



Scripts.com

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone

By Steve Kloves

I should've known that you would|be here, Professor McGonagall.
Good evening, Professor Dumbledore.
Are the rumors true, Albus?
I'm afraid so, professor.|The good and the bad.
- And the boy?|- Hagrid is bringing him.
Is it wise to trust Hagrid|with something so important?
Professor, I would trust Hagrid|with my life.
Professor Dumbledore, sir.|Professor McGonagall.
- No problems, I trust, Hagrid?|- No, sir.
Little tyke fell asleep|as we were flying over Bristol.
Try not to wake him.
There you go.
Do you really think it's safe,|leaving him with these people?
I've watched them all day.|They're the worst sort of Muggles.
- They really are...|- The only family he has.
He'll be famous. Every child|in our world will know his name.
Exactly.
He's far better off growing up|away from all of that.
Until he's ready.
There, there, Hagrid.|It's not really goodbye, after all.
Good luck...
...Harry Potter.
Up. Get up!
Now!
Wake up, cousin!|We're going to the zoo!
- Here he comes, the birthday boy.|- Happy birthday, son.
Cook breakfast.|And try not to burn anything.
- Yes, Aunt Petunia.|- I want everything to be perfect...
...for my Dudley's special day!
- Hurry up! Bring my coffee, boy.|- Yes, Uncle Vernon.
Aren't they wonderful, darling?
- How many are there?|- 36. Counted them myself.
36?! But last year I had 37!
- But some are bigger than last year's.|- I don't care!
This is what we're going to do.
We're going to buy you two|new presents. How's that, pumpkin?
It should be a lovely day at the zoo.|I'm really looking forward to it.
I'm warning you now, boy.
Any funny business, any at all...
...and you won't have|any meals for a week.
Get in.
Make it move.
Move!
- Move!|- He's asleep!

He's boring.
Sorry about him.
He doesn't understand|what it's like, lying there...
...watching people press|their ugly faces in on you.
Can you hear me?
It's just, I've never talked|to a snake before.
Do you...?
Do you talk to people often?
You're from Burma, aren't you?|Was it nice there?
Do you miss your family?
I see. That's me as well.|I never knew my parents either.
Mummy, Dad, you won't believe|what this snake is doing!
Thanks.
Anytime.
Snake!
Mum! Mummy! Help me!
My darling boy!|How did you get in there?
Who did this? How did you get|in there? Is there a snake?
It's all right, sweetheart.|We'll get you out of these cold clothes.
- What happened?|- I swear, I don't know!
The glass was there|and then it was gone, like magic.
There's no such thing as magic.
Marge is ill. Ate a funny whelk.
- Dad, look! Harry's got a letter!|- It's mine!
Yours? Who'd be writing to you?
No more mail through this letterbox.
Have a lovely day at the office, dear.
Shoo! Go on.
Fine day, Sunday.
In my opinion, best day of the week.|Why is that, Dudley?
- Because there's no post on Sundays?|- Right you are, Harry!
No post on Sunday.
No blasted letters today! No, sir.
Not one single bloody letter. Not one!
No, sir, not one blasted, miserable...
Make it stop, please!
Stop it!
Mummy, what's happening?
Give me that! Give me that letter!
Get off!
They're my letters! Let go of me!
That's it! We're going away!
Far away, where they can't find us!
Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?

Make a wish, Harry.
Who's there?
Sorry about that.
I demand that you leave at once.|You are breaking and entering.
Dry up, Dursley, you great prune.
I haven't seen you|since you was a baby, Harry.
You're a bit more along than I expected.|Particularly in the middle.
I'm not Harry.
- I am.|- Well, of course you are.
Got something for you.
Afraid I sat on it, but I imagine|it'll taste fine just the same.
Baked it myself, words and all.
Thank you.
It's not every day your young man|turns 11, is it?
Excuse me, but who are you?
Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys|and Grounds at Hogwarts.
- Of course, you know about Hogwarts.|- Sorry, no.
Didn't you ever wonder where|your mum and dad learned it all?
Learned what?
You're a wizard, Harry.
- I'm a what?|- A wizard.
A good one, I'd wager,|once you're trained up.
No, you've made a mistake.|I mean...
...I can't be a wizard.
I mean, I'm just Harry. Just Harry.
Well, Just Harry, did you ever|make anything happen?
Anything you couldn't explain,|when you were angry or scared?
"Dear Mr. Potter,|We are pleased to accept you...
...at Hogwarts School|of Witchcraft and Wizardry."
He will not be going! We swore|we'd put a stop to all this rubbish.
You knew? You knew all along|and you never told me?
Of course we knew.|How could you not be?
My perfect sister being who she was.
My mother and father were so proud|the day she got her letter.
"We have a witch in the family.|Isn't it wonderful?"
I was the only one to see her|for what she was.
A freak!
Then she met that Potter,|and then she had you...
...and I knew you would be the same.|Just as strange, just as abnormal.
And then she got herself blown up,|and we got landed with you.
Blown up? You told me|my parents died in a car crash.
A car crash? A car crash killed|Lily and James Potter?
- We had to say something.|- It's an outrage! A scandal!
He'll not be going.

