

FADE IN

EXT. - LITTLE WHINGING - NIGHT

It is sunset. We drift through the clouds, approaching NUMBER FOUR, PRIVET DRIVE. We sail over the roof of NUMBER FOUR and continue on past it into the street.

We drift down into an abandoned playground. A lone figure sits on the only unbroken swing.. It is HARRY POTTER. He appears deep in thought.

Had he been watching more carefully, he would have seen the old MRS. FIGG watching him from her front porch.

MRS. FIGG adjusts her porch chair in order to watch Harry better.

The sound of harsh laughter reaches Harry's ears. He looks up. Dudley and his gang of followers are walking down the street, telling crude jokes and laughing.

They ignore Harry and continue on out of sight. Harry gets to his feet and follows them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Harry rounds the corner, only to find himself surrounded by Dudley's gang.

DUDLEY

Oh, it's you.

GANG THUG #1

What should we do with him, Big D?

Harry laughs.

HARRY

Big D? Cool name, but to me, you'll always be Ikkle Duddicums.

DUDLEY

Shut up!

One of Dudley's gang steps in as if to punch Harry. Harry glares at him.

The gang member pauses, then steps back again.

DUDLEY

Ooo, tough guy. Not so tough in your bed, are you?

HARRY

What?

MRS. FIGG stands up and goes to the edge of her porch.

MRS. FIGG

You boys go home now, or I'll be calling your parents!

They pause and edge away from Harry.

DUDLEY

I heard you talking in your sleep, last night. Crying. "No, don't kill Cedric, don't kill Cedric! Dad, help me, heelp me! He's going to kill me! Boo-hoo!"

Dudley's gang laughs.

HARRY

Shut up, Dudley. I'm warning you...

DUDLEY

Why should I?

Harry whips out his wand and points it at Dudley.

HARRY

Because if you don't I'll turn you into the idiot pig you are!

Dudley's gang laughs at Harry. Dudley, on the other hand, is terrified.

DUDLEY

(terrified)

Don't point that thing at me!

HARRY

Not so brave now, are you Duddykins? Now tell your little friends to go away.

Dudley quivers, then finally complies.

DUDLEY

G-go home!

GANG MEMBER #3

What?

DUDLEY  
Get out of here!

Suddenly nervous, they turn and edge away, soon vanishing into the night.

Harry tightened his grip on his wand, glaring fourteen years of hatred and rage at Dudley.

HARRY  
(cont.)  
Don't you ever speak about that again. You understand?

DUDLEY  
Don't point that thing at me!

HARRY  
I SAID, *DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!*

Suddenly, a cold wind blows through the street, causing everyone to shiver. Harry exhales and his breath is tinged with frost.

The street lights flicker, die, and frost over.

Dudley is turning in a circle, terrified.

DUDLEY  
What's happening?

HARRY  
Quiet!

The stars go out, plunging them into darkness.

Dudley yells in fear.

Harry turns to the end of the street. Gliding as smooth as death over the street, tattered robes drifting in the wind, comes a DEMENTOR.

HARRY  
Dudley! Run!

He turns, grabs his cousin by the arm and drags him down an alleyway. Beyond the mouth of the alleyway is the next street, and Number Four, Privet Drive.

HARRY  
Come on!

They break into a run. A dementor drifts into the alleyway in front of them. Skidding to a stop, Harry turns around, to find the other dementor cutting off the way back.

Harry spots a fire escape ladder, leading onto the roof of the house.

He taps Dudley on the back, and starts to point to it, when Dudley turns and punches Harry in the jaw. Dazed, Harry stumbles backwards and falls to his back. His glasses slide from his face. His wand clatters away from him.

Crying, Dudley runs away from Harry, towards the first dementor.

HARRY

Dudley, no!

Harry feels the ground for his glasses but cannot find them. His hands scrabble on the ground in desperation.

HARRY

Lumos!

Three feet away from him, his wand lights up. Harry snatches it up and turns.

The dementor closes the distance to Harry swiftly, and is suddenly right before him.

Harry raises his wand.

HARRY

'Expecto Patronum!'

A wisp of misty light protrudes from the tip of his wand, but not enough. Harry stiffens and gasps.

The dementor closes in for the kill.

VOLDEMORT

(V.O.)

Bow to death, Harry...

LILY POTTER

(V.O.)

Haaaaaaaarry!...

Harry falls onto his back, and the dementor closes the distance.

Dudley SCREAMS in the black. Harry glances at him.

Dudley is on his back, hands pulled apart by the other dementor, and the great cloaked head lowering to deliver the kiss.

Harry raises his wand in desperation.

HARRY  
'EXPECTO PATRONUM!'

There is a blinding explosion of light as Harry's PATRONOUS bursts forth, blasting the dementor backwards and away.

The light INTENSIFIES, PULSATING from Harry's wand, expanding to fill the alley with wave after pulsing wave of PURE LIGHT.

The dementors flee.

The stars, and street lamps flicker to life again.

Dudley lays on the ground, whimpering and shaking.

FOOTSTEPS from behind Harry. He turns, wand at the ready, to see UNCLE VERNON and AUNT PETUNIA running up to him. He starts to lower it.

But they are staring dumbfounded into the sky, watching the Dementors soar away.

VERNON  
What the *hell* are those?

HARRY  
Dementors.

Petunia kneels on the ground next to Dudley.

PETUNIA  
What happened, Duddikins?

Vernon turns on Harry, who hastily lowers his wand.

VERNON  
What the hell is a dementoid?

Petunia seizes Dudley and attempts to look into his mouth.

PETUNIA  
They didn't--?

HARRY  
No.

Vernon shoves a large finger at Harry.

VERNON

I want some answers!

HARRY

We were attacked.

VERNON

By those...things?

HARRY

They're evil. If they get the chance, they'll suck your soul out through your mouth.

PETUNIA

They guard the wizard prison, Azkaban.

Vernon and Harry look dumbfounded.

VERNON

How do you know that?

Petunia shakes her head, looking panicky.

Vernon helps Dudley unsteadily to his feet, patting him on the shoulder.

VERNON

Fought 'em off, eh, Dud? Gave 'em the ol' one-two?

HARRY

You can't give a Dementor the 'ol one-two.'

VERNON

Why is he all right then?

HARRY

Because I used magic to save his life!

The street-lights die, plunging the street into darkness.

Several cloaked people appear around them on the street. The Dursleys yell in surprise.

They move closer. Harry stands, brandishing his wand.

HARRY

Lumos!

Ten wizards stand around them, wands out. Mad-eye Moody, Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Elphias Doge, Dedalus Diggle, Emmeline Vance, Sturgis Podmore, and Hestia Jones.

VERNON

Who are all you lot?

MOODY

Quiet, Dursley.

LUPIN

Harry, douse the light. We're exposed here.

HARRY

(nodding)

Nox.

Darkness returns to the street, which is now lit only by the light of the moon.

HARRY

What are you doing here?

LUPIN

We're your advanced guard, Harry. Dumbledore just sent us as soon as he heard about the attack. We're taking you to safety. We're just waiting for the all clear.

HARRY

How'd he know? It just happened!

LUPIN

You didn't think Dumbledore'd let you wander around on your own, did you?

Lupin indicates Tonks.

LUPIN

Harry, I don't believe you've met Nymphadora Tonks.

She smiles at him.

LUPIN

Tonks, would you go get Harry's broom from the house?

She nods and departs.

Harry looks at Lupin.

HARRY  
What's been going on? What's Lord  
Vol-

Three of the advanced guard jump.

MOODY  
We're not talking about it here,  
it's too risky.

Moody's eye stuck backwards in his head.

MOODY  
Blast it.

He pulls his eye from it's socket with a horrible sucking  
sound.

TONKS  
Mad-eye, dear, you do realize  
that's disgusting?

MOODY  
I want 365 degree visibility on the  
return trip.

HARRY  
How are we getting there?

LUPIN  
Brooms.

Red sparks fly into the air in the distance.

Tonks returns with the broom, handing it to Harry.

KINGSLEY  
There's the first signal.

MOODY  
Right, let's go.

LUPIN  
On your broom, Harry.

Moody is moving around them.

MOODY  
Form up! Form up around Harry. Make  
it snappy!



The advanced guard surrounds Harry.

MOODY

We'll be flying in close-quarters formation. Tonks will be right in front of you, keep close to her at all times.

(pause)

Don't stop, and whatever you do, don't break formation. If any of us are killed, the rest of you, keep flying.

(pause)

If that were to happen, the survivors, fly to the east. The rear guard is standing by. They will find you.

TONKS

Stop being so cheerful, Mad-eye.

MOODY

We must be ready. This would be the perfect moment for Voldemort to strike Harry.

HARRY

Uh, is that very likely?

KINGSLEY

No one's going to die.

Blue sparks blast into the sky.

LUPIN

There's the second signal!

MOODY

Mount your brooms, everyone. Here we go!

Seconds later, there is an explosion of green sparks in the sky.

MOODY

The third signal, everyone. Let's go!

They kick off from the ground, which is swiftly left behind.

MOODY

Stay in formation!

They are not as high as the clouds yet.

MOODY  
We need more height!

It is only seconds later, that another warning is shouted their way.

A dementor soars towards them, tattered robes snapping in the wind.

MOODY  
Contacts to the south!

KINGSLEY  
Mad-eye! You, Tonks, and Lupin take  
Harry! We'll slow them down!

The rest of the advanced guard peels away from the group.

Harry checks the sky around them. It appears to be clear.

LUPIN  
There's the other one, Alastor!

The other Dementor emerges very close by from a cloud.

HARRY  
Expecto--!

LUPIN  
Harry, leave it to us!

And Lupin peels away, rocketing towards the Dementor.

HARRY  
No!

Lupin goes straight at the Dementor, which smoothly flips upwards, bypassing Lupin, but Lupin twists his broom around, his wand drawn, and points it at the Dementor's retreating back.

LUPIN  
'Expecto Patronum!'

Lupin's PATRONOUS explodes from his wand tip, pulsing out through the clouds at the Dementor. The light blasts into it, and the Dementor, shrieking eerily, retreats back towards the rest of the advanced guard.

Lupin rockets past Harry, Tonks, and Moody.

LUPIN  
Get Harry to the safe house!

MOODY  
Come on, Potter! Keep moving!

HARRY  
But I can help!

MOODY  
Potter, getting yourself killed  
won't do a thing. Now move!

Glaring at Moody, Harry wheels his broom around and the three of them set off again, leaving the battle behind.

MOODY  
We're not far, now!

Soon after, Lupin and the rest of the advanced guard return, intact and without injury.

MOODY  
Did you get rid of them?

KINGSLEY  
They're gone, Alastor.

TONKS  
We're there!

MOODY  
Prepare for descent! Form up around  
Harry!

They cut through the clouds, gliding lower as they went. Tonks touches down right before Harry did, the rest gliding down while maintaining their formation around Harry.

All business, they draw their wands.

LUPIN  
Stay here, Harry.

Several of the advanced guard move to the perimeter, to secure it.

KINGSLEY  
Clear!

MOODY  
Right, Harry, this way.

Harry follows him, Tonks and Lupin trailing after, wands at the ready, eyes flicking to the buildings surrounding them.

MOODY

Here, read this.

He hands Harry a piece of paper. It has written on it: "The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix may be found at Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place, London."

Harry looks at the gap between the houses, and suddenly a door appears, followed by the rest of a large, gray, rather imposing house.

Moody takes the paper from Harry and set it afire with his wand.

MOODY

Come on, inside. Hurry.

LUPIN and TONKS step up, close to Harry, one on either side. The guards at the perimeter close in a semi-circle around the door.

LUPIN taps the door with his wand, and it cracks open.

LUPIN

Get in, quick, Harry. Don't touch anything.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT

Harry enters the musty entry hall. To one side is a staircase leading up to the next level. At the base of the stair is a dirty, graying sheet hanging on the wall, as if it were covering something.

Behind him, the other members of the advanced guard are entering. To make room, Harry steps to one side, and runs into an umbrella stand, which clangs loudly as it hits the ground.

To steady himself, he reaches out and pulls the sheet from the wall. Behind it is a portrait of an unpleasant, old, thin, woman.

MRS. BLACK

Filth! Scum! Half-breeds, mutants, freaks, begone from this place! How dare you befoul the house of my fathers?!

SIRIUS BLACK comes running into the entry hall. He skids to a halt next to Harry, looking up at MRS BLACK.

SIRIUS  
Shut up, you miserable old hag!  
Quiet!

MRS BLACK  
Blood traitor, abomination, shame  
of my flesh!

SIRIUS  
Yes, yes, do shut up!

He throws the sheet over the picture, and the yells die away.

Panting, SIRIUS looks at Harry and grins. He wraps Harry in a huge bear hug. Harry laughs.

Pulling away, Sirius smiles at Harry.

HARRY  
Was that your--?

SIRIUS  
Mother, yes. Dear old mum.

HARRY  
But...why here?

SIRIUS  
This house has been my family's for  
centuries. It's mine now.  
(pause)  
I'm the last of the Blacks. I  
offered it up as headquarters for,  
well, and Dumbledore accepted. It's  
about the most useful thing I've  
been able to do for a long while.

MRS WEASLEY enters the hall.

MRS WEASLEY  
Hello, Harry dear.

HARRY  
Mrs. Weasley!

MRS WEASLEY  
Sirius, the meeting is about to  
start!

SIRIUS

Right.

MRS WEASLEY

Harry, dear, go on upstairs-  
quietly, if you please. They're all  
up there.

Harry looks up the stairs.

HERMIONE

Harry!

Harry looks up the stairs and sees RON and HERMIONE standing  
on the landing. He mounts the stairs to both of them,  
grinning.

Hermione throws herself on Harry in a large hug, laughing.

RON

Let him breathe, Hermione!

HERMIONE

Oh, Harry! We've missed you! Are  
you furious with us, I bet you are!

RON

HERMIONE!

Hermione lets Harry go and takes a deep breath.

RON

Good to see you, mate.

HERMIONE

Come on, inside.

They enter an adjacent bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They sit down on separate beds.

HERMIONE

Sorry we haven't written, Harry,  
but Dumbledore made us promise not  
to.

RON

We wanted to, mate, we really did,  
but he thought they would get  
intercepted.

There is an awkward silence.

HARRY

Right.

RON

He thought you would be safest there.

HARRY

Yeah, real safe. Attacked by Dementors, that's safe, that is.

HERMIONE

He was so angry when he heard. It was...scary...

HARRY

So, why's he keeping me in the dark?

Hermione and Ron look awkward.

HARRY

Didn't you bother asking?

RON

We've only seen him twice, and not for very long. He's really busy.

HARRY

So I get to spend the summer with the Dursleys while you two are here.

RON

It's not that fun, mate. Mum won't let us anywhere near the meetings.

HARRY

You've still been here!

Hermione and Ron are looking aghast at Harry.

Harry looks away. There is a silence.

HARRY

What's been going on?

RON

We've already told you, we're not privy to the meetings. But we do know a few things.

HERMIONE

Some of the Order are following known Death Eaters, like Lucious Malfoy.

(pause)

And they're guarding something.

HARRY

What's this Order everyone's talking about?

HERMIONE

The Order of the Phoenix. Dumbledore started it last time to fight You-Know-Who. He only reorganized it after last term.

