SCRIMGEOUR:

These are dark times, there is no denying.

Our world has, perhaps,

faced no greater threat than it does today.

But I say this to our citizenry:

We, ever your servants...

...will continue to defend your liberty...

...and repel the forces

that seek to take it from you.

Your Ministry remains...

...strong.

[THUNDER RUMBLING]

[RAINDROPS PATTERING]

MRS. GRANGER:

Hermione. Tea's ready, darling.

Coming, Mom.

VERNON:

Come on, Dudley, hurry up.

DUDLEY: I still don't understand

why we have to leave.

VERNON: Because, unh,

it's not safe for us here anymore.

Ron, tell your father

supper's nearly ready.

MR. GRANGER:

Is this in Australia?

MRS. GRANGER:

Looks wonderful, doesn't it?

MAN [ON TV]: Three and a half thousand

kilometers along Australia's east coast.

Obliviate.

[CHATTERING]

VOLDEMORT:

Severus.

I was beginning to worry

you had lost your way.

Come, we've saved you a seat.

You bring news, I trust?

It will happen Saturday next, at nightfall.

YAXLEY:

I've heard differently, my Lord.

Dawlish, the Auror,

has let slip that the Potter boy...

...will not be moved

until the 30th of this month.

The day before he turns 17.

This is a false trail.

The Auror Office no longer plays any part

in the protection of Harry Potter.

Those closest to him believe

we have infiltrated the Ministry.

Well, they got that right, haven't they?

[ALL LAUGH]

What say you, Pius?

One hears many things, my Lord.

Whether the truth is among them

is not clear.

Heh. Spoken like a true politician.

You will, I think,

prove most useful, Pius.

- Where will he be taken, the boy?

SNAPE: To a safe house.

Most likely the home of someone

in the Order.

I'm told it's been given

every manner of protection possible.

Once there,

it will be impractical to attack him.

Ahem. My Lord.

I'd like to volunteer myself for this task.

I want to kill the boy.

[YELL IN DISTANCE]

Wormtail!

Have I not spoken to you

about keeping our guest quiet?

Yes, my Lord.

Right away, my Lord.

VOLDEMORT: As inspiring

as I find your bloodlust, Bellatrix...

...I must be the one to kill Harry Potter.

But I face an unfortunate complication.

That my wand and Potter's

share the same core.

They are, in some ways, twins.

We can wound,

but not fatally harm one another.

If I am to kill him...

...I must do it with another's wand.

Come,

surely one of you would like the honor?

Mm?

What about you, Lucius?

My Lord?

"My Lord?"

I require your wand.

Do I detect elm?

Yes, my Lord.

And the core?

Dragon. Ahem.

Dragon heartstring, my Lord.

- Dragon heartstring.

- Mm.

VOLDEMORT:

To those of you who do not know...

...we are joined tonight

by Miss Charity Burbage...

...who, until recently, taught at Hogwarts

School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Her specialty was Muggle Studies.

[ALL CHUCKLE]

It is Miss Burbage's belief

that Muggles are not so different from us.

She would, given her way...

...have us mate with them.

[ALL CHUCKLE]

To her, the mixture of magical

and Muggle blood is not an abomination...

...but something to be encouraged.

BURBAGE:

Severus.

Severus, please.

We're friends.

VOLDEMORT:

Avada Kedavra!

Nagini.

Dinner.

[HISSES]

[HEDWIG SCREECHES]

[ENGINE WHIRRING THEN STOPS]

HAGRID: Hello, Harry.

HARRY: All right. Wow.

Hello.

HAGRID: You're looking fit.

- Yeah, he's absolutely gorgeous.

What say we get undercover

before someone murders him?

HARRY:

Evening.

[GRUNTS]

HARRY: I thought you were

looking after the Prime Minister.

You are more important.

- Hello, Harry. Bill Weasley.

- Oh. Pleasure to meet you.

FRED: He was never always this handsome.

- Dead ugly.

True enough.

Owe it all to a werewolf,

name of Greyback.

- Hope to repay the favor one day.

- You're still beautiful to me, William.

LUPIN: Just remember, Fleur,

Bill takes his steaks on the raw side now.

My husband, the joker.

By the way, wait till you hear the news.

Remus and I--

All right. We'll have time

for a cozy catch-up later.

We've got to get the hell out of here.

And soon.

Potter, you're underage, which means

you've still got the Trace on you.

What's the Trace?

If you sneeze, the Ministry will know

who wipes your nose.

We have to use those means of transport

the Trace can't detect:

Brooms, Thestrals and the like.

We go in pairs.

That way, if anyone's out there waiting

for us, and I reckon there will be...

...they won't know which Harry Potter

is the real one.

The real one?

I believe you're familiar

with this particular brew.

No. Absolutely not.

I told you he'd take it well.

No, if you think I'm gonna let everyone

risk their lives for me, I--

- Never done that before, have we?

- No. No. This is different.

I mean, taking that, becoming me. No.

Well, none of us really fancy it, mate.

Imagine if something went wrong, and

we ended up a scrawny, specky git forever.

MOODY:

Everyone here is of age, Potter.

They've all agreed to take the risk.

[MUNDUNGUS CLEARS THROAT]

Technically, I've been coerced.

Mundungus Fletcher, Mr. Potter.

- Always been a huge admirer.

- Nip it, Mundungus.

All right, Granger, as discussed.

- Blimey, Hermione.

MOODY: Straight in here, if you please.

For those of you who haven't taken

Polyjuice Potion before, fair warning:

It tastes like goblin piss.

Have a lot of experiences with that,

do you, Mad-Eye?

Just trying to diffuse the tension.

Oh.

Ugh.

[ALL GRUNTING]

BOTH:

Wow, we're identical.

MOODY:

Not yet, you're not.

GEORGE: Haven't got anything

a bit more sporting, have you?

FRED:

I don't really fancy this color.

MOODY: Well, fancy this, you're not you.

So shut it and strip.

MUNDUNGUS:

All right, all right.

You'll need to change too, Potter.

FLEUR:

Bill, look away. I'm hideous.

RON:

I knew she was lying about that tattoo.

HERMIONE:

Harry, your eyesight really is awful.

Right, then. We'll be pairing off.

Each Potter will have a protector.

Mundungus, stick tight to me.

I wanna keep an eye on you.

- As for Harry--

ALL: Yes?

The real Harry.

- Where the devil are you, anyway?

- Here.

MOODY:

You'll ride with Hagrid.

I brought you here 16 years ago when

you were no bigger than a Bowtruckle.

Seems only right that I should be

the one to take you away now.

Yes, it's all very touching. Let's go.

[HEDWIG SCREECHING]

MOODY: Head for the Burrows.

We'll rendezvous there.

On the count of three.

Hold tight, Harry.

MOODY:

One...

...two...

...three!

DEATH EATER 1: Which one?

DEATH EATER 2: Where are you?

He's on your right!

He's over there!

DEATH EATER 3:

Down!