A great Muggle like you|is going to stop him?
Muggle?
Non-magic folk. This boy's had|his name down since he were born.
He's going to the finest school|of witchcraft and wizardry.
He'll be under the finest headmaster|Hogwarts has seen, Albus Dumbledore.
I will not pay to have a crackpot|old fool teach him magic tricks.
Never insult Albus Dumbledore...
...in front of me.
I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell|anyone at Hogwarts about that.
- I'm not allowed to do magic.|- Okay.
We're a bit behind schedule.|Best be off.
Unless you'd rather stay, of course.
"All students must be equipped with...
...one standard size 2|pewter cauldron...
...and may bring, if they desire,|either an owl, a cat or a toad."
Can we find all this in London?
If you know where to go.
Ah, Hagrid! The usual, I presume?
No, thanks, Tom.|I'm on official Hogwarts business.
Just helping Harry buy|his school supplies.
Bless my soul.|It's Harry Potter!
Welcome back, Mr. Potter.|Welcome back.
Doris Crockford. I can't believe|I'm meeting you at last.
Harry Potter. Can't tell you|how pleased I am to meet you.
Hello, professor. I didn't see you.
Professor Quirrell will be your|Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.
Oh, nice to meet you.
Fearfully fascinating subject.
Not that you need it, eh, Potter?
Yes, well, must be going now.|Lots to buy.
Goodbye.
- See, Harry? You're famous.|- But why am I famous?
All those people,|how is it they know who I am?
I'm not sure I'm the right person|to tell you that.
Welcome, Harry, to Diagon Alley.
Here, you get your quills and ink.
Over there, all your bits and bobs|for doing wizardry.
It's a world-class racing broom.
Look at it! The new Nimbus 2000!
It's the fastest model yet.
But how am I to pay for all this?|I haven't any money.
There's your money.|Gringotts, the wizard bank.
Ain't no safer place, not one.|Except perhaps Hogwarts.
Hagrid, what exactly|are these things?

They're goblins. Clever as they come,|but not the most friendly of beasts.
Best stay close.

Mr. Harry Potter wishes|to make a withdrawal.
And does Mr. Harry Potter|have his key?
Wait a minute.|Got it here somewhere.
Ha! There's the little devil.
And there's something else as well.
Professor Dumbledore gave me this.
It's about You-Know-What|in vault you-know-which.
Very well.
Vault 687.
Lamp, please.
Key, please.
Did you think your parents|would leave you with nothing?
- Vault 713.|- What's in there, Hagrid?
Can't tell you.|Hogwarts business. Very secret.
Stand back.
Best not to mention this to anyone.
I still need a wand.
You want Ollivanders.|There ain't no place better.
Run along there and wait.|I got one more thing to do.
Hello?
Hello?
I wondered when|I'd be seeing you, Mr. Potter.
It seems only yesterday...
...that your mother and father were|in here buying their first wands.
Here we are.
Give it a wave.
Apparently not.
Perhaps...
...this.
No, no, definitely not.|No matter.
I wonder...
Curious.
Very curious.
Sorry, but what's curious?
I remember every wand|I've ever sold, Mr. Potter.
It so happens that the phoenix...
...whose tail feather resides|in your wand, gave another feather.
Just one other.
It is curious that you should|be destined for this wand...
...when its brother|gave you that scar.
And who owned that wand?
We do not speak his name.

The wand chooses|the wizard, Mr. Potter.
It's not always clear why.
But I think it is clear...
...that we can expect|great things from you.
After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named...
...did great things.
Terrible...
...yes, but great.
Harry! Harry!
Happy birthday.
You all right, Harry?|You seem very quiet.
He killed my parents, didn't he?|The one who gave me this.
You know, Hagrid. I know you do.
First, and understand this|because it's very important:
Not all wizards are good.
Some of them go bad.|A few years ago...
...there was a wizard who went as bad|as you can go. His name was V...
- His name was V...|- Maybe if you wrote it down?
No, I can't spell it.
- All right, Voldemort.|- Voldemort?
It was dark times, Harry.
to gather some followers.
Brought them over to the Dark Side.
ended up dead.
Your parents fought against him.
he decided to kill them.
Nobody, not one.
Except you.
Me? Voldemort tried to kill me?
Yes. That ain't no ordinary cut|on your forehead, Harry.
A mark like that only comes from being|touched by a curse, an evil curse.
What happened to V...?|To You-Know-Who?
Well, some say he died.
Codswallop, in my opinion.
Nope, I reckon he's out there still...
...too tired to carry on.
But one thing's certain. Something|about you stumped him that night.
That's why you're famous.|That's why everybody knows your name.
You're the boy who lived.
What are you looking at?
Blimey, is that the time?
I'm gonna have to leave you.|Dumbledore will be wanting his...
Well, he'll be wanting to see me.|Your train leaves in 10 minutes.
Here's your ticket. Stick to your ticket,|that's very important.

"Platform 9 3/4?"

But, Hagrid, there must be a mistake. | This says platform 9 3/4.

There's no such thing, is there?

Sorry.

Excuse me. Excuse me.

On your left.

Can you tell me where | I might find platform 9 3/4?

Think you're being funny, do you?

It's the same every year, | packed with Muggles.

- Muggles? | - Platform 9 3/4, this way.

All right, Percy, you first.

Fred, you next.

- He's not Fred, I am. | - You call yourself our mother?

I'm sorry, George.

I'm only joking. I am Fred.

Excuse me.

Could you tell me how to...?

How to get onto the platform? | Not to worry, dear.

It's Ron's first time | to Hogwarts as well.

All you do is walk straight at the wall | between platforms 9 and 10.

- Best to run if you're nervous. | - Good luck.

Excuse me. Do you mind? | Everywhere else is full.

Not at all.

I'm Ron, by the way. | Ron Weasley.

I'm Harry. Harry Potter.

So it's true!

I mean, do you really have the...?

- The what? | - The scar?

Wicked!

- Anything off the trolley, dears? | - No, thanks. I'm all set.

We'll take the lot.

- Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans? | - They mean every flavor.

There's chocolate | and peppermint and also...

...spinach, liver and tripe.

George swore he got | a booger-flavored one once.

- Are they real frogs? | - It's a spell. You want the cards.

Each pack's got a famous witch | or wizard. I've got about 500 meself.

Watch it!

That's rotten luck. They've only | got one good jump in them.

- I've got Dumbledore! | - I got about six of him.

Hey, he's gone!

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

This is Scabbers. | Pathetic, isn't he?

A little.