Moments later, MRS. WEASLEY opens the door to their room.

MRS WEASLEY

You can come down now, the meeting's over.

They stand up to go.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry, Ginny, Hermione, Ron, and Mrs. Weasley enter the KITCHEN, which has been set up with long tables and chairs.

At the far end of the long table, MR. WEASLEY and CHARLIE WEASLEY are talking quietly over a parchment.

MRS WEASLEY

Arthur-

MR. WEASLEY looks up, sees them, and nods to Charlie, who rolls up the parchment hastily, and rises from his seat, moving across the room.

Harry sits down at the table, across from Sirius.

SIRIUS

Well, the Ministry is furious with you.

HARRY

Why?

SIRIUS

You did magic in front of your muggle cousin.

(MORE)



SIRIUS (cont'd)  
You'll have to go to an  
disciplinary meeting tomorrow.

HARRY  
Okay.

Harry stands up.

HARRY  
I'm not really hungry. I think I'll  
go to bed.

SIRIUS  
You surprise me, Harry. I figured  
the first thing you'd do is start  
asking about Voldemort.

Harry pauses, then turns around. The room has gone very  
still. Mrs. Weasley is glaring at Sirius.

HARRY  
I wanted to, but I didn't think  
you'd tell me anything.

MRS WEASLEY  
And that was quite right, Harry!  
You're much too young--

SIRIUS  
He has a right to know, Molly.

MRS WEASLEY  
It's not your decision!

SIRIUS  
I know what Dumbledore said, but he  
needs to know something.

HARRY  
(grinning)  
Yeah.

SIRIUS  
He's not a child, Molly.

MRS WEASLEY  
He's not an adult either!  
(pause)  
He's not James.

SIRIUS  
(stiffly)  
I'm fully aware of who he is,  
Molly.

MRS WEASLEY  
I only have Harry's best interests  
at heart.

SIRIUS  
He's not your son.

MRS WEASLEY  
Who else does he have, then?

Sirius stands, glaring at Mrs. Weasley.

SIRIUS  
He's got me. He's like a son to *me*.

Harry stares at Sirius in surprise. Mrs. Weasley turns and storms out.

Sirius sits, heavily.

SIRIUS  
What do you want to know, Harry?

HARRY  
Where's Voldemort? What's he doing?

SIRIUS  
He's hiding for the moment, because the Ministry is ignoring his return and he doesn't want that to change.

LUPIN  
(smiling)  
You really messed things up for him last year, Harry.

HARRY  
How?

SIRIUS  
The last person You-Know-Who wanted to alert was Dumbledore.

HARRY  
And what's his plan?

SIRIUS

He's building up his army again,  
just like before.

HARRY

And you're stopping him from  
gaining followers?

LUPIN

We're doing our best, but it's  
proving to be...difficult.

SIRIUS

You see, when the Ministry of Magic  
insists that Voldemort isn't back.

HARRY

But...why?

LUPIN

Fudge likes being Minister of  
Magic. If it turns out that  
Voldemort came back under his  
watch, he'll be sacked.

HARRY

But you're telling people, right?

Sirius laughed.

SIRIUS

Well, they think I'm a mass-  
murderer, Lupin is a werewolf,  
Tonks and Arthur would lose their  
jobs at the Ministry...

LUPIN

But Dumbledore is doing all he can.

MR. WEASLEY

If he keeps it up, he might end up  
in Azkaban. And that would give You-  
Know-Who a clear field to--

MR WEASLEY stops short and looks as if he'd nearly said too  
much.

HARRY

What?

SIRIUS

You-Know-Who wants something.  
Something he didn't have last time.  
A weapon.

HARRY

What kind of weapon?

Lupin and Sirius exchange looks.

LUPIN

I'm sorry, Harry, we can't say  
anything more.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry sleeps. He dreams.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry moves slowly down a dark hallway. It has many, bolted doors down its long sides.

Soon he is running. Then, suddenly, he is being pulled along, the doors rushing past faster and faster. Harry can see the end of the hallway, it is a blinding light, still only a speck.

It grows larger as he rockets towards it, then he flies right into it and the light explodes all around him, engulfing him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Harry wakes with a CRY, sitting straight up in bed. He's covered in sweat, looking disturbed.

INT. HALL - DAY

MRS. WEASLEY, MR WEASLEY, LUPIN, RON, HERMIONE, and GINNY are standing in the hall, waiting, as Sirius and Harry descend the stairs.

MRS WEASLEY

Morning, dear! Did you have a good  
sleep?

HARRY

No, my scar kept hurting.

MR. WEASLEY and LUPIN exchange nervous glances.

MR WEASLEY  
(bracingly)  
Probably just nerves...

HARRY  
Yeah...nerves...

MRS. WEASLEY  
Good luck, Harry!

She hugs Harry.

After the hug, Harry stands back, but is suddenly hugged by Hermione.

HERMIONE  
They'll have to let you off,  
Harry... You were defending  
yourself! I checked the laws.

HARRY  
Thanks, Hermione.

RON  
What does he get a hug for?

HERMIONE  
(cooly)  
When you have to go to a  
disciplinary hearing at the  
Ministry of Magic, I'll hug you  
too.

RON  
Oh, sure, that's why.

HERMIONE  
(laughing)  
Ronald Weasley, are you jealous?

RON  
(glancing at the smirking  
Ginny and Mrs. Weasley)  
Me? Jealous? Of course not, it just  
doesn't seem fair that you hug one  
friend more than the other, is  
all...

HERMIONE  
Would you like a hug?

RON  
 (miffed)  
 No, I'd hate to force you...

Harry grins and shakes his head.

MR WEASLEY  
 Well, come on, Harry. Time to go.

HARRY  
 Bye.

He waves, and he and MR WEASLEY depart.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The street is not very crowded, as the sun rises in the east.

Harry and Mr. Weasley hurry along the sidewalk and come to a PHONEBOOTH.

Mr. Weasley looks around cautiously.

MR WEASLEY  
 Good, good, not very many Muggles.

He opens the PHONEBOOTH and slips inside. He beckons to Harry.

MR WEASLEY  
 Well, come on Harry, in we go.

Harry slips inside the booth, and Mr. Weasley, with some difficulty, closes the door behind them.

Mr. Weasley picks up the phone and listens in the wrong end for a moment.

MR WEASLEY  
 I do love using the Fellytone! Now,  
 let's see, what's the number  
 again...

He punches in SIX, TWO, FOUR, FOUR, TWO.

There is a tap on the glass of the box. Mr. Weasley glances out of the window to see a MUGGLE MAN standing outside. The MAN taps his watch impatiently.

Mr. Weasley holds up a finger, as to say, "just a second."

The MAN sighs and turns around, tapping his foot.

FEMALE VOICE

Welcome to the Ministry of Magic.  
Please state your business.

MR. WEASLEY

Harry Potter, disciplinary hearing.

FEMALE VOICE

Please stand by.

There is a pause, and then the whole phone booth begins to sink down into the ground.

The MAN, his back to the booth, is completely oblivious.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - DAY

The booth sinks lower into the ground.

MR WEASLEY

Usually I Apparate, but you're too young, so I thought we'd take the scenic route.

The booth SHUDDERS to a halt, and the door slides open, revealing a large lobby, filled with busy-looking wizards and witches going to and fro.

Harry and Mr. Weasley exit the phone booth and enter the lobby.

The door to the PHONE BOOTH closes, and it slides up again, out of sight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

THE MUGGLE MAN stands tapping his foot.

The booth reemerges topside and stops, looking very innocent.

The man turns around, blinks, and glances around for the two people that had been inside it before.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - DAY

Mr. Weasley walks through the crowd of wizards.

MR WEASLEY

Keep close, Harry!

A stooped, timid-looking, white-haired wizard pushes his way through the crowd towards Mr. Weasley.

MR WEASLEY  
Ah, Perkins, good morn-

PERKINS  
Arthur, they've changed the time of  
Potter's hearing.

MR WEASLEY  
Blast! Dumbledore thought they  
might try that.

PERKINS  
It started at eight!

MR WEASLEY  
Good lord, that was five minutes  
ago! Come on, Harry!

They break into a run. They jog down hallway after hallway,  
then Mr Weasley leads Harry onto a large lift.

There are several other witches and wizards on it.

It descends shudderingly for a few moments, then stops.

FEMALE VOICE  
Department of Mysteries.

HARRY  
Department of Mysteries?

MR WEASLEY  
Yep, I've got no idea what they get  
up to in here, it's top secret.

The lift doors open. Harry and Mr. Weasley exit, running down  
corridors.

Harry skids to a stop and looks down a dark hallway. Mr.  
Weasley stops as well, and glances back at Harry.

MR. WEASLEY  
Come on, Harry!

HARRY  
I've been there before...

Mr. WEASLEY looks nervous, then grabs Harry's robes and drag  
him along.

MR. WEASLEY  
Now, Harry, I find that highly  
unlikely...



A few moments later, they arrive.

MR. WEASLEY  
There you are, Harry, in you  
go...good luck...

Harry enters the chamber.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

One side of the courtroom is an elevated zigarat-shaped series of seats carved from black stone.

The whole room is dark, save a light shining through from the ceiling down on the center of the room, where a single wooden chair sits, covered in chains.

FUDGE  
You're late.

HARRY  
Er...sorry.

FUDGE  
No matter, the accused will take  
his seat.

Harry does so, glancing nervously at the chains on it.

FUDGE  
Very well, we are ready to begin.

DUMBLEDORE  
Witness for the Defence, Albus  
Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

Harry turns in his seat.

Dumbledore stands by the door of the COURTROOM, looking up at the Minister.

FUDGE  
Ah...you...er...got our message  
that the time had changed, did you?

DUMBLEDORE  
(cheerfully)  
Must have missed it.  
(pause)  
However, due to a fortunate  
mistake, I arrived at the Ministry  
three hours early.

DUMBLEDORE conjures up a SQUASHY, CHINTZ armchair next to Harry's and sits down with a mild squeak.

He steeples his fingers and looks up at the Minister with an expression of polite interest.

FUDGE

Well. The...ah...charges.

He consults his notes.

FUDGE

The charges against the accused shall now be read into the record: That the accused did with deliberation and fore-knowledge of the illegality of his actions, produce a patronus charm in full sight of a Muggle.

(pause)

(To Harry)

You are Harry James Potter?

HARRY

Yes.

FUDGE

And you conjured a patronus on the night of the eleventh of August?

HARRY

Yes, but-

FUDGE

Within full sight of a Muggle?

HARRY

Yes, but-

SUSAN BONES

You produced a Patronus? A fully-formed Patronus, with a clearly-defined shape?

HARRY

Yes.

SUSAN BONES

That is most remarkable, Mr. Potter.

FUDGE

It doesn't matter how impressive it was!

HARRY

But I did it because of the Dementors!

SUSAN BONES

What do you mean?

HARRY

My cousin and I were attacked by Dementors. That's why I had to use the Patronus, to drive them away.

FUDGE

Ah, yes, yes, another cock-and-bull story.

HARRY

It's the truth!

FUDGE

(sarcastically)  
Of course it is.

SUSAN BONES

Dementors in Little Whinging?

FUDGE

Oh, come now, Susan. He's clearly lying.

DUMBLEDORE

Actually, we have a witness to the presence of the Dementors in question.

FUDGE

We haven't got time to-

DUMBLEDORE

I may be wrong, but I do believe that it says somewhere in the Wizagamot Charter of Rights that the Accused has the right to present witnesses to prove his or her case? In fact, I do believe I wrote that particular bit myself.

FUDGE  
Very well. Weasley, fetch the witness.

Percy goes to the door and lets MRS. FIGG in.

She stands in front of Harry and Dumbledore nervously.

FUDGE  
Full name?

MRS. FIGG  
Arabella Doreen Figg, resident of Little Whinging.

FUDGE  
So...what is your story?

FIGG  
I was sitting on my porch when I saw the two Dementors gliding towards the two boys.

SUSAN BONES  
What did the Dementors look like?

FIGG  
Well, they were big and wore great, tattered cloaks.

There is some murmuring among the Wizengamot at that.

SUSAN BONES  
Anything else?

FIGG  
I-I felt them. It was horrible...like I would never be happy again.

FUDGE  
Very well, you may go.

MRS FIGG hurrys from the COURTROOM.

FUDGE  
Not very convincing.

SUSAN BONES  
Oh, I disagree. She described their effects very completely.

FUDGE

So two Dementors just happen to be in Little Whinging? I think not...

DUMBLEDORE

Only if the Dementors are still taking their orders from only the Ministry these days. I believe you know my views on this, Cornelius.

FUDGE

Yes, and they're nothing but bilge, Dumbledore.

UMBRIDGE shifts into the light. She is a short, ugly, toad-like woman.

UMBRIDGE

Excuse me, Dumbledore, but did you just accused the Ministry of Magic of ordering an attack on this boy?

DUMBLEDORE

If the Dementors are taking their orders from the Ministry exclusively, then it must certainly follow logically that someone in the Ministry ordered the attack.

(pause)

And in that case, I'm sure the Ministry will make a full inquiry.

FUDGE

Dementors are irrelevant!

DUMBLEDORE

On the contrary, Cornelius. If they were there, then Harry was acting in self-defense, which is perfectly allowable under Clause Seven of the Decree of Reasonable Restriction of Underaged Wizardry.

(pause)

We are all in agreement on this?

FUDGE

Well, yes, if he's telling the truth!

DUMBLEDORE

You have heard it from eye-witnesses, Cornelius.

FUDGE  
 Very well, all for clearing the  
 accused of charges?

He glances around the room, noting all the hands in the air.

FUDGE  
 All opposed?

Only a few hands.

FUDGE  
 (angrily)  
 Fine! Cleared of all charges!

DUMBLEDORE  
 Excellent.

Dumbledore gets out of his chair, vanishes it with the wave  
 of a wand, and sweeps from the COURTROOM.

Harry gets out of the wooden chair, glances upward at  
 Umbridge.

Their eyes meet for a split second. She glowers at him.

Harry exits.

INT. HALL - DAY

Harry exits the COURTROOM to find Mr. Weasley standing  
 outside, beaming.

MR. WEASLEY  
 Harry, you've been let off! That's  
 wonderful!

The door opens again and the whole of the Wizengamot exits.

MR WEASLEY  
 You were tried by the full court?

HARRY  
 I think so, yeah.

MR. WEASLEY  
 (concerned)  
 Well, no matter. Let's go home.

Just then, Percy exits and brushes by Mr. Weasley without  
 even looking at him.

HARRY

Er...is Percy mad at you?

MR WEASLEY

Ah...yes...I'm afraid we had a bit of a row. He, well, he sided with Fudge and the rest of us sided with Dumbledore, so Percy left.

They begin walking away from the courtroom, when they come upon Fudge talking quietly with LUCIUS MALFOY, standing at the mouth of the corridor Harry had recognized earlier.

LUCIUS

Well, well, if it isn't Patronus Potter.

(pause)

The Minister here was just telling me how very lucky an escape you just had. Quite astonishing...snakelike, in fact.

HARRY

What are you doing here?

LUCIUS

Come now, Potter, I really don't think that private matters between the Minister and myself are any concern of yours.

Lucius moves closer to Harry.