Hagrid, we have to help the others!

I can't do that, Harry. Mad-Eye's orders.

Hang on.

Stupefy!

[HORN HONKS]

[GASPS]

Hang on, Harry.

[GRUNTS]

Hagrid.

[SCREECHING]

[GRUNTS]

HARRY:

No. No.

[GROANING]

VOLDEMORT:

Harry.

[YELLING]

[RUMBLING]

[GRUNTS]

MOLLY:

Harry. Hagrid.

What happened? Where are the others?

Is no one else back?

HAGRID: They were on us right from

the start, Molly. We didn't stand a chance.

Well, thank goodness

you two are all right.

HAGRID: The Death Eaters were

waiting for us. It was an ambush.

GINNY: Ron and Tonks

should've already been back.

Dad and Fred as well.

LUPIN:

Here!

Quick. Into the house.

Oh, my boy.

Oh. Oh.

[BOTH GRUNT]

- Lupin!

GINNY: What are you doing?

What creature sat in the corner...

...the first time Harry Potter

visited my office in Hogwarts?

- Are you mad?

- What creature?!

A Grindylow.

[HARRY SIGHS]

LUPIN:

We've been betrayed.

Voldemort knew

you were being moved tonight.

I had to make sure

you weren't an impostor.

[WHOOSH IN DISTANCE]

Wait.

The last words Albus Dumbledore spoke

to the pair of us?

"Harry is the best hope we have.

Trust him."

What gave you away?

Hedwig, I think.

She was trying to protect me.

Thanks.

TONKS:

Deserves that. Brilliant, he was.

- I wouldn't be standing here without him.

HERMIONE: Really?

Always the tone of surprise.

We the last back?

FRED:

Where's George?

How you feeling, Georgie?

Saint-like.

Come again?

Saint-like. I'm holy.

I'm holey, Fred. Get it?

The whole wide world of ear-related humor

and you go for "I'm holey."

That's pathetic.

Reckon I'm still better-looking than you.

Mad-Eye's dead.

Mundungus took one look at Voldemort

and Disapparated.

MOODY:

Head for the Burrows.

DUMBLEDORE:

This is beyond anything I imagined.

SLUGHORN: Seven?

RIDDLE: Seven...? A Horcrux.

HARRY:

They could be hidden anywhere.

SLUGHORN:

To rip the soul into seven pieces....

HARRY: If you did destroy each Horcrux....

DUMBLEDORE: One destroys Voldemort.

Trust me.

VOLDEMORT:

You lied to me. Lied to me, Ollivander.

[GRUNTS]

RON:

Going somewhere?

Nobody else is going to die. Not for me.

For you?

You think Mad-Eye died for you?

You think George took that curse

for you?

You may be the Chosen One, mate,

but this is a whole lot bigger than that.

It's always been bigger than that.

- Come with me.

- What, and leave Hermione?

You mad?

We wouldn't last two days without her.

Don't tell her I said that.

Besides,

you've still got the Trace on you.

- We've still got the wedding--

- I don't care about a wedding.

I'm sorry. No matter whose it is.

I have to start finding these Horcruxes.

They're our only chance to beat him...

...and the longer we stay here,

the stronger he gets.

Tonight's not the night, mate.

We'd only be doing him a favor.

[HARRY SIGHS]

[BAG THUDS]

Do you think he knows?

I mean, they're bits of his soul,

these Horcruxes. Bits of him.

When Dumbledore destroyed the ring,

you destroyed Tom Riddle's diary...

...he must have felt something.

To kill the other Horcruxes,

we have to find them.

Where are they?

Where do we start?

FRED:

Ready when you are.

[RON & FRED GRUNTING]

ARTHUR: Please pay attention!

It's your brother's wedding. Buck up.

GINNY:

Zip me up, will you?

It seems silly, doesn't it, a wedding?

Given everything that's going on.

Maybe that's the best reason to have it...

...because of everything that's going on.

GEORGE:

Morning.

ARTHUR:

Come on, keep up.

All together now.

One, two, three.

How's it looking at your end, boys?

FRED & GEORGE:

Brilliant.

Bloody hell.

What's the Minister of Magic doing here?

To what do we owe the pleasure,

Minister?

I think we both know the answer

to that question, Mr. Potter.

And this is...?

SCRIMGEOUR: "Herein is set forth

the last will and testament...

...of Albus Percival Wulfric

Brian Dumbledore.

First, to Ronald Bilius Weasley...

...I leave my Deluminator...

...a device of my own making...

...in the hope that,

when things seem most dark...

...it will show him the light."

- Dumbledore left this for me?

- Yeah.

Brilliant.

What is it?

Wicked.

"To Hermione Jean Granger...

...I leave my copy of

The Tales of Beedle the Bard...

...in the hope that she find it

entertaining and instructive."

RON:

Mom used to read me those.

"The Wizard and the Hopping Pot."

"Babbitty Rabbitty

and the Cackling Stump."

Come on, Babbitty Rabbitty.

No?

"To Harry James Potter...

...I leave the Snitch he caught

in his first Quidditch match at Hogwarts...

...as a reminder

of the rewards of perseverance...

...and skill."

- Is that it, then?

- Not quite.

Dumbledore left you a second bequest:

The sword of Godric Gryffindor.

Unfortunately, the sword of Gryffindor

was not Dumbledore's to give away.

As an important historical artifact,

it belongs--

HERMIONE:

To Harry.

It belongs to Harry.

It came to him when he needed it

in the Chamber of Secrets.

The sword may present itself

to any worthy Gryffindor.

That does not make it

that wizard's property.

And, in any event, the current

whereabouts of the sword are unknown.

HARRY: Excuse me?

- The sword is missing.

I don't know what you're up to,

Mr. Potter...

...but you can't fight this war

on your own.

He's too strong.

[FOLK MUSIC PLAYING]

LUNA:

Hello, Harry.

I've interrupted a deep thought, haven't I?

I can see it growing smaller in your eyes.

Of course not. How are you, Luna?

Very well. Got bitten by a garden gnome

only moments ago.

Gnome saliva is very beneficial.

Xenophilius Lovegood.

We live just over the hill.

Pleasure to meet you, sir.

I trust you know, Mr. Potter,

that we at The Quibbler...

...unlike those toadies

at The Daily Prophet...

...fully supported Dumbledore

in his lifetime...

...and, in his death,

support you just as fully.

Thank you.

Come, Daddy.

Harry doesn't want to talk to us right now.

He's just too polite to say so.

XENOPHILIUS:

Harry Potter.

Excuse me, sir? May I sit down?

Mr. Potter. By all means. Here.

HARRY:

Thanks.

I found what you wrote

in The Daily Prophet really moving.

You obviously knew Dumbledore well.

Well, I certainly knew him the longest.

That is, if you don't count his brother,

Aberforth...

...and somehow, people never do

seem to count Aberforth.

- I didn't even know he had a brother.

- Ah.