Fred gave me a spell|to turn him yellow. Want to see?
Yeah.
Has anyone seen a toad?
- A boy named Neville's lost one.|- No.
Oh, are you doing magic?|Let's see, then.
Sunshine, daisies, butter mellow
Turn this stupid, fat rat yellow
Are you sure that's a real spell?|Well, it's not very good, is it?
I've only tried|a few simple ones myself...
...but they've all worked for me.

For example:

Oculus Reparo.
That's better, isn't it?
Holy cricket, you're Harry Potter!
I'm Hermione Granger.|And you are...?
- I'm Ron Weasley.|- Pleasure.
You two better change into robes.|I expect we'll be arriving soon.
You've got dirt on your nose.|Did you know?
Just there.
Right, then.|First years, this way, please!
Come on, first years, don't be shy.|Come on now, hurry up.
- Hello, Harry.|- Hi, Hagrid.
Right, then. This way to the boats.|Come on now, follow me.
Wicked.
Welcome to Hogwarts.
Shortly, you'll pass through|these doors and join your classmates.
But before you take your seats,|you must be sorted into your houses.
They are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff...
...Ravenclaw and Slytherin.
While you're here, your house|will be like your family.
Your triumphs will earn you points.
Any rule-breaking|and you will lose points.
At the end of the year, the house|with the most points wins the house cup.
Trevor!
Sorry.
The Sorting Ceremony|will begin momentarily.
It's true then,|what they're saying on the train.
Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts.
Harry Potter?
This is Crabbe and Goyle.
And I'm Malfoy.
Draco Malfoy.
Think my name's funny, do you?|I've no need to ask yours.

Red hair and a hand-me-down robe?|You must be a Weasley.
You'll find out some wizarding families|are better than others.
You don't want to go making friends|with the wrong sort.
I can help you there.
I think I can tell the wrong sort|for myself, thanks.
We're ready for you now.|Follow me.
The ceiling isn't real. It's bewitched|to look like the night sky.
I read about it|in "Hogwarts, A History".
Will you wait along here, please?
Now, before we begin...
...Professor Dumbledore would like|to say a few words.
I have a few start-of-term notices|I wish to announce.
The first years, please note...
...that the Dark Forest is|strictly forbidden to all students.
Also, our caretaker, Mr. Filch,|has asked me to remind you...
...that the third-floor corridor|is out of bounds...
...to everyone who does not wish|to die a most painful death.
Thank you.
When I call your name,|you will come forth.
I shall place the Sorting Hat|on your head...
...and you will be sorted|into your houses.
Hermione Granger.
Oh, no. Okay, relax.
Mental, that one, I'm telling you.
Right, then. Right.
Okay. Gryffindor!
Draco Malfoy.
Slytherin!
Every wizard who went bad|was in Slytherin.
Susan Bones.
Harry, what is it?
Nothing. Nothing, I'm fine.
Let's see...
I know! Hufflepuff!
Ronald Weasley.
Another Weasley!|I know just what to do with you.
Gryffindor!
Harry Potter.
Difficult, very difficult.
Plenty of courage, I see.|Not a bad mind, either.
There's talent, oh, yes.
And a thirst to prove yourself.
But where to put you?
Not Slytherin, not Slytherin!

Not Slytherin, eh? Are you sure?
You could be great, you know.|It's all here, in your head.
And Slytherin will help you on the way|to greatness, no doubt about that.
No? Well, if you're sure.
Better be...
...Gryffindor!
Your attention, please.
Let the feast begin.
I'm half and half.
Me dad's a Muggle. Mum's a witch.
Bit of a nasty shock for him|when he found out.
Percy, who's that teacher|talking to Professor Quirrell?
Professor Snape,|head of Slytherin house.
- What's he teach?|- Potions.
But he fancies the Dark Arts.|He's been after Quirrell's job for years.
Hello! How are you?
Welcome to Gryffindor.
It's the Bloody Baron!
Hello, Sir Nicholas.|Have a nice summer?
Dismal. Once again, my request to join|the Headless Hunt has been denied.
I know you.|You're Nearly Headless Nick.
I prefer Sir Nicholas,|if you don't mind.
"Nearly" headless?|How can you be nearly headless?
Like this.
Gryffindors, follow me, please.|Keep up. Thank you.
Ravenclaw, follow me. This way.
This is the most direct path|to the dormitories.
Keep an eye on the staircases.|They like to change.
Keep up, please, and follow me.|Quickly now, come on. Come on.
That picture's moving.
- Look at that one.|- I think she fancies you.
- Look!|- Who's that girl?
Welcome to Hogwarts.
Password?
Caput Draconis.
Follow me, everyone. Keep up.|Quickly, come on.
Gather around here.
Welcome to the Gryffindor common room.
Boys' dormitory is upstairs to the left.|Girls, the same on your right.
Your belongings have|already been brought up.
Made it!
Can you imagine the look on old|McGonagall's face if we were late?
- That was bloody brilliant!|- Thank you for that assessment.
It'd be better if I transfigured|Mr. Potter and you into a watch.

- Then one of you might be on time.|- We got lost.
Then perhaps a map? I trust you|don't need one to find your seats.
There will be no foolish wand-waving|or silly incantations in this class.
As such, I don't expect|many of you to appreciate...
...the subtle science and exact art|that is potion-making.
However, for those select few...
...who possess the predisposition...
...I can teach you|how to bewitch the mind...
...and ensnare the senses.
I can tell you how to bottle fame...
...brew glory and even|put a stopper in death.
Then again, maybe some of you have|come to Hogwarts with abilities...
...so formidable that|you feel confident enough...
...to not pay attention.
Mr. Potter.
Our new celebrity.
What would I get if I added root|of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?
You don't know? Let's try again.
Where would you look|if I asked you to find a bezoar?
I don't know, sir.
What is the difference|between monkshood and wolfsbane?
I don't know, sir.
Pity.
Clearly, fame isn't everything...
...is it, Mr. Potter?
Turn this water into rum
Eye of rabbit...
What's Seamus trying to do|to the water?
Turn it to rum. Actually managed|a weak tea yesterday, before...
Mail's here.
Can I borrow this? Thanks.
Look, Neville's got a Remembrall.
I've read about those. The smoke turns|red when you've forgotten something.
The problem is, I can't remember|what I've forgotten.
Somebody broke into Gringotts. Listen.
"Believed to be the work|of Dark wizards or witches...
...Gringotts goblins acknowledge|the breach but insist nothing was taken."
"The vault in question, number 713,|had been emptied earlier that same
day."
That's odd. That's the vault|Hagrid and I went to.
- Good afternoon, class.|- Good afternoon, Madam Hooch.
Good afternoon, Amanda.|Good afternoon.
Welcome to your first flying lesson.
What are you waiting for?|Step up to your broomstick.