LUCIUS

(lowly)

All you need to concern yourself about are...your dreams, Potter.

And Lucius smiles malevolently at Harry.

Lucius steps back and turns to the Minister.

LUCIUS

Shall we continue this in your office, Fudge?

FUDGE

Certainly.

Harry watches them go.

HARRY

If he wanted to talk to the  
Minister, why down here?

MR WEASLEY

Dunno, Harry. Some things are just  
beyond comprehension.

As he speaks, Mr Weasley glances down the long, dark hallway,  
with a worried look.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Harry stands in the kitchen of GRIMMAULD PLACE, surrounded by  
Ron, Ginny, Fred, George, Hermione, Sirius, Lupin, Mr and Mrs  
Weasley, and Tonks.

RON

(shouting)

I knew it!

In the background, Ginny, Fred, and George are dancing a  
strange JIG.

FRED, GEORGE, AND GINNY

(singing)

He got off, he got off, he got off!

Hermione hugs Harry again. Ron glowers at her.

MR WEASLEY

Settle down, you three!

The chanting and dancing dies away. Mrs Weasley exits the  
Kitchen.

MR WEASLEY

Sirius, we saw Fudge talking with  
Lucius Malfoy on Level Nine again.  
Tell Dumbledore, next time he comes  
in, would you?

SIRIUS

Yeah, absolutely.

MR WEASLEY

Well, I'd better be off. I've got a  
bewitched vomiting toilet to deal  
with.

FRED

George, remember that concept.  
Vomiting Toilet.



GEORGE  
Right you are, Fred.

MR WEASLEY  
Also, I'm covering for Tonks on  
guard duty later tonight, so I  
won't be back until late.

Harry's scar explodes in pain. He yelps, and claps his hands  
to his forehead.

SIRIUS  
Harry!

Harry gasps with pain and falls to his knees. Then, as  
suddenly as it had come, the pain vanishes. Shaken, Harry  
gasps as Sirius helps him over to a chair.

SIRIUS  
You all right, Harry?

HARRY  
Yeah...just...my scar...the pain is  
getting stronger.

Sirius gives a worried glance to Lupin, who looks grim.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Harry sits on his bunk, thinking. Sirius enters the room, but  
Harry barely reacts, still gazing into space.

SIRIUS  
Harry, I've got something that  
might interest you.

Harry looks up. Sirius sits on the edge of the bed and  
brandishes an old, tattered photo.

Harry takes it.

SIRIUS  
This was the original Order of the  
Phoenix. Found it while we were  
cleaning.

Harry looks down at all the smiling faces.

SIRIUS  
There's Mad-eye and Dumbledore,  
right next to Dedalus Diggle;  
Marlene McKinnon, she was killed  
two weeks after this was taken...;  
(MORE)

SIRIUS (cont'd)  
 then there's Frank and Alice  
 Longbottom, tortured into insanity  
 by Death Eaters; Lupin, of course..  
 (pause)

Ah, Edgar Bones, they only ever  
 found bits of him; Caradoc  
 Dearborn, he vanished six months  
 later...; Hagrid, of course; Gideon  
 and Fabian Prewett, it took five  
 Death Eaters to finish those two  
 off; me, of course...; and there  
 they are!

Harry watches his parents beam up at him.

HARRY  
 My parents.

He watches the picture for a long second.

HARRY  
 I miss them, Sirius...

SIRIUS  
 I know, Harry, I know. I miss them  
 too.

He puts his arm around Harry.

SIRIUS  
 It's not fair that I got to spend  
 so much time with them and you  
 didn't...

Harry closes his eyes.

HARRY  
 Why'd they have to die, Sirius,  
 why?

SIRIUS  
 I don't know, Harry. I wish I did,  
 but I don't...

There is a long moment of silence.

SIRIUS  
 I know I'm not your father, Harry,  
 but I'll always be there for you,  
 if I can help it...

HARRY  
 Thanks.

The door cracks open, and an ugly, menacing HOUSE ELF enters, looking around suspiciously.

KREACHER

(muttering)

That mudblood with the scar, he cries, why does he cry so...?

SIRIUS

Kreacher, get out of here! Now!

KREACHER

Oh, how the old Mistress would weep to see the traitor in her house...

The elf exits.

HARRY

Who..who was that?

SIRIUS

Kreacher. He's been alone with the house for years, he's gone a bit funny.

(pause)

You'd better get some rest.

Sirius gets up and exits.

Ron and Hermione burst into the room seconds later.

HERMIONE

Harry, Ron and I, we've been named House Prefects!

She hands Harry a letter.

There are a few seconds of parchment ripping.

HERMIONE

What about you, Harry?

But there is no PREFECT BADGE in Harry's letter.

He shakes his head.

HERMIONE

Are you sure? I would have thought you would get one!

HARRY

I'm sure. Nothing.

There is an awkward moment.

HARRY  
So...congratulations Ron,  
Hermione...

HERMIONE  
Well...thanks Harry.

RON  
Come on, lets go back downstairs!

HARRY  
Yes, do go enjoy yourselves.

Harry lays down on his bed away from them. He hears them leave.

He is alone.

EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - DAY

The HOGWARTS EXPRESS rushes past the moors of SCOTLAND on its way to Hogwarts. Soon it is night again.

EXT. HOGSMEAD - NIGHT

Harry, Ginny, Ron, and Hermione exit the HOGWARTS EXPRESS and move quickly through the crowd of students to the carriages that would take them to the castle.

As they prepare to climb into one of the carriages, Harry stops and stares towards the front of the carriage.

There is a large reptilian, horse-like creature harnessed to the front whereas always before there was nothing.

HARRY  
What is *that*?

RON  
(looking)  
What?

HARRY  
(pointing)  
That...that...thing!

RON stares for a long moment, then looks at Harry.

RON  
Harry, there's nothing there,  
mate...

HARRY  
Yes it is, it's right there!

He points. Ron shakes his head.

LUNA LOVEGOOD  
I see them too, Harry.

Harry turns to her. LUNA LOVEGOOD is a spacy-looking girl, yet pretty in her own right.

HARRY  
Er...you are?

LUNA  
Luna. Luna Lovegood.

HARRY  
Well, thanks Luna.

They clamber into the carriage, Luna following. It starts moving.

INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Harry looks out into the darkness of the HOGWARTS GROUNDS. He spies Hagrid's hut in the dark. All the lights are off within.

HARRY  
Hagrid's cabin looks deserted.

HERMIONE  
I hope he's all right...

RON  
What if he were still on his...

He glances at Luna, who has vanished behind the latest edition of the QUIBBLER MAGAZINE.

RON  
...what if he's still on his mission from Dumbledore?

HARRY  
Yeah, could be.

Moments later the carriages halt, and the students pile out.

INT. HOGWARTS GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Hogwarts Headmaster, PROFESSOR DUMBLEDORE, a wizzened old man with a great white beard to his belt and long white hair, stands to address the school.

DUMBLEDORE

I beg a few moments of your attention, as I have a few start of term announcements. Right off, our caretaker, the good Mr. Filch, has reminded me for what he says is the four-hundred and sixty-second time that he had an annually updated list of various banned items, usually introduced by our humour experts Fred and George Weasley...

Fred and George stand and take a bow to cheering, laughter, and yells.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

...which are posted in an extensive list on the door to Mr. Filch's door.

Harry grins at Fred and George.

DUMBLEDORE

Also, we have two staffing changes this year. Professor Grubby-Plank will be taking the post of Care of Magical Creatures post as Professor Hagrid is on...extended leave.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchange glances.

DUMBLEDORE

Additionally, we have Professor Umbridge, who has kindly agreed to fill the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts-

At this, UMBRIDGE stands and clears her throat.

UMBRIDGE

Hem, hem, Headmaster, if I could address the school?

Dumbledore looks taken aback. McGonogall glares at UMBRIDGE.

Dumbledore sits down and invites Umbridge forward.

UMBRIDGE

Thank you, Headmaster. Now, how are we all doing tonight? I thought I would just say a few words. I am here at the Ministry of Magic's bequest, under Educational Decree twenty-two, which states that if the Headmaster of Hogwarts is unable to fill any teaching post the Ministry shall select one for the position.

Dumbledore inclines his head. There is murmuring from the students.

UMBRIDGE

The Ministry has always considered the magical education of our children to be of vital importance, and the passing down of this ancient and noble art must be given to the next generation, lest it be lost forever...

(pause)

Without progress, stagnation. But progress for progress's sake is to be discouraged, for our art requires no tinkering.

(pause)

A balance must be attained, the new and the old, permanence and change, tradition and innovation, order and chaos.

(pause)

There are large changes coming soon, changes walking the fine line between order and chaos. Know only that these changes are for the best, and to prevent the destruction of our civilization from its own decay. Thank you.

Umbridge smiles at them all, but to Harry, the smile seems a little forced, a little fake.

INT. GRIFFINDOR DORMS - NIGHT

Harry enters the boys DORMITORY. Within the room are a number of POSTER BEDS. Harry goes to his and sits down.

Also in the room are DEAN THOMAS, NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM, and SEAMUS FINNIGAN.

DEAN

So why didn't your mum want you to come back to Hogwarts, Seamus?

HARRY

What?

SEAMUS

Me mam didn't want me to come back to Hogwarts...

HARRY

Why?

SEAMUS

Well...because of you...

HARRY

What did I do?

SEAMUS

She...well, she figure's you're, well...you're lying about You-Know-Who and Dumbledore's a right nutter...

HARRY

Where'd she get that from?

Seamus picks up an edition of the DAILY PROPHET and tosses it to Harry. Harry catches it and looks at the front page.

It READS: "Harry Potter: Boy Hero Uses Lies to Seek Attention" with the subheading of "Hogwarts Headmaster Buys His Story."

HARRY

So...she believes this stuff?

SEAMUS

Well...yeah...

HARRY

But...but you believe me, don't you?

Seamus looks away. Harry turns and storms out of the DORM.

EXT. HOGWARTS - NIGHT

Harry sits on the top of the ASTRONOMY TOWER, looking out over the LAKE and the FORBIDDEN FOREST in the distance, Hagrid's hut dark and forboding at the edge of the FOREST.



Hedwig sits on the PARAPET next to Harry.

HARRY  
No one believes me, Hedwig. No  
one...

He turns and leans against the stone PARAPET, then slides down to the ground, his back against the cold stone.

HARRY  
I'm alone...

Hedwig takes off into the night, flying over the castle.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

The sun rises over Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

INT. HOGWARTS - DAY

Harry runs down the halls of Hogwarts. He skids around a corner, and pushes through the door to the DEFENSE AGAINST THE DARK ARTS CLASSROOM.

INT. CLASS - DAY

The whole class looks around at Harry as he comes staggering in.

HARRY  
Sorry, Professor...

PROFESSOR UMBRIDGE smiles, TOAD-LIKE, at Harry.

UMBRIDGE  
Hmm, let's see, five points from  
Gryffindor for coming in late.

Harry frowns, but sits down next to Ron and Hermione.

UMBRIDGE  
Now, as I was saying before Mr.  
Potter interrupted with his antics,  
your Defense Against the Dark Arts  
education has been rather  
fragmented and disjointed in your  
past classes, hasn't it?  
(pause)  
Know now that this is about to be  
rectified.

(MORE)

UMBRIDGE (cont'd)

I will be following a pre-approved  
Ministry-prepared, theory-centered  
Defense lesson plan.

She waves her wand at the blackboard and words are written  
down on it.

UMBRIDGE

Copy this down.

Everyone opens their books and begins copying, except  
Hermione, who sits with her book unopened, her hand in the  
air.

Umbridge ignores her.

However, within the next few seconds, nearly the whole class  
is watching Hermione. Umbridge sighs.

UMBRIDGE

Yes?

HERMIONE

I wanted to know something about  
your course aims.

UMBRIDGE

Well, they should be perfectly self-  
evident.

HERMIONE

Well, I don't think they are. They  
say nothing about actually doing  
spells.

UMBRIDGE

(laughing)

I can imagine no circumstance in my  
class where you would need to use  
spells, my dear!

HERMIONE

But surely the whole point of  
Defense against the dark arts is  
practical application?

UMBRIDGE

Miss Granger, this class has been  
approved by Ministry experts. Are  
you a Ministry Expert?

HERMIONE

No, but-

UMBRIDGE

Then you have no business  
challenging those who are. We will  
be learning about spells in a safe,  
risk-free environment-

HERMIONE

But we've got O.W.L.s coming up!  
You expect us to do the spells with  
no practice?

HARRY

What good's theory in the real  
world?

UMBRIDGE

This is school, not the real world,  
Mr. Potter. There is nothing out  
there waiting to get you.

HARRY

What about Lord Voldemort?

The whole class flinched at the sound of the name.

UMBRIDGE

Ten points from Gryffindor, Mr.  
Potter. Let me set the record  
straight.

She stands behind her desk, leaning on her knuckles.

UMBRIDGE

Some of you have been told that a  
certain dead wizard has returned.  
This is a lie.

Harry stands up, knocking his books to the ground, a look of  
livid rage on his face.

HARRY

It-is-NOT-a-LIE!

UMBRIDGE

Mr. Potter, you have just landed  
yourself in detention!

Harry moves around his desk stiffly, trembling with rage, his  
eyes dangerous.

HARRY

So, according to you, Cedric Diggory dropped dead? Or are you calling me a murderer?

UMBRIDGE

The boy's death was a tragic accident.

Harry has reached the desk. He slams his fists against the wood, thrusting his face right up to Umbridge's, glaring at her.

HARRY

It was MURDER! I saw it happen!

The class is deathly still. PARVATI PATIL is covering her mouth.

UMBRIDGE

Mr Potter, you have earned yourself a week's worth of detentions!

HARRY

Yeah, talk to somebody who cares. Voldemort killed Cedric, and you know it.

Umbridge snatches a QUILL up and scribbles a note, and hands it to Harry.

UMBRIDGE

That goes to Professor McGonogall, dear.

Harry rips it from her hand and storms out of the room.

INT. HALLS - DAY

Harry storms down the halls, turns a corner, and practically kicks open the door to McGonogall's office.

INT. MCGONOGALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry stomps in and hands the note to McGonogall.

She takes it and glances at it.

MCGONOGALL

Is this true? Did you shout at Professor Umbridge?

HARRY

Yeah. But she called me a liar!

MCGONOGALL

My dear boy, do use your common sense! Umbridge is reporting directly to Fudge. She is here to...interfere...with Dumbledore. And things could get much worse, trust me.

(pause)

Use caution, always, Potter. Do not mess with Dolorus Umbridge, she is dangerous. The Order's hands are tied at Hogwarts, Harry. If you get too deep into trouble, we may not be able to get you out. Do you understand?

HARRY

Yes, Professor.

MCGONOGALL

Good. Off you go.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - DAY

Harry, Hermione, and Ron sit in a corner of the large common room, trying to ignore the talking and chattering going on all around them.

HERMIONE

How can Dumbledore let that horrible woman teach? And when we're taking our OWL tests too!

RON

You reckon she's here to spy on us?

HERMIONE

Well, not us specifically, but definitely Dumbledore and the Order.

At that moment, ANGELINA JOHNSON comes up to them.

ANGELINA

(angrily)

Well, way to go, Potter. Your detention is at the same time as Quidditch practice!

