach from the cottage.

RON  
Bloody hell... that's a sight.

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)  
Well, how do I look?

RON  
Hideous.

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)  
Oh dear, I missed a spot, didn't I? Hold still...

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (2)

185

Hermione poises her wand tip over the bit of ginger pushing through the brown of Ron's hair.

RON

Couldn't do anything about that bit in the back that's always flipping up, could you? Dead annoying --

Hermione casts Bellatrix's malevolent gaze upon him.

RON

Never mind. I'm good.  
(peering warily at  
her)  
That is you in there, isn't it?

Harry eyes Griphook, who is studying the sword.

HARRY

You can give that to Hermione to hold, all right, Griphook?

Hermione extends the beaded bag. Griphook eyes Harry and then, grudgingly, lets the sword drop within.

CLOSEUP - LINKED HANDS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Griphook stand in a tight circle. As Griphook's hand joins the others -- WHOOSH! -- they vanish.

186-188 OMITTED

186-188

189 INT. DIAGON ALLEY - DARK ALLEY - MORNING

189

As they reappear, Harry, Ron and Griphook fall back into the shadows and Hermione, as Bellatrix, steps to the mouth of the alley to see if the coast is clear. A WARLOCK passes.

WARLOCK

Madam Lestrange.

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)

(cheerily)

Good morning.

The Warlock eyes her oddly, then continues on. As Hermione retreats back into the alley, Griphook emerges from the shadows, his voice harsh and mocking.

(CONTINUED)

GRIPHOOK

Good morning? Good morning?  
You're Bellatrix Lestrange, not  
some dewy-eyed schoolgirl!

RON

Hey. Easy.

GRIPHOOK

She gives us away and we might as  
well use that sword to slit our  
own throats. Understand?

HERMIONE

He's right. I was being stupid.

Harry pulls the Invisibility Cloak from his coat, tosses it to Ron.

HARRY

C'mon. Let's do it.

A GUST of WIND BLOWS and we SHIFT TO a FADING POSTER of HARRY flapping on the brick wall, bearing the caption "UNDESIRABLE NUMBER ONE." On the wall, in SHADOW, we see Griphook clamber onto Harry's back. As Ron pitches the cloak over them... they vanish.

White. Towering. Hermione and Ron mount the steps, enter.

A vast marble hall. A long counter. Goblins perched on high stools. WIZARD GUARDS positioned throughout. As Ron and Hermione enter, WIND whistles through the doorway, sends the PAGES of the Goblin's massive ledgers trembling. As the door closes, the room returns to its eerie silence. Hermione glances at Ron. He nods and she steps to the long counter, where an AGED GOBLIN scribbles in his ledger.

AGED GOBLIN

Identification.

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)

I hardly think that will be  
necessary.

AGED GOBLIN

(looking up)

Madam Lestrange! Dear me! How  
may I help you today?

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)

I wish to enter my vault.

AGED GOBLIN

I see. Very well. Excuse me,  
won't you?

The goblin slips off his stool, goes to consult with  
another, even more ancient goblin (BOGROD).

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)

I don't like to be kept waiting.

Hermione's tone is harsh, authoritative. She turns to  
Ron, raises an eyebrow. He nods, mouths "Well done,"  
then looks away, eyeing the guards stationed about the  
room. One looks up, meets his gaze.

TALL GOBLIN

*Next.*

Ron turns, sees the Tall Goblin eyeing him.

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)

He's with me.

(with utter disdain)

As difficult as that may be to  
imagine.

Ron frowns, takes in the scene again. The SCRATCH of  
goblin quills seems to grow louder. Ron fidgets, eyes  
the guard again, who is looking at him more closely now.  
Ron runs a finger under his collar, shifts his eyes to  
the Aged Goblin who continues to consult with the one  
known as Bogrod. Bogrod says something and they both  
glance at Hermione.

Then GRIPHOOK'S VOICE HISSES in his ear:

GRIPHOOK (V.O.)

*They know!*

Ron stiffens, turns slightly toward the empty spot to his  
left. WHISPERS:

RON

*What do you mean?*

GRIPHOOK (V.O.)  
*They know she's an imposter!*  
*They've been warned!*

Ron looks back, watches the two goblins return to Hermione.

BOGROD  
 Madam Lestrange. Would you mind presenting your wand?

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)  
 And why should I do that?

Just then, the guard across the room begins to walk toward Ron. Ron's eyes dance. He averts his face, WHISPERS:

RON  
*Harry, what do we do? Harry...?*

No response. Ron extends his hand as casually as he can, finds only empty space. We --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA MOVING TOWARDS Hermione, simulating Harry's movement toward her.

BOGROD  
 It's the bank's policy. I'm sure you understand, given the current climate --

BELLATRIX (HERMIONE)  
 No, I most certainly do not understand --

Sensing Harry's presence, she falters, her own voice emerging through Bellatrix's. Bogrod eyes her intensely.

BOGROD  
 I'm afraid I must insist.

As the guard closes on Ron, Ron looks about frantically, reaching for his wand when a GUST of WIND fills the Hall, sending the ledgers trembling again. The guard approaching Ron shifts his gaze briefly to the entrance, as do the Aged Goblin and Bogrod. None see Harry's hand slip from the cloak, his wand pointed at Bogrod.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (O.S.)

*Imperio.*

The door glides shut. The wind dies. Bogrod blinks.

BOGROD

Very well, Madam Lestrange. If you will follow me.

AGED GOBLIN

But... Bogrod, there have been special instructions regarding the Lestrange vault.

BOGROD

I'm fully aware of that. I'm also aware the Lestranges are one of our oldest and most respected families.

AGED GOBLIN

Yes, sir, but our *instructions* are very specific --

BOGROD

Let me be *specific* with you, Ricbert. I've run this bank for forty-five years, long before anyone had even heard of a Death Eater. The day may come that they feel they can run this place better than me, but that day has not yet arrived. Am I understood!

The Aged Goblin hesitates, then nods. Bogrod turns to Hermione.

BOGROD

Madam, if you will, I will escort you myself.

(to the guard)

Teffington, see to that door, will you.

The guard glances at Ron, then reluctantly heads for the entrance. Ron quickly falls in line behind Hermione as Bogrod leads them out of the Hall.

193

INT. TUNNEL - DAY (SECONDS LATER)

193

A cart hurtles through the darkness, ferrying the lot of them -- Harry, Ron, Hermione, Griphook and Bogrod -- down the rickety rails, twisting and turning, sloping ever downward. Harry leans toward Griphook, who commandeers the cart.

HARRY

How long before they come after us?

GRIPHOOK

Time will tell.

Harry's eyes meet Griphook's in the flickering darkness, then Ron's face appears over Harry's shoulder.

RON

What's that? Up ahead.

Ron points. In the distance, directly over the tracks, something SHIMMERS like a CURTAIN of WATER.

GRIPHOOK

I should have known --

Furiously, Griphook starts to throw levers, trying to slow the cart.

HARRY

What is that, Griphook?

The wheels SCREECH, throwing off SPARKS.

HARRY

Griphook! *What is that!*

He doesn't answer, furiously preoccupied with the cart. Harry turns to Hermione, hoping she has an explanation, but she just shakes her head, staring up ahead as...

... Griphook slumps back, powerless, watching in grim resignation as the cart careens wildly down the rail and PIERCES the shimmering curtain.

Instantly, water ENGULFS them with FEROCIOUS POWER. The seats beneath them collapse, flipping downward and...

They drop.

... in a cascade of roaring water toward the ground rushing up 30 feet below. Hermione SCREAMS something, her wand flashing and one by one...

(CONTINUED)

... they SPLASH DOWN (relatively) gently, (relatively) unscathed. As the water drains away, they peer upward, watching as, ALARMS BLARING, the cart rattles back the way it came. Harry turns to Hermione as she pockets her wand.

HARRY

Well done. Hey.  
(studying her)  
You look like... you.

Hermione is soaking wet and looks like... Hermione. Ron looks like Ron. Griphook nods to the waterfall.

GRIPHOOK

The Thief's Downfall. Washes away all enchantments. Can be deadly.

RON

You don't say.  
(as the cart's alarms grow faint)  
Just out of interest... is there any other way out of here?

GRIPHOOK

No.

Before the trio can savor this tidbit:

BOGROD

What the devil are you all doing down here!

They all turn, seeing a soaking Bogrod, cleansed of the Imperius curse, backing away in angry confusion.

GRIPHOOK

We need him!

BOGROD

Is this your doing, Griphook? You have no rights here anymore. When you gave up your keys, you --

Hermione and Harry raise their wands. Too late.

RON

*Imperio!*

Bogrod blinks, resumes his mild demeanor. Harry and Hermione turn, see Ron, wand outstretched. Griphook steps past, pushes Bogrod on.

GRIPHOOK

Well done.

The trio watch the goblins go, exchange a glance. Unnerved. Just then a MOAN is heard, DEEP and unsettling, coming from down the tunnel. Ron cocks his ear in disbelief.

RON

No. It's not possible...

Ron appears first, trailed by Harry and Hermione, and finds Bogrod standing placidly by himself. As Harry and Hermione hang back, Ron moves forward slowly, squinting. Something massive shifts heavily. CHAINS CLINK. He looks: a GIANT DRAGON tethered to the ground, bars access to a DEEP VAULT. Its scales are pale and flaky, its eyes milky.

RON

Bloody hell. That's a Welsh Green.

HERMIONE

It looks like it's been down here forever.

HINGES SQUEAL SHARPLY and they jump, watch Griphook -- in the SHADOWS -- take something from a wooden box on the wall. An ODD-LOOKING METAL INSTRUMENT. As he steps into the light, he tosses it to Hermione. She glances from it to Griphook, sees him eyeing her with a strange intensity.

GRIPHOOK

Go on.

She looks unsure. Then gives it a SHAKE. A SHRILL RINGING echoes off the rocky passage, eerie and unpleasant. The dragon rears back instantly, howling in fear, then, as the ringing subsides, settles. Ron nods knowingly.

RON

It's been trained to expect pain when it hears the noise.

Hermione's eyes flash to Ron, then to the SCARS on the dragon's face and neck.

HERMIONE

That's barbaric. I...

194

CONTINUED:

194

She hands the instrument back, horrified. Griphook takes it, unmoved.

GRIPHOOK

We'll only have a few seconds. In other words... they'll be no do-overs. Understood?

The trio eye the dragon, nod.

GRIPHOOK

Ready, Bogrod?

BOGROD

Hm? Oh. Yes. Of course.

Bogrod holds up his hand, waggles it. Griphook nods, eyes the dragon. Its eyes glimmer angrily. Griphook raises the instrument... and SHAKES IT. The cacophony is murderous. Harry, Ron and Hermione grimace. The dragon ROARS hoarsely, then slowly retreats. Bogrod strides forth, blissfully ignoring the dragon's bobbing head and presses his hand to the vault's door. It MELTS.

195

INT. LESTRANGE VAULT - DAY

195

All rush inside. In the ensuing silence, the dragon spits FIRE... just as the vault re-seals itself and all goes DARK.

HARRY/RON/HERMIONE

*Lumos!*

A TRIO of wandtips BLOOM, illuminate a huge vault swimming in GLITTERING TREASURE and EERIE ARTIFACTS.

RON

Blimey...

HERMIONE

Look.

Hermione crosses to what appears to be the Sword of Gryffindor.

HERMIONE

No wonder Bellatrix thought it was real.

Harry pays no attention, having drifted away from the others, playing his WANDLIGHT over the glittering walls.

The others notice and go silent, watching. Griphook eyes Harry with particular curiosity. Finally, Ron speaks.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Is it here, Harry? Can you feel anything?

Harry doesn't respond, his wandlight continuing to travel over the small treasures above. Gradually, a HUM rises in his ears and he closes his eyes.

As Hermione watches, transfixed, the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN her arm TO her hand, which dangles nary a quarter inch from the lip of a SILVER BOWL perched on the edge of the table beside her.

The HUM in Harry's ears grows LOUDER and his wand hand begins to TWITCH. The BEAM of LIGHT TREMBLES over the objects nestled nearest the ceiling, then settles on an ANCIENT CUP, bearing the HUFFLEPUFF CREST. Harry's SCAR CONTRACTS. He opens his eyes...

The skin of Hermione's wrist BRUSHES the LIP of the BOWL....

Harry stares at the ANCIENT CUP above, glimmering dully in the light of his wand when...

Hermione YELPS. As the others turn, they see her retract her hand, as if stung, sending the SILVER BOWL tumbling to the floor. She holds up her wrist -- displays a RED WELT.

HERMIONE

It's hot!

All eyes turn to the bowl, WOBBLING MADLY on the floor, when... it SPLITS APART and begins to MULTIPLY.

GRIPHOOK

They've added Gemino and Flagrante Curses! Everything you touch will burn and multiply!

The multiplying bowls skitter across the floor and flip into the air. As one caroms off Ron's shoe, it bursts into twenty more.

HERMIONE

Ron, your foot!

It's SMOKING. As Ron stamps the ground, Harry pivots, tipping a towering STACK of GALLEONS to the floor where they multiply like cockroaches. Instantly, the room is a RIOT of multiplying white-hot metal.

GRIPHOOK

We'll be crushed! Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

Harry points his wand once again at the small cup near the ceiling.

HARRY  
*That's it. Up there.*

HERMIONE  
How're we going to reach it?

HARRY  
Give me the sword! The real one.

Hermione reaches into her beaded bag, tosses it to Harry, who catches it by the hilt. Griphook's eyes glitter greedily at the sight of it. Instantly, Harry begins to scale the multiplying mountain of objects, climbing towards the cup. As the sizzling surface shifts beneath his feet he moves upward, beads of sweat trailing over his forehead. Suddenly, halfway up, he SLIPS and -- instinctively -- to keep from falling, he reaches out and plants the flesh of his palm against the shifting slope. Instantly, OBJECTS EXPLODE FORTH, MULTIPLYING CRAZILY and CASCADING down onto Ron, Hermione and Griphook in a small avalanche.

RON  
Keep going!

Harry climbs faster -- the sound DEAFENING, objects CLANGING off one another -- until, finally, he stops just shy of the ceiling. Reaching out, he extends his arm -- further, then further still -- and slips the sword's tip through the cup's handle. As it shimmies down the blade, a SCREAM RISES. Harry looks down, sees a terrified Bogrod pinned against the door, watching as Griphook sinks beneath the rising tide. Ron dashes forward, grabs Griphook's fingers as he's about to go under and yanks the blistered Goblin free.

HERMIONE  
Harry! Behind you!

Harry turns and sees the swelling mountain has reached the ceiling and -- with nowhere else to go -- is about to spill itself down upon him. Turning back...

Harry leaps.

He plummets, feet first, soaring through the air, then crashes down on the swelling treasure. The sword -- and cup -- fly free.

RON  
The cup!

Harry dives into the scalding treasure, hand outstretched, and catches it. Instantly, DOZENS of Hufflepuff Cups burst from his fist, but he holds tight to the original, grimacing in pain.

HERMIONE

*In here!*

Hermione holds her beaded bag before Harry and he jams it inside. As they turn for the door, they stop. Griphook holds the sword, the real sword, in his hands, turning the blade in the light.

HARRY

We have a deal, Griphook.

Griphook looks up. A kind of madness burns in his eyes.

GRIPHOOK

I said I'd get you in. I never said anything about getting you out.

Pivoting swiftly, he SLAMS Bogrod's hand to the door and as it melts, Harry, Ron and Hermione ride an avalanche of silver and gold into the outer chamber.

As the trio find their feet, the dragon ROARS and SPITS FIRE, illuminating the tunnel. SHADOWS APPROACH, stretching over the tunnel walls: GRINGOTTS GOBLINS and GUARDS.

HARRY

Griphook! *Griphook!*

But Griphook merely looks back, grins madly and, sword in hand, rushes to join the approaching throng.

GRIPHOOK

*Thieves! Help! Thieves!*

RON

Foul little git. Least we've got Bogrod.

The dragon SPITS again, reducing Bogrod to dust.

RON

That's unfortunate.

HERMIONE

We can't just stand here! Who's got an idea?

RON

You're asking us? You're the brilliant one.

HERMIONE

I've got something. But it's mad.

Harry and Ron eye the approaching throng, turn back to Hermione with looks of mild panic. Steeling herself, she raises her wand.

HERMIONE

*Relashio!*

The IRON CUFFS on the dragon snap free.

RON

*That's your idea?*

HARRY

Come on!

Harry fires stunning spells toward the goblins as he pelts toward the dragon and flings himself onto its neck. Hermione and Ron jump up behind. The dragon doesn't move.

HERMIONE

*It doesn't realize it's free!*

*(trying out spells)*

*Leviosa! Aviatus! Ex Cappa!*

Nothing. Ron and Harry glance at each other and then -- as if reading each other's mind -- raise their wands high and, as one, JAB the dragon with the tip of their wands. It ROARS, rears, and soars into the air. As it caroms off the sides of the tunnel and scrapes the ceiling, the trio duck, watching the goblins scatter like skittles and dust and debris rain down. Harry looks back, sees the dragon's SPIKED TAIL THRASHING, the tunnel caving.

A LOW RUMBLE is heard, growing louder, then a MASSIVE DUST CLOUD billows forth and... ...the dragon BURSTS INTO VIEW. It soars by, wings flapping, eyes blind, gulping fresh air.

- 198      INT. GRINGOTTS - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)                          198  
           The Hall trembles, fissures appear and the dragon erupts through the floor. Pillars spill, goblins dive for cover.
- 199      EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY    199  
           The grand facade of Gringotts disintegrates as the dragon penetrates, wheels upward and beats toward the sky.
- 200      EXT. OVER LONDON - DAY    200  
           The dragon soars over London, shedding scales and debris as the dust-ridden trio hunker low, the cool breeze bathing their blistered skin. Ron BELLOWS in delight:
- RON  
*That was brilliant! BRILLIANT!*
- Ron looks down, realizes he's on a dragon, several hundred feet in the air. Goes a bit green.
- RON  
          Bloody hell.
- 200A     INT. GRINGOTTS - BANKING HALL - DAY                          200A  
           Dust still hangs in the air. Those Goblins that survived straggle over the rubble -- and the occasional dead colleague -- toward the exits. Among them, a familiar figure emerges...
- Griphook.  
          Clutching the sword of Gryffindor, he bumps past his dazed brethren, taking an agitated glance over his shoulder as he hurries on before turning back round...  
          ... and coming to a dead halt before a Death Eater, who raises his wand and points it directly between Griphook's eyes.
- 201      EXT. OVER COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON (LATER)                          201  
           The sun has dropped. Below, the dragon's GIANT SHADOW passes over patches of brown and green.

202 EXT. OVER MOUNTAINS/LAKES - LATE DAY (LATER) 202

The trio shiver as they cling to the dragon. Harry slides a few inches. He peers up, past the beast's head.

HARRY  
We're dropping!

The dragon circles, lower and lower. A lake shimmers.

RON  
I say we jump!

HERMIONE  
When?

HARRY  
NOW!

203 EXT. LAKE - LATE DAY 203

They drop like stones into the water.

204 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE DAY 204

Harry spears through, feet first, and we INTERCUT...

204A INT. MALFOY MANOR - SAME TIME - LATE DAY 204A

... Voldemort, in a rage, wand slashing the air, as he murders GOBLINS and GUARDS, their bodies falling as...

