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HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

screenplay by STEVEN KLOVES

based on the novel by
J.K. ROWLING

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - DAY 1

WIDE HELICOPTER SHOT. Privet Drive. CAMERA CRANES DOWN, DOWN, OVER the rooftops, FINDS the SECOND FLOOR WINDOW of NUMBER 4. HARRY POTTER sits in the window.

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

Harry pages through a SCRAPBOOK, stops on a MOVING PHOTO of Ron and Hermione. SQUAWK! Harry jumps. HEDWIG pecks at the LOCK slung through her cage door, then glowers at Harry.

HARRY
I *can't*, Hedwig. I'm not allowed
to use magic outside of school.
Besides, if Uncle Vernon --

At the sound of the name, HEDWIG SQUAWKS again, LOUDER.

UNCLE VERNON (O.S.)
Har-ry Pot-ter!

HARRY
Now you've done it.

4 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 4

While AUNT PETUNIA puts the finishing touches to a PUDDING of WHIPPED CREAM and SUGARED VIOLETS, UNCLE VERNON struggles with DUDLEY'S BOW TIE, all the while glowering at Harry.

UNCLE VERNON
I warned you. If you can't
control that bloody bird, it'll
have to go.

HARRY
She's bored. If I could just let
her out for an hour or two --

UNCLE VERNON
And have you sending secret
messages to your freaky little
friends? No, sir.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

HARRY

But I haven't gotten any messages.
From any of my friends. Not one.
All summer.

DUDLEY

Who'd want to be friends with you?

UNCLE VERNON

I should think you'd be more
grateful. We raise you since you
were a baby, give you food off our
table, even let you have Dudley's
second bedroom... purely out of
the goodness of our hearts.

DUDLEY

I thought he got the second
bedroom because Mum was afraid
he'd turn us into dung beetles if
you put him back in the cupboard
under the stairs.

AUNT PETUNIA stops cold, exchanges a dark look with Uncle
Vernon, then sees Dudley extending a finger for the
pudding.

AUNT PETUNIA

Not yet, popkin. That's for when
the Masons arrive.

UNCLE VERNON

Which should be any moment. Now.
Let's run through our schedule one
more time. Petunia, when the
Masons get here, you will be --

AUNT PETUNIA

In the lounge, waiting to welcome
them graciously to our home.

UNCLE VERNON

Good. And Dudley?

DUDLEY

I'll be waiting to open the door.

UNCLE VERNON

Excellent.

(turning on Harry)

And you?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

HARRY

I'll be in my bedroom, making no
noise and pretending I don't
exist.

UNCLE VERNON

Too right you will. With any
luck, this could well be the day I
make the biggest deal of my
career.

DOORBELL RINGS. Instantly, Uncle Vernon shoves Harry out
of the kitchen and into the hallway.

UNCLE VERNON

Upstairs! Hurry!

5 OMITTED

5

6 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

6

Harry enters, turns, and stops dead: a tiny CREATURE
with bat-like ears and bulging green eyes is jumping on
his bed as if it were a trampoline. This is DOBBY.

DOBBY

Harry Potter! Such an honor it
is!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What... *Who* are you?

DOBBY

Dobby, sir. Dobby the house elf.

HARRY

I see. Not to be rude or anything, but this isn't a great time for me to have a house-elf in my bedroom.

DOBBY

Oh, yes, sir, Dobby understands. It's just that, Dobby has come to tell you... it is difficult, sir... Dobby wonders where to begin.

HARRY

Why don't you sit down?

DOBBY

S-s-sit down?

Suddenly Dobby BURSTS INTO TEARS. LOUD TEARS. Harry panics.

HARRY

Shhhh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you or anything --

DOBBY

Offend Dobby! Dobby has heard of your greatness, sir, but never has he been asked to sit down by a wizard, like an equal...

HARRY

You can't have met many decent wizards then.

Dobby shakes his head, then without warning, LEAPS off the bed and starts to BANG HIS HEAD FURIOUSLY ON THE FLOOR.

DOBBY

Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!

Uncle Vernon pours champagne for MR. and MRS. MASON. As Dobby's HEAD BANGING sounds from above, all eyes shift to the ceiling. Uncle Vernon chuckles nervously.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

UNCLE VERNON

Don't mind that. It's just the...
cat.

DUDLEY

Cat? What cat?

UNCLE VERNON

Our cat, tiger.

8 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

8

Dobby gets back to his feet, wobbling, eyes spinning
dizzily. Harry regards him with a mixture of concern...
and wariness.

HARRY

Are you... all right?

DOBBY

Dobby had to punish himself, sir.
Dobby almost spoke ill of his
family, sir.

HARRY

Your... *family*?

DOBBY

The wizard family Dobby serves,
sir. Dobby is bound to serve one
family forever. If they ever knew
Dobby was here...

Dobby shudders in fear, then looks up, WHISPERS urgently.

DOBBY

But Dobby had to come. Dobby has
to protect Harry Potter. To warn
him.

(in a fierce whisper)

*Harry Potter must not go back to
Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and
Wizardry this year.*

HARRY

Not go back? But... I have to.

DOBBY

This is a plot. A plot to make
most terrible things happen. If
Harry Potter goes back to school
he will be in great danger.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

HARRY

What terrible things? Who's
plotting them?

Dobby makes a funny CHOKING and GAGGING noise.

HARRY

Okay! I understand. You can't
say --

Too late. Dobby grabs the bedside lamp and starts
beating himself about the head and YELPING LOUDLY.

9 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

Uncle Vernon is in the midst of telling a joke.

UNCLE VERNON

They arrive at the ninth hole
and!--

DOBBY'S YELPS INTERRUPT, ringing out from above.

MR. MASON

Sounds as if that cat of yours has
dragged something in with it,
Dursley.

UNCLE VERNON

Not to worry. I'll sort it out.

10 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

10

Harry wrestles the lamp away from Dobby.

HARRY

Stop! Stop!

FOOTSTEPS THUNDER on the landing. Quickly, Harry grabs
Dobby by the pillowcase and pitches him into the
wardrobe... just as the door FLINGS OPEN.

UNCLE VERNON

What the devil are you doing up
here! You've just ruined the
punch line of my Japanese golfer
joke. One more sound and you'll
wish you'd never been born, boy!

He stomps flat-footed from the room and SLAMS THE DOOR.
Harry lets Dobby out of the wardrobe.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

HARRY

See why I've got to go back? I don't belong here. I belong in your world -- at Hogwarts. It's the only place I've got... friends.

DOBBY

Friends who don't even write to Harry Potter?

HARRY

Well, I expect they've been -- hang on, how do you know my friends haven't been writing me?

Guiltily, Dobby takes out a STACK of LETTERS.

DOBBY

Harry Potter mustn't be angry with Dobby -- Dobby hoped if Harry Potter thought his friends had forgotten him... Harry Potter might not want to go back to school, sir...

HARRY

Give me those. Now.

Dobby frowns sadly, then DASHES out the door. Panicking...

11 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/KITCHEN - DAY

11

... Harry flies desperately after, Dobby bouncing like a ping-pong ball down the stairs and into the kitchen. As Harry races in, he finds Dobby on the counter, waving his arms. Aunt Petunia's masterpiece of a pudding RISES, then floats into the living room, HOVERING over the Mason's heads. The Masons don't see, but the Dursleys -- goggle-eyed--do.

HARRY

Dobby... Please... No...

DOBBY

Harry Potter must say he's not going back to school.

HARRY

I can't. Hogwarts is my home.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DOBBY
(a tragic
expression)
Then Dobby must do it, sir. For
Harry Potter's own good.

Dobby SNAPS HIS FINGERS. The pudding PLUMMETS...
straight onto the Masons. They stand blinking, covered
head to foot with whipped cream and sugared violets. The
Masons exit. Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia race after
them.

UNCLE VERNON
I'm sorry. It's our nephew. Very
disturbed. Meeting strangers
upsets him, so we kept him
upstairs...

11A EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - DAY

11A

The Masons RACE out of the house, the Dursleys FOLLOWING.

AUNT PETUNIA
We have ice cream...

The Masons get into their car and drive off, just as a
SHRIEKING SOUND splits the sky. An OWL SWOOPS down, and
DROPS a LETTER at Uncle Vernon's feet. He picks up the
letter, opens it. As he reads it, a mad gleam dances in
Uncle Vernon's eye. He turns and races back inside the
house. Aunt Petunia follows.

11B INT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

11B

Uncle Vernon runs back into the living room, extends the
letter to Harry.

UNCLE VERNON
Go on. Read it.

HARRY
'Dear Mr. Potter. We have
received intelligence that a Hover
Charm was used at your place of
residence at twelve minutes past
seven this evening. As you know,
underage wizards...'

UNCLE VERNON
'... are not permitted to perform
spells outside school.'
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11B CONTINUED:

11B

UNCLE VERNON (CONT'D)

(snatching the letter)

You didn't tell us you weren't

Allowed to use magic at home.

Slipped your mind, didn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11B CONTINUED: (2)

11B

UNCLE VERNON (CONT'D)

Well, I've got news for you, boy.
I'm locking you up! And if you
try to magic yourself out, they'll
expel you! You're never going
back to that school! Never!

12 EXT./INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

12

A SHORT MONTAGE BEGINS:

Uncle Vernon fits IRON BARS to the inside of Harry's
window.

Drills a METAL FLAP to the base of the bedroom door.

Fits a FAT, GREY LOCK to the door itself. Soaking with
sweat, he casts Harry a nasty grin and pulls shut the
DOOR. It closes with the DULL CLANK of a cell.

13 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

Harry stares gloomily out the window. The METAL FLAP
RATTLES and Dudley's pudgy hand slides a BOWL of TINNED
SOUP onto the floor. He grins cruelly through the
opening.

DUDLEY

I know what day it is.

HARRY

Well done, Dudley. Finally
learned the days of the week, have
you.

DUDLEY

Today's your *birthday*. And nobody
cares.

Dudley SNAPS SHUT the flap. Harry sighs, takes the soup
and a bit of stale bread, and crosses to Hedwig.

HARRY

It's no good turning your beak up.
It's all we've got.

Harry feeds a piece of bread to Hedwig... as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

SAME SCENE - LATER

Harry leans against the wall. Asleep. There is a gentle TAPPING SOUND. Harry opens his eyes and is stunned to see... RON WEASLEY staring through the bedroom window.

HARRY

Ron?

RON

Hiya, Harry.

13A EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT 13A

An OLD, TURQUOISE-COLORED FORD ANGLIA floats in midair. Ron leans out the back window. His brother FRED sits in the driver's seat. Fred's twin George is in the passenger seat.

HARRY

Fred? George? What're you doing here?

RON

Rescuing you, of course. Where's your trunk?

13B CLOSEUP - HARRY'S TRUNK 13B

Stuffed with clothes, spellbooks. The trunk CLOSES, SNAPS SHUT. Harry drags the trunk to the windowsill, watches Ron tie off a fierce knot on the bars of Harry's window.

RON

Stand back.

Harry steps back. Ron turns, nods to Fred.

13C INSERT - FRED'S FOOT 13C

Fred STEPS ON the accelerator.

13D EXT. DURSLEY HOUSE - NIGHT 13D

The Ford Anglia FLIES UP into the air, the rope SNAPS TIGHT, and -- CRUNCH! -- the bars are TORN from the window. Bricks and bars RAIN DOWN onto the lawn below, a mangled mess.

13E INT. UNCLE VERNON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 13E

Uncle Vernon WAKES...

14 OMITTED
thru
16

14
thru
16

17 INT./EXT. HARRY'S BEDROOM/THE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

17

Harry pushes the trunk over the sill into the Anglia's boot, then scrambles through the window himself, when... SQUAWK!

HARRY

Hedwig!

Harry clambers back, grabs Hedwig's cage, swings it onto the ledge, when... BAM! The bedroom door CRASHES OPEN.

UNCLE VERNON

Petunia! He's getting away!

As Harry leaps for the windowsill, Uncle Vernon CHARGES FORWARD and SNATCHES his ankle. Harry tumbles into the darkness, one hand gripping Hedwig's cage, the other reaching out and... CATCHING Ron's at the last possible second.

Uncle Vernon puts both hands to Harry's ankle, pulls harder. Ron braces himself, pulls back. Harry hangs, stretched high over the lawn, directly above the mangled steel bars.

CLOSEUP: Harry's hand begins to slip from Ron's fingers.

INSIDE OF CAGE: Hedwig PECKS feverishly at the LOCK.

CLOSE-UP: Ron. PANICKED.

RON

Hold on, Harry!

UNCLE VERNON

Oh no, boy! You and that bloody pigeon aren't going anywhere!

CLOSE-UP: Harry's hand begins to slip away from Ron's.

INSIDE OF CAGE: Hedwig PECKS HARDER and... the CAGE OPENS.

Hedwig SWOOPS into the sky, WHEELS BACK and hammers her beak into Uncle Vernon's hand. He ROARS, stumbles back and... Ron and George pull Harry into the air.

RON

Put your foot down, Fred!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Like a rocket, the Anglia sails into the stars. Harry glances back, sees Aunt Petunia and Dudley join Uncle Vernon at the window. As Hedwig races up, soaring just beyond the car window, Ron turns to Harry.

RON

By the way, Harry. Happy
Birthday.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. THE BURROW - EARLY MORNING

18

As the Anglia drops through a pink sky, a haphazard mess of a HOUSE, built around a towering central chimney, appears below. By the road, a lopsided SIGN reads: THE BURROW. FLUMPH! The car touches down in a WHIRLING CONE of dust, scatters a group of chickens, and fishtails to a halt. The boys spill quickly out of the car. FRED WHISPERS urgently.

FRED

Hurry! Let's nip inside before
Mum wakes up!

19 INT. FRONT ROOM - THE BURROW - MOMENTS LATER

19

The boys sneak inside, gently close the door. Harry stops. Magical objects surround him: A CLOCK displays different chores for each family member. A pair of NEEDLES knit a sweater by themselves. And a stack of PLAYING CARDS that. A stack of PLAYING CARDS SHUFFLE themselves, providing a cooling breeze for Ron's aging rat, SCABBERS. Ron shrugs, averts his eyes self-consciously.

RON

It's not much.

HARRY

I think it's... *brilliant!*

Ron looks up. Sees Harry's mesmerized face. Slowly... GRINS.

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)

WHERE... HAVE... YOU... BEEN?!

The boys nearly jump out of their skin. MRS. WEASLEY stands in the doorway. Furious. She smiles sweetly at Harry.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

MRS. WEASLEY

Harry! How wonderful to see you.

(back to the boys)

Beds empty! No note! You
could've died! You could've been
seen!

(again, to Harry)

I don't blame you, of course,
dear.

RON

They were starving him, Mum!
There were bars on his window!

MRS. WEASLEY

You best hope I don't put bars on
your window, Ronald Weasley!

(softening instantly)

Care for a spot of tea, Harry?

GINNY

Mummy. Have you seen my jumper --

A small, RED-HEADED GIRL appears. Sees Harry. And...
SQUEALS. Dashes back up the stairs. Ron frowns.

RON

Ginny. Been talking about you all
summer. Dead annoying, really.

GEORGE

Dad's home!

The front door OPENS and ARTHUR WEASLEY enters. A tall
man with red hair, his robes look dusty and travel-worn.

MR. WEASLEY

What a night! Nine raids! Nine!

HARRY

(to Ron)

Raids?

RON

Dad works at the Ministry of
Magic. In the Misuse of Muggle
Artefacts Office.

HARRY

The Misuse of Muggle Artefacts...?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

RON

That's when wizards bewitch
something to drive Muggles mad.
Shrinking door keys, that kind of
thing. Dad loves Muggles. Thinks
they're *fascinating*.

Mr. Weasley hangs up his cloak, turns. Blinks.

MR. WEASLEY

Well now. Who are you?

RON

Harry, sir. Harry Potter.

MR. WEASLEY

Good Lord, are you really? Ron's
told us all about you, of course.
When did you get here?

MRS. WEASLEY

(darkly)

This morning. Your sons *flew* that
enchanted car of yours to Surrey
house and back last night.

MR. WEASLEY

Did you now! How'd it go?!

(catching his
wife's eye)

I... I mean... That was very
wrong, boys. Very wrong indeed.
So, Harry. You must know all
about Muggles. Tell me, what
exactly is the function of a
parking meter?

Harry is about to answer, when he notices an OWL (ERROL)
soaring toward the kitchen window. To Harry's horror,
the owl doesn't pull up. It just flies... SMACK!... into
the glass.

MRS. WEASLEY

That must be Errol with the post.
Fetch him, will you, George?

George takes the unconscious Errol, absently lays him on
a draining board, and takes the LETTERS clutched in his
claws.

GEORGE

It's our Hogwarts letters! And
look. They've sent Harry's as well.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

MR. WEASLEY

Dumbledore must know you're here,
Harry. Doesn't miss a trick, that
man.

FRED

(reading his)

This lot won't come cheap, Mum.
The spellbooks alone...

MRS. WEASLEY

We'll manage. Right then.
There's only one place to get all
of this.

HARRY/RON/FRED/GEORGE

Diagon Alley!

19A OMITTED
thru
23

19A
thru
23

24 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE BURROW - DAY (LATER)

24

Everyone has gathered in front of the large fireplace.

MRS. WEASLEY

You first, Harry dear.

Mrs. Weasley offers Harry a FLOWERPOT. At the bottom is
a layer of VERY SOFT DUST. Harry frowns in confusion.

RON

Harry's never traveled by Floo
Powder before, Mum.

HARRY

Floo Powder?

Just then, Ron's older brother PERCY enters.

MRS. WEASLEY

Percy. Would you mind going
first, so Harry can see how it's
done?

PERCY

Certainly, Mother. Don't worry,
Harry. It's simple enough.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Percy takes a pinch from the pot, pitches it into the fireplace and BRIGHT GREEN FLAMES ROAR HIGH. To Harry's amazement, he calmly walks... straight into them.

PERCY

Diagon Alley.

Percy VANISHES. Tentatively, Harry reaches into the pot.

MRS. WEASLEY

Remember to speak clearly, dear!

RON

And mind you get out at the right grate!

HARRY

(nodding, unsure)

D-Dia-gon Alley!

25 INT. SPIRALING TUNNEL

25

The SOUND is DEAFENING as Harry hurtles forward, squinting against the sting of WHIRLING SOOT and the mad, flickering lights of passing fireplaces. He falls face forward...

26 INT. BORGIN AND BURKES - STONE FIREPLACE - DAY

26

... onto a stone hearth. Dizzy and dirty, Harry reclaims his shattered glasses. He's tumbled into a wizard's shop, but a decidedly creepy one. He starts to exit, when a WITHERED HAND in a GLASS CASE catches his eye: *The Hand of Glory*. Nearby, an OPAL NECKLACE gleams: *Caution: Do not touch. Cursed--Has Claimed the Lives of Nineteen Muggle Owners to Date*. Oddly transfixed by it all, Harry drifts toward the exit, when...

(CONTINUED)

DRACO MALFOY and his father, LUCIUS MALFOY, appear beyond the front window, approaching the shop. Harry glances about, spies a LARGE BLACK CABINET and slips inside. As he pulls the doors closed, a TINY CARD swings INTO VIEW: *Crushing Cabinet*.

Malfoy and his father enter. A stooped man (MR. BORGIN) emerges from the back room. IN THE CABINET, Harry watches, unaware that the walls around him are... SLOWLY CLOSING IN.

MR. BORGIN

Mr. Malfoy! What a pleasure to see you again. If I may, just in today --

LUCIUS MALFOY

I'm not buying today, Mr. Borgin. But selling.

MR. BORGIN

Selling?

LUCIUS MALFOY

You have heard, of course, that the Ministry of Magic is conducting more raids. There are even rumors of a new Muggle Protection Act...

Lucius unravels a roll of parchment, hands it to Borgin.

LUCIUS MALFOY

I have a few... ah... *items* at home that might prove embarrassing if the Ministry were to call. Certain poisons and the like...

MR. BORGIN

Hmmm... yes. I see...

INSIDE THE CABINET, Harry realizes the walls are CLOSING IN. His eyes shift upward. The ceiling is DROPPING.