HARRY

Oh! Sorry...

ANGELINA

Yeah, well, you're going to have to get out of it somehow. We're holding tryouts for Keeper now Wood's gone, and I wanted to have the whole team there.

HARRY

I'll never get out of it, Angelina.

ANGELINA

Well, just...don't do it again!

And she storms off.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Harry, Ron, and Hermione are heading back inside to the GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM.

The sun is setting in the distance.

RON

Well, Harry, shall we start on Snape's report?

HARRY

Later, I've got detention.

HERMIONE

Good luck, Harry.

HARRY

Thanks.

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to her office creaks open, and Harry enters.

UMBRIDGE

Ah, Potter. Sit down.

Harry sits in a chair right in front of her desk.

UMBRIDGE

You're going to be doing lines, tonight, Mr. Potter, and you'll be using this quill.

The QUILL was BLOOD-RED and sinister looking.

Harry takes it.

UMBRIDGE

You will write "I will not tell  
lies" until I tell you to stop.  
Understand?

HARRY

There's no ink.

UMBRIDGE

Oh...you won't need ink.

Harry begins to write, then gasps in pain. He looks at his hand, and finds that "I will not tell lies" has carved itself in the skin of his hand, and the quill had written the words on the parchment in bright red BLOOD.

Then the words healed over again, on his hand.

Harry glances at Umbridge, who is smiling evilly.

UMBRIDGE

Problem, Potter?

Harry shakes his head and returns to his lines. He gasps after writing it again, the words on his hand had gotten deeper. Gritting his teeth, he forces himself on.

DISSOLVE

Harry's shaking, weak hand scratches the final line of the evening, the words on the back of his hand not even healing any longer, but bleeding profusely.

UMBRIDGE

That's enough for this evening.  
Same time, tomorrow, and we'll see  
if we can get the message to sink  
in a bit deeper.

Harry staggers to his feet, weak and pale, and staggers from the office.

INT. HOGWARTS - NIGHT

Harry exits Umbridge's office and staggers down the hall and around a corner, then breaks into a terrified run.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry moves down the dark hallway again, slowly, meaningfully. Locked doors are all around him, lining the walls as far down as he could see.

He breaks into a jog, and then a run, then a sprint. The doors rush past him.

Suddenly an invisible force grabs him and pulls him along, faster and faster, the doors a blur. Then he saw the end, a blinding light, which he blasts into with a SMACK, and as the light fades, he catches a glimpse of a further room, beyond the light, for only an instant.

Then it too is gone, and Harry awakes with a yelp, hands pressed against his scar, which is BURNING horribly.

He rubs it, until the pain goes away.

INT, GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - DAY

Hermione steps into the common room, looking puzzled.

HERMIONE

Hey, Harry.

He looks up from his parchment.

HERMIONE

Have you seen Ron? I can't find him anywhere.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

No, I haven't.

HERMIONE

He's been acting fishy all week.  
He's up to something.

Harry packs up his parchments.

HARRY

(absentmindedly)  
Uh huh.

He stands.

HARRY

Another night, another detention.



INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry scratches away with the horrible quill, gritting his teeth, determined not to make a sound. Sweat beads on his face, and blood is flowing freely from the cuts on his hand.

UMBRIDGE

That's enough for tonight, Potter.  
Let's see that hand.

She reaches out and touches his hand. Instantly, pain explodes in his scar and Harry leaps back as if electrocuted, stumbling due to blood loss. He clutches at his scar in agony.

Harry stares at her in horror. She grins unpleasantly.

He staggers backward and out the door to her office without another word.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry attempts to run down the hallway, swaying on his feet as a drunk. Blood pours down his hand, dribbling onto the floor.

He staggers toward the PORTRAIT HOLE back to the Gryffindor commons. It stands open, and Harry passes through it.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

The Quidditch team stands around, talking. Ron spies Harry.

RON

Harry! I tried out for Quidditch  
Keeper at the tryouts! I'm on the  
team!

Everything stops as they take in the sight of Harry, pale and gaunt, barely standing, with one hand clutching his scar and the other hanging limply at his side, covered in blood.

RON

Harry--bloody hell!

Harry's knees give out, and he falls to the floor. Fred, George, Ron, and Hermione lift him up.

HERMIONE

He's got to be taken to the hospital wing.

HARRY

(weakly)

No. Can't give...Umbridge the satisfaction...

FRED

Umbridge did this?

RON

You said she was making you do lines!

They settle Harry back down.

HARRY

She is. But the quill has some sort of spell on it. It uses blood for ink.

HERMIONE

That old *hag*! She's *sick*!

Hermione looks horrified.

HERMIONE

Oh, Harry. You've got to go to Dumbledore. You can't keep this up.

HARRY

No, I'm telling anyone.

HERMIONE

Harry, I really think you should tell--

HARRY

No!

Harry climbs slowly to his feet.

HARRY

I don't need his help. I don't need anyone's help.

He pushes past them and limps up into the boys' dorm.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry sits at the Gryffindor table, bent over a parchment, his quill scratching away. He looks up, finished.

Ron and Hermione join him.

Hermione is staring up at the teacher's table. Hagrid's chair is still empty.

HERMIONE

Hagrid's still not back yet. I hope he's all right.

HARRY

I've asked Sirius about it.

He indicates the parchment. Hermione pulls it towards her. She looks startled.

HERMIONE

Harry, you can't write to him! Owls are being intercepted, it isn't safe.

HARRY

Don't worry, Hermione, I wrote it in code. Anyway, I figured I need to tell someone about Umbridge. My scar hurt again last night in detention.

RON

Always knew she was a bit fishy.

HERMIONE

You think she's working for You-Know-Who?

HARRY

Well, it's a possibility, isn't it?

Hermione looks dubious.

HERMIONE

I suppose so. He could have her under the Imperious Curse, though it's unlikely. Dumbledore'd know.

Harry leans in even closer.

HARRY

Yeah, but Dumbledore didn't have a choice, did he? She'd been sent here by the Ministry.

Hermione unfurls a copy of the Daily Prophet.

RON

Anything about Harry?

HERMIONE

No, nothing.

(pause)

Wait! Look at this!

She slaps the paper down on the table. Harry and Ron lean closer.

HERMIONE

(reading)

"Trespass at Ministry. Sturgis Podmore has appeared before the Wizengamot with charges of trespass and attempted robbery at the Ministry of Magic on the 31st of August. He was arrested when found trying to break into a top-security door at one in the morning. Podmore was convicted and sentenced to six months in Azkaban."

HARRY

Sturgis Podmore?

RON

Wait, he's one of the Order!

Hermione glares at Ron.

HERMIONE

Quiet!

RON

Do you s'pose it was a frameup?

They stop talking. Dean Thomas walks by.

DEAN

Come on, we'll be late for Charms if we don't hurry.

RON

Right.

Harry takes back the parchment and stands.

HARRY  
You go on without me. I want to  
send this.

They part ways.

INT. OWLRY - DAY

Harry steps into the OWLRY, the floor covered in straw and hundreds of owls hooting softly on many roosts.

HARRY  
Hedwig!

Hedwig flutters down to him. He gives the parchment to the owl. She flies out of the open window and soars away, out of sight over the Forbidden Forest.

Harry watches the forest. A huge animal which appeared to be a winged reptilian horse. Harry frowns.

Behind him, the door creaks open. He turns to see CHO CHANG entering.

HARRY  
Hi.

CHO  
Oh...hi. Didn't think anyone else  
would be up here.

She moves to a brown school owl. There is an awkward silence.

CHO  
Have you found a new Keeper for  
Quiddich?

HARRY  
Yeah, my friend Ron Weasley.

She ties the package to the owl.

CHO  
He any good?

HARRY  
Well, he made the team. I missed  
the tryouts.

She lets go of the owl and it flies out the window.

CHO  
Yeah, Umbridge. You were really  
brave, standing up to her.

Harry straightens, smiling.

                  HARRY  
Yeah...well, it was the truth.

The owlry door bursts open again. ARGUS FILCH charges in.

                  FILCH  
Right, Potter. I'll have what  
you're sending.

                  HARRY  
What?

                  FILCH  
I have had a tip-off that you are  
ordering a large quantity of  
Dungbombs! Now hand it over.

                  HARRY  
You're too late, it's gone.

Filch looks furious.

                  CHO  
Yeah, I saw him send it.

Filch regards her for a moment, then turns back to Harry.

                  FILCH  
I get a single whiff of a Dungbomb  
in this castle, Potter...and you're  
mine.

He turns and departs.

There is a silence for a moment as Harry and Cho process what  
had happened.

                  CHO  
Um, you weren't ordering dungbombs,  
were you?

                  HARRY  
No.

CHO

I wonder why he'd think you were.

(pause)

Well, see you, Harry.

She turns and leaves the Owlry.

Harry smiles.

HERMIONE

(v.o.)

What a load of rubbish!

EXT. HOGWARTS COURTYARD - DAY

Hermione, Harry, and Ron are making their way back up to the castle. Ron and Harry are in Quiddich robes and caked in mud. Ron is looking upset.

HERMIONE

You, ordering dungbombs. I mean, really.

HARRY

Yeah, it doesn't make any sense.

HERMIONE

Unless whoever tipped Filch off was interested in reading your mail, Harry. I mean, doesn't it seem a little *too* coincidental that Filch was tipped off when you happened to be sending a message to Sirius?

Harry looks thoughtful.

HARRY

Yeah, that does seem weird. You figure its Umbridge?

HERMIONE

I don't know.

Just then Malfoy appears close by.

MALFOY

Hey, Weasley! Nice job out on the field today! You'll be our best player on the pitch!

HARRY

Get bent, Malfoy!

Draco and the other Slytherins laugh. Ron shakes his head as they walk.

RON  
No, he's right. I'm useless out there. Complete rubbish.

HARRY  
It's your first practice. Don't worry about it.

Ron looks unusually pale.

RON  
I'm gonna make a fool of myself out there.

Harry gasps and rubs at his scar.

HERMIONE  
Are you all right, Harry?

HARRY  
Yeah. Its just...the pain's getting stronger.

Ron and Hermione exchange glances.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Harry, Ron, and Hermione sit near each other in the common room. Around them, people talk, laugh, and study.

Hermione sighs and shuts her book with a SNAP.

HERMIONE  
I don't know how we're ever going to pass our O.W.L.s in Defense against the dark arts without any practice! That Umbridge woman is so...

She looks at Harry and Ron.

HERMIONE  
We've got to do something about her.

The boys stare at her.



RON

Yeah, well, poison should do the trick.

HERMIONE

Don't be silly, Ron. Not her, I meant her teaching. We're not going to learn anything in that class.

HARRY

Yeah, that's true.

HERMIONE

Anyway, I thought we should do it ourselves.

RON

Do what?

HERMIONE

Defense Against the Dark Arts. We'd teach ourselves.

HARRY

I don't know...

There is a TAPPING sound coming from the window. They turn and look.

RON

Hermes?

He goes to the window and opens it. Hermes deposits a letter in Ron's hands, turns, and vanishes out of the window again.

The last Gryffindor heads for bed, leaving the common room deserted except for the three of them.

Ron opens it and returns to his seat.

RON

It's from Percy!

HARRY

Read it.

RON

"Dear Ron, congratulations on becoming a Prefect. For some time I was worried you would take the 'Fred and George' route instead of following in my footsteps.

(MORE)

RON (cont'd)  
 You can imagine my relief that this  
 is not the case."

He looks incredulously at Harry and Hermione.

HERMIONE  
 Keep reading.

RON  
 "Given your attachment to using me  
 as a role model, I will give you a  
 bit of advice from one respecer of  
 authority to another.

(pause)

It is likely that you have been  
 seeing quite a lot of Harry Potter  
 of late. I must recommend you break  
 ties with that boy as soon as  
 possible. He may be Dumbledore's  
 favorite, but Dumbledore may not be  
 in charge at Hogwarts much longer.  
 Your loyalties should lie with the  
 Ministry of Magic, not Dumbledore  
 and Potter's personality cult.

(pause)

Please do not fear breaking ties  
 with Potter. If trouble arrises, go  
 to Dolores Umbridge, a truly  
 delightful woman.

(pause)

I hope you will carefully consider  
 my advice to you, Ron. Don't let  
 the dangerous errors of Dumbledore,  
 Potter, and unfortunately our  
 parents lure you into destroying a  
 perfectly good career. Percy."

Ron looks up, aghast.

HARRY  
 Well, if you want to, ah, "break  
 ties" with me, I swear I won't get  
 violent.

Ron tears the letter in half.

RON  
 He is the world's biggest *git*!

He hurls the pieces into the fireplace.

SIRIUS  
 Watch it!

Ron jumps, startled.

HARRY  
Sirius?

SIRIUS  
Right you are. Got you letter and  
though we should talk in person.

He cranes his neck at the burning letter.

SIRIUS  
What was that?

HARRY  
Letter from Percy.

RON  
Yeah, full of the usual rubbish.

HERMIONE  
Except he did mention that  
Dumbledore might not be in charge  
here much longer.

SIRIUS  
It doesn't surprise me. Fudge wants  
Dumbledore out.

HARRY  
Why?

SIRIUS  
He's worried Dumbledore is trying  
to turn the students against the  
Ministry.

HERMIONE  
Well, that would explain why  
Umbridge isn't teaching us anything  
useful in Defense Against the Dark  
Arts.

SIRIUS  
Exactly. The Ministry doesn't want  
you trained in combat.

HARRY  
What does he think Dumbledore is  
going to do, raise an army?

SIRIUS

That's exactly what he's worried about. Fudge is getting more paranoid about Dumbledore every day.

There is a nervous silence in the room.

HARRY

What do you know about Umbridge?

SIRIUS

She's a nasty piece of work. Apparently she hates part-humans.

HARRY

Could she be a Death Eater?

SIRIUS

The Order seriously doubts it. She's no picnic, but she's no Death Eater either.

HARRY

But she's evil.

SIRIUS

The world isn't split into the Order and the Death Eaters, Harry.

Harry sits back, looking unsatisfied.

SIRIUS

As to your question about Hagrid, well, no one is really sure what happened to him, actually. He was supposed to be back a while ago.

HERMIONE

What?

SIRIUS

Dumbledore's not worried about him, though. Hagrid's tough. He'll be all right.

RON

But if he was supposed to be back by now...

SIRIUS

Look, asking questions about him  
will only make it more obvious that  
he's not back.

Suddenly he glances with concern at the wall of the  
fireplace.

SIRIUS

Get out of here!

His head vanishes. A split second later, a stubby-fingered  
hand appears in the fire, groping for Sirius's head.

The three of them run for their dormitories.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Harry lays on his bed, fast asleep. He dreams...

DISSOLVE

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - NIGHT

Harry strolls along the darkened corridor, passing the many  
grey doors. There is only one door that interests him. It  
lies at the end of the long hall, pure WHITE LIGHT shining  
through the gap between door and jam.

Harry moves towards it, bathed in shining light. He reaches  
out his hand to the door and grasps the handle. It is locked.  
He shakes the handle and hits the door.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Harry's eyes snap open. He rubs at his scar, wincing in pain.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Hermione opens her edition of the Daily Prophet and sits up  
in alarm.

HERMIONE

I cannot *believe* it!

Harry and Ron glance at her.