204B EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE DAY 204B

... Harry's body twists, feet kicking for the surface as...

204C INT. MALFOY MANOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE DAY 204C

... Nagini slithers through the FALLING BODIES, smearing the tiled floor with RED as the AGED GOBLIN COUGHS BLOOD and...

205 EXT. LAKE'S SURFACE - LATE DAY 205

... Harry bobs to the surface, COUGHING up water. As his face streams...

205A

INT. MALFOY MANOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE DAY

205A

... blood runs into the eyes of the GUARD who had stalked Ron at Gringotts. Lucius, Narcissa and Draco survey the carnage in stunned silence, while Bellatrix -- lips parted, eyes narrowed -- watches a WIDENING POOL of BLOOD encircle his boot. VOLDEMORT, ELDER WAND clutched in his bony hand, speaks in PARSELTONGUE to Nagini:

VOLDEMORT

The boy has discovered our secret, Nagini. We must find out just how much he knows. We must return to our hiding places and see if the others are safe.

A RAPID SUCCESSION OF IMAGES FLASH: Dumbledore's DESK DRAWER sliding open, revealing TOM RIDDLE'S DIARY and a RING with a BLACK STONE; the underground LAKE; an OLD WOMAN (HEPZIBAH SMITH) in a PARLOR, her teeth black with age, opening a box to reveal Helga Hufflepuff's CUP; HOGWARTS CASTLE; the FACE of a BEAUTIFUL, SAD-EYED WOMAN (HELENA RAVENCLAW) standing with her EQUALLY-BEAUTIFUL MOTHER (ROWENA RAVENCLAW); the LESTRANGE'S VAULT at GRINGOTTS; a TARNISHED TIARA, a filagreed RAVENCLAW EAGLE among the crown's detail; HARRY HIMSELF, staring STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA, EYES DARK, THE SURFACE OF HIS SKIN TREMBLING LIKE WATER; NAGINI, FANGS FLASHING...

VOLDEMORT

(to Nagini)  
And you, my friend, must stay close...

As the great snake wends its way around Voldemort's feet, we see a BLOODY HAND gripping the Sword of Gryffindor. It is Griphook, eyes blank, body still. As we watch, the sword slowly... VANISHES.

205B

EXT. LAKE'S SURFACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE DAY

205B

Harry, face ashen, shivers as he watches the dragon, fifty feet up, swoop down, slurp some water and fly on. Seconds later, Ron and Hermione break the surface.

206

EXT. SHORE/LAKE - EVENING

206

The trio crashes through the water to the shore.

HARRY

He knows.

(CONTINUED)

Ron and Hermione, both dripping wet, eye Harry. His chest heaves from the swim to shore.

HARRY

(out of breath)

You-Know-Who. He knows we broke into Gringotts. He knows what we took. He knows we're hunting Horcruxes.

HERMIONE

How is it you --

HARRY

I saw him.

HERMIONE

You let him in! Harry, you can't --

HARRY

I can't always help it, Hermione!  
(frowning)  
Maybe I can. I don't know.

RON

Never mind! What did you see?

HARRY

He's angry. But he's scared too. He's going to make sure the other Horcruxes are safe.

RON

What happens when he finds out four are gone?

HARRY

I reckon he'll do anything to stop us from finding the rest. There's more: one of them's at Hogwarts.

HERMIONE/RON

What?

HERMIONE

You saw it?

HARRY

I saw the castle. And Rowena Ravenclaw. I think it must have something to do with her. We have to go there, now.

HERMIONE

*Tonight? But we have to plan. We have to figure out what --*

HARRY

Honestly, Hermione, when have any of our plans actually worked? We plan, we get there and all hell breaks loose.

RON

'Fraid he's right. One problem: Snape's Headmaster now. We can't just walk in the front door.

HARRY

We'll go to Hogsmeade. To Honeydukes. Take the secret passage in the cellar.

Harry looks off then, over the lake, in the direction the dragon flew off.

HARRY

There's something wrong with him. In the past, I could always follow his thoughts. Now everything feels disconnected.

RON

Maybe it's because of the Horcruxes. Maybe he's growing weaker. Maybe he's dying.

HARRY

No. It's more like he's wounded. If anything, he feels more dangerous.

An eerie calm. POSTERS OF HARRY -- "UNDESIRABLE NUMBER ONE" -- droop from every light post. SHOPS, shuttered at this hour, sit silently, SHROUDED IN A THICK FOG. Only THE THREE BROOMSTICKS evidences life, where YELLOW LIGHT and COURSE LAUGHTER drift from greasy windows. Just beyond lies Honeydukes. Suddenly, there is a DISTURBANCE in the MIST and the trio APPARATE INTO VIEW. They glance about when...

210 CONTINUED:

210

A SCREAM rents the air. INHUMAN. SHRILL. The laughter dies inside THE THREE BROOMSTICKS, a MOB OF SHADOWS fills the windows. Instantly, the trio pelt for Honeydukes.

210A EXT. STREET (OUTSIDE HONEYDUKES) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 210A

As the trio close in on Honeydukes, Death Eaters spill from the Broomsticks.

DEATH EATER #1  
*There! Right there!*

The trio turn on their heels and vanish into the mist.

210B EXT. STREET - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

210B

Harry leads the way, the trio running wicked fast through the twisting streets, glancing down alleyways for signs of pursuers, the mist both friend and foe. Suddenly, a DARK FIGURE appears on the roof above. He WHISTLES.

DEATH EATER #1  
*I've got them! Down here!!*

210C EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER)

210C

Harry, Ron and Hermione race down a side street and stumble into an ALCOVE, lungs burning. Hermione WHISPERS:

HERMIONE  
*They were ready for us.*

Suddenly BEAMS of LIGHT fracture the mist.

DEATH EATER #1 (O.S.)  
 We know you're here, Potter.  
 There's no getting away.

Harry slips the MIRROR from his pocket and ANGLES it. His own FACE SLIDES BRIEFLY over the surface, then the end of the alley comes INTO VIEW. A DEATH EATER stands there, wand glowing in the mist.

DEATH EATER #1 (O.S.)  
 Perhaps you need some convincing.

RON  
 What's he mean by that?

Hermione GASPS, eyes looking upward. Ron and Harry follow her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

210C CONTINUED:

210C

Just above the rooftops, barely distinguishable from the night, DEMENTORS DRIFT like smoke. As Harry draws his wand, Hermione's hand covers his. She WHISPERS:

HERMIONE

No, you'll give us away.

The night grows darker, the streetlights dim. The trio's breath drifts visibly in the gathering chill. As the Dementors descend, the trio grimace, beset by bleak thoughts. A tear escapes Hermione's eye, trails down her cheek. Finally, Harry can take it no more.

HARRY

*Expecto Patronum!*

A SILVER STAG bursts from his wand and charges down the street, scattering the Dementors before vanishing around the other side of the HOG'S HEAD INN.

DEATH EATER #2

It's him! He's down there!

FOOTSTEPS clatter on the cobblestones. Harry, Ron and Hermione glance desperately about when -- suddenly -- BOLTS GRIND, HINGES SQUALL and a DOOR OPENS. A CAT SLITHERS out and a MAN (ABERFORTH) appears in SILHOUETTE, the profile familiar...

ABERFORTH

In here, Potter.

211-212 OMITTED

211-212

213 INT. HOG'S HEAD INN - NIGHT

213

Harry, Ron and Hermione slip quickly past the man and inside. He gestures toward a rickety wooden staircase, brings a finger to his lips: Shhhh.

214 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

214

Harry enters a room with a threadbare carpet and a small fireplace, above which hangs a large OIL PAINTING of a BLONDE GIRL with a SWEET, but VACANT STARE. He steps to a grimy window and peers down to the street, where half a dozen DEATH EATERS glance about in confusion. Just then, Hermione and Ron enter the room.

RON

*Did you get a look at him! For a second I thought it was --*

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE  
(mildly shaken by  
this)  
*I know.*

Hearing this, Harry slips the mirror from his pocket.  
FOOTSTEPS sound from below.

HERMIONE  
Harry! I can see you! In here!

Harry turns, watches Hermione take a JAGGED SHARD similar to his own from the mantel. He glances down at the piece in his palm, sees Hermione's eye looking out at him.

Just then, Aberforth's hulking form appears on the landing.

ABERFORTH  
You bloody fools! What were you thinking coming here? Do you have any idea how dangerous it is --

HARRY  
You're Aberforth.

The room goes quiet. The man turns, eyes Harry.

HARRY  
Dumbledore's brother. It's you I've been seeing -- here. It's you who sent Dobby.

Harry holds up his shard. Aberforth eyes it briefly.

ABERFORTH  
Where've you left him?

HARRY  
He's dead.

ABERFORTH  
Sorry to hear it. I liked that elf.

HARRY  
How'd you come by it?

Harry nods to the shard in Hermione's hand.

ABERFORTH  
Mundungus Fletcher, 'bout a year ago.

HARRY

Dung had no right selling you  
that. It belonged to --

ABERFORTH

Sirius. Albus told me. He also  
told me that you'd likely be  
hacked off if you ever found out I  
had it. But ask yourself where  
you'd be if I didn't.

Harry doesn't respond.

ABERFORTH

Right then. Reckon you're hungry.  
Let's get you fed, then think of  
the best way to get you out of  
here.

A tray of food is set down on the table. RON and  
HERMIONE set to, they haven't eaten for days. ABERFORTH  
pours himself a glass of mead. Not his first.

\*  
\*

HERMIONE

Do you hear much from the others?  
From the Order?

ABERFORTH

The Order is finished. You-Know-  
Who's won. Anyone who says  
otherwise is kidding themselves.

The trio exchange glances. HARRY doesn't touch the food,  
just stares quietly at ABERFORTH.

\*  
\*

HARRY

We need to get into Hogwarts.  
Dumbledore gave us a job to do.

\*

ABERFORTH

Did he now? Nice job? Easy?

An awkward silence, the tension heavy.

\*

HARRY

We've been hunting Horcruxes. We  
think the last one's in the  
school. But we'll need your help  
getting in.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

215

CONTINUED:

215

HARRY (CONT'D)

If we can find it and kill it,  
 then we kill him, and then we can  
 end this war once and for all. We  
 need to get into Hogwarts tonight.

Aberforth stares at him for a moment, until the silence  
 grows.

ABERFORTH

It's not a job my brother's given  
 you, it's a suicide mission. Do  
 yourself a favor boy. Go home.  
 Live a little longer.

HARRY

Dumbledore trusted me, to see this  
 through.

ABERFORTH

What makes you think you can trust  
 him! What makes you think you can  
 believe anything my brother told  
 you! In all the time you knew  
 him, did he ever mention my name?  
 Did he ever mention hers?

Aberforth gestures to the painting of the girl.

HARRY

Why should he...

ABERFORTH

Keep secrets? You tell me.

HARRY

I only care about the Dumbledore I  
 knew. I trusted him.

ABERFORTH

Did you now? And why is that?

HARRY

I had no reason not to --

ABERFORTH

That's a boy's answer. A boy who  
 goes chasing Horcruxes on the word  
 of a man who won't even tell him  
 where to start. You're lying.  
 Not just to me, which doesn't  
 matter, but to yourself as well.  
 That's what a fool does.

HARRY

You're drunk.

(CONTINUED)

ABERFORTH

You don't strike me as a fool, Mr. Potter. So I'll ask you again. There must be a reason. Why do you trust anything my brother ever said to you? Why?

Harry stands mute, his face at war with itself. For a moment, it's unclear which competing emotion will win out, then -- finally -- he speaks, his voice steady.

HARRY

Because I need to. Because if I don't, I don't know who I am anymore. I've lost too many people to lie down now. I'm not interested in what happened between you and your brother, I don't even care that you've given up. I trust the man I knew. I'm going to see this through.

(pause)  
I need to get into the castle  
tonight.

Silence. HERMIONE and RON exchange a glance. ABERFORTH regards HARRY darkly, but HARRY merely stands, waiting. After several seconds, Aberforth's gaze shifts... to the painting.

ABERFORTH

You know what to do...

The girl smiles, turns, and walks away, growing slowly smaller in the painting with each step she takes.

HARRY  
Where've you sent her?

## ABERFORTH

HERMIONE

ABERFORTH  
She'll always be beautiful.

Ron and Harry glance at each other, confused.

HERMIONE

This hangs.

ABERFORTH

My brother sacrificed many things, Mr. Potter, in his journey to find power, including her. She was devoted to him -- he gave her everything, but time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aberforth looks to the empty frame.

## HERMIONE

Mr. Dumbledore... thank you.

Aberforth stares hard at Hermione, nods curtly, exits. As he disappears Ron looks to Hermione to explain her "Thank you."

## HERMIONE

Did save our lives twice. Kept an eye on us in that mirror. That doesn't seem like someone who's given up, does it?

Ron and Harry exchange a glance, eye the empty doorway.

## HERMIONE

She's coming back! And she's got someone with her!

Just then, the painting BLOOMS FAINTLY and ARIANA emerges from deep within the dark canvas.

RON

Who's that with her? Bloody hell...

As ARIANA draws closer, the LIMPING FIGURE beside her comes clear: NEVILLE.

NEVILLE

*I knew you'd come! I told them all! Harry Potter would never abandon Hogwarts!*

## HERMIONE

(softly)  
Neville...

The GILDED FRAME SWINGS OPEN, revealing -- in actuality -- what the painting had replicated. Harry pelted forward...

216 INT. PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

216

... into the passageway as Neville comes into the light drifting from the sitting room. Long hair. Gashed face. Swollen eye. Clothes ripped and torn.

HARRY

Neville, you look...

NEVILLE

Like hell? I reckon. This is nothing. Seamus is worse. You'll see. Hermione! Ron!

Neville embraces them, then turns to Aberforth.

NEVILLE

Hey, Ab. There might be a couple more people on the way.

The trio turns, see Aberforth standing in the doorway, watching Ariana drift back into the canvas. Neville turns to Harry, Ron and Hermione. Smiles again.

NEVILLE

Well? Ready?

217 INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

217

Neville leads the others down the passage.

RON

I don't remember this being on the Marauder's Map.

NEVILLE

That's because it never existed till now. The seven secret passages were sealed off before the start of the year. This is the only way in or out now. The grounds are crawling with Death Eaters and Dementors.

HERMIONE

How bad is it, Neville? With Snape as Headmaster.

NEVILLE

Hardly ever see him. It's the Carrows you have to watch out for.

HARRY

The Carrows?

(CONTINUED)

NEVILLE

Brother and sister. They're in charge of discipline. Like punishment, the Carrows.

Neville points to a GASH on his face.

HERMIONE

They did that to you? But why?

NEVILLE

Today's Dark Arts lesson had us practicing the Cruciatus Curse. On First Years. I refused. Hogwarts has changed.

The others look shocked. Neville grins.

NEVILLE

Aw, c'mon. Don't be grim. We're all used to it by now. And the thing is, it helps when people stand up, gives everyone hope. I used to notice that when you did it, Harry. C'mon, we're almost there.

The trio exchange glances, follow Neville.

Neville leads them up a short flight of stone steps to a DOOR, pauses. Looks back. WHISPERS.

NEVILLE

Let's have a bit of fun, shall we?  
(pushing open the door)

Hey! Listen up, you lot! I've brought you a surprise!

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Not more of Aberforth's cooking, I hope. Be a surprise if we could digest it.

Neville looks back, jerks his head toward the open door. Harry, Ron and Hermione step forward, duck through and...

... emerge into a large room that looks like a sumptuous tree house. Faces turn. Blink. Utter silence. Then...

(CONTINUED)

SEAMUS

*Blimey.*

... VOICES EXPLODE. Madness ensues as the trio is swallowed up in a scrum of backslaps and handshakes. Many familiar faces are present. Luna. Dean Thomas. CHO CHANG. LAVENDER BROWN. Neville leans down, WHISPERS to NIGEL.

NEVILLE

Get the word out to Remus and the others that Harry's back.

Nigel nods, scrambles over to a battered WIZARD WIRELESS. As it CRACKLES to life he leans close, SPEAKS.

NIGEL

*River, DA calling. Do you read?  
We have a new weather report:  
Lightning has struck. I repeat,  
lightning has struck...*

NEVILLE

Okay, okay! Stand down! Let's not kill them before You-Know-Who gets the chance!

(as they settle)

Right then. What's the plan, Harry?

Harry gazes out over the expectant faces in the room, noting the hollow eyes and broken bodies and the desperate, almost palpable desire for hope.

For a moment he seems lost, awed by the sacrifice his friends have made, much of it for him. Finally, he speaks:

HARRY

Okay. There's something we need to find, something hidden here in the castle. It could help us defeat You-Know-Who.

NEVILLE

What is it?

HARRY

We don't know.

DEAN

Where is it?

HARRY

Don't know that either.

(CONTINUED)

A confused MURMUR fills the room.

HARRY

I realize it's not much to go on.

SEAMUS

That's nothing to go on.

Harry falters, then his gaze happens upon the RAVENCLAW BANNER hanging across the room, bearing the symbol of an EAGLE. He studies it, a notion forming.

HARRY

I think it might have something to do with Ravenclaw. It would be small, easy to conceal, valuable. Any ideas?

He looks up. For a moment, there's no response, then:

LUNA

Well, there's Rowena Ravenclaw's lost diadem.

RON

(under his breath)  
Oh, bloody hell. Here we go.

LUNA

The lost diadem of Ravenclaw?  
Hasn't anyone ever heard of it?  
It's quite famous.

CHO

Yes, but Luna, it's lost. For centuries now. There's not a person alive today who's seen it.

Her fellow Ravenclaws nod. Ron frowns.

RON

Excuse me. But would someone tell me: what's a bloody diadem?

CHO

It's a kind of crown. You know, like a tiara.

As she says this, Harry frowns, trying to think if he's seen such a thing in the castle.

CHO

Ravenclaw's was rumored to have magical properties, to enhance the wisdom of the wearer.

219 CONTINUED: (3)

219

Just then QUICK FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD and a GIRL appears atop the far staircase. She stops, staring at Harry.

Ginny.

GINNY  
Harry.

HARRY  
Hey there.

Ron smiles, about to speak, then notices Ginny's eyes have not left Harry. He frowns, speaks to Hermione.

RON  
Six months she hasn't seen me and it's like I'm Frankie First Year.  
I mean, I'm only her brother.

SEAMUS  
Got loads of those, though,  
doesn't she? There's only one Harry.

RON  
Shut up, Seamus.

NEVILLE  
What is it, Ginny?

GINNY  
Snape knows. He knows that Harry was spotted in Hogsmeade.

220-229 OMITTED

220-229

229A EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT (LATER)

229A

Mist encircles the parapets of the castle itself, barely distinguishable from the DEMENTORS that drift like silent sentinels over the grounds. LIGHTS GLIMMER in the castle.

229B INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

229B

A stream of HUFFLEPUFF STUDENTS move toward the Great Hall. They walk grimly, their faces blank, as if accustomed to such exercises.

229C INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

229C

The Ravenclaws walk in lockstep as well. One TINY GIRL (MAISY REYNOLDS) stands out, walking alongside Luna, her bearing more defiant than defeated. The DEATH EATER chivvy them along eyes her cruelly.