Draco drifts to the Hand of Glory, reaches out, when... the HAND GRABS HIM. Draco shrieks, manages to slip free, then calms. He eyes the hand with malicious glee.

DRACO

Can I have this?

(CONTINUED)

MR. BORGIN

Ah, the Hand of Glory. Insert a candle and it gives light only to the holder. Best friend of thieves and plunderers. Your son has fine taste, sir.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Hopefully my son will amount to more than a thief, Mr. Borgin. Though if his marks don't pick up --

DRACO

It's not my fault the teachers have favorites. That Hermione Granger --

LUCIUS MALFOY

I would have thought you'd be ashamed that a girl of no wizarding family beat you in every exam.

MR. BORGIN

It's the same all over. Wizard blood is counting for less everywhere.

LUCIUS MALFOY

(deadly)

Not with me.

INSIDE THE CABINET, Harry's knees are up under his chin...

Borgin checks off one last time, then returns the parchment to Lucius. Satisfied, Malfoy nods.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Very good. I'll expect you at the manor tomorrow. Come, Draco.

They exit. As Borgin slips into the back room, the Crushing Cabinet's doors FLY OPEN and Harry leaps free. Inside, the walls, floor, and ceiling SNAP SHUT! Borgin reappears, blinks curiously at Harry, then watches him RACE out the door.

Once outside, Harry fits his broken glasses to his face, eyes a STREET SIGN: "KNOCKTURN ALLEY."

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

The vendors here clearly cater to the Dark Arts:
SHRUNKEN HEADS, POISONOUS CANDLES. One window teems with
SPIDERS.

AGED WITCH (O.S.)

Not lost are you, my dear?

Harry wheels, looking into the mossy teeth of a decrepit
WITCH. She holds a tray of HUMAN FINGERNAILS.

HARRY

I'm fine, thanks. I'm just --

HAGRID

HARRY! What d'yer think yer doin'
down 'ere?

HARRY

Hagrid!

Hagrid knocks the tray from the cursing Witch's hands,
then seizes Harry by the scruff of the neck and steers
him away.

28 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

28

Hagrid swats at Harry's sooty clothes.

HAGRID

Yer a mess! Skulkin' 'round
Knockturn Alley. Dodgy place,
Harry. Don't want no one ter see
yeh down there. People'll be
thinkin' yer up ter no good.

HARRY

I was lost, I -- Hang on. What
were you doing down there?

HAGRID

I was lookin' fer a Flesh Eatin'
Slug Repellent. They're ruinin'
the school cabbages.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Harry!

Harry looks up, sees HERMIONE GRANGER standing at the top
of Gringotts' white steps. She runs down to meet them.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

HERMIONE

Hello, Hagrid. Oh, it's wonderful
to see you two again.

She stops then, cocks her head curiously at Harry, then
takes out her wand and points it directly between his
eyes.

HERMIONE

Oculus Reparo.

Instantly, Harry's glasses are mended.

HARRY

I need to remember that one.

HERMIONE

C'mon. Everyone's been so worried.

Hermione leads them to Gringotts, where Hermione's rather
nervous-looking Muggle parents stand with the Weasleys.

MR. WEASLEY

So you're *dentists*! Fascinating!
I understand other Muggles quite
fear you? Why is that?

MRS. WEASLEY

Oh, Harry. Thank goodness. We
hoped you'd only gone one grate
too far. Come now. We're off to
Flourish and Blotts.

HERMIONE

Isn't it thrilling! Gilderoy
Lockhart's going to be there! We
can actually meet him! I mean,
he's written almost the whole
booklist!

As Mrs. Weasley and Hermione dash off, Harry frowns.

HARRY

Who?

29 OMITTED

29

29A EXT. FLOURISH AND BLOTTS - DAY

29A

CLOSE-UP: GILDEROY LOCKHART. A handsome, golden-haired
wizard with stunning pearl-white teeth. He smiles, winks
at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

DOLLY BACK to reveal that the image of Lockhart is actually a MOVING PHOTOGRAPH propped in the window. A PLACARD declares: HERE TODAY! SIGNING COPIES OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, MAGICAL ME... GILDEROY LOCKHART!

30 INT. FLOURISH AND BLOTT'S - DAY

30

Harry and the others thread their way through a CHATTERING THROG of MIDDLE-AGED LADIES, all craning their necks for a view of Lockhart, who sits signing books at the rear of the shop. At the sight of him, Mrs. Weasley pats her hair.

MRS. WEASLEY

There he is!

RON

Mum fancies him.

For this, Mrs. Weasley gives Ron a jab in the shoulder. A SHORT MAN WITH A CAMERA bumps past.

SHORT MAN

Out of the way! This is for The Daily Prophet!

Instantly, Lockhart looks up, flashes a smile, when...

GILDEROY LOCKHART

It *can't* be Harry Potter?

The crowd WHISPERS excitedly as Lockhart dives forward, seizes Harry's hand and turns him toward the photographer.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

(under his breath)

Nice big smile, Harry. Together, you and I rate the front page.

(as the CAMERA FLASHES)

Ladies and gentlemen! What an extraordinary moment this is! When young Harry here stepped into Flourish and Blotts this morning to purchase my autobiography, Magical Me -- which, incidentally is celebrating its twenty-seventh week atop The Daily Prophet's Bestseller List -- he had no idea that he would, in fact, be leaving with my entire collected works! Free of charge!

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

As the crowd CLAPS, Lockhart catches the eye of a FLUNKY and, before Harry knows it, a towering stack of books is shoved into his arms. Mortified, Harry mumbles quietly.

HARRY

Thank you.

Slipping free, Harry drifts back into the crowd and, red with embarrassment, drops the books into Ginny's cauldron.

HARRY

You have these. I'll buy my own!--

DRACO

(appearing, sneers)

Bet you loved that, didn't you, Potter? *Famous* Harry Potter. Can't even go into a bookshop without making the front page.

GINNY

Leave him alone! He didn't want all that!

DRACO

Look, Potter. You've got yourself a *girlfriend*!

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MALFOY

Silence, Draco! Ah... Mr. Potter.
I don't believe we've met.

Lucius Malfoy extends his hand, as if offering to shake Harry's, but instead gently plays his fingers over the fringe of Harry's scalp, revealing Harry's LIGHTNING BOLT SCAR. At his touch, Harry withdraws, ever so slightly.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Forgive me, Mr. Potter. But your scar is legend. As, of course, is the wizard who gave it to you.

HARRY

He was a murderer.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Yes, a pity about your parents. Curious that you yourself should escape with a mere flesh wound. Curious, too, that you speak of him in the past. Surely, you don't think He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is gone forever.

HARRY

His name is Voldemort.

Those within earshot gasp as Harry utters the word.

LUCIUS MALFOY

You must be very brave, Mr. Potter, to dare speak his name. Or foolish.

HERMIONE

Fear of a name only increases fear of the thing itself.

Lucius Malfoy's eyes slide, find Hermione staring defiantly.

LUCIUS MALFOY

You must be Miss Granger. Draco's told me all about you... and your parents. Muggles, aren't you?

Mr. and Mrs. Granger nod nervously. Lucius Malfoy can barely disguise his distaste for them. Arthur Weasley hurries over.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (3)

30

MR. WEASLEY

Ron! Harry! It's mad in here.
Let's go outside.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Well, well, well -- Arthur
Weasley.

MR. WEASLEY

(stiffly)

Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Busy time at the Ministry. All
those raids. I hope they're
paying you overtime.

Malfoy reaches into Ginny's cauldron, removes a very old,
battered copy of A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Obviously not. Dear me. What's
the use of being a disgrace to the
name of wizard if they don't even
pay you well for it.

MR. WEASLEY

We have a very different idea
about what disgraces the name of
wizard, Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY

(glancing at the
Grangers)

Clearly. The company you keep,
Weasley. And I thought your
family could sink no lower.

Mr. Weasley moves to hit Lucius Malfoy. Hagrid steps
forward, puts a firm hand on Mr. Weasley's shoulder.

HAGRID

Ignore 'im, Arthur.

Mr. Weasley backs away. Lucius Malfoy tosses Ginny's
BATTERED TEXTBOOK back into her cauldron.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Here, girl. Take your book. It's
the best your father can give you.

Lucius and Draco exit. Hagrid looks at the Weasleys.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

30

HAGRID

No Malfoy's worth listenin' ter.
Rotten ter the core, the whole
family...

As Harry watches Draco and his father go, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

30A OMITTED

30A

30B EXT. KING'S CROSS - MORNING

30B

Amid a neat line of cars, the Anglia sits at a decidedly
odd angle, as if its driver were not the most skilled
motorist.

31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. KING'S CROSS - DAY

32

The Weasleys and Harry -- pushing large TROLLEYS -- dash
under the LARGE CLOCK which reads two minutes to eleven.

MRS. WEASLEY

Oh dear! The train'll be leaving
any moment! All together now!

Hurrying, they race to PLATFORMS NINE AND TEN. Quickly,
Percy, Fred and George stride briskly toward the stone
barrier that divides the platforms -- and simply
DISAPPEAR.

MRS. WEASLEY

Go on, Ginny. You know what to
do.

Ginny, looking a bit nervous, rushes toward the barrier,
closes her eyes, and sleds...

32A INT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

32A

... out onto the other side. As she gazes at the
HOGWARTS EXPRESS, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley materialize at her
side.

(CONTINUED)

32A CONTINUED:

32A

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)
Come, Ginny. We'll get you a
seat.

32B INT. KING'S CROSS

32B

Ron glances at the clock.

RON
We better hurry.

Harry nods, leans into his trolley and -- CRASH! -- hits
the barrier and bounces back into Ron. A GUARD glowers.

GUARD
What in blazes d'you two think
you're doing?

HARRY
Sorry. Lost control of the
trolley.
(to Ron)
Why can't we get through?

RON
I dunno. The gateway's sealed
itself for some reason.

As Ron presses his ear to the barrier, the CLOCK CHIMES.

HARRY
The train leaves at exactly eleven
o'clock. We've missed it.

RON
Can't hear a thing.
(a sudden thought)
Harry. If we can't get through,
maybe Mum and Dad can't get *back*.

HARRY
Maybe we should go wait by the
car.

RON
The car!

33 EXT. PARKING LOT (KING'S CROSS) - MOMENTS LATER

33

Pushing their trolleys madly before them, Harry and Ron
dash to the car, load their belongings into the Anglia's
boot.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

HARRY

This is mad. We can't drive to
Hogwarts.

RON

Who says we're driving?

HARRY

You don't mean -- Ron, no.

RON

Look, who knows when Mum and Dad
will get back. And we've got to
get to school, haven't we? And
even underage wizards are allowed
to use magic if it's an absolute
emergency. Least that's what Fred
and George always say...

HARRY

Something tells me we're going to
regret this.

33A INT. ANGLIA - DAY

33A

Ron TAPS his WAND on the dash and the Anglia burbles to
life.

HARRY

No offense, Ron, but are you sure
you know how to fly this.

RON

No problem.

Ron SHIFTS. With a GREAT JOLT, the car lifts from the
ground.

RON

There. See. Now I reckon all we
have to do is find the Hogwarts
Express and follow it. Simple.

Harry nods, not entirely convinced. He peers out the
window. Down below, TWO PEDESTRIANS stare in disbelief.

HARRY

Uh, Ron. I should tell you. Most
Muggles aren't accustomed to
seeing a flying car.

RON

Right.

Ron presses a TINY SILVER BUTTON on the dashboard and
they... DISAPPEAR. Down below, the baffled pedestrians
blink.

34 EXT. FLYING CAR (SCOTLAND) - DAY (LATER)

34

CAMERA STARTS IN the clouds, passes through, finds Scotland's stunning green. The Anglia's ENGINE PUTTERS softly, when -- POP! - the car reappears. Ron jabs at the silver button.

RON

Uh oh. The Invisibility Booster must be faulty.

CAMERA ZOOMS ALONG the ridge of a cliff. The car reappears from above, gliding away FROM CAMERA.

RON

Any sign of the train?

HARRY

There! Up ahead! Look...

Along a STEEP BRIDGE, a single line of TRAIN TRACKS appear.

RON

Brilliant.

Ron SHIFTS, GLIDES DOWN, until the Anglia is only a few feet above the tracks. The boys peer ahead, looking for the train.

RON

It must be around here someplace.

Behind them, through the Anglia's rear window, the Hogwarts Express APPEARS, closing fast. Harry and Ron perk up. Smile.

HARRY

Do you hear that?

Then, at precisely the same moment, Harry and Ron register the DIRECTION of the sound. They glance at each other, turn as one and see the train GROWING HUGE in the rear window.

HARRY/RON

Aaaahhhhh!

Ron SPINS THE WHEEL, puts his foot to the gas and -- at the last possible second -- whips the Anglia out of the train's path. The car WAFFLES, TOPPLES upside down briefly, before...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

... TILTING onto its side. As it jets under the bridge, Harry goes SLIDING DOWN ACROSS HIS SEAT, into the door, and... OUT. Dangling upside-down from the open door, he watches the Hogwarts Express ZIP PAST and, in one window, glimpses NEVILLE and SEAMUS, mouths open in astonishment.

RON

Take my hand!

Harry's grips Ron's hand, eyes the train steaming far below. It's quite a drop. Harry's fingers begin to LOSE THEIR GRIP.

RON

Hold on!

HARRY

I'm trying! Your hand's all sweaty!

Straining, Ron yanks him inside, levels off the car. As Harry falls heavily into his seat, he BUCKLES his safety belt.

HARRY

I think we found the train.

35 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - FLYING CAR - NIGHT

35

As HOGWARTS CASTLE comes INTO VIEW, the Anglia ENTERS FRAME.

RON

Welcome home, Harry.

Harry smiles at the sight of it, when... the Anglia GROANS.

HARRY

Just out of interest, Ron. Have you ever *landed* a car before?

RON

Well... no. but, until a few hours ago, I'd never *taken off* in one either.

With that, the car LURCHES, the nose DROPS, and...

RON

Uh oh.

(CONTINUED)

... Harry, Ron and car go pitching through the night. As Ron rakes the GEARS, they hurtle madly toward the CASTLE WALL.

RON
IT'S NOT WORKING!

HARRY
UP! UP!

Ron SHIFTS desperately. The Anglia LURCHES up, barely clears the castle wall. Harry and Ron exchange a look of relief, when... the car GROANS again, LURCHES... *downward*.

HARRY
MIND THAT TREE!

Down below a GIANT WILLOW TREE looms. Ron SHIFTS. Nothing.

HARRY
TURN! TURN!

Harry reaches over and, together, he and Ron SPIN THE WHEEL. It's useless. The car is heading straight for the tree. Desperately, Ron WHIPS OUT his wand and WHACKS THE DASHBOARD.

RON
STOP! STOP! STOP!

The wand SNAPS IN TWO and -- CRUNCH! -- car meets tree. Harry blinks. They hang dreamily, BALANCED on the HIGHEST LIMB.

RON
My wand! Look at my wand!

HARRY
Be thankful it's not your neck.

THWUNMP! Something HEAVY HITS Harry's door, sends a SHUDDER through the car.

RON
What's happening?

Slowly, they look up and, in disbelief, watch one of the tree's branches PULL BACK, CURL INTO ITSELF, and come LASHING FORWARD like a MASSIVE FIST. THWUMP!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

HARRY/RON

Aaaaahhhhh!

The Anglia tilts crazily, slides backwards and FREE-FALLS through the air and... LANDS on lower grid of branches.

RON

What kind of tree is this?

Before Harry can respond, the tree begins to PUMMEL THE CAR from all sides, tossing Henry and Ron about like popcorn. WINDOWS SHATTER. Heavy DENTS appear on the roof above Ron and Harry's heads. Then the car FALLS again...

... SLAMMING HEAVILY TO THE GROUND. Instantly, the tree's lower branches shoot through the front and rear windscreens and, gaining purchase, begin to SHAKE THE CAR BACK AND FORTH.

HARRY/RON

Aaaaahhhhh!

The tree PITCHES the car into the air. As the Anglia SLAMS DOWN again, bobbing on its SQUEALING SHOCKS, the ENGINE BURBLES BACK TO LIFE. Harry LOOKS UP, peering through the shattered windscreen. The willow's branches, as one, rear back, ready for one last punishing blow. Harry CRIES OUT.

HARRY

Reverse! Reverse!

Ron SHIFTS, the CAR SHOOTS BACKWARDS, and the willow PUMMELS THE TREAD-MARKED GROUND they just vacated. Safely clear, the doors fly open, the seats tip sideways, and Ron and Harry are ejected. As they hit the ground, their trunks fly from the boot, Hedwig's cage rockets out the back window, and Hedwig herself flaps into the night. Taillights blazing angrily, the BATTERED car speeds off, fishtailing into the Dark Forest.

RON

Dad's going to kill me.

They hear a TREMENDOUS GROAN, turn back, and see the Whomping Willow assume its natural form, waiting for its next victim.

36 EXT. STONE STEPS/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

36

Filthy and bruised, Harry and Ron drag themselves up the steps. Behind them we see the mountain of student trunks and caged pets already brought up from the train.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HARRY

A house elf shows up in my bedroom, we can't get through the barrier to Platform Nine and Three Quarters, we almost get *killed* by a tree... clearly someone doesn't want me here this year.

FILCH

Well, take a good look, lads...

They stop. ARGUS FILCH stands at the top of the landing, his cat -- MRS. NORRIS -- twitching her tail at his feet.

FILCH

This night might well be the last you spend in this castle.

37 INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

37

CLOSEUP: The Evening Prophet ENTERS FRAME. The HEADLINE reads: *FLYING FORD ANGLIA MYSTIFIES MUGGLES*. Below the fold a PHOTO shows Harry and Lockhart at Flourish and Blotts. CAMERA PULLS BACK, PROFESSOR SEVERUS SNAPE stands at his desk, newspaper in hand as Harry and Ron stare with dread. Filch lurks in the doorway, eying them with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

SNAPE

You were *seen*! By no less than seven Muggles. Do you have any idea how serious this is? You have risked the exposure of our world. Not to mention the damage you inflicted on a Whomping Willow that has been on these grounds for hundreds of years.

RON

Honestly, Professor Snape, I think it did more damage to us.

SNAPE

Silence! I assure you, were you in Slytherin and your fate rested with *me*, the both of you would be on the train home tonight. As it is --

ALBUS DUMBLEDORE

They are not.

Harry and Ron turn. ALBUS DUMBLEDORE stands in the doorway. Alongside him is a distinctly annoyed PROFESSOR McGONAGALL.

HARRY

Professor Dumbledore. Professor McGonagall...

SNAPE

Headmaster, these boys have flouted the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Wizardry. As such...

ALBUS DUMBLEDORE

I'm well aware of our bylaws, Severus, having written more than a few myself. However, as Head of Gryffindor House, it is for Professor McGonagall to determine the appropriate action.

RON

(rising gloomily)

We'll go and get our stuff.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

What are you talking about, Mr. Weasley?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

RON

Well, you're going to expel us,
aren't you?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Not today, Mr. Weasley. But I
must impress upon both of you the
seriousness of what you have done.
I will be sending owls to both of
your families tonight. And you
will each get a detention.

Snape casts a look of pure venom at Harry and Ron.

DUMBLEDORE

Splendid. Now, I suggest we
return to the feast. There's a
delicious-looking custard tart I
want to sample.

Rising, Harry spies an ENVELOPE on the floor. Taking it,
he reads the back: *"KWIKSPELL. A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN
BEGINNER'S MAGIC."* It's addressed to *"MR. ARGUS FILCH."*

HARRY

Mr. Filch. You dropped this...

Filch turns, eyes the envelope with embarrassment, then
snatches it from Harry's hand and stuffs it into his
pocket.

38 OMITTED

38

39 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - MORNING

39

The Whomping Willow sulks in the courtyard, SLINGS strung
about its injured branches. CAMERA CRANES OVER the
castle walls, REVEALING the exterior of GREENHOUSE THREE,
where students hurry inside for the beginning of class.

40 INT. GREENHOUSE THREE - MORNING

40

As Harry and Ron enter, SEAMUS, NEVILLE and some of the
other Gryffindors hover nearby.