She slaps the paper down on the table.

RON  
 (reading headline)  
 "Ministry Passes Educational Decree  
 Number Twenty-Three: Dolores  
 Umbridge Appointed Hogwarts High  
 Inquisitor"?

He looks at Harry and Hermione.

RON  
 What's that mean?

HERMIONE  
 It says here that the High  
 Inquisitor has the power to inspect  
 all of the teachers.

HARRY  
 You're kidding!

HERMIONE  
 That's not all. The High Inquisitor  
 also has the power to sack teachers  
 as well.

Fred and George march by.

FRED  
 So, seen the news have you?

GEORGE  
 Personally, I envy you three.

RON  
 Why's that?

GEORGE  
 Umbridge is inspecting McGonagall  
 in your period. That old toad won't  
 know what hit her.

He looks at Fred wistfully.

GEORGE  
 Oh, to be a youth again, to  
 experience the innocent glee of  
 watching Umbridge be destroyed by  
 the greatest Head of Gryffindor  
 this century.

FRED  
 Well, we'll expect a full report  
 after.

GEORGE  
Complete with facial expressions.

And they wander off.

INT. DIVINATION CLASS - DAY

PROFESSOR TRELAWNEY stands before her class.

TRELAWNEY  
Greetings my children. I sense even now that many of you have already made the transition into the beyond!

Umbridge smiles, toad-like.

TRELAWNEY  
Today we will be continuing our interpretation of prophetic dreams. Please divide into your groups and discuss your recent night time visions using the text as a guide.

Ron and Harry open their books, while listening to Trelawney and Umbridge.

UMBRIDGE  
And how long have you been at this post?

TRELAWNEY  
Near to sixteen years I have been the guide to young seers possessed of the Inner sight.

Umbridge makes a note.

UMBRIDGE  
I understand you are the descendent of the famous Seer Cassandra Trelawney?

TRELAWNEY  
I am.

UMBRIDGE  
And you are the first since Cassandra to have the Second Sight?

TRELAWNEY  
 These things tend to  
 skip...several...generations.

UMBRIDGE  
 Of course.

She makes another note.

UMBRIDGE  
 Now, if you would kindly make a  
 prediction for me?

Trelawney seems to swell with indignation.

UMBRIDGE  
 The Inner Eye does not See upon  
 command!

Umbridge smiles unpleasantly and makes an extensive note.  
 Trelawney becomes agitated and looks around wildly.

She steps up to Harry, who recoils slightly.

TRELAWNEY  
 My dear boy, your dream diary, if  
 you please!

Harry nervously hands his diary to her. She takes it with  
 trembling fingers and gazes at it for only a moment. She  
 drops it back to the table and gives a little scream.

TRELAWNEY  
 My dear boy! My poor boy! These  
 dreams are evil portends!

Harry looks at the page.

HARRY  
 (reading)  
 "Dreamt I was at breakfast eating  
 oatmeal"?

Trelawney stares at him for a moment. Umbridge smirks in the  
 background, making more notes.

TRELAWNEY  
 Yes, yes, oatmeal! Are you telling  
 me you cannot see the signs? The  
 foretelling of suffering and death?

HARRY  
 Er...



TRELAWNEY

Perhaps you are not as in the  
beyond as the others.

She sweeps from Harry's table.

UMBRIDGE

Well, if that's the best you can  
do, Professor, I will be going.

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

Leaves, now a molted brown color, drift off of the trees  
around Hogwarts. It is now October.

EXT. HOGSMEAD - DAY

Hermione, Ron, and Harry walk down the crowded streets of  
Hogsmead, avoiding the swarms of other students.

HARRY

Where are we going, Hermione?

She leads them on confidently. They stop before a slightly  
seedy looking pub.

HERMIONE

There we are.

RON

"The Hog's Head," Hermione?

She leads them towards it.

HERMIONE

Come on, I'll explain in a minute.

INT. HOG'S HEAD - DAY

The three of them step into the pub. It is grimy and ill-lit.  
Shady witches and wizards sit uneasily in corners.

Except for one corner by the front window, which is populated  
by Dean Thomas, Neville Longbottom, LAVENDER BROWN, Parvati  
and Padma Patil, Cho Chang, Luna Lovegood, KATIE BELL, ALICA  
SPINNET, Angelina Johnson, COLIN and DENNIS CRERVEY, ERNIE  
MACMILLAN, JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHELY, HANNAH ABBOTT, ANTHONY  
GOLDSTEIN, MICHAEL CORNER, TERRY BOOT, Ginny Weasley, Fred  
and George Weasley, LEE JORDAN, ZACHARIAS SMITH, SUSAN BONES  
and five others who Harry doesn't know.

Harry looks questioningly at Hermione.

HARRY  
Hermione, what's going on?

HERMIONE  
These are some people I mentioned  
my Defense Against the Dark Arts  
idea with.

She sits down. Harry and Ron follow.

HARRY  
You mean about us teaching  
ourselves?

NEVILLE  
Hey, Harry.

HARRY  
Hey, Neville.

LUNA  
(dreamily)  
It's good to see that the horned  
snorkle-stacks haven't gotten you  
yet, Harry.

Harry looks confused for a moment.

HARRY  
Uh...same to you, Luna.

Hermione beats on the table to quiet everyone.

HERMIONE  
Hi, everyone. I thought it would be  
good if we met and talked over how  
we wanted to teach ourselves  
Defense Against the Dark Arts.  
(pause)  
Because we need to learn it  
properly, not the rubbish Umbridge  
is doing.

FRED  
Hear, hear!

HERMIONE  
Obviously, this will help us pass  
our O.W.L.s, but more importantly,  
it gives us the ability to protect  
ourselves from...Lord Voldemort.

Several people jump or wince in fear at the name.

Hermione takes a shuddering breath, looking exhilarated. She looks at Harry.

HARRY

That's the first time you've said his name.

Hermione looks pleased.

ZACHARIAS

How do we know You-Know-Who's really back?

GEORGE

Dumbledore believes he is.

JUSTIN FINCH-FLETCHLY

You mean Dumbledore believes *him*.

He nods in Harry's direction.

HERMIONE

That's true, but I think we're drifting from the purpose--

HARRY

It's okay, Hermione.

He looks at the crowd.

HARRY

I believe Voldemort's back because I fought him last year. Dumbledore's already told the school that. If you didn't believe him you won't believe anyone.

There is a tense silence.

HERMIONE

Well...anyway...uh, I think that in order to learn properly we'll need a teacher.

NEVILLE

But we're all students. None of us has the experience to--

GINNY

Someone here does.

Everyone looks at her. She is staring directly at Harry.

HARRY

Me?

MICHAEL CORNER

I for one would like to know why  
Potter's qualified and the rest of  
us aren't.

GINNY

(defensively)

Well, he's only confronted You-Know-  
Who himself four times and lived to  
talk about it.

SUSAN BONES

One of the portraits said you'd  
killed a Basilisk in the Chamber of  
Secrets with that sword in  
Dumbledore's office.

HARRY

Uh...well, yeah, I did.

LEE JORDAN

Blimey, Harry...

Half the crowd looks awestruck.

LAVANDER BROWN

Wow...

FRED

Can't forget that he saved the  
Sorcerer's Stone from You-Know-Who  
in his first year.

The Patil sisters' eyes are wide with respect and  
astonishment.

CHO

And last year he got through the  
Triwizard Tournament!

There are mutters of agreement.

RON

Not to mention you dueled with You-  
Know-Who all alone and he still  
couldn't kill you!

GINNY

And you fought off those dementors  
that attacked you this summer.

Hermione looks tremendously pleased.

HERMIONE

So all in favor of taking lessons  
from Harry?

She holds up her hand. Ron, Ginny, Fred, George, Neville,  
Luna, Dean, Lee, Katie, Alica, Angelina, and Susan raise  
their hands. Then, after a moment, the rest raise theirs as  
well.

HERMIONE

Where are we going to meet?

NEVILLE

What about an unused classroom?

HARRY

That might work. I'll look into  
that.

HERMIONE

Ok, good.

She pulls a parchment out of her bag.

HERMIONE

I think we should put our names  
down, so we know who was here.

Suddenly people look uncomfortable.

ERNIE

I don't know...if it were found...I  
mean, Umbridge wouldn't like what  
we're doing...

HERMIONE

Honestly, Ernie, do you think I'd  
just leave it lying around?  
Besides, its enchanted.

Ernie looks more comfortable. Fred and George eagerly sign,  
as do the rest, even Cho's friend MARIETTA signs.

HERMIONE

Also, what should we call  
ourselves?

ANGELINA

What about the Anti-Unbridhe  
League?

HERMIONE

We need something that doesn't give  
away what we're doing.

GINNY

I think it should be Dumbledore's  
Army.

There is excited agreement. Harry smiles at her.

HERMIONE

Dumbledore's Army it is, then. The  
D.A. for short.

Fred and George stand, along with Lee.

HERMIONE

We'll let you know when we're going  
to meet.

The meeting breaks up.

EXT. HOGSMEAD - DAY

Harry, Ron, and Hermione trudge back up towards the castle.

HERMIONE

I think that went well.

HARRY

Yeah.

HERMIONE

And did you see Cho, Harry?

HARRY

(stiffly)  
What about her?

HERMIONE

Well, she couldn't keep her eyes  
off you, could she?!

Harry gives a little smile.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - DAY

Harry, carrying a load of schoolbooks, walks alone down a stone hallway.

Angelina comes running up to him.

ANGELINA

Harry, you won't believe...that Umbridge woman...this is too much!!

HARRY

What's she done now?

ANGELINA

Follow me.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - DAY

Harry and Angelina approach a large BILLBOARD surrounded by murmuring students. They push their way through.

A large parchment hangs from the wall.

HARRY

"By order of the Hogwarts High Inquisitor: All student organizations, societies, teams, groups, and clubs are henceforth disbanded. Permission to reform must be approved by High Inquisitor Umbridge. No student organization can exist without the knowledge and approval of the High Inquisitor. Any student found to be a part of an illegal organization will be expelled immediately."

Angelina is furious just looking at it again.

ANGELINA

She refused to allow us to reform the Gryffindor team. We had to go to Dumbledore to get her to allow it.

Harry is extremely angry.

HARRY

Not only that, but what about the D.A.?

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Harry is pacing in front of the fire. Hermione and Ron sit on chairs, watching him.

HARRY  
This isn't a coincidence.

He looks at Ron and Hermione.

HARRY  
She knows.

RON  
She can't!

HARRY  
Look, we don't know how many people could have overheard our meeting and told her.

RON  
Or somebody at the meeting could have blabbed to her.

HERMIONE  
No, they couldn't have. The parchment we all signed was enchanted, like I said. No one can betray the D.A. without us knowing.

Harry stops pacing and grins at Hermione.

HARRY  
What would we do without you, Hermione?

She beams at him.

Hedwig flutters in the open window and collapses to the floor.

HARRY  
Hedwig!

HERMIONE  
She's hurt!

Hedwig hoots softly.

RON  
She doesn't look very good.



HERMIONE

Harry, you'd better take her to Professor Grubby-Plank. She'll know what to do.

Harry scoops Hedwig up and runs through the portrait hole.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry steps out of the portrait hole.

McGonagall comes around the corner.

MCGONAGALL

Potter!

He stops and turns to her.

MCGONAGALL

Where on earth are you going at this time of night?

HARRY

It's Hedwig. I think she's been attacked.

MCGONAGALL

What?

She steps closer and peers closely at the hurt owl.

MCGONAGALL

Yes, I think you might be right, Potter.

She looks at Harry.

MCGONAGALL

Where was she coming from?

HARRY

London.

He gives her a significant look. She nods.

MCGONAGALL

Well, give her to me. I'll run her down to Professor Grubby-Plank.

Harry hands Hedwig to her. She takes the owl carefully.

MCGONAGALL

There you are.

She straightens and moves down the hall, then stops. She turns to look at Harry.

MCGONAGALL

Bear in mind, Potter, that channels of communication in and out of Hogwarts are being watched, won't you?

HARRY

Yes, Professor.

MCGONAGALL

Good. Now, off to bed.

She vanishes around the corner. Harry turns and goes back through the portrait hole.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Harry steps back inside the common room. Hermione and Ron have gone to bed. He is alone.

DOBBY

Mr. Harry Potter!

Harry turns to see Dobby standing in the middle of the room.

HARRY

Dobby! What are you doing here?

DOBBY

Dobby is cleaning, sir.

He seemed to want to say something more.

HARRY

What is it, Dobby.

DOBBY

Dobby...Dobby wishes he could help Harry Potter. Dobby has heard him muttering in his sleep.

HARRY

Don't worry about it, Dobby. But I don't think you can help me.

Dobby's ears droop.

Harry collects his books, then stops.

HARRY

Actually, there is something you can do, Dobby.

Dobby brightens instantly.

HARRY

I need a room where twenty-eight people can practice Defense Against the Dark Arts without the teachers knowing. Especially Professor Umbridge.

Dobby leaps into the air and claps his hands.

DOBBY

Dobby knows of the perfect place, Harry Potter! It is the Room of Requirement, sir. You can only use the room in times of great need. Whatever you need will be there for you, Harry Potter.

HARRY

That's brilliant, Dobby!

Dobby looks pleased.

DOBBY

Dobby can show you now, if you wish, Harry Potter.

Harry thinks for a moment.

HARRY

Better not, Dobby. School is pretty intense right now. We'll do it in a few months, before the holidays.

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

We glide over the landscape, the leaves gradually vanishing from the trees and snow begins to drift into sight as we pick up speed. We sail into the snowstorm over the Hogwarts Grounds, past Hagrid's empty hut and into the Quidditch stadium.

EXT. QUIDDITCH PITCH - DAY

Visibility is low. Players scatter everywhere.

LEE JORDAN  
 ...and Slytherin is up forty to  
 ten. Alica with the quaffle!

Alica spins through the blizzard, trying desperately to see. Two shapes emerge from the snow. They are CRABBE and GOYLE, the Slytherin Beaters. Both of them take a swing at her.

She twists completely around on her broom and the clubs swish harmlessly past. She pushes forward to the Slytherin goals and hurtles the quaffle. Blocked by the Slytherin Keeper!

Below, in the stands, there is a groan from the Gryffindor side. From the Slytherins, there is a chant.

SLYTHERINS  
 Weasley is our King,  
 Weasley is our King,  
 He always lets the Quaffle in,  
 Weasley is our King!

Harry pulls up near to Ron, who is looking grimly sick to his stomach.

HARRY  
 Just ignore them, Ron!

Ron does not acknowledge him.

Several Slytherins, in possession of the Quaffle, bear down on the Gryffindor goals. They throw the quaffle. Ron dives and misses.

A loud GONG sounds. Another groan from the Gryffindors.

LEE JORDAN  
 (v.o.)  
 Another ten points to Slytherin.  
 The score is now fifty-ten in favor  
 of Slytherin.

Malfoy pulls up on his broom near Ron as well.

MALFOY  
 I should thank you, Weasley. You're  
 definitely our best player!

He laughs.

Just then, the SNITCH blasts past Malfoy. He takes off in pursuit. Harry rockets after him at top speed, ignoring the bite of the snow against his face.

He and Malfoy give chase, following the Snitch at top speed. Malfoy is still far closer than Harry.