ALECTO CARROW

Put a smile on, Miss Reynolds.  
Wouldn't want me to have to pay a  
visit to Daddy again, would you?

229D INT. DUNGEON CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

229D

Slytherin House walks in rigid synchronization, backs straight, in perfect rhythm. We catch sight of BLAISE ZABINI and GOYLE.

229E INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

229E

As the Gryffindors walk, Harry moves in their midst, effectively shielded. Harry slips past a few people, reaches out and... enfolds Ginny's hand in his own. She doesn't look back, knows it's him, knows his touch.

230 INT. GREAT HALL - SAME TIME - NIGHT

230

Each House stands together as a group, the room buzzing. No one sits. Harry is nowhere to be seen. At the Tall Table at the top of the Hall two DEATH EATERS -- AMYCUS AND ALECTO CARROW -- stand like sinister sentinels, their eyes raking the crowd. PROFESSOR McGONAGALL, her face ashen, her bearing reduced, stands along the right wall, while Flitwick stands by the left wall. As Snape enters, the room goes slowly silent.

SNAPE

Many of you are surely wondering why I have summoned you here at this hour. It has come to my attention that earlier this evening... Harry Potter was sighted in Hogsmeade.

A MURMURED THRILL fills the Hall. McGonagall's eyes glisten with curiosity. Snape raises his voice, briefly, to quell the noise in the Hall.

SNAPE

I mention this in the hopes that truth will not be supplanted by rumor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## SNAPE (CONT'D)

For myself and a few select members of the staff this comes as little surprise. We have, for some time, considered Mr. Potter's return to Hogwarts to be not only possible but inevitable. Consequently, in the past several months and under my specific direction, exhaustive defensive strategies have been employed to defeat any attempt Mr. Potter might make to breach these walls. But know this. Should anyone -- student or staff -- attempt to aid Mr. Potter, that person will be punished in a manner consistent with the severity of their transgression. Rest assured: So long as I am Headmaster at Hogwarts, Harry Potter will never again step foot in this castle.

As APPLAUSE erupts from the Slytherins, Maisy Reynolds, glowers over at them. Snape raises a hand. The room returns to silence.

## SNAPE

Now then. If anyone here has knowledge of Mr. Potter's movements this evening... I invite them to step forward now.

Snape's eyes rake the Hall. Dead silence. A nervous shift of glances. And then...

FOOTSTEPS.

A FIGURE appears in the shadows at the back of the Hall. McGonagall's chin rises in disbelief. Maisy's face blooms with hope. And then...

## HARRY (O.S.)

I think I can help you out with that...

... Harry appears.

## HARRY

It would seem that, despite your exhaustive defensive strategies, you have a bit of a security problem, Headmaster.

Snape stares in stunned disbelief, then his gaze shifts as one by one, others emerge: Ron. Hermione. Lupin.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur. Molly. Fred. George. Percy. Luna. Dean Thomas. Bill. Fleur. Kingsley Shacklebolt.

HARRY

And I'm afraid it's rather extensive.

The Carrows, who had been moving towards Harry, falter, turn to Snape with uncertainty. Harry's eyes narrow with malice as he stares at Snape.

HARRY

How dare you stand where he stood.

Snape watches Harry draw his wand, point it at him.

HARRY

Tell them how it was that night.  
Tell then how you looked him in  
the eye, a man who trusted you...  
and killed him. Tell them!

Snape's eyes find Harry's, but his face remains a mask. McGonagall stands poised, no longer an ashen ghost. Flitwick's hand twitches over his wand. The air prickles with anticipation.

Snape moves as if to retrieve his wand. McGonagall steps forward and sends a VOLCANIC BLAST Snape's way. Pivoting, he parries the spell -- barely -- and sends it RICOCHETING around the room.

CHAOS ensues. Flitwick and the rest of the staff -- inspired by Harry and McGonagall -- leap forth, wands out. Snape, outnumbered, standing at the epicenter, parries spell after spell with astonishing skill deflecting two of the curses into Alecto and Amycus Carrow.

Snape takes the measure of the room and sweeps his wand over his head, reducing the TORCHES that line the wall to SMOKE and pitching the Hall into total DARKNESS.

As STUDENTS SCREAM, a GREAT WHOOSHING sound fills the Hall and some flying thing flickers past the windows, RATTLING the PANES before BLASTING through one.

Instantly, the torches BURST back to life and we see that it's McGonagall, wand raised aloft, who's done it. In the moonlight, Harry can see a BATLIKE CREATURE beating into the night. McGonagall peers bitterly into the darkness.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

*Coward! COWARD! And he didn't even stay to fight!*

(turning to Harry)

Mr. Potter, do you mind telling me what you're doing here, which, I trust you realize, is an act of complete and utter lunacy?

HARRY

I'm a Gryffindor.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I thought it might have something to do with that.

(turning to the room)

All right! Settle down! Settle down!

The room quiets.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

It appears that your Headmaster, to use the common phrase, has done a bunk.

CHEERS RISE from all Houses save Slytherin, where PANSY PARKINSON glowers along with Blaise and Goyle. Even McGonagall can't help but smile. Just then, Harry WINCES slightly, pressing his fingers to his temple.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Potter...

A slow RUMBLING fills the Hall. Harry, fingers trembling with pain, glances up, sees DARK CLOUDS coagulating in the Enchanted Ceiling. McGonagall follows his gaze, as do others, watching as the clouds shift eerily, like blots of blood.

Suddenly the FLAMES in the torches along the walls TREMBLE as a CHILL BREEZE consumes the room. The Hall slowly DIMS. All grows progressively silent when...

... a GIRL SCREAMS, her voice rising and rising. Harry rushes through the throng, the students parting as he pelts forwards, pushing past them until he finds...

... Maisy, cowering on the floor in the corner, hands over her ears, eyes clenched tight. She seems possessed. Everyone watches, chilled. Finally Harry starts to move forward, when he himself WINCES, pressing his fingers to his temples. Another person SCREAMS somewhere in the Hall, then another. Harry glances about him, at the circle of faces in his vicinity.

(CONTINUED)

All are a mirror image of Maisy now, grimacing in pain. Harry stares, confused, stricken with pain, when...

... a VOICE BLOOMS in his head in a DEATHLY WHISPER.

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

*I know that many of you will want  
to fight. Some of you may even  
think this wise. But this is  
folly.*

We WEAVE THROUGH the room, taking in the faces, listening in mute misery as Voldemort speaks. Ginny, Hermione, Ron, Fred, George, Seamus... on and on.

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

*I wish you no harm. I have great  
respect for the students of  
Hogwarts. I was once one myself  
after all. I ask for but one  
thing and if granted no magical  
blood shall be spilt...*

For a moment they stand, hung in silence...

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

*Give me Harry Potter. Do this and  
none shall be harmed. Give me  
Harry Potter and I shall leave  
Hogwarts untouched. Give me Harry  
Potter and you will be rewarded.*

With that, the whisper recedes and those in the Hall slowly surface back into the prickling ambience of the here and now. Above them, the clouds evaporate in the Enchanted Ceiling. And then, like iron filings flaking to the surface of a magnet, every eye finds...

Harry.

For a moment, silence. Then, Pansy Parkinson jabs her finger at Harry.

PANSY PARKINSON

*But he's there! Potter's there!  
Someone grab him!*

Instinctively, Ginny steps in front of Harry, wand drawn. Then, as one, the Gryffindors assemble in a line and face towards the Slytherins, shielding Harry. Moments later, the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs do the same. Harry's eyes glitter at the sight, moved. Ginny lowers her wand.

Just then... FILCH bursts in the Hall.

FILCH  
*Students out of bed! Students in  
the corridors!*

Filch stops dead, as MRS. NORRIS wends through his legs.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
They're supposed to be out of bed,  
you blithering idiot!

FILCH  
Oh. Sorry, mum.

Filch begins to turn away.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
Wait! As it turns out, Mr. Filch,  
your arrival is most opportune.  
If you would, I'd like you to lead  
Miss Parkinson and the rest of  
Slytherin House from the Hall.

FILCH  
Right away.  
(stopping)  
Er, exactly where is it I'd be  
leadin' em to, mum?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
(a thought, then...)  
The dungeons should do.

CHEERS rise again and McGonagall's eyes turn on Harry.  
She rises up to full height, her jaw firm.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
I presume you have a reason for  
returning, Potter. What is it you  
need?

HARRY  
Time. As much as you can give me.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
Do what you have to do. I'll  
secure the castle.

HARRY  
Is that possible, Professor?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
We teachers are rather good at  
magic, Potter. We've even been  
known to turn out a worthwhile  
witch or wizard on occasion.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED: (6)

230

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (CONT'D)

I think it's time I ask a few of  
them to take their magic beyond  
the classroom. What d'you think?

Harry follows McGonagall's gaze, sees Neville and Ginny  
conferring with a sprinkling of DA members.

HARRY

I think you're right.

McGonagall nods, still sizing up Neville and the others.  
Harry turns, starts to exit.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

By the way, Potter...  
(as he looks back)  
It's good to see you.

HARRY

You, too, Professor.

231-232 OMITTED

231-232

233 INT./EXT. GREAT HALL/COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT

233

Neville and Ginny flank McGonagall as she sweeps out of  
the Great Hall and into the courtyard. Flitwick and  
other members of the DA -- including Seamus -- trail  
after.

NEVILLE

Let me get this straight,  
Professor. You're giving us  
permission to do this?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

That is correct, Longbottom.

NEVILLE

To blow it up. Boom.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Boom.

NEVILLE

Wicked.

(a frown)

Um... exactly how do you propose  
we do this, Professor?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Why don't you confer with Mr.  
Finnegan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

233

CONTINUED:

233

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (CONT'D)

As I recall, he has a particular  
proclivity for pyrotechnics.

Neville and Ginny glance back at Seamus.

SEAMUS

I can bring 'er down.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

That's the spirit. Now off you  
go.

Neville, Ginny, Seamus and the DA peel off.

FLITWICK

You realize, of course, that  
nothing we do will be able to keep  
out You-Know-Who indefinitely.

MADAM SPROUT

That doesn't mean we can't hold  
him up.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

That doesn't mean we can't hold  
him up. And his name is  
Voldemort, Filius. You might as  
well use it. He's going to try to  
kill you either way.

With that, McGonagall wheels, raises her wand and points  
it in the direction of the Great Hall.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

*Piertotum Locomotor!*

234

INT. ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

234

Instantly, all along the corridor STATUES and SUITS OF  
ARMOR come to life on their plinths.

235

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

235

As McGonagall and the others watch, the statues parade  
INTO VIEW.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Hogwarts is threatened! Man the  
boundaries and protect us! Do  
your duty to our school!

As the statues thunder past, heading toward the viaduct,  
McGonagall watches with evident pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I've always wanted to use that  
spell.

Several yards off, Flitwick holds his wand aloft, his face grimly determined. Momentarily a "disturbance" troubles the atmosphere -- this is powerful stuff -- McGonagall and other Staff members step forward to assist, wands raised high. Together, they conjure...

TEACHERS

Protego Maxima...  
Finato Duri...  
Repello Inimicum...

235A EXT. HOGWARTS (AERIAL) - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

235A

... a magical SHIELD, which expands ever outward, blooming over the castle grounds, while far below the STATUES march the length of the viaduct and take their positions along the perimeter, still as sentinels.

235B EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

235B

Further on, small as ants from this vantage, Neville, Ginny, Seamus and half a dozen DA members approach the WOODEN BRIDGE.

236 EXT. HOGWARTS ROCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

236

As we leave them behind, MOVING BEYOND the Shield's reach, a MASSIVE, QUIVERING SHADOW comes INTO VIEW, drifting toward the castle: DEATH EATERS, their numbers staggering. We DESCEND INTO their midst and a FIGURE EMERGES, stepping onto an OUTCROPPING, robes billowing, flanked by Bellatrix and PIUS THICKNESSE. We SWEEP AROUND, FIND his face: Voldemort.

236A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

236A

Controlled chaos as scores of students and Staff sweep over the staircase, preparing for battle. Harry moves quickly, followed by Ron and Hermione. They speak with urgency.

RON

Harry, Hermione and I have been thinking. It doesn't really matter if we find the Horcrux.

(CONTINUED)

236A CONTINUED:

236A

HARRY  
 (stopping)  
 What're you saying?

HERMIONE  
*Unless we can destroy it.*

RON  
 So we were thinking --

HERMIONE  
*You were thinking. It's Ron's idea. And it's brilliant.*

RON  
*You destroyed Tom Riddle's Diary with a Basilisk fang, right? Well, we know where we might find one, don't we?*

Harry looks at the two of them. Ponders this. Nods.

HARRY  
*Okay. But take this. That way you can find me when you get back.*

Harry hands Hermione the MARAUDER'S MAP.

HERMIONE  
*Where are you going?*

HARRY  
*Ravenclaw Common Room. Got to start somewhere.*

Hermione nods, slips the Map in her beaded bag and she and Ron head off. Just before they turn the corner, Ron looks back, holds Harry's glance briefly... and then is gone. As Harry continues on, Luna steps INTO FRAME, watches him vanish in the crowd.

237 OMITTED

237

238 INT. SPANNING BRIDGE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

238

Harry dashes across the bridge.

LUNA  
*Harry! Wait! I need to talk to you!*

He glances back, slowing, but doesn't break stride.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I'm a bit preoccupied right now,  
Luna.

LUNA

But you won't find anything where  
you're going. You're wasting your  
time.

Harry frowns, mildly annoyed, doesn't glance back.

HARRY

We'll talk later, Luna.

LUNA

Harry --

HARRY

*Later.*

Luna stops, watching him recede. Then suddenly:

LUNA

HARRY POTTER! YOU LISTEN TO ME  
RIGHT NOW!

Harry stops, stunned. Turns. Luna collects herself.

LUNA

Don't you remember what Cho said  
about Rowena Ravenclaw's diadem:  
'*There's not a person alive who's  
seen it.*'

Harry stares dumbly back, shrugs, "So?"

LUNA

It's obvious, isn't it? We have  
to talk to someone who's dead.

Harry stares at her oddly when suddenly he becomes aware  
of the DISTURBANCE in the AIR around them. He looks up,  
toward the shield above, then at the tiny figure of  
Flitwick, wand aloft, standing with McGonagall and  
Sprout.

LUNA

He's very impressive, isn't he?

Harry starts to respond when he WINCES, clutches his  
scar, sees...

239 EXT. HOGWARTS ROCK - SAME TIME - NIGHT

239

... Voldemort, regarding the castle pityingly as the Hogwarts faithful take their positions.

VOLDEMORT

They never learn. Such a pity.

Voldemort smiles, as if amused. His eyes gleam fiercely.

VOLDEMORT

Begin.

Bellatrix RAISES HER ARM in signal and the sea of Death Eaters settle, poised and waiting. The air goes still....

THICKNESSE

But, my Lord, shouldn't we wait --

Voldemort's eyes shift, killing the remainder of Thicknesse's sentence before it can escape his throat. Bellatrix's eyes narrow in contempt. Chilled, Thicknesse looks away. Then -- as if burying a knife deep in the heart of an enemy... Bellatrix drops her arm.

240 EXT. SPANNING BRIDGE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

240

EXPLOSIONS SOUND. Harry blinks, looking upward as the sky blazes with light and SMOKING TENDRILS plummet towards the castle. BOOM! The bridge ROLLS under his feet but the shield holds... for now. As fire fills the sky again, Fred and George burst out of the castle, grinning madly.

FRED

Nice night for it!

Harry turns to Luna.

HARRY

Okay, Luna. Who've you got in mind?

241 INT. EMPTY CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

241

Ron and Hermione move down a desolate corridor. They react to the distant sound of MUTED EXPLOSIONS, consider the door to the bathroom before them, then each other. Without a word, they pass through. Gone.

242

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

242

Neville limps into our FIELD OF VIEW and peers outward, marveling at the bombardment above.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

That's it. I want a charge on each and every joist.

Neville peers below. Down amongst the pilings, Seamus directs KATIE BELL, CHO and NIGEL in placing magical "charges" (spells) on key pressure points.

NEVILLE

You do know what you're doing, don't you, Seamus?

Seamus winks, gives a thumbs-up -- he seems to be enjoying himself, perhaps inordinately so. Neville exhales, shakes his head.

NEVILLE

Blimey.

Neville looks off then, peering back along the bridge's spine to where Ginny stands at the far end. Seeing him, she raises her hand to wave... then goes still, her hand suspended in the air, looking past Neville as a HOWLING rises on the air like a crude battle cry. Hearing it, too, Neville turns, our view expanding, rising, revealing...

HUNDREDS OF BAYING SNATCHERS rolling in an angry wave over the hill opposite.

NEVILLE

Not good.

243

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

243

Luna leads Harry up a SHADOWY STAIRCASE, out into...

244

INT. GREY LADY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

244

... a corridor.

LUNA

If you're to find her, you'll find her down there.

HARRY

Aren't you coming?

(CONTINUED)

244

CONTINUED:

244

Luna cocks her head, staring down toward the dark end.

LUNA

No. I think it best if you two talk alone. She's very shy.

Luna exits. Harry eyes the shadows ahead.

245

EXT. BATTLEMENTS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

245

Lupin and SHACKLEBOLT stride out into the night as Dean tags after. Shacklebolt gives instructions to Dean.

KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT

Tell Professor McGonagall Remus and I will handle this side of the castle.

DEAN

Yes, sir.

As Dean starts off, the grounds beyond and below come INTO VIEW: a sea of Death Eaters. Kingsley and Remus stop dead, narrow their eyes.

KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT

Dean!

(as Dean stops)

On second thought, tell Professor McGonagall we might need one or two more wands this side.

Dean nods, continues on, merely trading a glance with Arthur, Fred and George as they appear, staring in stunned disbelief at the deadly throng across the landscape.

LUPIN

It's the quality of one's conviction that determines success, not the number of one's followers.

Lupin stares straight ahead, as does Shacklebolt.

KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT

Who said that?

LUPIN

Me.

For the first time, they look at each other, share a fatalistic smile. Just then TONKS appears.

(CONTINUED)

LUPIN  
Speaking of quality.

Tonks rushes past the Weasleys, lightly touching Arthur's arm as she leaps into Lupin's embrace. He hugs her deeply.

LUPIN  
You shouldn't have. It's Teddy  
who needs you.

TONKS  
He'll sleep 'til dawn and snore  
like his father. It's you who  
needs me tonight.

He looks her in the eye, not denying it. Then a THUNDEROUS BOOM SHATTERS the night and ACRID PLUMES of smoke strafe the sky. As they plummet, we TRACE their arcs...

... DOWNWARD, as SHADOWS, streaking across the walls of the corridor Harry walks. Up ahead, a GAUZY SHADOW plays eerily in the corner, undulating like the fins of a goldfish. As he turns the corner, Harry finds a BEAUTIFUL GHOST (Helena Ravenclaw) floating before a VEINED MIRROR, her reflected eyes distant and sad. As her face comes INTO VIEW, he reacts, recognizing her from his visions.

HARRY  
It's you...

