Rev. 09/13/07 (Blue)

Rev. 10/02/07 (Pink)

Rev. 11/06/07 (Yellow)

HARRY POTTER AND THE HALF-BLOOD PRINCE

screenplay by

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based on the novel by J.K. Rowling

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DARKNESS.

THUNDER -- or something like it -- sounds in the

distance.

BOOM. Then again. BOOM.

We GLIDE THROUGH the inky blackness. Ambient flashes

illuminate the silhouette of the WB LOGO. We PASS

THROUGH.

INTO more darkness. Lost. More FLASHES. And we --

CUT TO:

A SINGLE EYE

Blank behind glasses. FLASH! The PUPIL CONTRACTS and

we --

CUT TO:

1 INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - ATRIUM - WIDER ANGLE - DAY 1

To find... HARRY POTTER, standing numbly beside ALBUS

DUMBLEDORE amidst a MOB of REPORTERS. CAMERAS FLASH.

Dumbledore’s hand finds his shoulder and Harry is moving,

drifting through the chaos, Dumbledore protective,

graceful, dignified.

CLOSEUP - HARRY’S GLASSES

His eyes dart from side to side. The lenses glimmer with

abstraction. We --

DISSOLVE INTO:

2 EXT. LONDON OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

... glass, a window, its surface prickling with another

kind of ambient light. We are looking INTO a conference

room where office workers sit around a table. But the

light has caught one worker’s eye, then another, and soon

they are all rising, stepping to the window, mesmerized

by what lies beyond.

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(CONTINUED)

WORKERS’ POV - LONDON SKYLINE

Blood-red and stormy. A VORTEX of CLOUDS -- strangely

ominous -- hangs high in the sky, flashing from within,

as if about to rain blood over the city. We --

CUT INTO:

THE STORM

itself and...

... PLUMMET, London expanding, stretching out on all

sides. We SWEEP madly OVER Charing Cross, leaving the

Muggle world behind and SWOOP INTO...

3 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY 3

... Diagon Alley just as the front window of OLLIVANDER’S

WAND SHOP EXPLODES. Witches and wizards flee. In the

drifting smoke, DEATH EATERS appear, accompanied by a

tall, sinewy beast of a man, FENRIR GREYBACK. With a

casual sweep of his hand he sends a wizard flying and a

witch screams. In deep b.g., two Death Eaters abduct a

SHROUDED FIGURE (Ollivander). Greyback grins, then

APPARATES, along with the others...

... leaving Diagon Alley behind. The streets of London

appear below once more, and then the river. Black trails

-- the Death Eaters -- streak across the sky and then

turn TRANSLUCENT as they encircle the MILLENNIUM BRIDGE.

Pedestrians peer upward, bewildered, sensing a shift in

the atmosphere. And then...

The BRIDGE CRUMBLES into the THAMES, the image

horrifyingly beautiful, as is the SOUND of it, a ROAR, a

wail, the last cry of a lion. Then the image begins to

FADE and all goes slowly SILENT, until only a WHISTLING

WIND is heard and...

4 EXT. MILL TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON 4

... tall grasses toss dreamily in a SLANTING RAIN. An \*

OLD MILL lists like an ancient ruin against a charcoal

sky. A DARK FIGURE (NARCISSA MALFOY) MATERIALIZES. As

she turns for the town in the distance, another witch

materializes: BELLATRIX LESTRANGE.

BELLATRIX

Narcissa!

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2 CONTINUED: 2

5 EXT. SPINNER’S END - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER) 5

Like a rat in a maze, Narcissa makes her way through a

labyrinth of dilapidated brick houses. Bellatrix trails.

BELLATRIX

Cissy! You mustn’t do this. He

can’t be trusted.

NARCISSA

The Dark Lord trusts him.

BELLATRIX

The Dark Lord is mistaken.

Narcissa turns, shocked. Bellatrix looks shocked

herself, rain running down her cheeks. \*

BELLATRIX

Or so I believe.

NARCISSA

Well, who can one trust these

days?

6 INT. MILL HOUSE - SAME TIME - LATE AFTERNOON 6

Grim and dark, lit by guttering candles. RAIN drums the \*

roof eerily. A KNOCKER CLANGS. A SQUAT MAN SHUFFLES \*

forth, something familiar in his gait.

7 EXT. HOUSE (SPINNER’S END) - SAME TIME - LATE AFTERNOON 7

The door cracks, spilling sallow light onto Narcissa and

Bellatrix. A face: WORMTAIL.

8 INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER) 8

The sisters follow Wormtail down a narrow hallway.

BELLATRIX

He lives in this Muggle dunghill?

Wormtail glowers over his shoulder at her. They pass

into...

9 INT. MILL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS 9

LATER)

... a room where a MAN sits by the window running with \*

RAIN, his face hidden by the Daily Prophet. \*

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(CONTINUED)

On the front page is a PHOTOGRAPH of the MILLENNIUM

BRIDGE CRASHING INTO THE THAMES. But even more prominent

is the SILHOUETTE of a YOUNG WIZARD and a HEADLINE:

HARRY POTTER: THE CHOSEN ONE?

Young Wizard Destined to Kill You-Know-Who?

The paper drops and SEVERUS SNAPE eyes the women

curiously.

SNAPE

Run along, Wormtail.

10 INT. MILL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS 10

LATER)

Snape fills the last of three goblets with wine.

NARCISSA

I’ve nowhere else to turn,

Severus.

Snape hands her a goblet, extends one to Bellatrix.

BELLATRIX

You must be joking.

Snape smiles faintly, brings the goblet to his own lips.

NARCISSA

I know I ought not to be here.

The Dark Lord himself has

forbidden me to speak of this --

SNAPE

If the Dark Lord has forbidden it,

you ought not to speak.

(eyes shifting)

Put it down, Bella. We mustn’t

touch what isn’t ours.

Bellatrix, DARK CURIO in hand, glowers, sets it back

down.

SNAPE

As it so happens I’m aware of your

situation, Narcissa.

BELLATRIX

You? The Dark Lord told you?

SNAPE

Your sister doubts me, Narcissa.

Understandable.

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9 CONTINUED: 9

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Over the years I have played my

part well. So well I’ve deceived

one of the greatest wizards of all

time.

Bellatrix makes a scathing sound. Snape turns, eyes

hard.

SNAPE

Dumbledore is a great wizard.

Only a fool would question it.

NARCISSA

I... I don’t doubt you, Severus.

BELLATRIX

You should feel honored, Cissy.

As should Draco --

NARCISSA

He’s just a boy!

SNAPE

I can’t change the Dark Lord’s

mind. But it might be possible

for me to help Draco. To provide

some... protection.

Bellatrix eyes Snape keenly.

NARCISSA

Do you mean it, Severus?

SNAPE

I can try.

NARCISSA

Oh, Severus, please, if you

would... (I would be forever in \*

your debt.) \*

BELLATRIX

Swear to it.

Snape’s eyes shift, meet Bellatrix’s challenging gaze.

BELLATRIX

Make the Unbreakable Vow.

(as Snape looks away)

You see. It’s just empty words.

Oh he’ll try. He’ll give it his

best effort. But when it matters

most he’ll slither back into his

hole. Bloody coward...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 5.

10 CONTINUED: 10

SNAPE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

Bellatrix goes on MUTTERING as she splashes some wine

into a goblet. Snape turns back, anger flashing in his

eyes.

SNAPE

Take out your wand.

Bellatrix freezes, goblet to her lips. As she lowers it,

a rivulet of red runs out of the corner of her mouth.

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Snape faces Narcissa. Bellatrix, hand faintly trembling,

places the tip of her wand over their LINKED hands.

BELLATRIX

Will you, Severus Snape, watch

over Draco Malfoy as he attempts

to fulfill the Dark Lord’s wishes.

SNAPE

I will.

A SINGLE STRAND of LIQUID FIRE issues from Bellatrix’s

wand and wends its way around their hands.

BELLATRIX

And will you, to the best of your

ability, protect him from harm?

SNAPE

I will.

A SECOND STRAND of FIRE intertwines with the first.

BELLATRIX

And should it prove necessary, if

it seems Draco will fail... will

you yourself carry out the deed

that the Dark Lord has ordered

Draco to perform?

Snape’s hand TWITCHES within Narcissa’s. Bellatrix

waits.

SNAPE

I will.

11 EXT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 11

A TRAIN blasts through the station.

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10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

12 EXT. “TREATS” FOOD STAND - SAME TIME - NIGHT 12

Late. Lonely men and women loiter on the platform. At a

food stand, patrons grimly read their TABLOID of choice.

CAMERA TRACKS PAST The Daily Mail, The Sun, The Mirror --

LANDS ON... the Daily Prophet. The SILHOUETTE. The

HEADLINE: “HARRY POTTER: THE CHOSEN ONE?”

But the (unseen) reader is fixated on a SMALLER ITEM,

tucked at the bottom corner of the back page: “Malfoy

Sentenced to Azkaban.” TWO PHOTOGRAPHS accompany the

piece, one of LUCIUS MALFOY, another of Narcissa and

DRACO MALFOY as they exit a courtroom. Draco’s eyes look

distant, haunted.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Harry Potter. Who’s Harry Potter?

The paper drops, reveals... Harry. He glances up at the

YOUNG WAITRESS who stands over him. Pretty. Very

pretty.

HARRY

Oh. Um. No one. Bit of a

tosser.

As she leans over to clear his chips wrappings, Harry’s

gaze drifts over the smooth skin of her neck, the spray

of freckles across one cheek...

WAITRESS

Funny that paper of yours. Couple

nights ago, I could swear I saw

one of the pictures move.

HARRY

Really.

WAITRESS

Thought I’d gone round the twist.

She makes a face, smiles. A smile to die for. Starts to

go.

HARRY

Hey. I was wondering...

WAITRESS

Eleven. That’s when I get off.

(the smile)

You can tell me all about that

tosser Harry Potter.

Harry watches her go, then quickly reaches into his coat

and fumbles out a S’Mints container. Just then...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 7.

(CONTINUED)

... a LIGHT on the opposite PLATFORM FLICKERS. Harry

looks. It FLICKERS again and this time a small cloud of

GLITTERING DUST dances over the opposite platform. As a

TRAIN ROARS past, Harry squints through the flickering

windows and watches the dust transform into... ALBUS

DUMBLEDORE. Leveling his glasses, he peers across the

platform, smiles and gives Harry a wave.

13 EXT. OPPOSITE PLATFORM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 13

As Harry arrives, he finds Dumbledore studying a PERFUME

ADVERTISEMENT which shows a MODEL with a WAND in her

teeth: “Tonight Make a Little Magic With Your Man.”

DUMBLEDORE

I once knew a Muggle girl from

Liverpool with hair like spun

silk. No light could resist it...

(turning)

You’ve been reckless this summer,

Harry.

HARRY

I like riding round on the trains.

It takes my mind off... things.

Harry hesitates, notices Dumbledore’s hand is ASH BLACK.

DUMBLEDORE

Rather unpleasant to behold, isn’t

it? The tale is thrilling if I do

say so myself, but I’m afraid now

is not the time to tell it. Take

my arm.

(extending it)

Do as I say.

Harry glances across the platform, sees the freckled

Waitress appear, eye his empty table. Slowly, he reaches

out and -- instantly -- all goes BLACK in a RUSH of SOUND

and FURY, as if Harry had been pitched headlong into a

tornado. Seconds later...

14 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 14

... he re-emerges into the world, reeling, eyes stinging

with tears. Slowly, his planet stops spinning.

HARRY

I just Apparated, didn’t I?

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12 CONTINUED: 12

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Indeed. And quite successfully I

might add. Most people vomit

their first time.

HARRY

Can’t imagine why...

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Dumbledore leads Harry up a steep narrow street lined

with darkened houses.

DUMBLEDORE

Welcome to the charming village of

Budleigh Babberton, Harry. I

assume right about now you’re

wondering why I’ve brought you

here, am I right?

HARRY

(glancing about)

After all these years, I just sort

of roll with it, sir.

Dumbledore smiles mildly, then pauses, his face

darkening. Before them stands a SMALL STONE HOUSE. But

something is wrong about the place.

DUMBLEDORE

Wand out, Harry.

15 INT. SLUGHORN’S HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 15

THROUGH a crack in the front door: Dumbledore and Harry

move swiftly up the walk and enter.

DUMBLEDORE

Lumos...

The tip of Dumbledore’s WAND BLAZES. He sweeps the

shadows. CALLS OUT.

DUMBLEDORE

Horace!

Nothing. Dumbledore points his wand down a NARROW

HALLWAY. Motes of dust dance in the wandlight, but

nothing else. He starts down the hallway, toward the

OPEN DOORWAY at its end. Slowly, the room beyond comes

INTO VIEW:

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 9.

14 CONTINUED: 14

16 INT. SLUGHORN’S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 16

Utter devastation. A GRANDFATHER CLOCK lays upon the

floor, its face cracked. A PIANO sags in the corner,

keys strewn like teeth upon the rug. A copy of the Daily

Prophet trembles in the breeze from a half-open window.

As Harry looks, a DROP of something WET strikes the word

“CHOSEN.” His gaze rises.

He GASPS. A substance DARK and GLUTINOUS is spattered

upon the ceiling. Dumbledore raises his wand. The

ceiling SCREAMS RED. Another drop falls and this one

strikes Harry’s SCAR. As Harry moves to wipe it away,

Dumbledore grabs his hand.

Training his light on Harry’s forehead, Dumbledore flicks

a blackened finger over the scar. Brings it to his

tongue. Reacts. Turning, his eyes narrow on an

OVERSTUFFED ARMCHAIR. Moving to it, he JABS his wand

into the plump seat cushion.

ARMCHAIR

Merlin’s Beard!

Instantly, the Armchair mutates into HUMAN FORM, though

briefly gets caught inbetween. After a bit of GRUMBLING,

SEAM-SPLITTING and the POPPING of a cushion button or

two, a FAT OLD MAN (HORACE SLUGHORN) in a pair of WELLWORN lilac pajamas appears.

SLUGHORN

(rubbing his rump)

There’s no need to disfigure me,

Albus!

DUMBLEDORE

I must say, you make a very

convincing armchair, Horace.

SLUGHORN

It’s all in the upholstery.

(patting his stomach)

I come by the stuffing naturally.

What gave me away?

DUMBLEDORE

(nodding to the

ceiling)

Dragon’s blood.

SLUGHORN

Yes, well, I couldn’t very well

use wizard’s blood, could I? Oho!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 10.

(CONTINUED)

Slughorn takes a step back, having spotted Harry. The

blood on Harry’s forehead only serves to highlight his

scar.

DUMBLEDORE

Ah yes. Introductions. Harry,

this is an old friend and

colleague of mine, Horace

Slughorn. Horace, this is, well,

you know who this is.

(a droll whisper)

Apparently there’s some thought he

may be the Chosen One.

Slughorn stares at Harry as if hypnotized.

DUMBLEDORE

So why all the theatrics, Horace?

You weren’t perhaps expecting

someone else, were you?

SLUGHORN

(blinking)

S-someone else? I’m sure I don’t

know what you mean.

Dumbledore raises an eyebrow. Slughorn caves.

SLUGHORN

Oh all right! The Death Eaters

have been trying to recruit me for

over a year. Do you know what

that’s like? One can only say no

to these people so many times

before they...

DUMBLEDORE

Take matters into their own hands?

Slughorn eyes Dumbledore miserably, gestures.

SLUGHORN

I never stay anywhere more than a

week. The Muggles who own this

place are in the Canary Islands.

DUMBLEDORE

Well, I think it should be put

back in order for them, don’t you?

Mind?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 11.

16 CONTINUED: 16

(CONTINUED)

Dumbledore raises his wand. Instantly, the grandfather

clock resumes its rightful place, shattered lanterns reignite and the blood on the ceiling evaporates -- just as

the piano keys tumble back into place with a pleasant

MUSICAL run.

DUMBLEDORE

That was fun. May I use the loo?

As Dumbledore heads down the hall, Slughorn calls after.

SLUGHORN

Don’t think I don’t know why

you’re here, Albus! The answer is

still no! Absolutely,

unequivocally no!

Dumbledore doesn’t respond. Slughorn glances at Harry.

The silence is palpable. Awkward. A beat. Then:

SLUGHORN

You look very like your father.

Except for your eyes. You’ve

got --

HARRY

My mother’s eyes, yeah.

SLUGHORN

(smiling softly)

Lily. Lovely Lily. She was

exceedingly bright -- your mother.

Even more impressive when one

considers she was Muggle-born.

HARRY

One of my best friends is Muggleborn. She’s the best in our year.

SLUGHORN

Oh, but you mustn’t think I’m

prejudiced! No, no, no! Your

mother was one of my absolute

favorites! Look, there she is.

Right up front.

Slughorn waves to a dresser crowded with PHOTOGRAPHS.

SLUGHORN

All mine, each and every one. Exstudents, I mean. You recognize

Barnubas Cuffe, of course, editor

of the Daily Prophet.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 12.

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Always takes my owl should I want

to register my opinion on the news

of the day. And there’s Ambrosius

Flume of Honeydukes. Sends a

hamper of chocolate to the house

each birthday. That is, when I

had a house. And Gwenog Jones,

captain of the Holyhead Harpies --

free tickets whenever I want them.

Of course, I haven’t been to a

match in some time...

Harry steps forward, takes a picture of one particular

BOY, a boy who resembles... Sirius. Seeing Harry thus

distracted, he studies him intently, like a rare object.

SLUGHORN

Ah yes. Regulus Black. You no

doubt know of his older brother

Sirius. Died a few weeks ago. I

taught the whole Black family

except Sirius. Shame. Talented

boy. I got Regulus when he came

along, of course, but I’d have

liked the set.

DUMBLEDORE

Mind if I take this? I do love

knitting patterns.

Slughorn blinks, looks away from Harry and finds

Dumbledore standing there, clutching a MUGGLE MAGAZINE.

SLUGHORN

Of course. But you’re not

leaving?

DUMBLEDORE

I think I know a lost cause when I

see one. Regrettable. I would

have considered it a personal

triumph had you consented to

return to Hogwarts, Horace. You

are, like my friend Mr. Potter --

one of a kind.

17 EXT. SLUGHORN’S HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 17

Dumbledore HUMS placidly as he and Harry make their way

down the walk. Seconds later, the front door swings

open.

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16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

SLUGHORN (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

All right! I’ll do it. But I’ll

be wanting Professor

Merrythought’s old office, not

that water closet I had formerly.

And I expect a raise! These are

mad times we live in! Mad!

DUMBLEDORE

Indeed they are.

18 EXT. STREET (BUDLEIGH BABBERTON) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 18

Dumbledore leads Harry back toward the Village Square.

HARRY

Sir, exactly what was that all --

DUMBLEDORE

You are talented, famous and

powerful -- everything Horace

values. Professor Slughorn is

going to try to collect you,

Harry. You would be his crowning

jewel. That is why he is

returning to Hogwarts. And it is

crucial he return...

Harry looks intrigued by this last statement, but before

he can pursue it, Dumbledore glances ruefully at the

moon.

DUMBLEDORE

I fear I may have stolen a

wondrous night from you, Harry.

She was, truthfully, very pretty.

The girl.

HARRY

It’s alright, sir. I’ll go back

tomorrow, make some excuse --

Harry stops. Dumbledore is shaking his head.

DUMBLEDORE

You’ll not be going back to Little

Whinging tonight, Harry.

HARRY

But, sir. What about Hedwig? And

there’s my trunk --

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17 CONTINUED: 17

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Both are waiting for you.

Dumbledore extends his arm. Mystified, Harry reaches

out. As his fingers touch the silk of Dumbledore’s

cloak, he...

19 EXT. THE BURROW - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER) 19

... APPARATES INTO VIEW, stumbling to one knee and

wincing.

HARRY

Sir?

Dumbledore is gone. Harry rises, glances about. In the

distance a CROOKED HOUSE shimmers. A PRETTY GIRL with

RED HAIR flits briefly past an upstairs window. GINNY

WEASLEY.

20 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 20

Ginny DASHES down a vertiginous staircase, flies into the

kitchen and finds...

21 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT 21

... a LARGE TRUNK and an OWL CAGE. Curious, she cocks

her head to one side. The owl does the same in return.

GINNY

Hedwig...? Mum!

22 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME - NIGHT22

GINNY’S POV, looking up -- a dizzying perspective of

twisting railings and crooked bedroom doors. A CLOCK

hangs IN VIEW, bearing NINE HANDS, each inscribed with a

Weasley name, each pointing to MORTAL PERIL. MRS.

WEASLEY appears, looks down.

MRS. WEASLEY

What is it, Ginny? Is it your

father? Has something happened at

the Ministry? Has he been

kidnapped? Is it the Death

Eaters?

GINNY

Exactly. How’d you guess?

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18 CONTINUED: 18

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Weasley throws her hands up over her face.

GINNY

I’m joking, Mum.

MRS. WEASLEY

You’re worse than Fred and George.

GINNY

Now you’re joking. I was only

wondering when Harry got here.

MRS. WEASLEY

Harry who?

GINNY

Harry Dimpleton. Harry Potter, of

course.

MRS. WEASLEY

I think I’d know if Harry Potter

was in my house, wouldn’t I?

GINNY

Well his trunk’s in the kitchen.

And his owl.

MRS. WEASLEY

I seriously doubt that.

Just then, HEDWIG SCREECHES O.S. Ginny gives her an Itold-you-so when another door opens and RON WEASLEY looks

down.

RON

Harry? Did someone say Harry?

GINNY

Me, nosy. Is he up there with

you?

RON

‘Course not. Think I’d know if my

best friend was in my room,

wouldn’t I?

Another door opens: HERMIONE, in a robe, TOOTHBRUSH in

hand.

HERMIONE

Was that an owl I heard?

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22 CONTINUED: 22

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Harry’s. Haven’t seen him, have

you? Apparently, he’s wandering

about the house.

HERMIONE

Really?

HARRY (O.S.)

Really.

Ginny spins. Harry. Standing in the doorway of the

kitchen.

RON/HERMIONE/MRS. WEASLEY

Harry!

As the others rocket downstairs, Ginny gives Harry a

great grinning hug. There is something oddly charged in

the moment, a surprise to both of them. The others

arrive. More hugs.

MRS. WEASLEY

But why didn’t you tell us you

were coming?

HARRY

Didn’t know.

(a shrug) \*

Dumbledore.

MRS. WEASLEY

That man. But then, what would we

do without him? Ron!

Ron is about to touch Hermione. She retracts her neck.

RON

You’ve a bit of...

He gestures to the stray lace of toothpaste on Hermione’s

chin. Quickly she wipes it off, gives him an odd look.

23 EXT. THE BURROW - ATTIC - NIGHT (LATER) 23

The Daily Prophet tumbles within a makeshift campfire of

BLUE FLAMES, but magically doesn’t disintegrate. Harry

teases the fire with the tip of his wand, where The

Chosen One? mingles with Draco’s haunted face in the

flames.

HARRY

When’d you get here?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 17.

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

A few days ago. Though... for a

bit, I wasn’t sure I was coming.

Harry looks up, sees her glance at Ron.

RON

Mum sort of lost it last week.

Said Ginny and I had no business

going back to Hogwarts. That it’s

too dangerous.

HARRY

Oh come on...

HERMIONE

She’s not alone. Even my parents

-- and they’re Muggles -- know

something bad is happening.

RON

Anyway, Dad stepped in, told her

she was being barmy. Took a day

or two, but she came round.

HARRY

But we’re talking about Hogwarts.

Dumbledore. What could be safer?

Hermione and Ron exchange another glance.

HERMIONE

There’s been a lot of chatter

lately. That he’s gotten... old.

HARRY

Rubbish. He’s only -- what?

RON

A hundred and fifty. Give or take

a few years.

Silence. Nods. Then the three break out laughing. Grow

quiet again. Harry takes another poke at the Prophet.

Draco’s haunted face appears briefly, then is gone.

24 INT. WEASLEY’S WIZARD WHEEZES (DIAGON ALLEY) - CLOSE ON A 24

SHOPPING BAG - DAY

bearing Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes clutched in the hand of

a boy being pulled by his mother through the throng

packed sardine-tight in the store.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 18.