Well, Dumbledore was always

very private, even as a boy.

Don't despair, Elphias.

I'm told he's been thoroughly

unriddled by Rita Skeeter...

...in 800 pages, no less.

Word has it that someone talked to her.

Someone who knew

the Dumbledore family well.

Both you and I know who that is,

Elphias.

A monstrous betrayal.

Who are we talking about?

Bathilda Bagshot.

- Who?

MURIEL: My God, boy...

...she's only the most celebrated

magical historian of the last century.

She was as close

to the Dumbledores as anyone.

Oh, I'm sure Rita Skeeter thought

it well worth a trip to Godric's Hollow...

...to take a peek

into that old bird's rattled cage.

Godric's Hollow?

Bathilda Bagshot

lives at Godric's Hollow?

Well, that's where

she first met Dumbledore.

You don't mean to say

he lived there too?

The family moved there

after his father killed those three Muggles.

Oh, it was quite the scandal.

Honestly, my boy,

are you sure you knew him at all?

[GASPING AND MURMURING]

SHACKLEBOLT:

The Ministry has fallen.

The Minister of Magic is dead.

[WHISPERING]

They are coming.

They are coming.

They are coming.

WOMAN 1:

They're coming!

Nice meeting you, Mr. Potter.

[WOMAN 2 SHRIEKS]

HARRY: Ginny!

- Harry! Go!

Go!

[HORN HONKS]

Here you go, sightseeing tour?

Leaves in 15 minutes.

- Where are we?

- Shaftesbury Avenue.

I used to come to the theater here

with Mom and Dad.

I don't know why I thought of it.

It just popped into my head.

This way.

HERMIONE:

We need to change.

RON:

How the ruddy...?

Undetectable Extension Charm.

You're amazing, you are.

Always the tone of surprise.

[THUD]

Ah. That'll be the books.

What about all the people

at the wedding?

- Do you think we should go back?

- They were after you.

We'd put everyone in danger

by going back.

[MUFFLED MUSIC

PLAYING OVER HEADPHONES]

- Ron's right.

WAITRESS: Ahem.

Coffee?

HERMIONE: A cappuccino, please.

- You?

- What she said.

- Same.

So where do we go from here?

Leaky Cauldron?

It's too dangerous.

If Voldemort has taken over the Ministry,

none of the old places are safe.

Everyone from the wedding

will have gone underground, into hiding.

My rucksack with all my things,

I've left it at the Burrow.

[DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSES]

You're joking.

[SIGHS]

I've had all the essentials packed

for days, just in case.

RON:

By the way, these jeans, not my favorite.

HARRY:

Down!

Stupefy!

[SINGING INDISTINCTLY]

DOLOHOV:

Expulso!

[GRUNTS]

Petrificus Totalus.

Go.

Leave.

HARRY:

Lock the door, get the lights.

[GLASS RATTLING]

This one's name is Rowle.

He was on the Astronomy Tower

the night Snape killed Dumbledore.

This is Dolohov. I recognize him

from the wanted posters.

So, what we gonna do with you, hey?

Kill us if it was turned round,

wouldn't you?

HARRY:

If we kill them, they'll know we were here.

HERMIONE:

Ron.

Suppose he did Mad-Eye.

How would you feel then?

It's better we wipe their memories.

You're the boss.

Hermione...

...you're the best at spells.

Obliviate.

HARRY:

How is it they knew we were there?

HERMIONE:

Maybe you still have the Trace on you?

Can't be. Trace breaks at 17.

It's wizarding law.

[HERMIONE GASPS]

What?

We didn't celebrate your birthday, Harry.

Ginny and I, we prepared a cake.

We were going to bring it out

at the end of the wedding.

I appreciate the thought, but given the fact

that we were almost killed...

...by a couple of Death Eaters

a few minutes ago....

Right.

Perspective.

We need to get off the streets,

get somewhere safe.

[HERMIONE SHRIEKS]

What was that all about?

Probably Mad-Eye's idea,

in case Snape decided to come snooping.

[CLATTERING]

Homenum Revelio.

We're alone.

OLLIVANDER:

I believed another wand--

VOLDEMORT: You lied to me.

OLLIVANDER: It makes no sense.

[OLLIVANDER GRUNTING]

I believed a different wand would work,

I swear.

There must be another way.

[CLATTERING]

[DOOR OPENS]

RON:

Harry? Hermione, where are you?

I think I've found something.

Lovely.

"Regulus Arcturus Black."

R.A.B.

HARRY: "I know I will be dead

long before you read this.

I have stolen the real Horcrux

and intend to destroy it."

R.A.B. is Sirius's brother.

Yes.

Question is,

did he actually destroy the real Horcrux?

[CLATTERING]

[KREACHER GRUNTING]

You've been spying on us, have you?

KREACHER:

Kreacher has been watching.

HERMIONE:

Maybe he knows where the real locket is.

HARRY:

Have you ever seen this before?

Kreacher?

It's Master Regulus' locket.

HARRY:

But there were two, weren't there?

Where's the other one?

[KREACHER WHIMPERS]

Kreacher doesn't know

where the other locket is.

Yes, but did you ever see it?

Was it in this house?

Filthy Mudblood.

- Death Eaters are coming--

- Ron.

KREACHER: Blood traitor, Weasley.

- Answer her.

Yes.

It was here in this house.

A most evil object.

How do you mean?

Before Master Regulus died,

he ordered Kreacher to destroy it...

...but no matter how hard Kreacher tried,

he could not do it.

Well, where is it now?

- Did someone take it?

- He came in the night.

He took many things,

including the locket.

Who did?

Who was it, Kreacher?

Mundungus.

Mundungus Fletcher.

Find him.

[DOOR OPENS]

My father will hear about this.

NEVILLE:

Hey, losers.

He isn't here.

As your new Minister for Magic...

...I promise to restore

this temple of tolerance...

...to its former glory.

Therefore, beginning today...

...each employee

will submit themselves...

...for evaluation.

But know this:

You have nothing to fear...

...if you have nothing to hide.

[CHUCKLES]

- How much?

- Two Galleons.

Come on, time is money. Cheers, pal.

MAN 1: Snatchers!

MAN 2: Move out of the way.

- I told you.

MAN 3: Get out.

MAN 2:

Squash him.

[THUNDER RUMBLES]

[RON PLAYING BEETHOVEN'S

"FÃƒÂœR ELISE" OFF-KEY]

Be a bit gentler.

[HERMIONE PLAYING

BEETHOVEN'S "FÃƒÂœR ELISE"]

[RON CONTINUES

PLAYING OFF-KEY]

[WHIRRING]

They have flesh memories.

When Scrimgeour first gave it to you,

I thought it might open at your touch.

That Dumbledore had hidden

something inside it.

MAN [ON RADIO]:

Many of you are wondering...

...why Voldemort has yet to show himself

now that he has vanquished...

...the most powerful symbol of opposition

to him and his followers.

MUNDUNGUS [MUFFLED]:

Get off.