Come on now, hurry up. Stick your hand|over the broom and say, "Up".
Up!
Up.
Up.
Up. Up!
With feeling.
Shut up, Harry.
Now, once you've got hold of|your broom, I want you to mount it.
Grip it tight. You don't wanna be|sliding off the end.
When I blow my whistle, I want you|to kick off from the ground, hard.
Keep your broom steady,|hover for a moment...
...then lean forward slightly|and touch back down.
On my whistle. Three, two...
Mr. Longbottom.
- Mr. Longbottom!|- Down, down!
Neville!
Come back down this instant!
Everyone out of the way!
Is he all right?
Oh, dear, it's a broken wrist.|Poor boy. Come on now, up you get.
Keep your feet on the ground|while I take him to the hospital wing.
Understand? If I see|a single broom in the air...
...the one riding it will be expelled|before they can say Quidditch.
Did you see his face?
If he had squeezed this, he'd have|remembered to fall on his arse.
Give it here, Malfoy.
No. I'll leave it somewhere|for Longbottom to find.
How about on the roof?
What's the matter, Potter?|Bit beyond your reach?
Harry, no way!|You heard what Madam Hooch said.
Besides, you don't know how to fly.
What an idiot.
Give it here or I'll|knock you off your broom!
Is that so?
Have it your way, then.
- Nice going, Harry.|- That was wicked, Harry!
Harry Potter!
Follow me.
You wait here.
Professor Quirrell, excuse me.|Could I borrow Wood for a moment?
Yes, of course.
Potter, this is Oliver Wood.|Wood, I have found you a Seeker.
Have you heard? Harry Potter's|the new Gryffindor Seeker.
I always knew he'd do well.

Seeker? But first years|never make the house teams.
- You must be the youngest player in...|- A century, McGonagall says.
Well done, Harry.|Wood's just told us.
Fred and George are on the team.|Beaters.
Our job is to make sure you|don't get bloodied up too bad.
Can't make any promises.|Rough game, Quidditch.
But no one's died in years.|Someone vanishes occasionally.
But they'll turn up in a month or two.
Go on. Quidditch is great. Best game|there is, and you'll be great too.
I've never played.|What if I make a fool of myself?
You won't make a fool of yourself.|It's in your blood.
You never told me your father|was a Seeker too.
I didn't know.
I'm telling you, it's spooky.|She knows more about you than you do.
Who doesn't?
What's happening?
The staircases change, remember?
- Let's go this way.|- Before the staircase moves again.
Does anybody feel like|we shouldn't be here?
We're not supposed to be here.
This is the third floor.|It's forbidden.
Let's go.
- It's Filch's cat!|- Run!
Quick, let's hide through that door!
- It's locked!|- We're done for!
Move over!
Alohomora.
Get in.
"Alohomora?"
Standard Book of Spells, |chapter seven.
Anyone here, my sweet?
Come on.
- Filch is gone.|- He thinks this door's locked.
- It was locked.|- And for good reason.
What are they doing, keeping a thing|like that locked up in a school?
Didn't you see what|it was standing on?
I wasn't looking at its feet!|I was preoccupied with its heads.
Or maybe you didn't notice.|There were three!
It was standing on a trap door.|It wasn't there by accident.
- It's guarding something.|- Guarding something?
That's right. Now, if you two don't mind,|I'm going to bed...
...before you come up with another idea|to get us killed.
Or worse, expelled.
She needs to sort out her priorities.

Quidditch is easy to understand. | Each team has seven players.
Three Chasers, two Beaters, | one Keeper and a Seeker. That's you.
There are three kinds of balls. | This one's called the Quaffle.
The Chasers handle the Quaffle and try | to put it through one of those
hoops.
The Keeper, that's me, | defends the hoops. With me so far?
I think so. What are those?
You better take this.
Careful now, it's coming back.
Not bad, Potter. | You'd make a fair Beater.
What was that?
Bludger. Nasty little buggers.
But you are a Seeker.
The only thing I want you | to worry about is this.
The Golden Snitch.
- I like this ball. | - You like it now.
Just wait. It's wicked fast | and damn near impossible to see.
What do I do with it?
You catch it. | Before the other team's Seeker.
You catch this, the game's over.
You catch this, Potter, | and we win.
One of a wizard's most rudimentary | skills is levitation...
...or the ability to make objects fly.
Do you have your feathers? Good.
Now, don't forget the nice wrist | movement we've been practicing.
The swish and flick. Everyone.
The swish and flick. Good. | Oh, and enunciate.
Wingardium Leviosa. | Off you go, then.
Wingardium Leviosa.
Wingardium Leviosa.
No, stop, stop, stop! You're going | to take someone's eye out.
Besides, you're saying it wrong. | It's "Leviosa", not "Leviosar".
You do it then, if you're so clever. | Go on, go on.
Wingardium Leviosa.
Well done! See here, everyone, | Miss Granger's done it!
Splendid!
Well done, dear.
I think we're going to need | another feather over here.
"It's Leviosa, not Leviosar."
She's a nightmare, honestly! | No wonder she hasn't got any friends.
I think she heard you.
Where's Hermione?
Parvati said she wouldn't | come out of the bathroom.
She said that she'd been in there | all afternoon, crying.