23 CONTINUED: 23

(CONTINUED)

It’s utter madness: Ever-Bashing Boomerangs whip through

the air, Dr. Filibuster’s Fabulous Wet-Start No-Heat

fireworks spit sparks, and Nose-Biting Teacups bare tiny

porcelain teeth. FRED & GEORGE WEASLEY, in SCREAMING

MAGENTA, stand upon a counter, selling to the masses:

FRED/GEORGE

Step up! Step up!

GEORGE

We’ve got Fainting Fancy...

FRED

Nosebleed Nougats...

GEORGE

And just in time for school...

FRED

Puking Pastilles!

A BOY stops chewing, turns PALE GREEN -- literally.

FRED/GEORGE

Into the cauldron, handsome.

Together, with the tips of their toes, Fred and George

launch a SLOSHING CAULDRON down the counter, drop down on

either side of Harry, begin to steer him through the

store.

FRED

What’d you think, Harry?

HARRY

Amazing.

GEORGE

(to a browsing boy)

Pocket that and you’ll pay in more

than Galleons, my friend.

FRED/GEORGE

We’ve got eyes in the back of our

heads.

The boy, working a SCREAMING YO-YO, blanches as Fred and

George turn, reveal they do in fact have EYES IN THE BACK

OF THEIR HEADS -- phony, but unnerving. As the EYES

WINK, the tiny boy bolts.

GEORGE

Bloody urchins.

Harry eyes a display of ORANGE AND BLACK LUMPS.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 19.

24 CONTINUED: 24

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder?

FRED

A real money spinner that.

FRED

Handy if you need to make a quick

escape. Hello, ladies!

George drops one of the lumps in Harry’s hand, turns to

Ginny and Hermione, who peruse a display of “Wonder Witch

Love Potions.”

GEORGE

Yes, they do really work.

FRED

Then again, the way we hear it,

sis, you’re doing just fine on

your own.

GINNY

Meaning?

FRED

Are you not currently dating Dean

Thomas?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 19A.

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

(CONTINUED)

Harry pretends to consider a rack of “Ten-Second Pimple

Vanisher,” but secretly eavesdrops.

GINNY

None of your business.

HERMIONE

These are adorable.

Inside a cage, small round BALLS of FLUFF roll about,

SQUEAK.

FRED

Aren’t they now. Pygmy Puffs.

Can’t breed them fast enough.

Just then a HUGE BOY (CORMAC McLAGGEN) passes behind

Hermione and, with his eyes, takes the full measure of

her. Noticing, she turns, receives a faint smile as he

moves on.

RON

How much for this?

A TINY WOODEN MAN ascends a TINY GALLOWS and... DROPS.

George rides a rolling ladder INTO FRAME, drops next to \*

Fred. \*

FRED/GEORGE

Five Galleons.

RON

How much for me?

FRED/GEORGE

Five Galleons.

RON

But I’m your brother!

FRED/GEORGE

Ten Galleons.

RON

C’mon. Let’s go.

The trio head for the door, passing LAVENDER BROWN, who

smiles flirtatiously at an oblivious Ron.

LAVENDER BROWN

Hi, Ron.

RON

Hi.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 20.

24 CONTINUED: (3) 24

25 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER) 25

The sun fades over an IRON ARCHWAY -- Welcome to Diagon

Alley! -- as Harry, Ron and Hermione pass beneath. All

around them, SHOPS sit silent, windows BOARDED-UP or

SHATTERED. People scurry by, avoiding the SCARY FACES of

the witches and wizards who peer out from the SECURITY

POSTERS plastered to every LAMP POST. Bellatrix is

there: “KNOWN DEATH EATER,” And Greyback: “WEREWOLF.”

And LUCIUS MALFOY: “CAUGHT.”

HERMIONE

How is it Fred and George are

doing it? Half the alley’s closed

down.

RON

Fred reckons people need a laugh

these days.

HARRY

Reckon he’s right...

Harry eyes the poster of Bellatrix, her mocking halfsmile.

HERMIONE

Oh no. Look.

Harry and Ron follow her gaze to the wreck that is

Ollivander’s Wand Shop.

HERMIONE

But everyone got their wands from

Ollivander. Young. Old...

HARRY

Good. Bad. Speaking of which...

Across the avenue, DRACO MALFOY and Narcissa pause,

glance around, then slip quickly down an alley.

RON

Is it just me? Or do Draco and

mummy look like two people who

don’t want to be followed?

26 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DIAGON ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON 26

The trio trail Draco and Narcissa, who navigate these

dark streets with ease. Hermione, lagging a bit, glances

up at the darkening sky. When she looks back, she sees

Ron and Harry far ahead. They turn a shadowy corner,

vanish.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 21.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE - SHOP FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Harry and Ron duck inside a shop front. At the end of

the alley, a single shop glimmers dully: Borgin &

Burkes. Narcissa and Draco enter, greet a STOOPED MAN

(BORGIN). He POINTS. Draco walks to a LACQUERED

CABINET, plays his fingers over its glassy surface.

Narcissa speaks and Draco turns, finds Borgin holding the

curtain to the back room aside. Draco hesitates, then

follows his mother through.

RON

What’re they playing at?

HARRY

Dunno. Let’s get closer.

RON

(a nod; stopping)

Hey. Where’s Hermione?

NEW ANGLE - ANOTHER ALLEY - DUSK

Hermione moves through the shadows, alone, peering down

side streets, each darker than the next, lost, but

holding it together, when... a SHADOW FLICKERS overhead.

She looks up, sees a FIGURE (Greyback) leap from one roof

to another. She stands perfectly still, then... hears

VOICES.

NEW ANGLE - OTHER ALLEYS - DUSK

Harry and Ron race down one passage then another. Stop.

RON

Harry, where is she?

HARRY

I don’t know. I’m turned around.

NEW ANGLE - BORGIN & BURKES - BACK COURTYARD - DUSK

Hermione creeps to the end of a narrow passage, toward

the VOICES, and finds herself... behind Borgin & Burkes.

FIGURES encircle an old cauldron, among them Greyback,

Bellatrix, Narcissa, and in the very center... Draco.

Hermione squints against the brilliance of the FIRE, the

FIGURES twisting like Giacomettis. Draco extends his

left arm... when a SHADOW falls over Hermione, fingers

find her arm. She wheels, terrified.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 22.

26 CONTINUED: 26

(CONTINUED)

Ron.

HERMIONE

Bloody hell.

RON

Sorry.

Just then, the cauldron EXPLODES with light. Instantly,

the group, including Draco, disperses.

HARRY

What just happened?

HERMIONE

I don’t know.

Harry stares at the SMOKE drifting from the cauldron. A

SOUND RISES, growing more powerful and the ROAR of a...

27 EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON 27

... TRAIN overtakes us, the scarlet stack of the Hogwarts

Express churning furiously towards the horizon.

LUNA

Quibbler...? Quibbler...?

28 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - AISLE - SAME TIME - LATE AFTERNOON28

LUNA LOVEGOOD moves down the aisle wearing a pair of RED

and BLUE CARDBOARD GLASSES (SPECTRESPECS) identical to

the ones modeled by a witch on the cover of the current

issue of The Quibbler, a stack of which Luna clutches to

her chest.

LUNA

There’s an article on Wrackspurts

this month. Quibbler...?

The loitering STUDENTS ignore her, including DEAN THOMAS,

currently WHISPERING to Ginny, who smiles mildly, more

interested in the PURPLE PYGMY PUFF perched on her

shoulder.

LUNA

He’s lovely. They’ve been known

to sing on Boxing Day, you know.

Quibbler?

GINNY

Please. What’s a Wrackspurt?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 23.

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

They’re invisible creatures that

float in through your ears and

make your brain go fuzzy.

(moving off)

Quibbler? Quibbler?

29 INT. COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME - DUSK 29

Harry, Ron and Hermione sit together. Hermione has a

book entitled Advance Rune Translation open on her lap,

while Ron lets Harry’s INVISIBILITY CLOAK play through

his fingers.

HARRY

Don’t you see, it was a ceremony.

An initiation.

HERMIONE

Stop, Harry, I know where you’re

going with this --

HARRY

It’s happened. He’s one of them.

RON

One of what?

HERMIONE

Harry is under the impression that

Draco Malfoy is now a Death Eater.

RON

You’re barking. What would YouKnow-Who want with a sod like

Malfoy?

HARRY

So what’s he doing in Borgin and

Burke’s? Browsing for furniture?

RON

It’s a creepy shop. He’s a creepy

bloke.

HARRY

Look. His father’s a Death Eater.

It only makes sense. Besides,

Hermione saw it. With her own

eyes.

HERMIONE

I told you. I don’t know what I

saw.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 24.

28 CONTINUED: 28

(CONTINUED)

Harry rises, snatches the cloak from Ron’s hands.

HARRY

I need some air.

30 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - AISLE - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 30

A blood-red sun shimmers through the windows, staining

the interior a deep scarlet. Students read, play cards.

In one compartment, CRABBE and GOYLE slumber sloppily.

As Harry enters, the ACCORDION doors to the NEXT CAR

SQUALL open and a PAIR of TWIN GIRLS emerge. He watches

them when a VOICE causes him to turn back. As the

accordion doors slowly close, he spies Malfoy sitting

with PANSY PARKINSON and a BOY with the cheekbones of a

sphinx (BLAISE ZABINI).

Harry studies Malfoy when a BOY pushes through the

accordion doors. As they begin to close, slowly, Harry

reaches into his pocket and removes the ORANGE AND BLACK

LUMP Fred gave him in Diagon Alley. He eyes Malfoy, eyes

the closing door and -- impulsively -- pitches the lump

into the air. It soars through the narrowing crease of

the doors and -- just as Malfoy glances his way -- just

as it reaches the apex of its flight -- POOF! -- explodes

softly, raining DARK POWDER.

31 EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - SAME TIME - DUSK 31

One train car -- and only one -- goes DARK:

32 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - AISLE/COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME - DUSK32

CHAOS. PANICKED VOICES. Then, like a thinning mist, the

darkness eerily recedes, the red light of dusk returns

and Malfoy is revealed, standing in the DOORWAY of the

car. As he looks on warily, students return to their

seats. Across the way, Crabbe & Goyle continue to

slumber.

MALFOY

What just happened? Blaise?

BLAISE

(tense himself)

Don’t know.

Just then, a SMALL BAG TEETERS... then tumbles from a

luggage rack. Malfoy wheels, eyes the bag.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 25.

29 CONTINUED: 29

(CONTINUED)

PANSY

Relax, boys. The lights went out

is all. Come, Draco. We’ll be \*

at Hogwarts before you know it. \*

She pats the seat. Draco eyes the bag, slings it back

onto the luggage rack and plops down. Pansy strokes his

hair.

MALFOY

Hogwarts. What a pathetic excuse

for a school. I think I’d pitch

myself off the Astronomy Tower if

I thought I had to continue on for

another two years.

Pansy, gently twisting one of Draco’s locks, stops.

PANSY

What’s that supposed to mean?

MALFOY

Let’s just say I don’t think

you’ll be seeing me wasting my

time in Charms Class next year.

Confused, Pansy glances at Blaise, who snorts derisively.

MALFOY

Amused, Blaise? We’ll see just

who’s laughing in the end.

Blaise shakes his head, smiling as he looks out the

window at the darkness. Just then the small bag in the

upper rack shifts. Malfoy’s eyes play over it.

33 EXT. STATION - DUSK/EVENING 33

The Hogwarts Express steams into the station.

34 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - AISLE - SAME TIME - DUSK/EVENING 34

Ron and Hermione step into the crowded aisle.

HERMIONE

Where’s Harry?

RON

Probably on the platform. C’mon.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 26.

32 CONTINUED: 32

35 INT. COMPARTMENT - DUSK/EVENING 35

As Blaise and Pansy make to exit, Malfoy takes down the

small bag, grips the handle thoughtfully.

MALFOY

You two go on. I want to check

something.

Malfoy slides shut the door. LETS THE BLINDS DOWN. A

beat.

MALFOY

Didn’t mummy ever tell you it’s

bad manners to eavesdrop, Potter?

Petrificus Totalus!

Malfoy wheels, points his wand at the luggage rack.

Something hits the floor with a THUMP. The Invisibility

Cloak slips away and reveals Harry, paralyzed on the

floor. Malfoy grins.

MALFOY

Oh, right, she was dead before you

could wipe the drool off your

chin.

Malfoy brings his boot down hard on Harry’s face. SNAP!

Blood squirts from Harry’s nose. Malfoy snatches up the

Invisibility Cloak, pitches it over Harry.

MALFOY

Enjoy the ride back to London.

36 EXT. STATION - EVENING (MOMENTS LATER) 36

Malfoy steps off, pulls his cloak tight and disappears

into the night. Softly, a SOUND rises, of a GIRL LIGHTLY

HUMMING and we --

CUT TO:

37 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - AISLE - EVENING 37

... STRANGE MOVING POV - HALF RED/HALF BLUE

Luna Lovegood wanders down the aisle HUMMING, red and

blue Spectrespecs wobbling on the bridge of her nose. Up

ahead one compartment’s BLINDS are shut. Luna stops

HUMMING. Cocks her head curiously. As she does, the

LIGHT from an overhead lantern kicks off the cheap

plastic lenses of her glasses and, for the briefest of

seconds, a FLUTTERING CLOUD appears.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 27.

(CONTINUED)

Of tiny insects. Or pixie dust. Or a trick of the

light.

38 INT. COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME - EVENING 38

Luna’s SILHOUETTE SWELLS over the blinds, then the door

opens. She calmly draws her wand and sends forth a blast

of RED LIGHT. The Invisibility Cloak slithers from

Harry’s body.

LUNA

Hello, Harry.

HARRY

Luna. How’d you...?

LUNA

Wrackspurts. Your head’s full of

them.

39 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT (LATER) 39

The castle glitters. Harry, face blood-spattered, nose

slightly off-center, approaches with Luna.

HARRY

Sorry I made you miss the

carriages, Luna.

LUNA

It’s alright. I enjoyed our walk.

It was like being with a friend.

HARRY

I am your friend, Luna.

LUNA

That’s nice.

Just then PROFESSOR FLITWICK rushes forth clutching a

long roll of PARCHMENT bearing all students’ names.

FLITWICK

About time! I’ve been looking all

over for you two. Names.

HARRY

Professor Flitwick, you’ve known

me for five years.

FLITWICK

No exceptions, Potter.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 28.

37 CONTINUED: 37

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

Who are those people?

Harry turns, sees Luna staring into the darkness, where

SHADOWS drift eerily, like ghosts.

FLITWICK

Aurors. For security.

MALFOY (O.S.)

It’s a not a cane, you cretin.

It’s a walking stick.

Harry and Luna turn. Draco stands amidst a mountain of

TRUNKS and OWL CAGES, watching Filch pass a long SECURITY

DETECTOR over a WALKING STICK.

FILCH

And what exactly would you be

wanting with a walking stick?

SNAPE

It was his father’s.

Snape separates from the shadows. Draco eyes him warily,

then snatches the stick from Filch.

MALFOY

Is my father’s. He’s not dead.

Snape watches Malfoy carefully wrap the stick in felt,

lay it back inside his trunk.

SNAPE

It’s alright, Mr. Filch. I can

vouch for Mr. Malfoy.

Draco eyes Snape warily again, then begins to slouch off,

catches Harry looking.

MALFOY

Nice face, Potter.

Harry puts a hand to his nose, watches Malfoy disappear

into the darkness, trailed by Snape.

LUNA

Would you like me to fix it?

Personally I think you look a bit

more devil-may-care this way. But

it’s up to you.

HARRY

Have you ever fixed one? A nose.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 29.

39 CONTINUED: 39

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

No. But I’ve done several toes

and how different are they really?

This does not fill Harry with confidence.

Nevertheless...

HARRY

What the hell. Give it a go.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 29A.

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

Episkey.

Luna poises her wand over Harry’s nose and... gives it a

TAP. It VIBRATES WILDLY and then... SNAPS into place.

HARRY

Well? How do I look?

LUNA

Exceptionally ordinary.

HARRY

Brilliant.

40 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 40

Hermione cranes her neck, looking for Harry, while Ron

stuffs his face with pudding, MUMBLING, MOUTH FULL:

RON

Don’ you worry. He’ll be ‘long

soon ‘nuff --

HERMIONE

(whacking him)

Will. You. Stop. Eating! Your

best friend is missing!

RON

Oi! Turn around, you lunatic.

Hermione spins, sees Harry and Luna approaching. In the

light of the hall, Harry’s blood-spattered face is quite

the sight.

GINNY

He’s covered in blood again. Why

is it he’s always covered in

blood?

RON

Looks like his own this time.

HERMIONE

(as he arrives)

Where’ve you been, Harry? And

what happened to your face?

HARRY

Later. What’ve I missed?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 30.

39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

(CONTINUED)

RON

(shrugging; still

eating)

Sorting Hat urged us all to be

brave and strong in these troubled

times -- easy for it to say --

it’s a hat, isn’t it? First Years

seemed to enjoy it, though.

Wankers. Filch give you the wand

outside?

Harry nods. Ginny, damp napkin in hand, begins to dab

his face, then feels suddenly awkward. Harry takes it

from her.

HARRY

Thanks...

Just then, the light in the Hall begins to gently dim and

all eyes turn to Dumbledore, standing at the top of the

Hall, ashen hand raised to the enchanted ceiling, where

clouds respond to his gestures and shroud a gleaming full

moon.

HERMIONE

What’s happened to his hand?

DUMBLEDORE

The very best of evenings to you!

First off, please join me in

welcoming the newest member of our

staff, Horace Slughorn.

MILD APPLAUSE ensues. Harry claps perfunctorily, his

eyes drifting to the entrance of the Hall as a pair of

Aurors station themselves just outside.

DUMBLEDORE

Professor Slughorn, I’m happy to

say, has agreed to resume his old

post of Potions master. Meanwhile

the post of Defense Against the

Dark Arts will be assumed by

Professor Snape.

This is greeted by stunned silence. Dumbledore frowns,

then attempts to generate something by CLAPPING his hands

once. A few Slytherins join in and some dim-witted First

Years.

DUMBLEDORE

Now, as you know, each and every

one of you was searched upon your

arrival tonight. You have a right

to know why.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 31.

40 CONTINUED: 40

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(a beat)

Once there was a young man who,

like you, sat in this very Hall.

Walked this castle’s corridors.

Slept beneath its roof. He

seemed, to all the world, a

student like any other. His name?

Tom Riddle.

The Hall goes utterly silent.

DUMBLEDORE

Today, of course, the world knows

him by another name. Which is

why, as I stand looking out upon

you all tonight, I am reminded of

a sobering fact. Each day, every

hour, this very minute perhaps,

dark forces attempt to penetrate

this castle. But in the end,

their greatest weapon remains...

you.

Harry eyes Malfoy, slouched low, lazily levitating a fork

with his wand, as if Dumbledore were unworthy of

attention.

DUMBLEDORE

Just something to keep in mind.

Now, off to bed. Pip pip!

RON

(as they rise)

That was cheerful.

41 INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING 41

A TEEMING MASS of STUDENTS fight their way to class on

first day of term. Amidst it all, McGonagall stands tall

and stern. The twins pass by, bearing identical looks of

consternation.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

History of Magic is up, ladies,

not down. Mr. Davies -- that’s

the girl’s toilet...

McGonagall’s eyes shift, find Harry and Ron sitting upon

a ledge, clearly deriving immense pleasure from the

chaos.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Potter!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 32.

40 CONTINUED: (2) 40

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

Harry’s smile droops. McGonagall beckons with a finger.

HARRY

This can’t be good.

Ron grins as Harry makes his way “upstream” to

McGonagall.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Enjoying ourself, are we?

HARRY

Well, you see, I’ve got an open

period this morning, Professor --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

So I noticed. I would think you’d

want to fill it with Potions. Or

is it no longer your ambition to

become an Auror?

HARRY

It is. Or was. But I was told I

had to get an Outstanding in my

O.W.L. --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

And so you did when Professor

Snape was teaching Potions.

However, Professor Slughorn is

perfectly happy to accept N.E.W.T.

students with ‘Exceeds

Expectations.’

HARRY

Really? Well... brilliant. I’ll

head there straight away.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Good. And take Weasley with you.

He looks far too happy over there.

42 INT. CORRIDOR/SLUGHORN’S CLASSROOM - MORNING (MOMENTS 42

LATER)

Ron trails Harry toward an open door. \*

RON

But I don’t want to take Potions!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 33.

41 CONTINUED: 41

43 INT. SLUGHORN’S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 43

As Harry drags Ron inside, the other students turn in

unison. Hermione frowns. Lavender, seeing Ron, beams.

SLUGHORN

Harry m’boy! I was beginning to

worry! And I see we’ve brought

someone with us...

RON

Ron Weasley, sir. But I’m dead

awful at Potions, a menace

actually, so I probably should

just be going --

SLUGHORN

Nonsense, we’ll sort you out. Any

friend of Harry’s is a friend of

mine. Right then, books out --

HARRY

Um, sorry, sir, but I haven’t got

my book yet -- nor’s Ron. You

see -- (until this morning...) \*

SLUGHORN

Not to worry. You can get what

you need from the cupboard.

As Harry and Ron step to the cupboard, Slughorn resumes,

gesturing to the cauldrons bubbling before him.

SLUGHORN

Now, as I was saying, I’ve

prepared a few concoctions this

morning. Any ideas what these

might be? Yes, Miss...?

HERMIONE

Granger, sir. That one there is

Veritaserum. And that would be

Polyjuice Potion. And that...

In the cupboard, Harry and Ron find two TEXTBOOKS -- one

new, one shabby and soiled. Both snatch for the new when

a box -- marked “BEZOARS” -- tips. As Harry makes a grab

for it, Ron wrests free the new textbook and goes off

grinning.

HERMIONE

... is Amortentia! The most

powerful love potion in the world.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 34.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

It’s rumored to smell differently

to each person, according to what

attracts them. For example, I

smell freshly mown grass and

new parchment and spearmint

toothpaste --

Hermione blushes, stops herself. Slughorn regards her.

SLUGHORN

One of my best friends is Muggleborn. She’s the best in our

year...

Harry, settling into his seat with the soiled textbook,

looks up just as Slughorn’s eyes shift to him for

confirmation. As Harry nods, Hermione glances curiously

at him.

SLUGHORN

Now Amortentia doesn’t create

actual love, of course. That’s

impossible. But it does cause a

powerful infatuation or obsession.

For that reason, it is probably

the most dangerous potion in this

room.

Slughorn turns, finds a sea of dreamy faces leaning into

the VAPORS. Instantly, he CLANGS a cover onto the

cauldron, bringing them round. As Ron blinks, he finds

Lavender still staring dreamily -- at him. Noticing,

Hermione’s eyes narrow.

KATIE BELL

Sir, you haven’t told us what’s in

that one.

SLUGHORN

Ah yes...

Slughorn steps to a SMALL BLACK CAULDRON. Begins to

ladle a bit of GOLDEN LIQUID into a TINY VIAL.

SLUGHORN

What you see before you, ladies

and gentlemen, is a curious little

potion known as Felix Felicis.

But it is more commonly referred

to as --

HERMIONE

Liquid luck.

A buzz runs through the class. Even Malfoy perks up.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 35.

43 CONTINUED: 43

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

Yes, Miss Granger. Desperately

tricky to make. Disastrous should

you get it wrong. But brewed

correctly, as this has been, it

has remarkable powers. One sip

and you will find that all your

endeavors succeed... at least

until the effects wear off.

KATIE BELL

But then why don’t people drink it

all the time?

SLUGHORN

Because taken in excess it causes

giddiness, recklessness and

dangerous overconfidence.

BLAISE

Have you ever taken it, sir?

SLUGHORN

Twice. Once when I was twentyfour. Once when I was fiftyseven. Two tablespoons taken at

breakfast. Two perfect days...

Slughorn eyes the vial dreamily, adrift. Finally he

blinks.

SLUGHORN

So. This is what I offer each of

you today. One tiny vial of

liquid luck... to the student who,

in the hour that remains, manages

to brew an acceptable Draught of

Living Death, the recipe for which

can be found on page ten of your

textbook.

Excitement seizes the class. Slughorn smiles knowingly.

SLUGHORN

You should know that in all the

years of my previous tenure at

Hogwarts, not once did a student

brew a potion of sufficient

quality to claim this prize. In

any event -- good luck.

Slughorn sets the vial upon his desk, where it SHIMMERS

in a SHAFT of SUNLIGHT. Harry opens his book. Frowns.