Harry Potter, so long it's been.

MUNDUNGUS [IN NORMAL VOICE]:

Get off me.

[ALL GRUNTING]

As requested,

Kreacher has returned with the thief...

- Expelliarmus.

- ...Mundungus Fletcher.

What you playing at? Setting a pair

of bleeding house-elves after me.

Dobby was only trying to help.

Dobby saw Kreacher in Diagon Alley,

which Dobby thought was curious.

And then Dobby heard Kreacher

mention Harry Potter's name.

- I just--

- And then Dobby saw Kreacher...

- ...talking with the thief, Mundungus--

- I'm no thief.

You foul little-- Git.

I'm a purveyor

of rare and wondrous objects.

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

Master Weasley,

so good to see you again.

Wicked trainers.

[NEWSPAPERS THUD]

Listen, I panicked that night, all right?

Could I help it

if Mad-Eye fell off his broom?

KREACHER: You....

HERMIONE: Tell the truth.

When you turned this place over--

Don't deny it.

--you found a locket, am I right?

Why? Was it valuable?

HERMIONE:

You still got it?

No, he's worried

he didn't get enough money for it.

Bleeding give it away, didn't I?

[SIGHS]

There I was,

flogging me wares in Diagon Alley...

...when some Ministry hag comes up

and asks to see me license.

Says she's a mind to lock me up.

And would've done it too,

if she hadn't taken a fancy to that locket.

- Who was she? The witch. Do you know?

- No, I--

Well, she's there. Look.

Bleeding bow and all.

[GRUNTS]

[SNORING]

Right, remember what we said.

Don't speak to anyone

unless absolutely necessary.

Just try and act normal.

Do what everybody else is doing.

If we do that, then with a bit of luck,

we'll get inside.

- And then--

- It gets really tricky.

- Correct.

- Yeah.

- This is completely mental.

- Completely.

The world's mental.

Come on...

...we've got a Horcrux to find.

[TOILETS FLUSHING]

RON:

We flush ourselves in.

That's bloody disgusting.

[KNOCK ON DOOR]

GUARD 1:

Name?

GUARD 2:

You. Come.

MAN: What? What?

GUARD 2: Come on.

- What did I do?

- Just keep walking.

HARRY: Are those--?

HERMIONE: Muggles.

In their rightful place.

Gotta tell you,

I'm starting to freak out a bit.

How long did you say this batch

of Polyjuice would last, Hermione?

I didn't.

[ELEVATOR DINGS]

YAXLEY:

Cattermole.

It's still raining inside my office.

That's two days now.

Have you tried an umbrella?

You do realize I'm going downstairs,

don't you, Cattermole?

- Downstairs?

- To interrogate your wife.

Now, if my wife's blood status

were in doubt...

...and the head of the Department

of Magical Law Enforcement...

...needed a job doing,

I think I might just make that a priority.

You have one hour.

Oh, my God. What am I gonna do?

My wife's all alone downstairs.

- Ron, you don't have a wife.

- Oh, right.

FEMALE VOICE [OVER SPEAKERS]:

Level 2.

RON:

But how do I stop it raining?

HERMIONE:

Try "Finite Incantatem."

FEMALE VOICE:

Department of Magical Law Enforcement...

...and Improper Use of Magic Department.

HERMIONE:

This is you, Ron.

Finite Incantatem. Okay.

And if that doesn't work...?

FEMALE VOICE: Level 1,

Minister of Magic and support staff.

If we don't locate Umbridge

within the hour...

...we go find Ron

and come back another day.

- Deal?

- Yes.

Ah, Mafalda. Travers sent you, did he?

Good, we'll go straight down.

Albert, aren't you getting out?

[ELEVATOR WHIRRING]

THICKNESSE:

Runcorn.

[ALL CLAMORING]

[HONKS]

[WHISPERS]

Accio locket.

MAN: All right, all right.

Let's calm down, shall we?

Let's get back to work, please.

Calm down.

Runcorn.

Morning.

Ron, it's me.

Harry.

Blimey, forgot what you looked like.

Where's Hermione?

She's gone down to the courtrooms,

with Umbridge.

[ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS]

RON:

Bloody cold down here.

ALDERTON:

I'm a half-blood. My father was a wizard.

William Alderton.

He worked here for 30 years.

Perhaps you know him.

Always wore his jacket inside out.

No, there's been a mistake.

I'm half-blood, you see.

We must go back. I'm half-blood.

UMBRIDGE: Mary Elizabeth Cattermole?

MARY: Yes.

UMBRIDGE: Of 27 Chislehurst Gardens,

Great Tolling, Evesham?

MARY: Yes.

- It's here.

Mother to Maisie, Ellie and Alfred?

Wife to Reginald?

Reg?

Thank you, Albert.

Mary Elizabeth Cattermole?

Yes.

A wand was taken from you

upon your arrival at the Ministry today.

Is this that wand?

Would you please tell the court from

which witch or wizard you took this wand?

MARY:

I didn't take it.

I got it in Diagon Alley, at Ollivander's,

when I was 11.

It chose me.

You're lying.

Wands only choose witches,

and you are not a witch.

But I am.

Tell them, Reg. Tell them what I am.

Reg, tell them what I am.

[WHIRRING AND CHITTERING]

What on earth are you doing, Albert?

You're lying, Dolores.

And one mustn't tell lies.

Stupefy!

[GRUNTS]

MARY:

It's Harry Potter.

It is, isn't it?

This'll be one to tell the kids.

[SHRIEKING]

Expecto Patronum!

[CHATTERING]

MARY:

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Mary, go home.

Get the kids.

I'll meet you there. We have to get out

of the country, understand?

Mary, do as I say.

Mary?

Who's that?

Long story. Nice meeting you.

MAN 1:

It's Harry Potter.

It's Harry. Harry Potter.

MAN 2: There he is.

- Get him!

MAN 3: Get him!

MAN 4: Stop him!

[MAN 5 GRUNTS]

MAN 6: Watch out.

MAN 7: Look out.

MAN 8:

This way!

[HARRY GRUNTING]

[YELLS]

RON:

Expelliarmus!

[PANTING]

[BIRD SQUAWKING]

RON:

Oh, my God.

HERMIONE:

Shh, shh, shh. It's all right. It's okay.

[RON GROANING]

Harry. Harry, quickly, in my bag.

There's a bottle labeled

"Essence of Dittany."

Shh. Shh.

Okay, okay. Quickly.

- Accio Dittany.

HERMIONE: Shh.

It's all right. Unstopper it.

Hermione, his arm.

I know, just do it.

It's okay.

- Okay, it's gonna sting a little bit.

- What happened? I thought we meant...

- ...to be going back to Grimmauld Place.

HERMIONE: We were. We were. Shh.

It's all right. One more, one more.

We were there, we were there,

but Yaxley had hold of me, and I....

I knew once he'd seen where we were,

we couldn't stay...

...so I brought us here...