Then the Snitch BANKS SHARPLY. Both Draco and Harry turn with it, though now Harry has pulled even with Draco. They are inches from the Snitch. They reach with all of their might.

Harry's hand inches out in front of Draco and closes around the Snitch. Draco's fingers scrabble on the back of Harry's gloved hand.

The crowd goes wild. Harry straightens, triumphant.

Behind him, without warning, Crabbe emerges from the blizzard and CRACKS Harry across the back of the head with his Beater's club.

Harry slumps forward, and nose-dives into the pitch, rolling to a stop looking dazed. There is a groan of sympathy from the crowd.

The other Gryffindors land and run to Harry.

HERMIONE

Harry, are you all right?

He is helped to his feet by Fred and George.

DRACO

Bet you loved that, Potter! Saved Weasley's neck, didn't you?

The Gryffindors ignore him.

DRACO

I've never seen a worse Keeper!  
Maybe we should add some more  
verses to our little song. About  
his filthy mother!

George tries to leap at Draco. Harry and Fred hold him back.

DRACO

And his pathetic loser of a father  
too!

Fred attempts to charge Draco too. Other Gryffindors are restraining them now.

DRACO

But then, you like the Weasleys,  
don't you? How can you stand the  
stink? I guess it reminds you of  
your own dear mother!

Harry turns and runs full out at Draco, who looks startled as Harry leaps at him, CRUSHING his fist into Draco's jaw and knocking him to the ground.

George breaks free of the Gryffindors and follows, hitting Malfoy too.

Harry leaps onto Draco, hitting him again and again.

MADAM HOOCH

Impedimenta!

She blasts Harry and George with her spell, knocking them off of Malfoy.

McGonagall storms onto the pitch, Gryffindor scarf flapping wildly in the wind.

MCGONAGALL

(shouting)

What on earth do you two think  
you're doing?

Harry rolls to his feet and goes for Malfoy again. Madam Hooch stands between them, her wand pointed directly at Harry.

HOOCH

Don't make me stupify you, Potter!

Harry stops, breathing hard, glaring daggers at Malfoy, who is curling in a ball, bleeding and crying.

McGonagall comes right up to Harry and grabs him hard by the elbow. He finally turns his attention to her. She is pale and grim-faced.

MCGONAGALL

My office. Now.

INT. MCGONAGALL'S OFFICE - DAY

George and Harry stand in front of McGonagall's desk. She stands on the other side of it.

MCGONAGALL

In all my thirty-nine years at this school, I have never seen such a disgusting display.

HARRY

Malfoy provoked us.

MCGONAGALL

Of course he wanted to provoke you! He'd just lost!

She stares at both of them.

MCGONAGALL

I cannot express in words the disappointment I feel right now.

The door opens and Umbridge steps into the room, smiling sickly.

MCGONAGALL

What is it, Dolores?

UMBRIDGE

I thought you might need some additional authority in dealing with these two.

MCGONAGALL

You thought wrong. Now kindly remove yourself from my office.

She turns back to George and Harry.

MCGONAGALL

Now, I don't care what Malfoy said. Your performance out there was shameful. Fifty points from Gryffindor, and I'm giving you both a week's worth of detentions.

UMBRIDGE

I hardly think that's an adequate punishment for this.

She holds up a parchment.

UMBRIDGE

Educational Decree Twenty-Five. It gives me, as High Inquisitor, the power to give punishments and privileges, and to alter those given out to students by other members of the staff.

She turns to Harry and George.

UMBRIDGE

So, I think a life-long ban from playing quidditch should do the trick for both of these. Oh, and this one's twin as well. He was going to attack Malfoy as well.

Harry and George are stunned.

HARRY

Ban us...for life.

UMBRIDGE

Yes, indeed, Mr. Potter.

She moves towards them.

UMBRIDGE

Ah, I'll take your brooms as well.

She confiscates the brooms too.

UMBRIDGE

Well, have a wonderful day.

She sweeps from the office.

Harry looks to McGonagall.

HARRY

You've--!

MCGONAGALL

My hands are tied, Potter.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere in the common room is somber. The Gryffindor team sits by itself, dejected and depressed.



ANGELINA

I can't believe it...three players  
banned for life in one day...

RON

I'm going to resign.

Harry is slumped low in a chair.

HARRY

You can't!

RON

I'm horrible! I should never have  
joined.

HARRY

If you quit, we'll be out four  
players!

Ron looks miserable.

RON

This is the worst day of my life.

Hermione is staring out of the window.

HERMIONE

I know something that could cheer  
you up.

RON

Hermione, give it up.

HERMIONE

Hagrid's back!

INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

Harry, Ron, and Hermione have taken seats around the hut, at  
the table and in chairs.

Hagrid boils some water over the fire. His FACE is covered in  
CUTS and BRUISES.

HARRY

Hagrid, what happened to you?

HAGRID

I've fine, I tell yeh!

RON  
Come off it, Hagrid! We're not  
blind!

HERMIONE  
Was it because of the giants?

There is a silence.

HAGRID  
Can' answer tha', I'm afraid. Top  
secret, that is. Business of the  
Order.

HARRY  
We know you were looking for  
giants, Hagrid. Dumbledore said so  
last year.

HAGRID  
Oh. Well, yeah, I was, then. Went  
with Madame Maxime. Took us a month  
to get to their camp.

RON  
A month?

HAGRID  
O' course! Can' do magic, not with  
the Ministry followin' us all the  
way. Plus, giants aren't fond o'  
wizards. Don' trust 'em.

HARRY  
So what did you do when you found  
them?

HAGRID  
Waited 'till mornin' an' then  
marched righ' in.

EXT. GIANT VALLEY - DAY

Hagrid and Madam Maxime march into the camp, eyes fixed  
firmly on the GURG. Hagrid holds a large branch of  
EVERLASTING FIRE above his head.

The GURG sits some distance away, sitting on a large stone  
seat, surrounded by other giant servants.

THE giants stare at Hagrid and Maxime, flabbergasted. They  
slowly move aside for them to pass.

Hagrid and Maxime bow before the GURG.

HAGRID

(v.o.)

We gave 'em a gift, jus' like  
Dumbledore said. Gave 'em a branch  
o' Gubraithian fire, Everlasting  
Flame.

(pause)

Giants love magic, see, jus' not  
too fond o' wizards. Nuthin' a  
giant loves better than magic.

The GURG smiles and hoists the branch of fire into the air.  
The giants roar and yell around them.

Sticking the branch into the ground, the Gurg beckons Hagrid  
and Maxime forward.

HARRY

(v.o.)

What happened then?

HAGRID

(v.o.)

We sat down, an' had a talk. Well,  
mostly they listened good. But  
there were good signs.

(pause)

Well, they did 'till tha' night.  
Tha's when everythin' went wrong.

Hagrid and Maxime watch a great battle in the valley below  
them. They stand on the mountain side.

HAGRID

(v.o.)

There were a coup. Nex' mornin'  
there were a new chief.

Hagrid and Maxime walk back towards the New GURG the next  
day. This GURG is evil-looking and grinning at them nastily.

HAGRID

(v.o.)

We went back ter see what we could  
do with this new chief.

Two large bodyguards block the way to the new Gurg. They grab  
Hagrid. Maxime blasts them with spells from her wand. They  
drop Hagrid.

There is an earth-shaking ROAR from all around them. Giants charge them from every direction.

Maxime and Hagrid flee back up the mountain.

HAGRID

(v.o.)

An' then things got even worse.  
Death Eaters arrived, an' the new  
chief were all happy ter be seein'  
them!

Several DEATH EATERS, faces concealed behind their black cloaks, approach the new Gurg, who beckons them to speak.

HAGRID

(v.o.)

We figured, jus' cause some o' the  
giants were favorin' You-Know-Who  
don't mean all of 'em were. The  
coup ha' driven the ol' chief's  
supporters into some caves, so we  
wen' in after 'em.

Maxime and Hagrid walk into a dark cave, wands glowing.

RON

(awed)

You went *into* caves *looking* for  
giants?

HAGRID

(v.o.)

We foun' enough, an' they seemed  
interested--at first. Then the new  
chief's lot raided the caves.  
Tweren't many survivors, an' none  
o' them wanted anythin' to do with  
us after tha'.

INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

There is silence.

ROM

So...no giants are coming?

HAGRID

Well, not righ' away. We brought  
our message, an' I expec' a fair  
few'll remember it afore teh end  
comes.

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

Harry strolls into the ROOM OF REQUIREMENT, looking at the assembled group that makes up DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY.

HARRY

Glad to see all of you could find this place all right.

NEVILLE

Hey, Harry, what *is* all this stuff?

Scattered around the room are many devices such as DARK DETECTORS and SNEAKASCOPIES.

HARRY

Loads of Defense Against the Dark Arts equipment. Hopefully we'll be able to get to all of it before the end of term.

He paces in front of them.

HARRY

You need to understand something before we start, though. Defending yourself from the Dark Arts has less to do with magical ability and more to do with thinking fast and a lot of luck.

(pause)

We'll be doing Expelliarmus tonight, though hopefully we can move on to other things if we have time.

ZACHARIAS

Oh please. Professor Lockhart taught us that in second year.

RON

Lockhart didn't teach as much as prune himself.

HARRY

Besides, it works. I used it against You-Know-Who last June. It saved my life.

Zacharias falls silent.

HARRY  
Right. Well, let's split into pairs  
and give it a go.

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

Harry strolls among the students amid shouts of  
"Expelliarmus", checking everyone's progress.

He reaches Neville and Ron, who are practicing together.

NEVILLE  
Expelliarmus!

Ron's wand flips from his hand across the room.

HARRY  
Well done, Neville!

He shouts down the others.

HARRY  
Look here, you lot! Neville's  
really got the hang of this one.  
(to Neville)  
Go ahead again.

Fred tosses Ron's wand to him. Neville swirls his wand.

NEVILLE  
Expelliarmus!

Ron's wand does it again.

NEVILLE  
I did it! I did it!

Harry claps him on the shoulder.

HARRY  
Never forget this spell, Neville.  
It could save your live some day.

He moves to the front of the room again.

HARRY  
Okay, everyone. We've done a lot  
today, and I've seen some great  
improvement. That's it for now.  
We'll meet back here, same time  
next week!

People began to drift out of the meeting. Harry goes about, straightening the room up.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Harry lies in bed. He dreams again...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - NIGHT

We float along a dark corridor, inches from the floor. We come to another corridor and peer down it. It appears empty.

A great PYTHON of a SNAKE slithers down the empty corridor. It slowly makes its way past many doors, until it reaches, at last, another, larger door.

Behind it, an invisibility cloak falls to the floor in a SHIMMER OF SILVER. Mr. Weasley stands, drawing his wand.

He fires a GOLDEN JINX at the snake. He misses. The snake strikes. Mr. Weasley screams.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Harry yells at the top of his lungs, eyes tightly closed. He makes biting motions with his mouth, snarling madly. A seizure takes him.

He screams in rage and horror, his entire bed shaking with his thrashing.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - NIGHT

The snake strikes Mr. Weasley again and again. BLOOD SPLATTERS against the walls and floor. Mr. Weasley screams again.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville leap out of their beds. Harry screams again, an unearthly sound of horror, anguish, and blood lust.

Ron and Neville sprint to Harry's bed.

NEVILLE  
What's wrong with him?

Harry screams again. His eyes snap open and they are pure white, without pupils. He makes the biting motion again, thrashing wildly.

RON  
Get McGonagall! Go!

Neville turns and runs out of the dorms.

INT. WEASLEY HOME - NIGHT

Mrs. Weasley sits in her living room drinking a mug of tea.

On the other side of the room stands the WEASLEY'S CLOCK. It chimes. She looks up, and then stands, moving closer to it. Mr. Weasley's hand grinds over to the hour labeled "MORAL PERIL."

The mug of tea SHATTERS on the floor.

Mrs. Weasley clutches at her mouth in dread and horror.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - NIGHT

The snake strikes again. Mr. Weasley, eyes flicking everywhere and seeing nothing, staggers into the wall and falls to the ground, leaving a bloody smear to mark his descent.

The snake abandons the door and slithers away at top speed.

INT. GRYFFINDOR BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Harry still struggles madly.

RON  
Harry! HARRY!

Harry blinks, and his eyes are normal. He comes to himself, only to let out a SHRIEK of BURNING AGONY. He clutches at his scar, eyes crossing and unable to focus.

He rolls off the bed and onto the floor, where he writhes in abject pain.

Neville returns with McGonagall.

MCGONAGALL  
Potter!



She runs to him, thrusting her candle into Neville's hands. She falls to her knees next to Harry and tries to touch him.

Her hand touches his skin and he yelps as if BURNT. She backs off.

Harry vomits all over the floor. Taking a step back, McGonagall draws her wand, looking uncertain what she will do with it in any case.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it stops. Harry slumps over, unmoving.

McGonagall is at his side in an instant. She rolls him over. His eyes are closed.

MCGONAGALL

Wake up, Potter. Wake up. Please...

Harry's eyes open. He sits up, looking frantic.

HARRY

Mr. Weasley's been attacked!

MCGONAGALL

You dreamed this, Potter?

HARRY

No, I saw it happen! I...I was there...

Ron is looking pale.

MCGONAGALL

You're sure this happened, Potter?

HARRY

(shouting)

Yes! We've got to do something or *he will die!*

MCGONAGALL

We're going to see the Headmaster, Potter.

(pause)

Weasley, you'd best come too.

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

McGonagall opens the door leading to DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE and leads Harry and Ron inside.

Dumbledore looks up from where he is seated at his desk.

DUMBLEDORE  
Professor McGonagall, and...ah...

Dumbledore does not look at Harry, even acknowledge his presence.

DUMBLEDORE  
What can I do for you?

MCGONAGALL  
Well, Potter has had some kind of nightmare...

HARRY  
It wasn't a nightmare! Well, I was asleep, but it wasn't a normal dream. It was...well, real. I saw, well--Mr. Weasley has been attacked by a giant snake.

Ron is looking very pale.

DUMBLEDORE  
How did you see this? How were you positioned when you saw it?

HARRY  
Oh. Uh...I was the snake. I saw it from the snake's perspective.

DUMBLEDORE  
Is Arthur seriously injured?

HARRY  
Yes!

Dumbledore stands and looks up at the portraits of previous headmasters and headmistresses of Hogwarts. Two of them are watching the proceedings.

DUMBLEDORE  
You were listening?

EVERARD  
Naturally.

DUMBLEDORE  
Raise the alarm. We must make sure Arthur is found by the right people.

Everard and Dilys move out of their frames and do not return.

DUMBLEDORE

Many of our previous headmasters  
and mistresses have portraits in  
other institutions, allowing them  
to move between them.

He motions for all of them to sit.

They sit. Dumbledore moves to Fawkes.

DUMBLEDORE

Fawkes, we will need a warning.

The PHOENIX vanishes in a blast of fire.

Dumbledore sits back at his desk and pulls a SILVERY,  
WHIRRING instrument to him. It emits some smoke that forms  
itself into the shape of a SERPENT, then splits in two.

The two serpents coil around each other.

DUMBLEDORE

Naturally, naturally.

(pause)

But in essence divided?

Harry and Ron exchange confused looks.

Everard returns to his portrait.