Troll in the dungeon!
Troll in the dungeon!
Thought you ought to know.
Silence!
Everyone will please not panic!
Now...
...prefects will lead their house|back to the dormitories.
Teachers will follow me|to the dungeons.
Gryffindors, keep up, please,|and stay alert.
How could a troll get in?
Not on its own. Trolls are really stupid.|Probably people playing jokes.
- What?|- Hermione! She doesn't know.
I think the troll's left the dungeon.
It's going into the girls' bathroom.
Hermione, move!
Help! Help!
Hey, pea brain!
Help!
Do something!
- What?|- Anything!
- Hurry up!|- Swish and flick.
Wingardium Leviosa.
Cool.
Is it dead?
I don't think so. Just knocked out.
Troll boogers.
Oh, my goodness!|Explain yourselves, both of you!
- Well, what it is...|- It's my fault, Professor McGonagall.
Miss Granger?
I went looking for the troll.|I thought I could handle it.
But I was wrong.
If Harry and Ron hadn't come|and found me, I'd probably be dead.
Be that as it may, it was|an extremely foolish thing to do.
I expected more rational behavior|and am very disappointed in you.
Five points will be taken|from Gryffindor...
...for your serious lack of judgment.
As for you two gentlemen...
...I just hope you realize|how fortunate you are.
Not many first-year students|could take on a troll...
...and live to tell the tale.
Five points...
...will be awarded to each of you...
...for sheer dumb luck.
Perhaps you ought to go.|It might wake up.

Take a bit of toast, mate. Go on.
Ron's right. | You'll need your strength today.
I'm not hungry.
Good luck today, Potter. | You've proven yourself against a troll.
A game of Quidditch | should be easy work.
Even if it is against Slytherin.
- That explains the blood. | - Blood?
Last night, I'm guessing Snape let | the troll in as a diversion...
...so he could get past that dog.
But he got bit, | that's why he's limping.
But why would anyone go near that dog?
At Gringotts, Hagrid took | something out of the vault.
Said it was Hogwarts business, | very secret.
You're saying...
That's what the dog's guarding. | That's what Snape wants.
- Bit early for mail, isn't it? | - But I never get mail.
Let's open it.
It's a broomstick.
That's not just a broomstick, | it's a Nimbus 2000!
But who...?
- Scared, Harry? | - A little.
It's all right. I felt the same way | before my first game.
- What happened? | - I don't really remember.
I took a Bludger to the head | two minutes in.
Woke up in hospital a week later.
Welcome to Hogwarts' first | Quidditch game of the season.
Today's game, | Slytherin versus Gryffindor!
The players take their positions...
...as Madam Hooch steps onto | the field to begin the game!
Now, I want a nice, clean game...
...from all of you!
The Bludgers are up, | followed by the Golden Snitch.
Remember, the Snitch | is worth 150 points.
The Seeker who catches the Snitch | ends the game.
The Quaffle is released | and the game begins!
Angelina Johnson scores! | Ten points for Gryffindor!
Well done!
Slytherin takes the Quaffle. | Bletchley passes to Captain Marcus Flint.
Another 10 points to Gryffindor!
Give me that!
Take that side!
What's going on | with Harry's broomstick?
It's Snape. | He's jinxing the broom!
- Jinxing the broom? What do we do? | - Leave it to me.

Come on, Hermione!
Lacarnum Inflamarae.
Fire! You're on fire!
Go, go, go, go!
Looks like he's gonna be sick.
He's got the Snitch!
Harry Potter receives 150 points|for catching the Snitch!
Gryffindor wins!
Nonsense! Why would Snape|put a curse on Harry's broom?
Who knows? Why was he trying|to get past that three-headed dog?
- Who told you about Fluffy?|- Fluffy?
- That thing has a name?|- Of course he has a name. He's mine.
I bought him off an Irishman.|I lent him to Dumbledore to guard...
Shouldn't have said that.|No more questions! That's top-secret.
But whatever Fluffy's guarding,|Snape's trying to steal it.
Codswallop. Professor Snape|is a Hogwarts teacher.
Teacher or not, I know a spell when|I see one. I've read all about them.
You've got to keep eye contact,|and Snape wasn't blinking.
Exactly.
Now, you listen to me,|all three of you.
You're meddling in things that ought|not to be meddled in. It's dangerous.
What that dog is guarding is|between Dumbledore and Nicholas Flamel.
Nicholas Flamel?
I shouldn't have said that.|I should not have said that.
Nicholas Flamel.|Who's Nicholas Flamel?
I don't know.
Merry Christmas
Ring the Hogwart bell
Merry Christmas
Cast a Christmas spell
Knight to e5.
Queen to e5.
That's totally barbaric!
That's wizard's chess.|I see you've packed.
I see you haven't.
Change of plans. My parents went|to Romania to visit my brother Charlie.
- He's studying dragons there.|- Good. You can help Harry.
He's going to the library|to look up Nicholas Flamel.
We've looked a hundred times!
Not in the restricted section.|Happy Christmas.
I think we've had|a bad influence on her.
Harry, wake up!|Come on, Harry, wake up!
- Happy Christmas, Harry.|- Happy Christmas, Ron.
What are you wearing?