The sea of Snatchers close on the bridge, their HOWLS DEAFENING. As Neville looks on in terror, a fresh VOLLEY of ROCKETS lace the night sky, his skin throbbing with a kaleidoscope of light: Blood red. Blue moon. Bright sun. He glances up, watching as the bombs strike the SHIELD and the SKY SHIVERS like water. Suddenly, his expression changes, faint hope displacing dread as...

THWACK!

... teeth bared, the first Snatcher runs flat into Flitwick's shield and bounces back.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

One after another, the Snatchers bounce back. A grin blooms on Neville's face.

NEVILLE

Ha! Ha!

Scabior stops short, eyeing the area ahead warily. Neville begins to LAUGH, in faint disbelief at first, then harder, almost maniacally, consumed by a fear turned to ecstasy. Hoarsely, he bellows at Scabior.

NEVILLE

Yeah! You and whose army!

He grins, raises his wand and, with a TRIUMPHANT WHOOP, WHIPS his arm (too) VIGOROUSLY into the air and fires a SHOT into the night sky...

SEAMUS

Woah! Easy up there!

Neville looks down, sees Seamus -- draped in CHARGES -- glaring up at him.

NEVILLE

Sorry.

(rubbing his elbow)

Ow.

Ron and Hermione reach the SERPENT'S HATCH that bars the way to the chamber. Ron takes out his wand.

RON

(in Parseltongue)

*Take me inside.*

Hermione's eyes widen in shock. Ron shrugs.

RON

Harry talks in his sleep. Haven't you noticed?

HERMIONE

No. Of course not.

The hatch swings open.

249 INT. APPROACH TO CHAMBER OF SECRETS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 249

Ron and Hermione make their way through the shadowy cavern, BONES snapping like fish scales under their feet. As they reach a low wall of rocks, waist-high, Ron stops.

RON  
I've never got this far before.

HERMIONE  
I'm scared.

Ron looks at her, then hoists himself through.

RON  
Me too.

250 INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT 250

Ron and Hermione spill into the soaring cavern and begin to walk the gauntlet of serpents. Hermione peers ahead into Salazar Slytherin's sinister face.

HERMIONE  
I didn't expect it to be like this.

RON  
What did you expect it to be like?

HERMIONE  
Not this.

251 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 251

The Grey Lady drifts eerily, staring at Harry.

HARRY  
You're the Grey Lady, the ghost of Ravenclaw Tower.

THE GREY LADY  
I do not answer to that name.

HARRY  
I'm sorry. It's Helena, isn't it? Helena Ravenclaw. Rowena's daughter. Luna told me.

THE GREY LADY  
Are you a friend of Luna's?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Yes. She thought you might be  
able to help me.

THE GREY LADY

You seek my mother's diadem.

Harry stops, stunned.

HARRY

Yes! That's right --

THE GREY LADY

Luna is kind. Unlike so many of  
the others, but she was wrong. I  
cannot help you.

She begins to drift away. Outside, EXPLOSIONS are heard.  
The room QUAKES. Harry looks desperate.

HARRY

Wait! Please!

THE GREY LADY

Many have sought my mother's  
diadem. Its powers are  
legendary...

HARRY

But I don't care about its powers!  
Honestly --

But she is drifting away. Harry watches in desperation.

HARRY

I don't seek it for myself! You  
have to believe me!

But she only drifts on. Helplessly, Harry watches her  
go, then... decides:

HARRY

I want to destroy it.

She stops. Turns. He sees this has hooked her in some  
way. Begins walking back toward her, nodding.

HARRY

That's what you want, isn't it,  
Helena? You want it destroyed.

THE GREY LADY

(vague, drifting)

She thought I took it to hurt her.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## THE GREY LADY (CONT'D)

But I only wanted to be more like her, clever and wise. She wore it so beautifully, but on me... I grew to hate it... the pain I felt... the pain I feel even now...

## HARRY

I'll end your pain, Helena. Tell me where it is and I'll destroy it, I swear, on my mother's memory --

## THE GREY LADY

Another swore to destroy it, many years ago, a strange boy with a strange name...

## HARRY

Tom Riddle --

## THE GREY LADY

But he lied.

## HARRY

He's lied to many people --

Suddenly, her eyes blaze with anger, her face contorting horribly and Harry can't help but take a step back.

## THE GREY LADY

I know what he's done! I know who he is! He defiled it! With Dark Magic!

Harry stares at her, watching as her eyes drift and her face resolves itself again, vacant but beautiful.

## HARRY

Yes. That's right. But I can undo that, Helena. I can destroy it once and for all. But only if you tell me where he hid it. You know where he hid it, don't you, Helena? You just have to tell me. Please.

(stepping toward her)  
*Trust me.*

She looks at him, standing so close now, only inches apart, lost in his eyes for a moment.

## THE GREY LADY

Strange... you remind me of him a bit...

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED: (3)

251

Harry stares at her, stung, suddenly looking a bit lost himself. EXPLOSIONS sound again, faintly this time and for a moment it's as if he's forgotten why he's come here. Then, her voice brings him round:

THE GREY LADY  
It's here. In the castle. In the  
place where everything is  
hidden...

Harry probes her eyes, baffled.

THE GREY LADY  
*If you have to ask, you'll never  
know. If you know, you need only  
ask...*

Slowly, Harry's expression changes. Then, he is backing away.

HARRY  
Thank you...

... then turning...

HARRY  
Thank you...

... then running.

252 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

252

Harry careens down the staircase, buffeted by the chaos that surrounds him, swept forward by the tide of people screaming and shouting as they deploy to different parts of the castle. It's madness.

253 INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

253

Ron emerges from the shadows, basilisk fang in hand, and joins Hermione on Slytherin's altar. She reaches into the beaded bag and removes the cup. He extends the fang to her.

RON  
You do it.

She starts to speak, to object, when Ron speaks:

RON  
Yes, you can.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

She reaches out, her hand trembling, and takes the fang from his fingers. She raises her arm -- still as glass for a moment -- then knifes down...

253A EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

253A

Voldemort HOWLS, his eyes burning scarlet...

254 OMITTED

254

255 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

255

Harry STAGGERS, ROARING in agony, his IRISES BLOOMING RED in the reflected glow of the guttering torch on the wall he steadies himself against as...

256 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

256

... impulsively, violently, Voldemort draws his wand -- the Elder Wand -- then stops -- briefly -- studying it. A strange mixture of awe and ambivalence darkens his face. Then, suddenly, it vanishes and he points the wand to the sky. His arm SWEEPS forth. And a CRACK OF THUNDER shakes the grounds. The sky turns white. For a moment, everything is FROZEN, STILL...

257 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

257

... and then an ERUPTION of sound and fury rolls over the grounds.

258 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

258

Neville stares to the sky, his face bleached white. Ginny's pupils contract.

259 EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT

259

McGonagall studies the trembling shield above.

260 EXT. BATTLEMENTS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

260

Tonks reaches for Lupin's hand, but is unable to bridge the few inches that separate their fingers.

- 261 EXT. BATTLEMENTS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 261  
Stricken, Fred and George and Dean stare at the night sky.
- 262 EXT. VIADUCT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 262  
An ARMORED WARRIOR STATUE stares impassively.
- 263 EXT. OTHER PART OF VIADUCT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 263  
Flitwick turns, stares up at the castle, standing dark as ink against the sky.
- 264 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 264  
And then Voldemort's arm drops and...  
... Flitwick's shield shatters.
- 264A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 264A  
Harry staggers against the wall as the pain loosens its grip; the scarlet in his eyes ebbs as the flames flickering in the sconces gutter...
- 265 OMITTED 265
- 266 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 266  
... the SCARLET FIRE BLAZING in Voldemort's eyes recedes...
- 267 INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 267  
... the cup tumbles into the water, SIZZLING as it makes contact, sending a WRAITH of WATER spewing forth, tortured and writhing. It hangs, suspended tremulously in the air, horrifying... then EXPLODES, raining over Ron and Hermione. They stand, utterly still, as the water runs off their bodies and pools at their feet. For a moment, they stay like this, unmoving, as if amazed to have survived, then their eyes shift, find each other. They do not blink, the moment fraught. Then Hermione -- almost imperceptibly -- nods.  
Finally, they move, closing the space between them, and kiss.

- 268 EXT. HOGWARTS - GROUNDS/VIADUCT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 268  
 SIZZLING PLUMES strafe the night sky, raining down on the knights arrayed along the bridge and onto the castle itself.
- 269 EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT 269  
 The PLUMES RICOCHET madly, shattering the tracery as the Knights struggle to defend the castle. McGonagall looks up: more PLUMES light up the sky, begin to plummet.  
 PROFESSOR McGONAGALL  
 Fall inside! Everybody! Fall  
 inside!
- 270 EXT./INT. BATTLEMENTS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 270  
 Windows shatter, pierced by PLUMES, which MATERIALIZE into DEATH EATERS. Instantly, students and staff engage the dark wizards, standing shoulder to shoulder as they defend the school against the onslaught. Fred and George fall in on either side of Arthur, wands BLAZING, while Lupin, Tonks and Shacklebolt battle only yards away, the fighting swift and lethal.
- 271 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 271  
 Neville's eyes rake the fiery nightscape before him, then shift to the more immediate vicinity. He goes still. Scabior. The Snatchers. Are rising. Moving forward. Toward... him.  
 NEVILLE  
 Not good.  
 Neville starts to back up slowly, then turns heel and pelts back up the bridge. Plumes rain down from the sky. Enemy spells skitter at Neville's feet. He looks back, sees Scabior and the others closing like a herd of wildebeests.
- GINNY  
 Ready!?
- NEVILLE  
 Are you bloody joking?!
- She lifts her wand, ready to DETONATE the SPELLS, when Seamus pops up beside her, a rather maniacal gleam in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

NEVILLE  
 (to himself)  
 Oh God --

KA-BLAAAAAM! Neville sets off the charges. Instantly, one bridge section after another EXPLODES, rolling up like a carpet. Snatchers fall from sight, plummeting into the darkness. Neville looks over his shoulder, sees Scabior closing on him, then looks back towards Ginny, who stands frozen, wand raised, never fired, looking at...

... Seamus, his face blooming with fanatical ecstasy as he watches the charges detonate. As Seamus HOWLS with pleasure, Neville, WHEEZING PAINFULLY at this point, glances back and sees that Scabior has closed the distance, is coming fast when -- KA-BLAM! -- Scabior is catapulted into the air. Neville looks momentarily relieved, then realizes, to his evident dismay, that the bridge is falling away with increasing speed. Alarmed, Ginny looks to Seamus.

SEAMUS  
 He's good...

The remainders begin to discharge, tripping off like firecrackers, one section after another vanishing...

SEAMUS  
 He's good...

... including the section under Neville's feet...

And he is gone.

Ginny GASPS, hands to her face. Seamus frowns.

The moment hangs.

Seemingly forever.

Then CHARRED FINGERNAILS appear over the final remaining section of the bridge, followed by Neville himself, teeth blackened, a patch of hair lost, scalp smoldering.

NEVILLE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Well done, Seamus!

SEAMUS  
 (grinning)  
 Told yeh I'd bring 'er down.

271 CONTINUED: (2)

271

As Neville glowers at him, Ginny reaches out, hoists him onto what's left of the bridge. Neville shakes some ASHES from his head and then... GRINS unexpectedly.

GINNY

What?

NEVILLE

That was kind of exciting.

Seamus grins and winks knowingly. Ginny shakes her head.

GINNY

Mad. The both of you.

Just then, a thundering RUMBLE almost sends Neville tumbling off the bridge again. As Ginny steadies him, they all peer into the distance: GIANTS.

NEVILLE

Not good.

272 EXT. VIADUCT/ENTRANCE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

272

Giants crash over the viaduct, laying waste to the Knights as more PLUMES rocket overhead.

273 EXT. COURTYARD/VIADUCT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

273

Death Eaters run roughshod over the grounds. Giants step on anything in their path, including the occasional Death Eater, crushing skulls, snapping spines.

In the midst of the mayhem, Draco appears, his face bearing the small gashes he suffered at Malfoy Manor. Slipping past the nastiest players in the fray, he enters the castle.

274 INT. DUNGEON CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

274

A grinning Filch regards the terrified run of Slytherin faces peering from within the dank cages before him.

FILCH

Night-tee night.

PANSY PARKINSON

You let us out of here, you filthy squib!

Filch grins, shaking the ring of keys in his hand, then turns away.

(CONTINUED)

274

CONTINUED:

274

We STAY WITH him as he walks away, then -- gently at first -- the chamber begins to TREMBLE, until -- with each step -- it shakes more and more VIOLENTLY. Finally, Filch stops, glancing apprehensively about when...

... KA-BOOM! Plaster RAINS DOWN and a RAGGED HOLE opens in the CEILING, followed by another and then another. A HUGE EYE peers down FROM ABOVE; a MASSIVE NOSE sniffs stupidly. It's...

... a GIANT.

As the Slytherins scream, the giant's FIST drops heavily through the hole, fingers probing the cell clumsily. As Filch watches in horror, the cell falls to pieces and the Slytherins spill forth. Goyle is ruthless, flinging Housemates aside while Blaise follows in his wake. As they reach the safety of the corridor, a hand -- this one of human scale -- reaches out of the darkness, grabs Goyle:

Draco.

275

OMITTED

275

276

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

276

Harry, still feeling the effects of Voldemort's Shield shattering, stumbles forward as spells fly and bodies fall. Like a man possessed, he veers on, fighting his way toward the archway opposite when he sees a Death Eater drawing a bead on him. With nary a thought, Harry drops him with a Stunning Spell just as Ginny and Neville appear.

HARRY

Ginny! Neville! You alright?

NEVILLE

Never better! Feel like I could spit fire! Haven't seen Luna, have you?

HARRY

Luna -- ?

NEVILLE

I'm mad for her! Think it's about time I told her, seeing as there's a pretty good chance we'll both be dead by dawn!

(CONTINUED)

Harry and Ginny watch him dash off, then turn quickly back to each other. Their eyes catch. An instant, a moment of meaning in the midst of madness.

GINNY

I know.

Then she is off, running, gone.

As Harry pelts down the corridor, an EXPLOSION DETONATES and the windows running the length of the corridor EXPLODE -- one after another -- showering Harry in glass. Then the wall itself falls away, rubble falling into the night and below. Harry never breaks stride. As the BILLOWING SMOKE thins, Malfoy appears, flanked by Blaise and Goyle. They follow.

... Ron and Hermione, flying out of the bathroom, still soaking wet. Taking the Marauder's Map from the beaded purse, they look. It is SWARMING WITH DOTS.

RON

Bloody hell. We'll never find him on this.

HERMIONE

There he is.

RON

What?

As Hermione points to Harry's name amidst the ant colony on the parchment, Ron -- unbeknownst to her -- regards her with naked appreciation.

RON

Brilliant.

HERMIONE

He vanished. Just now. I saw it.

Ron glances at MAP -- then:

RON

He must've gone into the Room of Requirement. It doesn't show on the map, remember? You said so last year.

HERMIONE

(amazed he  
remembered)

That's right. I did.

RON

Let's go.

As Ron dashes off, Hermione -- unbeknownst to him -- regards him with naked appreciation, then follows.

HERMIONE

Brilliant.

Ron and Hermione race through the SHATTERED GLASS, the smoke thinner now. We TRACK them TO the end of the corridor and INTO another, where TAPESTRIES BURN and PORTRAITS hang askew. Suddenly, Hermione grabs Ron's hand, gestures ahead, where Draco, Blaise and Goyle are slipping around a corner.

Ron and Hermione follow.

Draco stops, turns to face the wall and CLOSES HIS EYES. As the window behind EXPLODES, filling the corridor with SMOKE, Goyle and Blaise jump, but Draco never flinches.

DRACO

Take my hand.  
(as they hesitate)  
Now.

Ron and Hermione creep carefully to the end of their corridor, peer slowly round the corner.

THEIR POV - AN EMPTY CORRIDOR

swirling with smoke.

282A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

282A

Harry continues on, almost running now, then WINCES, faltering as he's struck by a spike of PAIN, his fingers tracing his scar as he resumes his pace, knowing he's getting closer, feeling it, his head HUMMING with the Horcrux's sinister siren song, the sound growing LOUDER and LOUDER as he turns down yet another aisle and...

Stops.

A vein THROBS VISIBLY at Harry's temple. Hand trembling, he reaches out, pushes aside a STACK OF DECAYING SPELLBOOKS and finds a PAIR OF EYES looking at him over the rim of a DUSTY CANISTER. He pushes the canister aside and reveals a POCKMARKED STONE BUST of a WARLOCK with GLASS EYES. Perched atop its head, dulled by time, is ROWENA RAVENCLAW'S DIADEM. He reaches out...

DRACO

Well, well, what brings you here,  
Potter?

Harry looks slowly over his shoulder. Draco -- Blaise and Goyle at his side -- steps INTO VIEW, his face bisected by light. He holds a wand on Harry.

HARRY

I could ask you the same.

DRACO

I virtually lived here last year.  
Remember?

HARRY

I remember.

DRACO

You have something of mine. I'd like it back.

Draco gestures to the wand sticking out of Harry's pocket.

HARRY

What's wrong with the one you have?

DRACO

(studying it)

It's my mother's. It's very powerful, but it's not the same. It doesn't... understand me.

(looking up)

Know what I mean?

(CONTINUED)

282A CONTINUED:

282A

Just then, over Draco's shoulder and several yards beyond, a SHADOW FLICKERS (Ron). Harry looks down, notices a DROP of WATER fall from the PANT CUFF, cuts his eyes away. He reaches for the wand in his pocket.

DRACO

Easy.

Harry looks up, sees Draco watching him closely. He studies Draco's face.

HARRY

Why didn't you tell her?

Draco doesn't respond.

HARRY

Bellatrix. You knew it was me.  
But you didn't say anything.

Blaise and Goyle, confused by this, regard Draco dimly from either side. Draco fidgets, his hand twitching on the wand.

DRACO

Give me my wand.

Harry continues to study Draco's face.

HARRY

No. I don't think so...

With blithe disregard, Harry removes the wand in his own pocket, ponders it.

HARRY

Besides, its allegiance is to me now. If you want it, you'll have to win it back. Perhaps even kill me...

Harry looks up. He and Draco lock eyes.

GOYLE

C'mon, Draco. Don't be a prat.  
Just do 'im.

Draco's hand twitches, his brow conflicted, then his eyes shift -- catch sight of Hermione, in SILHOUETTE, far beyond Harry's shoulder, her wand pointed... at him. He blinks, as if she were a mirage... then... a BALL of SCARLET LIGHT bursts from her wand, briefly illuminating her face, and strikes his hand. As his wand flies free, Goyle steps into the breach and fires back at Hermione.

(CONTINUED)

GOYLE

*Avada Kedavra!*

The spell caroms off the stone bust instead, sending the diadem spinning into the air.

Ron fires a flurry of spells at Goyle, but he manages to elude them all by crashing through the wall of junk. As it TEETERS, Ron pelts through the hole made by Goyle and gives chase. Ting! Harry looks up, sees the diadem bounce off the top of a BIRDCAGE, skitter along the top of the highest shelf and bounce... out of sight. Gone. Turning back, he finds Blaise taking aim at him.

HARRY

*Expelliarmus!*

Blaise's wand flies free and he scarpers. An instant later, Hermione steps INTO VIEW. A MASSIVE GROAN echoes and the walls of towering junk SHUDDER. Harry looks up. Hermione looks up. Then at each other. The sky is falling.