DUMBLEDORE

What news?

EVERARD

I shouted until someone came. They  
carried him up seconds ago. He  
doesn't look good. Covered in  
blood...

Dilys returns to her portrait at this time.

DILYS

Dumbledore, I've just seen them  
arrive at St. Mungos. Apparated  
there moments ago. He looks really  
bad.

DUMBLEDORE

Good.

(to McGonagall)

(MORE)

DUMBLEDORE (cont'd)  
Minerva, the rest of the Weasleys  
will need to be awoken.

She nods and departs.

Dumbledore again turns to the portraits hanging on the wall.

DUMBLEDORE  
Phineas.

PHINEAS BLACK opens his eyes and stares at Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE  
Phineas, I need you to visit your  
other portrait. Tell Sirius what  
happened and that we are coming to  
stay for a while.

PHINEAS  
It's late, Dumbledore...

Dumbledore stares at him.

PHINEAS  
I'm going, I'm going...

He vanishes.

Dumbledore takes a black pot and taps it with his wand.

DUMBLEDORE  
"Portus."

McGonagall returns with Ginny, Fred, and George in tow.

GINNY  
Harry, what's happening--

DUMBLEDORE  
Your father has been injured in the  
course of his work for the Order.  
He is alive and arrived at St.  
Mungo's Hospital for Magical  
Maladies and Injuries only moments  
ago.

He picks up the pot and steps around the desk.

DUMBLEDORE  
We, however, are going to Sirius's  
house until the morning. We're  
merely waiting for Phineas to  
return.

A flash of flames appears over Fawkes' perch. A single feather floats to the ground.

DUMBLEDORE

Fawkes's warning. Umbridge knows you're out of bed. Minerva, head her off. Tell her anything you can think of.

McGonagall departs again.

Phineas returns to his portrait.

PHINEAS

He says he'd be delighted.

Dumbledore beckons everyone over to him.

DUMBLEDORE

We're going by Portkey.

They all grab the pot, and VANISH.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT

They reappear in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Sirius hurries in.

SIRIUS

There you are.

He looks at Dumbledore, but the Headmaster had all ready disappeared.

GINNY

We've got to go to St. Mungo's.

SIRIUS

No, you can't.

GEORGE

We can go where we please.

SIRIUS

We can't go yet. It would look to suspicious if you lot showed up fifteen minutes after Arthur arrives because Harry's been seeing visions of things happening hundreds of miles from Hogwarts.

George, livid with rage and fear, shoves his face near Sirius's.

GEORGE

That's our father out there dying!

SIRIUS

I can't let you leave. I'm sorry.

He slowly draws his wand, holding it loosely at his side. The point was not lost to anyone.

FRED

You don't even care! You wouldn't even understand!

Sirius stares at him incredulously.

SIRIUS

I was part of the first Order. I lost my best friends to You-Know-Who.

His eyes flick to Harry.

SIRIUS

He's all I have left of them. Believe me, I don't want Arthur to die.

(pause)

But there are some things worth dying for!

Fred and George look very much cowed by the haunted look in Sirius's eyes.

Finally, they sink into chairs around the table. George puts his head in his hands. Fred simply stares at the wall. Ginny is weeping softly. Ron puts his arm around her.

Harry sits away from them, by himself.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Fred and Ginny lay slumped in chairs, dozing. The rest are sitting silently.

The front door opens, and Mrs. Weasley bustles in. Fred and Ginny wake with a start.

GINNY

Mum!

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

The Weasleys get up and hug their mother all at once in the entry hall.

Harry gets up and walks wearily out into the hall. He stands back, watching, as the Weasleys are reunited in the hall.

Yet Harry is forgotten in the background. He stands apart from them, looking on, an intruder to their grief.

Finally they separate.

MRS. WEASLEY

Your father's alive. He's going to make it.

There is relief evident on all of their faces.

Harry turns and leaves, re-entering the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Harry sets down several plates, then looks at Sirius.

HARRY

Sirius, I--

He stops. Sirius looks at him.

SIRIUS

You can tell me, Harry.

HARRY

When I saw the attack, well, I was the snake.

SIRIUS

What?

HARRY

I felt the fangs like they were mine, saw through the snake's eyes like they were mine...

Sirius looks concerned.

HARRY

I think I might be going mad.

There is a horrible silence. Sirius looks uncomfortable.

SIRIUS

Nonsense. You're just tired. You've had a rough night.

HARRY

But what if there's a snake inside me?

SIRIUS

You've told Dumbledore this?

(off Harry's nod)

Then there's nothing to worry about.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Ginny, Fred, George, Moody, and Tonks walk up to a run-down storefront with a single mannequin in the display window.

Tonks moves right up to the window.

TONKS

We're here to see Arthur Weasley.

The mannequin beckons to them with its finger. Tonks steps into the glass and VANISHES. The rest follow.

INT. ST. MUNGOS - DAY

They enter a crowded reception area packed with witches and wizards who have been damaged or injured in the course of their magical lives.

Many move around wearing white robes with the insignia of a WAND and BONE crossed over each other.

Mrs. Weasley marches very determinedly through the crowd.

MRS. WEASLEY

This way, come on!

INT. ST. MUNGO'S HALLWAY - DAY

Moody and Tonks stop outside the door.



TONKS

We'll wait outside at first, Molly.  
It should be family first.

Mrs. Weasley nods and pushes her children through the door.  
Harry holds back, but she beckons to him.

MRS. WEASLEY

Don't be silly, Harry. You too.

And she ushered him inside.

INT. WARD - DAY

There are three patients in the ward. Arthur lies in the  
farthest bed by the window, propped up on several pillows and  
reading the paper.

MR. WEASLEY

Hullo, everyone!

Mrs. Weasley bends down and kisses Arthur.

MRS. WEASLEY

How are you, dear?

ARTHUR

I am absolutely fine. If they could  
take the bandages off, I'd walk out  
of here in a jiffy.

He hugs Ginny with his good arm.

FRED

How come they haven't taken them  
off, then?

ARTHUR

Oh, I start bleeding like mad. The  
snake had some strange poison in  
it. Keeps the wounds open. But  
they'll find a cure, don't you  
doubt.

George leans in close.

GEORGE

What were you doing when it  
happened, dad?

MR. WEASLEY

That's my own business.

FRED  
You were guarding it, weren't you?  
This weapon thing?

MRS. WEASLEY  
That's enough!

She looks at Arthur.

MRS. WEASLEY  
Moody and Tonks are outside,  
Arthur. They'd like a word.

She looks at her children.

MRS. WEASLEY  
All of you, out, if you please.

They turn and leave. Mr Weasley calls Harry back.

ARTHUR  
Harry, stay a moment.

Harry returns to the bed.

ARTHUR  
I never thanked you properly.

HARRY  
There's no need--

ARTHUR  
But there is, Harry. If you hadn't  
had your vision, no one would have  
found me in time. So...thank you.

Harry smiles, then departs.

INT. ST. MUNGO'S HALLWAY - DAY

The door to the ward is closed. Ron is listening with his ear  
to the door.

They lean close to the doors.

INT. WARD - DAY

TONKS  
...we searched the whole floor,  
Arthur, but we couldn't find that  
snake. Why a snake, anyway?

MOODY

He probably sent it as a lookout.  
See what he's up against. That's  
the closest he's ever gotten to it.

(pause)

So, Potter says he saw the whole  
thing?

MRS. WEASLEY

Yes. You know, Dumbledore seems  
like he's been waiting for  
something like this to happen. When  
I spoke to him this morning, he  
seemed very worried about Harry.

MOODY

He should be. I mean, if You-Know-  
Who is really possessing him...

Moody trails off.

INT. ST. MUNGO'S HALLWAY - DAY

Harry straightens and looks at the others huddled outside the  
door. They are staring at him in unmistakable fear.

Harry looks away from them. There is a silence.

LOCKHART

Hullo.

They turn.

HERMIONE

Professor Lockhart!

Lockhart looks puzzled.

LOCKHART

Professor? Me? Did I really? Well,  
I expect I was hopeless at it!

He rubs his hands together briskly.

LOCKHART

Now, I'll expect all of you will be  
wanting my autograph?

HARRY

Uh, sure...

Just then, a HEALER emerges from a DOUBLE-DOOR nearby.

HEALER

Ah, there you went, Gildroy.

She comes up to them and gently takes his elbow.

HEALER

He keeps wandering off, handing out autographs, don't you know? It's a good sign toward recovering his memory, the poor dear.

RON

Yeah, sorry about that, mate.

Lockhart peers at him.

LOCKHART

Have we met?

RON

Yeah, it was my wand that backfired on you.

HEALER

Was it? What a coincidence!

She takes Lockhart back in through the double-doors. Harry, Ron, and Hermione follow.

INT. PERMANENT WARD - DAY

The Healer sits Lockhart down in a chair. There are other apportioned sections of the room.

HEALER

This is our long-term resident ward, for permanent spell damage. Well, I must go...

She bustles away.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM

Come along, Neville.

Harry and the others turn.

RON

Hey, Neville!

Neville turns beet-red, and looks away.

His GRANDMOTHER looks at the three of them.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM  
Friends of yours, Neville?  
(pause)  
Ah, yes, Harry Potter. Good to meet  
you, finally. And a Weasley.

She turns to Hermione

MRS. LONGBOTTOM  
And you must be Miss Granger.  
Neville's mentioned you.

RON  
Who're you visiting, Neville?

Mrs. Longbottom turns to Neville.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM  
You haven't told them?

HERMIONE  
Told us what?

MRS. LONGBOTTOM  
Neville's dear parents were  
tortured into insanity by You-Know-  
Who before he disappeared. Aurors,  
you know, very well respected.

Just then, ALICE LONGBOTTOM, Neville's mother, emerges from  
behind the partition.

She beckons tentatively to Neville, who goes to her.

She gently, almost reverently, hands him a CANDY WRAPPER.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM  
Another one, Alice? All right, come  
on, Neville.

Neville is still staring at his mother, who smiles at him,  
then disappears again.

Neville turns, locks eyes with Harry, and departs. As he  
goes, he slips the wrapper into his pocket, as if it were his  
most treasured possession.

Hermione and Ron watch him.

HERMIONE  
I never knew...Poor Neville.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Mrs. Weasley, Harry, Ginny, Ron, Fred, George, Hermione, Moody, and Tonks walk into the entry hall of Grimmauld Place.

Mrs. Weasley looks at Harry concernedly.

MRS. WEASLEY

Are you all right, Harry dear? You look like you're going to be sick.

He doesn't answer, but marches up the stairs and shuts himself in his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Harry begins to pack his trunk determinedly.

PHINEAS

Running away, are we?

He turns to the portrait of Phineas.

HARRY

I have to.

PHINEAS

You know, I thought Gryffindors had to be brave.

HARRY

I won't hurt anybody else.

PHINEAS

I see. You are running away out of nobility. You know, that's why I hated teaching. Young people always think they know what's best, as if no one else could possibly understand things better.

Harry moves to a window and opens it, leaning out.

PHINEAS

I've brought a message from Dumbledore.

Harry stops and looks at him.

HARRY

What is it?

PHINEAS

Dumbledore says, 'Stay where you are.'

HARRY

That's it? Stay there while the grown-ups sort things out?

PHINEAS

When in all your life has listening to Dumbledore ever led you into trouble? Whatever his reasons, he has your best interests at heart, Potter.

Phineas moves off the portrait frame and vanishes.

HARRY

Fine! Go! And tell Dumbledore thanks for nothing!

He tips his trunk over in anger and sits down on the bed.

There is a knock on the door.

Ginny walks in, looking determined.

HARRY

Get out!

GINNY

No.

HARRY

Ginny, I'm dangerous. You can't be around me.

GINNY

Did you forget that I've been possessed by You-Know-Who before?

Harry falls silent, looking cowed.

HARRY

I forgot.

GINNY

Lucky you. Anyway, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

(pause)

Can you remember everything you've done this year? There aren't any blank spots in your memory?

HARRY  
No, I don't think so.

GINNY  
Then You-Know-Who has never  
possessed you, Harry.

She sits down on the bed next to him.

GINNY  
I don't know what's going on with  
you right now, but possession's not  
one of them. You're not dangerous.

She smiles at him. Finally, he smiles back.

HARRY  
(mumbling)  
Thanks, Ginny.

GINNY  
Don't mention it.

She hops off the bed and departs the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Harry wanders into the kitchen and opens the REFRIGERATOR.  
Sirius enters.

SIRIUS  
Harry, have you seen Kreacher? I  
haven't seen him for days now.

HARRY  
Haven't seen him.

SIRIUS  
Oh well. Maybe he's crawled up into  
the air ducts and died...mustn't  
get my hopes up though.

The back door is shoved open and Snape enters.

SNAPE  
Potter, excellent. I'd like a word.

He marches over to the table and sits.

SNAPE  
Sit, Potter.



SIRIUS

You know, I don't like people giving orders in my house.

SNAPE

How unfortunate for you. Now kindly get out. My instructions from Dumbledore are to talk with Potter alone.

SIRIUS

I'm his godfather. I think I'll stay.

Snape curls his lip in anger but keeps quiet.

SNAPE

Very well, then. I know how you like to pretend you're useful.

Sirius stiffens, but ignores the jab.

SNAPE

It is the Headmaster's wish that I teach you Occlumency, Potter.

HARRY

What's that?

Snape sneers.

SNAPE

Occlumency. It is an ancient form of magic that allows you to defend your mind from external intrusion.

(pause)

We begin at six-o-clock on Monday, Potter.

Snape stands.

SNAPE

Well, unlike Sirius here, I don't have unlimited leisure time.

SIRIUS

Just a second, Snape. If I hear that you're using this to give Harry a hard time, you'll have me to answer to.

Snape sneers again.

SNAPE

How touching. Yet Potter is  
incredibly like his father.  
Criticism simply bounces off of  
him.

Sirius stands and grabs Snape by the shoulders and roughly  
shoves him into the wall. He glares at Snape.

                  SIRIUS

I've warned you, Snivellus.  
Dumbledore may think you've  
reformed, but I know better...

Snape pushes him out of the way.

                  SNAPE

Touch me one more time, Black, and  
you won't touch anything again.

He sweeps back to the door and departs.

EXT. HOGWARTS - DAY

We sail through another snowstorm back to Hogwarts, passing  
the grounds and sliding through an open window.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - DAY

Harry makes his way along the hallway.

Suddenly Cho comes around the corner. She skids to an abrupt  
halt, blushing slightly.

                  CHO

Hi, Harry.

                  HARRY

Hi.

There is an awkward silence.

                  CHO

Er...bye then.

She starts to walk by.

                  HARRY

Hey Cho!

She turns to him.

HARRY

Well, uh, Valentine's Day is the same day as our next Hogsmead visit.

She blushes harder.

HARRY

Well, uh, would you like to, you know, go with me?

CHO

Sure!

HARRY

Cool.

She smiles at him and walks away.

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry enters SNAPE'S OFFICE. Snape sits behind his desk, next to a PENSIVE.

SNAPE

Sit, Potter.

Harry does so.

SNAPE

As you are well aware, I will be teaching you Occlumency. The headmaster feels you should learn this form of magic to defend yourself against the Dark Lord, who is skilled at Legilimency.

HARRY

What's that, Professor?