The MARGINS of the page before him are black with the

tight SCRIBBLINGS of a previous owner.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 36.

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

(CONTINUED)

The same CREEPY GRAFFITI fills the next page as well, on

and on throughout the book. Shaking his head, Harry runs

his finger under the first PRINTED INSTRUCTION:

“Cut up one Sopophorous bean.”

Harry takes the SILVER DAGGER upon his desk, poises it

over the BEAN when... Ron’s bean shoots across the room

and bounces off Katie Bell’s head. Harry surveys the

rest of the room: everyone is struggling to cut the

resistant legume. He glances back to his book, considers

the instruction again.

As ARROW has been drawn from the word “Cut” to the

margin, where a modification has been written in the

tight scrawl:

“Crush with blade -- releases juice better.”

Harry considers the dagger in his hand, then places the

flat of the blade against the bean and presses.

Instantly, the protective parchment covering the desk

runs RED with juice.

HERMIONE

How did you do that?

HARRY

Crush it. Don’t cut it.

HERMIONE

No. The instructions specifically

say to cut.

HARRY

No. Really --

HERMIONE

Sh!

Harry shrugs, lifts the parchment and tips the juice into

his cauldron. It HISSES, then turns LILAC. Harry grins.

CAMERA BEGINS SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS the vial of Felix

Felicis and...

MONTAGE BEGINS

Students struggle. A cauldron overflows. Lavender eyes

Ron.

CAMERA CREEPS TOWARD VIAL. THE SUNLIGHT SHIFTS.

Hermione grows more and more frustrated. Her hair grows

bushier in the steam rising from her cauldron...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 37.

43 CONTINUED: (3) 43

(CONTINUED)

Harry’s finger traces under the official instruction...

then drifts to the spidery scrawl in the margin...

Malfoy cuts himself, curses...

CAMERA CREEPS CLOSER TO VIAL. SUNLIGHT SHIFTS AGAIN.

Harry, cool as a cucumber, adds one last ingredient,

steps back, done...

Hermione, hair like Medea now, glowers at him...

THE LIGHT SHIFTS ONE LAST TIME. THE VIAL GLIMMERS LIKE

GOLD.

MONTAGE ENDS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slughorn wends his way amongst the cauldrons, nodding

with sympathy at the fiascos before him. Then... he

stops, staring in disbelief at the pearly sheen of one

bubbling potion.

SLUGHORN

Merlin’s Beard! But it’s perfect.

So perfect I daresay one sip would

kill us all! Your mother was a

dab hand at potions, but this...

My, my, what can’t you do, m’boy?

Perhaps you will save us all in

the end...

All eyes turn to Harry. His smile falters.

SLUGHORN

Here you are then, as promised.

One bottle of Felix Felicis. Use

it well.

Slowly, Harry reaches out... takes the glittering vial.

44 EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT 44

The Castle is dark, but for one WINDOW.

45 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 45

Dumbledore sits alone at his desk, the deep lines of his

face illuminated by the shimmering PENSIEVE. TWO OBJECTS

of note are before him. One is a BLACK-STONED RING. The

other is TOM RIDDLE’S DIARY.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 38.

43 CONTINUED: (4) 43

(CONTINUED)

He briefly balances the ring upon the tip of an ashen

finger, then turns a page of the battered diary. His

face is troubled. A KNOCK. He takes the ring and diary,

slips them inside a drawer. The door swings open,

reveals Harry.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Harry. You got my

message, I see. Come, come. Sit.

Harry steps forward, eyes the Pensieve curiously. Sits.

DUMBLEDORE

So. How are you?

HARRY

Fine, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Enjoying your classes? Professor

Slughorn, for one, is most

impressed with you.

HARRY

I think he overestimates my

abilities, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you?

HARRY

Definitely.

Dumbledore smiles affectionately, nods.

DUMBLEDORE

And what of your activities

outside the classroom? Do they

bring you satisfaction?

HARRY

Sir?

DUMBLEDORE

I notice you spend a great deal of

time with Miss Granger. One can’t

help but wonder if --

HARRY

No! I mean... she’s brilliant.

And we’re friends. But... no.

DUMBLEDORE

Forgive me, Harry, I...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 39.

45 CONTINUED: 45

(CONTINUED)

Dumbledore smiles faintly, shakes his head.

DUMBLEDORE

... I was merely curious.

(rising)

In any event, I’m sure you’re

wondering why I’ve summoned you

here tonight. The answer lies

here.

Dumbledore swings open a cabinet where DOZENS upon DOZENS

of GLITTERING VIALS stand like tiny glimmering soldiers.

DUMBLEDORE

What you see before you are

memories. In this case pertaining

to one individual: Voldemort. Or

as he was known then... Tom

Riddle.

Dumbledore reaches down with his damaged hand and removes

a stoppered VIAL, dusty and veined with age.

DUMBLEDORE

This vial contains a most

particular memory -- of the day I

first met him. I’d like you to

see it. If you would...

Dumbledore extends his ashen hand and Harry rises,

gingerly takes the vial and removes the cork. He tips

the contents into the Pensieve. Dumbledore nods and

Harry leans into the iridescent liquid, his face breaking

the surface...

46 FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET (LONDON) - DAY (YEARS PAST) 46

A horse-drawn MILK CART rattles across a RAIN-SWEPT \*

London street and a YOUNG DUMBLEDORE appears in a PLUM

VELVET SUIT. We TRACK him down the street (and see him

eye a LOVELY LASS appreciatively) until he reaches a GRIM

BUILDING surrounded by IRON GATES. As Dumbledore passes

through, CAMERA RISES:

W O O L’ S O R P H A N A G E

The IMAGE SHUDDERS and we --

CUT TO:

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 40.

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

47 INT. ORPHANAGE - CORRIDOR - PENSIEVE - DAY 47

A skinny, sharp-featured woman, MRS. COLE, leads

Dumbledore down a drab corridor. CHILDREN’S VOICES carry

from an unseen COURTYARD, splashing and shrieking, in the \*

midst of some game.

MRS. COLE

I must confess to a bit of

confusion upon receiving your

letter, Mr. Dumbledore. In all

the years Tom’s been here, he’s

never once had a family visitor.

Frankly, I was stunned to find

that someone knew of his

existence.

DUMBLEDORE

I am not family. But his name has

been known to me since birth.

MRS. COLE

I see...

But she doesn’t really. She stops, frowns.

MRS. COLE

I think I should tell you. He’s a

funny boy -- Tom. Odd. There

have been incidents with the other

children. Nasty things.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps you could give me an

example.

Mrs. Cole starts to speak, then shakes her head, moves

off. As Dumbledore makes to follow, his eyes happen upon

a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on the wall, old and yellowing,

depicting a SEASIDE SCENE of a SHARP ROCK OUTCROPPING and

a CAVE. As he exits, we HOLD ON it.

NEW ANGLE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TOM RIDDLE’S ROOM

Mrs. Cole’s hand appears. KNOCKS. She turns the KNOB.

48 INT. ORPHANAGE - RIDDLE’S ROOM - PENSIEVE - DAY 48

A small room, grim and shadowy. TOM RIDDLE, 11 years \*

old, sits atop a bed, hands in lap. The walls CRAWL with \*

REFLECTED RAIN, oozing like oil down a grimy window. \*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 41.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. COLE

You’ve got a visitor, Tom.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 41A.

48 CONTINUED: 48

(CONTINUED)

Dumbledore steps forward, extends his hand.

DUMBLEDORE

How do you do, Tom.

Riddle eyes Dumbledore briefly, looks away.

MRS. COLE

Well, I’ll leave you two to

yourselves.

Mrs. Cole exits, closing the door. Dumbledore studies

Riddle, then begins to tour the room. Carefully placed

upon a low shelf are some ODD SOUVENIRS. A grouping of

SEVEN STONES... A book containing SEVEN MATCHES. SEVEN

BRASS KEYS...

Moving on, Dumbledore passes a TALL CABINET, tracing his

FINGERS over its surface, as if the wood’s grain were

Braille, as if somehow “seeing” what lies within.

Then Dumbledore pauses. Strewn on a small table are a

grouping of SEVEN DARK DRAWINGS. A BOY and GIRL, their

faces anguished. A sea-swept CAVE. The same cave from

the photograph. Dumbledore begins to reach out...

TOM RIDDLE

Don’t.

Dumbledore stops, turns. Finds Riddle’s level gaze on

him.

DUMBLEDORE

As you wish.

Riddle looks away and Dumbledore, for the first time,

notices his hands. They are splayed, utterly still, and

INTERLACED with a SILKY WEB, where a SPIDER knits back

and forth.

TOM RIDDLE

You’re the doctor, aren’t you?

DUMBLEDORE

No. I am a Professor.

TOM RIDDLE

I don’t believe you. I hear Mrs.

Cole talking, her and the rest of

the staff. They want me looked

at. They think I’m different.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps they’re right.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 42.

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

(CONTINUED)

TOM RIDDLE

I’m not mad.

DUMBLEDORE

Hogwarts is not a place for mad

people.

Riddle looks up, cocks his head ever-so-slightly.

DUMBLEDORE

It’s a school. A school of...

magic.

Riddle stays looking, but says nothing.

DUMBLEDORE

You can do things, can’t you, Tom?

Things the other children can’t.

Riddle eyes Dumbledore intensely, unblinking.

TOM RIDDLE

Yes.

DUMBLEDORE

Tell me some of the things you can

do, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE

(watching the spider)

I can make things move -- without

touching them. I can make animals

do what I want without training

them. I can make bad things

happen to people who are mean to

me. I can make them hurt... if I

want.

Dumbledore studies Riddle -- then the boy looks up.

TOM RIDDLE

Who are you?

DUMBLEDORE

I’m like you, Tom. Different.

Riddle closes his hands and the web collapses.

TOM RIDDLE

Prove it.

It is not a request. Without breaking his gaze,

Dumbledore’s eyes narrow ever-so-slightly and... the

WARDROBE BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Riddle wheels.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 43.

48 CONTINUED: (3) 48

(CONTINUED)

Slowly smiles. Dumbledore studies him. Abruptly, the

wardrobe begins to SHAKE. Riddle’s smile fades.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 43A.

48 CONTINUED: (4) 48

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

I think there is something trying

to get out of your wardrobe, Tom.

Open it. Open. It.

Terrified, Riddle steps to the burning wardrobe and

throws open the door. On the topmost shelf, above a rail

of threadbare clothes, a SMALL BOX SHAKES VIOLENTLY.

DUMBLEDORE

Take it out.

As Riddle’s fingers touch the box, the flames engulfing

the wardrobe vanish, but the box continues to SHAKE --

the only sound in the now-silent room.

DUMBLEDORE

Is there anything in that box you

ought not to have?

Riddle eyes Dumbledore, a trifle fearfully this time. He

spills the box onto the bed: a YO-YO, a silver THIMBLE,

and a tarnished MOUTH ORGAN.

DUMBLEDORE

Why did you want these things,

Tom?

TOM RIDDLE

(looking off)

I like having things that belonged

to other people. It makes me feel

... close to them.

Dumbledore studies Riddle’s profile, pondering this.

DUMBLEDORE

Thievery is not tolerated at

Hogwarts. At Hogwarts, you will

be taught not only how to use

magic, but to control it.

Understood?

(as Riddle nods)

I’ll be going now, Tom. Leave

your window open tonight. An owl

will bring you a message. Read it

carefully.

Dumbledore starts to exit, when:

TOM RIDDLE

I can speak to snakes too.

Dumbledore stops and we are ON his face, his back to

Riddle.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 44.

48 CONTINUED: (5) 48

(CONTINUED)

TOM RIDDLE

They find me. Whisper things. Is

that normal. For someone like me?

DUMBLEDORE

It is unusual. But not unheard

of.

Dumbledore exits then, without a backward glance, leaving

11-year-old Tom Riddle alone. The IMAGE SHUDDERS and...

49 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT) 49

... Harry and Dumbledore reappear. The room has grown

DIM in their absence. Dumbledore gestures. LAMPS BLAZE

to LIFE.

HARRY

Did you know, sir? Then?

DUMBLEDORE

Did I know that I had just met the

most dangerous Dark Wizard of all

time? No. Had I...

Dumbledore falters, his expression troubled. Harry looks

up from the Pensieve, where young Tom Riddle’s fragmented

face floats on the surface, eyes Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

Over time, while here at Hogwarts,

Tom Riddle grew close to one

particular teacher. Can you guess

which teacher that might be?

HARRY

You didn’t bring Professor

Slughorn back simply to teach

Potions, did you, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

No. I did not. You see,

Professor Slughorn possesses

something I desire very dearly.

And he will not part with it

easily...

(eyeing Harry

knowingly)

I’d rather not divulge any more

just yet, Harry. But I promise.

In time you will know everything.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 45.

48 CONTINUED: (6) 48

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You said Professor Slughorn would

try to collect me.

DUMBLEDORE

I did.

HARRY

Do you want me to let him?

Dumbledore trails his ashen fingers in the surface of the

Pensieve, vanquishing young Tom Riddle’s face.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes.

50 EXT. QUIDDITCH PITCH - MORNING 50

Harry tries -- with little success -- to get the

attention of the throng of aspiring Quidditch players

assembled on the pitch.

HARRY

All right! Queue up! Excuse

me...

GINNY

SHUT IT!

Instant silence. Harry frowns, nods to Ginny

nevertheless.

HARRY

Thanks. All right. This morning

I’ll be putting you all through a

few drills to assess your

strengths. But know this: Just

because you made the team last

year does not guarantee you a spot

this year. Is that clear?

Ron looks unnerved at this, sweating so much he’s

attracted a PESKY FLY. CORMAC McLAGGEN, the huge boy

from Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes, sidles up.

CORMAC

No hard feelings, Weasley,

alright?

RON

Hard feelings?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 46.

49 CONTINUED: 49

(CONTINUED)

CORMAC

I’ll be going out for Keeper as

well. Nothing personal.

RON

Really? Strapping guy like you,

you’ve got a Beater’s build, don’t

you think? Keeper needs to be

agile, quick --

Cormac nabs the FLY between two fingers, kills the BUZZ.

CORMAC

I like my chances. Say... think

you could introduce me to your

friend Granger? Wouldn’t mind

getting on a first name basis,

know what I mean?

Cormac gives a lewd wink, saunters off. Ron glances up

to the stands. Hermione smiles, waves.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Ginny flies swiftly, handling the Quaffle with ease.

TWO SECOND YEARS collide in mid-air.

Cormac makes a brilliant save.

Ron makes a shaky save.

Hermione looks on, nervous for him.

Katie Bell snatches a Quaffle with one hand, splits two

defenders beautifully and makes a slick blind pass to

Dean who jets high in the air, then lets the Quaffle roll

off his fingers... right into Ginny’s hands as she races

below.

Seamus sends a Bludger rocketing into the stands,

scatters a group of onlookers, leaving only Neville, who

sidles delicately to the right as the others leg it.

TWO THIRD YEARS collide in mid-air.

Cormac makes a brilliant save.

Ron turns the wrong way but makes the save anyway as the

Quaffle caroms off the tail of his broom.

Hermione looks on more nervously.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 47.

50 CONTINUED: 50

(CONTINUED)

DEMELZA ROBINS, bent low over her stick, pins the Quaffle

under her chin, splits two Bludgers and a pair of

Beaters.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 47A.

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

(CONTINUED)

TWO FOURTH YEARS collide in mid-air.

Two aspiring Beaters “whiff” on a pair of Bludgers, whack

each other instead and plummet to the pitch as the

Bludgers ricochet off one another and go flying into the

stands, scattering onlookers yet again and leaving, as

before, only Neville. This time, he sidles delicately to

the left.

Cormac makes a brilliant save.

The Quaffle bounces off Ron’s head.

Hermione looks on extremely nervously.

TWO FIFTH YEARS collide in mid-air.

END MONTAGE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The survivors press ICE PACKS to their heads, run TAPE

round twisted fingers. Only Ron, hovering at the west

goal, and Cormac, hovering at the east, remain on the

pitch. Luna, Spectrespecs in place, eyes Cormac -- cool,

confident, clear. Then eyes Ron -- sweaty, nervous,

SWARMING in WRACKSPURTS.

HARRY

All right. Cormac. Ron. It’s

down to you two for Keeper. We’ll

decide it with a shootout.

Demelza, you’ll bring the Quaffle

up against Cormac. Ginny, you’ll

take on Ron.

CORMAC

Hang on. She’s his sister. How

do I know she won’t toss him a

floater?

GINNY

Piss off, Cormac. How ‘bout I

toss you a floater?

HARRY

Quiet! I’m Captain. We do it my

way. Now line up. On three.

One. Two... Three!

Demelza and Ginny rocket forth. Ron weaves nervously

while Cormac hovers in place, a confident sneer on his

face.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 48.

50 CONTINUED: (3) 50

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

(under his breath)

C’mon, Ron...

Demelza hunkers over her broom once again, flying like an

arrow, then goes into a wide, sweeping slide. Ginny

blasts over the pitch, ginger hair streaming like flames,

then rolls recklessly to the side. As one, they both let

fly...

Hermione, face buried in her fingers, MUTTERS SOMETHING.

Cormac, at the last moment, inexplicably rolls his broom

to the right and the Quaffle sails over his shoulder.

Ron, zig-zagging crazily, nearly falls off, rights

himself in a panic, and deflects Ginny’s Quaffle... with

his forehead. As a few partisan CHEERS erupt from the

stands, Harry grins, then has to restrain himself.

Hermione opens her eyes slowly.

LAVENDER BROWN

Isn’t he brilliant?

Hermione stares balefully at Lavender, then notices

Cormac eyeing his broom incredulously. She gets up,

slips away.

51 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 51

Harry scans his Potions book. Hermione peruses the

Prophet. Ron cracks walnuts, pitching the pieces into

the fire.

RON

Have to admit, thought I was going

to miss that last one. Hope

Cormac’s not taking it too hard.

Behind her paper, Hermione rolls her eyes.

RON

Has a bit of a thing for you,

Hermione. Cormac.

HERMIONE

He’s vile.

Ron considers this, then glances across the room at

Lavender.

HARRY

Ever heard of this spell?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 49.

50 CONTINUED: (4) 50

(CONTINUED)

Harry points to a notation in the margin underlined three

times: “Sectumsempra. For Enemies.” Hermione frowns.

HERMIONE

No I have not. And if you had a

shred of self-respect you would

turn that book in.

RON

Not bloody likely. He’s top of

the class. Even better than you,

Hermione. Slughorn thinks he’s a

genius.

Hermione casts Ron a withering glance.

RON

What?

HERMIONE

I’d like to know just whose book

that was. Let’s take a look,

shall we?

HARRY

(holding it out of

reach)

No.

HERMIONE

(suspicious)

Why not?

HARRY

It’s... old. The binding is

fragile.

HERMIONE

The binding is fragile?

She makes another grab for it, but Harry holds it clear.

Then Ginny appears, plucks it out of his hand.

GINNY

Who’s the Half-Blood Prince?

HERMIONE/RON

The who?

GINNY

That’s what it says. Right here.

‘This Book is the Property of the

Half-Blood Prince.’

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 50.

51 CONTINUED: 51

(CONTINUED)

Ginny points. Written on the frontispiece is: “This

Book is the Property of the Half-Blood Prince.”

52 EXT. MAIN STREET (HOGSMEADE VILLAGE) - DAY 52

Students lean into a bitter wind, trudging through deep

snow.

HERMIONE

For weeks you carry around this

book, practically sleep with it...

and you have no desire to find out

who The Half-Blood Prince is?

HARRY

I didn’t say I wasn’t curious.

And, by the way, I don’t sleep

with it.

RON

(a sarcastic chortle)

Yeah. Right.

(as Harry glares)

Well, it’s true. I like a nice

chat before I go to bed. Now

you’re always reading that bloody

book. It’s like being with

Hermione.

This time it’s Hermione’s turn to glare.

HERMIONE

Well, I was curious. So I went

to --

HARRY/RON

The library.

HARRY

And?

HERMIONE

And... nothing. There’s no

reference to the Half-Blood Prince

anywhere.

HARRY

Good. That settles it then.

Hermione starts to object, when:

HAGRID

Hey, you three!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 51.

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID emerges out of the trees, beard crusted in white,

looking like a crazed Father Christmas. Behind him, deep

in the woods, DARK SILHOUETTES -- AURORS -- can be seen.

Hermione eyes them briefly, then nods to the PULSATING

BURLAP BAG Hagrid clutches in his fist.

HERMIONE

What’ve you got there, Hagrid?

Hagrid tips open the bag. The trio grimace. Hagrid

CHUCKLES.

HAGRID

Stinksap. Burn the whiskers right

off yer chin. Trees ‘ere are

drippin’ with it.

HERMIONE

Stinksap? You’re not sick, are

you?

HAGRID

It’s not fer me. It’s fer Aragog.

Yeh remember Aragog, don’ yeh?

RON

Spider? About six feet tall? Ten

feet wide?

HAGRID

Tha’s the one. He’s taken ill.

I’m hopin’ ter nurse ‘im back.

Keep yer fingers crossed.

Hagrid crosses his fingers. Ron forces a grin, does the

same, shakes his head as Hagrid disappears back into the

trees.

RON

Barking. Does he not remember

that raving arachnid tried to eat

us? What?

Ron sees Hermione staring at the Aurors again.

HERMIONE

The Aurors. I know they’re here

to protect us, but... somehow I

don’t feel any safer.

Just then Harry spies Slughorn, heading down towards the

Village, passing a weary Flitwick coming the other way.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 52.

52 CONTINUED: 52

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

Filius! I was hoping to find you

at the Three Broomsticks.

FLITWICK

Emergency choir practice, I’m

afraid, Horace.

Harry watches Slughorn continue on toward the Village.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 52A.

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Who’s up for a Butterbeer?

53 INT. THREE BROOMSTICKS - DAY (LATER) 53

As the trio enter, Harry glances round, locates Slughorn

at the bar, planted plumply on a stool.

HARRY

No. Over here.

Hermione and Ron, in the midst of seating themselves at a

perfectly acceptable -- and clean -- table, see Harry

seat himself at one strewn with the detritus of a

previous customer -- but which puts him in direct view of

Slughorn. They exchange a glance, shrug, join Harry.

Ron starts to take the chair directly opposite Harry --

blocking his view.

HARRY

No, no. Sit next to me.

Ron stops, exchanges another glance with Hermione.

RON

O-kay.

A SKINNY KID in an apron appears, tosses a FILTHY RAG

upon the table -- which begins to wipe the surface on its

own. Harry cranes his neck around the kid to keep

Slughorn in view.

SKINNY KID

What’ll we have?

HERMIONE

Three Butterbeers. Splash of

ginger in mine, please.

The kid WHISTLES and the rag leaps back into his pocket.

Harry continues to eye Slughorn, when he sees Draco.

They lock eyes briefly, then Draco exits.

RON

Aw, bloody hell...

Harry turns, sees Ron glowering at Ginny, who sits in a

dark corner with Dean, their faces lit by a guttering

candle.

HERMIONE

Oh, honestly, Ronald. They’re

just holding hands...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 53.

52 CONTINUED: (3) 52

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(as Dean kisses

Ginny)

And snogging.

RON

I’d like to leave.

HERMIONE

Leave? You can’t be serious.

RON

That happens to be my sister.

HERMIONE

So? What if she looked over here

and saw you snogging me? Would

you expect her to get up and

leave?

Ron blinks, utterly speechless. Then:

SLUGHORN

Harry, m’boy!

Slughorn’s voice BOOMS so loudly even Ginny jumps -- and

catches Harry looking. As Slughorn waddles over,

SLOSHING mug in hand, Harry rises immediately -- an

action so grossly out of character that Hermione regards

him with amused curiosity.

HARRY

Hello, sir. Wonderful to see you.

Hermione, brow wrinkling, turns to Ron, silently mouths:

wonderful to see you?

HARRY

So what brings you here, sir?

SLUGHORN

Oh, the Three Broomsticks and I go

way back. Longer than I’d care to

admit. In fact, I remember when

it was simply One Broomstick!

As Slughorn GUFFAWS, Harry joins in, LAUGHING HEARTILY as

well. Slughorn’s belly trembles next to Hermione’s cheek

and his waving mug sloshes over, spattering the table.

SLUGHORN

Oops! All hands on deck, Granger!