NEVILLE

Detention. On the first day?

SEAMUS

That must be some kind of record.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

I should think you'd count
yourself lucky that's *all* you got.

RON

I should think you'd mind your own
business.

They glare at each other. PROFESSOR SPROUT, a squat
little witch, TAPS her wand on a stack of POTS.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Welcome to Greenhouse Three,
Second Years. Today, we will be
re-potting Mandrakes. Now, who
here can tell me the properties of
the Mandrake? Yes, Miss Granger.

HERMIONE

Mandrake, or Mandragora, is used
to return those who have been
transfigured to their original
state. It's also quite dangerous.
The Mandrake's cry is fatal to
anyone who hears it.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Excellent. Ten points to
Gryffindor. As our Mandrakes are
only seedlings, their cries won't
kill yet. However, they will
knock you out for several hours.
That is why I have provided each
of you with a pair of earmuffs.
If you would then...

Ron frowns. He's gotten a BRIGHT PINK FLUFFY pair. When
the class is ready, Professor Sprout leads them to the
GARDEN AREA. She grasps one of the TUFTY PLANTS before
her... and pulls. Harry gasps. Instead of roots, a
small, muddy, extremely ugly BABY pops out of the earth,
leaves growing right out of its head. Neville's eyes
ROLL BACK. He FAINTS.

Professor Sprout plunges the BAWLING CREATURE deep into a
POT, removes her earmuffs, and the others follow suit.
Everyone save Neville, who lies stretched on the ground.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Hm. Looks as though Mr.
Longbottom neglected his muffs.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

SEAMUS

No, ma'am. He's just fainted.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Very well. We'll just leave him then. Come now. Four to a tray, plenty of pots to go round...

41 INT. GREAT HALL - LUNCH - DAY

41

Percy enters in the company of PENELOPE CLEARWATER, just as NEARLY HEADLESS NICK glides by.

PENELOPE CLEARWATER

There's Nearly Headless Nick.

PERCY

Hello, Sir Nicolas.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

Hello, Percy. Miss Clearwater.

At the Gryffindor table, Hermione has her nose buried in Gilderoy Lockhart's Travels with Trolls. Ron runs gobs of Spellotape over his BROKEN WAND, shakes his head grimly.

RON

Say it. I'm doomed.

HARRY

You're doomed.

FLASH! -- a LIGHT BLINDS Harry. He blinks, finds a small boy (COLIN CREEVEY) standing before him with a CAMERA.

COLIN

Hiya, Harry. I'm Colin Creevey. I'm in Gryffindor too.

HARRY

Hello, Colin. Nice to meet --

COLIN

They're for my dad -- the pictures. He's a milkman, you know, a Muggle, like all our family's been until me. No one knew all the odd stuff I could do was magic till we got my letter from Hogwarts. Everyone just thought I was mental.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

RON

Imagine that.

COLIN

Say, Harry. D'you think your friend could take a photo of me and you standing together? Ya' know, to prove I've met you?

Harry glances at Ron. He looks positively homicidal. Mercifully, just then, OWLS STREAM into the Hall.

DEAN THOMAS

Post is here!

One after another, the birds swoop gracefully down, clutching letters from home. All except one, who plops beak-first into Ron's soup. Errol.

RON

Bloody bird's a menace -- Oh...
no.

SEAMUS

Heads up, everyone. Weasley's gotten himself a Howler.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (2)

41

NEVILLE

Go on, Ron. I ignored one from
my Gran once... and it was
horrible.

Ron looks pale. Clutched in Errol's beak is a DAMP RED
ENVELOPE. Hands shaking, he takes it, opens it, and...
MRS. WEASLEY'S VOICE THUNDERS, sending plates and spoons
rattling.

MRS. WEASLEY (V.O.)

RONALD WEASLEY! HOW DARE YOU
STEAL THAT CAR! I AM
ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED! YOUR
FATHER'S NOW FACING AN INQUIRY
AT WORK AND IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR
FAULT! IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT
OF LINE WE'LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT
HOME!

(softening suddenly)

Oh, and Ginny dear.
Congratulations on making
Gryffindor. Your father and I are
so proud.

Ginny, sitting a bit apart from the others, looks up
shyly, then returns to the SMALL BLACK BOOK she's
scribbling in. Ron watches the envelope RIP ITSELF TO
PIECES, then endures HOWLS of LAUGHTER from the other
House tables. Colin Creevey snaps a few photos. Harry
looks sympathetically at Ron.

HARRY

Look at it this way. How much
worse can things get?

Gilderoy Lockhart paces before the class. Hermione and the girls hang on his every word, while Harry and Ron eye the LARGE, COVERED CAGE RATTLING mysteriously on his desk.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Let me introduce you to your new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher. Me. Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League and five times winner of Witch Weekly's Most-Charming-Smile Award -- But I don't talk about that. I didn't get rid of the Bandon Banshee by *smiling* at her!

Lockhart awaits laughter. A few students smile weakly.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I see you've all bought a complete set of my books. Well done. I thought we'd start today with a little quiz. Nothing to worry about. Just to check how well you've read them, how much you've taken in...

Lockhart begins to circulate papers. Harry and Ron examine the questions. Ron WHISPERS to Harry.

RON

Look at these questions. They're all about *him*.

HARRY

'What is Gilderoy Lockhart's favorite color?'

RON

'What is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest achievement to date?'

HARRY

'When is Gilderoy Lockhart's birthday and what would his ideal gift be?'

GILDEROY LOCKHART

You have thirty minutes. Start -- *now!*

As quills begin to dart across pages, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Lockhart rifles through the completed exams.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Tut, tut. Hardly any of you remembered my favorite color is lilac. But Miss Hermione Granger knew that my secret ambition is to rid the world of evil and market my own range of hair care potions. Good girl.

Hermione beams. Lockhart's expression suddenly darkens.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Now... be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find yourself facing your own worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here...

With a showman's flair, Lockhart turns slowly to the cage.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I must ask you not to scream. It might provoke them.

A pale Neville draws back. Harry and Ron lean forward. Lockhart lets the tension build, then WHIPS off the cover. Inside the cage are several electric blue CREATURES. Eight inches tall, with pointed faces and wings, they rattle the bars and pull bizarre faces at the students.

SEAMUS

Cornish pixies?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Freshly caught Cornish pixies.

Unable to control himself, Seamus SNORTS with laughter.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Laugh if you will, Mr. Finnegan, but pixies can be devilishly tricky little blighters. Let's see what you make of them *now*!

Lockhart flings open the cage. Instantly, the pixies rocket about, spraying the students with ink bottles, BREAKING BEAKERS and shredding books. Two SEIZE Neville by the ears, lift him into the air, and begin to circle the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Come on now, round them up, round
them up. They're only pixies.

(brandishing his wand)

Peskipiski Pesternomi!

The spell has absolutely no effect. A particularly obnoxious pixie makes a face, seizes Lockhart's wand and tosses it out the window. Lockhart joins the stampede to the door.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I'll ask you three to just nip the
rest of them back into their cage.

SLAMMING the door, he's gone. Harry, Ron and Hermione stand blinking. Ron swats a pixie gnawing his ear.

RON

What do we do now?

HERMIONE

(raising her wand)

Immobilus!

The pixies FREEZE IN MIDAIR. Neville falls, PLOPS onto Lockhart's desk, shaken but unhurt. He looks at Hermione.

NEVILLE

Why is it always *me*?

42A OMITTED

42A

42B INT. SEVENTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - LATER

42B

Fresh from the pixies, Hermione, Ron, Harry and Neville walk. Hair askew. Robes shredded.

RON

Can you *believe* him?

HERMIONE

I'm sure Professor Lockhart just
wanted to give us some hands-on
experience.

HARRY

Hands on? Hermione, he didn't
have a clue what he was doing.

(CONTINUED)

42B CONTINUED:

42B

HERMIONE

Rubbish. Read his books. You'll
see all the amazing things he's
done.

RON

He *says* he's done.

43 OMITTED

43

&

&

44

44

45 EXT. HOGWARTS - COURTYARD - DAY

45

The Gryffindor Quidditch team -- Harry, Fred, George,
ALICIA SPINNET, KATIE BELL, and ANGELINA JOHNSON -- trail
Oliver Wood through the courtyard, toward the distant
Quidditch pitch. Several students are outside, studying.

WOOD

I spent the summer devising a
whole new Quidditch program.
We're going to train earlier,
harder, and longer!

(squinting)

What the... I don't believe it!

Crossing the courtyard from the other side are SEVEN BOYS
in GREEN ROBES, also carrying broomsticks. At their lead
is MARCUS FLINT, trollish Slytherin Captain. Ron,
sitting at a table with Hermione, looks up.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Uh-oh. I smell trouble.

WOOD

Clear out, Flint! I booked the pitch for Gryffindor today.

FLINT

Easy, Wood. I've got a note.

As Wood snatches the PARCHMENT from Flint's hand, Ron and Hermione come up to join the others.

WOOD

'I, Professor Severus Snape, do hereby give the Slytherin team permission to practice today, owing to the need to train their new Seeker.'

(looking up)

You've got a new Seeker? Who?

A pasty-faced boy pushes to the front. It's... Malfoy.

HARRY

Draco?

DRACO

That's right. And that's not all that's new this year...

As one, the seven Slytherins hold out seven brand-new GLEAMING BROOMSTICKS. The Gryffindors look stunned.

RON

Those are Nimbus Two Thousand Ones.

FLINT

A generous gift from Draco's father.

DRACO

That's right, Weasley. You see, unlike some, my father can afford to buy the best.

HERMIONE

At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to *buy* their way in. *They* got in on pure talent.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

DRACO

No one asked your opinion, you
filthy little Mudblood.

Everyone reacts as if Malfoy has said something horrific
-- everyone save Harry, who looks puzzled. Instantly,
Fred and George fly for Draco's throat. Oliver Wood
holds them back.

WOOD

Save it for the match.

RON

You'll pay for that one, Malfoy!
(whips out his wand)
Eat slugs!

Ron points his cracked wand at Malfoy. PFFT! -- a BOLT
of GREEN LIGHT scissors out the wrong end, hitting Ron
himself in the stomach. As he drops to the grass,
Hermione runs to him

HERMIONE

Ron! Say something!

Ron opens his mouth and... BELCHES. Hermione draws back,
and watches a TRIO of SLUGS dribble out his mouth. The
Slytherins CROW with LAUGHTER. Angrily, Ron rises, only
to BELCH again. Fascinated, Colin Creevey runs up with
his camera.

COLIN

Wow! Can you hold him still,
Harry?!

HARRY

Get out of the way, Colin!
(to Hermione)
Let's take him to Hagrid. He'll
know what to do.

46 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - DAY

46

Hagrid rummages about, looking for something.

HAGRID

Got jus' the thing. Set 'im down
on that chair o'er there.

As Ron sits, Hagrid pitches a BUCKET between his knees.
Harry and Hermione glance up questioningly. Hagrid
shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

HAGRID

Better out than in. Who was he
tryin' ter curse anyway?

HARRY

Malfoy. He called Hermione, well,
I don't know exactly what it
means...

HERMIONE

(quietly)

He called me a Mudblood.

HAGRID

He didn'!

Harry looks confused. Hermione glances at him, then
away, obviously pained by this.

HERMIONE

It means dirty blood. Mudblood's
a really foul name for someone who
was Muggle-born. Someone with
non-magic parents. Someone...
like me. It's not a term one
usually hears in civilized
conversation.

HAGRID

Yeh see, Harry. There are some
wizards -- like Malfoy's family --
who think they're better than
everyone else 'cause they're what
people call pureblood.

HARRY

That's horrible.

RON

(BELCHES forth a
slug)

It's disgusting!

HAGRID

An' it's codswallop ter boot.
Dirty blood. There's 'ardly a
wizard today that's not half-blood
or less. If we 'adn't married
Muggles we'd've died out long ago.
Besides, they haven't invented a
spell our Hermione can't do...

(taking her shoulder)

Don' you think on it, Hermione.

Don' you think on it fer a minute.

47 OMITTED 47
& &
48 48

49 INT. GILDEROY LOCKHART'S OFFICE - EVENING (HOURS LATER) 49

CAMERA PANS the walls of Lockhart's office, lined with FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS of... Gilderoy Lockhart. Harry and Lockhart work by candlelight at an ornate desk. Bleary-eyed, Harry addresses envelopes, while a cheery Lockhart puts his signature to the stack of GLOSSY PHOTOS bearing his image.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Harry, Harry, Harry... Can you possibly imagine a better way to serve detention than by helping me answer my fan mail?

Harry forces a smile.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Fame's a fickle friend, Harry. Celebrity is as celebrity does. Remember that.

Harry nods, glancing gloomily at the towering stack of envelopes that remain. Dipping his quill, he starts to write, when... a CHILLY VOICE fills the room.

VOICE

Come... come to me...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I was saying, six solid months at
the top of the bestseller list!
Broke all records!

HARRY

No... not you, that... voice.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Voice?

HARRY

That... voice. Didn't you hear
it?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

What are you talking about, Harry?
I think we're getting a bit
drowsy. Great Scott -- and no
wonder -- look at the time! We've
been here nearly four hours!
Dinner's nearly done! If you
hurry you might make pudding.
Spooky how the time flies when
one's having fun!

HARRY

Spooky.

49A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

49A

Harry passes quickly through the lengthening shadows of
the empty corridor, when...

VOICE

Blood... I smell blood...

Harry stops cold, looking around for the source of the
voice.

VOICE

*Let me rip you... let me kill
you...*

Harry steps to the wall, playing his fingers along the
stone, then begins walk, slowly at first, then more
quickly, as if following something, moving faster and
faster, rounding the corner and coming face to face
with... Hermione and Ron.

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

HERMIONE

Harry!

HARRY

Did you hear it?

RON

Hear what?

HARRY

That... voice.

HERMIONE

Voice? What voice?

HARRY

(eyes darting around)

I heard it first in Lockhart's
office and then again, just --

VOICE

Kill... Time to kill...

As Harry stiffens, Hermione and Ron study him curiously.

HARRY

It's moving. I think it's going
to... kill.Harry runs off. Hermione and Ron exchange a glance,
follow.50 OMITTED
thru
5750
thru
57

58 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

58

Harry dashes madly, taking the steps three at a time. He
makes the landing, rushes through the archway, and...

59 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

59

... sleds to a stop, listening: Nothing. Slowly, he
peers down. WATER is oozing over the stone floor,
surrounding his shoes. His own REFLECTION appears and,
behind it, undulating like a dream... WORDS. Ron and
Hermione come huffing up.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

RON

Harry, what are you *doing*?

He points. SHIMMERING on the wall are the words he saw reflected in water.

THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED

ENEMIES OF THE HEIR... BEWARE.

HERMIONE

'The Chamber of Secrets has been opened...?'

RON

What's that? Hanging underneath?

HARRY

That's Filch's cat. Mrs. Norris.

The cat hangs stiffly by her tail from a torch bracket, eyes open and blank. Harry's eyes shift to the adjacent WINDOW: near the topmost pane, SPIDERS scuttle up a silvery thread, fight to get through a crack in the glass.

HERMIONE

Look at that. Have you ever seen spiders act like that? Ron...?

RON

(backing away)

I... don't... like... spiders.

Suddenly, the stairwell is alive with VOICES and, seconds later, dozens of students stream forth, CHATTERING... when they stop, seeing the wall and, standing before it, Harry, Ron and Hermione. A thudding SILENCE falls. Then Draco pushes forward, eyes the wall, and grins nastily.

DRACO

Enemies of the heir, beware!
You'll be next, Mudbloods!

Draco's eyes find Hermione, just as Filch appears.

FILCH

What's going on here? Go on now!
Make way...

(stopping dead)

Mrs. Norris!

(rounding on Harry)

You! You've murdered my cat!
I'll kill you! I'll --

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (2)

59

DUMBLEDORE

Argus!

Dumbledore marches forward, trailed by a phalanx of teachers. Seeing the wall, Dumbledore's face darkens.

DUMBLEDORE

Everyone will proceed to their dormitories immediately.

(to Harry, Ron,
Hermione)

Everyone except you three.

As the corridor empties, Dumbledore steps to the wall and, with extreme gentleness, removes Mrs. Norris.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

It was definitely a curse that killed her -- probably the Transmogrifian Torture. Encountered it myself once, in Ouagadougou. The full story's in my autobiography...

DUMBLEDORE

She's not dead, Argus. She's been Petrified.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Precisely! So unlucky I wasn't there. I know the very countercurse that could have spared her...

DUMBLEDORE

But *how* she's been Petrified... I cannot say.

FILCH

(pointing at Harry)

Ask him! It's him that's done it. You saw what he wrote on the wall! Besides, he knows I'm -- I'm a Squib.

HARRY

It's not true, sir! I swear! I never touched Mrs. Norris -- And I don't even know what a Squib is.

FILCH

Rubbish! He saw my Kwikspell letter!

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (3)

59

SNAPE

If I might, Headmaster...

The others turn, watch Snape separate from the shadows.

SNAPE

Perhaps Potter and his friends
were simply in the wrong place at
the wrong time...

Harry and the others blink. Could Snape be *defending*
them?

SNAPE

However, the circumstances are
suspicious. I, for one, don't
recall seeing Potter at dinner.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I'm afraid that's my doing,
Severus. You see, Harry was
helping me answer my fan mail...

As Snape's lip curls in disgust, Hermione leaps in.

HERMIONE

That's why Ron and I went looking
for him, Professor. We'd just
found him when Harry said...

SNAPE

(raising an eyebrow)

Yes, Miss Granger?

HARRY

When I said I wasn't hungry. We
were heading back to the Common
Room and... found Mrs. Norris.

Snape eyes Harry coldly, knowing he's lying. Harry looks
away... and finds Dumbledore studying him as well.

DUMBLEDORE

Innocent until proven guilty.

FILCH

My cat has been Petrified! I want
to see some *punishment*!

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

DUMBLEDORE

We will be able to cure her, Argus. As I understand it, Madam Sprout has a very healthy growth of Mandrakes. When they have matured, a potion will be made which will revive Mrs. Norris. In the meantime, I advise caution. To all.

60 OMITTED

60

60A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (A BIT LATER)

60A

Harry, Ron and Hermione walk down the corridor.

RON

A Squib's someone who's born into a wizarding family but hasn't got any powers of their own. It's why Filch is trying to learn magic from a Kwikspell course. It's also why he hates students so much. He's bitter.

Hermione, who's only been half-listening -- as if trying to unravel something in her mind -- speaks then.

HERMIONE

Harry. This voice. You said you heard it first in Lockhart's office?

HARRY

Yes.

HERMIONE

And did *he* hear it?

HARRY

He said he didn't.

RON

Maybe he was lying.

HERMIONE

I hardly think someone with Gilderoy Lockhart's credentials would lie to one of his students, Ronald. Besides, if you recall, we didn't hear anything either.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED:

60A

HARRY

You do believe me, don't you?

HERMIONE

'Course we do. It's just... it's a bit weird, isn't it? You hear this voice and then... Mrs. Norris turns up Petrified.

HARRY

I can't explain it -- it was... scary.

(frowning)

D'you think I should've told them! -- Dumbledore and the others, I mean.

RON

Are you *mad*!

HERMIONE

No, Harry. Even in the wizarding world, hearing voices isn't a good sign.

61 OMITTED

61

62 INT. PROFESSOR McGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

McGonagall stands before the class. Resting on the desk in front of each student, is a different animal.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Today, we will be turning animals into water goblets.

She taps the bird in front of her, three times, with the tip of her wand. It transfigures into a beautiful crystal water goblet.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Now, who would like to go first... Mr. Weasley?

Ron nods. He TAPS his rat, Scabbers, who turns into a goblet with a tail.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

You must replace that wand, Mr. Weasley.

Ron nods sheepishly, looks at his broken wand.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (A1)

62

McGonagall sees Hermione's raised hand. Her untouched animal.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Yes, Miss Granger?

HERMIONE
Professor, I was wondering if you
could tell us about the Chamber of
Secrets?

A HUSH falls over the class.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
My subject is Transfiguration,
Miss Granger.