Oh, my mum made it. | Looks like you've got one too.
- I've got presents? | - Yeah.
There they are.
"Your father left this | in my possession before he died.
It is time it was returned to you. | Use it well."
- What is it? | - Some kind of cloak.
Well, let's see, then. Put it on.
My body's gone!
I know what that is. | That's an invisibility cloak!
I'm invisible?
They're really rare. | I wonder who gave it to you.
There was no name. | It just said, "Use it well".
Fifteenth-Century Fiends.
Flamel. Nicholas Flamel. | Where are you?
Who's there?
I know you're in there. | You can't hide.
Who is it? Show yourself.
Severus, I...
You don't want me | as your enemy, Quirrell.
- I don't know what you mean. | - You know perfectly well what I mean.
We'll have another little chat soon.
When you've had time to decide | where your loyalties lie.
Professors. I found this | in the restricted section.
It's still hot. That means | there's a student out of bed.
Mum?
Dad?
Ron, you've really gotta see this! | Ron, you've gotta see this!
Ron, come on, get out of bed!
- Why? | - There's something you've got to see!
Come on! Come! | Come look, it's my parents!
I only see us.
Look in properly. | Go on, stand there.
- There. You see them, don't you? | - That's me! Only I'm head boy.
And I'm holding the Quidditch Cup.
And bloody hell! | I'm Quidditch captain too!
I look good.
Harry, do you think this mirror | shows the future?
How can it? | Both my parents are dead.
Back again, Harry?
I see that you, | like many before you...
...have discovered the delights | of the Mirror of Erised.
I trust by now | you realize what it does.
Let me give you a clue.
The happiest man on earth...

...would look in the mirror|and see only himself...
...exactly as he is.
So then, it shows us what we want.|Whatever we want.
Yes. And no.
It shows us nothing more or less...
...than the deepest and most desperate|desires of our hearts.
Now you, Harry, who have|never known your family...
...you see them standing beside you.
But remember this, Harry.
This mirror gives us|neither knowledge...
...or truth.
Men have wasted away in front of it.|Even gone mad.
That is why tomorrow|it will be moved to a new home.
And I must ask you...
...not to go looking for it again.
It does not do to dwell on dreams...
...and forget to live.
I had you looking in the wrong section.|How could I be so stupid?
I checked this out weeks ago|for a bit of light reading.
This is light?
Of course! Here it is!
Nicholas Flamel is the only known|maker of the Philosopher's Stone.
The what?
Honestly, don't you two read?
"The Philosopher's Stone is a legendary|substance with astonishing powers."
"It'll transform any metal|into pure gold...
...and produces the Elixir of Life|which will make the drinker immortal."
- Immortal?|- It means you'll never die.
I know what it means!
"The only Stone currently in existence|belongs to Mr. Nicholas Flamel...
...the noted alchemist who last year|celebrated his 665th birthday."
That's what Fluffy's guarding.
That's what's under the trap door.|The Philosopher's Stone.
Don't wish to be rude,|but I'm in no state to entertain.
We know about the Philosopher's Stone.
- We think Snape's trying to steal it.|- Are you still on about him?
We know he's after it.|We don't know why.
Snape is one of the teachers|protecting the Stone. He won't steal it.
What?
You heard. Come on,|I'm a bit preoccupied today.
Wait a minute.|"One of the teachers?"
There are other things|defending the Stone, aren't there?
- Spells, enchantments.|- Right.
Waste of bloody time, if you ask me.

Ain't no one gonna get past Fluffy.
Ain't a soul knows how,|except for me and Dumbledore.
I shouldn't have told you that.|I should not have told you that.
- Hagrid, what exactly is that?|- That? It's...
I know what that is!
But, Hagrid, how did you get one?
I won it. Off a stranger|I met down at the pub.
Seemed quite glad to be rid of it,|as a matter of fact.
Is that...
...a dragon?
That's not just a dragon.|That's a Norwegian Ridgeback.
My brother works|with these in Romania.
Isn't he beautiful? Oh, bless him.|Look, he knows his mummy.
Hello, Norbert.
- Norbert?|- He's gotta have a name, don't he?
Don't you, Norbert?
He'll have to be trained up a bit,|of course.
Who's that?
Malfoy.
Oh, dear.
Hagrid always wanted a dragon.|Told me so the first time I met him.
It's crazy.|And worse, Malfoy knows.
- I don't understand. Is that bad?|- It's bad.
Good evening.
Nothing, I repeat, nothing...
...gives a student the right|to walk about at night.
Therefore, as punishment for your actions,|50 points will be taken.
- 50?!|- Each.
To ensure it doesn't happen again...
...all four of you|will receive detention.
Excuse me, professor,|perhaps I heard you wrong.
I thought you said the four of us.
No, you heard me correctly.
Honorable as your intentions were,|you too were out of bed after hours.
You will join your classmates|in detention.
A pity they let|the old punishments die.
Was a time detention found you|hanging by your thumbs in the dungeons.
God, I miss the screaming.
You'll be serving detention|with Hagrid tonight.
He's got a little job to do|inside the Dark Forest.
A sorry lot, this, Hagrid.
Good God, you're not still on|about that bloody dragon, are you?
Norbert's gone.
Dumbledore sent him off to Romania|to live in a colony.

That's good, isn't it?|He's with his own kind.
What if he don't like Romania?
What if the other dragons are mean|to him? He's only a baby.
For God's sake, pull yourself together.|You're going into the Forest.
Got to have your wits about you.
The Forest? I thought that was a joke.|We can't go in there.
Students aren't allowed.|And there are...
...werewolves.
There's more than werewolves|in those trees.
You can be sure of that.
Nighty-night.
Right. Let's go.
Hagrid, what is that?
What we're here for.|See that?
That's unicorn blood, that is.|I found one dead a few weeks ago.
Now, this one's been hurt bad|by something.
So, it's our job to go|and find the poor beast.
Ron, Hermione, come with me.
And, Harry, you'll go with Malfoy.
Okay. Then I get Fang.
Fine. Just so you know,|he's a bloody coward.
Wait till my father hears about this.|This is servant's stuff.
If I didn't know better,|I'd say you were scared.
I'm not scared, Potter.
Do you hear that?
Come on, Fang.
Scared!
What is it, Fang?
Harry Potter, you must leave.|You are known to many creatures here.
The Forest is not safe at this time.|Especially for you.
What was that thing you saved me from?
A monstrous creature.|It is a terrible crime to slay a unicorn.
Drinking its blood will keep you alive|even if you are an inch from death.
But at a terrible price. For you|have slain something so pure...
...that the moment the blood touches|your lips, you will have a half-life.
A cursed life.
- Who would choose such a life?|- Can you think of no one?
Do you mean to say that|that thing that killed the unicorn...
...that was drinking its blood,|that was Voldemort?
Do you know what is hidden|in the school at this very moment?
The Philosopher's Stone.
Harry!
Hello there, Firenze.|See you've met our young Mr. Potter.
You all right there, Harry?