NEW ANGLE - HIGH

One after another, the towering walls spill like dominos.

NEW ANGLE - GROUND LEVEL

Harry and Hermione run side by side as the world comes crashing down.

HERMIONE

Did you see where it went? The diadem!

HARRY

It's gone! We'll never --

Ting! Ting! Ting! The diadem drops from the sky and hops, skips and jumps down the aisle in front of them. Harry and Hermione exchange a glance and pelt after it. Harry nearly has it in grasp when a small AVALANCHE of MOLDY BOOKS bars his path. Hermione leaps over the books, reaches out and... grabs it. Harry comes panting up.

HARRY

Well done. Let's find Ron and get out of here.

Harry wheels, sees Ron running towards them chased by a RIVER of SCARLET FLAMES.

(CONTINUED)

RON

*RUN! Goyle's set the bloody place  
on fire!*

As one, the trio dashes through the remaining aisles as the towers of junk turn to ash all around them. The flames draw closer, mutating into a pack of fiery beasts: SERPENTS, CHIMAERAS, DRAGONS -- all nipping at their heels. No matter which way they turn, the flames follow them.

HARRY

Split up!

Each goes a separate way, but it's no use. The fire simply divides, the serpent slithering after Harry, the chimaera after Hermione, the dragon after Ron. Harry glances up, sees Malfoy and Blaise scaling a mountain of burning junk, doomed. He takes one turn after another until he comes to a clearing and nearly runs into... Ron and Hermione as they arrive from separate paths. They glance around frantically. No free path exists. The flames ROAR, racing toward them.

HERMIONE

Do we climb!

HARRY

No, it'll just follow us!

Harry glances around once more and sees them:

HALF A DOZEN ANCIENT BROOMSTICKS.

HARRY

Here! Take one!

He tosses Ron and Hermione broomsticks then takes one for himself. As Hermione slips the diadem atop her head, the flames EXPLODE into the clearing, ENGULFING them as they...

... SOAR FREE, just barely eluding the snap of the dragon's fiery jaws. As they race away, a HORRIBLE SCREAM pierces the clamor and they all look below, see the flames devour Goyle.

RON

Serves him right.

HERMIONE

C'mon! This way!

282A CONTINUED: (4)

282A

HARRY

Wait! What about Malfoy and  
Blaise!

RON

(to Hermioine)  
He's joking, right?

Then Harry sees them, perched atop a fragile, crumbling tower. Harry whips his broom around and jets forth. Ron shakes his head, then jets after, BELLOWING:

RON

IF WE DIE FOR THEM, I'LL KILL YOU,  
HARRY!

Harry sweeps down, grips Malfoy's hand while Ron takes Blaise's. The instant Draco's foot leaves the mountain of junk, it collapses into a great billowing cloud of ash, mushrooming upward and blinding Harry and Ron. Unable to get their bearings, they swerve dangerously, squinting and choking when...

... a GIANT BEAM of LIGHT shimmers in the distance, like a beacon. It's Hermione, hovering on her broom, wand raised.

RON

Brilliant.

Harry turns, catches Ron marveling Hermione. Ron turns, sees Harry looking at him. Then, as one, they fly pell-mell toward Hermione's beacon. As they draw close the light burns so bright all goes white and they burst...

283 OMITTED

283

284 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

284

... through the wall, tumbling into the corridor. Malfoy lands face down, retching. As Hermione rolls over, the diadem SPINS MADLY on the ground. Harry snatches it quickly, as if it might run away and Hermione tosses him the basilisk fang. He stares down at the smoking diadem and briefly pauses, reading the words etched there: Wit Beyond Measure Is Man's Greatest Treasure. Then, without hesitation, he drives the fang into the blackened crown and...

- 285 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 285  
... Voldemort freezes, BELLOWING in PAIN as his eyes burn RED and he GLARES toward the castle in the distance, where...
- 286 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 286  
... Harry GRIMACES IN AGONY and ROARS with PAIN, the veins at his TEMPLE THROBBING, his KNUCKLES BURNING WHITE as he grips the basilisk fang. FISSURES SURFACE IN HIS FINGERNAILS and...
- 287 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 287  
... Voldemort's pale hand grips the Elder Wand so fiercely hairline cracks craze the wand's veneer. Voldemort's stricken face wheels toward the black sky above, eyes scanning the dull stars with despair as he RELEASES a MOURNFUL SHRIEK and...
- 288 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 288  
... the fang CRUMBLES in Harry's fist and Harry, staring toward the ceiling, GASPS DESPERATELY, purging himself of the pain. He looks down, regarding the diadem with a kind of mournful horror, then Ron kicks it back into the Room of Requirement, where it EXPLODES in a VORTEX of FLAMES and the Room re-seals itself as...
- 289 EXT. HOGWARTS ROCK - SAME TIME - NIGHT 289  
... Voldemort's eyes glitter with madness, his gaze lost, adrift in the dark constellations above. When he speaks, finally, his VOICE is HOARSE, oddly TENDER:  
VOLDEMORT  
Nagini. Come.  
Voldemort begins to slip away, BLASTING anyone who stands in his way. Pius Thicknesse comes INTO VIEW. His eyes widen. Voldemort raises his wand and, with callous disregard, executes him as well. As those ahead part for him and Nagini, we return to...
- 290 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 290  
... Draco, staring fearfully at Harry. Blaise scrambles up and off.

(CONTINUED)

Draco lingers briefly, then finally rises and follows, but as he reaches the end of the corridor, he looks back. He begins to say something, then continues on.

RON  
*You're bloody well welcome!*  
 (looking away)  
 Prat.

Ron looks back, to Hermione, and follows her gaze to Harry, who stares into the distance, his face still bearing traces of the agony he's just endured.

HARRY  
 Ron, you once asked me if I thought he felt it -- Voldemort -- when we destroy a Horcrux, when we destroy a piece of his soul.

Ron and Hermione wait.

HARRY  
 He does.

Harry looks up then, meets their eyes:

HARRY  
 It's the snake. She's the last one. The last Horcrux.

RON  
 Where will he take her?

HERMIONE  
 Someplace safe.

HARRY  
 No. He'll keep her close.

As Harry wipes his brow, grazing his scar, trying to dispel the pain he feels -- Ron studies him intently.

RON  
 Look inside him, Harry.

Hermione turns, looks at Ron. Then Harry does as well.

RON  
 Find out where he is. If we find him, we find the snake. Then we're one step closer to ending this.

Hermione studies Harry and Ron as they stare silently at one another. Finally, Harry closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED: (2)

290

For a moment: nothing. Then: his eyelids dance with movement, his scar SPASMS. He winces. Finds himself...

291-294 OMITTED

291-294

295 EXT. SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE - FLYING - SAME TIME - NIGHT

295

... soaring over dark fields, past unspeakable devastation. The Quidditch Pitch rolls INTO VIEW, ABLAZE...

296 INT. BOAT HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

296

A CLOAKED FIGURE (Voldemort) sweeps eerily forward, Nagini slithering at his feet. A FIGURE (Lucius Malfoy) looks up...

297 INT. BOAT HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

297

The walls shimmer oddly, reflecting the water's surface. Here, the assault on Hogwarts is muted, distant.

A haggard LUCIUS MALFOY nervously eyes Nagini while Voldemort paces with a strange energy, glancing at the wand in his fingers -- the Elder Wand -- then to the lake itself, where a reflected Hogwarts burns in a beautiful blur. Suddenly, his eyes shift to Lucius.

## VOLDEMORT

Stop looking at her. She smells your fear. It agitates her. Be grateful she's just eaten.

Lucius glances nervously to the weathered floor, to the BLOOD smeared there. He closes his eyes to blot out the image when an EXPLOSION detonates in the distance. He jumps.

## LUCIUS MALFOY

Forgive me, my Lord, but wouldn't it be more prudent to call off this battle and seek the boy yourself?

## VOLDEMORT

I do not need to seek the boy! Before the night is out, he will come to me! Do you understand!

## LUCIUS MALFOY

Of course, my Lord.

(CONTINUED)

297

CONTINUED:

297

Lucius trembles, staring into Voldemort's scarlet eyes. Voldemort steps forward, voice more measured.

VOLDEMORT

How do you live with yourself,  
Lucius?

(eyeing him with  
disgust)

Go. Find Severus. Tell him I  
need to see him immediately.

Lucius rises quickly, exits. Voldemort fixes his eyes on the wand once again. The snake Hisses.

298

INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE ROR) - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

298

Harry TWITCHES. His eyes flutter open. The sounds of battle no longer distant. Hermione and Ron wait expectantly. Harry nods.

HARRY

I know where he is.

299

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - EPIC VIEW OF HOGWARTS - NIGHT

299

The battle rages on. Hogwarts in flames. We DESCEND INTO the...

300

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

300

... courtyard, where students and staff trade spells with Death Eaters, among them PADMA PATIL; Neville and Seamus; Sprout, and Kingsley. From an upper balcony, PROFESSOR TRELAWNEY raises her wand, draws a bead on a Death Eater and with a forceful flick, sends him flying through the air. Seamus regards her with amazement.

TRELAWNEY

There's more to me than incense  
and tea leaves, Mr. Finnegan.

Dean trades spells with a Death Eater, while Luna STUNS a QUARTET of Death Eaters -- one-two-three -- and watches the fourth fall before she can fire. She turns, sees Neville standing behind her, wand smoking.

LUNA

Thanks.

NEVILLE

Don't mention it.

(CONTINUED)

300

CONTINUED:

300

As the trio pelts through the madness, Hermione GASPS, catching sight of LAVENDER BROWN as she falls to the ground. Hermione's eyes shift, spy FENRIR GREYBACK, lips still glistening with Lavender's blood, staring at her. He smiles, starts forward...

HERMIONE

NO!

Hermione's wand flashes. A DEAFENING BLAST. Greyback takes it straight to the chest, pitches up into the air and drops. Unmoving.

The trio races away from the burning castle. In the distance part of the Dark Forest BURNS, trees shedding SPARKS into the sky like scarlet feathers. SHADOWS do battle in the distant dark. SCREAMS shatter the night.

A THUNDEROUS SHOCK WAVE as a MONSTROUS GIANT lurches INTO VIEW, swinging one of the QUIDDITCH GOALS, the golden ring dripping BLOOD. Seeing the trio, it whips the ring down, strafing them with threads of blood, but missing them, narrowly, scooping out a massive CHUNK of earth instead. It GROANS in anger, lumbers stupidly off. The trio races on.

301-303 OMITTED

301-303

303A

EXT. STEPS/CLIFF/BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

303A

The trio race down the steps toward the Boat House.

304

INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

304

Harry, Ron and Hermione pick their way forward, moving quietly through the eerie light, then stopping within the safety of the shadows. They watch:

Voldemort steps INTO VIEW and extends the wand. In the mercurial light, it looks like a living thing.

VOLDEMORT

Why doesn't it work for me?

SNAPE

You have performed extraordinary magic with this wand, my Lord. In the last few hours alone --

VOLDEMORT

No! I am extraordinary! But the wand resists me!

(CONTINUED)

Snape studies Voldemort in the half-light, then his eyes shift to Nagini, who skims slowly over the wooden floor, circling the two wizards.

SNAPE

There is no wand more powerful.  
Ollivander himself said it.  
Tonight, when the boy comes to  
you, it will not fail you, I am  
sure. It answers to you and you  
only.

VOLDEMORT

Does it?

Voldemort holds the wand to the wavering light again, his eyes on Snape.

SNAPE

My Lord?

VOLDEMORT

The wand. Does it truly answer to  
me?

Snape says nothing. For a moment, he and Voldemort stand perfectly still, two faces in the darkness, the only sound the lapping of the lake. Harry studies Snape's face -- calm, composed -- then notes the hand concealed behind his back, twitching with tension.

VOLDEMORT

You're a clever man, Severus.  
Surely you must know.

Snape remains silent. His gaze shifts to Nagini, still skimming slowly over the floor.

VOLDEMORT

Where, Severus? Where does its  
loyalty lie?

Snape looks away from Nagini, sees Voldemort staring at him.

SNAPE

With you, of course, my Lord.

Voldemort stares long at Snape, then, finally speaks:

VOLDEMORT

The Elder Wand cannot serve me  
properly, Severus, because I am  
not its true master.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

304

CONTINUED: (2)

304

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

The Elder Wand belongs to the wizard who killed its last owner. Ollivander was quite explicit about that. You killed Dumbledore, Severus. While you live, the Elder Wand cannot be truly mine.

Snape stares at Voldemort, then his eyes shift to Nagini, still circling.

SNAPE

My Lord --

VOLDEMORT

You have been a good and faithful servant, Severus.

Voldemort raises the wand, points it at Snape's throat.

VOLDEMORT

But only I can live forever...

Voldemort sweeps his arm away, turning the wand on Nagini.

VOLDEMORT

Kill.

Snape's eyes shift... meet the snake's. The snake strikes. Harry's SCREAM is swallowed by Snape's own. Voldemort runs a finger along the wand, eyeing it with wonder, transfixed, then turns away.

VOLDEMORT

*Nagini! Come!*

He sweeps from the room, toward the lake's quivering darkness, the giant snake slithering after.

305

INT. BOAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

305

Harry rushes forward, into the strange, wavering light, then stops in horror, watching Snape's blood run like syrup over the weathered boards toward him. Ron bumps past, heading in the direction Voldemort took. Hermione pauses by Harry.

Harry kneels by Snape. He lays his fingers upon the bloody wound at his neck, but it's no use. Snape's eyes shift and, briefly, look deep into Harry's. And then he begins to...

Cry.

(CONTINUED)

SNAPE

*Take them...*

Harry looks confused, hesitant.

SNAPE

*Take them!*

Snape's face SHUDDERS softly and his tears TRANSFORM, from clear water to SILVERY BLUE. Harry reacts to the color. He's seen it before...

Suddenly Snape grabs his collar, pulls him close.

SNAPE

*Please.*

Snape holds Harry captive briefly, then drops back to the floor. Harry blinks, shaken.

HARRY

*Give me something! Quickly! A flask! Anything.*

Instantly, Hermione CONJURES a flask from thin air. Hands trembling, Harry presses it to Snape's ashen cheek, letting the fluid flow within.

SNAPE

*They are the same...*

Harry searches Snape's face, trying to decipher his words. Snape stares at Harry in wonder, lost in his eyes, then his pupils dilate, his voice trailing off.

SNAPE

*You have your mother's eyes...*

Snape's face goes slack. Harry shivers. Ron reappears.

RON

*He's gone. The snake too.*

Just then the sound of THUNDER, like a GATHERING STORM, engulfs them. The joists of the shack GROAN, as if in agony. The entire room begins to tremble. Ron yanks a board from the window and the trio peers out. As in the Enchanted Ceiling before, a face appears in the dark clouds above. And then VOLDEMORT'S VOICE ECHOES:

VOLDEMORT (V.O.)

*You have fought valiantly... but  
in vain. I do not wish this.  
Every drop of magical blood  
spilled is a terrible waste.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED: (2)

305

VOLDEMORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I therefore command my forces to retreat. In their absence, dispose of your dead with dignity. Treat your injured.*

(a beat)

*Harry Potter, I speak now directly to you. On this night you have allowed your friends to die for you rather than face me yourself. There is no greater dishonor. Join me in the Forbidden Forest and confront your fate. Should you do so I give my word that no other life will be lost on this night. You have one hour. If, at the end of that time, you have not given yourself up, then I shall punish every last man, woman and child who tries to conceal you from me.*

The joist trembles one last time, then the ambient sounds of the night return. The clouds separate, become just clouds. Ron YELLS:

RON

Never! Do you hear me! NEVER!

Hermione places her hand on the nape of his neck, glances at Harry. He gazes down at Snape's still body one last time, then at the FLASK in his hand.

306

EXT. HOGWARTS - GROUNDS - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

306

SMOKE drifts from the battered castle.

307

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT

307

Deserted. The flagstone stained with blood, strewn with broken wands. The trio stands looking.

HERMIONE

Where is everyone?

308

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

308

TRACKING BEHIND the trio. Ron walks ahead, toward the Great Hall. Puts his hands to the doors... pushes them open.

309 INT. GREAT HALL - REVERSE ON TRIO - CONTINUOUS ACTION - 309  
NIGHT

... poised on the threshold, looking in.

THEIR POV

Triage. The House tables have been pushed to the walls. The injured stand in groups, arms slung over one another, waiting to be treated by MADAM POMFREY. Filch's arm gushes blood. Flitwick's face is laced with GASHES.

Harry stands in the doorway, taking it all in, as if some invisible force prevents him from going further, his face a mask as he views the DEAD laid out in the middle of the Hall, among them Remus and Tonks, their blood-stained fingers clumsily intertwined. A heartbreaking SOB draws his gaze to George, who kneels over a familiar body, tears dripping from his eyes. Beside Harry, he hears a GASP -- Hermione -- but he doesn't turn, his eyes instead lost on Ginny, puffy-eyed and pale, standing alongside a distraught Arthur and Molly. Ron comes INTO VIEW then, having left Harry in the entryway to join his family. As he drapes his arm over George, drawing his brother into a limp embrace, the lifeless body comes INTO VIEW:

Fred.

Hermione glances back at Harry briefly before joining the Weasleys. Seeing her, Ginny begins to cry, burying her face in Hermione's shoulder. Gently, slowly, Hermione strokes Ginny's copper hair, over and over, murmuring something softly.

For a moment, Harry stands, hung in the doorway, then the Great Hall seems to fly away from him, to grow smaller, to shrink as he reels backward, stumbling away...

310 OMITTED 310

311 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 311

Harry flings open the cabinet, snatches the PENSIEVE and slams it onto Dumbledore's old desk. He pries the cork from the flask with his teeth, tips the silvery-blue liquid into the basin. As the Pensieve swirls, Harry looks up, at the PORTRAITS of PAST HEADMASTERS hanging above. All the frames are empty. Harry frowns, disturbed by this, but looks away and PLUNGES his FACE into the basin, falling into...

312 EXT. GODRIC'S HOLLOW - NIGHT (YEARS PAST)

312

... DARKNESS. A JERKY POV, MOVING TOWARD the DARK VILLAGE in the distance. FRANTIC BREATHING. We stop. Still. A BABY'S CRY separates briefly from the breeze.

We CIRCLE ABOUT, leaving the POV, and LOCATE a FACE HOVERING in the darkness. It is Snape, chest rising and falling. Stricken. Concerned.

We GO TO BLACK...

SNAPE (O.S.)

Lily...

Then...

PETUNIA EVANS (O.S.)

*Lily! Come out of there! Now!*

FADE IN:

313 EXT. WEEDY FIELD - DAY

313

LILY EVANS emerges from some brush, a FLOWER upon her palm, opening and closing its petals like some bizarre oyster. Her sister PETUNIA stares, then KNOCKS the flower away.

PETUNIA EVANS

We're going home.

Petunia takes Lily's arm, turns -- and stops. A SKINNY BOY (YOUNG SNAPE) sits beneath a tree, watching them. Without a word, he opens his hand and a LEAF FLUTTERS from his palm like a butterfly, circling Lily once, then drifting up and away. Lily smiles, charmed. Petunia eyes the boy fearfully, then pulls Lily away. The boy watches them go. As Lily glances back...