HERMIONE
Yes, Professor. But there seems
to be very little written about
the Chamber of Secrets. For those
of us with a *personal* interest in
the subject, that is...
disturbing.

Malfoy regards Hermione with chilly amusement.
McGonagall considers Hermione's question for a long
moment, then nods.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Very well. You all know, of
course, that Hogwarts was founded
over a thousand years ago by the
four greatest witches and wizards
of the age:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (CONT'D)

Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. Three of the founders co-existed quite harmoniously. One did not.

RON

Three glasses who?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Salazar Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed that magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. In other words, purebloods. Unable to sway the others, he decided to leave the school.

(a beat)

According to legend, Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in this castle, known as the Chamber of Secrets. Shortly before departing, he sealed it until that time when his own true heir returned to the school. The heir alone would be able to open the Chamber of Secrets and unleash the horror within, and by so doing, purge the school of all those who, in Slytherin's view, were unworthy to study magic.

HERMIONE

Muggle-borns.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Yes. Naturally, the school has been searched many times for such a chamber. It has never been found.

HERMIONE

Professor, what exactly does *legend* tell us lies within the Chamber?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

The Chamber is said to be home to something which the heir of Slytherin alone can control. It is said to be home... to a monster.

Ron's eyes shift. Malfoy sits calmly, smiling to himself.

63 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

63

Harry, Hermione, and Ron thread their way through the teeming corridor. Up ahead, Malfoy walks with Crabbe and Goyle.

RON

D'you think it's true? D'you think there really is a Chamber of Secrets?

HERMIONE

Yes. Couldn't you tell: McGonagall's worried. All the teachers are.

HARRY

But if there really is a Chamber of Secrets, and it's really been opened, that means...

HERMIONE

The Heir of Slytherin has returned to Hogwarts. The question is, who is it?

RON

(in mock puzzlement)

Let's think. Who do we know who thinks Muggle-borns are scum.

HERMIONE

(eyeing Malfoy ahead)

If you're talking about *him* --

RON

Of course! You heard him:
'*You'll be next, Mudbloods!*'

HERMIONE

I heard him. But Malfoy? The Heir of Slytherin?

HARRY

Maybe Ron's right, Hermione. I mean, look at his family. The whole lot of them have been in Slytherin for centuries.

RON

Crabbe and Goyle must know. Maybe we could trick them into telling...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

HERMIONE

No. Even they aren't that thick.
But there might be another way.
Mind you, it would be difficult.
Not to mention we'd be breaking
about fifty school rules. And it
would be dangerous. Very
dangerous.

RON

When do we start?

64 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

64

In a dark nook, Harry, Ron and Hermione huddle round a book entitled Moste Potente Potions. The spotted pages are littered with DISTURBING ILLUSTRATIONS.

HERMIONE

Here it is: '*The Polyjuice
Potion. Properly brewed, the
Polyjuice Potion allows the
drinker to transform himself
temporarily into the physical form
of another...*'

RON

You mean, Harry and I drink some
of this stuff and we *turn into
Crabbe and Goyle*?

HERMIONE

Yes.

RON

Wicked! Malfoy'll tell us anything!

HERMIONE

Exactly. But it's tricky. I've
never seen a more complicated
potion. Lacewing flies, leeches,
fluxweed. And, of course, we'll
need a bit of whoever we want to
change into too.

RON

Hang on now. I'm drinking *nothing*
with Crabbe's toenails in it.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

HARRY

How long will it take to make?

HERMIONE

A month.

HARRY

A month? But if Malfoy *is* the heir of Slytherin... he could attack half the Muggle-borns in the school by then.

HERMIONE

You didn't have to tell me that.

65 EXT. QUIDDITCH STADIUM - DAY

65

We join the Quidditch match in mid-game. The CROWD ROARS, watching as Slytherin Chasers, bent low over their new brooms, jet past the overmatched Gryffindors.

HAGRID

Gallopin' Gorgons! Slytherin's flyin' like they got dragon fire in their brooms...

Ron fumes, looking as though he takes Slytherin's dominance personally. Taking Hagrid's GIANT BINOCULARS, he trains them on the FACULTY BOX -- where Lucius Malfoy sits next to Snape.

Harry circles high above the pitch, searching for the Golden Snitch. Suddenly, Malfoy streaks by overhead.

DRACO

All right there, Scarhead?

Harry turns, eyes Malfoy malevolently. Behind him, a BLUDGER drops INTO FRAME, begins to streak toward his head.

GEORGE

HARRY! WATCH OUT!

Harry wheels and at the last possible moment, slips the WHISTLING Bludger. CRACK! George swoops down, BATS it away. Harry turns, watches it soar away, then blinks: *the Bludger turns, streaks right back at him.* Harry JETS OFF.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

HAGRID

(from the stands)

Blimey, Harry's got 'imself a
Rogue Bludger!

RON

Rogue Bludger?

HAGRID

Look fer yerself! It's bin'
tampered with!

Harry executes a series of zigs, zags, loops and rolls, trying to shake the Bludger, but the Bludger is relentless.

Ron instinctively draws his wand, begins to point it toward Harry and the Bludger, when... Hermione's hand intercedes. She glances knowingly at his fractured wand.

HERMIONE

You're joking, right? Besides,
even with a proper wand, it's too
risky. You could hit Harry.

As Harry frantically dips and dives, Malfoy cruises by.

DRACO

Training for the ballet, Potter?

Harry glances at Malfoy's sneering face. BUZZING inches above Malfoy's left ear is... the GOLDEN SNITCH. Harry CHARGES. Malfoy GULPS, swings clear, and watches Harry rocket past.

As Harry chases the plummeting Snitch, Malfoy FOLLOWS IN HOT PURSUIT. They RACE DOWNWARD, trailing the HISSING SNITCH deep into the TRENCH circling the pitch. Shoulder to shoulder, they RACE MADLY, driving and dodging the wooden support beams that crisscross their path. Directly behind them, the Bludger FOLLOWS, SHATTERING the BEAMS as it dogs Harry.

Malfoy KICKS Harry, forcing him to the edge of the trench. Harry BRUSHES the wall, battling for control. Malfoy turns, SNICKERS, then looks back... and finds himself heading smack into a wooden beam. Panicked, he tries to pull up. Too late. Broom meets beam and Malfoy spirals out of the trench and -- THWUMP! -- flat on his back in the middle of the pitch.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED: (1A)

65

Harry continues on, CLOSING on the Snitch, fingertips only inches from catching it... when... the Rogue Bludger SMASHES INTO Harry's arm.

Harry cries out, steadies himself and with a brilliant, acrobatic move, SNATCHES the Snitch out of the air with his good hand. Unable to control his broom with his shattered arm, he hits the pitch with a SICKENING THUD.

Winching, Harry rolls onto his shoulders, SQUINTS UP: a BLACK DOT -- growing rapidly LARGER -- is plummeting from the sky, directly toward *him*. It's... the rogue Bludger. Instantly, Harry spins away, grimacing in agony, as the Bludger...

... hits the ground like a SLEDGE HAMMER, violently TATTOOING the pitch again and again, only inches from Harry. Calmly, Hermione strides forth, points her wand.

HERMIONE

Finite Incantatem!

The Bludger hangs briefly in the air. Slowly ceases spinning. Drops heavily to the pitch. Harry exhales, relieved, only to recall the searing pain in his arm. As CONCERNED FACES swim above him, one particular face pushes through the others:

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Not to worry, Harry. I'll fix
that arm of yours straight away.

HARRY

No... no... not you.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

65

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Poor boy doesn't know what he's
saying. This won't hurt a bit...

Lockhart TWIRLS his WAND, Harry braces himself, and...
nothing. He blinks, looks up: the faces -- which now
include Ron, Hermione, and Hagrid -- look horror-
stricken.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Ah. Yes. Well, that can
sometimes happen. The point is,
the bones are no longer broken.

HAGRID

Brok'n? He doesn't 'ave any bones
at all!

Harry looks: his arm looks like an empty rubber glove.

66 INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY

66

A dazed Malfoy slumps out with Crabbe and Goyle. Ron,
standing by Harry's bed with Hermione, grins, then
watches MADAM POMFREY pour out a STEAMING BEAKERFUL OF
LIQUID from a bottle of SKELE-GRO. A group of
Gryffindors, including some of his teammates, stand
nearby.

MADAM POMFREY

He should have been brought
straight to me! I can *mend* bones
in a heartbeat -- but growing them
back --

HERMIONE

You will be able to, won't you?

MADAM POMFREY

I'll be able to, certainly, but it
will be painful. You're in for a
rough night, Potter. Regrowing
bones is nasty business.

Harry takes the steaming cup and drinks. Grimaces.

MADAM POMFREY

Well, what did you expect --
pumpkin juice?

FLASH! Harry blinks, sees Colin Creevey standing there.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

COLIN

That was brilliant today, Harry!
Brilliant!

MADAM POMFREY

Out! All of you! This boy's got
thirty-three bones to regrow!

67 INT. HOSPITAL WING - NIGHT

67

Harry fidgets in the darkness, half-asleep, then... his
eyelids flutter slowly open...

HARRY'S MOVING POV

From the shadows that cling to the ceiling... to the
lattice-work of moonlight that burns softly on the walls
around him...

BACK TO SCENE

He SENSES something... a presence... when...

Five BANDAGED FINGERS ENTER FRAME, begin to SPONGE his
brow. Harry bolts upright, finds...

HARRY

Dobby!

DOBBY

Harry Potter came back to school.
Dobby warned him. Harry Potter
should have listened to Dobby.
Harry Potter should have gone back
home when he missed the train.

HARRY

(pushing the sponge
away)

It was you! You stopped the
barrier from letting Ron and me
through!

DOBBY

Indeed yes, sir. Dobby hid and
watched for Harry Potter and
sealed the gateway.

HARRY

You nearly got Ron and me
expelled!

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (A1)

67

DOBBY

At least you would be away from
here. Harry Potter must go home!
Dobby thought his Bludger would be
enough to make Harry Potter see --

HARRY

Your Bludger? You made that
Bludger chase after me?

(CONTINUED)

DOBBY

Dobby feels most aggrieved, sir.
(wagglng his fingers)
Dobby had to iron his hands...

HARRY

You'd better clear off before my
bones come back, Dobby, or I might
strangle you!

DOBBY

(smiling weakly)
Dobby is used to death threats,
sir. Dobby gets them five times a
day at home.

HARRY

I don't suppose you could tell me
why you're trying to kill me?

DOBBY

Not kill you, sir, never kill you!
Dobby remembers how it was before
Harry Potter triumphed over He Who
Must Not Be Named. We house elves
were treated like vermin, sir. Of
course, Dobby is still treated
like vermin...

Dobby HONKS his nose on the filthy pillowcase he wears.

HARRY

Why do you wear that thing, Dobby?

DOBBY

This, sir? 'Tis a mark of the
house elf's enslavement. Dobby
can only be freed if his master
presents him with clothes. The
family is careful not to pass
Dobby so much as a sock, sir, for
then he would be free to leave
their house forever.

Dobby's ears QUIVER, detecting... FOOTSTEPS. He
WHISPERS.

DOBBY

Terrible things are about to
happen at Hogwarts! Harry Potter
must not stay here now that
history is to repeat itself!

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (2)

67

HARRY

Repeat itself? You mean, this has happened before?

Dobby seizes the Skele-Gro, BEATS himself about the head.

HARRY

Tell me, Dobby? When did this happen before? Who's doing it now?

DOBBY

Dobby cannot say, sir. Dobby only wants Harry Potter to be safe.

HARRY

No, Dobby! Tell me! *Who is it?*

CRACK! Dobby is gone. SHADOWS flicker beyond the CURTAIN encircling Harry's bed. Harry slumps down... peers through a slit in the curtains. Dumbledore, in a nightcap, and McGonagall, in a tartan robe, heave a SMALL STATUE onto an empty bed. Seconds later, Madam Pomfrey bustles in.

MADAM POMFREY

What's happened?

DUMBLEDORE

There's been another attack.

Madam Pomfrey GASPS. It is not a statue lying there. It is Colin Creevey, CAMERA still clutched to his eye.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Perhaps he managed to get a picture of his attacker...

Dumbledore opens the camera. A JET OF STEAM HISSES forth.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

What does this mean, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE

It means our students are in great danger, Minerva. Mr. Creevey was fortunate. If not for this...
(holding up the camera)
He would surely be dead.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
What sould I tell the staff,
Albus?

DUMBLEDORE
Tell them the truth. Tell them
Hogwarts is no longer safe. Tell
them it's as we feared. The
Chamber of Secrets is indeed open
again.

68 OMITTED

68

68A EXT. GIRLS BATHROOM

68A

We PAN SLOWLY FROM the defiled wall to the bathroom door.

A gloomy place. Cracked mirrors. Chipped sinks. Guttering candles. Harry and Ron huddle over a SMALL, BUBBLING CAULDRON, as Hermione adds STRANGE INGREDIENTS.

HERMIONE

Again? You mean, the Chamber of Secrets has been opened *before*?

RON

Of course! Don't you see? Lucius Malfoy must've opened it when he was at school here, and now he's told Draco how to do it.

HERMIONE

Maybe. We'll have to wait for the Polyjuice Potion to know for sure.

RON

Enlighten me. Why are we brewing this potion in broad daylight, in the middle of a girls' lavatory? Don't you think we'll get caught?

HERMIONE

Never. No one ever comes in here.

RON

Why?

HERMIONE

Moaning Myrtle.

RON

Who's Moaning Myrtle?

There is a LOUD, PIERCING SCREECH, and the GHOST OF A YOUNG GIRL COMES RACING OUT OF THE WALL. FACE TO FACE with Ron.

MOANING MYRTLE

I'm Moaning Myrtle. I wouldn't expect you to know me. Who would ever talk about fat, ugly, miserable, moping, moaning Myrtle?

Myrtle SOBS LOUDLY, DIVES head first into the toilet.

HERMIONE

She's a little *sensitive*.

NOTICE-BOARD: *DUELING CLUB! First Meeting Tonight.* A GOLDEN STAGE has been erected. Lockhart struts atop it. Harry, Ron, Hermione and good number of other students watch.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Gather round! Gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent. In light of the dark events of recent weeks, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little Dueling Club, to train you all up in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions -- for full details, see my published works.

The boy next to Harry, JUSTIN-FINCH FLETCHLEY, turns to him.

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLEY

That Lockhart's something, isn't he? Awfully brave chap.

(offering his hand)

Justin Finch-Fletcherley.
Hufflepuff.

HARRY

Nice to meet you. I'm --

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLEY

I know who you are. We all do.
Even us Muggle-borns.

Justin grins agreeably, looks back to the stage, where Professor Snape has joined Lockhart.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Let me introduce my assistant Professor Snape. He has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration. Now I don't want any of you youngsters to worry. You'll still have your Potions Master when I'm through with him, never fear!

RON

What's the fun in that?

Lockhart and Snape face each other and bow. They turn, walk ten paces, then... SPIN... wands poised like swords.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

GILDEROY LOCKHART

As you can see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position. On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.

HARRY

(eyeing Snape)

I wouldn't bet on that.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

One-two-three --

SNAPE

Expelliarmus!

A dazzling flash of SCARLET LIGHT bursts forth and BLASTS Lockhart off his feet and into the wall behind.

HERMIONE

Do you think he's all right?

HARRY/RON

Who cares?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

(rising unsteadily)

Well, there you have it. That was a Disarming Charm. As you see, I've lost my wand.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

(as Hermione returns it)

Ah, thank you, Miss Granger. Yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy...

SNAPE

Perhaps it would be prudent to first teach the students to *block* unfriendly spells, Professor.

(CONTINUED)

GILDEROY LOCKHART

An excellent suggestion, Professor Snape. Let's have a volunteer pair. Potter, Weasley, how about you?

SNAPE

Weasley's wand causes devastation with the simplest spells. We'll be sending Potter to the hospital wing in a matchbox. Might I suggest someone from my own house. Malfoy, perhaps.

Malfoy and Harry eye each other malevolently as they take their places onstage. Grudgingly, they bow to each other.

DRACO

Scared, Potter?

HARRY

You wish.

They turn, walk ten paces, then WHIRL, wands poised.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Wands at the ready! When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponent -- *only* to disarm. We don't want any accidents. One, two --

Malfoy FIRES early, knocking Harry off his feet with a BLAST of WHITE LIGHT. He jumps up, points his wand.

HARRY

Rictusempra!

A jet of SILVER LIGHT hits Malfoy dead in the stomach. He doubles up, WHEEZING.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I said disarm only!

DRACO

Serpensortia!

To Harry's horror, the tip of Malfoy's wand EXPLODES and a LONG BLACK SNAKE SLITHERS forth. Snape smiles with amusement.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

SNAPE

Don't move, Potter. I'll get rid
of it for you.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Allow me!

Lockhart flicks his wand. BANG! The SNAKE flies into the air, HISSES in rage, and slithers straight towards Justin Finch-Fletchley. As students SCREAM, Harry -- oddly calm -- approaches the snake. It rises, fangs exposed, poised to strike Justin.

HARRY

(in Parseltongue)

Leave him!

The snake looks into Harry's eyes, then turns for Justin.

HARRY

(in Parseltongue)

LEAVE HIM!

The snake hovers a moment more, then -- miraculously -- slumps to the floor. Harry blinks, as if coming out of a trance, grins curiously at the snake, and offers his hand to Justin.

JUSTIN-FINCH-FLETCHLEY

What are you playing at?

Terrified, Justin backs away. Confused, Harry eyes the faces around him. Malfoy looks shocked. Seamus and Neville's eyes glitter with fear. Ginny bolts the room. Snape waves his wand and the snake VANISHES in PUFF OF BLACK SMOKE, then regards Harry with a look that is both shrewd and calculating.

RON

(taking Harry's arm)

Come on. Move. Now.

71 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - DAY (LATER)

71

Ron and Hermione usher Harry inside. Harry glances up, sees Ginny Weasley staring down at him from the top of the stairs. As their eyes meet, she turns for the girls' dormitory.

RON

You're a *Parselmouth*! Why didn't
you tell us?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I'm a *what*?

HERMIONE

You can talk to snakes.

HARRY

I know. I mean, I accidentally set a python on my cousin Dudley at the zoo once. But so what? I bet loads of people here can do it.

HERMIONE

No. They can't. It's not a very common gift, Harry. This is bad.

HARRY

What's bad? If I hadn't told that snake not to attack Justin --

RON

Oh, *that's* what you said to it.

HARRY

You were *there*! You *heard* me!

RON

I heard you speaking Parseltongue. Snake language.

HARRY

I spoke a *different language*? But I didn't realize -- how can I speak a language without knowing I can?

HERMIONE

I don't know, Harry. But it sounded like you were egging the snake on or something. It was... creepy.

As Gryffindors stream into the room, they eye Harry warily. Even Seamus, Neville, and Dean Thomas walk by without a word.

HERMIONE

Harry, listen out me. There's a reason the symbol of Slytherin house is a serpent. Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth. He could talk to snakes too.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

RON

Exactly. And now the whole school's going to think you're his great-great-great grandson or something.

HARRY

But I'm not. I... can't be.

HERMIONE

He lived a thousand years ago. For all we know... you could be.

72 EXT. HOGWARTS' LANDSCAPE - DAY

72

A heavy snow falls. Harry sits atop one of the towering hills facing Hogwarts. Hedwig sits beside him.

HARRY

Who am I, Hedwig? *What am I?*

73 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

73

The trio study. Harry, burdened by dark thoughts, looks up at Ron.

He smiles at Harry, then, seconds later, Hermione does the same -- something forced about it all. Unable to bear it, Harry gathers his books, gets up from the table.

As Harry walks, students glance up, meet his gaze, then look away. Even MADAM PINCE eyes him from her desk. Ginny Weasley, tired and pale, scribbles furiously in a SMALL BLACK BOOK.

Harry exits, walks into the hallway and pauses. From inside a room, the VOICES of a group of Hufflepuffs can be heard.

ERNIE

So, anyway, I told Justin to hide up in our dormitory. I mean to say, if Potter's marked him down as his next victim, it's best he keep a low profile for a while.