Harry Potter, |this is where I leave you.
You're safe now. Good luck.
You mean, You-Know-Who is out there |right now in the Forest?
But he's weak. |He's living off the unicorns.
Don't you see? We had it wrong.
Snape doesn't want the Stone for himself. |He wants it for Voldemort.
With the Elixir of Life, |Voldemort will be strong again.
He'll come back.
But if he comes back...
...you don't think he'll try |to kill you, do you?
If he'd had the chance, |he might have tried tonight.
And to think I've been worrying |about my Potions final.
Hang on a minute. |We're forgetting one thing.
Who's the one wizard |Voldemort always feared?
Dumbledore. As long as Dumbledore |is around, Harry, you're safe.
As long as Dumbledore is around, |you can't be touched.
I'd heard Hogwarts' final exams were |frightful, but I found that enjoyable.
Speak for yourself. |All right there, Harry?
- My scar. It keeps burning. | - It's happened before.
- Not like this. | - You should see the nurse.
I think it's a warning. |It means danger's coming.
- Of course! | - What is it?
Isn't it odd that what Hagrid wants |more than anything is a dragon...
...and a stranger just happens |to have one?
How many people wander around |with dragon eggs?
Why didn't I see it before?
Who gave you the egg? |What did he look like?
I never saw his face. |He kept his hood up.
You and this stranger |must have talked.
He wanted to know what sort |of creatures I looked after.
I said, "After Fluffy, |a dragon's gonna be no problem".
- Was he interested in Fluffy? | - Of course he was interested.
How often do you come across |a three-headed dog?
But I told him, "The trick with any beast |is to know how to calm him".
Take Fluffy, for example. Play him |music and he falls straight to sleep.
I shouldn't have told you that.
Where are you going?
We have to see Dumbledore. |Immediately!
I'm afraid he's not here.
He received an urgent owl |from the Ministry of Magic and left.
He's gone? |But this is important!
This is about the Philosopher's Stone!
- How do you know...? | - Someone's going to try and steal it.
I don't know how you know, |but I assure you it is well protected.

Now would you go back|to your dormitories? Quietly.
That was no stranger Hagrid met.|It was Snape.
Which means he knows|how to get past Fluffy.
- And with Dumbledore gone...|- Good afternoon.
What would three young Gryffindors...
...be doing inside on a day like this?
- We were just...|- You ought to be careful.
People will think you're...
...up to something.
Now what do we do?
We go down the trap door. Tonight.
Trevor.
Trevor, go! You shouldn't be here!
Neither should you.|You're sneaking out again, aren't you?
- Neville, listen. We were...|- No, I won't let you!
You'll get Gryffindor into trouble again.|I'll fight you.
Petrificus Totalus.
You're a little scary sometimes,|you know that?
Brilliant, but scary.
Let's go.
- Sorry.|- It's for your own good, you know.
- You stood on my foot!|- Sorry.
Alohomora.
Wait a minute. He's...
...snoring.
Snape's already been here.|He's put a spell on the harp.
It's got horrible breath.
- We have to move its paw.|- What?
Come on!
Okay. Push.
I'll go first. Don't follow|until I give you a sign.
If something bad happens,|get yourselves out.
Does it seem a bit quiet to you?
The harp.
It's stopped playing.
Jump!
Lucky this plant thing's here, really.
Stop moving, both of you.|This is Devil's Snare.
You have to relax. If you don't,|it will only kill you faster.
Kill us faster?|Oh, now I can relax!
Hermione!
- Now what are we gonna do?|- Just relax!
- Hermione, where are you?|- Do what I say! Trust me.
- Are you okay?|- Yeah, I'm fine.

- He's not relaxing, is he?|- Apparently not.
- We've gotta do something.|- What?
I remember reading something|in Herbology.
Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare.|It's deadly fun...
...but will sulk in the sun!|That's it! It hates sunlight.
Lumus Solem.
- Ron, you okay?|- Yeah.
Lucky we didn't panic.
Lucky Hermione pays attention|in Herbology.
What is that?
I don't know. Sounds like wings.
Curious. I've never seen|birds like these.
They're not birds.|They're keys.
And I'll bet one of them|fits that door.
- What's this all about?|- I don't know.
Strange.
"Alohomora!"
Well, it was worth a try.
What will we do?|There must be a thousand keys.
We want a big, old-fashioned one.|Probably rusty.
I see it!|The one with the broken wing.
What's wrong?
It's too simple.
Go on! If Snape could catch it|on that old broomstick, you can.
You're the youngest Seeker|in a century.
This complicates things a bit.
Catch the key!
Hurry up!
I don't like this.|I don't like this at all.
Where are we? A graveyard.
This is no graveyard.
It's a chessboard.
There's the door.
Now what do we do?
It's obvious, isn't it? We've got|to play our way across the room.
Harry, you take|the empty bishop's square.
Hermione, you'll be|the queen-side castle.
As for me, I'll be a knight.
What happens now?
Well, white moves first.
And then...
...we play.
Ron, you don't suppose|this is going to be like...
...real wizard's chess, do you?