Hermione smiles thinly, when a WHISTLE is heard and the

FILTHY RAG is back, whisking away Slughorn’s mess as the

SKINNY KID slides three foaming mugs onto the table.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 54.

53 CONTINUED: 53

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

(In the b.g. Katie Bell emerges from the back, starts for

the exit. Her friend LEANNE follows her out.)

SLUGHORN

Listen, m’boy. In the old days, I

used to throw together the

occasional supper and invite a

select student or two. Would you

be game?

HARRY

I’d consider it an honor, sir.

SLUGHORN

You’d be welcome too, Granger.

Hermione, in the midst of emptying her Butterbeer in one

long draw, SLAMS down her mug -- leaving behind a

“mustache.”

HERMIONE

Be delighted, sir.

SLUGHORN

Brilliant. Look for my owl.

(exiting, to Ron)

Good to see you, Wallenby.

Ron frowns as Slughorn waddles away, turns to Harry.

RON

What’re you playing at?

HARRY

Dumbledore asked me to... get to

know him.

RON

Get to know him?

HARRY

Dunno. But it must be important.

Otherwise Dumbledore wouldn’t ask.

Slam! Ron turns, sees that Hermione has emptied his mug

as well. Ron gestures to her upper lip.

RON

Um... You’ve got a little...

Without a thought, she flicks her tongue up, wipes it

clean.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 55.

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

54 EXT. ROAD (OUTSIDE HOGSMEADE) - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 54

The snow falls heavily now. Ron and Harry walk together,

while Hermione trails several yards behind, pirouetting

happily, letting snowflakes fall on her tongue.

RON

Bit worried about her. Did you

hear that rubbish she was talking

back in the pub? Her and me

snogging. Ha. As if...

LEANNE (O.S.)

Katie. You don’t know what it

could be!

Up ahead, Katie Bell and Leanne stand in the drifting

snow, ARGUING. Katie holds a SLENDER PACKAGE. Hermione

comes bumping up, drapes her arms over the boys.

HERMIONE

What’s up?

At that very instant, Katie Bell RISES SIX FEET INTO THE

AIR. Hair dancing violently in the wind, her face

remains eerily placid. Then she... SCREAMS. Harry and

Ron DASH FORWARD, seize her ankles. At their touch, she

FALLS to the snow, THRASHING and SHRIEKING, EYES ROLLED

UP in her skull.

LEANNE

I warned her! I warned her not to

touch it!

Hermione looks. Lying in the snow is the PACKAGE, TORN.

RON

Harry, she’s swallowing her

tongue --

HERMIONE

I’ll get someone --

HARRY

There’s no time!

Suddenly, a MASSIVE FIGURE LURCHES out of the WHITE:

Hagrid.

HAGRID

Get back! All o’ yeh!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 56.

(CONTINUED)

He says this so forcefully the others instantly obey.

Effortlessly, he scoops up Katie’s thrashing body and

then, as if calming a terrified animal, presses his face

close to hers and WHISPERS with great TENDERNESS:

HAGRID

Now, now. Now, now...

Over and over he repeats this, soothingly, the words like

a mantra, until Katie’s lids flutter and her body goes

limp.

HAGRID

Don’ go touchin’ tha’ but by the

wrappin’s. Unnerstan’?

Hagrid nods darkly to the package in the snow. Harry

kneels. Poking through the paper is an ORNATE OPAL

NECKLACE. Taking off his scarf he carefully enfolds

package and rises. Then, along with the others, he

watches Hagrid lumber off, Katie cradled in his arms. In

seconds they are swallowed by the snow. The only sound

is the ROAR of the WIND.

55 INT. McGONAGALL’S OFFICE - LATER (LATE AFTERNOON) 55

The necklace lies green and glittering upon McGonagall’s

desk.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

You’re sure Katie did not have

this in her possession when she

entered the Three Broomsticks,

Leanne?

LEANNE

It’s like I said. She went to the

loo and when she came back she had

the package. She said it was

important she deliver it.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Did she say to whom?

Leanne shakes her head.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

All right, Leanne. You may go.

(as Leanne exits)

Why is it always you three? Hm?

When something happens?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 57.

54 CONTINUED: 54

(CONTINUED)

RON

Believe me, Professor, I’ve been

asking myself the same question

for six years.

Just then, Snape appears at the door, eyes the trio.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Severus.

SNAPE

Is this it?

McGonagall nods. Snape takes his wand, lifts the

necklace like a dead snake. Eyes it with fascination.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

What do you think?

SNAPE

I think Miss Bell is lucky to be

alive.

HARRY

She was cursed, wasn’t she? I

know Katie. Off the Quidditch

pitch she wouldn’t hurt a fly. If

she was bringing that to someone,

she wasn’t doing it knowingly.

Snape eyes Harry levelly.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Yes. She was cursed.

HARRY

It was Malfoy.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

That’s a very serious accusation,

Potter.

SNAPE

Indeed. Your evidence?

HARRY

I... just... know.

SNAPE

You... just... know. Once again

you astonish with your gifts,

Potter, gifts mere mortals could

only dream of possessing. How

grand it must be to be the Chosen

One.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 58.

55 CONTINUED: 55

(CONTINUED)

Ron and Hermione avert their eyes uncomfortably.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I suggest you return to your

dormitory. All of you.

56 INT. BOYS’ DORMITORY (GRYFFINDOR TOWER) - NIGHT 56

Harry and Ron lie awake in the darkened dormitory. Ron

stares at the ceiling. Harry eyes “Malfoy” on the

Marauder’s Map.

RON

What do you suppose Dean sees in

her? Ginny.

HARRY

What does she see in him?

RON

Dean? He’s brilliant.

HARRY

You called him a slick git not

five hours ago.

RON

Yeah, well, he was running his

hands all over my sister, wasn’t

he? Something snaps. You’ve got

to hate him. You know, on

principle.

HARRY

(troubled by this)

I suppose.

RON

So what is it? He sees in her?

HARRY

I don’t know. She’s smart.

Funny. Attractive...

RON

Attractive?

HARRY

You know. She’s... got nice skin.

RON

Skin? You’re saying Dean’s dating

my sister because of her skin?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 59.

55 CONTINUED: (2) 55

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Well, no. I mean... I’m just

saying it could be a contributing

factor.

Silence. Then:

RON

Hermione’s got nice skin.

Wouldn’t you say? As skin goes, I

mean.

HARRY

I’ve never really thought about

it. But I suppose, yeah. Very

nice.

Another silence. Suddenly it feels weird.

HARRY

I think I’ll be going to sleep

now.

RON

Right.

Harry sets the Map aside. We HOLD. Malfoy’s DOT moves

down the 7th Floor corridor... and disappears.

SLUGHORN (V.O.)

A toast!

57 INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT 57

Slughorn stands at the head of a table, goblet raised to

the students seated before him, which in addition to

Harry and Hermione include MARCUS BELBY, Blaise Zabini,

NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM and the TWINS. A distinctive CRYSTAL

HOURGLASS sits in the center of the table.

SLUGHORN

To Hogwarts’ best and brightest!

CORMAC

Here, here!

Hermione exchanges a wry glance with Harry, who notices

that ONE SETTING is EMPTY. The twins make -- and drink --

their toast in perfect unison. Neville stares hopelessly

at the vast array of forks, knives and spoons placed

beside his plate.

NEVILLE

Which one do I use for the soup?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 60.

56 CONTINUED: 56

(CONTINUED)

Hermione grins, looks up, and gets a WINK from Cormac.

CUT TO: \*

SAME SCENE - LATER \*

SLUGHORN

So tell me, Cormac. See much of

your Uncle Tiberius these days?

CORMAC

Yes, sir. In fact, I’m meant to

go hunting with him and the

Minister for Magic over holiday.

SLUGHORN

Well, be sure to give them both my

best. What about your uncle,

Belby? Working on anything new?

(to the others)

For those of you who don’t know,

Marcus’ uncle invented the

Wolfsbane Potion.

As he speaks, Belby never once looks up from his plate.

MARCUS BELBY

Dunno. He and me dad don’t get

on. Probably because Dad thinks

potions are rubbish. Says the

only potion worth having is a

stiff one at the end of the --

(day.) \*

SLUGHORN

And you, Miss Granger? What is it

your family does in the Muggle

world?

HERMIONE

My parents are dentists. They

tend to people’s teeth.

SLUGHORN

Fascinating. And is that

considered a dangerous profession?

HERMIONE

No. Though, a boy named Robbie

Fenwick did bite my father once.

Needed ten stitches.

As Slughorn nods, the door GROANS. Everyone turns.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 61.

57 CONTINUED: 57

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

Miss Weasley! Come in, come in.

GINNY

Sorry, I’m not ordinarily late --

She falters, eyes red, uncharacteristically flustered.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 61A.

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

No matter. You’ll be just in time

for dessert. That is -- if Belby

leaves you any.

As Ginny moves to her seat, Hermione WHISPERS to Harry.

HERMIONE

Look at her eyes. They’ve been

fighting again. Her and Dean.

Harry nods, then stands as Ginny reaches the table -- the

only one. Hermione notices, eyes him with amusement as

he sits.

HARRY

What?

HERMIONE

Nothing.

As Hermione smiles, she lightly strokes the crystal

hourglass with a finger and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER) 58

... LATER, the sand having run out with the evening.

Slughorn says his goodbyes.

SLUGHORN

Thank you, one and all, for a most

stimulating evening. We’ll have

to do it again.

Slughorn closes the door, turns, sends a FLOOR LAMP

WOBBLING and, catching it, finds Harry.

SLUGHORN

Oh. Potter.

HARRY

Sorry, sir, I was just admiring

your hourglass.

SLUGHORN

Ah, yes. A most intriguing

object. The sands run in

accordance to the quality of the

conversation. When it is

stimulating, the sands run slow.

When it is not...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 62.

57 CONTINUED: (3) 57

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I think I’ll be going.

SLUGHORN

Nonsense. You have nothing to

fear, m’boy. As for some of your

classmates, well, let’s just say,

they’re unlikely to make the

shelf.

Slughorn steps to a makeshift bar, begins to construct a

drink.

HARRY

The shelf, sir?

Slughorn gestures to the PHOTOGRAPHS seen earlier, now

ranged like a menagerie atop a low bookcase. Once again,

Lily Potter and Regulus Black up front.

SLUGHORN

Anyone who aspires to be anyone

hopes to end up here. Then \*

again... you are already someone

aren’t you, Harry?

HARRY

I don’t really know how to answer

that, sir.

SLUGHORN

Your mother was modest too. Your

father not so much. As you can

see, he did not make the shelf.

Slughorn smiles genially, turns back to his drink, using

a pair of TONGS to drop ice into his glass.

HARRY

Did Voldemort ever make the shelf,

sir?

Slughorn stiffens, his back to Harry. His hand trembles

and the ice slips from the tongs. Harry notices.

HARRY

You knew him, didn’t you, sir?

Tom Riddle. You were his teacher.

SLUGHORN

Mr. Riddle had many teachers while

here at Hogwarts.

HARRY

What was he like?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 63.

58 CONTINUED: 58

(CONTINUED)

Harry can see the vein in Slughorn’s temple pulsating.

Fearing he may have overstepped...

HARRY

I’m sorry, sir. Forgive me. He

killed my parents, you see...

Harry stops, frowns. Slughorn turns, studies Harry.

Nods.

SLUGHORN

Of course. It’s only natural that

you should want to know more. I’m

afraid I must disappoint you,

Harry. When I first met young Mr.

Riddle, he was simply a quiet,

albeit brilliant, boy committed to

becoming a first-rate wizard. Not

unlike the others I’ve known. In

fact, not unlike... you. If the

monster existed, it was buried

deep within.

CLOSE ON THE HOURGLASS

Nary a grain trickles through.

59 INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING 59

Ron enters the Hall, eyes lowered, knuckles taped for

Quidditch, flexing his fingers anxiously as he makes for

the Gryffindor table. Neville passes going the other

way.

NEVILLE

Good luck, eh, Ron?

Ron nods shortly, then Seamus comes up on his side,

WHISPERS CONSPIRATORIALLY.

SEAMUS

Counting on you, Ron. I’ve two

Galleons on Gryffindor.

As Seamus peels off, Ron cuts his eyes toward the

Slytherin table, where the Quidditch team sits together.

One Slytherin juts his chin toward Ron, MUTTERS

something. A few turn, snigger. Ron averts his eyes

and... almost runs into Cormac, who eyes him with disdain

as he passes. Frowning, Ron drops down opposite Harry

and Hermione. Harry eyes him briefly, knowingly, pushes

a plate across. Ron takes a fork, pokes at it glumly.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 64.

58 CONTINUED: (2) 58

(CONTINUED)

RON

So. How was it?

Hermione continues to read the Prophet, unaware of Ron’s

mood.

HERMIONE

How was what?

RON

(with mock

refinement)

Your dinner party.

HERMIONE

Dead boring. Though I think Harry

enjoyed dessert.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 64A.

59 CONTINUED: 59

(CONTINUED)

Harry’s eyes shift, find Hermione smiling faintly from

behind the Prophet.

HERMIONE

Ol’ Sluggy’s having a Christmas

do, you know. And we’re meant to

bring someone...

RON

I expect you’ll be going with

McLaggen. Isn’t he a member of

the Slug Club?

HERMIONE

Actually, I was going to ask you.

RON

Really?

HERMIONE

Really. But seeing as you have

such a distaste for the idea --

LAVENDER BROWN

(passing by)

Good luck today, Ron! I know

you’ll be brilliant!

Ron smiles feebly, looks back down at his plate.

Hermione stares daggers.

RON

I’m resigning. After today’s

match. McLaggen can have my spot.

Hearing this, Hermione turns back. Harry catches her

eye, extends a SHAKING HAND to indicate Ron’s mental

state.

HARRY

Have it your way. Juice?

Hermione blinks, surprised by Harry’s callousness. Ron

is surprised as well -- and mildly put out.

RON

Sure...

As Harry pours, Luna arrives at the table wearing a HAT

that bears an uncanny resemblance to a real lion.

LUNA

Hello, everyone. You look

dreadful, Ron.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 65.

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

(CONTINUED)

Ron nods grimly, lifts his glass. Luna turns to Harry.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 65A.

59 CONTINUED: (3) 59

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

Is that why you just put something

in his cup. Is it a tonic?

The tiny vial of Felix Felicis glints in Harry’s palm.

HERMIONE

Don’t drink that, Ron!

But Ron’s frozen in mid-sip, looking at Harry’s palm too.

Quickly, he gulps down the rest.

HERMIONE

You could be expelled for that.

HARRY

Dunno what you’re talking about.

Harry pockets the vial, winks at Luna. Ron rises.

RON

C’mon, Harry. We’ve got a game to

win.

CLOSEUP - QUAFFLE

As it ROCKETS into the AIR...

60 EXT. QUIDDITCH PITCH - DAY 60

Instantly, Slytherin snatches the Quaffle and rushes en

masse toward Gryffindor’s end, weaving and passing with

wicked skill, culminating in a vicious, slicing shot on

goal. Just when it appears it will clear the hoop, Ron

streaks out of nowhere and sends the Quaffle screaming in

the opposite direction. Ginny pauses on her broom,

stunned.

GINNY

What’s gotten into him?

She glances up at Harry, circling high above and he

grins. Just then, Dean streaks by:

DEAN

Ginny! Let’s go!

Instantly, she rolls backward, jets off and races down

her fellow Chasers. Flying in spread formation, Dean --

on the far wing -- starts the Quaffle “up the line” until

it lands in Ginny’s hand.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 66.

59 CONTINUED: (4) 59

(CONTINUED)

Pitching herself into a wide slide to avoid a PAIR of

WHISTLING BLUDGERS, she leans recklessly off her broom

and whips the Quaffle through the goal untouched.

As the CROWD SCREAMS, Harry eyes the Gryffindor section,

where Luna’s LION HAT ROARS, Lavender CLAPS for Ron and

Hermione sits with her arms crossed, a look of supreme

annoyance on her face. Harry grins, jets off.

61 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 61

The room teems with students celebrating Gryffindor’s

victory. It feels like Mardi Gras. Or a mosh pit. Or a

riot. And Ron is right smack in the middle of it.

CROWD

Weasley! Weasley! Weasley!

Harry takes his backslaps on the periphery, smiling as he

sips a Butterbeer and enjoys Ron’s turn in the spotlight.

HERMIONE

Ron seems to be enjoying himself.

HARRY

Yep. Apparently it’s his lucky

day.

HERMIONE

You shouldn’t have done it, Harry.

HARRY

Yeah. I suppose I could’ve just

used, I dunno... a Confundus

charm?

HERMIONE

(caught)

That was different. It was

tryouts. This was an actual

match --

She stops. Harry dangles the vial. The SEALING WAX is

UNBROKEN, the bottle full.

HERMIONE

You didn’t put it in?

(as he shakes his

head)

Ron only thought you did?

He nods. She POPS him playfully on the arm when WHISTLES

and CATCALLS rise. They turn to see what the commotion

is about and find, smack dab in the center of the room...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 67.

60 CONTINUED: 60

(CONTINUED)

Ron and Lavender. In a clinch. Kissing. Harry stares,

blinks, then turns back... to no one. His eyes shift,

track Hermione as she bumps through the crowd toward the

portrait hole.

62 EXT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER) 62

Harry leaves the ROAR of the party for the QUIET of the

corridor. Ahead, a door stands ajar. CHIRPING can be

heard.

63 INT. CHAMBER - SAME TIME - NIGHT 63

Hermione sits atop a desk, a small ring of TWITTERING

BIRDS circling her head. The birds change color as they

orbit, from sunny yellow to a dark, angry scarlet.

HERMIONE

Charms spell. Just practicing.

HARRY

Ah. Well... they’re really good.

HERMIONE

(studying her wand)

How does it feel, Harry? When you

see Dean with Ginny?

(off his look)

I know, Harry. You’re my best

friend. I see how you look at

her.

Just then the DOOR BURSTS WIDE and Ron rushes in, pulling

a GIGGLING Lavender by the hand. They stop. Take

inventory.

LAVENDER BROWN

Oops. I think this room’s taken.

As Lavender pulls Ron out, he cuts his VOICE LOW to

Harry.

RON

What’s with the birds?

Before Harry can reply, Hermione rises, points her wand.

HERMIONE

Oppugno!

Instantly the birds race like angry red bullets toward

Ron, who flees, SLAMMING SHUT the door.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 68.

61 CONTINUED: 61

(CONTINUED)

As the birds hit the door, they EXPLODE SOFTLY into small

FEATHER CLOUDS and Hermione covers her face and SOBS.

Harry goes to her, hesitates, then tentatively drapes his

arm over her. As she turns her face into his chest, he

pulls her closer, watching as, across the room, the last

scarlet feather drifts to the floor, joining the pool

already there.

HARRY

It feels like this.

64 EXT. CASTLE - WINDOW - SAME TIME - NIGHT 64

THROUGH the icy window, we see Harry cradling Hermione

within. As CAMERA DRIFTS AWAY, RISING THROUGH the

FALLING SNOW, the VIEW EXPANDS. In the Common Room, the

party rages on, while three windows down, Lavender pulls

Ron into a kiss. Figures pass by windows, including one

tall, pale boy standing at a WINDOW on the SEVENTH FLOOR:

Malfoy. As he turns away, the castle slides FROM VIEW

and the CAMERA TILTS UP TO the sky, drifting with snow.

65 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 65

Tinsel decks the banisters and mistletoe droops from the

ceiling. As Ron and Harry make their way down the

crowded corridor, passing the BIRDCAGE, Ron walks with a

new air of confidence, not exactly strutting, but close.

RON

Look, I can’t help it if she’s got

her knickers in a twist. What Lav

and I have -- well, let’s just say

there was no stopping it. It’s

chemical. Will it last? Who

knows? Point is, I’m a free

agent.

66 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 66

Harry trails Hermione through the stacks.

HERMIONE

He’s at perfect liberty to kiss

whomever he likes. I really

couldn’t care less. Was I under

the impression that he and I would

be attending Slughorn’s Christmas

party together? Yes. Of course,

now, given the circumstances, I’ve

had to make other arrangements.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 69.

63 CONTINUED: 63

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Have you?

HERMIONE

Yes. Why?

HARRY

I just thought, you know, since

neither one of us can take who

we’d really like... maybe we’d go

together. As friends.

HERMIONE

(stopping)

Why didn’t I think of that?

HARRY

So who are you taking?

HERMIONE

(evasively)

Um... it’s a surprise. Besides,

it’s you we need to worry about.

And you can’t pick just anyone.

See that girl over there. That’s

Romilda Vane. Rumor has it she’s

trying to slip you a love potion.

HARRY

Really...?

Harry considers a fine-boned GIRL with RAVEN HAIR

(ROMILDA VANE). She is exquisite, an absolute work of...

HERMIONE

(snapping fingers)

Hey! She’s only interested in you

because she thinks you’re the

Chosen One. You know that, right?

HARRY

But I am the Chosen One.

Hermione cocks her head at him, exasperated.

HARRY

Okay. Kidding. I’ll just ask

someone I like. Someone cool.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 70.

66 CONTINUED: 66

67 INT. STAIRCASE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 67

Luna Lovegood, decked out in a set of SPANGLED SILVER

ROBES, and Harry, in basic black, make their way toward

the STRAINS of CHRISTMAS MUSIC, RED LANTERNS lighting

their way.

LUNA

I’ve never been to this part of

the castle. At least not while

awake. I sleepwalk, you see.

It’s why I wear shoes to bed.

As Harry and Luna pass out of sight, we PICK UP Malfoy,

standing in the shadows of an alcove. He watches them

go, then moves off.

68 INT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - 68

NIGHT

In the f.g., the BIRDCAGE glimmers dully in the gray

moonlight streaming through a window. Within, the TWO

BIRDS huddle quietly. We RACK FOCUS and see, THROUGH the

grid of wire, a FIGURE APPROACHING.

Draco moves down the corridor, eyes fixed oddly ahead.

He looks pale in the moonlight. In his fist he grips an

APPLE. As he passes the cage, we HOLD ON the BIRDS.

69 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 69

Draco approaches. Stops. Turns to the wall. Closes his

eyes.

70 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER) 70

CAMERA GLIDES PAST dozens of TOWERING SHELVES, duststrewn and listing like dominoes, cluttered with all

matter of strange OBJECTS. Draco appears, his legs

pushing him on, wending his way through the narrow

passages.

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND LARGE RECTANGULAR MASS

We RISE ABOVE it, watch Draco walk directly TOWARD us and

stop. He stares at the solid mass before him. Reaches

out and takes the fringe of the tapestry covering it.

Tugs. The tapestry shivers like water to the floor,

revealing...

A CABINET, identical to the one in Borgin & Burkes.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 71.

(CONTINUED)

Draco runs a hand over the glossy finish, comes away with

DUST upon his fingertips. Glancing around, he spies a

BUST of a WOMAN wearing a TIARA, removes the SILK SCARF

hanging from her porcelain neck and gently wipes the dust

away from the cabinet. Bringing the apple up, he opens

the cabinet and places it within. Shuts it. Closing his

eyes, he MUTTERS a LOW INCANTATION, barely discernible.

He reaches out. Opens it. The apple is gone. He closes

the cabinet again. Waits. Longer this time. Finally,

he opens it. Removes the apple. Rotates it.

Someone has taken a BITE out of it.

71 INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 71

FLASH! A CAMERA POPS, reveals Harry smiling with

Slughorn before a PHOTOGRAPHER (ADRIAN). The ceiling and

walls are draped with HANGINGS of emerald, crimson and

gold, so the room feels like a tent... or the inside of a

gift box. It is LOUD and packed with people.

SLUGHORN

Thank you, Adrian!

(quietly to Harry)

One of mine. Class of ‘78. I had

hoped for more out of him, but at

least the pictures are in focus.

(suddenly)

Oh my! Excuse me, Harry. I must

greet the new Minister of Magical

Transportation. Class of ‘67.

(as he goes)

Mingle, m’boy! Mingle! We’re all

friends here. And we run the

world.

Harry watches Slughorn make a beeline across the room,

along the way nodding to the twins, who have apparently

come with each other.

VOICE (O.S.)

Drink?

Harry turns, finds Neville standing with a tray.

HARRY

Neville...?

NEVILLE

I didn’t make the cut for the Slug

Club. It’s okay. He’s got Belby

handing out towels in the loo.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 72.