...but Ron got splinched.

It's all right.

Protego Totalum.

Salvio Hexia.

What are you doing?

Protective enchantments.

I don't fancy another visit like the one

we had in Shaftesbury Avenue, do you?

You can get going on the tent.

- Tent?

HERMIONE: Protego Totalum.

HARRY:

Where am I supposed to find a tent?

HERMIONE:

Repello Muggletum. Muffliato.

HERMIONE:

You first.

HARRY:

Dissendium.

[LOCKET CHITTERING]

Incendio.

[CHITTERING CONTINUES]

Expulso.

Diffindo.

Reducto.

[PANTING]

[CHITTERING CONTINUES]

HERMIONE:

What are you doing?

We have to keep it safe

until we find out how to destroy it.

Seems strange, mate.

Dumbledore sends you off...

...to find all these Horcruxes,

but doesn't tell you how to destroy them.

Doesn't that bother you?

[SIGHS]

MAN [ON RADIO]:

A goblin by the name of Gornuk was killed.

It is believed that Muggle-born

Dean Thomas and a second goblin...

...both believed to have been traveling

with Tonks, Cresswell...

...and Gornuk, may have escaped.

If Dean is listening or anyone has

any knowledge of his whereabouts...

...his parents and sisters

are desperate for news.

Meanwhile, a Muggle family of five

has been found dead in their home.

VOLDEMORT [WHISPERS IN VOICEOVER]:

You know the spell, Harry.

[GASPS]

Tell me.

Tell me, Gregorovitch.

GREGOROVITCH:

It was stolen from me.

Who was he? The thief?

GREGOROVITCH:

It was a boy. It was he who took it.

I never saw it again.

I swear on my life.

I believe you.

[GREGOROVITCH WHIMPERING]

VOLDEMORT:

Avada Kedavra!

[MAN SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY

ON RADIO]

I thought it had stopped.

You can't keep letting him in, Harry.

HARRY:

You-Know-Who has found Gregorovitch.

The wandmaker?

He wants something

that Gregorovitch used to have...

...but I don't know what.

But he wants it desperately.

I mean, it's as if his life depends on it.

[STATIC CRACKLES ON RADIO]

HERMIONE:

Don't.

- It comforts him.

- It sets my teeth on edge.

What's he expecting to hear,

good news?

MAN [ON RADIO]: --who long expected it,

the fall of the Ministry was shocking.

I think he just hopes

he doesn't hear bad news.

We promise

to remain your eyes and ears--

How long before he can travel?

--bringing you news when we can,

from wherever we can.

I'm doing everything I can.

You're not doing enough!

HERMIONE:

Take it off.

I said, take it off now.

- Better?

- Loads.

We'll take it in turns, okay?

[TWIG SNAPS]

[RADIO SIGNAL WAVERING]

MAN [ON RADIO]: Finch does admit

his invention currently has one short.

And now, other news:

Severus Snape, newly-appointed

headmaster of Hogwarts...

...has decreed that all students

must conform to the latest house rules.

[RUSTLING]

Hogwarts bears little resemblance to the

school under Dumbledore's leadership.

Snape's curriculum is severe,

reflecting the wishes of the Dark Lord...

...and infractions are dealt with harshly

by the two Death Eaters on staff.

[RUSTLING]

What's that?

What's that smell?

[SNIFFS]

[MAN GRUNTS]

SCABIOR: What you doing?

- It's heavy.

SCABIOR:

Oh, sorry. Do you want me to carry it?

MAN: Yeah, thank you.

SCABIOR: Don't be ridiculous. Pick it up.

[SIGHING]

Numpty.

[SCABIOR CHUCKLES]

HARRY:

Snatchers.

Good to know your enchantments work.

He could smell it. My perfume.

I've told you...

...Ron isn't strong enough to Apparate.

Well, then, we'll go on foot.

And next time, Hermione, as much as

I like your perfume, just don't wear any.

MAN [ON RADIO]: And now for the names

of missing witches and wizards.

These are confirmed.

Thankfully, the list is short today.

Jason and Alison Denbright.

HARRY:

Oh. Thank you.

Bella, Jake, Charlie, and Madge Farley.

Joe Laurie.

Eleanor Sarah Gibbs.

Harry and Bronwyn Trigg.

Rob and Ellie Dowson.

Georgia Clark-Day.

Joshua Flexson.

George Coutas.

Gabriella and Emily Mather.

Jacob and Mimi Erland.

William and Brian Gallagher.

RON: He doesn't know

what he's doing, does he?

None of us do.

[RADIO SIGNAL WAVERING]

Toby and Olivia Gleaves.

Katie and James Killick.

Elsie Valentine Schroeder.

Jennifer Winston.

Tamsin and lola Hillicker.

Scarlet and Kitty Sharp.

[SCISSORS SNIPPING]

[RAINDROPS PATTERING]

Oh, my God.

What?

HERMIONE:

I'll tell you in a minute.

HARRY:

Maybe you could tell me now.

The sword of Gryffindor,

it's goblin-made.

Brilliant.

No, you don't understand.

Dirt and rust have no effect

on the blade.

It only takes in

that which makes it stronger.

Okay.

Harry, you've already destroyed

one Horcrux, right?

Tom Riddle's diary

in the Chamber of Secrets.

With a Basilisk fang.

If you tell me you've got one of those...

- ...in that bloody beaded bag of yours....

- Don't you see?

In the Chamber of Secrets, you stabbed

the Basilisk with the sword of Gryffindor.

Its blade is impregnated

with Basilisk venom.

It only takes in

that which makes it stronger.

- Exactly, which is why--

- It can destroy Horcruxes.

That's why Dumbledore left it to you

in his will.

You are brilliant, Hermione. Truly.

Actually, I'm highly logical, which

allows me to look past extraneous detail...

...and perceive clearly

that which others overlook.

Yeah, there's only one problem,

of course.

RON:

The sword was stolen.

Yeah, I'm still here.

But you two carry on.

Don't let me spoil the fun.

- What's wrong?

- Wrong? Nothing's wrong.

Not according to you, anyway.

Look, if you've got something to say,

don't be shy. Spit it out.

All right, I'll spit it out.

But don't expect me to be grateful...

...because there's another damn thing

we've gotta find.

I thought you knew

what you signed up for.

Yeah. I thought I did too.

Well then, I'm sorry,

but I don't quite understand.

What part of this isn't living up

to your expectations?

Did you think we were gonna

be staying in a hotel?

Finding a Horcrux every other day?

Thought you'd be back by Christmas?

I just thought, after all this time...

...we would've achieved something.

I thought you knew what you were doing.

I thought Dumbledore told you

something worthwhile.

- I thought you had a plan.

- I told you everything Dumbledore told me.

In case you haven't noticed,

we found a Horcrux.

Yeah, and we're as close to getting rid of it

as we are to finding the rest of them.

Ron. Please, take--

Take the Horcrux off.

You wouldn't be saying this...