We GO TO BLACK...

FADE IN:

314 EXT. POTTER HOUSE - GODRIC'S HOLLOW - NIGHT (YEARS PAST)

314

Snape moves through a dark garden, his face like stone. He eyes the door ahead, hanging from its hinges. He peers up to the WINDOW above. The baby's CRY rises again. His eyes glitter. He moves on, disappears inside.

315 EXT. RIVER (SPINNER'S END) - DAY

315

Lily and the boy lie together, staring up at the sky.

YOUNG SNAPE

She's jealous. Because she's  
ordinary and you're special.

LILY EVANS

That's mean.

YOUNG SNAPE

It's true. You know so yourself.

Snape turns his head, notes the frown knitted across Lily's brow. He peers back up, staring hard at the tree limb above. The leaves begin to TREMBLE, then BURST FREE, fluttering like a cloud of butterflies. Lily watches impassively and then -- slowly -- smiles, shifting her gaze to another branch. Seconds later, those leaves burst free and the two fluttering veils pass back and forth high overhead, merging briefly, then separating, again and again. Lily LAUGHS -- a beautiful sound -- and the HISS of a TRAIN ENGINE is heard. The leaves turning, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

316 EXT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE-QUARTERS - MORNING

316

... SMOKE, drifting from the Hogwarts Express.

317 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - COMPARTMENT - MORNING

317

The boy peers out the window, watching Lily and Petunia on the platform ARGUING, their VOICES MUTED. Finally, Lily turns, dashing for the train in tears. The boy straightens up, running the flat of his hand over his lank hair. Moments later...

Lily comes up the aisle, eyes stinging. She stops, seeing him. They stare at one another and then, finally, she steps inside the compartment, and sits down. The boy reaches over, pulls down the blind, WIPING the SCREEN and...

318 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

318

... we emerge from the darkness of the SORTING HAT, sitting upon a stool in the candlelit Hall, House tables aglow with a sea of rapt faces.

(CONTINUED)

Two boys -- SIRIUS BLACK and JAMES POTTER -- sit together at the Gryffindor table, watching as...

A YOUNGER McGONAGALL sweeps the hat from the stool and calls out a name. James Potter watches Lily smile nervously at the boy next to her (Snape), then rise and make her way to the top of the Hall. As McGonagall lowers the hat over Lily's brow, James watches intently, waiting. Finally, McGonagall speaks and all those around James CHEER. He merely smiles, watching Lily approach. He gives Sirius a nudge, to move over, making a space for Lily.

As she takes her seat, she glances across the hall to the boy, who watches impassively as James reaches out his hand to introduce himself to Lily.

We GO TO BLACK...

FADE IN:

Snape mounts the stairs, peering upward in the darkness to the landing above and the open bedroom door beyond. As his eyes become level with the next floor, he sees a WAND lying there. As he reaches the top and turns, he sees JAMES POTTER -- the man -- lying dead in the middle of the hallway.

SNOWFLAKES FALL LIKE BUTTERFLIES. Lily walks, hugging her books, as the boy harangues her. He looks driven by desperation and perhaps because of it, says something too sharp. She looks up at him, eyes stinging with tears, then turns away. The boy starts to call after her, regret in his eyes, then sees James waiting on the other side of the courtyard. As she reaches him, they turn and together exit the courtyard. The boy turns away, his own eyes stinging with tears, then closes his eyes and all goes...

... BLACK... dotted by stars. A windswept hilltop comes INTO VIEW, desolate but for a few LEAFLESS TREES. The adult Snape turns on the spot, breathing heavily, his expression haunted and cheerless as his gaze sweeps the darkness. The WIND RISES suddenly and a JAGGED JET of WHITE LIGHT stitches the night, sending Snape's wand flying and dropping him to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

SNAPE

*No! Don't kill me!*

A SNAPPING of ROBES precedes Dumbledore as he APPARATES INTO VIEW.

DUMBLEDORE

That wasn't my intention.

Snape stares fearfully at him.

DUMBLEDORE

Stand up, Severus. I haven't much time. What message do you bring from Lord Voldemort this time?

SNAPE

(rising)

None. I come on my own account.  
I come with a... request.

Dumbledore's eyes flicker briefly with interest. He studies Snape's fearful face.

DUMBLEDORE

Is this about the Prophecy?

SNAPE

Yes.

DUMBLEDORE

How much did you relay?

SNAPE

Only what I heard. But now... he thinks it refers to her.

DUMBLEDORE

The Prophecy did not refer to a woman. It spoke of a boy born at the end of July --

SNAPE

Yes! But he thinks it's her son!  
He intends to hunt them down now!  
To kill them!

Dumbledore eyes Snape craftily.

DUMBLEDORE

If she means so much to you,  
surely Lord Voldemort would spare  
her in exchange for the boy.

321 CONTINUED: (2)

321

SNAPE

I have asked.

DUMBLEDORE

You disgust me. You would  
sacrifice the life of an innocent  
child over a schoolboy crush?

SNAPE

She's more than that! She's  
different! Beautiful. Kind.  
(looking away)  
Hide them all. I beg you.

DUMBLEDORE

And should I do so, what will you  
give me in return, Severus?

SNAPE

Anything.

The wind rises again, the TREES TREMBLING and...

322 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

322

... Snape's FIST STRIKES Dumbledore's desk, upsetting a  
tiny TIN METRONOME.

SNAPE

You said you would keep her safe!

DUMBLEDORE

Lily and James put their faith in  
the wrong person. Rather like  
you, Severus.Snape reels, staring miserably at the SLATE SKY beyond  
the windows. Dumbledore studies him cunningly.

DUMBLEDORE

The boy survives.

Snape's eyes shift. Regard Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

He has her eyes.

SNAPE

DON'T!

DUMBLEDORE

If you loved Lily Evans, Severus.  
If you truly loved her. Then your  
way is clear.

(CONTINUED)

SNAPE

He doesn't need protection. The Dark Lord has gone --

DUMBLEDORE

The Dark Lord will return. And the boy will be in terrible danger when he does.

Snape stares once more at the sky beyond. Then, softly:

SNAPE

No one can know. Your word.

DUMBLEDORE

My word that I shall never reveal the best of you, Severus? If you insist.

Snape continues to stare at the sky. We DRIFT TO it. It FILLS the SCREEN and we TILT DOWN...

... TO Snape and Dumbledore walking.

SNAPE

He exhibits no measurable talent. His arrogance rivals even his father's. And he seems to relish his fame.

DUMBLEDORE

Sometimes we see what we expect to see, Severus. Other teachers indicate the boy is modest, likeable and while no prodigy, possesses above-average gifts. Personally, I find him rather engaging.

SNAPE

You see what you want to see.

Severus walks on. Dumbledore smiles with amusement.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps. Oh. Severus.

(as he stops)

Keep an eye on Professor Quirrell, won't you?

324

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

324

A FEVERISH, SEMICONSCIOUS Dumbledore raises his left hand and tips a GOBLET of GOLDEN POTION over his lips while Snape ministers to his right hand, which is BLACKENED. A RING lies upon the desk before them.

SNAPE

Why did you put it on? Surely you realized it carried a curse.

DUMBLEDORE

I was... foolish... greedy...

SNAPE

Drink the rest. It will contain the curse to the hand for the time being.

Dumbledore's eyes open, examine his damaged fingers.

DUMBLEDORE

For the time being?

SNAPE

It will spread.

DUMBLEDORE

How long?

SNAPE

Maybe a year.

Dumbledore nods, smiles.

DUMBLEDORE

Well, this makes matters much more straightforward.

Snape studies Dumbledore briefly, looks away.

DUMBLEDORE

Do not ignore me, Severus. Was it not you who told me of Lord Voldemort's plan to have the Malfoy boy murder me?

SNAPE

It is not expected that he will succeed.

DUMBLEDORE

But should he fail, one would presume the Dark Lord will turn to... you.

(CONTINUED)

Snape does not respond.

DUMBLEDORE

You must agree.

Snape stares in horror at Dumbledore. Dumbledore nods.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. You must be the one to kill me, Severus. It is the only way. Only then will the Dark Lord trust you completely.

SNAPE

You ask too much.

DUMBLEDORE

(thundering)

Too much! Nothing I could ask is too much. You know what is at stake! You more than anyone!

Snape says nothing. Dumbledore sits back, painfully studies his hand.

DUMBLEDORE

There will come a time when Harry Potter must be told something. But you must wait until Voldemort is at his most vulnerable.

SNAPE

Tell him what?

DUMBLEDORE

On the night Lord Voldemort went to Godric's Hollow to kill Harry, and Lily Potter cast herself between them, the curse rebounded. When that happened, a part of Lord Voldemort's soul latched itself onto the only living thing it could find: Harry himself.

Snape stares in disbelief. Dumbledore nods.

DUMBLEDORE

There's a reason Harry can speak with snakes. There's a reason he can look into Lord Voldemort's mind. A part of Lord Voldemort lives inside him.

SNAPE

So when the time comes, the boy  
must die.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. And Voldemort himself must  
do it. That is essential.

Snape nods, pondering all of this. His voice is bitter.

SNAPE

You've kept him alive so that he  
can die at the proper moment.  
You've been raising him like a pig  
for slaughter.

DUMBLEDORE

But this is touching, Severus.  
Don't tell me you've grown to care  
for the boy?

Snape eyes Dumbledore fiercely, then:

SNAPE

*Expecto Patronum!*

A blast of LIGHT bursts from his wand, soars out the  
window: a SILVER DOE.

DUMBLEDORE

Lily. After all this time?

SNAPE

Always...

We GO TO BLACK...

FADE IN:

In the f.g., a BABY FIDGETS in its crib. We see Snape enter the room, glance at the baby, then down toward the floor. He stands, utterly still... then his face creases with pain.

Lily lies in profile, eyes open but empty, staring toward the ceiling. Her chest is still. Snape leans down and, cradling her, begins to weep...

DUMBLEDORE (V.O.)

The irony of course, Severus, is  
that -- in the end -- you and the  
boy desire the same thing...

326 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

326

Harry emerges, dripping, from the Pensieve and stares at his REFLECTION in the window opposite, watching as the liquid runs like tears from his face, then evaporates. Gently, he touches the center of his chest.

327 OMITTED

327

328 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

328

The castle is eerily quiet as Harry walks, the PORTRAITS he passes EMPTY. As he reaches the end of the corridor, he turns and stops. In the SHADOWS of an ALCOVE, Hermione murmurs to Ron, their faces close. For a long moment, Harry simply watches them. Then, as if sensing his presence, Hermione turns. Instantly, she runs to him. Ron follows.

HERMIONE

Where've you been?

RON

We thought you'd gone to the forest, we thought you might be --

HARRY

I'm going there now.

RON

Are you mad! No!

HARRY

It's... meant to be.

RON

Rubbish! You can't just give yourself up to him --

Hermione squeezes Ron's arm, silencing him.

HERMIONE

What is it, Harry? What is it you know?

Ron studies her face, then looks back to Harry.

HARRY

There's a reason I can... hear them -- the Horcruxes.

(CONTINUED)

Hermione begins to shake her head, not wanting to believe. Harry simply nods, touches the center of his chest.

HARRY

I think I've known for awhile.  
 (studying her)  
 I think you've known too.

Hermione stands still, miserable.

HERMIONE

I'll go with you. I'll --

She falters hopelessly as a single tear traces her cheek. Harry reaches out, wipes it away.

HARRY

Kill the snake. Kill the snake  
 and then it's just him. Then it  
 will be over.

He turns then, leaving them. Ron and Hermione stand silently, watching every step he takes until he reaches the end... and is gone.

As Harry descends, Neville and Oliver Wood appear in the Entrance Hall far below, carrying the body of a smallish boy: Nigel.

OLIVER WOOD

I'll take him from here.

Oliver throws Nigel over his shoulder, enters the Great Hall. Neville watches them go, looking, for a moment, very old. Then, wearily, he turns, heading back outside.

In the distance, SHADOWS collect the dead, too occupied with their grim task to notice Harry. He stares straight ahead, just walking, until a VOICE tugs his ear:

GINNY

It's all right. We're going to  
 get you inside.

Ginny crouches over the tiny Ravenclaw girl, who is CRYING.

YOUNG GIRL

I kept calling. No one came.

GINNY

Don't worry. I won't leave you.  
I promise.

Ginny strokes the sobbing girl's hair, her own face haunted by sorrow. Harry studies her, moved, then continues on. A moment later, Ginny turns, looks to the place where he was standing... but finds only darkness.

Harry reaches the Forest's edge. Within, further on, he can see Dementors drifting within the trees. Harry starts to enter, then pauses, reaches into his pocket and removes the Snitch. Eyes the words etched upon it: "I open at the close."

Harry frowns, then closes his eyes, brings the metal orb to his lips. His fingers tremble, then lowers his hand, watching as the metal shell FALLS AWAY to reveal... the RESURRECTION STONE. A JAGGED CRACK runs down its center, along the line representing the Elder Wand. The TRIANGLE and CIRCLE, representing the Cloak and Stone, are faintly visible. Harry stares at it, then closes his eyes and begins to roll the Stone over in his hand.

HARRY

(murmuring)

*Once. Twice. Thrice...*

Harry stands for a moment and then, slowly, opens his eyes. Reacts. FOUR PEOPLE stand within the Forest: JAMES POTTER, SIRIUS BLACK, REMUS LUPIN and LILY POTTER. Lily eyes him lovingly and beckons him forth. As if in a dream, Harry drifts through the trees, stops before her.

LILY POTTER

You've been so brave, sweetheart.

HARRY

Why are you here? All of you?

LILY POTTER

We never left, dear.

HARRY

Does it hurt? Dying?

SIRIUS BLACK

Quicker than falling asleep.

LUPIN

And he will want it to be quick.

JAMES POTTER

You're nearly there, son.

HARRY

I'm sorry. I didn't want any of  
you to die for me. And Remus,  
your son...

LUPIN

Others will tell him what his  
mother and father died for.  
Someday he'll understand...

A CHILL BREEZE shakes the trees. Harry looks ahead.

HARRY

You'll stay with me?

JAMES POTTER

Until the end.

HARRY

He won't be able to see you?

Sirius shakes his head, gestures to Harry's heart.

SIRIUS BLACK

No. We're here, you see.

Harry turns to his mother.

HARRY

Stay close to me.

LILY POTTER

Always...

Harry glances back, toward the Forest's Edge, takes a last look at the castle in the distance, then sets off. Dozens of DEMENTORS drift amongst the smoking trees, but his guides insulate him, and they merely peel away. Harry walks on, his legs driving him, until LIGHT splinters the trees ahead, and a CLEARING comes INTO VIEW.

A FIRE burns, its light flickering over the throng of DEATH EATERS present. Lucius and NARCISSA MALFOY, weary with fear, sit apart. BELLATRIX paces in and out of the shadows, MUTTERING madly.

And then there is Voldemort, who stands with his head bowed, his skeletal hands folded over the Elder Wand. Nagini lays in a heavy coil at his feet.

Yaxley enters the clearing.

YAXLEY  
No sign of him, my Lord.

Voldemort nods, unmoving.

VOLDEMORT  
I thought he would come. I was,  
it seems... mistaken.

HARRY  
You weren't.

All eyes shift to Harry, standing at the clearing's edge. He lets the Resurrection Stone tumble from his fingers and James, Sirius, Lupin and, lastly, Lily -- all vanish. Harry steps into the firelight.

HAGRID  
HARRY! NO! WHAT'RE YEH DOIN'  
'ERE!

Hagrid is trussed to a tree. The branches shake violently as he tries to break free.

YAXLEY  
Quiet!

He flicks his wand and Hagrid slumps, goes silent. A CACKLING LAUGH rises on the air and Harry turns, sees Bellatrix glancing eagerly from Harry to Voldemort.

Voldemort takes a step forward and the flickering flames wash over his pale skin. He tilts his head to the side. A smile curls on his mouth.

VOLDEMORT  
Harry Potter. The Boy Who Lived.  
Come to die.

Nagini HISSES behind her protective guard of Death Eaters. Harry's gaze shifts to her when Voldemort raises his wand. Scarlet flickers in his eyes. Then a BOLT of GREEN LIGHT shatters the night and all is...

Gone.

(CONTINUED)

All but a BRIGHT WHITE MIST.

Harry lies face down. For a long moment. Finally, he stirs, sits up. Touches his face. His glasses are gone. He peers into the mist. Nothing. But somewhere, out there, in the mist, is a SOFT THUMPING.

He stands. Peers up. A DOMED GLASS ROOF hovers -- familiar. The THUMPING persists. Unnerving. Harry squints into the mist.

Moving, the THUMPING growing LOUDER. Up ahead, a SMALL MASS quivers. Harry slows... recoils. A thing -- like a small naked child -- lies SHUDDERING on the ground, its skin raw and rough. Harry leans close...

DUMBLEDORE

You cannot help.

Harry spins, finds Dumbledore standing within the mist. At the sight of Harry, Dumbledore beams and spreads his arms wide. His hand is whole, no longer damaged.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry. You wonderful boy. You brave, brave man. Let us walk.

NEW ANGLE - HARRY AND DUMBLEDORE

Walking.

HARRY

Sir, *this*, is this... I mean, forgive me, but you are dead, aren't you, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

Oh, yes.

HARRY

Then... I'm dead too?

DUMBLEDORE

Ah. That is the question, isn't it? On the whole I think not.

HARRY

Not?

DUMBLEDORE

Not.

HARRY

But I didn't defend myself. I let him kill me.

DUMBLEDORE

And that will, I think, have made all the difference. I suspect you now realize that you and Voldemort have been connected by something other than fate since that night in Godric's Hollow all those years ago, Harry.

HARRY

It's true, isn't it, sir? A bit of *him* lives in me, doesn't it?

DUMBLEDORE

*Did.* It was just destroyed only moments ago by none other than Voldemort himself.

Harry plays his fingers over his sternum.

DUMBLEDORE

You were the seventh Horcrux, Harry; the Horcrux he never meant to make.

HARRY

And you knew this? That's why you were certain I wouldn't die?

DUMBLEDORE

Certain? No. Little is certain in this world, Harry. Call it an educated guess.

Dumbledore smiles. Harry ponders this, then, deep in the mist, the THUMPING returns.

HARRY

Professor, is that -- ?

DUMBLEDORE

Something beyond either of our help.

Harry ponders his surroundings.

HARRY

Exactly where are we, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

I was going to ask you that.  
Where would you say that we are?

HARRY

It looks like King's Cross station  
-- only a lot cleaner. And  
without the trains.

DUMBLEDORE

King's Cross! Is that right?  
Well, this is, as they say, your  
party.

Harry looks perplexed by this, but Dumbledore only smiles.

HARRY

Sir, why didn't you just tell me  
about the Deathly Hallows?

DUMBLEDORE

You will have to forgive me,  
Harry. You see... I didn't trust  
you.

Harry stares at him. For the first time, Dumbledore looks troubled.

DUMBLEDORE

I feared that you would make the  
same mistake I made, that you  
would be intoxicated by the power  
the Hallows promise their  
possessor. But I crave your  
pardon, Harry. It's clear to me  
now, as it should have been all  
along, that you are the better  
man.