70 CONTINUED: 70

(CONTINUED)

As Neville turns away, Harry notices a pair of GIRL’S

FEET protruding from beneath a CRIMSON HANGING. His gaze

rises, finds Hermione peeking out. As he moves off, we

see Luna talking to a small, stout bespectacled man

(ELDRED WORPLE).

ELDRED WORPLE

Lovegood, did you say? I once

encountered a seriously unbalanced

man by that name at a book

signing. Claimed to run a

magazine...

NEW ANGLE - HERMIONE - BEHIND THE HANGING - SECONDS LATER

HARRY (O.S.)

What’re you doing?

Hermione YELPS, turns, pulls Harry behind the hanging.

Her hair is slightly askew, her lipstick a bit blurry.

HARRY

And what’s happened to you?

HERMIONE

Hm? Oh, I’ve just escaped -- I

mean, left Cormac. Under the

mistletoe.

HARRY

Cormac! That’s who you invited!

HERMIONE

I thought it would annoy Ron most.

But he’s a menace. He’s got more

tentacles than a Snarfalump plant.

WAITER (O.S.)

Dragon tartar?

They turn, find a WAITER peeking in, tray in hand.

HERMIONE

No thank you.

WAITER

Just as well. They give one

horribly bad breath.

HERMIONE

(grabbing the tray)

On second thought -- maybe it’ll

keep Cormac at bay. Oh no, here

he comes!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 73.

71 CONTINUED: 71

(CONTINUED)

Hermione pops two of the Dragon blobs into her mouth,

shoves the tray in Harry’s hand and flits away.

NEW ANGLE - PARTY - SAME TIME

Snape, looking bored, stands on the periphery of a

conversation, when he sees Hermione exit one side of the

hanging and Cormac enter the other.

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND THE HANGING - SAME TIME

HARRY

I think she went to powder her

nose.

Harry looks past Cormac’s shoulder, out past the hanging

and sees Slughorn laughing with a guest. Cormac plucks a

dragon blob off the tray in Harry’s hand, pops it.

CORMAC

Slippery little minx, your friend.

Likes to work her mouth too,

doesn’t she? Yak yak yak. What

is this I’m eating, by the way?

HARRY

Dragon balls.

As Cormac’s face freezes, Harry starts to head toward

Slughorn when the HANGING IS SWEAP ASIDE: Snape.

SNAPE

What’s going on back here?

Cormac SPEWS raw dragon all over Snape’s shoes. Snape

surveys the damage, then his eyes rise darkly.

SNAPE

You’ve just bought yourself a

month’s detention, McLaggen.

McLaggen dashes off. Harry makes to follow.

SNAPE

Not so quick, Potter.

HARRY

I think I should rejoin the party,

sir. My date...

SNAPE

... can surely survive your

absence for another minute or two.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 74.

71 CONTINUED: (2) 71

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Besides, I only wish to convey a

message.

HARRY

A message...?

SNAPE

From Professor Dumbledore. He

asked that I give you his best and

that he hopes you enjoy your

holiday. You see, he’s traveling

and won’t return until term

resumes.

HARRY

Traveling? Where?

Snape merely stares a Harry silently, briefly, then

exits, taking Harry’s gaze with him, to Slughorn once

again, wildly gesturing with a full glass of wine.

MALFOY (O.S.)

Take your hands off me, you

filthy squib!

A frown overtakes Slughorn’s face and he turns toward the

source of the commotion, exits Harry’s view. Harry

emerges from the hanging, finds Malfoy in Filch’s rough

grip.

FILCH

Professor Slughorn, sir! I’ve

just discovered this boy lurking

in an upstairs corridor. He

claims to have been invited to

your party.

MALFOY

Okay, okay, I was gate-crashing.

Happy?

SNAPE

I’ll escort him out.

Draco’s eyes shift, regard Snape. He shrugs free of

Filch.

MALFOY

Certainly... Professor.

72 EXT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 72

CAMERA GLIDES in the DARKNESS. VOICES are HEARD.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 75.

71 CONTINUED: (3) 71

SNAPE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

MALFOY (O.S.)

Maybe I did hex that Bell girl.

Maybe I didn’t. What’s it to you?

Two SILHOUETTES come INTO VIEW -- Malfoy, slumped against

the wall in lazy insolence, and Snape.

SNAPE

I swore to protect you. I made

the Unbreakable Vow --

MALFOY

I don’t need protection. I was

chosen for this! Out of all

others. Me! And I won’t fail

him.

SNAPE

You’re afraid, Draco. You attempt

to conceal it, but it’s obvious.

Let me assist you --

MALFOY

No! I was chosen. This is my

moment!

Malfoy exits. Then Snape.

WIDER ANGLE

Harry is revealed in an adjacent alcove. He’s heard all.

A TRAIN is HEARD...

73 EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - DAY 73

The Hogwarts Express CHUGS through a SNOWY COUNTRYSIDE.

74 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - DAY 74

Ron lies on his back, while Harry sits opposite, leafing

through the Half-Blood Prince’s potions book.

RON

Unbreakable Vow. You’re sure

that’s what Snape said.

HARRY

Positive. Why?

RON

It’s just, well, you can’t break

an Unbreakable Vow.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 76.

72 CONTINUED: 72

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I’d worked that much out for

myself, funnily enough.

RON

No, you don’t understand -- Oh,

bloody hell...

Lavender stands outside the compartment door. Fogging

the glass with her breath, she ETCHES “Ron + Lav,”

encircles it with a HEART, mimes “I miss you,” and exits

with a pout.

HARRY

Lovely.

RON

All she wants to do is snog me.

My lips are getting chapped.

Look.

HARRY

I’ll take your word for it.

Just then, Hermione passes by, breaks stride as she spots

Lavender’s handiwork, then continues on. Ron shakes his

head.

HARRY

So what happens? If you break an

Unbreakable Vow?

Ron glowers, watching as Lavender’s heart slowly

VANISHES.

RON

You die.

75 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 75

The house glows with light and HOLIDAY MUSIC rings from

the WIRELESS. Fred and George fill cups with STEAMING

NOG and Mrs. Weasley and Ginny ferry plates of food.

MRS. WEASLEY

Eat up, eat up, everyone! There’s

more to come!

Harry sits in deep conversation with LUPIN, TONKS, and

MR. WEASLEY. Ron sits by silently. Lupin looks haggard.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 77.

74 CONTINUED: 74

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Draco’s plotting something, I know

it, something to do with

Voldemort. He’s been given a task

or a mission -- and Snape was

offering to help.

LUPIN

Voldemort has chosen Draco Malfoy

for a mission?

HARRY

I know it sounds mad --

LUPIN

Has it occurred to you, Harry,

that Snape was simply pretending

to offer Draco help so that he

could find out what he’s up to?

HARRY

That’s not what it sounded like.

TONKS

Perhaps Harry’s right, Remus. To

make an Unbreakable Vow, after

all --

LUPIN

It comes down to whether or not

you trust Dumbledore’s judgement.

He trusts Snape. Therefore, I do.

HARRY

But Dumbledore can make mistakes.

He’s said it himself --

LUPIN

You’re blinded by hatred.

HARRY

I’m not --

LUPIN

(sharply)

You are! People are disappearing,

Harry. Daily. We can only put

our trust in a handful of people.

If we start fighting amongst

ourselves, we’re doomed.

Tonks gives Harry a furtive glance, as if to say, “Leave

it.”

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 78.

75 CONTINUED: 75

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Open up, you.

Harry turns, finds Ginny, holding something in her

fingers.

GINNY

Don’t trust me?

He obliges and she pops a SMALL TART in his mouth.

HARRY

It’s good.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 78A.

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

‘Course ‘tis. Made them myself.

She smiles at him, hooks her ginger hair over one ear and

Ron plops down between them. Big brother to the rescue.

76 EXT. REEDS (SURROUNDING BURROW) - NIGHT (LATER) 76

Within the reeds. An eerie POV. TRACKING Harry and Mr.

Weasley as they walk from the house to the adjacent

WORKSHOP.

77 INT. MR. WEASLEY’S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 77

Harry trails Mr. Weasley through his cluttered workshop,

which is chock-a-block with MUGGLE OBJECTS: Steam irons.

Toasters. Clock radios. Plugs. Lots of plugs. The

PARTY can still be heard, drifting faintly from the main

house.

MR. WEASLEY

You’ll have to forgive Remus. It

takes its toll -- his condition.

HARRY

(studying him)

Are you alright, Mr. Weasley?

Arthur tries a smile, but it fades. He frowns, pained.

MR. WEASLEY

We’re being followed, all of us.

Molly doesn’t leave the house most

days. It’s not been easy.

HARRY

(a nod, then)

Did you get my owl?

MR. WEASLEY

Yes, but I thought it best if I

replied in person. If

Dumbledore’s traveling, it’s news

to the Ministry. But perhaps

that’s the way Dumbledore wants

it. As for Draco Malfoy -- I know

a bit more.

HARRY

Go on.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 79.

75 CONTINUED: (3) 75

(CONTINUED)

MR. WEASLEY

I sent an agent to Borgin &

Burkes. From what you describe, I

think what you and Ron saw at the

end of the summer -- the object

that Draco seemed so interested in

-- was a Vanishing Cabinet.

HARRY

A Vanishing Cabinet?

MR. WEASLEY

They were all the rage when

Voldemort first rose to power.

You can imagine the appeal.

Should the Death Eaters come

calling, one needed only slip

inside and disappear for an hour

or two. But they’re tricky

contraptions. Require a

tremendous amount of looking

after. Eventually they fell out

of favor.

HARRY

What happened to it? The one at

Borgin & Burkes?

MR. WEASLEY

Nothing. It’s still there.

Harry nods, pondering this.

MR. WEASLEY

Harry. You know, I went through

all this before -- the last time

around. Times like these -- dark

times -- do funny things to

people. It can bring them

together and it can tear them

apart. Things... speed up. It’s

what happens when you don’t know

if today will be your last.

78 EXT. REEDS (SURROUNDING BURROW) - NIGHT (LATER) 78

Similar eerie POV. On the porch, Molly and Arthur,

looking middle-aged and fragile, say goodbye to Lupin and

Tonks.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 80.

77 CONTINUED: 77

79 EXT. PORCH - SAME TIME - NIGHT 79

While the others TALK, Lupin stands a bit off to the

side, staring into the reeds. His nostrils flair subtly.

TONKS

It was delicious, Molly. Really.

MRS. WEASLEY

You’re sure you won’t stay?

TONKS

No, we should go.

(under her breath)

The first night of the cycle is

always the worst --

Tonks gestures vaguely to the moon. Arthur glances at

Lupin.

ARTHUR’S POV - LUPIN’S HAND

... as the HAIRS on the knuckles RISE.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. WEASLEY

Remus...?

80 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 80

Harry peers through the ripples of an imperfect

windowpane, studying the others below. A FLOORBOARD

CREAKS. He turns, watches Ginny emerge into the light,

in a robe, twisting her wet hair in a towel.

GINNY

Everyone gone to bed?

HARRY

Soon.

GINNY

I don’t sleep these days. So I

wash my hair. Silly, right?

Harry just stares at her, the air prickling with silence.

Ginny eyes him knowingly.

GINNY

Happy Christmas, Harry.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 81.

81 EXT. PORCH - SAME TIME - NIGHT 81

Lupin continues to peer into the reeds. His PUPILS

CONTRACT.

TONKS

Sweetheart...

LUPIN

There’s someone out there. I can

smell him. There’s more than

one --

Suddenly -- throughout the reeds -- TORCHES BLAZE.

82 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 82

The rippled window behind Harry blushes with light.

Ginny’s eyes shift from Harry to the trees beyond.

GINNY

Oh my god...

Harry turns, his BREATH FOGGING the WINDOWPANE as, far

below, FLAMES SNAKE out of the reeds and SLITHER toward

the house. Bellatrix emerges, peering up through the

darkness toward Harry’s SILHOUETTE, a mad grin on her

face. As she SHRIEKS EERILY, his eyes flash with hatred.

83 EXT. WEASLEY HOUSE - PORCH - SAME TIME - NIGHT 83

Harry bursts through the front door, wand drawn, pelts

toward Bellatrix. She grins, turns, and vanishes into

the reeds.

MR. WEASLEY

Harry, no!

Flames race up the porch steps, climb the walls of the

house. Lupin draws his wand and races after Harry.

TONKS

Remus!

Ron, Fred and George appear, join Arthur as he dashes

toward the smoking marsh. Arthur glances back as Ginny

emerges.

MR. WEASLEY

Ginny, stay with your mother!

Without hesitation, she races for the reeds.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 82.

84 EXT. REEDS (SURROUNDING BURROW) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 84

Harry careens through the marsh, reeds flashing past,

then spies Bellatrix. She GRINS, looking like a crazed

wood nymph, then flits off, her LAUGHTER mocking him. As

he pursues, FIRE SNAKES through the reeds toward him.

NEW ANGLE

Fred, George, Ron and Arthur fan out, running full-out,

their feet kicking up SPARKS as SHADOWS splinter

throughout the reeds. It’s like chasing ghosts.

NEW ANGLES

Ginny, copper hair gleaming, races through the reeds.

Bellatrix leads Harry on, grinning madly.

Ginny comes dashing to a halt, chest heaving as she peers

into the smoking marsh. A HUGE FIGURE QUIVERS through a

veil of smoke. Ginny’s eyes SHIFT, see Bellatrix racing

forward through the reeds, then SHIFT back as the veil of

smoke evaporates, reveals... Greyback. Bellatrix makes

an ODD, CLICKING noise -- like a signal -- and Greyback

edges forward, sweeping away the reeds in front of him

and revealing...

... Harry as he pelts forward.

GINNY

No, Harry! It’s a trap!

Harry falters, looking toward Ginny’s voice and spies

Greyback. Bellatrix stops dead, wheels in her tracks

and, seeing Ginny, SHRIEKS with RAGE. Raising her wand,

she fires a BOLT of RED LIGHT which explodes in a SHOWER

of SPARKS around Ginny. Ginny fires back, then wheels

away, flashing through the reeds and coming face to face

with...

Greyback, sharp teeth glittering.

GREYBACK

Don’t you smell clean.

Just then, a BOLT OF BLUE bursts off Greyback’s back and

he turns, sees Harry standing several yards off. As

Greyback gives chase, Ginny pelts after and we CUT BACK

AND FORTH BETWEEN Harry, Ginny and the beast between

them, faster and faster, their BREATHS shortening

until...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 83.

(CONTINUED)

Greyback rushes into a clearing, panting, glancing about.

Just then, TWIN BOLTS of light blast from opposite sides

of the clearing and Greyback is lifted in the air,

slammed to the ground. As he regains his feet he looks

into the reeds and sees Harry and Ginny, wands poised.

He grins... when Bellatrix’s odd, CLICKING signal carries

through the night once again. Turning away, he exits.

Harry and Ginny slowly step out of the reeds, stare at

each other wordlessly. Then... Ron, Fred, George, Arthur

and Lupin come thrashing into the clearing, stop. All

around them, the reeds SMOKE, the flames dying. Across

the marsh, Bellatrix’s cackle rises briefly on the air --

then all is quiet.

HERMIONE (V.O.)

You’re lucky you weren’t killed.

85 INT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY 85

Hermione reads the Daily Prophet as she walks alongside

Harry. The HEADLINE is GLOOMY: “MORE DISAPPEARANCES.”

HERMIONE

You have to realize who you are,

Harry.

HARRY

(sharply)

I know who I am, Hermione,

alright?

(frowning)

Sorry.

HERMIONE

So tell me what Arthur said.

HARRY

If Dumbledore’s traveling places,

it’s news to the Ministry. But

get this: that night at Borgin &

Burkes? It seems Draco was

looking at a Vanishing Cabinet.

HERMIONE

What would Draco want with a

Vanishing Cabinet?

HARRY

You tell me.

Hermione frowns, pondering this. Then:

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 84.

84 CONTINUED: 84

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

He looks different, don’t you

think? Draco. Almost... ill.

HARRY

Who could tell the difference?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 84A.

85 CONTINUED: 85

(CONTINUED)

RON (O.S.)

Lav, c’mon. Of course I’ll wear

it.

They glance ahead, see Ron and a pouting Lavender. Ron

holds a GOLD CHAIN which spells out “My Sweetheart.”

LAVENDER BROWN

That’s my Won-Won.

HERMIONE

Excuse me, I have to go vomit.

As Hermione exits, Harry spies Ginny, in an alcove,

sitting by as Dean laughs with SEAMUS. Looking up, she

sees Harry, gives a feeble wave. He waves back and we --

CUT TO:

86 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - NIGHT 86

HARRY’S FACE PLUNGING INTO WATER, BREAKING THE SURFACE...

87 FLASHBACK - INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT (YEARS PAST) 87

We emerge from the CRACKLING EMBERS of a FIREPLACE. A

much younger -- and more smartly dressed Slughorn probes

a dish of CRYSTALLIZED PINEAPPLE as he holds court before

16-YEAR-OLD TOM RIDDLE and five other BOYS. The CRYSTAL

HOURGLASS sits on a side table.

TOM RIDDLE

Sir, is it true that Professor

Merrythought is retiring?

Slughorn chuckles, wags a sugar-encrusted finger at

Riddle.

SLUGHORN

Now, Tom, I couldn’t tell you if I

knew, could I? I must say, m’boy,

I’d like to know where you get

your information. More

knowledgeable than half the staff,

you are.

(as the other boys

laugh)

By the way, thank you for the

pineapple -- you’re quite right,

it is my favorite -- how is it you

knew?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 85.

85 CONTINUED: (2) 85

(CONTINUED)

TOM RIDDLE

Intuition.

Riddle smiles but his expression suggests intuition had

nothing to do with it. Slughorn chuckles uneasily.

SLUGHORN

Good gracious, look at the time.

Off you go, boys, or Professor

Dippett will have us all in

detention. Lestrange, Avery,

don’t forget your essays...

As the others file out, Slughorn busies himself with some

papers when -- Ping! -- he turns, finds Riddle still

there, standing by the crystal hourglass.

SLUGHORN

Look sharp, Tom. You don’t want

to be caught out of bed after

hours...

TOM RIDDLE

I know a secret shortcut or two.

SLUGHORN

Yes, I imagine you do. Something

on your mind, Tom?

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, sir. I couldn’t think of

anyone else to go to. The other

professors, well, they’re not like

you. They might... misunderstand.

SLUGHORN

Go on.

Riddle slips off the RING on his left hand, begins to

roll it between his fingers. It is set with a BLACK

STONE.

TOM RIDDLE

I was in the library the other

night, in the Restricted section,

and I read something rather odd,

about a bit of rare magic, and I

thought perhaps you could

illuminate me...

Suddenly, a DENSE FOG engulfs the room and SLUGHORN’S

VOICE twists into an ANGRY SHRIEK:

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 86.

87 CONTINUED: 87

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

I don’t know anything about such

things and I wouldn’t tell you if

I did! Now get out of here at

once and don’t ever let me catch

you mentioning it again!

The FOG grows thicker and...

88 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT) 88

... CAMERA EMERGES FROM the swirling Pensieve. Harry

blinks, finds Dumbledore studying him from across the

room.

DUMBLEDORE

Confused? I would be surprised if

you weren’t.

HARRY

I don’t understand -- what

happened?

DUMBLEDORE

This is perhaps the most important

memory I’ve collected. It’s also

a lie.

(off Harry’s look)

This memory has been tampered

with. In this case by the person

whose memory it is, our friend

Professor Slughorn.

HARRY

But why would he tamper with his

own memory?

DUMBLEDORE

I suspect he is ashamed of it.

HARRY

Why?

DUMBLEDORE

Why indeed.

Dumbledore trails his withered fingers in the Pensieve.

DUMBLEDORE

I asked you to get to know

Professor Slughorn and you’ve done

so.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 87.

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Now I want you to persuade him to

divulge his true memory. Any way

you can.

HARRY

I don’t know him that well, sir --

DUMBLEDORE

You’re the Chosen One, Harry. And

Horace is, at heart, a decent man.

Provide the proper circumstances

and he will confess his sins.

Dumbledore lifts his fingers from the Pensieve, studies

them. They are, in this moment, iridescent, whole.

DUMBLEDORE

This memory is everything, Harry.

Without it, we are blind. Without

it, we leave the fate of our world

to chance. You have no choice.

You must not fail.

As Harry watches, the damp sheen enveloping Dumbledore’s

hand evaporates and once again his fingers decay.

89 INT./EXT. SLUGHORN’S CLASSROOM - DAY 89

As the CLASS BELL RINGS, a group of FIRST YEARS rise.

SLUGHORN

Now don’t forget to look over the

chapter on antidotes. I’ll be

poisoning one of you next time we

meet. I’m joking! Off you go!

Don’t forget your rattails, Miss

Alys.

As the tiny ones scurry out, Harry is revealed, waiting

just outside the door. He enters. For a moment,

Slughorn merely HUMS over his briefcase, unaware.

Then...

SLUGHORN

Ah! If it isn’t the Prince of

Potions himself! To what do I owe

the pleasure?

HARRY

Well, sir, I wondered if I might

ask you something.

SLUGHORN

Ask away, my dear boy, ask away!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 88.

88 CONTINUED: 88

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Well, you see, the other day I was

in the Restricted Section -- in

the library -- and I stumbled upon

something rather odd while

reading. Something about a bit of

rare magic...

SLUGHORN

Yes? And exactly what was this

rare magic.

HARRY

I’m not sure... That is, I don’t

recall the name... exactly. But

it got me wondering... Are there

some kinds of magic you’re not

allowed to teach?

Slughorn looks up, eyes Harry carefully.

SLUGHORN

I’m a Potions Professor, Harry.

Perhaps your question would best

be posed to Professor Snape.

HARRY

Yes, well, we don’t exactly see

eye-to-eye, sir. What I mean to

say is, he’s not like you. He

might... misunderstand.

Recognition flickers in Slughorn’s eyes. A glint of

fear.

SLUGHORN

There can be no light without the

dark. And so it is with magic.

Myself, I have always strived to

live within the light. I suggest

you do the same.

Slughorn gathers his briefcase, starts to exit.

HARRY

Did you say the same to Tom

Riddle, sir? When he came asking

questions.

Slughorn freezes in the doorway, then slowly turns.

SLUGHORN

Dumbledore put you up to this.

Didn’t he? Didn’t he!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 89.

89 CONTINUED: 89

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Sir --

Slughorn silences him with an upraised hand. Then,

without another word, he is gone.

90 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 90

Lightning flashes. Thunder rumbles. Rain lashes the

windows. Through the birdcage’s grid of wires someone

approaches. We RACK FOCUS... FIND Harry. As he passes,

we HOLD ON the cage. One bird is missing. Only the

BLACK one remains. As thunder BOOMS, the bird RUFFLES

its feathers.

Harry glances down the corridor adjacent, sees a FIGURE

start up the far stairwell. As the SHADOW ASCENDS, Harry

follows.

91 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY 91

The FIGURE continues on, passes OUT OF VIEW. Harry

follows.

92 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY 92

Harry, still trailing. The FIGURE turns a corner...

93 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR 93

... comes INTO VIEW. It’s Draco. He stops halfway down,

looks back the way he came. HARRY’S SHADOW scales the

wall as he approaches. Draco watches calmly, then turns,

CLOSES HIS EYES. And simply... DISAPPEARS.

Harry turns the corner. Stops. No one.

94 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY (SECONDS LATER) 94

Draco wends his way through the towering shelves, removes

the tapestry and faces the gleaming cabinet. He reaches

into his coat and carefully removes the WHITE BIRD.

Holding it in one hand, he studies it, gently stroking

its feathers with the other. For a moment, he seems lost

in the activity, lost in the bird’s coal black eyes, its

bobbing head. Then, gently, he places it in the cabinet

and closes the door. Waits.

When he opens the cabinet, the bird is gone. He closes

the cabinet once more.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 90.

89 CONTINUED: (2) 89

(CONTINUED)

A feather, white and gleaming, clings to the cuff of his

jacket. He takes it, turns it in the light. It is

fragile, translucent. He looks briefly lost again, then

blinks, turns back to the cabinet, slowly reaches out and

opens it. The bird is there.

Dead.

95 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 95

Hermione does her homework while Harry peers at the

Marauder’s Map. They are the only ones present.

HERMIONE

Did you actually expect you could

just walk up to Ol’ Sluggy and ask

him to reveal his deepest, darkest

secret? Honestly, Harry,

sometimes I think the Daily

Prophet should call you the Dim

One.