...if you hadn't been wearing it all day.

RON:

Want to know why I listen to that radio?

To make sure I don't hear Ginny's name,

or Fred, or George or Mom.

You think I'm not listening?

You think I don't know how this feels?!

No, you don't know how it feels!

Your parents are dead.

You have no family.

HERMIONE: Stop. Stop.

HARRY: Fine, then go!

Go, then!

Fine.

Ron.

And you?

Are you coming or you staying?

Fine. I get it.

I saw you two the other night.

Ron, that's-- That's nothing.

Ron--

Ron, where are you going?

Please, come back.

Ron.

Ron!

[WHOOSH]

HARRY:

Salvio Hexia.

Repellum Muggletum.

Salvio Hexia.

[RADIO SIGNAL WAVERING]

[ON RADIO]

Poor old Jim's white as a ghost

He's found the answer that we lost

We're all weeping now

Weeping because

There ain't nothing we can do

To protect you

O children

Lift up your voice

Lift up your voice

Children

Rejoice, rejoice

Hey, little train, we're jumping on

The train that goes to the kingdom

We're happy, Ma

We're having fun

And the train ain't even left the station

Hey, little train, wait for me

I once was blind but now I see

Have you left a seat for me?

Is that such a stretch of the imagination?

Hey, little train, wait for me

I was held in chains but now I'm free

I'm hanging in there

Don't you see?

In this process of elimination

Hey, little train, we're jumping on

The train that goes to the kingdom

We're happy, Ma

We're having fun

It's beyond my wildest expectation

Hey, little train, we're jumping on

The train that goes to the kingdom

We're happy, Ma

We're having fun

The train ain't even left the station

[WHIRRING]

Hermione.

Hermione? You were right.

Snitches have flesh memories...

...but I didn't catch the first Snitch

with my hand, I almost swallowed it.

- "I open at the close."

- What do you think that means?

I don't know.

I found something as well.

At first I thought it was an eye,

but now I don't think it is.

It isn't a rune, and it isn't anywhere

in Spellman's Syllabary.

Somebody inked it in.

It isn't part of the book. Somebody drew it.

HARRY: Luna's dad was wearing that

at Bill and Fleur's wedding.

Why would someone draw it

in a children's book?

Look, Hermione, I've been thinking.

I want to go to Godric's Hollow.

It's where I was born.

It's where my parents died.

That's exactly where he'll expect you to go

because it means something to you.

Yeah, but it means something to him too,

Hermione.

You-Know-Who almost died there.

I mean, isn't that exactly the type of place

he'd be likely to hide a Horcrux?

It's dangerous, Harry.

[HERMIONE SIGHS]

But even I have to admit, recently

I've been thinking we'll have to go there.

I think it's possible

something else is hidden there.

What?

HERMIONE:

The sword.

If Dumbledore wanted you to find it,

but didn't want it in the Ministry's hands...

...where better to hide it than

the birthplace of the founder of Gryffindor?

Hermione....

Don't ever let me

give you a haircut again.

I still think we should've used

Polyjuice Potion.

No.

This is where I was born.

I'm not returning as someone else.

[BELL TOLLING]

MAN:

Good night. Ha-ha-ha.

Harry, I think it's Christmas Eve.

Listen.

[CHOIR SINGING INDISTINCTLY]

Do you think they'd be in there,

Hermione?

My mom and dad.

Yeah, I think they would.

HERMIONE:

"Ignotus Peverell."

Hey, Harry?

Merry Christmas, Hermione.

Merry Christmas, Harry.

[WHISPERS] Harry, there's someone

watching us. By the church.

I think I know who that is.

HERMIONE:

I don't like this, Harry.

HARRY [WHISPERS]: Hermione, she knew

Dumbledore. She might have the sword.

[IN NORMAL VOICE]

This is where they died, Hermione.

This is where he murdered them.

[FLY BUZZES]

You're Bathilda, aren't you?

HARRY:

Here, let me do that.

Miss Bagshot, who is this man?

[WHISPERS]

Harry.

HARRY:

Lumos.

[INSECT BUZZES]

[CHITTERS]

[SPEAKING IN PARSELTONGUE]

[SPEAKING IN PARSELTONGUE]

[INSECTS BUZZING]

[HISSING]

HERMIONE [IN NORMAL VOICE]:

Harry!

[GRUNTING]

[GRUNTS]

[HARRY PANTING]

[YELLS]

Confringo!

[HARRY SIGHING]

Are you feeling better?

You've outdone yourself this time,

Hermione.

The Forest of Dean.

I came here once with Mom and Dad,

years ago.

It's just how I remember it.

The trees, the river, everything.

Like nothing's changed.

Not true, of course.

Everything's changed.

If I brought my parents back here now,

they probably wouldn't recognize any of it.

Not the trees, not the river...

...not even me.

Maybe we should just stay here, Harry.

Grow old.

You wanted to know

who the boy in the photograph was.

I know.

Gellert Grindelwald.

HARRY: He's the thief I saw

in Gregorovitch's Wand Shop.

Speaking of which, where is my wand?

Where's my wand, Hermione?

As we were leaving Godric's Hollow,

I cast a curse and it rebounded.

I'm sorry.

- I tried to mend it, but wands are different.

- It's done.

Leave me yours.

Go inside and get warm.

I'll take the locket as well.

DUMBLEDORE:

Trust me.

HARRY:

Lumos.

Accio sword.

Diffindo.

[PANTING]

[MUFFLED GRUNTING]

[HARRY GASPS THEN PANTING]

HARRY: Hermione?

- Are you mental?

It was you?

Well, yeah. Bit obvious, I think.

And you cast the doe as well, did you?

- No, I thought that was you.

- No, my Patronus is a stag.

Right. Yeah. Antlers.

HARRY:

Okay, Ron. Do it.

I can't handle it. That thing affects me

more than it affects you and Hermione.

- All the more reason.

- No. I can't.

Then why are you here?

Why did you come back?

Now, I'll have to speak to it in order for it

to open. When it does, don't hesitate.

I don't know what's in there,

but it'll put up a fight.

The bit of Riddle that was in that diary

tried to kill me.

[CHITTERING]

All right.

One...

...two...

...three.

[SPEAKING IN PARSELTONGUE]

[SNARLS THEN ROARING]

[HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING]

VOLDEMORT:

I have seen your heart, and it is mine.

I have seen your dreams,

Ronald Weasley...

...and I have seen your fears.

Least loved by your mother,

who craved a daughter.

Least loved by the girl

who prefers your friend.

HARRY:

Ron, kill it!

We were better without you.

Happier without you.

Who could look at you

compared to Harry Potter?

What are you

compared with the Chosen One?

HARRY:

Ron, it's lying!

Your mother confessed

she would have preferred me as a son.

What woman would take you?

You are nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing compared to him.

[RON YELLS]

[PANTING]

[PANTING]

RON:

Just think...

...only three to go.

HARRY:

Hermione?