HANNAH

But why would he want to attack Justin?

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

ERNIE

Justin let it slip to Potter that he was Muggle-born.

HANNAH

And you definitely think Potter's the Heir of Slytherin?

ERNIE

Hannah, he's a Parselmouth. Everyone knows that's the mark of a dark wizard. Have you ever heard of a decent one who could talk to snakes? They called Slytherin himself Serpent-tongue. (whispering darkly) Remember what was written on the wall: *Enemies of the Heir Beware*. Potter had some sort of run-in with Filch. Next thing we know, Filch's cat's attacked. That first-year Creevey's been annoying Potter. Then Creevey's attacked.

HANNAH

He always seems so nice, though. And, after all, he is the one who made You Know Who disappear.

ERNIE

That's probably why You Know Who wanted to kill him in the first place. Didn't want another Dark Lord competing with him.

Harry doesn't need to hear anymore. He slips quietly away.

74

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

74

MUTTERING, Harry storms straight into Hagrid, who stands covered in snow, a DEAD ROOSTER dangling from his hand.

HAGRID

All righ', Harry?

HARRY

Hagrid... what're you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

HAGRID
(holding up
the rooster)
Second one killed this term.
Reckon it's either foxes or a
Blood-Suckin' Bugbear. Need
Dumbledore's permission ter put a
charm round the hen-coop. Yeh
sure yeh're all righ', Harry? Yeh
look all hot an' bothered.

HARRY
It's nothing. I'd better get
going. I've got a lot of
studying...

75 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

75

Harry enters, slows. Up ahead, in the light of a
FLICKERING TORCH, something DARK lies. A WINDOWPANE
RATTLES in the WIND and the torch... goes out. Harry
steps closer, finds...

Justin-Finch-Fletchley. Lying rigid on the floor, a look
of shock on his frozen face. Nearby, an inert Nearly
Headless Nick floats, body teeming with BLACK SMOKE.
Kneeling, Harry notices a TRAIL OF SPIDERS scuttling away
from Justin's body and out the loose windowpane... when
suddenly...

... Harry senses someone watching him, wheels:
McGonagall.

HARRY
Professor, I swear I didn't --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
This is out of my hands, Potter.
Mr. Filch, will you take care of
this, please?

Harry's eyes shift. Filch lurks in the shadows beyond
McGonagall. He steps forward, HISSES QUIETLY.

FILCH
Caught in the act. I'll have you
out this time, Potter. Mark my
words...

As McGonagall leads Harry away, he looks back. Filch
stares at Justin and Nick, then turns. CAMERA DOLLYS
AWAY FROM HIM.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

FILCH

Dark magic. That's what you've got, Potter. Even the air you breathe comes out poison. You're evil. Evil as they come...

76 INT. GARGOYLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

76

McGonagall marches Harry down to an UGLY STONE GARGOYLE.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Sherbet lemon.

The Gargoyle SPRINGS TO LIFE, its wings opening.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Professor Dumbledore will be waiting for you.

McGonagall ushers Harry inside. It's an elevator. The Gargoyle's wings close. Harry rises to an upper floor.

77 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

77

Harry steps out of the Gargoyle's embrace and enters a large, circular room. STRANGE SILVER INSTRUMENTS WHIR quietly. On a nearby shelf, the SORTING HAT sits. Harry casts a wary eye at the PAST HEADMASTERS snoozing in the PORTRAITS around him. In the last portrait, the Headmaster is awake, reading a book. He is PROFESSOR DIPPET. Harry approaches the Sorting Hat, glances around, then places it atop his head.

SORTING HAT

Bee in your bonnet, Potter?

HARRY

Well, you see, I was wondering...

(CONTINUED)

SORTING HAT

If I put you in the right house?
Yes... you were particularly
difficult to place. But I stand
by what I said last year... *you*
would have done well in Slytherin.

Harry strips the hat off, tosses it back onto the shelf.

HARRY

You're wrong!

The hat sits motionless. Silent. Hearing a GAGGING SOUND, Harry wheels, finds an OLD, DECREPIT BIRD (FAWKES) sitting on a GOLDEN PERCH. It wobbles, then... BURSTS INTO FLAMES. As Dumbledore enters, Harry looks horror-struck.

HARRY

Professor, your bird... I couldn't do anything... He just caught fire.

DUMBLEDORE

About time too. He's been looking dreadful for days. Pity you had to see him on a Burning Day. He's really very handsome most of the time.

(off Harry's look)

Fawkes is a phoenix, Harry. Phoenixes burst into flame when it is time for them to die and are reborn from the ashes.

Harry looks to the floor. The ASHES swirl. A baby Fawkes pokes out his wrinkled head, blinking through the dust.

DUMBLEDORE

Fascinating creatures, phoenixes. They can carry immensely heavy loads, their tears have healing powers, and they make highly faithful pets.

Just then, Hagrid -- still clutching the dead rooster -- BURSTS through the door.

HAGRID

It wasn't Harry, Professor Dumbledore!

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (2)

77

DUMBLEDORE

Hagrid --

HAGRID

I was talkin' ter 'im jus' before
that kid was found. It can't've
bin 'im!

DUMBLEDORE

Hagrid --

HAGRID

I'll swear ter it in front o' the
Ministry o' Magic --

DUMBLEDORE

HAGRID! I do not think that Harry
has attacked anyone.

HAGRID

Oh. Right. I'll wait outside
then.

As Hagrid exits, Harry looks hopefully at Dumbledore.

HARRY

You *don't* think it was me,
Professor?

DUMBLEDORE

No, Harry. But I must ask you...
is there anything you'd like to
tell me. Anything at all?

Dumbledore waits. Harry debates. Finally...

HARRY

No, Professor. Nothing.

78

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

78

Students drift into the snow with their trunks, heading
home for holiday. As Harry, Ron, and Hermione appear,
Ernie and few others cast wary glances.

FRED

Make way for the Heir of
Slytherin! Seriously evil wizard
coming through!

Ron grins, amused, then sees Harry -- anything but.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

RON

Oh, c'mon, Harry. Fred's just having a laugh.

HARRY

He's the only one.

RON

Okay, so half the school thinks you're nipping off to the Chamber of Secrets every night. Who cares?

HARRY

Maybe they're right.

HERMIONE

(reproachfully)

Harry!

HARRY

(frustrated)

I didn't know I could speak Parseltongue. What else don't I know about myself? Maybe you can do something... even something horrible... and not know you did it.

HERMIONE

You don't believe that, Harry, I know you don't. And if it makes you feel better, I just heard Malfoy's staying over for holiday, too.

RON

Why would *that* make anyone feel better?

HERMIONE

Because, in a few days, the Polyjuice Potion's will be ready. In a few days... we may truly know who is the Heir of Slytherin.

79

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

79

The Christmas Feast. The Hall glimmers grandly as snowflakes tumble from the ceiling. Harry and Ron sit with Hermione.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Everything's set. We just need a bit of who you're changing into.

HARRY

Crabbe and Goyle.

HERMIONE

And we also need to make sure that the real Crabbe and Goyle can't burst in on us while we're interrogating Malfoy.

RON

How?

Hermione holds up a pair of SMALL CAKES.

HERMIONE

I've got it all worked out. I've filled these with a simple Sleeping Draught. Simple, but powerful.

Ron glances at Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, who presently are eating everything in front of them.

HERMIONE

You know how greedy Crabbe and Goyle are. They won't leave the Christmas Feast until every last drop of trifle is gone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Now, once they're asleep, hide them in a broom cupboard and pull out a few of their hairs.

RON

And whose hair are you ripping out?

HERMIONE

I've already got mine.

She removes a SMALL VIAL. Inside is a TINY HAIR.

HERMIONE

Millicent Bulstrode. She's in Slytherin. I got this off her robes.

(rising)

All right then... I'm going to check on the Polyjuice Potion.

Hermione points to the cakes in front of her.

HERMIONE

Remember. Just make sure Crabbe and Goyle find these.

Hermione exits. Ron looks at Harry.

RON

Have you ever heard of a plan where so many things could go wrong?

80

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (A BIT LATER)

80

Harry and Ron, lurking behind a SUIT OF ARMOR, watch Crabbe and Goyle exit the Great Hall.

Goyle spies the cakes instantly, perched on the end of one of the banisters. Grabbing them, he reluctantly surrenders one to Crabbe and, in unison, they stuff them into their mouths. They pause. Look at each other. And keel flat onto their backs.

Harry and Ron dash out, drag Crabbe and Goyle across the floor and into a cupboard.

81

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

81

Hermione, wearing a Slytherin robe, hovers over a smoking cauldron. Harry and Ron enter.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

HERMIONE

Did you get it?

Harry and Ron hold up their hands. In each: a TUFT OF HAIR. Hermione points to a pair of SLYTHERIN ROBES.

HERMIONE

I sneaked those out of the laundry.

Harry and Ron nod, glance at the cauldron. The potion resembles a thick, dark, bubbling mud.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

I'm sure I've done everything right. It looks like the book said it should. Once we've drunk it, we'll have exactly one hour before we change back into ourselves.

RON

Now what?

HERMIONE

We separate it into three glasses and add the hairs.

Harry and Ron grimace.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE POTION

being poured into three glasses.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Harry and Ron have changed into the Slytherin robes. All three raise their glasses. Drop the hairs. The potion turns shades of YELLOW, BROWN, and KHAKI.

RON

Ugh. Essence of Crabbe...

They nod. DRINK. Ron swallows grimly, doubles over.

RON

Think I'm gonna be sick...

He runs into a stall. Harry looks sick, steps to a CRACKED MIRROR. Hermione pauses. Looks worried. Something's wrong...

INSIDE THE STALL: Ron bends over the toilet, watches his reflection morph into Crabbe.

IN THE CRACKED MIRROR: Harry watches his face contort into the thick features of Goyle.

Hermione looks at her arm. Patches of fur begin to spread across her wrist and hand. Terrified, she RUNS into a stall.

Ron emerges from his stall, a dead ringer for Crabbe.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

RON

Harry?

HARRY

Ron?

RON

Bloody hell.

HARRY

We still sound like ourselves.
You need to sound more like
Crabbe.

RON

(adjusts voice)

Bloody hell.

HARRY

Lower.

RON

(lower still)

Bloody hell.

HARRY

Less intelligent.

RON

(dumbing it down)

Bloody hell.

HARRY

Excellent.

RON

Hey... Where's Hermione?

HERMIONE (O.S.)

(from the stall)

I -- I don't think I'm going. You
go on without me.

HARRY

Hermione, are you okay?

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Just go! You're wasting time!

82 OMITTED

82

83 EXT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

83

Harry and Ron hurry down the staircase.

RON

Don't swing your arms like that.
Crabbe holds them sort of stiff.

Harry goes a bit more "Neanderthal."

RON

Yeah. That's better.

84 GLOOMY CORRIDOR/DUNGEONS - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

84

Harry and Ron move quickly, when... FOOTSTEPS sound.
Seconds later, Percy appears at the end of the corridor.

RON

What are you doing here?

Percy squints, confused by Ron's voice. Harry elbows
Ron, who clears his throat and speaks in a lower voice.

RON

What are you doing here?

PERCY

I happen to be a prefect. You, on
the other hand, have no business
wandering the corridors at night.
It's not safe these days.

Harry and Ron NOD, afraid to speak. Percy squints again.

PERCY

What're your names again?

DRACO

Crabbe. Goyle. Where have you
been? Pigging out in the Great
Hall all this time?

Draco is walking towards them, glances witheringly at Percy.

DRACO

And what are you doing down here,
Weasley?

PERCY

Mind your attitude, Malfoy. You
want to show a little bit more
respect to a school Prefect!

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

DRACO

Come on, boys. Weasley thinks
he's going to catch Slytherin's
hair single-handed.

Percy steams. Draco sneers, walks off with Harry and
Ron.

85 OMITTED

85

86 INT. SLYTHERIN COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

86

Harry and Ron trail Draco inside, glance around warily.

DRACO

Listen to this...

Draco grabs *The Daily Prophet*, reads the front page.

DRACO

*'Arthur Weasley, Head of the
Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office,
was today fined fifty Galleons for
bewitching a Muggle car. "Weasley
has brought the Ministry into
disrepute," said Lucius Malfoy, a
governor of Hogwarts. "He is
clearly unfit to draw up our laws
and his ridiculous Muggle
Protection Act should be scrapped
immediately."'*

Grinning, Malfoy glances over the paper at Harry and Ron.

DRACO

Arthur Weasley loves Muggle so
much he should snap his wand in
half and go join them. You'd
never know the Weasleys were
purebloods, the way they behave.
Embarrassment to the wizarding
world. All of them.

Ron growls. Harry elbows him. Draco looks surprised.

DRACO

What's up with you, Crabbe?

RON

(low voice)
Stomachache.

(CONTINUED)

DRACO

Well, go to the hospital wing and give all those Mudbloods a kick in the arse for me! You know, I'm surprised *The Daily Prophet* hasn't reported all these attacks yet. I suppose Dumbledore's trying to hush it all up. He'll be sacked if it doesn't stop soon. Father always said Dumbledore's the worst thing that's ever happened to this place.

HARRY

You're wrong!

DRACO

What? Did you say that I was wrong? You think there's someone here who's worse than Dumbledore?

Ron stiffens. Worried. Harry thinks, then:

HARRY

Harry Potter.

DRACO

(grinning)

Good one, Goyle. You're absolutely right. Saint Potter. He's another one with no proper wizard feeling, or he wouldn't go around with that Mudblood Granger. And people actually think *he's* the Heir of Slytherin.

Harry and Ron exchange a glance. Harry leans closer to Draco.

HARRY

Then you must have some idea who's behind it all?

DRACO

You know I haven't, Goyle. How many times do I have to tell you? But my father did say this much: It's been *fifty years* since the Chamber was opened. He wouldn't tell me *who* opened it -- only that they were expelled -- but I know this: the last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened, a Mudblood *died*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

DRACO (CONT'D)

So it's only a matter of time
before one of them's killed this
time. As for me... I hope it's
Granger.

As Malfoy grins, Ron's fist rises... when Harry stops
him.

DRACO

What's the matter with you two?
You're acting very... odd.

RON

Ho!

Harry turns, sees Ron staring wide-eyed: Harry's SCAR is
beginning to surface beneath the skin of Goyle's thick
forehead. And Crabbe's hair is... turning RED. They
both JUMP to their feet, DASHING out of the room.

DRACO

Hey! Where are you going?

87 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

87

As Harry and Ron race toward the stairs, the BROOM CLOSET
bursts open and a woozy Crabbe and Goyle stagger out.
They freeze -- watch *themselves* run up the staircase.

88 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

88

Harry and Ron sprint toward the desecrated wall, their
bodies metamorphosing, until, finally, as they hit the
door...

89 INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

89

... They are fully themselves once more.

RON

That was close!

HARRY

Hermione, come out. We've got
loads to tell you!

HERMIONE

Go away!

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

As Harry and Ron exchange a puzzled glance, Moaning Myrtle spirals INTO VIEW, looking disturbingly... *happy*.

MOANING MYRTLE

Ooh, wait till you see. It's *awful!*

The stall's lock slides back. The door opens slowly.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Do you remember me telling you the Polyjuice Potion was only for *human* transformations...?

Even in shadow, they can see: Hermione's face is covered in FUR, her eyes YELLOW, and POINTED EARS poke through her hair.

HERMIONE

It was *cat hair* I plucked off Millicent Bulstrode's robes! Look at my face!

RON

Look at your tail.

90

INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

90

Staggering under the weight of the LIBRARY BOOKS in their arms, Harry and Ron make their way to Hermione's bed, which is covered in... BOOKS.

HERMIONE

Oh, good. Put those anywhere.

They look. There is no anywhere. So they just... drop them.

RON

Madam Pince asked that we relay a message to you, Hermione: She'd appreciate it if you'd leave a few books for the rest of the school.

HERMIONE

I've got to keep up, haven't I?

Just then, Hermione's tail twitches INTO VIEW.

RON

Is that thing ever going away?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

HERMIONE

Any day now, according to Madam Pomfrey. I'm just thankful I've stopped coughing up fur balls.

RON

We all are, believe me.

HERMIONE

Now. What about the Chamber of Secrets? Any new leads?

HARRY

Nothing.

HERMIONE

And has it gotten any better? I mean... is anyone speaking to you?

HARRY

Neville asked to borrow a tubeworm in Potions yesterday. I suppose that's something.

Ron takes a GET-WELL CARD from under Hermione's pillow.

RON

'To Miss Granger. Wishing you a speedy recovery, from your concerned teacher Gilderoy Lockhart.' You sleep with this under your pillow?

HERMIONE

Of course not. I don't know how that got there. Now go. I still have six hundred pages to read in *Transformation Through the Ages*.

91 OMITTED

91

92 EXT. SECOND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

92

Harry and Ron mount the stairs, emerge.

RON

I know Hermione's mental, but can you believe she falls for that smarmy nonsense of Lockhart's?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

They stop. Look down. A GREAT FLOOD OF WATER streams from the Girls' Bathroom. From within, MYRTLE can be heard MOANING.

HARRY

Looks like Myrtle's flooded the bathroom.

As Harry splashes off toward the bathroom, Ron steps lightly.

RON

Yuck.

93 INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

93

HUGE, WRACKING MOANS echo off the dreary tile. All the taps are running, streaming like tiny waterfalls. As Harry and Ron step to the last cubicle, Myrtle spins accusingly.

(CONTINUED)

MOANING MYRTLE

Come to throw something else at me?

HARRY

Why would I throw something at you?

MOANING MYRTLE

Don't ask me. Here I am, minding my own business, and someone thinks it's funny to throw a book at me...

RON

But it can't hurt if someone throws something at you. I mean, it'd just go right through you, wouldn't it?

MOANING MYRTLE

Oh sure! Let's all throw books at Myrtle, because she can't feel it! Ten points if you can get it through her stomach. Fifty points if it goes through her head!

HARRY

Who threw it at you anyway?

MOANING MYRTLE

I don't know. I didn't see them. I was just sitting in the U-bend, thinking about death and it fell through the top of my head.

Harry sees a SMALL BLACK BOOK on the floor. Picks it up.

RON

Fifty points if you can get it through her nose.

MOANING MYRTLE

I HEARD THAT!

Harry and Ron dash out.

94 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

94

Harry examines the book as he and Ron walk.

HARRY

This is a diary. And it's old...

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

RON

It's a diary, it's old... and was
most recently in a toilet, Harry.

Harry starts to open it... when Ron grabs his hand.

RON

Are you mad? That could be
cursed. Dad once told me about a
book the Ministry confiscated that
burned the eyes out of anyone who
tried to read it.

HARRY

I'll take my chances...

(opening it)

Ahhh! MY EYES! MY EYES!

Ron freezes, terrified, when... Harry grins, ending the
ruse. At the end of corridor, Ginny stands, looking from
the diary to Harry -- utter terror on her face -- then
dashes off.

HARRY

Ginny! I was only joking --
Brilliant. Even your sister
thinks I'm the monster now.

RON

Who doesn't?

Ron frowns suddenly. On the first page on the diary,
EMBOSSSED LETTERS spell out a name: TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE.

RON

Tin Marvolo Riddle? Hang on. I
know that name...

(thinking, then)

Of course! The night I had
detention... My job was to polish
the silver in the trophy room. I
remember because I kept burping
slugs all over Tom Riddle's
trophy. I must have wiped slime
off his name for an hour.

Harry fans the pages. They're empty.

HARRY

That's odd. He never wrote in it.

95

INT. HOSPITAL WING - LATER THAT NIGHT

95

CLOSEUP: DIARY. A GOLD EMBOSSSED ADDRESS on the back
reads: WAXFLATTER'S BOOKSELLERS. 422 VAUXHALL ROAD.

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Harry sits with Hermione in the moonlit room. Hermione studies the diary curiously.

HERMIONE

Tom Riddle... Hm. And Ron said he won an award fifty years ago?

HARRY

Special Services to the School or something --

HERMIONE

Fifty years ago? You're sure?

HARRY

Yes. Why?