HARRY

Nice.

HERMIONE

(rising to go)

You’re going to have to persuade

him somehow. And now, I’m afraid,

you’ve made it a lot harder.

HARRY

Hermione. I think Malfoy’s

leaving the castle.

Hermione stops dead, looks back at Harry. He nods.

HARRY

I’ve seen it. Sometimes...

sometimes he just disappears off

the Map.

HERMIONE

That’s... not possible. No one

can leave the castle these days.

The Map is wrong.

HARRY

The Map is never wrong.

Hermione frowns, thinking, then shakes her head, turns

away.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 91.

94 CONTINUED: 94

96 INT. BOYS’ DORMITORY (GRYFFINDOR TOWER) - NIGHT (LATER) 96

Harry slumps into the darkened dormitory. Stops. On the

floor, glittering in the moonlight, is a trail of CANDY

FOILS. A bit further along, Ron sits in his PJ’s upon

the window sill, a HEART-SHAPED BOX by his side.

RON

It’s beautiful, isn’t it? The

moon.

HARRY

Divine. Had ourselves a little

late-night snack, did we?

RON

It was on your bed. The box.

Thought I’d try one...

HARRY

Or twenty.

RON

I can’t stop thinking about her,

Harry.

HARRY

Really? Honestly, I reckoned she

was starting to annoy you.

RON

She could never annoy me. I

think... I think I love her.

HARRY

Excuse me?

Ron nods. Harry looks bewildered.

HARRY

Well... Brilliant.

RON

Do you think she knows I exist?

HARRY

Bloody well hope so. She’s been

snogging you for three months.

RON

Snogging? Who’re you talking

about?

HARRY

Who’re you talking about?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 92.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Romilda, of course. Romilda Vane.

Harry stares at Ron... then grins.

HARRY

Okay. Very funny.

He turns to his bed, throws back the covers when... the

heart-shaped box caroms off his head.

HARRY

What the hell was that for?

RON

It’s no joke! I’m in love with

her!

HARRY

Okay! Fine! You’re in love with

her! Have you ever actually met

her!

RON

No. Can you introduce me?

Harry stops rubbing his head, eyes Ron oddly, then

glances at the candy box at his feet. There is an

envelope. Taking it, he slides out a card: “Dear Harry.

Thinking sweet thoughts of you. Happy Valentine’s Day.

Romilda.” He suppresses a smile.

HARRY

Ron, these chocolates, they’re --

C’mon. I’m going to introduce you

to Romilda Vane.

97 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 97

Harry leads Ron, still in his PJs, toward a door.

RON

How do I look?

HARRY

Devastatingly handsome.

Harry RAPS on the door. FOOTSTEPS -- followed by a LOUD

CRASH.

SLUGHORN (O.S.)

Damn it all!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 93.

96 CONTINUED: 96

(CONTINUED)

The door OPENS. Slughorn stands in a GREEN VELVET

DRESSING GOWN and matching NIGHTCAP, looking bleary-eyed

and annoyed. Something SMOKES on the floor behind him --

the FLOOR LAMP he’d sent wobbling the night of the dinner

party.

SLUGHORN

Yes???!!!!

(warily)

Oh. Potter. It’s you. I’m

afraid I’m busy at the moment --

He starts to close the door. Harry sticks his foot in.

HARRY

Sir. I’m sorry. I wouldn’t

bother you if it weren’t

absolutely --

RON

Where’s Romilda?

Slughorn squints over Harry’s shoulder at Ron who is

doing precisely the same from the other side.

SLUGHORN

What’s the matter with Wenby?

Harry leans forward, WHISPERS into Slughorn’s ear. He

frowns.

SLUGHORN

Ah. Very well. Bring him in.

98 INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 98

Slughorn, with practiced ease, mixes a concoction of

powders and potions into a goblet while Ron peers into a

mirror. As he paces, Harry passes “the shelf” and finds,

front and center, a PHOTOGRAPH of himself and Slughorn --

the one taken at the Christmas party. In deep b.g. is

photograph of Snape, as a young student, clutching his

POTIONS TEXTBOOK.

SLUGHORN

I’d have thought you could whip up

a remedy for this in no time,

Harry -- an expert potioneer like

you.

HARRY

I figured this called for a more

practiced hand, sir.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 94.

97 CONTINUED: 97

(CONTINUED)

RON

Hello, darling. Fancy a drink?

Slughorn and Harry turn, watch Ron WINK into the mirror.

SLUGHORN

Hm. Perhaps you’re right.

As Slughorn goes back to mixing, Harry eyes him

furtively.

HARRY

I’m sorry, sir. About the other

day. Our... misunderstanding.

Slughorn eyes Harry briefly, looks away.

SLUGHORN

Yes, well, water under the bridge

as they say, correct?

HARRY

I mean, I’m sure you’re tired of

it, after all these years. The

questions. About... Voldemort.

Slughorn’s mixing hand falters instantly.

SLUGHORN

I’ll ask you not to use that name.

Slughorn’s stare is fierce. Finally, he turns, goblet in

hand, and puts a smile on his face, his voice cheery.

HARRY

Yes, sir. It’s just, well,

Dumbledore once said that fear of

a name only increases fear of the

thing itself. It seemed sensible.

SLUGHORN

With all due respect, Dumbledore

sometimes forgets that most of us

do not possess powers so great

that we can risk offending the

most dangerous Dark Lord who ever

lived.

Slughorn’s stare is fierce, as fierce as the one

Dumbledore fixed Harry with. Finally, he turns away.

SLUGHORN

Alright, m’boy! Bottoms up!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 95.

98 CONTINUED: 98

(CONTINUED)

RON

What’s this?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 95A.

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

A tonic for the nerves.

Ron drinks. Beams briefly. Then his grin sags.

RON

What happened to me?

HARRY

Love potion.

SLUGHORN

And a bloody strong one at that.

RON

I feel really... bad.

SLUGHORN

Pick-me-up’s what you need, m’boy.

(eying Harry again)

Do us all good, I think. I’ve got

butterbeer, wine -- ah -- and a

dazzling oak-matured mead. I had

other intentions for this but

given the circumstances...

Slughorn takes a STOUT BOTTLE and fills a glass for Ron.

As Ron SIPS, Slughorn fills a pair for he and Harry.

SLUGHORN

There we are, Potter. To life!

CRASH! -- Ron’s glass hits the floor and he crumples to

his knees, then tumbles full out on the rug, SPASMING

horribly, FOAM oozing over his lips. Harry rushes to

him.

HARRY

Ron! Ron!!! Professor, help him!

SLUGHORN

I d-don’t understand --

HARRY

Professor! Do something!!

Slughorn shuffles haplessly through his bag, MUMBLING, at

a loss. Harry turns back to Ron -- his skin is turning

BLUE.

HARRY

He’s choking!!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 96.

98 CONTINUED: (3) 98

(CONTINUED)

Harry glances about, then leaps up, and frantically

begins to strip the walls of its potion stores, looking

for something, anything. A box tumbles, something

spills: a scattering of stones, no bigger than a robin’s

egg, shriveled and dry. Snatching one, he wrenches open

Ron’s jaw and THRUSTS it deep into his THROAT. Instantly

Ron stops moving, paralyzed. The room is suddenly

silent. He’s not breathing. Harry places both hands

behind Ron’s head and gives it a SHAKE. Another.

HARRY

Breathe! C’mon, Ron, don’t be a

prat. Breathe! BREATHE!

Harry shakes him again and again... then stops. Ron’s

head rolls limply from his fingers. Slughorn looks on,

mouth agape. Useless. Then... A COUGH, a great

hiccupping COUGH -- like a swimmer almost drowned -- and

Ron is back. Breathing.

RON

These girls are gonna kill me,

Harry.

Harry grins. Then Ron’s eyes flutter. Out. But

breathing.

99 INT. HOSPITAL WING - EARLY MORNING (LATER) 99

Harry, Dumbledore, Snape, McGonagall, Ginny and a very

somber Hermione circle Ron’s bed as MADAM POMFREY

ministers to him. Slughorn sits off to the side, in a

chair, looking stunned.

DUMBLEDORE

Quick thinking on your part,

Harry. Using a Bezoar. You must

be very proud of your student, eh,

Horace?

SLUGHORN

Hm? Oh. Yes... very proud.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I think we all agree that Mr.

Potter’s actions were heroic. The

question is: Why were they

necessary.

DUMBLEDORE

Why indeed.

Dumbledore takes the half-empty bottle of mead, still

bearing a bit of GIFTWRAP.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 97.

98 CONTINUED: (4) 98

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

This appears to be a gift, Horace.

You don’t by chance remember who

gave you this bottle, do you --

which by the way possesses

remarkably subtle hints of

licorice and cherry when not

polluted with poison.

SLUGHORN

Actually I had intended to give it

as a gift myself.

DUMBLEDORE

To whom might I ask?

SLUGHORN

You, Headmaster.

Just then -- the DOOR BURSTS OPEN: Lavender Brown.

LAVENDER BROWN

Where is he? Where’s my Won-Won!

Has he been asking for me?

(stopping; glaring

daggers)

What’s she doing here?

HERMIONE

I might ask you the same.

LAVENDER BROWN

I happen to be his girlfriend.

HERMIONE

I happen to be his... friend.

LAVENDER BROWN

Don’t make me laugh. You haven’t

spoken in weeks. I suppose you

want to make up with him now that

he’s suddenly all interesting.

HERMIONE

He’s been poisoned, you daft

dimbo! And for the record, I’ve

always found him interesting.

Hermione frowns, a bit embarrassed. Ron SNORTS,

stirring.

LAVENDER BROWN

Ha! See? He senses my presence.

I’m here, Won-Won. I’m here --

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 98.

99 CONTINUED: 99

(CONTINUED)

RON

Er... My... Nee... Er! My! Nee!

Ron, in a haze, reaches out blindly. Blushing, Hermione

takes his hand. Instantly, he falls unconscious again.

Lavender, vibrating with rage, stalks out. Dumbledore

beams.

DUMBLEDORE

Ah, to be young and feel love’s

keen sting. Come, everyone, I

think Mr. Weasley is well tended.

As Dumbledore leads the others past Harry, Harry studies

him. Ginny passes, face very close, WHISPERING as she

indicates Ron and Hermione.

GINNY

‘Bout time, don’t you think?

Harry watches her go, hopelessly smitten, sees that

Slughorn has paused in the doorway.

SLUGHORN

I’ve always cherished my students.

They’re my life...

Then he is gone too. Harry turns back, studies Hermione,

hand enfolded over Ron’s. She looks up, sees his faint

smile.

HERMIONE

Oh shut up.

100 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY 100

Harry spoons soup into his mouth while perusing the HalfBlood Prince’s Potion book, his eyes lingering, as

before, over the SECTUMSEMPRA SPELL: “For Enemies.” Ron

absently twirls his wand as he covertly eyes Lavender.

Hermione frowns over the Prophet when... a snowflake

falls upon her nose.

HERMIONE

Ron. Stop. You’re making it

snow.

RON

Huh?

Ron looks up, sees that it is SNOWING exclusively over

the trio. Hermione places her hand atop his wand and he

blinks, as if the gesture kindles some sense-memory.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 99.

99 CONTINUED: (2) 99

(CONTINUED)

RON

Tell me again how I broke up with

Lavender?

Harry pauses on his soup, exchanges a glance with

Hermione, who carefully withdraws her hand from Ron’s.

HERMIONE

Um, well, she came to visit you in

the hospital, you see, and you

talked -- I don’t believe it was a

long conversation --

RON

Don’t get me wrong. I’m bloody

thrilled to be shot of her. It’s

just she seems... a bit put out.

As one, the three glance over at Lavender and are

rewarded with a lethal squint.

HERMIONE

Does, doesn’t she? And you say

you don’t remember a thing from

that night? Not one thing?

RON

Well... there is... something.

(as Hermione hangs)

But no. It can’t be. Besides, I

was completely boggled, wasn’t I?

HERMIONE

Right. Boggled...

Hermione slumps back, frowning. Harry smiles with

amusement. Just then, a MILD COMMOTION draws his

attention. At the back of the Hall, a group of girls

surrounds a new arrival.

HERMIONE

That’s Katie. That’s Katie Bell.

Katie Bell, pale but smiling, greets the other girls.

After a moment, she looks up. Finds Harry standing

before her.

HARRY

How are you, Katie?

KATIE BELL

Give me a moment, girls.

The girls drift off. Harry watches them go, curious,

then:

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 100.

100 CONTINUED: 100

(CONTINUED)

KATIE BELL

I know you’re going to ask, Harry.

But I don’t know who cursed me.

I’ve tried to remember. Honestly.

But I just... can’t...

Katie’s eyes shift. She goes ashen. Harry turns,

follows her gaze and finds... Malfoy, staring at her.

Katie backs away, retreating to the other girls. Harry

watches her go, then looks back. Catches Malfoy fleeing

the Hall.

101 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 101

Malfoy hurtles past, forehead gleaming with sweat, passes

OUT OF FRAME. Seconds later, Harry appears, follows. As

he passes the birdcage... we HOLD. It’s now EMPTY.

102 OMITTED 102

103 INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME - DAY 103

Malfoy lurches to the mirror, steadies himself against

the sink. Then, with a great, heaving shudder begins

to... CRY.

In the MIRROR, we see the bathroom DOOR ease open:

Harry. He stops, stunned. Malfoy’s eyes shift.

Horrified to be exposed. He wheels, points his wand.

WHOOSH! The LAMP next to Harry’s head SHATTERS. FLAMES

spider up the ceiling.

Harry draws his own wand, fires back. The CISTERN behind

Malfoy EXPLODES and WATER sweeps the ceiling, rains down.

Malfoy HOWLS with RAGE. Harry readies himself.

MALFOY

Cruci--

HARRY

SECTUMSEMPRA!

BLOOD SPURTS from Malfoy’s face and SCARLET SLASHES OOZE

through the white of his shirt. He staggers, HOWLS again

and COLLAPSES. Harry glares at his wand in horror, then

slushes across the floor, the water running red with

Malfoy’s blood.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 101.

100 CONTINUED: (2) 100

(CONTINUED)

MALFOY

Don’t touch me! Don’t you dare

touch me!

Harry stops dead... transfixed by a FLASH of SOMETHING

DARK pushing through the wet fabric of Malfoy’s

shirtsleeve. Just then... Snape BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

Seeing Malfoy -- and the nature of his injuries -- he

eyes Harry with keen curiosity. Kneeling, he traces the

TIP of his WAND over Malfoy’s wounds, MURMURING an EERIE

INCANTATION. Instantly, the skin begins to knit itself

together. Harry backs away, Snape’s ancient CHANT

ringing in his ears, blood floating like crimson flowers

on the floor, backing away until he reaches the door...

104 INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY 104

Harry sits numbly, the Potions textbook lying limp in his

hand. Hermione, Ron and Ginny sit together, a bit apart,

keeping a kind of vigil. Finally, Ginny rises, steps to

him.

GINNY

You have to get rid of it. Today.

105 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY (LATER) 105

Harry, Potions book in hand, follows Ginny past the empty \*

birdcage and down the corridor when she pauses, turns to \*

the wall and shuts her eyes.

GINNY

Take my hand.

106 INT. ROOM 0F REQUIREMENT - DAY (SECONDS LATER) 106

Ginny and Harry materialize.

HARRY

The Room of Requirement...

Ginny nods, turns away. Harry follows.

NEW ANGLE - SECONDS LATER

Harry eyes the shelves that tower above him and the odd

things they hold: a SMALL CAGE bearing the SKELETON of

some long-dead creature. A JAR of QUIVERING EYEBALLS

which track him as he passes.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 102.

103 CONTINUED: 103

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Over the years, if someone had a

secret, if they wanted to conceal

something, this is where they

came. Some of these things are

almost as old as the castle

itself.

HARRY

Who showed you this? First.

GINNY

Fred and George. First year. I

hid Tom Riddle’s diary here for a

time. Wish I’d left it...

As Ginny drifts in the memory, Harry studies her, then a

SCUFFLING SOUND is heard nearby. They turn, look off.

GINNY/HARRY

(at the same time)

What was that?

They turn back, look at each other. Ginny smiles. Then:

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND VANISHING CABINET

Harry and Ginny approach. The SCUFFLING GROWS LOUDER.

Harry reaches out, pulls aside the tapestry. Reacts.

The cabinet door VIBRATES. Slowly, he opens it and...

... the BLACK BIRD flies free in a rush of FLAPPING

wings.

GINNY

See, you never know what you’ll

find up here.

Harry nods, looks back to the cabinet, mystified.

GINNY

All right. Close your eyes. That

way you can’t be tempted.

Ginny slips the book from his fingers and starts to back

away. She mouths: Close... your... eyes. As she leaves

FRAME, CAMERA PUSHES EVER-SO-SLOWLY IN ON Harry. Still.

Waiting. For a long moment, there is only silence. Then

a shadow gently eclipses Harry’s face.

GINNY

There’s something else. Another

secret of sorts. One of mine...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 103.

106 CONTINUED: 106

(CONTINUED)

Ginny leans in then and places her mouth on Harry’s.

GINNY

That can stay hidden up here too,

if you like.

Harry opens his eyes, watches Ginny back away, then

disappear around the corner. He stares at the empty air,

blinking, then watches the black bird flutter overhead.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON (LATER) 107

Harry, looking a tad dazed, walks aimlessly.

RON (O.S.)

So. Did you and Ginny do it?

Harry jumps, watches Ron appear.

HARRY

What?

RON

You know. Hide the book.

HARRY

Oh. Yeah.

Just then, Slughorn rounds the far end of the corridor

and -- spying Harry -- does a little Oliver Hardy “Oops”

and retreats.

RON

Still no luck with Slughorn, I

take it?

Harry shakes his head -- then stops cold, stares at the

empty space where Slughorn stood moments before.

HARRY

Say that again.

108 INT. COMMON ROOM - DUSK 108

The tiny VIAL of FELIX FELICIS glimmers in Harry’s palm

as he and Ron and Hermione huddle in the empty dormitory.

They exchange glances, then Harry brings the vial to his

lips.

HERMIONE

Well? How do you feel?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 104.

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Excellent. Really excellent.

HERMIONE

Now remember. Slughorn usually

eats early, takes a short walk and

then returns to his office.

HARRY

Right. I’m going down to

Hagrid’s.

HERMIONE

What? No, Harry -- you’ve got to

go see Slughorn. We have a plan --

HARRY

No. I’ve got a good feeling about

going to Hagrid’s. I feel like

it’s the place to be tonight, know

what I mean?

HERMIONE/RON

No.

HARRY

Trust me. I know what I’m doing.

Or at least Felix does.

109 INT. CORRIDOR - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 109

A BOY with a PREFECT’S BADGE patrols the corridor.

Bored, he ponders the progress of his FAINT MUSTACHE in a

mirror. Harry walks by, unseen.

110 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 110

Filch paces, standing guard while Mrs. Norris sits calmly

by. A MOUSE appears in the OPEN helmet of a SUIT OF

ARMOR, washes its face with its tiny paws, then spies

Mrs. Norris -- who HISSES. The mouse makes a quick

retreat and the FACE PLATE comes CLANGING down. As Filch

wheels, Harry strolls past.

111 EXT. GROUNDS/HOGWARTS CASTLE - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 111

TWO AURORS, twin SILHOUETTES, patrol the grounds. Harry

approaches, about to intersect their paths when, at the

last second, something on the ground catches his eye. He

KNEELS, considers a BEETLE on its back, legs churning

helplessly. Harry extends his finger, letting the tiny

bug gain purchase, then tips it upright...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 105.

108 CONTINUED: 108

(CONTINUED)

...just as the Aurors’ SHADOWS quiver over him and

vanish. Rising, Harry starts off in one direction, then

stops, as if compelled by some inner voice, and heads the

opposite way.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 105A.

111 CONTINUED: 111

112 EXT. GREENHOUSE - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 112

Harry HUMS placidly. Up ahead, a FIGURE ripples beyond

the steamy panes of the Greenhouse. It’s Slughorn,

hunched over a PLANT whose TENDRILS coil eerily,

resisting his attentions. Snip! He stealthily removes a

sprig, looks up and JUMPS.

SLUGHORN

Merlin’s beard, Harry!

HARRY

Sorry, sir. I should’ve announced

myself. Cleared my throat.

Coughed. You probably feared I

was Madam Sprout.

SLUGHORN

Well, yes, actually --

(paranoid)

Why would you think that?

HARRY

Just the general behavior, sir.

The sneaking around. The jumping

when you saw me. By the way,

those Tentacula leaves -- they’re

quite valuable, aren’t they?

SLUGHORN

Ten galleons a leaf to the right

buyer -- not that I’m familiar

with such back alley transactions.

One hears rumors is all. My own

interests are purely academic, of

course.

HARRY

Personally, these plants have

always kind of freaked me out.

Harry gives a little SHIVER of the shoulders, smiles.

Slughorn cocks his head, studies him oddly.

SLUGHORN

Exactly how did you get out of the

castle, Harry?

HARRY

Through the front doors, sir. I’m

off to Hagrid’s, you see. He’s a

very dear friend and I felt like

paying him a visit. So if you

don’t mind, I’ll be going.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 106.

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

Harry!

HARRY

Sir?

SLUGHORN

It’s nearly nightfall. Surely you

realize I can’t allow you to roam

the grounds all by yourself.

HARRY

Well, then by all means come

along, sir.

113 EXT. HAGRID’S HUT - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 113

Harry appears over a rise, strolling happily along...

when Slughorn appears, huffing and puffing to keep up.

SLUGHORN

Harry, I must insist you accompany

me back to the castle immediately!

HARRY

That would be counterproductive,

sir.

SLUGHORN

And what makes you say that?

HARRY

No idea.

Slughorn frowns impatiently -- then stops, blinks.

SLUGHORN

Merlin’s beard...

Up ahead, Hagrid sits disconsolately upon a stump.

Nearby, Aragog’s massive body lies legs up.

SLUGHORN

Is that an actual Acromantula?

HARRY

A dead one, I think, sir.

NEW ANGLE - SECONDS LATER

Harry and Slughorn approach a sullen Hagrid.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 107.

112 CONTINUED: 112

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID

‘Arry. ‘Orace.

SLUGHORN

My god, dear man. How did you

ever manage to kill it?

HAGRID

Kill ‘im! Me oldest friend, ‘e

was!

SLUGHORN

I’m sorry, I... (didn’t realize.) \*

Slughorn falters helplessly. Hagrid waves his hand.

HAGRID

Ah, don’ worry yerself. Yer not

alone. Seriously misunderstood

creatures -- spiders. It’s the

eyes, I reckon. Unnerve people.

HARRY

Not to mention the pincers.

Harry makes a little claw motion with his hand, while

making a CLICKING sound. Hagrid eyes Harry curiously.

HAGRID

I reckon that too... How’d yeh get

outta the castle anyways?

HARRY

Through the front doors.

SLUGHORN

Hagrid. I wouldn’t want to be

indelicate, but Acromantula venom

is uncommonly rare and, well, if

you wouldn’t mind my extracting a

vial or two -- purely for academic

pursuits...

HAGRID

Don’ suppose it’s doin’ ‘im any

good, izzit?

SLUGHORN

My thoughts exactly! Always carry

a few spare ampoules for just such

occasions. Old Potion Master’s

habit, you know...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 108.

113 CONTINUED: 113

(CONTINUED)

Slughorn rummages about his pockets, extracts some SMALL

VIALS -- all empty save for one containing a HAIRY WORM --

then scrambles up close to Aragog. Harry and Hagrid

watch.

HAGRID

Wish yeh coulda seen ‘im in ‘is

prime. Magnificent ‘e was. Jus’

magnificent...

Hagrid BLINKS wildly, then takes out a handkerchief and

SNORTS LOUDLY into it. Slughorn looks up, studies

Hagrid’s sorry expression with empathy and steps away.

SLUGHORN

Why don’t I say a few words? I

trust he had family?

HARRY

Oh yeah.

SLUGHORN

(clearing his throat)

Farewell...

Slughorn frowns.

HAGRID

Aragog.

SLUGHORN

(a nod)

Farewell, Aragog, king of

arachnids. Though your body will

decay, your spirit lingers on in

the quiet, web-spun places of your

Forest home. May your many-eyed

descendents ever flourish and your

human friends find solace for the

loss they have sustained.