Hermione?

Is everything all right?

It's fine.

Actually, you know, it's more than fine.

Hey.

You complete ass, Ronald Weasley!

You show up here after weeks,

and you say "hey"?

- Where's my wand? Where's my wand?

- I don't know.

- Harry Potter, give me my wand.

- I don't have it.

- How come he's got your wand?

- Never mind why he's got my wand.

What is that?

You destroyed it.

And how is it that you just happen

to have the sword of Gryffindor?

It's a long story.

- Don't think this changes anything.

- Oh, of course not.

I only just destroyed a bloody Horcrux.

Why would that change anything?

Look, I wanted to come back

as soon as I left.

- I just didn't know how to find you.

HARRY: Yeah, how did you find us?

With this. It doesn't just turn off lights.

I don't know how it works, but Christmas

morning I was sleeping in this little pub...

...keeping away from some Snatchers...

...and I heard it.

It?

A voice...

...your voice, Hermione...

...coming out of it.

- And what exactly did I say, may I ask?

- My name.

Just my name.

Like a whisper.

So I took it, clicked it,

and this tiny ball of light appeared.

And I knew.

And sure enough, it floated toward me,

the ball of light...

...went right to my chest,

straight through me. Right here.

And I knew it was gonna take me

where I needed to go, so I Disapparated...

...and came to this hillside.

It was dark. I had no idea where I was.

I just hoped

that one of you would show yourself.

And you did.

I've always liked these flames

Hermione makes.

How long do you reckon

she'll stay mad at me?

Well, just keep talking about that

little ball of light touching your heart...

...and she'll come round.

It was true. Every word.

This is gonna sound crazy...

...but I think that's why Dumbledore

left it to me, the Deluminator.

I think he knew that somehow I'd need it

to find my way back, and she'd lead me.

Bloody hell, I just realized,

you need a wand, don't you?

- Yeah.

- I've got one here.

It's a blackthorn. Ten inches.

Nothing special, but I reckon it'll do.

Took if off a Snatcher

a couple of weeks ago.

Don't tell Hermione this,

but they're a bit dim, Snatchers.

This one was definitely part troll,

the smell of him.

Engorgio.

- Reducio!

HERMIONE: What's going on in there?

- Nothing.

- Nothing.

We need to talk.

Yeah, all right.

- I want to go see Xenophilius Lovegood.

- Sorry?

See this?

It's a letter Dumbledore wrote

to Grindelwald. Look at the signature.

It's the mark again.

It keeps cropping up.

In Beedle the Bard,

in the graveyard in Godric's Hollow.

HARRY:

It was there too.

- Where?

HARRY: Outside Gregorovitch's Wand Shop.

But what does it mean?

Look, you've got no idea where

the next Horcrux is, and neither do I...

...but this, this means something.

- I'm sure of it.

- Yeah. Hermione's right.

We ought to see Lovegood.

Let's vote on it. Those in favor?

You're not still mad at him, are you?

I'm always mad at him.

RON:

Luna.

HERMIONE & HARRY:

Luna.

[KNOCKING]

"Keep off the dirigible plums."

What is it? Who are you?

What do you want?

Hello, Mr. Lovegood. I'm Harry Potter.

We met a few months ago.

Could we come in?

HERMIONE: Where is Luna?

- Luna?

She'll be along.

So how can I help you, Mr. Potter?

Well, actually....

It was about something you were wearing

round your neck at the wedding. A symbol.

You mean this?

Yes.

That exactly.

What we've wondered is, what is it?

What is it?

Well, it's the sign of the Deathly Hallows,

of course.

RON & HERMIONE: The what?

- The what?

The Deathly Hallows.

I assume you're all familiar with

"The Tale of the Three Brothers."

RON & HERMIONE: Yes.

- No.

HERMIONE:

I have it in here.

"There were once three brothers...

...who were traveling along a lonely,

winding road at twilight."

Midnight. Mom always said "midnight."

But "twilight's" fine. Better, actually.

HERMIONE:

Do you want to read it?

RON:

No. It's fine.

HERMIONE:

"There were once three brothers...

...who were traveling along a lonely,

winding road at twilight.

In time, the brothers reached a river

too treacherous to pass.

But being learned in the magical arts...

...the three brothers simply

waved their wands and made a bridge.

Before they could cross, however...

...they found their path blocked

by a hooded figure.

It was Death, and he felt cheated.

Cheated because travelers would

normally drown in the river.

But Death was cunning.

He pretended to congratulate

the three brothers on their magic...

...and said that each had earned a prize for

having been clever enough to evade him.

The oldest asked for a wand

more powerful than any in existence.

So Death fashioned him one

from an elder tree that stood nearby.

The second brother decided he wanted

to humiliate Death even further...

...and asked for the power

to recall loved ones from the grave.

So Death plucked a stone from the river

and offered it to him.

Finally,

Death turned to the third brother.

A humble man...

...he asked for something that would

allow him to go forth from that place...

...without being followed by Death.

And so it was that Death reluctantly

handed over his own Cloak of Invisibility.

The first brother traveled

to a distant village...

...where, with the Elder Wand in hand...

...he killed a wizard

with whom he had once quarreled.

Drunk with the power

that the Elder Wand had given him...

...he bragged of his invincibility.

But that night,

another wizard stole the wand...

...and slit the brother's throat

for good measure.

And so Death took the first brother

for his own.

The second brother journeyed

to his home...

...where he took the stone

and turned it thrice in hand.

To his delight, the girl he'd once hoped

to marry before her untimely death...

...appeared before him.

Yet, soon she turned sad and cold

for she did not belong in the mortal world.

Driven mad with hopeless longing...

...the second brother killed himself

so as to join her.

And so Death took the second brother.

As for the third brother...

...Death searched for many years

but was never able to find him.

Only when he attained a great age

did the youngest brother...

...shed the Cloak of Invisibility

and give it to his son.

He then greeted Death as an old friend

and went with him gladly...

...departing this life as equals."

[SQUAWKING]

XENOPHILIUS: So there you are.

Those are the Deathly Hallows.

I'm sorry, sir.

I still don't quite understand.

[MUMBLING]

Where's that pen I had?

The Elder Wand.

The most powerful wand ever made.

The Resurrection Stone.

The Cloak of Invisibility.

Together, they make the Deathly Hallows.

Together, they make one

master of Death.

That mark was on a grave

in Godric's Hollow.

Uh, Mr. Lovegood,

does the Peverell Family...

...have anything to do

with the Deathly Hallows?

Uh-- Uh--

Ignotus-- Excuse me. --and his brothers,

Cadmus and Antioch...

...are thought to be the original owners

of the Hallows...

...and therefore the inspiration

for the story. Uh-- Uh--

But your tea's gone cold.

I'll be right back.

Let's go down here.

Let's get out of here.

I'm not drinking any more of that stuff,

hot or cold.

Thank you, sir.

- You forgot the water.

- Water?

For the tea.

Did--? Did I?