HERMIONE

Don't you remember what Malfoy told you? The last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened was --

HARRY

Fifty years ago! That means --

HERMIONE

Tom Riddle was here, at Hogwarts, when it happened. What if he wrote about what he saw? It's possible he knew where the Chamber was, how to open it, even what sort of creature lives in it. If so, whoever's behind the attacks this time wouldn't want a diary like this lying around, would they?

HARRY

That's a brilliant theory, Hermione. With just one tiny little flaw. There's nothing written in this diary.

HERMIONE

It might be invisible ink.
(pulls out her wand)
Aparecium!

She taps the diary three times. Nothing happens. The pages remain BLANK. She frowns, passes the book back to Harry.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

HERMIONE

I don't know, Harry. But I think you should be careful with this. Something tells me Ron might be right. It could be dangerous.

HARRY

You don't think I'm dangerous, do you, Hermione? I mean, you're not scared. Of me.

HERMIONE

I'm scared, Harry. But not of you.

96 INT. GRYFFINDOR DORMITORY/COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

96

CAMERA STARTS OVERHEAD, looking down on the boys' dormitory. Seamus, Neville, Ron and Dean sleep. One bed is empty. CAMERA CRANES TO the Common Room, finds Harry sitting alone, flipping through the blank pages of the diary.

Harry starts to set the diary aside, then notices a BOTTLE OF INK sitting on the desk. An idea flickers. Taking his QUILL, Harry dips it, and hesitates. As he does, a DROP of INK hangs, suspended like a tear, then... DROPS.

The ink BLAZES briefly, then... VANISHES... as if it were sucked into the page. Excited, Harry dips his quill again, and, this time, writes: *My name is Harry Potter.*

The words blaze, VANISH. Slowly, oozing out of the page, comes a response: *Hello, Harry Potter. My name is Tom Riddle.*

Harry's mind races. Deciding, he MUTTERS the words he writes:

HARRY

Do... you... know... anything... about... the... Chamber... of... Secrets?

Yes.

HARRY

Can... you... tell... me?

No.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

Harry frowns. Then... slowly... new words ooze to the surface.

But I can show you...

Harry waits, intrigued. Then, suddenly...

The pages FLUTTER WILDLY, stop on "June the 13th." On the page, a TINY SQUARE SHIMMERS... like a WINDOW. Harry lifts the book, puts his eye close and... PITCHES FORWARD, spilling through the widening window, into a WHIRL of COLOR and SHADOW, tumbling onto his feet...

97

INT. CORRIDOR/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (FIFTY YEARS AGO)

97

... in torch-lit corridor. Everything is de-saturated, save for Harry, who retains the true, rich colors of the present. He glances about, disoriented, then spies a BOY (TOM RIDDLE) at the end of the corridor, peering around a corner. A FLURRY of SHADOWS dances on the wall beyond the boy, revealing the presence of others, unseen, in an adjoining room.

As Harry advances, LOW VOICES emanate from the shadows. As he reaches the boy, Harry speaks in a WHISPER:

HARRY

Excuse me. Could you tell me
where I am? Hello...?

The boy doesn't respond, eyes staked to the activity in the adjoining room... which Harry sees now is the Entrance Hall. A group of ELDER WITCHES and WIZARDS -- Hogwarts Professors -- talk amongst themselves, then... abruptly go silent. Make way for two YOUNG WIZARDS, bearing a STRETCHER.

VOICE (O.S.)

Riddle.

The boy wheels... and looks right through Harry. Harry turns, too. It's Dumbledore... fifty years younger.

TOM RIDDLE

Professor Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

It's not wise to be wandering
around this late, Tom.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, Professor. I suppose I -- I
just had to see for myself, if...

Riddle glances toward the young wizards, watches them
carry the stretcher out of the Hall, into the night.

TOM RIDDLE

... the rumors were true.

DUMBLEDORE

I'm afraid they are, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE

About the school as well? They
wouldn't really close Hogwarts,
would they, Professor?

DUMBLEDORE

Headmaster Dippet may have no
choice, I'm afraid.

TOM RIDDLE

Sir? If it all stopped. If the
person responsible was caught...

DUMBLEDORE

Is there something you wish to
tell me, Tom?

TOM RIDDLE

(a long beat)

No, sir. Nothing.

Dumbledore studies Riddle for a moment.

DUMBLEDORE

Very well then. Hurry along.

Dumbledore strides directly past Harry, not seeing him.
When he is gone, Riddle moves quickly, toward the dungeon
steps.

98

OMITTED

98

&

&

99

99

100

INT. CORRIDOR - DUNGEONS - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

100

Up ahead, a SPLINTER of LIGHT leaks through a DOOR.
Riddle puts his eye to the crack. Inside, someone is
SPEAKING.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon, Aragog. Gotta get yeh
outta here... C'mon now.. in the
box...

As Riddle pushes the door clear, Harry sees a second,
smaller room. Crouched by a BOX, is a huge boy... YOUNG
HAGRID. A STRANGE CLICKING comes from the BOX.

TOM RIDDLE

Evening, Hagrid.

Hagrid SLAMS the door shut.

TOM RIDDLE

I'm going to have to turn you in,
Hagrid. I don't think you meant
it to kill anyone --

YOUNG HAGRID

No, yeh can't! Yeh don'
understand!

TOM RIDDLE

Hagrid. The dead girl's parents
will be here tomorrow. The least
Hogwarts can do is make sure the
thing that killed their daughter
is slaughtered.

YOUNG HAGRID

It wasn't him! Aragog never'd kill
no one! Never!

RIDDLE

Monsters don't make good pets,
Hagrid. Now... stand aside...

Riddle draws his wand, BLASTS the closed DOOR off its
hinges, extinguishing the torches within. Harry GASPS.
A low-slung CREATURE with a tangle of black legs, a gleam
of many eyes and a pair of razor-sharp pincers, scuttles
out of the shadows. As Riddle points his wand at it,
Hagrid LEAPS...

YOUNG HAGRID

Noooooooo!

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

As they tumble to the floor, the entire ROOM WHIRLS off its axis, spinning, and Harry finds himself plummeting through color and shadow again, falling flat on his back to...

... the floor of the Gryffindor Common Room, the ceiling above spinning, slowly, to a stop. Harry rises, dashes upstairs.

100A INT. BOYS' DORMITORY - NIGHT

100A

Harry rushes to Ron, shakes him awake, WHISPERING INTENSELY.

HARRY

Ron! Ron!

RON

What? What's happened...?

HARRY

It was Hagrid. Hagrid opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.

100B EXT. HOGWARTS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

100B

CAMERA SOARS high over the castle, as below, students hurry to their classes. Finally, it FINDS:

101 OMITTED

101

102 EXT./INT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY (LATER)

102

Harry, Ron and Hermione walking together across the grounds.

HERMIONE

It *can't* be Hagrid. It just *can't* be.

RON

We don't even *know* this Riddle. He sounds like a dirty, rotten snitch to me.

HARRY

The monster had killed someone, Ron. What would any of us done?

HERMIONE

Look. Hagrid's our friend. Why don't we just go ask him about it?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

RON

That'd be a cheerful visit.
Hullo, Hagrid. Tell us, have you
been setting anything mad and
hairy loose in the castle lately?

HAGRID

Mad an' hairy? Wouldn' be talkin'
'bou me, now would yeh?

The trio wheels, spots Hagrid grinning at them. They
instantly look guilty.

HARRY/RON/HERMIONE

No!

Hagrid looks at them curiously. Harry nods to the
STRANGE CANISTER in his hand.

HARRY

What's that you've got, Hagrid?

HAGRID

Flesh-Eatin' Slug Repellent. Fer
the Mandrakes, yeh know.
Accordin' ter Professor Sprout,
they still got a bit o' growin' up
ter do, but once their acne clears
up, we'll be able to chop 'em up,
stew 'em, an' get those people in
the hospital un-Petrified. 'Til
then, you three best watch
yerselves, all righ'?

They nod, watch Hagrid lope away. Just then, Neville
comes running up. He looks pale with fright.

NEVILLE

Harry, I don't know who did it,
but... you'd better come.

103 OMITTED

103

104 INT. GRYFFINDOR TOWER DORMITORY - DAY

104

Harry's space is a disaster: trunk riffled, drawers
flung open, bedclothes strewn on the floor.

HERMIONE

It had to be a Gryffindor. Nobody
else knows our password. Unless,
it wasn't a student...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

RON

Well, whoever it was, they were
looking for something.

HARRY

And they found it... Tom Riddle's
diary is gone.

105 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

105

Students stream into the Quidditch Stadium.

105A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - DAY

105A

Harry, dressed in his Quidditch robes, dashes down the
staircase with Ron and Hermione. Down below, Ron spies
Ginny.

RON

Hey, Ginny! Going to the match?

Ginny looks up, startled, then shakes her head and exits.

RON

I tell you, she gets weirder and
weirder by the day...

VOICE (O.S.)

*Kill this time... Let me rip...
Tear.*

Harry freezes. Ron and Hermione stop, knowing by his face...

RON

No... don't tell me...

Harry turns, as if following the SOUND, absently touching
his fingers to the wall as he glances around. Hermione
studies him with great interest -- STUDIES HIS FINGERS --
then, abruptly, Harry turns away, shakes his head: it's
gone. Hermione looks up, eyes vaguely upon Harry, but
her mind miles away.

HERMIONE

Harry... I think I've just understood
something! I've got to go to the
library!

As Hermione sprints back up the stairs, Harry YELLS.

HARRY

What do you understand!

(CONTINUED)

105A CONTINUED:

105A

But she's gone. Harry turns to Ron in puzzlement.

HARRY

The library?

RON

That's Hermione. When in doubt,
go to the library

106 EXT. REAR OF QUIDDITCH STADIUM - DAY (LATER)

106

Harry and his teammates march toward the Quidditch tower.
The CHEERS of the CROWD are heard.

WOOD

Listen up now. We play our game,
Hufflepuff doesn't stand a chance.
We're stronger, quicker, smarter.

GEORGE

Not to mention they're dead
terrified Harry'll Petrify them if
they fly anywhere near him.

WOOD

That, too.

Just then, Professor McGonagall appears, barring their
way.

WOOD

Professor McGonagall --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

This match has been cancelled.

WOOD

Cancelled! They can't cancel
Quidditch --

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Silence, Wood! You will return to
Gryffindor Tower *now*. Potter, you
and I will find Mr. Weasley.
There's something the both of you
need to see.

107 INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY

107

McGonagall pauses outside the door, turns to Harry and
Ron.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

I warn you. This will be a bit of
a shock.

She opens the door. Madam Pomfrey is leaning over a bed
where a girl lies. As she straightens up, we see the
girl is...

RON

Hermione!

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

She was found near the library.
Along with this. Does it mean
anything to either of you?

She holds up a SMALL CIRCULAR MIRROR. Harry shakes his
head. McGonagall nods gravely, leads them out. As they
go, the CAMERA DRIFTS to HERMIONE'S HAND. Clinched tight
in her stiff knuckles, barely visible, is... a PIECE OF
PAPER.

108 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

108

McGonagall reads from a PARCHMENT to the somber
Gryffindors.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

All students will return to their
house common rooms by six o'clock
in the evening. You will be
escorted to each lesson by a
teacher. No exceptions.

(rolling up
the parchment)

I should tell you all this.
Unless the culprit behind these
attacks is caught, it is likely
that the school will be closed.

McGonagall turns, exits. Instantly, as one, the
students begin to talk amongst themselves. Neville
speaks up.

NEVILLE

Haven't any of the teachers
noticed that the Slytherins are
all safe? Isn't it obvious all
this stuff's coming from
Slytherin? The Heir of Slytherin,
the monster of Slytherin -- why
don't they just chuck all the
Slytherins out?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

SEAMUS

They can't close Hogwarts. Where
would we all go?

DEAN THOMAS

I don't care what anyone says. As
long as Dumbledore's here,
Hogwarts will be here.

Harry WHISPERS to Ron.

HARRY

We've got to talk to Hagrid, Ron.
I can't believe it's him. But if
he did set the monster loose last
time -- even by accident -- he'll
know how to get inside the Chamber
of Secrets. And that's a start.

RON

But you heard McGonagall. We're
not allowed to leave the tower
except for class --

HARRY

I think it's time to get my Dad's
old Cloak out again.

109 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT (LATER)

109

CLOSEUP: A drawer opens, a HAND reaches in, takes the
INVISIBILITY CLOAK. CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALS Ron and
Harry. All around them, the other boys sleep. Harry
pitches the cloak over himself and Ron. They're gone.

110 OMITTED

110

&

&

111

111

112 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

112

Harry and Ron, beneath the cloak, sneak by an unaware
Snape.

112A OMITTED

112A

113 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

113

A KNOCK. Hagrid swings open the door. Crossbow in hand.

HAGRID

Who's there?

Harry and Ron drop the cloak. Hagrid lowers the crossbow.

114 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

114

FANG, Hagrid's enormous BOARHOUND, THUMPS HIS TAIL at the sight of Harry and Ron. Harry points to the crossbow.

HARRY

What's that for?

HAGRID

Nothin', nothin'. I've been expectin'... Doesn't matter. Sit down... I'll make tea...

Hagrid nervously takes the kettle, spills the water..

HARRY

Are you okay? Hagrid? Did you hear about Hermione?

HAGRID

Oh, yea. I heard, all righ'.

HARRY

Look... we have to ask you something. Do you know who's opened the Chamber of Secrets?

Hagrid takes a fruit cake, stops, about to answer, when... there is a LOUD KNOCK. The fruitcake SMASHES to the floor. Panicked, Harry and Ron throw the cloak over themselves. Sweating, Hagrid grabs his crossbow, points it at the door.

HAGRID

C-come in.

The door opens. A grim Dumbledore enters, followed by a portly man in a pin-stripe suit and bowler: CORNELIUS FUDGE.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Hagrid.

(CONTINUED)

RON

(whispering to Harry)
That's Dad's boss! Cornelius
Fudge. The Minister of Magic!

Harry elbows Ron to shut him up.

FUDGE

Bad business, Hagrid. Very bad
business. Had to come. Four
attacks on Muggle-borns.
Things've gone far enough.
Ministry's got to act.

HAGRID

I never... You know I never,
Professor Dumbledore, sir...

DUMBLEDORE

I want it understood, Cornelius,
that Hagrid has my full
confidence.

FUDGE

Look, Albus, Hagrid's record's
against him. I've got to take
him.

HAGRID

Take me? Where? Not Azkaban
prison.

FUDGE

For a short stretch only. Not a
punishment, Hagrid. More a
precaution. If someone else is
caught, you'll be released with a
full apology.

Just then, there is a SHARP RAP on the door. As
Dumbledore opens it, Harry slumps. It's Lucius
Malfoy.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Already here, Fudge? Good,
good...

HAGRID

What're you doin' here! Get outta
my house!

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MALFOY

My dear man, please believe me, I have no pleasure at all in being inside your -- do you call this a house? I simply called at the school and was told the Headmaster was here.

DUMBLEDORE

And what exactly did you want with me, Lucius?

LUCIUS MALFOY

Dreadful thing, Dumbledore, but the governors feel it's time for you to step aside. This is an Order of Suspension. You'll find all twelve signatures on it. I'm afraid we feel you're losing your touch. What with all these attacks, there'll be no Muggle-borns left at Hogwarts. And we all know what an *awful* loss that would be.

Malfoy hands Fudge an OFFICIAL ROLL of PARCHMENT.

FUDGE

Now, see here, Lucius. Dumbledore suspended. No, no... last thing we want right now... If Dumbledore can't stop these attacks... I mean to say, who can?

LUCIUS MALFOY

That remains to be seen, but as all twelve governors have voted --

HAGRID

An' how many did yeh have ter threaten before they agreed!

LUCIUS MALFOY

I would advise you not to shout at the Azkaban guards like that.

HAGRID

Yeh can take Dumbledore! Take him away an' the Muggle-borns won' stand a chance! There'll be killin's next!

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Calm yourself, Hagrid!

(steely-eyed)

If the governors want my removal,
Lucius, I shall of course step
aside. However... you will find
that I will only *truly* have left
this school when none here are
loyal to me. You will also find
that help will always be given at
Hogwarts to those who... ask for
it.

Dumbledore's eyes drift -- unmistakably -- to Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Admirable sentiments. We shall
all miss your highly *individual*
way of running things, Albus, and
only hope your successor will
manage to prevent any more, um,
killin's.

Malfoy strides to the door and bows Dumbledore out.
Fudge, fiddling with his bowler, waits for Hagrid.
Instead, Hagrid stands his ground, takes a deep breath
and says carefully...

HAGRID

If anyone wanted ter find out some
stuff, all they'd have ter do is
follow the spiders. That'd lead
'em right! Tha's all I'm sayin'.

Fudge stares at Hagrid in amazement, then follows him
out. As the door SLAMS SHUT, FANG starts to HOWL,
scratching at the closed door. Harry and Ron emerge from
the cloak.

RON

Hagrid's right. With Dumbledore
gone, there'll be an attack a day.

HARRY

Look...

At the windowsill, a TRAIL OF SPIDERS escapes through a
crack in the glass. Harry grabs Hagrid's LANTERN.

HARRY

C'mon.

115 OMITTED
thru
118

115
thru
118

119 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

119

Harry illuminates the TRAIL OF SPIDERS. They run from the window to the ground, to the dark trees in the near distance. As Harry moves to follow, Ron hesitates.

RON
What are you doing?

HARRY
You heard Hagrid. *Follow the spiders.*

RON
They're heading into the Dark Forest.

Harry sighs, heads off. Terrified, Ron grabs Fang, follows.

RON
Why spiders. Why couldn't it be 'Follow the butterflies'?

120 OMITTED

120

121 EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

121

Fang crashes through low-slung branches and sharp brambles as Harry follows. Ron gingerly picks his way, the JUMPS... as FANG HOWLS. BRANCHES SNAP. A RUMBLING NOISE sounds, then... SILENCE. Harry spies something, points O.S.

HARRY
There's something moving over there... something big.

Just then a BLAZE of LIGHT splinters the trees, blinding them. They start to flee... when Ron stops.

RON
Harry!... Harry, it's our car!

Scratched and mud-smeared, with bits of earth and grass sprouting from its headlamps and hubcaps -- the Ford Anglia looks half-animal. Ron circles it in wonder.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

HARRY

It's been here all the time! Look at it. The Forest has turned it wild.

Harry nods, then glances back up the slope.

HARRY

C'mon, we don't want to lose the trail.

121A EXT. SPIDERS' HOLLOW - NIGHT

121A

Harry and Ron enter a hollow ribboned with shadows. Enormous trees tower over them, strewn with strands of white webbing. Ron steps on a strand, kicks it off queasily. Harry peers up ahead: at the far end of the hollow, the spiders stream toward a DARK OPENING.

As Harry and Ron approach the opening, a CLICKING SOUND emanates from within, ECHOING in the branches of the tall trees. GROWING LOUDER. Ron falters, glancing about nervously.

RON

I don't have a good feeling about this, Harry --

HARRY

Don't panic.

As Harry steps to the mouth of the cavern, the AIR suddenly CRACKLES with MOVEMENT. TWIGS SNAP. A HUGE SHADOW emerges, slowly engulfs Harry. He peers up. SEES:

An ANCIENT SPIDER (ARAGOG), the size of a small elephant. As it advances, Harry and Ron back slowly away. Then: its BLIND EYES catch the light, and it STOPS. As if... *listening*.

ARAGOG

You do not come from the forest.
Your hearts beat like... men.

HARRY

(breathing finally)
Yes. We're friends of Hagrid's.
And you... you're...
(as it comes to him)
... Aragog, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED:

121A

Hearing this, Aragog's head turns slightly.

ARAGOG

Hagrid has never sent men into our hollow before.

HARRY

He's in trouble. Up at school, there've been attacks. They think it's Hagrid. They think he's opened the Chamber of Secrets. Like before.

As Harry talks, Ron's eyes dart warily about, then...

RON'S POV - a pair of long legs -- SPIDER'S LEGS -- curl slowly around the trunk of the tree to his left.

Terrified, Ron NUDGES Harry, but Harry ignores him.

ARAGOG

That's a lie! Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets!