HAGRID

Tha’ was... tha’ was... beautiful.

Hagrid wipes his eyes, then rises. He walks to Aragog,

studies him lovingly, then puts a shoulder to the big

beast’s body... and sends him tumbling into the freshlydug grave adjacent with a SICKENING THUNK.

HAGRID/SLUGHORN (O.S.)

(singing)

And Odo the hero, they bore him

back home...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 108A.

113 CONTINUED: (2) 113

114 INT. HAGRID’S HUT - NIGHT (HOURS LATER) 114

Harry, Hagrid and Slughorn sit at the massive kitchen

table, which is strewn with EMPTY WINE BOTTLES. Hagrid

and Slughorn are feeling no pain, while Harry looks cleareyed, focused.

HAGRID/SLUGHORN

To the place he’d known as a lad,

They laid him to rest with his hat

inside out and his wand snapped in

two, which was sad...

As they finish, both men CHUCKLE. Hagrid tops off

everyone’s mug with a bit more wine. Harry brings his

mug to his lap... then slyly pours it into the bucket at

his feet.

HAGRID

I had ‘im from an egg, yeh know.

Tiny little thing he was when he

hatched. No bigger’n a Pekinese.

SLUGHORN

Sweet. I once had a fish.

Francis. Lovely little thing.

One day I came downstairs and he’d

vanished. Poof.

HAGRID

Tha’s odd.

SLUGHORN

Isn’t it? That’s life, I suppose.

One goes along and then... poof.

HAGRID

Poof.

HARRY

Poof.

They all nod soberly. Slughorn’s eyes rise to the

ceiling.

SLUGHORN

That’s never unicorn hair, Hagrid?

Hagrid looks up, reels a bit. Nods.

SLUGHORN

But my dear chap, do you know how

much that’s worth?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 109.

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID

No idea... no idea at all...

Thunk! Hagrid’s great shaggy head hits the table.

Instantly, he is SNORING, so DEEPLY his MUG shimmies

across the table. Slughorn smiles, regards Harry, who

merely stares back. Slughorn averts his eyes. Suddenly

nervous. A WIND rises outside. Windowpanes rattle.

SLUGHORN

It was a student who gave me

Francis. One spring afternoon I

discovered a bowl upon my desk

with a few inches of clear water.

There was a flower petal floating

upon the surface. As I watched,

the petal sank, but just before it

touched bottom... it transformed.

Into a wee fish. It was beautiful

magic, wondrous to behold. The

petal had come from a lily.

Hearing “lily,” Harry looks up. Slughorn nods.

SLUGHORN

Your mother. The day I came

downstairs, the day I found the

bowl empty... was the day she...

Slughorn falters, pain etching his face.

SLUGHORN

I know what you want. But I can’t

give it to you. It will ruin

me...

Harry studies Slughorn a moment, thinking, then speaks.

HARRY

Do you know why I survived? The

night I got this.

Slughorn looks up, sees Harry pointing to his scar.

HARRY

Because of her. Because she

sacrificed herself. Because she

refused to step aside. Because

her love was more powerful than

Voldemort.

SLUGHORN

Please don’t say his --

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 110.

114 CONTINUED: 114

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I’m not afraid of the name,

Professor. And I’m not afraid of

him. And you shouldn’t be either.

She didn’t just die for me that

night. She died for you too. She

died for everyone who’s ever woken

in the middle of the night afraid

a Death Eater waited on their

doorstep.

Slughorn gazes into the guttering candle before him.

HARRY

Professor. I’m going to tell you

something, something others have

only guessed at. It’s true. I am

the Chosen One.

Slughorn looks up. Harry nods.

HARRY

Only I can kill him. But in order

to do so, I need to know what Tom

Riddle asked you that night in

your office all those years ago.

And I need to know what you told

him.

Slughorn’s eyes well with tears, his hands tremble.

HARRY

Be brave, Professor. Be brave

like my mother. Otherwise you

disgrace her. Otherwise she died

for nothing. Otherwise, the bowl

remains empty forever.

Slughorn shakes his head, staring into the candle.

Finally, slowly, he removes his wand.

SLUGHORN

Don’t think too badly of me once

you’ve seen it. You don’t know

what he was like... even then.

Slughorn fishes out a tiny vial -- the one with the WORM

-- but his hand is shaking so violently, Harry has to

take it. Slowly, Slughorn raises his wand, touches it to

his temple and withdraws a LONG, SILVER THREAD. Harry

extends the vial and... it drops within.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 111.

114 CONTINUED: (2) 114

115 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - NIGHT 115

Dumbledore holds the vial in wonderment. The worm hangs

in eerie suspension.

DUMBLEDORE

How is he? Horace?

Harry shrugs. Dumbledore nods, then tips his hand. A

LONG strand hangs suspended like glass. A pearl forms...

and as it hangs... Harry’s eyes shift, notice a DRAWING

on Dumbledore’s desk, one of Tom Riddle’s drawings seen

at the orphanage, of the CAVE and the distinct

OUTCROPPING. Then... the pearl drops.

116 FLASHBACK - INT. SLUGHORN’S OFFICE - NIGHT (YEARS PAST) 116

As before. The CRACKLING EMBERS of the FIRE. Slughorn,

a circle of six. Riddle commanding the room.

TOM RIDDLE

Sir, is it true that Professor

Merrythought is retiring?

Slughorn chuckles, wags a sugar-encrusted finger at

Riddle.

SLUGHORN

Now, Tom, I couldn’t tell you if I

knew, could I? I must say, m’boy,

I’d like to know where you get

your information. More

knowledgable than half the staff,

you are.

(as the other boys

laugh)

By the way, thank you for the

pineapple -- you’re quite right,

it is my favorite -- how is it you

knew?

TOM RIDDLE

Intuition.

SLUGHORN

(an uneasy chuckle)

Good gracious, is it that time

already? Off you go, boys, or

Professor Dippett will have us all

in detention. Lestrange, Avery,

don’t forget your essays...

The others exit, when -- PING! -- Slughorn turns, eyes

the hourglass, finds Tom Riddle still there.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 112.

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

Look sharp, Tom. You don’t want

to be caught out of bed after

hours...

TOM RIDDLE

I know a secret shortcut or two.

SLUGHORN

Yes, I imagine you do. Something

on your mind, Tom?

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, sir. I couldn’t think of

anyone else to go to. The other

Professors, well, they’re not like

you. They might... misunderstand.

SLUGHORN

Go on.

TOM RIDDLE

I was in the library the other

night, in the Restricted section,

and I read something rather odd,

about a bit of rare magic and I

thought perhaps you could

illuminate me. It’s called, as I

understand it... a Horcrux.

Slughorn’s weak smile evaporates altogether.

SLUGHORN

Excuse me?

TOM RIDDLE

Horcrux. I came across the term

while reading and I didn’t fully

understand it.

SLUGHORN

I’m not sure what you were

reading, Tom, but that’s very Dark

stuff, very Dark indeed.

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, sir. Which is why I came to

you. I mean no disrespect to the

rest of the staff, but I thought

if anyone could tell me... it

would be you.

Slughorn frowns, clearly disturbed, then speaks quietly.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 113.

116 CONTINUED: 116

(CONTINUED)

SLUGHORN

A Horcrux is an object in which a

person has concealed part of their

soul.

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, I thought it might be

something like that. But I don’t

understand how that works, sir.

SLUGHORN

One splits one’s soul and hides

part of it in an object. By doing

so, you are protected should you

be attacked and your body

destroyed.

TOM RIDDLE

Protected?

SLUGHORN

That part of your soul that was

hidden, lives on. In other words,

you cannot die.

Riddle nods and TURNS AWAY, staring at himself in the

MIRROR on the wall opposite. A hint of RED glints in his

eyes.

TOM RIDDLE

How does one split his soul, sir?

SLUGHORN

I think you can guess the answer

to that, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE

Murder.

SLUGHORN

Yes. Killing rips the soul apart.

It is a violation against nature.

After, one is never the same.

TOM RIDDLE

Out of curiosity, sir -- can you

only split your soul once? For

instance, isn’t seven the most

powerfully magical number --

SLUGHORN

Seven! Merlin’s beard, Tom!

Isn’t it bad enough to think of

killing one person? To rip the

soul into seven pieces...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 114.

116 CONTINUED: (2) 116

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(stopping; worried)

This is all hypothetical, isn’t

it, Tom? All academic...

TOM RIDDLE

Of course, sir. And I promise

I’ll not speak of our

conversation. It’ll be our little

secret...

Riddle reaches out then and pinches the FLAME of a

candle, killing it. As SMOKE RISES, we --

DISSOLVE INTO:

117 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - SAME TIME - NIGHT (PRESENT) 117

... the surface of the Pensieve, where Riddle quivers.

We RACK FOCUS and Dumbledore’s troubled face bleeds

through Riddle’s.

HARRY

Sir --

Dumbledore holds up his withered hand, silencing him,

turns away. Harry studies him, waiting, the hush

palpable.

DUMBLEDORE

(haunted)

This is beyond anything I

imagined. In my life I have seen

things that are unimaginably

horrific. I know now... you will

see worse.

Dumbledore looks off, his eyes distant. Harry watches

him intently, as do the HEADMASTERS in their frames

above. Finally, tentatively, Harry speaks.

HARRY

Do you mean to say he succeeded,

sir? In making a Horcrux?

DUMBLEDORE

Oh he succeeded. And not just

once. Think, Harry. He’s just

told us.

HARRY

Seven. He made seven -- the most

powerfully magical number. But...

what are they exactly?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 115.

116 CONTINUED: (3) 116

SLUGHORN (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

They can be anything. The most

commonplace of objects. A ring,

for example. Or a book...

Dumbledore slides open a drawer, removes the RING and Tom

Riddle’s battered DIARY.

HARRY

Tom Riddle’s diary --

DUMBLEDORE

It’s a Horcrux, yes. Four years

ago, when you saved Ginny

Weasley’s life in the Chamber of

Secrets, when you brought me

this --

(holding up the

diary)

I knew. This was a different kind

of magic. Very dark. Very

powerful. But until tonight, I

had no idea just how powerful...

HARRY

And the ring...?

DUMBLEDORE

Belonged to Voldemort’s mother.

It was difficult to find and...

(raising his damaged

hand)

... even more difficult to

destroy.

HARRY

But if you could find them all. \*

If you did destroy each Horcrux... \*

DUMBLEDORE

One destroys Voldemort.

Harry begins to reach out for the ring...

HARRY

But how would you find them? They \*

could be hidden anywhere, couldn’t

they...

DUMBLEDORE

True. But magic, especially Dark

magic...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 116.

117 CONTINUED: 117

(CONTINUED)

Just then, as the flash of Harry’s fingers make contact

with the ring, IMAGES FLASH by in DIZZYING succession:

VOLDEMORT’S FACE, twisted in pain. A DERELICT HOUSE,

deep in a haunted clearing. An ANCIENT CUP, gleaming as

it tumbles from an old woman’s hand. A SNAKE (NAGINI)

slithering through damp grass. Dumbledore slipping the

ring onto his finger, recoiling as his skin decays...

DUMBLEDORE

... leaves traces.

Harry’s clenched hand SPASMS, RELEASES. The ring

skitters across Dumbledore’s desk and Harry brings a hand

to his chest, a look of bewilderment on his face.

Dumbledore watches the ring spin down, then glances at

Harry and slowly extends his own hand, lightly touching

the center of Harry’s chest with the tips of ashen

fingers, as if reading braille, as if he can somehow

“see” into Harry’s heart. Trepidation -- and recognition

-- flicker over his face.

HARRY

It’s where you’ve been going,

isn’t it, sir? When you leave the

school.

Harry’s eyes drift once again to the postcard on the

desk. Dumbledore withdraws his hand, nodding, still

studying Harry oddly, his voice, when it comes, distant.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. And I think... perhaps... I

may have found another. But this

time I cannot hope to destroy it

alone.

Harry peers into Dumbledore’s eyes. Dumbledore nods.

DUMBLEDORE

Once again, I shall ask too much

of you.

118 INT./EXT. GARGOYLE CORRIDOR - LATE DAY 118

Harry stands at a window, looking out. He brings his

fingers to his chest again when... Hermione comes up

behind him.

HERMIONE

Harry. It’s time.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 117.

117 CONTINUED: (2) 117

119 INT./EXT. COURTYARD - LATE DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 119

Harry, Hermione and Ron walk.

HARRY

Hermione, is the Room of

Requirement unplottable?

HERMIONE

If one wants it to be. Why?

HARRY

It would explain why I thought

Malfoy was leaving the castle when

he disappeared off the Map.

HARRY

He was going to the Room of

Requirement.

HERMIONE

Of course, and that explains the

Vanishing Cabinet as well!

RON

No. I got an owl from Dad this \*

morning. The one at Borgin &

Burke’s? It’s still there.

HARRY

But I’m telling you. I saw it --

Just then, the twins appear, pass. Harry watches them, a

thought forming.

HARRY

What if there are two? Vanishing

cabinets.

HERMIONE

What if there are?

HARRY

I don’t know...

Harry watches the twins vanish around a corner.

RON

Good luck, mate.

Harry turns back to Ron and Hermione, neither able to

fully conceal heir concern. He smiles reassuringly,

continues on.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 118.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I don’t need luck. I’ll be with

Dumbledore.

120 EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - DYING LIGHT (LATER) 120

As Harry trots up the spiraling exterior stairs, he hears

VOICES coming from the topmost level and pauses, peering

up through the grid-like floor above: Dumbledore and

Snape.

SNAPE

Have you ever considered that you

ask too much? That you take too

much for granted? Has it ever

crossed your brilliant mind that I

don’t want to do this anymore?

DUMBLEDORE

Whether it has or hasn’t is

irrelevant. I will not negotiate

this with you, Severus. You

agreed. There’s nothing more to

discuss.

Harry stands poised, peering upward, where Dumbledore

squints toward the dying sun and Snape glares at his

back. Finally, Snape turns away and -- before Harry can

react -- is descending the stairs. Seeing Harry, Snape

falters briefly, then continues on without a word. As

his FOOTSTEPS fade, Harry ascends to the upper tier.

Dumbledore turns. Smiles.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry. You need a shave, my

friend.

Harry runs his hand over his face.

DUMBLEDORE

At times I forget how much you’ve

grown. At times I still see the

small boy from the cupboard.

(smiling)

Forgive my mawkishness, Harry. I

am an old man.

HARRY

You look the same to me, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Like your mother, you are

unfailingly kind.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 119.

119 CONTINUED: 119

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A trait people never fail to

undervalue. I’m afraid.

Dumbledore turns then, eyes the fiery sky again.

DUMBLEDORE

The place to which we journey

tonight is exceedingly dangerous,

Harry. I promised that you could

accompany me and I stand by that

promise. But there is a

condition: You must obey any

command I give you -- without

question.

HARRY

Yes, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Understand what I’m saying.

Should I tell you to hide, you

must hide.

Harry nods. \*

DUMBLEDORE

Should I tell you to run, you will \*

run.

Harry nods. \*

DUMBLEDORE

And should I tell you to abandon \*

me and save yourself...

Harry’s eyes rise, meet Dumbledore’s. \*

DUMBLEDORE \*

You will do so. \*

Harry hesitates.

DUMBLEDORE

Your word, Harry.

Harry debates this internally, then, finally, nods. \*

HARRY

My word.

DUMBLEDORE

Take my arm.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 120.

120 CONTINUED: 120

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Sir, I thought one couldn’t

Apparate within Hogwarts.

DUMBLEDORE

Being me has its privileges.

The WIND GUSTS and Harry reaches out. Dumbledore’s CLOAK

BILLOWS and we are TOSSED INTO...

121 EXT. OCEAN - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER) 121

BLACK. Undulating. The sound of WAVES. We EASE UP, out

of the ocean. A GIANT WAVE crashes over a jagged

outcropping. As the SPRAY clears... Dumbledore and Harry

are revealed. Dumbledore eyes the TOWERING CLIFF FACE

opposite, the CAVE.

HARRY

It’s there, isn’t it?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 120A.

120 CONTINUED: (2) 120

122 EXT. CAVE - SAME TIME - DUSK 122

Harry and Dumbledore materialize. It is quiet here,

eerily so, the waves merely distant thunder. As Harry

glances about, Dumbledore moves to an archway, passes

beyond. Harry follows, finds Dumbledore standing below a

towering dome of rock, probing its mysteries with the

light from his wand.

DUMBLEDORE

This is the place. Oh yes, this

place has known magic.

(closing his eyes)

Where you stand, Harry, Tom Riddle

once stood many, many years ago,

when he was but a poor orphan boy

with a penchant for cruelty...

Dumbledore’s wand stops briefly in its arc and his face

registers pain, as if detecting some past unpleasantry.

He begins to TRACE HIS FINGERS over the surface of the

rock.

DUMBLEDORE

One wintry afternoon, he lured two

younger classmates to this cave.

What happened is unclear. But

this much is known: the children

were damaged.

Dumbledore begins to MURMUR in a STRANGE WHISPER as his

fingers play over the rock... then stop. His eyes open.

He takes a dagger from his robes and draws the blade

across his forearm, speckling the rock face with scarlet

beads.

HARRY

Sir!

The rock face SIZZLES like acid and begins to crumble,

forming a narrow opening.

DUMBLEDORE

In order to gain passage, payment

must be made, payment intended to

weaken any intruder.

HARRY

You should’ve let me, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Oh, no, Harry. Your blood is much

more precious than mine.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 121.

123 EXT. ARCHWAY/UNDERGROUND LAKE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 123

Dumbledore and Harry emerge onto the rim of a VAST LAKE

teeming with MIST. A chill hangs in the air.

DUMBLEDORE

Careful. The water.

Harry peers into the lake. It is black as ink.

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry follows Dumbledore around the rim of the lake. In

the center, a GREENISH GLOW shimmers in the mist.

DUMBLEDORE

It’s there. The only question is

how do we get to it?

HARRY

We couldn’t, perhaps, just try a

Summoning Charm, sir?

Dumbledore smiles, motions: Be my guest. Harry lifts

his wand.

HARRY

Accio Horcrux!

There is an EXPLOSION and something PALE erupts out of

the water. Harry nearly sheds his skin. Dumbledore

calmly watches it VANISH beneath the surface.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps not.

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Dumbledore leads Harry on. Stops. Takes a step back.

He CLOSES HIS EYES and to Harry’s horror walks right to

the lake’s edge. As the dark water laps over the toes of

his shoes, Dumbledore PASSES HIS HAND slowly through the

air, then closes it... as if gripping something

invisible. Taking his wand, he gives his CLENCHED FIST a

TAP and a thick coppery-green CHAIN appears out of thin

air, extending from the water to Dumbledore’s hand.

DUMBLEDORE

If you would, Harry...

Quickly Harry grasps the end of the chain and together he

and Dumbledore pull, end over end, until the PROW of a

SMALL BOAT pierces the surface, green with algae.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 122.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

In eerie silence, the boat cleaves the water, ferrying

Harry and Dumbledore toward the GREENISH GLOW.

HARRY

Sir... have you ever taken Felix

Felicis?

DUMBLEDORE

Only recreationally. You see, I

believe one creates one’s own

luck.

Harry looks down into the water, watches a FACE skim by

beneath the surface.

HARRY

Professor... there are bodies in

this lake.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes.

NEW ANGLE (SMALL ISLAND) - MOMENTS LATER

Here the GREENISH GLOW is ferocious. As the boat

arrives, Dumbledore steps out.

DUMBLEDORE

Remember... the water.

Harry nods, steps out carefully and joins Dumbledore at

the source of the GLOW -- a BASIN filled with a

PHOSPHORESCENT LIQUID. Dumbledore extends the tips of

his blackened fingers toward the basin, but cannot touch

the liquid.

HARRY

Do you think the Horcrux is in

there, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

Oh yes.

Dumbledore steps back, ponders the basin. Notes the

CRYSTAL GOBLET sitting beside it. Smiles ruefully.

DUMBLEDORE

It has to be drunk.

(as Harry reacts)

You remember the condition on

which I brought you with me?

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 123.

123 CONTINUED: 123

(CONTINUED)

Harry starts to respond. Stops. Nods.

DUMBLEDORE

This potion might paralyze me. It

might cause me to forget why I’m

here. It might create so much

pain I beg for relief. You are

not to indulge these requests,

Harry. It is your job to make

sure I keep drinking this potion

even if you have to force it down

my throat. Understood?

HARRY

Why can’t I drink it, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

Because I am much older, much

cleverer... and much less

valuable.

(taking the goblet)

Your good health, Harry.

Dumbledore dips the goblet into the gleaming liquid and

brings it to his lips. Drinks deep. Closes his eyes.

HARRY

Professor?

Dumbledore shakes his head, silencing Harry, then dips

the goblet once more. Twice more he drinks. His hand

TREMBLES and he grips the side of the basin.

HARRY

Professor? Can you hear me?

Dumbledore says nothing. The corners of his eyes TWITCH.

His hand TREMBLES, savagely this time, and he nearly

drops the goblet. Harry reaches out, steadies his hand.

DUMBLEDORE

Don’t... don’t make me...

Harry eyes Dumbledore’s anguished face, steels himself.

HARRY

You... you can’t stop, Professor.

You’ve got to keep drinking. Like

you said. Remember.

DUMBLEDORE

Nooooooo!!!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 124.

123 CONTINUED: (2) 123

(CONTINUED)

Harry staggers back, so primal is Dumbledore’s plea.

Dumbledore’s arm goes slack, the goblet clanging dully

against the side of the basin. Harry takes a breath,

steps forward, places his hand over Dumbledore’s, lifts

the cup.

DUMBLEDORE

Make it stop... Please... make it

stop...

HARRY

It will, sir. It’ll stop. But

only if you drink...

Harry, his own hand TREMBLING now, tips the goblet over

Dumbledore’s lips.

DUMBLEDORE

My fault. It’s all my fault...

Harry brings the goblet up once more. Dumbledore drinks.

DUMBLEDORE

Too much... I can’t... take it...

I want... to die... kill... kill

me... KILL ME, HARRY!

HARRY

What?

DUMBLEDORE

Your word, Harry! Your word!

HARRY

No...

DUMBLEDORE

KILL ME! IT’S THE ONLY WAY!

Harry stands paralyzed, unsure what to do. Then...

Dumbledore collapses, rolls onto his back. Harry pelts

forward, dips the goblet into the basin and kneels by

Dumbledore.

HARRY

One more. Just one more. And

then -- I promise... I’ll do what

you say.

Dumbledore, jaw clinched shut, eyes Harry.

HARRY

I promise.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 125.

123 CONTINUED: (3) 123

(CONTINUED)

Dumbledore’s jaw relaxes and Harry pries open his mouth,

tips the liquid down his throat. Pain ripples through

Dumbledore’s face. He tries to speak, Harry eyeing him

with trepidation, fearful of what he will request. Again

and again Dumbledore struggles and then... his eyes...

open. Find Harry.

DUMBLEDORE

Water.

A shudder of relief goes through Harry. Grinning, he

leaps to the basin. A GOLDEN LOCKET now lies at the

bottom. Harry snatches it up.

DUMBLEDORE

Water...

HARRY

Aguamenti.

Instantly COLD CLEAR WATER rises in the basin.

HARRY

You did it, sir. Look --

Harry frowns. The goblet is empty.

DUMBLEDORE

Water!

Harry dips the goblet into the basin yet again, brings it

to Dumbledore’s lips... but once again finds it empty.

Dumbledore tries to speak, but his lips are CRACKING, his

tongue like SAND. He GULPS DRILY for air.

HARRY

I’m trying, sir. I’m --

Harry stops. All is silent... except for the SOFT

LAPPING of the lake. He considers the GHOSTLY SHAPES

gliding just below the surface. Deciding, he dips the

goblet into the dark water. Instantly, the lake begins

to CHURN. Harry backs away, the goblet sloshing in his

hand. FACES, pale and haunted, quiver in the roiling

water.

Harry tips the water into Dumbledore’s mouth. Dumbledore

blinks. His tongue probes his lower lip. Harry returns

to the water’s edge, hesitates, then plunges the goblet

into water once more. Instantly, a SLIMY WHITE HAND

snags his wrist and Harry is pulled under. The goblet

bobs on the surface.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 126.