[XENOPHILIUS LAUGHING]

How silly of me.

It's no matter.

We really should be going anyway.

No, you can't!

[MUMBLING]

HARRY:

Sir?

You're my only hope.

They were angry, you see,

about what I'd been writing.

So they took her.

They took my Luna.

My Luna.

But it's really you they want.

Who took her, sir?

Voldemort.

[SHRIEKING]

[HERMIONE SHRIEKS]

Stop! I've got him!

[GROANS]

That treacherous little bleeder.

Is there no one we can trust?

They kidnapped her

because he supported me.

He was just desperate.

I'll do the enchantments.

Hello, beautiful.

Well, don't hang about, snatch them.

[ALL PANTING]

[HERMIONE YELLS]

[GRUNTS]

[GRUNTING]

[GROANS]

VOLDEMORT:

Harry.

Tell me, Grindelwald.

Tell me where it is.

Grindelwald. Grindelwald. Grindelwald.

Hello, Tom.

I knew you would come one day...

...but surely you must know

I no longer have what you seek.

- Tell me, Grindelwald. Tell me where it is.

- Ha-ha-ha.

Tell me who possesses it.

The Elder Wand lies with him,

of course...

...buried in the earth.

Dumbledore.

[PANTING THEN SIGHS]

HARRY:

The Hallows exist...

...but he's only after one of them,

the last one. He knows where it is.

He's gonna have it by the end of the night.

You-Know-Who's found the Elder Wand.

- Don't touch her. Unh!

HERMIONE: Leave him.

SCABIOR:

Your boyfriend will get worse than that...

Get off me.

...if he doesn't learn to behave himself.

[HARRY & RON GRUNTING]

What happened to you, ugly?

No, not you.

- What's your name?

- Dudley. Vernon Dudley.

SCABIOR:

Check it.

[HERMIONE GRUNTING]

And you, my lovely...

...what do they call you?

Penelope Clearwater, half-blood.

[SNIFFS]

There's no Vernon Dudley on here.

GREYBACK: Did you hear that, ugly?

The list says you're lying.

How come you don't want us

to know who you are?

The list's wrong. I told you who I am.

Change of plan.

We're not taking this lot to the Ministry.

BELLATRIX [WHISPERS]:

Get Draco.

[GRUNTS AND PANTS]

BELLATRIX:

Well?

DRACO: I can't be sure.

- [WHISPERS] Draco. Look closely, son.

If we are the ones

to hand Potter over to the Dark Lord...

...everything would be forgiven.

All would be as it was, you understand?

Now, we won't be forgetting who

actually caught him, I hope, Mr. Malfoy.

[IN NORMAL VOICE] You dare to

talk to me like that in my own house?

Lucius.

[IN NORMAL VOICE]

Don't be shy, sweetie. Come over.

Now, if this isn't who we think it is, Draco,

and we call him, he'll kill us all.

We need to be absolutely sure.

What's wrong with his face?

BELLATRIX:

Yes, what is wrong with his face?

SCABIOR:

He came to us like that.

Something he picked up in the forest,

I reckon.

Or ran into a Stinging Jinx.

Was it you, dearie?

Give me her wand.

We'll see what her last spell was.

Ah. Got you.

[LAUGHING THEN GASPS]

What is that?

Where'd you get that from?

It was in her bag when we searched her.

Reckon it's mine now.

[BELLATRIX GRUNTING]

[HISSES]

SCABIOR:

Are you mad?

[GROANING AND CHOKING]

Go! Get out!

Cissy, put the boys in the cellar.

I want to have a little conversation

with this one, girl-to-girl.

[BOTH GRUNT]

[DOOR CLOSES]

What are we gonna do?

We can't leave Hermione alone with her.

GIRL:

Ron?

Harry?

Luna?

That sword is meant to be in my vault

at Gringotts. How did you get it?

What else did you and your friends take

from my vault?!

[SOBBING] I didn't take anything. Please.

I didn't take anything.

I don't believe it.

[SCREAMING]

[BELLATRIX LAUGHS]

We have to do something.

There's no way out of here.

We've tried everything. It's enchanted.

HERMIONE: Please! please!

BELLATRIX: Shut up!

LUNA:

You're bleeding, Harry.

That's a curious thing

to keep in your sock.

[HERMIONE CONTINUES SCREAMING]

Help us.

- Let her go.

WORMTAIL: Shut up. Get back.

You, goblin, come with me.

[DOBBY GRUNTS]

- Aah!

- Dobby?

What are you doing here?

Dobby has come to rescue

Harry Potter, of course.

Dobby will always be there

for Harry Potter.

You can Apparate in and out of this room?

Could you take us with you?

Of course, sir. I'm an elf.

Works for me.

Dobby, I want you to take Luna

and Mr. Ollivander--

Shell Cottage

on the outskirts of Tinworth.

Trust me.

Whenever you're ready, sir.

Sir? I like her very much.

[DOBBY MUMBLING]

Meet me at the top of the stairs

in 10 seconds.

[GRUNTS]

Ow.

Who gets his wand?

BELLATRIX: I'm only going to

ask you once more, goblin.

Think very, very carefully

before you answer.

GRIPHOOK:

I don't know.

You don't know?

Why weren't you doing your job?

Who got into my vault?

Who stole it? Who stole it? Well?

GRIPHOOK: When I was last in your vault,

the sword was there.

BELLATRIX: Oh, well then, perhaps

it just walked out on its own then.

GRIPHOOK:

There is no place safer than Gringotts.

Liar!

Consider yourself lucky, goblin.

The same won't be said for this one.

Like hell.

Expelliarmus!

Stupefy.

BELLATRIX:

Stop!

Drop your wands.

I said, drop them!

Pick them up, Draco, now.

Well, well, well,

look what we have here.

It's Harry Potter.

He's all bright and shiny and new again,

just in time for the Dark Lord.

Call him.

Call him.

[SQUEAKING]

[BELLATRIX YELLS]

[BOTH GRUNTING]

Stupefy!

BELLATRIX:

Stupid elf.

- You could've killed me.

- Dobby never meant to kill.

Dobby only meant to maim

or seriously injure.

[NARCISSA GRUNTS]

How dare you take a witch's wand?

How dare you defy your masters?

Dobby has no master.

Dobby is a free elf.

And Dobby has come

to save Harry Potter and his friends.

[WHOOSH]

[HARRY PANTING]

Hermione.

You're all right. We're safe.

We're all safe.

DOBBY:

Harry Potter.

Dobby.

[DOBBY GROANS]

Dobby. No, just-- Hold on.

Hold on. Look, just hold on, okay?

We'll fix you.

Hermione will have something.

In your bag. Hermione?

Hermione?

What is it? Help me.

Such a beautiful place...

...to be with friends.

Dobby is happy to be with his friend...

...Harry Potter.

We should close his eyes.

Don't you think?

There.

Now he could be sleeping.

I want to bury him.

Properly. Without magic.

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