HARRY

But if Hagrid never... that means... you're not the monster.

ARAGOG

The monster was born in the castle. I came from a distant land, in the pocket of a traveler.

Ron turns. TWO CRAWLING SILHOUETTES inch forward. Pause. Waiting. Watching.

RON

Harry...

HARRY

Shhh!

(to Aragog)

But if you're not the monster, what *did* kill that girl fifty years ago?

ARAGOG

We do not speak of it! It is an ancient creature we spiders fear above all others.

HARRY

But have you *seen* it?

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (2)

121A

A SCRABBLING SOUND ECHOES above Ron. He GLANCES UP: a SPIDER crouches on a branch above.

ARAGOG

I never saw any part of the castle
but the cupboard in which Hagrid
kept me. The girl was discovered
in a bathroom. When I was
accused, Hagrid brought me here.

More SCRABBLING. Ron looks up. We PAN UP with him.
SEE: SPIDERS -- in high and low branches -- DROPPING
DOWNWARD like paratroopers. Ron GRABS Harry.

HARRY

(annoyed)

What!

Ron points. Harry looks. Pales. Turns slowly back to Aragog.

HARRY

Well... thank you. We'll just
go...

ARAGOG

Go? I think not. My sons and
daughters do not harm Hagrid, on
my command. But I cannot deny
them fresh meat when it wanders so
willingly into our midst.
Goodbye, friend of Hagrid.

Aragog turns, disappears into the shadows of the cavern.

RON

Can we panic now?

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Harry and Ron SPIN. A GANG of
FIVE-FOOT SPIDERS bar the path ahead. Begin to move
forward. Harry and Ron SPIN again: SPIDERS.
Everywhere. CLOSING IN.

Desperately, Harry swings the LANTERN in his hand. The
spiders falter, then CREEP FORWARD again as the ARC of
the LIGHT chases itself away. Around and around. Then:

The LANTERN goes out.

Harry pitches it aside. As one, he and Ron draw their
wands.

RON

Nice knowing you.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (3)

121A

They're done for. Fang WHIMPERS. The spiders draw closer, CLICKING FEVERISHLY, when...

... a LONG, LOUD HORN BLEATS. Seconds later, a BLAZE of LIGHT ignites the hollow and the FORD ANGLIA comes THUNDERING over the rim and down the slope, KNOCKING SPIDERS OUT OF ITS PATH. As it SCREECHES to a halt, the DOORS FLING OPEN.

HARRY

Let's go!

Harry, Ron and Fang LEAP INSIDE. Ron SHIFTS FRANTICALLY. A SPIDER appears at Harry's open window.

HARRY

THE WINDOWS! ROLL UP THE WINDOWS!

RON

(trying)

I CAN'T! IT'S STUCK!

Just then, a hairy leg reaches through Ron's window. Instantly, Ron HITS the gas, throws the car into REVERSE.

Spiders scatter, but the TWO clinging to the side windows hold tight. As the CAR ZOOMS BACKWARDS out of the hollow, Harry rolls his window tight, SNAPPING OFF his SPIDER'S LEGS.

121B EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

121B

The Anglia jets out of the hollow, lands with a THUD. Harry turns. The other spider is PULLING RON from the car. Harry points his wand, utters a spell and a BLINDING FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT BLASTS the spider into the shadows whipping past.

RON

Thanks for that.

(CONTINUED)

121B CONTINUED:

121B

HARRY

Don't mention it.

They stop. Both hear it: a DISTANT CLICKING. As the car flies over a ridge, they see them: a SEA OF SPIDERS heading straight for them like a herd of raging wildebeest. Ron puts his foot to the floor, SPINS the wheel and sends the car sliding away. The spiders STAMPEDE after.

121C EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - BLACK PARK - NIGHT

121C

The Anglia SLALOMS through the forest, skimming past trees as the spiders CHARGE after. Harry peers ahead, SEES an area of FALLEN TREES. There is an OPENING, one narrow escape route.

HARRY

That way! It's the only way out!

(looking back)

Hurry! They're catching up!

Ron JAMS the accelerator... just as a GIANT TARANTULA drops in front of the escape route. Harry and Ron are as good as dead.

HARRY

Can you get us in the air?

RON

(jostling the
gear stick)

Flying gear's jammed!

The spiders behind DRAW CLOSER. The TARANTULA waits ahead. Harry claps his hand over Ron's on the gear shift, pushing. The tarantula's pincers open, ready to kill, when... the GEAR SHIFT GIVES, the Anglia's wheels LIFT and the CAR FLIES OVER CAMERA, leaving the furious spiders below. The car barely avoids the rearing tarantula, then sails over the trees.

121D EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

121D

As they LAND, Fang bolts free. Harry and Ron exit the CAR wearily, then watch it turn and RUMBLE BACK INTO THE FOREST.

(CONTINUED)

121D CONTINUED:

121D

RON

'Follow the spiders'! Follow the spiders'! If he ever gets out of Azkaban, I'll kill Hagrid. I mean, what was the point of sending us in there? What have we found out?

HARRY

We know one thing. Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets. He was innocent.

122 OMITTED
thru
122C122
thru
122C

123 INT. HOSPITAL WING - DAY

123

Madam Pomfrey bars the door, frowns at Harry and Ron.

MADAM POMFREY

There's no point in talking to a petrified person. She won't hear a word you're saying.

Ron shifts uncomfortably.

RON

We know that, Madam Pomfrey. It's just, well, you see, we thought, maybe, we could... be with her for a bit. She's our... friend, you see, and... even if she can't hear us... I mean, it can't hurt, can it?

A glint of sympathy flickers in Pomfrey's eyes.

MADAM POMFREY

Very well then. But be quick about it.

As she exits, the boys step to her bed. Absently, Ron picks up the circular mirror that lies on the nightstand. Eyes Lockhart's Get Well card.

RON

You don't think Lockhart could be the heir of Slytherin, do you?
(off Harry's look)
Right. Forget I said it.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Harry studies Hermione's face.

HARRY

Wish you were here, Hermione. We
need you. Now more than ever...

Just then, the mirror in Ron's hand CATCHES the LATE
AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT and casts a jagged FLAME across
Hermione's hand. Harry watches the light dance over her
fingers... then looks closer. Sees the paper clutched
there.

124 INT. CORRIDOR - DUSK (LATER)

124

Harry and Ron duck into an alcove, take out the CRINKLED
paper, which, we see now, is TORN from a library book.

HARRY

*'Of the many fearsome beasts that
roam our land, none is more deadly
than the Basilisk. Capable of
living for hundreds of years,
instant death awaits any who meet
this giant serpent's eye. Spiders
flee before it and only the
crowing of the rooster can kill
it.'*

(looking up)

Ron! This is it! The monster in
the Chamber of Secrets is a
Basilisk. That's why I can hear
it speak. It's a snake.

RON

But it kills by looking people in
the eye. Why is it no one's dead?

Harry frowns, contemplating this, then catches he and
Ron's REFLECTION in the window opposite. He mutters
SOFTLY:

HARRY

Because no one *did* look it in the
eye. Not directly at least...

(in a rush)

Colin saw it through his camera.
Justin -- Justin must've seen the
Basilisk through *Nearly Headless
Nick*! Nick got the full blast of
it, but he's a ghost -- he
couldn't die *again*...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

HARRY (CONT'D)

... And Hermione... *had the mirror!* I bet you anything she was using it to look round corners, in case it came along.

RON

And Mrs. Norris? I'm pretty sure she didn't have a camera or a mirror, Harry.

HARRY

The water... there was water on the floor that night. She only saw the *Basilisk's reflection...*
(scanning the page again)
The crowing of the rooster is fatal to it! That's why Hagrid's roosters were killed! *Spiders flee before it!* It all fits!

RON

But how's the Basilisk been getting around? A dirty great snake. Someone would have seen...

HARRY

Hermione answered that too.

Harry points. Scribbled, in Hermione's hand, is: "Pipes."

RON

(aghast)

Pipes...? It's using the plumbing.

HARRY

Remember what Aragog said? About that girl fifty years ago? She died in a bathroom. What if she never left.

RON

Moaning Myrtle!

Harry nods. Just then, McGonagall's VOICE ECHOES throughout the castle, magically magnified.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL (V.O.)

*All students are to return to
their house dormitories at once.
All teachers to the second floor
corridor. Immediately.*

125 INT. SECOND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

125

McGonagall stands before the desecrated wall, surrounded
by the rest of the staff. Harry and Ron creep up the
stairwell.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

As you can see, the Heir of
Slytherin has left another
message. Our worst fear has been
realized. A student has been
taken by the monster. Into the
Chamber itself.

(as the teachers
react)

I'm afraid we shall have to send
the students home. I'm afraid...
this is the end of Hogwarts.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

(bursting in cheerily)

So sorry. Dozed off. What have I
missed?

SNAPE

Just the man. A girl has been
snatched by the monster, Lockhart.
Your moment has come at last.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

My m-moment?

SNAPE

Weren't you saying just last night
that you've known all along where
the entrance to the Chamber of
Secrets is?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

D-did I? I don't recall...

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

That settles it. We'll leave it
to you to deal with the monster,
Gilderoy. Your skills, after all,
are legend.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

GILDEROY LOCKHART

V-very well. I'll -- I'll be in my office, getting -- getting ready.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

The rest of us should go and inform the students what has happened.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Who is it the monster's taken, Minerva?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Ginny Weasley.

Ron's knees give way. As Harry catches him, the staff scatters, revealing what is written on the wall:

Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever.

126 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

126

Harry and a very upset Ron walk with desperate purpose.

RON

She knew something, Harry. She'd found out something about the Chamber of Secrets. That's why she was taken. I mean, she was -- is -- a pure-blood. There can't be any other reason.

HARRY

(pulling him away)

C'mon. Let's go see Lockhart. He may be a brainless git, but he's going to try and get into the Chamber. We can tell him what we know...

RON

Harry. D'you think there's any chance at all she's not, you know --

Harry glances over, studies Ron's tortured eyes.

HARRY

We'll find her, Ron. Ginny's going to be fine.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

Ron nods, smiles shakily, and looks away. As he does, Harry's face changes, looks troubled.

Even he doesn't believe what he's just said.

127 OMITTED 127

128 INT. GILDEROY LOCKHART'S OFFICE - NIGHT 128

Harry and Ron DASH inside.

HARRY

Professor, we've got some information for you --

Harry and Ron stop dead. Lockhart's office is stripped to the shelves. Two LARGE TRUNKS stand open.

HARRY

Are you *going* somewhere?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Um, well, yes. Urgent call. Unavoidable. Got to go...

RON

What about my sister?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Well, as to that -- most unfortunate. No one regrets more than I --

RON

You're the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher! You can't go now!

GILDEROY LOCKHART

I must say, when I took the job, nothing in the job description --

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You're *running away*? After all that stuff you did in your books?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Books can be misleading.

HARRY

You wrote them!

GILDEROY LOCKHART

My dear boy, do use your common sense. My books wouldn't have sold half as well if people didn't think *I'd* done all those things. No one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all...

HARRY

You're a fraud! You've just been taking credit for what a load of other wizards have done!

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Harry, Harry, Harry. There was work involved. I had to track these people down and ask them exactly how they managed to do what they did. No, it's not all book signings and publicity photos. You want fame, you have to be prepared for a long, hard slog.

RON

Is there anything you *can* do?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Yes, now that you mention it. I'm rather gifted with Memory Charms. Otherwise, you see, all those wizards would've gone blabbing and I'd never have sold another book. I'm afraid I'll have to do the same to you both, lest you do the same.

Lockhart lifts his wand, but Harry is quicker.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

HARRY

Expelliarmus!

Lockhart BLASTS backwards, toppling into one of the open trunks, his wand flying across the floor.

HARRY

Looks like those Dueling Lessons
came in handy after all,
Professor.

129 OMITTED

129

130 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

130

Lockhart walks ahead of Harry and Ron, their wands pointed at him. Moaning Myrtle floats above the cistern.

MOANING MYRTLE

Who's there? Oh...
(smiles, flirty)
Hello, Harry. What do you want?

HARRY

To ask you how you died.

MOANING MYRTLE

(flattered)
Ooooooh, it was dreadful. It
happened right here. In this very
cubicle. I'd hidden because Olive
Hornby was teasing me about my
glasses. I was crying, and then I
heard somebody come in.

HARRY

Who was it, Myrtle?

MOANING MYRTLE

I don't know! I was distraught!
But they said something funny. A
kind of made-up language. And I
realized *it was a boy speaking.*
So I unlocked the door, to tell
him to go away, and... I died.

HARRY

Just like that? How?

(CONTINUED)

MOANING MYRTLE

No idea. I just remember seeing a
pair of great big yellow eyes.
Over there...

Myrtle points to the bank of sinks. Harry and Ron hurry
over, examining the pipes below, the tile above, then...
Harry sees it: etched on one of the COPPER TAPS is a
TINY SNAKE.

HARRY

This is it, Ron. This is the
entrance to the Chamber of
Secrets.

RON

Say something, Harry. Say
something in Parseltongue.

Harry stares off self-consciously at the tiny snake.

HARRY

Open up.

Ron shakes his head. Harry's spoken in his regular
voice.

RON

English.

Harry concentrates harder this time, staring so intensely
that the snake almost looks alive. When, finally, he
speaks, it is more like a HISS. Parseltongue. The
circular group of sinks OPEN and a LARGE, OPEN PIPE is
exposed.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Excellent, Harry. Good work.
Well then. I'll just be going.
There's no need for me...

HARRY

Oh, yes there is. You first.

Harry points his wand at Lockhart, then the opening.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Now, boys. What good will it do?

RON

A bloody lot of good if it's a
two-hundred-foot drop onto jagged
rocks.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

Lockhart steps grimly to the dark, gaping hole. Ron gives him a shove and he topples headfirst and out of sight. They wait. Finally...

GILDEROY LOCKHART (O.S.)

It's really quite filthy down here.

HARRY

All right. Let's go.

MOANING MYRTLE

Oh, Harry... if you die down there, you're welcome to share my toilet.

HARRY

Thanks, Myrtle.

Harry turns. Jumps. Seconds later, Ron follows.

131 INT. PIPE - NIGHT

131

Harry and Ron slide wicked fast, in a hair-raising vertical plummet, catching glimpses of other, smaller pipes branching off in all directions, twisting and turning until the pipe levels off, dumps them onto the damp floor of a stone tunnel.

132 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

132

Lockhart stares miserably at the muck dripping from his robes. Harry takes a TORCH from the wall, poises his wand.

HARRY

Lumos!

The torch blooms with a BRIGHT ORANGE FLAME.

HARRY

Remember. Any sign of movement, close your eyes straight away.

Harry leads the way down the tunnel. CRUNCH! They look down: a rat's skull. All around them, the ground is littered with TINY SKELETONS. Ron squints, sees something HUGE and CURVED lying ahead. When he speaks, his voice is hollow with dread.

(CONTINUED)

RON

What's that? Up ahead?

GILDEROY LOCKHART

That looks like a... snake.

Terrified, Lockhart quickly HIDES HIS EYES.

HARRY

Maybe it's asleep.

Ron draws his wand as they approach, squinting. Harry shines his light, revealing... a gigantic COIL of EMPTY SKIN.

RON

Bloody hell. Whatever shed this must be twenty feet long. Or more.

THUD! They turn. Lockhart has passed out.

RON

Heart of a lion, this one.

Ron kneels by him, when... Lockhart's eyes open and, quick as a fox... he snatches Ron's wand and scrambles to his feet.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

The adventure ends here, boys!
But don't fret. The world will know our story. How I was too late to save the girl. How you two tragically lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body. I'll even bind a limited edition in this snake skin. Say goodbye to your memories.

(raising Ron's wand)

Obliviate!

Ron's WAND EXPLODES like a small BOMB, BLASTING Lockhart OFF HIS FEET and SPITTING great JETS of FIRE into the rock above. As RUBBLE RAINS, Ron LEAPS one way and Harry the other. Harry sits up, squints through the settling dust. A SOLID WALL of BROKEN ROCK seals the tunnel between him and Ron. INTERCUT Harry and Ron.

HARRY

Ron? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

RON

I'm okay. This git's not, though.
He got blasted by my wand.

Lockhart sits up, dazed. Ron picks up a rock and CONKS him on the head. Lockhart PASSES OUT. Ron calls to Harry.

RON

What now?

HARRY

Wait here. I'll go on. I'll go on and... find Ginny. If I'm not back in an hour...

He leaves it there.

RON

I'll try and shift some of this rock. So you can get back through. And, Harry --

HARRY

See you in a bit.

Harry glances at the snake skin at his feet, moves off. He steps carefully through the shadows until he reaches a TOWERING STONE WALL, carved with TWIN SERPENTS.

HARRY

(Parseltongue)

Open.

The serpents part and the GIANT WALL SLIDES OPEN. Harry removes his wand and ENTERS.

133 INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - NIGHT

133

A vast chamber stretches ahead. Along the path are rows of STONE SERPENTS. The serpents rest in pools of black water. Ahead is an enormous STATUE of SALAZAR SLYTHERIN. Several feet in front of the statue, Ginny Weasley lies motionless. As Harry dashes and takes her into his arms, her head lolls to one side, cheeks white as marble. A pale hand clutches TOM RIDDLE'S DIARY to her chest. Harry DROPS the torch, RACES to Ginny, places his wand on the floor and kneels beside her. (BOLD ITALICS INDICATE POSSIBLE FLASHBACKS.)

HARRY

*Ginny! Please don't be dead.
Ginny! Wake up! Wake up!*

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

TOM RIDDLE

She won't wake.

Harry spins. Tom Riddle stands nearby. He is strangely BLURRED around the edges, as though Harry was looking at him through a misted window.

HARRY

Tom... *Tom Riddle*? What d'you mean, she won't wake? She's not...

TOM RIDDLE

She's still alive. But only just.

HARRY

Are you a ghost?

TOM RIDDLE

A memory. Preserved in a diary for fifty years.

Harry looks to the diary in Ginny's hand, then places his own hand on Ginny's arm.

HARRY

She's cold as ice. You've got to help me, Tom. There's a basilisk --

TOM RIDDLE

It won't come until it's called.

Harry looks up, sees Riddle twirling a wand in his fingers.

HARRY

Give me my wand, Tom.

TOM RIDDLE

You won't be needing it.

HARRY

Listen, we've got to go! We've got to save her!

TOM RIDDLE

I'm afraid I can't do that, Harry. You see, as poor Ginny grows weaker... I grow stronger.

HARRY

But she's *dying*!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

TOM RIDDLE

Yes. I'm afraid so. But then, she's been in so much pain, poor Ginny. *She's been writing to me for months, telling me all her pitiful worries and woes. Ginny poured her soul out to me. I grew stronger on a diet of her deepest fears, her darkest secrets. I grew powerful enough to start feeding Ginny a few secrets, to start pouring a bit of my soul back into her...*

Riddle, growing less vaporous by the second, grins cruelly.

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, Harry, it was Ginny Weasley who opened the Chamber of Secrets.

HARRY

No... she couldn't -- she wouldn't.

TOM RIDDLE

It was Ginny who set the Basilisk on the Mudbloods and the Squib's cat. Ginny who wrote threatening messages on the walls.

HARRY

But... Why?...

TOM RIDDLE

Because I told her to. You'll find that I can be very persuasive. Not that she knew what she was doing. She was, shall we say, in a kind of trance. Still, the power of the diary began to scare her and she tried to dispose of it in the girls' bathroom. But then, who should find it... but you. The very person I was most anxious to meet.

HARRY

(getting angry)

And why did you want to meet me?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (3)

133

TOM RIDDLE

Ginny told me all about you. I knew I had to talk to you, meet you if I could. So I decided to show you my capture of that brainless oaf, Hagrid, to gain your trust.

HARRY

Hagrid's my friend. And you framed him, didn't you?

TOM RIDDLE

It was my word against Hagrid's. Only Dumbledore seemed to think Hagrid was innocent.

HARRY

I'll bet Dumbledore saw right through you.

TOM RIDDLE

I knew it wouldn't be safe to open the Chamber again while I was still at school. So I decided to leave behind a diary, preserving my sixteen-year-old self in its pages, so that one day... I would be able to lead another to finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work.