123 CONTINUED: (4) 123

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE - UNDERWATER

Utterly silent. Harry twists madly as HANDS reach for

him, turning him this way and that. HAUNTED FACES float

by.

NEW ANGLE - THE SURFACE

Harry breaks the surface, GASPING for air, blinking,

catching a glimpse of Dumbledore slumped against the

basin as he is...

NEW ANGLE - UNDERWATER

... pulled underwater once again, into the eerie SILENCE

of flailing arms. He shakes free again and again, but

there are too many hands, too many haunted faces. We

STAY UNDER a very long time, feel his lungs burning. His

eyes lose their focus, turning blank. Bubbles trail out

of his mouth as his face goes slack. He sinks deeper, in

free fall, takes one last look at the SHIMMERING SURFACE

ABOVE, the last thing he will see... when a SHADOW

SHIVERS briefly and...

... the SURFACE SIZZLES with RED LIGHT, like blood, then

becomes TRANSPARENT, revealing DUMBLEDORE, wand pointed

directly at the water.

NEW ANGLE - THE SURFACE

Harry breaks the surface, SPITTING UP WATER, GASPING FOR

AIR. Dumbledore staggers, slumps once more against the

basin, weakened by his effort. Harry scrambles up,

steadies him and the lake EXPLODES WITH FIRE. Harry

wheels, watches the bodies in the lake twist in pain.

DUMBLEDORE

Go...

Harry turns, confused. Dumbledore’s hand finds his face.

DUMBLEDORE

We have to... go.

Harry glances to the boat. Flames lick the prow,

darkening the wood, but do not destroy it. He nods.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 127.

123 CONTINUED: (5) 123

124 EXT. CAVE - ENTRANCE 124

Harry and Dumbledore emerge from the cave. Dumbledore,

pale and weak, scans the stars wearily, leans heavily on

Harry.

HARRY

Don’t worry, sir. We’re nearly

there.

DUMBLEDORE

I am not worried, Harry. I am

with you.

A CHOIR IN FULL VOICE RISES ON THE AIR and we --

CUT TO:

125 INT. GREAT HALL - SAME TIME - NIGHT 125

We HOLD ON the Gothic glass of the main window. Ambient

light, ominous and cool, plays across its shimmering

surface. Flitwick, arms flowing gracefully, conducts a

group of FIFTH YEARS, looks up toward the window, eyes

the pulsating light.

126 EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT 126

McGonagall stands in the courtyard as the CHOIR DRIFTS

FAINTLY on the night air. She glances up to the sky, a

curious expression on her face, then spies a pair of

First Years straggling across the courtyard.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

To your Houses. No dawdling.

As they scuttle off, McGonagall looks back to the sky. A

VORTEX of CLOUDS swirls eerily in on itself. We PULL

BACK...

127 INT. CASTLE - WINDOW - SAME TIME - NIGHT 127

... out of a window, its glass prickling with ambient

light, and find Snape standing silently, staring at the

gathering storm, his expression inscrutable. The choir a

murmur.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 128.

128 INT. COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 128

Darker than usual. The fire muted. Ron and Hermione sit

together. Silent. Glance toward the window, the sky

beyond.

129 INT. HOSPITAL WING - SAME TIME - NIGHT 129

Draco’s face, skin glimmering with the light crawling

across the ceiling above him. He stares, unblinking,

swings out of the bed. Bare feet -- Draco’s -- drop to

the tiles.

130 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 130

The choir echoes eerily. SIXTH YEARS, little more than

SHADOWS, hang out, giggling in dark corners. Malfoy

glides by in his bare feet. Unnoticed. A ghost.

131 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 131

Dense with shadow. Strange slashes of light. Malfoy, a

shadow within shadows, pulls the tapestry from the

Vanishing Cabinet, steps back...

He stares at the monolith before him, lifts his wand and

begins to CHANT eerily. The surface of the cabinet

glimmers, atremble in the ambient light. Almost alive.

Then he stops. Looking back, his eyes haunted, he slips

away.

Light plays within the cabinet. Movement. Shadows

flicker within, coalesce. We ease up, reveal...

Bellatrix. Greyback. And a few friends. Bellatrix

steps into the light. Glances around. Grins.

132 EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 132

Harry and Dumbledore materialize on the rooftop.

Dumbledore glances above, notes the clouds.

HARRY

We need to get you up to the

hospital, sir, to Madam Pomfrey --

DUMBLEDORE

No. Severus... Severus is who I

need... Go and wake him... Tell

him what has happened...

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 129.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Speak to no one else... I... I

shall wait here...

HARRY

All right. Okay.

Harry gently disengages from Dumbledore, leaves him

leaning against the ramparts. He dashes to the stairwell

door and, glancing back, sees Dumbledore MUTTERING

WEARILY as he GESTICULATES with his blackened hand.

HARRY

Sir, are you... praying?

DUMBLEDORE

(smiling faintly)

No, Harry. I do not pray. I was

merely closing a window -- the one

that had allowed us to Apparate.

Harry nods, begins to open the door, when FOOTSTEPS

sound. Draws his wand. Dumbledore cocks his head,

listening. Wincing, he straightens up, as if to mask his

infirmity.

DUMBLEDORE

Hide yourself below. And do not

speak or show yourself without my

permission. No matter what.

Harry looks down, through the LATTICEWORK at his feet, to

the tier below. The FOOTSTEPS DRAW CLOSER.

DUMBLEDORE

Do as I say, Harry.

Harry hesitates. Dumbledore’s eyes blaze...

DUMBLEDORE

Trust me.

Harry meets Dumbledore’s eyes, then pockets his wand and

slips down the stairs. As he reaches the level below,

the DOOR above FLIES OPEN. Harry peers up through the

grid, watches Malfoy come INTO VIEW.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Draco. What brings

you out on such a fine Spring

evening? Or is it Summer?

Draco stands poised, wand in hand, eyes darting about.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 130.

132 CONTINUED: 132

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

MALFOY

Who else is here? I heard you

talking.

DUMBLEDORE

I often talk aloud to myself. I

find it extraordinarily useful.

That which sounds sane at a

whisper can seem utterly mad when

said for all the world to hear.

Haven’t been whispering to

yourself, have you, Draco?

Draco eyes Dumbledore with unease.

DUMBLEDORE

You are not an assassin, Draco.

MALFOY

How do you know what I am? I’ve

done things that would shock you.

DUMBLEDORE

Like cursing Katie Bell and hoping

she would, in turn, bear a cursed

necklace to me? Like replacing a

bottle of mead with one laced with

poison. Forgive me, Draco, but

these are attempts so feeble I

cannot help but question if your

heart has been really in them.

I’m curious. When Voldemort gave

you this task, when he asked you

to kill me, was it in a whisper?

MALFOY

He trusts me! I was chosen!

Malfoy thrusts out his arm, pulls back his sleeve and

reveals the DARK MARK. Dumbledore barely looks at it.

DUMBLEDORE

Then I shall make it easy for you.

Slowly and without intent, Dumbledore draws his wand. \*

Instantly Malfoy raises his own. \*

MALFOY \*

Expelliarumus! \*

Harry watches in horror as Dumbledore’s wand flies free, \*

clattering across the grid above. Malfoy watches it roll \*

to a stop, a curious mixture of fear and awe at his own \*

actions. Dumbledore eyes the wand, then Draco. \*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 131.

132 CONTINUED: (2) 132

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Well done, Draco. But I warn you. \*

Killing is not nearly as easy. \*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 131A.

132 CONTINUED: (3) 132

(CONTINUED)

Malfoy looks into Dumbledore’s eyes, then to the sky, at \*

the gathering clouds, twisting darkly, then glances to

the stairwell. Dumbledore notices.

DUMBLEDORE

You’re not alone. Are you. There

are others. How?

A sneering smile plays over Malfoy’s lips.

MALFOY

The Vanishing Cabinet in the Room

of Requirement.

DUMBLEDORE

That cabinet has been broken for

years.

MALFOY

I’ve been mending it.

DUMBLEDORE

Ingenious. Let me guess. It has

a sister. A twin.

MALFOY

In Borgin & Burkes. They form --

DUMBLEDORE

A passage, yes. Very good.

(eyes shifting)

I once knew a boy years ago who

made all the wrong choices. Let

me help you, Draco.

MALFOY

I don’t want your help! Don’t you

see! I have to do it! I have to!

(in a whisper)

I’ve got to kill you or he’ll kill

me.

DUMBLEDORE

Say that again, Draco. But aloud

this time.

Draco looks deep into Dumbledore’s eyes. His hand

trembles. Transfixed, Harry watches from the shadows.

Slowly, Malfoy begins to LOWER HIS WAND... when FOOTSTEPS

ECHO. The DOOR FLIES OPEN: Bellatrix, Greyback and the

others.

BELLATRIX

Well now, look what we have here.

Dumbledore. Wandless and alone.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 132.

132 CONTINUED: (4) 132

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Cornered in his own castle. Well

done, Draco.

Harry peers up, eyes flashing angrily at the sound of

Bellatrix’s voice. He draws his wand slowly.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Bellatrix. I think

introductions are in order.

BELLATRIX

Love to, Albus. But I’m afraid

we’re on a bit of a tight

schedule.

(to Malfoy)

Do it.

Malfoy’s wand rises once again. Harry raises his own,

aiming through the grid, poised. Just then, a SHADOW

splinters through the columns to his right. He looks,

finds Snape, quiet as a ghost, peering upward.

Carefully, Snape draws his wand, then turns to Harry, a

finger to his lips: Shhh. Then he is drifting upward.

Silent. A ghost again.

GREYBACK

He doesn’t have the stomach. Like

his father. Let me finish him.

In my own way.

BELLATRIX

No! The Dark Lord was clear. The

boy’s to do it. Go on, Draco.

Now!

Once again Draco raises his wand, his hand trembling.

Harry’s own arm is stiff, sure. The vein in his hand

pulsates...

SNAPE (O.S.)

No.

Harry watches Snape come INTO VIEW.

DUMBLEDORE

Severus...

BELLATRIX

Well, look who’s here. Hogwarts

own Defense Against the Dark Arts

teacher. Come to see the

slaughter?

DUMBLEDORE

Severus... please.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 133.

132 CONTINUED: (5) 132

BELLATRIX (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

SNAPE

I gave my word. I made a vow...

Harry’s eyes dart back and forth frantically, trying to

make sense of the scene playing out above. Snape’s arm

rises.

SNAPE

Avada Kedavra!

A JET of GREEN LIGHT hits Dumbledore squarely in the

chest. For a second he hangs, suspended upon the

ramparts, and then... the night swallows him.

HARRY SCREAMS in RAGE. Bellatrix raises her wand to the

sky and a DEAFENING BLAST shakes the castle, masking

Harry’s cry. The CLOUDS EXPLODE with GRIM LIGHT,

mutating into a SKULL. As the Death Eaters flee, Snape’s

arm drops limply to his side.

SNAPE

You can no longer stay here.

Draco, stunned, stares at the empty place where

Dumbledore stood only seconds before. Snape takes him by

the scruff of the neck, forces him through the door, then

follows.

Harry scrambles up the stairs and lurches to the

ramparts, BATHED IN THE GREEN LIGHT from above. He peers

down. Agony wrecks Harry’s face and he has to steady

himself. He looks up into the leering skull above. Rage

fills his eyes.

132A EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132A

Snape leads Malfoy and Bellatrix down the spiraling

staircase.

132B INT. SLUGHORN’S CORRIDOR - NIGHT 132B

Snape leads on, his face a mask as he rounds a corner.

STUDENTS in pajamas and robes peer at the emerald sky,

then turn, stare curiously at their teacher and his

companions. Snape sweeps past wordlessly. Draco averts

his eyes. Bellatrix leers at a TINY FIRST YEAR, leans

close:

BELLATRIX

Boo.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 134.

132 CONTINUED: (6) 132

132C INT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - NIGHT 132C

Hearing FOOTSTEPS, an AUROR turns, is BLASTED off his

feet as Snape and the others appear. Bellatrix lags,

then steps to the TOWERING DOORS of the Hall, peering

upward, past the FLOATING CANDLES to the vaulted ceiling,

solemn as a church. Raising her wand, she sends a FIERY

BOLT toward the GRAND WINDOW opposite. As it EXPLODES, a

BLAST of COLD AIR sweeps the room, EXTINGUISHING THE

CANDLES. Snape turns, looks back. Bellatrix simply

GRINS, a mad child.

132D INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132D

As Bellatrix’s BLAST ECHOES, Ron and Hermione -- racing

side by side in their regular clothes -- glance at one

another, dash on.

132E EXT. CASTLE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132E

Filch, on guard, looks up, watches SHARDS OF GLASS spill

from the window like jewels, standing transfixed as the

fragments lash his face, draw blood.

132F INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132F

Harry races on, glances out a window and sees Snape and

the others racing across a lower courtyard.

132G EXT. LOWER COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132G

Malfoy slows, glancing upward, watching the students come

to the windows and peer out at the emerald sky. They

look like ghosts in their nightclothes.

BELLATRIX

Draco! Draco!

(as he turns)

They’ll kill you if you stay.

132H INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132H

Hermione and Ron push through the other students, who are

confused, crying. McGonagall appears, meets Ron and

Hermione’s glance, continues on.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 134A.

132I EXT. HAGRID’S HUT/GROUNDS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 132I

Quiet here. A VIEW TOWARD the castle. We HOLD. Slowly

FIGURES appear on the horizon. The Death Eaters.

Greyback. Bellatrix, Draco. And Snape.

133 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT 133

Harry bursts through the entrance doors, wand in hand.

Before him, the grounds shimmer eerily in the GREEN GLOW.

He sees the FIGURES FLEEING towards Hagrid’s Hut.

134 EXT. HAGRID’S HUT / GROUNDS - SAME TIME - NIGHT 134

Snape and the others race toward the edge of the grounds.

Suddenly, Snape pulls up, looks back. Sees Harry

sprinting toward him. Malfoy, looking edgy, is watching

Harry too.

SNAPE

Go on!

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 134B.

(CONTINUED)

Just then a GIANT FIREBALL erupts into the sky. Snape

wheels, sees Bellatrix and the others silhouetted against

the flames. They’ve set Hagrid’s Hut ablaze. Malfoy

stands paralyzed.

SNAPE

Go on!

NEW ANGLE - HARRY

Running. Harry bolts forth, wand in hand, vengeance in

his eyes. Up ahead, Snape stands stolidly, tall and

black against the raging fire. Harry points his wand,

fires a JET of RED LIGHT. Snape doesn’t move, merely

lets it streak by his head. Harry stops, chest heaving,

and takes aim again.

HARRY

Cruciatus!

Snape raises his wand, parries the curse with ease.

HARRY

Incacerata!

Once again, Snape deflects the spell.

HARRY

Impedimenta!

Another lazy flick of the arm, another curse defeated.

Harry drops his arm in frustration.

HARRY

Fight! Fight back, you coward!

With staggering quickness, Snape’s wand whips forth and

Harry is off his heels and crashing to the earth.

SNAPE

Don’t ever associate that word and

my name again.

Harry raises himself up on one knee, points his wand

when... a JET of RED LIGHT sends him crashing back into

the grass. Snape wheels, sees Bellatrix standing behind.

SNAPE

No! He belongs to the Dark Lord!

Bellatrix eyes Snape levelly, then turns, trots off.

Snape glances at Harry, then turns away himself, walking.

Harry grimaces, pulls himself to his feet and aims one

last time.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 135.

134 CONTINUED: 134

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Sectumsempra!

Bang! Snape wheels and once more sends Harry flying onto

his back. Harry stares at the stars as they wheel over

him, when Snape comes INTO VIEW.

SNAPE

You dare use my own spells against

me, Potter?

Harry goes still. His eyes shift, meet Snape’s.

SNAPE

You may have gotten your mother’s

eyes, but you’re as dim as your

father. Yes. It’s me. I’m the

Half-Blood Prince.

Snape kicks Harry’s wand aside and turns away, joining

Malfoy and the others where they wait beyond the flaming

ruins of Hagrid’s Hut. They head for the darkness of the

treeline. And VANISH. Harry pounds his fist into the

ground, then stops.

HARRY

Hagrid... HAGRID!

Harry races toward the hut when the DOOR flies off its

hinges. Seconds later, Hagrid stumbles out, beard

SMOKING.

HARRY

Hagrid! You alright?

HAGRID

Take more’n tha’ ter finish me

off. Not sure about me ‘ouse,

tho’. But if anybody can put it

righ’, Dumbledore can.

HARRY

Hagrid, Dumbledore --

HAGRID

Only thing I can’t reckon is wha’

Snape was doin’ with tha’ lot.

Hagrid turns then, sees the HUGE THRONG of STUDENTS and

STAFF assembled outside the castle.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 136.

134 CONTINUED: (2) 134

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID

An’ wha’s this wi’ the Dark Mar’?

Who’s been killed?

(stopping)

Where’s Dumbledore, ‘arry?

Where’s Dumbledore!!

Harry tries to speak, but he is mute. Hagrid goes still.

135 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - MIDDLE COURTYARD - NIGHT 135

Ron, Hermione and Ginny stand with the staff. They turn

and watch the throng of students part for Harry and

Hagrid.

Hagrid stops short, shattered by what he sees. Harry

pushes on, kneels. Dumbledore’s eyes are closed, his

face peaceful. Harry straightens his half-moon

spectacles, wipes a trickle of blood from his mouth.

Runs the back of his hand, gently, over the weathered

cheek.

Then he notices something lying beside Dumbledore’s ashen

hand: the locket. He takes it, considers it numbly.

Then begins to cry, great shudders of grief wracking his

body. Hermione gives Ginny a nudge and she steps

forward, drops beside him. At her touch, his head falls

on her shoulder and she begins to stroke him. Ron looks

on. Understands all.

McGonagall lifts a trembling wand to the sky and slowly

the TIP GLOWS to life. One after another, students and

staff do the same, lifting their wands in salute. As

CAMERA RISES, the pinpricks coalesce into one BLAZING

FIRE. The sky, briefly emerald, turns black once more.

The Dark Mark vanishes.

136 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY 136

The castle sits silent. BLACK BANNERS fly on the

parapets.

136A EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 136A \*

Silent. Desolate. \*

137 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY 137

Dumbledore’s chair -- empty. The House tables -- empty.

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 137.

134 CONTINUED: (3) 134

138 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 138

A tapestry tosses lightly in the breeze. The PERCH in \*

the empty birdcage sways, SQUEAKING gently. \*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 137A.

139 INT. DUMBLEDORE’S OFFICE - DAY 139

Quiet. Still. Empty. Then: \*

The door eases OPEN and Harry enters. For a moment, he \*

simply stands staring. Taking inventory. Spying \*

something, he crosses to the great desk opposite. Looks \*

down. \*

Dumbledore’s wand. \*

Reaching out, Harry takes it in hand. Old, oft-used and \*

bearing the impression of its owner’s fingers, it is a \*

strangely beautiful object. Harry traces his thumb \*

lightly over the wood, transfixed, when... \*

... McGonagall enters. \*

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL \*

Potter. \*

He doesn’t respond, lost in the wand. McGonagall’s eyes \*

drift to it, briefly, then study Harry’s face. She \*

frowns, trying to call forth some words. \*

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL \*

Potter, in light of what’s \*

happened... should you feel the \*

need to talk to someone... \*

She falters. Harry gently sets the wand back upon the \*

desk, retraces his steps to the door, pauses for one last \*

look. \*

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL \*

You should know... Professor \*

Dumbledore... \*

Harry turns then, studying her drawn face, no words \*

necessary. At a loss, she finishes quietly: \*

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL \*

You meant a great deal to him. \*

Harry’s eyes rise. High upon the wall, the past \*

Headmasters snooze in their frames. The last looks \*

remarkably peaceful, the trace of a smile on his lips as \*

he sleeps. \*

Dumbledore. \*

Harry nods, lingering one last moment, and exits. \*

\*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 138.

140 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - DAY 140

Harry stands at the window, alone in the empty dormitory.

At the doorway, he looks back. As if committing it to

memory.

141 INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 141

Harry starts down the stairs, stops. Hermione, Ron and

Ginny sit talking quietly. Ginny looks up. Smiles

softly.

142 EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - DAY 142

Harry and Hermione stand by the ramparts while Ron and \*

Ginny stand further along, just out of earshot. Harry \*

stares into the distance at the ashes of Hagrid’s Hut.

Hermione toys with the locket before them. \*

HERMIONE \*

Do you think he would’ve done it.

Draco?

HARRY

No. He was lowering his wand. In

the end, it was Snape. It was

always Snape. And I did

nothing...

Hermione studies Harry, takes the locket from the \*

rampart.

HERMIONE \*

Strange. Thinking this is a piece \*

of Voldemort’s soul...

HARRY

Yeah, strange. Only... it’s not. \*

It’s a fake. \*

As Hermione reacts, Harry nods. \*

\*

HARRY

Go on. Open it. \*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 138A.

(CONTINUED)

Hermione pries open the locket and removes a piece of \*

PARCHMENT folded in a tight square. READS:

HERMIONE \*

‘To the Dark Lord. I know I will

be dead long before you read this

but I want you to know that it was

I who discovered your secret. I

have stolen the real Horcrux and

intend to destroy it as soon as I

can. I face death in the hope

that when you meet your match, you

will be mortal once more. R.A.B.’

(looking up)

R.A.B.?

HARRY

Dunno. But whoever they are, they

have the real Horcrux. Which

means, it was a waste. All of it.

Hermione studies Harry’s troubled face, then glances at \*

Ginny and Ron. \*

HERMIONE \*

Ron’s okay with it, you know. You \*

and Ginny. But if I were you, \*

when he’s around, I’d keep the \*

snogging to a minimum.

Hermione smiles faintly, trying to cheer him, but Harry \*

merely nods, looks away again. \*

HARRY

I’m not coming back, Hermione. \*

Hermione nods. \*

HERMIONE \*

We reckoned -- Ron and me. \*

HARRY

I have to finish what Dumbledore \*

started. I’m not sure where that \*

will lead me... but I’ll let you \*

and Ron konw where I am -- when I \*

can. (ALT: I have to finish what \*

Dumbledore started. And... I have \*

to do it alone.) \*

HERMIONE \*

I’ve always admired your courage, \*

Harry, but sometimes... you’re \*

really thick. \*

\*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 139.

142 CONTINUED: 142

(CONTINUED)

Harry turns, looking at her in surprise. \*

HERMIONE

You don’t honestly think you can \*

find all those Horcruxes by \*

yourself, do you? \*

(leaning in; a \*

whisper) \*

You need us, Harry. \*

Harry just stares at her. She cocks her head, smiling, \*

doing her best to coax one out of him. Finally, he does, \*

briefly. \*

HARRY \*

Yeah. I do. But do me a favor. \*

When I’m around? Keep the \*

snogging to a minimum. \*

Hermione looks stunned. Reddens. \*

HERMIONE \*

Like that’s going to happen. \*

She glances at Ron, shakes her head. \*

HERMIONE \*

Besides, he’s barking. \*

HARRY \*

Funny, he says the same about you. \*

HERMIONE \*

Yes, but I’m exceptionally \*

perceptive. \*

HARRY \*

You’re brilliant. You both are. \*

Harry looks off again and Hermione follows his gaze. She \*

looks out over the grounds. Slowly losing herself. We \*

can tell. She’s taking inventory. Pressing it into a \*

scrapbook. \*

HERMIONE \*

Do you think we’ll ever... (come \*

back?) \*

She stops. Her eyes glisten briefly. Then she fights it \*

back. Tough. Harry fights back his own emotion, reaches \*

over and gives her hand a brief squeeze. Then releases \*

her. \*

\*

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 140.

142 CONTINUED: (2) 142

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I don’t know. \*

Hermione nods and Harry’s eyes shift, consider Ron and \*

Ginny. As if sensing his gaze, Ron turns and they \*

exchange a look, something unspoken but true passing \*

between them. \*

Just then a SONG rises on the air, mournful and haunting, \*

and seconds later a BIRD soars out from beyond the \*

tallest turret and begins to stitch its way across the \*

sky. \*

Ron and Ginny cross to Harry and Hermione, lean against \*

the rampart. All look to the horizon, watching the bird \*

grow smaller while its song -- magically -- endures. \*

No one says a word. \*

FADE OUT.

THE END

HARRY POTTER... HALF-BLOOD PRINCE - Rev. 11/6/07 141.

142 CONTINUED: (3) 142