You there, d5.
Yes, Hermione.
I think this is gonna be|exactly like wizard's chess.
Castle to e4!
Pawn to c3!
- Wait a minute.|- You understand right, Harry.
Once I make my move,|the queen will take me.
Then you're free to check the king.
- No. Ron, no!|- What is it?
- He's going to sacrifice himself.|- No, there must be another way!
Do you wanna stop Snape|from getting that Stone or not?
Harry, it's you that has to go on.|I know it.
Not me. Not Hermione. You.
Knight to h3.
Check.
Ron!
No, don't move!|Don't forget, we're still playing.
Checkmate.
Take care of Ron.|Then go to the owlery.
Send a message to Dumbledore.|Ron's right.
I have to go on.
You'll be okay, Harry.|You're a great wizard. You really are.
Not as good as you.
Me? Books and cleverness.|There are more important things.
Friendship and bravery.|And, Harry, just be careful.
You?
No, it can't be.|Snape, he was the...
Yes, he does seem the type,|doesn't he?
Next to him, who would suspect...
...poor, stuttering|Professor Quirrell?
But that day, during the Quidditch match,|Snape tried to kill me.
No, dear boy. I tried to kill you!
If Snape's cloak hadn't caught|fire and broken my eye contact...
...I would have succeeded.
Even with Snape muttering|his countercurse.
Snape was trying to save me?
I knew you were a danger to me,|especially after Halloween.
- Then you let the troll in!|- Very good, Potter, yes.
Snape, unfortunately, wasn't fooled.
While everyone ran about,|he went to the third floor to head me off.
He, of course, never trusted me again.
He rarely left me alone.|But he doesn't understand.
I'm never alone. Never.
Now, what does this mirror do?

I see what I desire.
I see myself holding the Stone.|But how do I get it?
Use the boy.
Come here, Potter! Now!
Tell me, what do you see?
What is it? What do you see?
I'm shaking hands with Dumbledore.|I've won the house cup.
He lies.
Tell the truth! What do you see?
- Let me speak to him.| - Master, you are not strong enough.
I have strength enough for this.
Harry Potter...
...we meet again.
Voldemort.
Yes. You see what I've become?
See what I must do to survive?
Live off another. A mere parasite.
Unicorn blood can sustain me...
...but it cannot give me|a body of my own.
But there is something that can.
Something that, conveniently enough,|lies in your pocket.
Stop him!
Don't be a fool.
Why suffer an horrific death...
...when you can join me and live?
Never!
Bravery. Your parents had it too.
Tell me, Harry...
...would you like to see|your mother and father again?
Together...
...we can bring them back.
All I ask is for something in return.
That's it, Harry.
There is no good and evil.
There is only power...
...and those too weak to seek it.
Together, we'll do|extraordinary things.
Just give me the Stone!
You liar!
Kill him!
- What is this magic?|- Fool, get the Stone!
Good afternoon, Harry.
- Tokens from your admirers?|- Admirers?
What happened in the dungeons between|you and Professor Quirrell is a

secret.

So, naturally, the whole school knows.

I see that your friend Ronald|has saved you the trouble...

...of opening your Chocolate Frogs.

Ron was here? Is he all right?|What about Hermione?

Fine. They're both just fine.

- What happened to the Stone?|- Relax, dear boy.

The Stone has been destroyed.

My friend Nicholas and I|have had a little chat...

...and agreed it was best all around.

But then, Flamel,|he'll die, won't he?

He has enough Elixir|to set his affairs in order.

But yes, he will die.

How is it I got the Stone, sir?

One minute I was staring|in the mirror and...

You see, only a person...

...who wanted to find the Stone,|find it...

...but not use it,|would be able to get it.

That is one of my more brilliant ideas.

And between you and me,|that is saying something.

Does that mean, with the Stone gone,|that Voldemort can never come back?

I'm afraid...

...there are ways|in which he can return.

Harry, do you know why...

...Professor Quirrell couldn't bear|to have you touch him?

It was because of your mother.|She sacrificed herself for you.

And that kind of act leaves a mark.

No, this kind of mark cannot be seen.

- It lives in your very skin.|- What is it?

Love, Harry. Love.

Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans.

I was most unfortunate in my youth|to come across a vomit-flavored one.

And since then,|I've lost my liking for them.

But I think I could be safe...

...with a nice toffee.

Alas!

Earwax.

- All right there, Ron?|- All right. You?

All right. Hermione?

Never better.

Another year gone.

And now, as I understand it,|the house cup needs awarding.

And the points stand thus:

In fourth place,|Gryffindor with 312 points.

Third place,|Hufflepuff with 352 points.
In second place...
...Ravenclaw with 426 points.
And in first place...
...with 472 points, Slytherin house.
Nice one, mate.
Yes, well done, Slytherin.|Well done.
However, recent events must|be taken into account.
And I have a few last-minute points|to award.
To Miss Hermione Granger,|for the cool use of intellect...
...while others were in grave peril...
...50 points.
Good job.
Second, to Mr. Ronald Weasley,|for the best-played game of chess...
...that Hogwarts has seen|these many years, 50 points.
And third...
...to Mr. Harry Potter...
...for pure nerve|and outstanding courage...
...I award Gryffindor house 60 points.
We're tied with Slytherin!
Finally, it takes a great deal of bravery|to stand up to your enemies...
...but a great deal more|to stand up to your friends.
I award 10 points...
...to Neville Longbottom.
Assuming that my calculations|are correct...
...I believe that a change|of decoration is in order.
Gryffindor wins the house cup.
Come on, now.|Hurry up, you'll be late.
Train's leaving. Go on.|Come on, hurry up.
- Come on, Harry.|- One minute.
Thought you were leaving|without saying goodbye, did you?
This is for you.
Thanks, Hagrid.
Go on. On with you. On with you now.|Oh, listen, Harry.
If that dolt of a cousin of yours,|Dudley, gives you any grief...
...you could always threaten him...
...with a nice pair of ears|to go with his tail.
But we're not allowed to do magic|away from Hogwarts. You know that.
I do. But your cousin don't, do he?
Feels strange to be going home,|doesn't it?
I'm not going home.
Not really.