HARRY

Well, you haven't finished it this time. In a few hours Mandrake Draught will be ready and everyone who was petrified will be all right again.

TOM RIDDLE

Haven't I told you, that killing Mudbloods doesn't matter to me anymore? For many months now, my new target has been... you.

(grinning)

Imagine my disappointment when I learned Ginny had stolen the diary back from you.

HARRY

Ginny stole the diary from my room? But why?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (4)

133

TOM RIDDLE

*She was afraid. Afraid you'd
learn how to work the diary.
Afraid I'd tell you just who it
was that had been strangling all
those roosters.*

Horrified, Harry glances at Ginny, growing more PALE,
then back to Riddle, who is growing more SOLID.

TOM RIDDLE

Come now, Harry. Don't look so
disappointed. Had Ginny succeeded
in destroying the diary, she would
have *destroyed me*. And we
couldn't be having this little
talk. And I have so many
questions for you.

HARRY

Like what?

TOM RIDDLE

Well, how is it that a baby with
no extraordinary magical talent
managed to defeat the greatest
wizard of all time? How did you
escape with nothing but a scar,
while Lord Voldemort's powers were
destroyed?

HARRY

Why do you care how I escaped?
Voldemort was after your time.

TOM RIDDLE

Voldemort is my past, present and
future.

Riddle pulls Harry's wand from his pocket and begins to
trace it through the air, writing three words: **"TOM
MARVOLO RIDDLE."** Then, with a wave, he re-arranges them:
"I AM LORD VOLDEMORT."

HARRY

You. You're the heir of
Slytherin. You're Voldemort?

TOM RIDDLE

Surely you didn't think I would
keep my filthy Muggle father's
name?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (5)

133

TOM RIDDLE (CONT'D)

No, I fashioned myself a new name,
a name I knew wizards everywhere
would one day fear to speak, when
I became the greatest sorcerer in
the world.

HARRY

Albus Dumbledore is the greatest
sorcerer in the world!

TOM RIDDLE

Dumbledore's been driven out of
this castle by the mere *memory* of
me.

HARRY

He'll never be gone! Not as long
as those who remain are loyal to
him!

Suddenly, MUSIC... EERIE and UNEARTHLY... ECHOES deep
within the chamber and a small, swift SHADOW ribbons over
the rock. Flying from above is FAWKES, the Phoenix. The
bird SWOOPS into the chamber, clutching a RAGGED BUNDLE
in its golden talons.

HARRY

Fawkes.

Fawkes flies toward Harry, drops the ragged bundle, which
is the SORTING HAT, at his feet. Riddle picks it up.

TOM RIDDLE

(giggling)

This is what Dumbledore sends his
defender! A songbird and an old
hat!

Riddle tosses aside the hat. He turns to the statue of
Salazar Slytherin and speaks in Parseltongue.

TOM RIDDLE

(Parseltongue)

Speak to me, Slytherin.

Suddenly, the stone face's MOUTH OPENS. There is a
RUMBLING SOUND, followed by the sound of SLITHERING.
Harry turns away. The Basilisk, A GIANT SERPENT, spills
out, uncoiling heavily to the floor. Harry turns to the
wall. The shadow of the serpent is visible on the wall.
PAN TO Tom Riddle, looking at Harry.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (6)

133

TOM RIDDLE

Let's match the powers of Lord
Voldemort, Heir of Salazar
Slytherin, against the famous
Harry Potter, shall we?

Riddle turns, to serpent, speaking in Parseltongue.

TOM RIDDLE

(Parseltongue)

Kill him!

The HISSING SERPENT shoots forward. Harry turns, RUNS away.

TOM RIDDLE

Parseltongue won't save you now,
Potter. The Basilisk only obeys me.

HARRY

(to himself)

Don't look. Don't look into its
eyes.

Harry RACES along the stone path, but the giant serpent
is FASTER. Harry TRIPS. FALLS. The Basilisk RISES.
Harry looks to the wall, sees the serpent about to strike.

Suddenly FAWKES SCREECHES, soaring toward the Basilisk
and circling its blunt head, confusing it. The SNAKE
SNAPS furiously, when... Fawkes drops like a knife,
driving its talons deep into the serpent's glittering
eyes.

As Harry watches the angry play of shadows on the wall,
the BASILISK ROARS, HISSING in pain. Fawkes wings away,
its talons dripping with blood and Harry turns, LOOKS:
the Basilisk's eyes are a blind, bloody mess.

TOM RIDDLE

Fool! Think you're safe! It can
still hear you!

As Harry flees, the serpent thunders after, STRIKING
BLINDLY as its whipping tail SHATTERS a Slytherin STATUE.
Harry dodges and ducks, then, seeing the snake about to
strike again... LEAPS CLEAR, stumbling toward a SIDE
TUNNEL.

133A INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - SIDE TUNNEL - NIGHT

133A

Harry RACES HEADLONG into the shadows, then looks back,
sees the snake eclipse the light at the far end of the
tunnel and SLITHER QUICKLY inside.

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED:

133A

Thinking, Harry DUCKS INTO AN ALCOVE, puts his hand over his mouth and waits, desperate to remain STILL and SILENT. The snake slides heavily by, then... SLOWS. TURNS BACK.

The snake's head weaves inside, only INCHES from Harry's face. Harry trembles as the snake's head cocks to the side, then... finally... WITHDRAWS.

133B INT. CHAMBER OF SECRETS - NIGHT

133B

Harry DASHES back into the main chamber. Ginny looks frighteningly pale. Riddle GRINS cruelly, almost SOLID now.

(CONTINUED)

133B CONTINUED:

133B

TOM RIDDLE

Yes, Potter. The process is nearly complete. In a few minutes, Ginny Weasley will be dead. And I will cease to be a memory. Lord Voldemort will return. Very much... alive.

Harry moves toward Ginny, then suddenly... the BASILISK SHOOTS OUT of the TUNNEL, HISSING directly in front of Harry. Trapped, Harry glances around, then -- impulsively -- LEAPS upward, begins to scale the statue of Salazar Slytherin. The serpent strikes madly, but Harry continues on, CLIMBING BOLDLY until he reaches the top. He turns. Sees the Sorting Hat. Sees what glitters within: the RUBY HANDLE of a SWORD.

Harry WHEELS, sword in hand, and fends off the slashing serpent like St. George and the dragon. In a mad rush of courage, he PITCHES HIMSELF onto the serpent, SLIDES DOWN its back and rolls up, SWORD RAISED. Too tired to flee, Harry simply waits. The serpent rises and, FANGS BARED... STRIKES.

Marshalling every ounce of strength left to him, Harry drives the sword upward, deep into the roof of the SERPENT'S mouth. It HISSES in PAIN, thrashing MADLY as it drives a FANG into Harry's arm. Harry clutches his arm in agony, stumbles back and falls to the floor, watching as the serpent THRASHES briefly... then goes STILL.

Harry peers down, sees the FANG that pierces his arm, the blood soaking slowly into his robe. As he yanks the fang free, Riddle steps forward, almost fully whole now. His eyes shine at the sight of Harry's wound.

TOM RIDDLE

Remarkable, isn't it? How quickly the venom of the Basilisk penetrates the body? If you have any final words, Potter, you'd best speak them now. I'd guess you have little more than a minute to live.

Harry blinks heavily, watching as the skin of his forearm turns a troubling gray.

(CONTINUED)

133B CONTINUED: (1A)

133B

TOM RIDDLE

So ends the famous Harry Potter.
On his knees in the Chamber of
Secrets. Defeated at last by the
Dark Lord he so unwisely
challenged. You'll be back with
your dear Mudblood mother soon,
Harry...

As Riddle talks, Harry glances at Ginny, nearly white
now, a small ghost, the only evidence of life the
TREMBLING OF A SINGLE FINGER. Harry studies the finger
and what lies beneath it: Tom Riddle's diary. Harry
begins to crawl toward her.

(CONTINUED)

133B CONTINUED: (2)

133B

TOM RIDDLE

Funny, isn't it? The damage a
silly little book can do?
Especially in the hands of a silly
little girl.

As Harry reaches Ginny, he places his hand on hers,
then... slips the diary free.

TOM RIDDLE

What are you doing? No. Stop...

Riddle's face creases in fear. He LUNGES FORWARD. But
Harry is too quick. Raising his hand high... he PLUNGES
THE FANG into the book. Instantly, BLACK INK SPURTS from
the pages.

TOM RIDDLE

No!

Riddle SHRIEKS, writhing in pain. His body begins to
wither instantly, growing BLURRY once more. As the ink
runs off Harry's fingers to the floor, Riddle VANISHES
altogether. Harry sinks back, then... hears a FAINT
MOAN. Ginny STIRS, color blooming in her cheeks. As she
sees Harry, she SOBS.

GINNY

Harry. It was me! But I swear, I
didn't mean to... Riddle made me.
He wrote to me... took me over...
I didn't even know whose diary it
was. I found it inside my
cauldron. The day we all went to
Diagon Alley and... Harry. You're
hurt...

HARRY

Ginny. You need to get yourself
out... Follow the chamber...
You'll find Ron...

There is a RUSH OF WINGS and Fawkes circles down, lays
his head onto Harry's arm.

HARRY

You were brilliant, Fawkes. I
just... wasn't quick enough.

Then Harry blinks, looks down. Thick pearly TEARS are
trickling down Fawkes' face and onto his arm. Almost
instantly, his wound... begins to heal itself.

(CONTINUED)

133B CONTINUED: (3)

133B

HARRY

Of course. Dumbledore told me.
Phoenix tears have healing powers.
(looking up at Ginny)
It's all right, Ginny. It's over.
It's just a memory...

134 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (LATER)

134

With Fawkes gliding gracefully ahead of them, Harry and Ginny make their way back. Up ahead, SHIFTING ROCK can be heard and a jagged fissure of LIGHT GLIMMERS. Ron's face appears.

RON

Ginny!

Ron wriggles through, rushes forward and hugs Ginny.

RON

You're alive. I can't believe it.

GINNY

I'm going to be expelled, I just know it!

RON

(to Harry)

Remind you of anyone?

HARRY

Where's Lockhart?

Harry eyes Lockhart, sitting by himself, HUMMING placidly.

RON

His Memory Charm backfired.
Hasn't got a clue who he is. I keep having to stop him wandering off. He's a danger to himself.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Hello. Odd sort of place, this, isn't it? Do you live here?

RON

No.

Ron turns, raises his eyebrows at Harry. Harry looks upward. There is an opening, hundreds of feet up. Just then, Fawkes circles back, fluttering in front of Harry.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

RON

What's with the bird?

HARRY

I think... I think he's telling me
he can take us out of here.

134A INT. ROCKY TUNNEL - NIGHT (LATER)

134A

A CURIOUS, GLIDING SHADOW RIPPLES across the cavernous wall, and then Harry, Ron, Ginny and Lockhart soar out of the darkness, linked hand in hand. Fawkes is flying them home.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Amazing! This is just like magic!

134B OMITTED

134B

135 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

135

Harry and Ron, covered in muck and slime -- stand in Dumbledore's office. Fawkes perches on a pedestal behind Dumbledore, who sits at his desk, examining the charred diary. He looks up, regarding Harry and Ron gravely.

DUMBLEDORE

Ingenious. Simply... ingenious.

(looking up)

Of course, Tom Riddle was probably the most brilliant student Hogwarts has ever seen. I taught him myself fifty years ago. After he left, I would occasionally hear stories of his activities -- dark rumors -- but after awhile, even the rumors stopped. When he finally resurfaced as Lord Voldemort, most people had completely forgotten the clever Head Boy he'd once been.

GINNY

I didn't know whose diary it was, sir. I swear. I found it inside my cauldron.

(to the others)

The day we all went to Diagon Alley.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

Hearing this, Harry frowns in thought, recollecting...

GINNY

But I understand if... given all the trouble I've caused... if you!--

DUMBLEDORE

Wiser wizards than you have been hoodwinked by Lord Voldemort, Miss Weasley. No, I think you've endured enough. I would suggest a bit of bed rest, however. And perhaps a large mug of hot chocolate. I always find that cheers me up. Minerva, will you show Arthur and Molly up to the hospital wing?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Certainly, Albus.

As they exit, Harry and Ron watch them go. Mrs. Weasley's VOICE carries:

MRS. WEASLEY

A diary that writes back to you! Honestly, Ginny! What were you thinking? Haven't I always told you? Never trust anything that can think for itself *if you can't see where it keeps its brain!*

Harry and Ron turn back. See Dumbledore regarding them gravely.

DUMBLEDORE

You two realize, of course, that in the last few hours, you have broken perhaps a dozen school rules?

HARRY/RON

Yes, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

And that there is sufficient evidence to expel you both?

HARRY/RON

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (1A)

135

DUMBLEDORE

Therefore, it seems only
fitting...

(eyes twinkling)

That you both receive Special
Awards for Services to the School.
And -- let me see -- yes, I think
two hundred points apiece, which,
I believe, should be more than
enough to secure Gryffindor the
House Cup.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

HARRY/RON

(grinning)

Thank you, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Now, Mr. Weasley, if you would,
have an owl deliver these release
papers to Azkaban. We need our
gamekeeper back.

Ron nods, takes the envelope and exits.

DUMBLEDORE

First, Harry, I want to thank you.
You must have shown me real
loyalty down in the Chamber.
Nothing but that could have called
Fawkes to you. Secondly, I sense
you're *troubled* by something. Am
I right?

HARRY

It's just, you see, sir, I
couldn't help noticing certain
things. Certain similarities.
Between Tom Riddle and me.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3)

135

DUMBLEDORE

You can speak Parseltongue, Harry, because Lord Voldemort can speak Parseltongue. Unless I'm much mistaken, he transformed some of his own powers to you the night he gave you that scar.

HARRY

Voldemort put a bit of himself in me?

DUMBLEDORE

Not intentionally, but... yes.

HARRY

So the Sorting Hat was right. I *should* be a Slytherin.

DUMBLEDORE

It's true, Harry. You do possess many of the qualities Voldemort himself prizes. Resourcefulness. Determination. A certain disregard for the rules. Yet the Sorting Hat placed you in Gryffindor.

HARRY

Only because I *asked* it to.

DUMBLEDORE

Exactly. Which makes you very different from Voldemort. It's not our abilities that show what we truly are, Harry. It's our choices.

(smiling at him)

If you want proof that you belong in Gryffindor, Harry, I suggest you look more closely at *this*.

Dumbledore hands the bloodstained sword to Harry. An ENGRAVED NAME glimmers above the ruby-encrusted hilt.

HARRY

'Godric Gryffindor.'

DUMBLEDORE

Only a true Gryffindor could have pulled that out of the Hat.

135 CONTINUED: (4)

135

Suddenly, Lucius Malfoy enters, dragging... Dobby by the ear.

HARRY

Dobby! This is your Master? The family you serve is the Malfoys!

Dobby nods, chagrined. Lucius Malfoy brushes past Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Out of my way, Potter.
(to Dumbledore)
So! You've returned!

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. When the governors heard that Arthur Weasley's daughter had been taken into the Chamber, they saw fit to summon me back.
(a wry smile)
Curiously, several of them seemed under the impression that you would curse their families if they didn't agree to suspend me in the first place, Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY

From the beginning, my only concern has been the welfare of this school and its students. I assume the culprit has been identified.

DUMBLEDORE

Oh yes. It was Voldemort. Only this time, he chose to act through someone else. By means of... *this*.

As Dumbledore nudges the diary toward Lucius Malfoy, Harry sees Dobby nod meaningfully from the diary to Lucius.

DUMBLEDORE

Fortunately, our young Mr. Potter discovered it.
(a chill to his voice)
One only hopes that no more of Lord Voldemort's old school things find their way into innocent hands. The consequences for the one responsible could be... *severe*.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (5)

135

Lucius Malfoy stares icily at Dumbledore, then turns away.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Come, Dobby. We're leaving.

As Dobby scuttles toward the door, Lucius Malfoy KICKS HIM through it, then exits himself. Harry stares at the empty doorway as DOBBY'S PAINFUL SQUEALS ECHO from the corridor.

HARRY

Sir? I wonder if I could have that.

Dumbledore looks up, follows Harry's eyes to the diary.

135A EXT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

135A

As the elevator opens, Harry dashes out.

HARRY

Mr. Malfoy! I have something of yours.

Harry comes up running, thrusts the diary into Malfoy's hand.

LUCIUS MALFOY

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

HARRY

I think you do, sir. I think you slipped it into Ginny Weasley's cauldron that day in Diagon Alley.

Malfoy shoves the diary into Dobby's face, then leans close to Harry and, with a nasty grin, WHISPERS:

LUCIUS MALFOY

Prove it!

He turns away. As Dobby looks sadly back, clutching the diary in his hand, Harry mouths the words: *Open it.* Dobby looks down curiously. Inside... is a SOCK. He GASPS.

LUCIOUS MALFOY

Dobby, come! *Dobby!*

(CONTINUED)

135A CONTINUED:

135A

DOBBY

(in wonderment)

Master has given Dobby a sock.
Master has presented Dobby with
clothes. Dobby is... *free!*

LUCIUS MALFOY

What? I didn't --

He wheels, sees Harry standing with one leg crossed: His
right ankle is bare. Instantly, Malfoy charges forth.

LUCIUS MALFOY

You've lost me my servant!

DOBBY

You shall not harm Harry Potter!

Dobby steps between and -- BANG! Malfoy flies backwards,
lands in a crumpled heap. Rising, he stares murderously
at Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Mark my words, Harry Potter.
You'll meet the same sticky end as
your parents one of these days.
They were meddlesome fools too.

With that, he turns, storms off.

DOBBY

Harry Potter freed Dobby! How can
Dobby ever repay him?

HARRY

Just promise me something.

DOBBY

Anything, sir.

HARRY

Never try to save my life again.

Dobby grins then and -- CRACK! -- is gone.

136 OMITTED

136

137 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

137

Fear and suspicion banished, the House tables abuzz with
excitement and anticipation... all except the Slytherins,
who do not share the general feeling.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Seated at the tables, are the formerly petrified, revived students. Justin Finch-Fletchley joins his fellow Hufflepuffs. Colin Creevey SNAPS photos of the proceedings.

At the rear of the hall, standing near the entrance, Filch is reunited with Mrs. Norris. Then... Hermione enters, searching the room for Harry and Ron. Finally, she sees them. Smiles. Runs forward and embraces Harry.

HERMIONE

You solved it! You solved it!

HARRY

With loads of help from you.

She turns to embrace Ron. They pause, an awkward moment between them and... shake hands instead.

RON

Welcome back, Hermione.

McGonagall taps her goblet. Dumbledore stands.

DUMBLEDORE

Before we begin our feast, let's give a round of applause to Professor Sprout and Madame Pomfrey, whose Mandrake Juice has been successfully administered to all those who had been petrified.

Everyone applauds.

DUMBLEDORE

Also, in the wake of recent events, as a school treat, all exams have been cancelled.

Everyone cheers, save for Hermione.

HERMIONE

Oh, no!

At the rear of the Hall, the great doors OPEN. It's Hagrid. He enters. Stops. Looks around. The room falls SILENT. All eyes upon him. He glances around. Nervous. Embarrassed.

HAGRID

Sorry I'm late. The owl deliverin' my release papers got all lost 'n confused. Some ruddy bird named Errol.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

Ron exchanges a nervous glance with Dumbledore. Hagrid looks at all of the faces staring at him. He turns to Harry.

HAGRID

I jus' want to say... that if it
wasn't fer' you, Harry... you an'
Ron... and Hermione... Well, I
jus' want to say... Thanks.

HARRY

There's no Hogwarts without you,
Hagrid.

Just then... Dumbledore gets to his feet and... slowly... brings his hands together. The others join him. Soon, everyone is on their feet and the Hall ROARING. As the students surround Hagrid, he blinks, wipes at his eyes, and...

CAMERA PULLS BACK, THROUGH the window, leaving the celebration. WE CONTINUE TO CRANE BACK... BACK... TO a WIDE SHOT OF HOGWARTS... glittering gloriously in the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END