HARRY

Sir --

DUMBLEDORE

You are the worthy possessor of  
the Hallows, Harry, not me. I was  
fit to own the Elder Wand, because  
I took it not for gain, but to  
save others from it. But I took  
the Stone because I longed to  
recall someone who has long been  
at peace and for that I paid with  
my life.

HARRY

You wanted to see Ariana again,  
didn't you, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

Yes.

Harry ponders this, then frowns.

HARRY

I used the Stone as well, sir,  
only a little while ago when I  
entered the Forest. I saw my mum  
and dad, and Sirius and Lupin...

DUMBLEDORE

True. But ask yourself this:  
were you calling them? Or were  
they calling you?

Harry studies Dumbledore, whose expression remains serene.

DUMBLEDORE

(looking him in the  
eye)

You are the true master of death,  
Harry, because the true master  
does not seek to run away from  
death. He accepts that he must  
die, and understands that there  
are far, far worse things in the  
living world.

For a moment, they stand in silence.

HARRY

I've got to go back, haven't I?

DUMBLEDORE

That is up to you.

HARRY

I've got a choice?

DUMBLEDORE

Oh yes. We are in King's Cross,  
you say? I think, should you so  
decide, you would be able to,  
let's say, board a train.

HARRY

And where would it take me?

DUMBLEDORE

On.

Harry nods.

HARRY

Voldemort's got the Elder Wand.

DUMBLEDORE

True.

HARRY

And the snake lives.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes.

HARRY

And I've nothing to kill it with.

DUMBLEDORE

*'Help will always be given at  
Hogwarts to those who ask for it.'*

Harry glances at him.

DUMBLEDORE

I have always prized my ability to turn a phrase -- words are, in my not so humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic, capable both of inflicting injury and remedying it. But I would -- in this case -- amend my original statement to this:

(leaning close)

*Help will always be given at  
Hogwarts to those who most deserve  
it...*

(leaning back)

Assuming circumstances in the main are favorable to such an outcome, of course.

HARRY

With all due respect, sir, I think what we need here is a miracle.

DUMBLEDORE

I've never put much stock in miracles, Harry. On the other hand, I can attest wholly to the extensive advantages of a related phenomenon.

HARRY  
Which would be, sir?

DUMBLEDORE  
Luck.

Harry studies Dumbledore's face, then peers back into the mist again. The THUMPING continues, more faintly.

DUMBLEDORE  
Do not pity the dead, Harry. Pity the living and, above all, those who live without love.

HARRY  
Sir, my mother's Patronus. It was a doe, wasn't it? Just like Professor Snape's. Curious, don't you think?

DUMBLEDORE  
Actually, if I think about it... it doesn't seem curious at all.  
(a smile)  
I'll be going now, Harry.

HARRY  
Professor.

As Dumbledore stops, Harry gestures vaguely.

HARRY  
Is this real? Or has this been happening inside my head?

DUMBLEDORE  
Of course it is happening inside your head, Harry. But why should that mean that it is not real?

Dumbledore beams as the mist thickens around him, then swallows him altogether...

NARCISSA (O.S.)  
(in a whisper)  
*Is he alive...?*

Harry lies facedown, glasses askew. He OPENS his eyes a millimeter, finds Narcissa's face swimming in the dawn's muted light, eyeing him with a strange intensity: the question, he realizes, was posed to him.

BELLATRIX

My lord, let me help you --

VOLDEMORT

I do not require assistance.

Across the clearing, Voldemort rises shakily, Bellatrix at his elbow. The Death Eaters watch, stirring uncertainly. Voldemort glances toward Narcissa, toward Harry. Bellatrix detects the wary glint in his eyes.

BELLATRIX

The boy. Is he dead?

Harry's eyes shift, meet Narcissa's once again. Something in her expression... He closes his eyes. She places her fingers over his heart, WHISPERS:

NARCISSA

*Is he alive? Draco?*

Harry hesitates and then... nods -- so subtly it's barely perceptible. Narcissa withdraws her hand, turns to where Bellatrix stands alongside Voldemort. Nods. The Death Eaters CHEER. Hagrid HOWLS in misery. The news seems to rejuvenate Voldemort. A fierce glint returns to his eyes. His stature grows. He eyes the Elder Wand... and smiles.

Neville, battle-scared and weary, perches atop a fallen statue in the chill morning air. Reaching into his pocket, he removes his WAND, holds it to the light... and watches the TIP drop like the head of a drowsy child. BROKEN. He tosses it away.

NEW ANGLE - NEVILLE - NIGHT

Neville kicks through the rubble. One could reconstruct the history of Hogwarts from the detritus before him: spell books, trophies, potion boxes. But Neville's expression remains stoic, unsentimental. He's seen too much in the last 12 hours.

CLOSE ON THE PEAK OF A HAT

Neville crouches down, studies it. Reaching out, he wiggles it free, slaps it against his thigh to chase the dust.

The Sorting Hat.

(CONTINUED)

335

CONTINUED:

335

He ponders it, regarding its ragged surface, singed and torn, then pops it on his head, a beaten jester. Again, his face remains blank. He squints, peering vaguely into the distance. As he gaze falls on the bridge, he stops. An odd procession approaches.

336

EXT. VIADUCT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

336

Hagrid lurches forward awkwardly, CLUTCHING a BODY in his arms, ropes extending in three directions from his neck as a trio of Death Eaters -- one in front, two behind -- jerk him along like a tethered beast. From Hagrid, Neville's gaze drifts to Bellatrix and Narcissa and then to Voldemort himself -- dark, fierce -- before settling on the most unnerving sight: a giant wending snake.

337

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

337

Suddenly a WHISPER fills Neville's ears.

SORTING HAT

*Don't despair, Longbottom. I put you in Gryffindor for good reason...*

The Hat COUGHS then, raining dust over Neville's brow and he whips it off, studies it warily.

GINNY (O.S.)

Who's that?

Neville turns, sees that Ginny has come out onto the broken steps and is staring at the procession.

GINNY

... Hagrid's carrying?

Neville just stares, mute. Her eyes shift then, to him, and he sees they are glistening faintly. Her voice, when she speaks, nearly gets lost in the morning breeze.

GINNY

*Neville, who is that?*

Before he can answer, others begin to spill out of the castle. Luna and Seamus. Cho. Arthur Weasley. Ron and Hermione emerge and, seeing the procession... know. Hermione draws a sharp breath and something about it -- the unadulterated sense of loss contained within it -- causes those around her to look and know as well.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

*What's going on here, Neville?*

(CONTINUED)

Neville starts to speak but falters and then, simply because he can't bear to look at Ginny's face and the faces of the others looking to him for something, anything, he turns his gaze to the Hat dangling in his hand. And as he does, something GLINTS within. As he stares... we --

CUT TO:

... Voldemort and the others, moving with them, as they draw near. Voldemort surveys the ruins of the castle and the beaten posture of the throng assembled upon its steps. He smiles faintly, with cruel satisfaction.

VOLDEMORT

Behold, Nagini. Our work is done.

Ron, Hermione, Ginny and the others stand silently as the procession comes to a halt before them. All eyes drift to Hagrid and what lays in his arms.

GINNY

No... NO!

Ginny's primal cry echoes over the grounds as she rushes towards Voldemort, but Arthur steps between and wraps his daughter in his arms, letting her struggle briefly before pulling her tighter, closer, safer.

VOLDEMORT

*SILENCE!*

Voldemort points his wand to the sky with a CRACK.

VOLDEMORT

Stupid girl. You cry for that?

Voldemort gestures to the body lying still in Hagrid's arms.

VOLDEMORT

(addressing all)

Tell me. These last few hours --  
as you collected the dead and  
tended your wounded -- was he by  
your side?

Voldemort surveys the throng, who stand mute. He nods, as if their silence were answer enough.

(CONTINUED)

VOLDEMORT

While your hands ran dark with the blood of mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, his were clasped in prayer -- but it was a prayer for one and one only. While you battled courageously, until you could no longer will yourself to stand, he had long since fallen to his knees. While you cursed me until your voices grew ragged, he begged me for mercy in a voice as meek as a child's.

Voldemort's eyes narrow.

VOLDEMORT

So do not cry for that. He's not worthy of your tears. And do not despair of his betrayal. You were never in his heart. Not for one single solitary beat.

RON

Liar!

Voldemort flicks his wand and Ron drops to his knees, grimacing in pain. Voldemort gestures to him.

VOLDEMORT

Did you not hear me! Harry Potter is dead! From this day forward, you put your faith in me or suffer the consequences. *HARRY POTTER IS DEAD!*

Nagini HISSES MADLY as Voldemort, looking a touch mad himself, rakes his eyes over the students and staff.

VOLDEMORT

Now is the time to declare yourself.

There is a nervous MURMUR among the crowd.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Draco...

Draco looks up, sees his father summon him forth with a short nod. He hesitates. Lucius smiles thinly.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Draco, don't be stupid --

NARCISSA

Come, Draco.

Her tone is quiet, but absolute. Draco looks into her eyes, then ducks his head and steps forward, avoiding the baleful glances directed his way as he crosses the gulf between factions. Ron mutters poisonously as he passes.

RON

He saved your life.

Draco falters briefly, stung, then joins his mother. She hands him a WAND, Harry's wand. He stares at it bleakly.

VOLDEMORT

Well done, Draco. Who will be next? Hm? Come now, don't be shy.

We TRAVEL OVER FACES, weary but resolved, eyes burning with defiance, then LAND ON Neville, chin on chest, gaze to the ground. As the Sorting Hat rocks gently in his hand, something GLINTS within again, and a QUIVERING PARABOLA OF REFLECTED LIGHT dances above his brow.

He steps forward.

Stunned, the others watch Neville -- blackened with soot, Sorting Hat in hand -- limp to a halt in front of Voldemort, who regards him with amusement.

VOLDEMORT

Well, I must say, I'd hoped for better. Is this truly the best Hogwarts has to offer?

The Death Eaters laugh. Bellatrix grins in cruel amusement.

VOLDEMORT

Who might you be, young man?

NEVILLE

Neville Longbottom.

VOLDEMORT

Well, welcome, Neville. I'm sure we can find a place for you in our ranks.

BELLATRIX

Someone has to do the washing.

The Death Eaters ROAR.

VOLDEMORT

Now, now, Bellatrix. Let's not underestimate our young friend. By stepping forward, he lives to see another day...

Voldemort's eyes shift, regard those standing before him. The implication of his statement is not lost on them.

NEVILLE

I'd like to say something.

Voldemort's brow furrows vaguely. As he studies Neville, we --

CUT TO:

HARRY

... as his eyelids separate ever-so-slightly.

HARRY'S POV OF NEVILLE

He studies his face when... the CURIOUS REFLECTION QUIVERS once again. Harry watches it dance briefly across Neville's cheek before vanishing. Harry's gaze shifts to the Sorting Hat in Neville's hand, then shifts again, to Nagini.

BACK TO SCENE

VOLDEMORT

Very well, Neville. I'm sure we'd all be fascinated to hear what you have to say.

Neville turns to the others, their weary faces regarding him with confusion, suspicion.

NEVILLE

It doesn't matter that Harry is gone.

A troubled MURMUR ripples through the crowd.

SEAMUS

(angrily)

Stand down, Neville!

Seamus tries to push forward but Ron grips his arm, holds him back, though not happily.

(CONTINUED)

## NEVILLE

People die every day. Friends.  
Family. Yes, we lost Harry  
tonight. But he's still with us,  
here --

(tapping his heart)  
And so is Fred and Remus and Tonks  
and... all of them. They didn't  
die in vain.

(turning to  
Bellatrix)

But you will.

(to a trio of Death  
Eaters)

And you and you and you will.

(to Voldemort)  
And so will you. Because you're  
wrong. Harry's heart did beat for  
us. All of us...

Neville takes a step forward, looks Voldemort in the eye  
and SPITS. Then he reaches into the Sorting Hat.

## NEVILLE

*This isn't over.*

SCARLET glints in Voldemort's eyes and he smiles, raising  
the Elder Wand when Neville -- in keen anticipation --  
reaches into the Sorting Hat and pulls forth...

The Sword of Gryffindor.

As Voldemort's wand FIRES, Neville parries and the curse  
REBOUNDS, taking out the QUARTET of DEATH EATERS flanking  
Bellatrix -- only she is quick enough to deflect the  
curse. As she SCREAMS in FURY, Harry spills from  
Hagrid's arms.

Voldemort wheels wildly in Harry's direction when:

## DRACO

Potter!

Harry turns. Draco's hand whips forward and -- to  
Harry's shock -- tosses him his wand. Ron GRINS.

## RON

Well done, Malfoy!  
(to himself)  
Can't believe I just said that.

Wand in hand, Harry turns and -- in one continuous  
motion -- FIRES on Voldemort. Voldemort blocks the  
spell, eyeing Harry with mild disbelief, then anger.

339 CONTINUED: (5)

339

NAGINI HISSES -- as if attuned to Voldemort's emotions -- and RIBBONS toward Harry. As she STRIKES, Harry sidesteps her -- by inches -- then stumbles back and counters.

HARRY

*Confringo!*

FLAMES run the length of Nagini -- with no effect -- then climb the back of a nearby Death Eater and consume him.

Enraged that Harry has attacked Nagini, Voldemort FIRES a VOLLEY of CURSES. Harry parries the first, then falls back into a cloister. The stonework EXPLODES all around him, creating THREE RAGGED HOLES. He pelts away.

339A INT./EXT. COURTYARD/GREAT HALL ENTRANCE - DAWN

339A

As Harry arrives at the doors to the Great Hall, he finds Ron and Hermione there.

HARRY

The snake! We've got to kill the snake!

Neville, only a few yards off, sword in hand, OVERHEARS. As his eyes shift to Voldemort and Nagini.

NEVILLE

Harry! Look out!

Harry wheels, sees Voldemort drawing a bead on him. As Harry begins to raise his wand, Neville steps between, brandishing the sword...

... just as Voldemort's WAND BLAZES and Neville's world explodes.

Taking the full brunt of it all, Neville grimaces, watching as Voldemort's spell -- like a CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY -- races up the sword's blade to the hilt...

... and PITCHES off his feet and fifty feet back into the Great Hall. Harry exchanges a glance with Ron and Hermione. Their faces say it all: no one could have survived that.

The Entrance Hall EXPLODES with COUNTER-FIRE as members of the Order, students and staff return fire. Voldemort FLICKS his WAND, the AIR PRICKLING with DISTURBANCE as he SUMMONS a SHIELD of AIR insulating himself from attack. As he sweeps forward, he responds with a DEVASTATING SERIES of SPELLS and the Entrance Hall QUAKES. Harry turns and dashes...

340

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - DAWN (MOMENTS LATER)

340

... up the stairs, picking his way through the rubble and limp bodies strewn upon the steps, attempting to draw Voldemort -- and Nagini -- away from the others.

It works.

VOLDEMORT

*Nagini! With me!*

Voldemort, his cloak swirling like water, the great snake at his heel, strides toward the stairs and FIRES.

Harry flinches as SHARDS of MARBLE rain down upon him. Wheeling, he fires back.

Voldemort parries Harry's spells with frightening ease, mounting the steps and firing again and again.

Eyes darting frantically, Harry blocks the spells with a mixture of skill, instinct and pure luck. He stumbles back, FIRING WILDLY. One of his spells skitters down the steps and strikes Nagini. The snake HISSES, unharmed but ANGRY.

VOLDEMORT

*Leave her!*

Voldemort's eyes glitter with RAGE, as if he himself had been struck by the spell. Harry FIRES again, purposely aiming for the snake this time. Voldemort counters with palpable FURY, spells CAROMING MADLY up and down the staircase. Harry shields his eyes briefly, then looks down and sees...

... a CLOUD OF SMOKE hanging over the stairs from Voldemort's spells, but Voldemort himself is... gone. Harry glances about frantically, then WHOOSH! The hairs on the back of Harry's neck rise. He turns.

Voldemort materializes at the top of the stairs, fires a RIBBON of FIRE at him. Harry counters it, but it is so powerful he can't deflect it. He stands, connected to Voldemort by the rippling ribbon of fire. He stumbles back, the muscles in his forearm twitching in pain. He hears a HEAVY ROLLING SOUND, like meat slapping a marble table and looks over his shoulder, downwards.

Nagini is undulating upward, over the steps, toward Harry. As the snake HISSES an oddly SIMILAR SOUND escapes Voldemort's lips as he pushes his advantage. The ribboning flames grow more intense, begin to lick the flesh of Harry's wand hand.

(CONTINUED)

Harry glances once more at Nagini who draws closer, then back at Voldemort, who stares fiercely at Harry, willing the FLAMES down the ribbon of light toward Harry. Harry winces as the flames SINGE the HAIR on his knuckles. Then, summoning every bit of strength he's got, Harry...

... breaks the spell, staggering away, as the ribbon of light shoots upward and the ceiling above gives way, raining debris onto Nagini.

VOLDEMORT

*I said LEAVE HER!*

Harry peers down at the wreckage below, then watches Nagini slither free, her thick braids oozing with lacerations, but otherwise unharmed. WOOSH! Harry turns and Voldemort VANISHES again, only to...

... reappear seconds later on Harry's blind side. Harry wheels and, in a sweeping motion, sends a CLUSTER of DEBRIS hurling at Voldemort.

Instantly, Voldemort reaches out his hand and the debris grows smaller as it flies toward him, until, as it reaches his hand, it appears to vanish altogether. Then he turns his palm upward.

SAND runs between his fingers to the floor.

Harry stands watching, stunned.

His eyes meet Voldemort's. Voldemort's eyes narrow eerily -- in a most unhuman way -- and he...

HISSES.

Harry stumbles back, freaked out, when:

VOLDEMORT

(in Parseltongue)

*Now, my sweet. Now.*

Harry turns, sees Nagini, only yards away, rising to strike. He fires instinctively, then dashes for the balustrade and leaps...

... into the air...

... falling...

... and falling...

... until...

340 CONTINUED: (2)

340

... he lands, on the stone floor below, awkwardly, painfully. He glances up, sees Voldemort's face. Instantly, Voldemort flicks his wand and the stone floor around Harry explodes, the surface dancing like water. He turns, glances around desperately, then spies...

... a DOOR. Without thinking, he pelted towards it and...

341-345 OMITTED

341-345

346 INT. THE OXFORD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAWN

346

... through, into a corridor TEEMING with SMOKE. In the distance, a PATCH of LIGHT drifts oddly in the swirling mist, glowing weakly, then is swallowed by the smoke. Far off SCREAMS -- the cries of battle -- HANG in the air, hollow and distant. Harry moves through the mist, feeling his way. The walls shimmer like skin on his periphery, barely discernible, melting, lost in shadow. A LOW BEATING rises in Harry's ears, RAPID at first then growing slower and slower as it increases in volume and all ambient sound drifts away, revealing the low beating to be...

... the THRUMMING of Harry's heart.

346A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - DAWN

346A

Voldemort sweeps down to the lower landing and pauses, eyeing the DOOR AHEAD. He glances up, in the direction of Nagini -- conflicted.

VOLDEMORT

*Nagini!*

He waits, sees the giant snake begin to wend its way down. Then passes through the door.

NEW ANGLE - NAGINI - MOVING

... flowing like water ever downward when -- THWACK! -- a BIT of RUBBLE bounces off her slithering tail. She HISSES, coiling in on herself, blunt head darting about warily.

NEW ANGLE - LOWER STAIR

Hermione stands, watching. Rearing back, she hurls another SHARP FRAGMENT.

(CONTINUED)

346A CONTINUED:

346A

As the fragment hits its mark, Nagini strikes blindly, furious, then spies Hermione. Instantly she begins to slither toward her.

As Hermione stands her ground, we DOLLY LEFT and REVEAL Ron, clutching a BASILISK FANG in his FIST.

346B INT. OXFORD CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAWN

346B

Harry pushes himself forward, blindly, silently. He squints. Up ahead, DARK COILS of IMPOSSIBLY THICK smoke corkscrew from the stone floor.

WHOOSH! Harry wheels, watches a FIGURE materialize back at the doorway. The smoke shifts, revealing Voldemort. He raises his wand, pointing it directly at Harry as the smoke thickens once again, concealing him. Seconds later...

... a RIBBON of FIRE erupts through the mist, stitching its way through the smoke towards Harry. Harry watches -- transfixed for a moment -- then flings himself aside, narrowly eluding the sizzling ribbon of fire.

WHOOSH! Voldemort vanishes, becoming one with the smoke, and Harry feels a RUSH OF AIR rocket past him. He spins, blindly, and watches a disturbance of smoke several yards.

WHOOSH!

... the air TREMBLES WITH DISTURBANCE once more, but violently this time, the SMOKE WHIRLING crazily up and down the corridor. Harry spins in a circle -- wand raised -- paranoid.

A second ribbon of fire comes from the blackness narrowly missing Harry.

Harry staggers on, tripping over the BODIES that litter the stone floor, desperately gulping for air as the SMOKE grows thicker, CHOKING HIM, a rag doll in the eye of a TORNADO, the LIGHT ahead BLOOMING more BRILLIANTLY as he rushes on, BLINDING him as his HEART THRUMS MADLY and VOLDEMORT'S VOICE RISES IN HIS EARS...

VOLDEMORT

*Die! Die!*

Voldemort's face FLICKERS before him briefly, insanely, and HARRY SCREAMS, pitching himself forward and then he is IN THE LIGHT, passing through, beyond the archway and...

346BB INT. STAIRCASE - DAWN (MOMENTS LATER)

346BB

... onto a shattered staircase, the sound of Voldemort -- in pursuit -- thrumming in his ears as he races desperately on before...

346C INT. BATTLEMENTS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAWN

346C

... staggering out onto the battlement, gulping air. He stops, looks around. Realizes he is trapped. He turns as Voldemort emerges, begins to raise his wand but...

Too late.

Voldemort's spells BLAST him off his feet.

346D INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - LOWER STAIR - SAME TIME - DAWN

346D

Nagini ribbons forth rapidly, flowing effortlessly through the rubble that obstructs her path. Suddenly, up ahead, Hermione comes INTO VIEW, wand extended. She FIRES. Nagini HISSES, continuing on. Hermione lowers her wand, standing perfectly still as...

Ron PELTS INTO VIEW, FANG IN HAND. He lifts the tusk when -- Nagini spies him and -- wicked fast -- uncoils her tail, knocking the fang from his hand. He watches it clatter down the stone steps, then looks back at the great snake. It begins to move... toward him.

346E INT. BATTLEMENTS - SAME TIME - DAWN

346E

As Harry climbs to his feet, Voldemort sends a RIBBON OF DARK MATTER snaking through the air. Harry blocks it, DEFLECTING IT DOWNWARD, where it EXPLODES VIOLENTLY. As the walkway beneath his feet gives way, HARRY DROPS, just as another of Voldemort's spells sails over his head and...

... Harry drops to a walkway below. Harry glances up, sees Voldemort's SHADOW begin to move forward.

He glances around, then dashes for a DOORWAY ahead. He is almost there when:

WHOOSH!

TENDRILS of FABRIC encircle his ankle, arm and neck and SPIN HIM ROUND. Harry looks:

(CONTINUED)

346E CONTINUED:

346E

Voldemort stands upon the walkway now, CLOAK SWIRLING MADLY as the hem UNRAVELS and CLOTH VIPERS slither across the walkway and up Harry's body. Before Harry can react, Voldemort flicks his wand and SNAPS the cloth tight, reeling Harry toward him.

VOLDEMORT

*Why do you live!*

As Voldemort's face looms close, eyeing Harry like a curious specimen, Harry looks up.

HARRY

Because I have something worth living for.

Angrily, Voldemort poises the Elder Wand over HARRY'S SCAR. The flesh there begins to color with blood, the lightning bolt turning white as ice. And then...

Voldemort's HAND BEGINS TO TREMBLE. He stares at the wand and watches -- in horror -- as a CRACK APPEARS and begins to expand along its length. For a moment, he only stares, as if betrayed...

Harry looks too, mind racing. The TENDRILS encircling him begin to FRAY, loosening their grip on him ever-so-slightly. He wiggles his hand free and LASHES OUT, striking Voldemort across the cheek.

Voldemort's eyes shift, glaring at Harry, when he looks down, watches a DROP of BLOOD strike the fabric encircling Harry's wrist. He reaches up, fingers his cheek: BLOOD.

Instantly, Harry steps back.

HARRY

*Confringo!*

The tendrils of fabric BURST INTO FLAMES. Voldemort falls back and -- with his fractured wand -- slices the burning ribbons. As they turn to ash, Harry stumbles back and Voldemort picks him up and hurls him INTO A WALL. As he rises, Voldemort fires again.

346F INT. GREAT HALL - DAWN

346F

A PAIR OF EYES... OPEN. BLINK.

(CONTINUED)

BLURRY POV

SHADOWS streak across our PLANE OF VIEW, like warriors in an ancient shadow play. SOUND SURFACES SLOWLY, ODDLY, as if our EAR DRUMS were numb and swollen and gradually returning to normal.

We return to the EYES, unblinking, slowly drifting in their sockets, taking in the sound and fury that dances across the irises. We PULL BACK and REVEAL...

Neville. Bruised but unbowed. In an instant, it all comes clear -- to him and us -- that the Hall is full of WIZARDS, fighting. Something glimmers in Neville's periphery:

The Sword of Gryffindor.

Bellatrix LAUGHS MADLY as she stands upon a table, wand in hand, spraying the room with spells. As she pivots, one BOLT just misses Ginny.

MRS. WEASLEY  
NOT MY DAUGHTER, YOU BITCH!

Mrs. Weasley pitches her cloak, wand raised. Bellatrix ROARS with laughter at sight of her.

BELLATRIX  
Come on, granny, give us your best.

Mrs. Weasley fires a volley of spells and Bellatrix's smile fades. As she counters, JETS of LIGHT fly back and forth, skittering off the tables and overturned benches. Just then...

Neville comes INTO VIEW, clutching the Sword of Gryffindor now, bumping past McGonagall and Dean Thomas as they battle a pair of Death Eaters, his gaze fully forward and oddly intent.

As Mrs. Weasley parries a ferocious BLAST from Bellatrix, George, Bill and Mr. Weasley leap into the breach, raise their wands...

MRS. WEASLEY  
Back off, boys! She's mine!  
(glaring at  
Bellatrix)  
*You will never touch my children  
again!*

346F CONTINUED: (2)

346F

## BELLATRIX

Be thankful we only took one.

Besides...

(indicating George)

It's not like you don't have a  
spare.

As Bellatrix GRINS, a MASSIVE GREEN BOLT of LIGHT spits from Mrs. Weasley's wand, striking Bellatrix directly in the sternum. Bellatrix's smile curdles, then she topples to the floor, still. A BLOOD-CHILLING SCREAM fills the air...

346G

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - LOWER STAIR - SAME TIME - DAWN

346G

Nagini writhes forward angrily as Ron dashes away. Seconds later, Hermione COMES INTO FRAME, running alongside.

RON

Hermione!

HERMIONE

Yes!

RON

I need to tell you something!

She glances at him, then looks straight ahead, still running.

HERMIONE

I don't want you to say anything you wouldn't say if we weren't about to be killed by a giant snake! It'll just ruin it!

Ron starts to respond, then says... nothing.

346H

EXT. BATTLEMENTS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAWN

346H

Harry rises and Voldemort fires again, but Harry simply rises again. Furious, Voldemort steps forward and points the wand only inches from Harry's forehead, seething. Harry glances behind, his vision spinning. Nothing is behind him. Only a void beyond the blasted battlement. Only sky and a great fall. He turns back to Voldemort.

HARRY

You were right.

Voldemort's eyes glitter curiously. Harry's eyes drift to the wand in Voldemort's hand.

(CONTINUED)

346H CONTINUED:

346H

HARRY

When you told Professor Snape it  
was failing you. It will always  
fail you.

VOLDEMORT

It belongs to me! I killed Snape!

HARRY

(taunting him)

But what if the wand never  
belonged to him? What if the  
wand's allegiance was to someone  
else?

Voldemort stares at him. Confused. And suddenly, in this moment, it is Harry, beaten and bloody, who seems in control. He smiles, then presses even closer, his voice quiet, vaguely taunting:

HARRY

Come on, Tom. Let's end this the  
way we started it...

Harry grabs Voldemort's cloak in both hands.

HARRY

Together.

And then he falls back, pulling them both...

347-349 OMITTED

347-349

350 EXT. CASTLE FACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAWN

350

... into the void...

351 OMITTED

351

351A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAWN

351A

Hermione and Ron dash down the stairs. Nagini closes on them. And then -- suddenly -- Nagini HISSES MADLY, twisting crazily on the steps, tail SNAPPING BACK and forth, shattering stairs and walls.

HERMIONE

What's the matter with her?

351B EXT. CASTLE FACE - SAME TIME - DAWN

351B

Harry and Voldemort plummet, twisting crazily, when suddenly a CRACK fills the sky and they APPARATE into a PLUME.

NEW ANGLE - HARRY AND VOLDEMORT

... entwined, morphing monstrously in and out of one another, a single screaming beast one minute, adversaries the next, hurtling downward, toward the courtyard below...

351C INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - DAWN

351C

Hermione and Ron watch Nagini THRASH. As rubble rains down, they begin to run for the Great Hall, skirting Flitwick and Hagrid, who battle a pair of Death Eaters on the stairs.

Further up the marble stairs, PROFESSOR TRELAWEY raises her wand, draws a bead on a Death Eater and with a forceful flick, sends him flying through the air. Seamus regards her with amazement.

TRELAWEY

There's more to me than incense  
and tea leaves, Mr. Finnegan.

351D EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - DAWN

351D

The fighting wizards stop, peer upward at the plume above. As it STREAKS TOWARD THE GROUND, another CRACK fills the sky and Harry and Voldemort burst apart as they meet the ground, rolling onto their feet facing one another across the courtyard.

Chests heaving, they stare at one another, then Voldemort's eyes shift. Harry follows his gaze and watches the Elder Wand roll to a rest.

HARRY

I told you: it's useless to you.

Just then, Ron and Hermione burst INTO VIEW, followed by Nagini. Nagini rises, ready to strike. Harry turns, wand in hand, but he's too late.

Ron reaches out... and takes Hermione's hand.

Voldemort grabs the Elder Wand...

(CONTINUED)

351D CONTINUED:

351D

Nagini's head drops toward Ron and Hermione...

Harry watches in horror as...

Neville -- appearing out of nowhere -- steps into the breach, sword in hand, and with one mighty swing...

... SEVERS NAGINI'S HEAD.

Voldemort freezes, watching Nagini's body thrash madly for a time before going still. The great snake's head tumbles end-over-end and then, as it comes to a rest...

VOLDEMORT BELLOWS IN PAIN and turns, firing on Harry.

Instinctively, Harry raises his wand, countering...

... and the Elder Wand sails from Voldemort's hand, turning end-over-end, the spell...

... ricochetting back on him.

He stands, utterly still for a moment, his eyes on Harry, then drops.

Dead.

352-363 OMITTED

352-363

364 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY (LATER)

364

A light breeze blows over the damaged grounds.

365 INT. GREAT HALL - SAME TIME - DAY

365

Quiet now. They're all here, some huddled together in small groups, nursing their wounds. There are no tears, just quiet LAUGHTER and low conversation. Harry stands at the top of the Hall, surveying it all, then begins to walk.

The Weasleys huddle together, Ginny's head resting on her mother's shoulder, her eyes distant.

The Malfoys sit in the shadows, avoiding eye contact.

McGonagall steps into the aisle, gives him a hug, lightly touches his face, then turns away, eyes glistening.

Aberforth and Oliver Wood sit around goblets of something strong. Aberforth gives him a stoic nod.

(CONTINUED)

365

CONTINUED:

365

Dean and Seamus LAUGH together at a table.

Filch communes with Mrs. Norris.

Flitwick and Sprout sit quietly, dazed.

Cho looks up from a group of Ravenclaws, smiles faintly.

Neville sits wearily, the Sword of Gryffindor still clutched limply in his hand. Luna sits down beside him. Close. Smiles.

And then Harry looks up and sees Hagrid filling the aisle. Tears in his eyes. He steps forward, wraps Harry in his massive arms. Harry WINCES, then Hagrid releases him, cuffs him on the arm and hobbles away, blowing his nose in a GIANT HANDKERCHIEF. Harry watches him go, then turns, sees:

Hermione and Ron. Standing by the doorway. Watching him.

366

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY (LATER)

366

The trio walk together, then stop, look back at the battered castle in the distance.

RON

Not exactly leaving the place  
better than we found it, are we?

HERMIONE

Can't make an omelette without  
breaking a few eggs.

Ron gives her a screwy look. She shakes her head wearily, frowns.

HERMIONE

Something my mum used to say.

Harry studies her, absently playing his fingers over the Elder Wand. She looks over, nods to it.

HERMIONE

Why didn't it work for him? The  
Elder wand.

HARRY

Because it answers to another.

Ron and Hermione study him.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

When he killed Snape, he thought  
the wand would become his. But  
the thing is... it never belonged  
to Snape.

Harry turns the wand in the light, eyeing its brutish  
surface as he speaks.

HARRY

It was Draco who disarmed  
Dumbledore that night on the  
Astronomy Tower. From that moment  
on, the wand answered to him.  
Until the other night...  
(looking up)  
... when I disarmed Draco.

RON

But that means...

Harry nods.

HARRY

It answers to me.

Hermione stares at Harry. Ron stares at the wand.

RON

What do you reckon we should do  
with it?

HERMIONE

We?

RON

I'm just saying. That's the Elder  
Wand! It's the most powerful  
bloody wand in the world! With  
that, we could, we could --

Hermione raises her hand and Ron stops, sees that her  
eyes are fixed on Harry, who is staring at the wand, his  
concentration total. She studies his face for a long  
moment, and then -- as if coming to understand something  
-- begins to nod.

As Harry peers down at his hands, Ron and Hermione do as  
well, watching as he takes the ends of the wand and...

Snap!

... breaks it in two. Ron stares, stunned. Hermione  
smiles. Harry, his face a mask, simply turns and...

Pitches the pieces over the edge of the viaduct. For a moment, the trio stand in silence, as if words would bring the bridge crashing down. Finally, Harry glances off at the ruins of the castle, smoldering in the distance.

HARRY

Well, it wasn't boring, was it?

Ron turns, ready with a reply, but whatever words were there -- briefly -- are gone before he can utter them.

They all stare into the distance, giving themselves over to the silence. Then -- tentatively, tenderly -- fingers reach out -- Hermione's -- and brush Ron and Harry's. They look over. See that her eyes are closed, as if she were committing the moment to memory. They glance briefly at one another and then -- tentatively, tenderly -- interlace their own fingers with Hermione's, looking off and -- like her -- closing their eyes.

Gradually, the BIRDSONGS lilting in the BREEZE give way to CAR HORNS...

Two PARENTS, pushing TROLLEYS, shepherd their THREE CHILDREN toward the great sooty station.

Commuters stare curiously as the family weaves its way to a BARRIER between platforms nine and ten. As they come to a halt, the parents' faces come clear: Harry, now 36 years old, and Ginny, now 35. Beside them are their children: JAMES (12), ALBUS (11) and LILY -- the youngest.

James, mischief in his eyes, looks back at his brother just before he runs through the barrier.

And... VANISHES.

Albus grips the handle of his trolley nervously, finding it hard to follow. Harry appears behind him, smiles tenderly, sees his son's nervousness.

OLDER HARRY

Together?

Albus nods and, side by side, they run the trolley at the barrier and...

369

INT. PLATFORM 9 3/4 - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING

369

... emerge onto a new platform where a SCARLET STEAM ENGINE pours WHITE SMOKE into the air. Seconds later, Ginny and Lily appear. Albus peers about anxiously.

There is a riot of activity, as wizarding parents see off their children and trunks are loaded. There are lots of first years like ALBUS, looking equally nervous and being given a final send-off. ALBUS looks at it all with trepidation. LILY races off chasing a paper bird that flies through the crowd.

Up ahead ALBUS sees FOUR PEOPLE through the steam: Ron, Hermione and their two children, ROSE (11) and little HUGO, as ROSE'S luggage is packed onto the train -- gentle goodbyes. RON waves over to HARRY.

OLDER HERMIONE gives her daughter ROSE one last hug.

OLDER HERMIONE  
Don't forget to give Professor  
Longbottom our best.

ALBUS looks at the train, then back to HARRY. Then he disappears...

HARRY and GINNY share a knowing look, and then as GINNY takes charge of the trolley, HARRY returns to ALBUS, who is now kneeling down, struggling with his shoelace.

HARRY leans down and joins him.

ALBUS  
Will there really be thestrals  
pulling the carriages?

Harry eyes his son warmly.

OLDER HARRY  
There's nothing scary about  
thestrals. They're gentle things.  
Anyway, you won't be going up to  
school in the carriages. You'll  
be going in the boats, remember?

Albus nods, looks down.

ALBUS  
Dad?

OLDER HARRY  
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

ALBUS  
What if I'm put in Slytherin?

Harry studies his son long and hard. Leans close.

OLDER HARRY  
Albus Severus Potter. You were named after two Headmasters of Hogwarts. One of them was a Slytherin. And he was probably the bravest man I ever knew.

Albus nods, thinks for a moment... then frowns.

ALBUS  
*But just say I am --*

OLDER HARRY  
Then Slytherin House will have gained a wonderful wizard. But listen, if it means so much to you, you can choose Gryffindor. The Sorting Hat takes your choice into account.

ALBUS  
Really?

OLDER HARRY  
Really.

The TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS and Albus' eyes go wide.

OLDER HARRY  
Ready?

ALBUS  
Ready.

They stand, consider each other for a moment, then HARRY leans over and gives his son a big hug.

ALBUS settles into his seat opposite ROSE, looks around him, a chocolate frog jumps up the window, a Weasley Firework caroms down the train corridor beyond. This is going to be quite a journey. ALBUS smiles and looks out to his Dad.

Raises a hand to wave.

And the train jolts to a start.

HARRY, GINNY, RON, and HERMIONE watch with affection.

369 CONTINUED: (2)

369

LILY looks like all she wants to do is to jump on the train and leave with it.

The train heads off.

We SLOWLY MOVE INTO HARRY as he waves, pride, and more than a little nostalgia clear in his face, as the train slips away.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

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