SNAPE

Legilimency is the ability to extract thoughts and feelings from others.

HARRY

Voldemort can read minds?

SNAPE

As usual, you have all the subtlety of a stone wall, Potter.

(MORE)

Snape (cont'd)

The mind is not a book, of which any page can be examined. The mind is complex and multi-layered.

Harry

So he could read our minds right now?

Snape

Eye contact is normally required for Legilimency to work. In your case, however, things are somewhat different. Your scar has forged a connection between you and the Dark Lord.

(pause)

When your mind is most relaxed, such as during sleep, you receive the Dark Lord's thoughts and feelings. The Headmaster believes that it is inadvisable for this to continue.

Harry

But hasn't it helped so far? I mean, it saved Mr. Weasley's life, didn't it?

Snape

Yes, it did, but at the expense of our advantage. The connection between you was so powerful during your vision of the snake that the Dark Lord became aware of it. The Headmaster fears that he may try to use this to his advantage, to manipulate you through false visions.

Snape stands and pulls out his wand. Harry flinches, ever so slightly. But Snape merely puts it to his head and draws a GLOWING STRING of memory from his head and drops it into the Pensive.

Snape

Wand out, Potter.

Harry draws his wand.

Snape

You may use any spell you can think of to try and repel me.

HARRY  
What are you going to do?

SNAPE  
I am going to break into your mind.  
(pause)  
Legimens!

The spell hits Harry, who staggers backward, grimacing.

EXT. DURSLEYS - DAY

Harry clings to a tree branch as the dog RIPPER barks at him from the ground. The Dursleys laugh as they stand in the driveway.

INT. HOGWARTS GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry sits under the SORTING HAT.

EXT. THE GREAT LAKE - NIGHT

Harry stands over Sirius, a PATRONUS hovering over him as hundreds of DEMENTORS swarm overhead.

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry's face is contorted with rage.

HARRY  
NO!

A spell fires from his wand. Snape dodges it. Gasping, Harry falls to his knees.

SNAPE  
Well, you stopped me eventually.  
Ideally, you should repel me with  
your mind.

Harry climbs to his feet.

SNAPE  
Clear your mind, Potter. Abandon  
your emotions. Legilimens!

Harry staggers again.

INT. DURSLEYS HOME - DAY

Uncle Vernon nails the letterbox closed...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - DAY

Harry skids to a stop and looks down a dark hallway. Mr. Weasley stops as well, and glances back at Harry.

MR. WEASLEY  
Come on, Harry!

HARRY  
I've been there before...

Mr. WEASLEY looks nervous, then grabs Harry's robes and drag him along.

MR. WEASLEY  
Now, Harry, I find that highly unlikely...

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Snape lowers his wand, breaking the spell.

SNAPE  
What was that?

Harry looks stunned.

HARRY  
I've just realized...

Snape is staring at him, agitated.

SNAPE  
Realized what, Potter?

Harry looks at Snape suddenly.

HARRY  
What's in the Department of Mysteries, sir?

There is a stunned silence. Snape regards Harry with suspicion.

SNAPE  
What did you say?

HARRY

That corridor, I've been dreaming about it for months...it leads to the Department of Mysteries, I'm sure of it.

Snape comes around the desk. He is deathly quiet, always a bad sign.

SNAPE

There are many things in the Department of Mysteries, Potter, none of which concern you.

There is a horrifying SCREAM that ECHOS through the castle.

Snape and Harry stare at the ceiling. Snape glances at Harry, then hefts his wand and sweeps from the office. Harry follows.

INT. ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

There is a huge crowd of students standing at the top of the stairs leading down into the entry hall.

There is another UNEARTHLY WAIL.

Harry pushes his way through the crowd until he can see.

Trelawney stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking crazed and turning in circles, her wand out and clutched in her hand.

TRELAWNEY

(shrieking)

You cannot sack me!

UMBRIDGE

I can do whatever I wish!

TRELAWNEY

This is my home!

Umbridge is grinning evilly.

UMBRIDGE

Not anymore.

She points at the door with a stubby finger.

UMBRIDGE

Now remove yourself from this castle!

DUMBLEDORE

She will not be leaving.

Behind Umbridge, the crowd parts slowly, and Dumbledore moves down the steps.

UMBRIDGE

I have the authority, Headmaster!

DUMBLEDORE

Oh, I agree with you, Professor Umbridge. You do have the power to dismiss my teachers. However...

He looks at Trelawney, who stands alone in the entry hall, smiling at Dumbledore through her tears.

DUMBLEDORE

...You cannot send them from this castle. That is still my decision. Professor Trelawney will remain here.

Umbridge turns to him, furious.

UMBRIDGE

And what of her quarters when I appoint a new teacher.

DUMBLEDORE

Happily, that will not be necessary. I have found a successor for good Professor Trelawney already. As you know...

Umbridge is looking mutinous.

DUMBLEDORE

...the Ministry can only appoint new teachers if I cannot find one. I think you will find him suitable enough.

The GREAT OAKEN doors leading to the grounds swing open, revealing an EBONY-SKINNED CENTAUR. It is FIRENZE, who saved Harry in his first year.

DUMBLEDORE

This is Firenze.



Umbridge is thunderstruck.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Harry, Ron, and Hermione are huddled around a table.

RON

So you're saying this weapon You-Know-Who's after is in the Department of Mysteries?

HARRY

It's got to be.

HERMIONE

That's got to be what Surgis Podmore was doing in the Ministry when he was arrested.

HARRY

Probably. Mr. Weasley was probably there when he was attacked, too. That must be what the Order's guarding!

RON

But why the Department of Mysteries?

HERMIONE

It makes perfect sense, Ron. It's got to be something the Ministry's been developing. Something top secret.

Harry nods in agreement.

Hermione picks up a copy of the Daily Prophet grimly.

HERMIONE

Look at this. There's been a mass escape from Azkaban.

RON

Bloody hell!

Harry stares at the front page picture of ten witches and wizards.

HARRY

They're all Death Eaters!

Hermione nods fearfully.

HERMIONE

Yes.

Harry grits his teeth.

HARRY

Voldemort.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOGSMEAD - DAY

The sun rises over Hogwarts as Harry, Ron, and Hermione stroll down the main street of Hogsmead.

Cho quickly finds Harry.

CHO

Hi, Harry!

Harry grins sheepishly at her, avoiding looking at Ron.

HERMIONE

Have fun, Harry. Meet me in The Three Broomsticks after. There's something you need to do.

HARRY

Ok.

He goes to Cho, and they leave together.

INT. MADAM PUDDIFOOT'S - DAY

Outside, it rains.

Harry and Cho sit awkwardly opposite each other at a small table. Valentine's Day decorations accost the eyes at every turn.

CHO

You know, Cedric and I came here last year. Before...

Harry looks away, and sees several couples kissing. He looks away.

CHO  
I--I've been meaning to ask you for  
ages...but...I mean...

Harry looks at her. She is beginning to tear up.

HARRY  
What?

CHO  
Did--did Cedric say anything about  
me before he...he--died?

HARRY  
Oh. Uh, no, there wasn't really  
much time...

Cho bursts into tears. Harry tries to console her.

HARRY  
Look, maybe we should talk about  
something else...

CHO  
I thought you'd want to talk about  
it! I thought you'd understand!

She stands up so suddenly the table rattles. The teashop has  
gone deathly still. Everyone watches them.

CHO  
See you around, Harry.

She walks out.

Harry stands and runs after her.

EXT. HOGSMEAD - DAY

Harry staggers into the rain, looking around frantically. But  
Cho has disappeared.

Getting wetter by the minute, he gives up and slowly makes  
his way over to the Three Broomsticks.

INT. THREE BROOMSTICKS - DAY

He enters and sees Hermione. She's sitting in a booth with  
Luna and RITA SKEETER, a reporter.

Harry sits down.

HARRY  
What's this all about?

RITA  
That's what Little Miss Perfect was  
about to tell us.

Harry glances at Hermione.

HERMIONE  
Right, well, I figured that with  
all of the negative press out about  
Harry, he should have a chance to  
defend himself.  
(pause)  
All of the details. What happened  
last summer. The truth about Sirius  
Black and Voldemort, not to mention  
the names of all the Death Eaters  
still on the loose.

Rita leans across the table.

RITA  
The Prophet will never publish  
that. Goes against the public mood.

HERMIONE  
Well, it doesn't matter. We've  
found a publisher for the article.

RITA  
Who?

Luna looks away from the window.

LUNA  
My father. He's the editor of The  
Quibbler.

Rita laughs out loud.

RITA  
The Quibbler?  
(to Hermione)  
You think people will take Harry  
Potter seriously if he's published  
in the Quibbler? It's nothing but a  
conspiracy theory, cock-and-bull  
story tabloid!

HERMIONE

Some won't believe Harry, that's true. But every person we do convince is one more ally.

Rita shrugs, and pulls her quill from her bag.

HERMIONE

So, Harry. Ready to tell the public the truth?

HARRY

Yeah, I guess so.

Hermione sits back and sips her drink.

HERMIONE

Fire away, Rita.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

The snow on the ground has melted. The sky is clear and the sun shines brightly. Spring has come.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry, Ron and Hermione sit at the Gryffindor table eating breakfast.

An owl drops a letter on Harry's plate. Hermione opens it and pulls out a copy of the Quibbler.

Harry's smiling face grins at them from the front cover.

HERMIONE

Look, Harry! It's your article!

Then, a dozen more owls drop letters on Harry. He covers his head as their rain around him.

HARRY

What on earth?

Hermione beams at him.

HERMIONE

Fan mail, Harry! Responses to the article.

UMBRIDGE

Which article is that, dear?

Umbridge had appeared at their table, smiling toad-like.

HARRY

I have just published an article  
telling the real story about what  
happened last June.

Umbridge instantly turns an ugly shade of purple in her rage.

UMBRIDGE

Where is this article?

Hermione hands her the Quibbler.

UMBRIDGE

Right, I will confiscate this.  
Anyone found in possession of this  
magazine will be expelled.

She stalks off.

Hermione giggles in triumph.

HARRY

What?

HERMIONE

She's done it to herself. Banning  
the article will only make people  
want to read it more!

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

Harry stands before the D.A. again.

HARRY

We've been doing so well, I thought  
we'd work on some defensive  
blocking spells tonight.

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

Wands wave and spells fly through the air. Harry paces  
through the students.

HARRY

That was really good.

With a CRACK, Dobby appears.



Umbridge hurries over.

UMBRIDGE

It's him. Well done, Draco!

(to Harry)

On your feet, Potter. We're going to see the Headmaster!

She turns to Draco.

UMBRIDGE

Search everywhere for the others, Draco. Round them all up. Check everywhere, bathrooms, the library, empty classrooms. We must find them!

Draco nods and hurries off.

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Umbridge shoves Harry into Dumbledore's office, which is filled with people. McGonagall, Cornelius Fudge, Kingsley Shacklebolt, another Auror, and Percy Weasley.

DUMBLEDORE

You may be High Inquisitor of this school, Professor Umbridge, but kindly do not manhandle my students.

Fudge looks pleased. He claps his hands and rubs them excitedly.

FUDGE

Well, well, well, Mr. Potter! I expect you know why you're here?

Harry glances at Dumbledore. The Headmaster shakes his head, ever so slightly.

HARRY

Not really, no.

FUDGE

You don't? You haven't broken any school rules?

HARRY

School rules? No.



FUDGE  
Or Ministerial Decrees?

HARRY  
Not that I know of.

Umbridge opens the door again, leading Marietta, Cho's friend, into the room. She has been crying, and her face is covered in PIMPLES forming the word "SNEAK."

UMBRIDGE  
I'm afraid the poor girl is unable to speak. But I shall tell you what has transpired.  
(pause)  
Shortly after dinner she came to me and said that if I went to the Room of Requirement I would find an illegally-formed student group.  
(pause)  
It was at that time that this hex took affect.

She gestures to Marietta's face.

UMBRIDGE  
Since I had received information some time ago that Potter and a number of other students had met in the Hog's Head to start an illegal group--

DUMBLEDORE  
I'm not sure that's true, Professor.

UMBRIDGE  
I'm sorry?

DUMBLEDORE  
In point of fact, when young Potter met those students it was not illegal.

UMBRIDGE  
But two days later, Educational Decree Twenty-Four was introduced.

DUMBLEDORE  
Again, quite correct. However, I wonder if you have any evidence that proves this group has been meeting since then?

UMBRIDGE

I have a witness right here!

DUMBLEDORE

Correct again. I must confess that I was, however, under the impression that this young girl only told you a meeting was going on tonight.

UMBRIDGE

Let's ask her, shall we?

She turns to Marietta, who is staring at the wall.

UMBRIDGE

You can shake your head for an answer, dear. Now, have there been more meetings?

Slowly, still staring at the wall, Marietta shakes her head.

UMBRIDGE

What do you mean by shaking your head, girl?

DUMBLEDORE

I would think that she was saying there have been no other meetings. Would that be correct?

She nods.

UMBRIDGE

But what about Potter? He was the leader, and has been--

To Umbridge's astonishment, Marietta is shaking her head yet again.

UMBRIDGE

Why are you shaking your head, girl?

MCGONAGALL

It usually means 'no,' Dolores.

Umbridge grabs Marietta by the cloak and shakes her roughly.

Dumbledore stands, and there is anger in his voice. He draws his wand and points it at Umbridge.

DUMBLEDORE

Again, I cannot have you  
manhandling my students, Professor  
Umbridge.

She laughs, softly, and lets Marietta go.

UMBRIDGE

My apologies, Headmaster. I forgot  
myself.

FUDGE

Well, what about the meeting  
tonight?

UMBRIDGE

Right. Of course. Well, we  
proceeded down to the Room and  
entered.

(pause)

We caught Potter just outside. But  
it doesn't matter. We've found all  
of their names.

She pulls the roster list Hermione had made up from her  
pocket. Harry gapes at it in horror.

Fudge gapes at it as well. He snatches it out of Umbridge's  
hands. He looks up, an expression of twisted delight on his  
face.

FUDGE

So, Dumbledore, you've been behind  
this whole thing.

He hands the paper to Dumbledore, who looks at it. He seems  
suddenly at a loss for words.

FUDGE

(harsh whisper)  
Dumbledore's Army.

Dumbledore smiles pleasantly and spreads his hands widely.

DUMBLEDORE

Well, Minister. You've caught me.

FUDGE

This has all been your doing!  
You've been recruiting students for  
your army!

DUMBLEDORE  
Quite correct, Cornelius.

FUDGE  
I knew it! I KNEW it! You've been plotting against me all this time!

DUMBLEDORE  
(pleasantly)  
That's right.

FUDGE  
This is too good to be true!

Harry turns to Dumbledore in horror.

HARRY  
Professor, no!

DUMBLEDORE  
Quiet, Harry!

FUDGE  
Yes, shut up, Potter. So, you'll be coming with us to the Ministry--

DUMBLEDORE  
Ah, yes. I was wondering when we'd hit that little snag.

FUDGE  
I see no snag, Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE  
But I do. You seem to be laboring under the delusion that I would 'come quietly.'

FUDGE  
Resisting arrest, now are you, Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE  
Precisely. You see, I have absolutely no intention of going to Azkaban.

The Auror next to Kingsley slowly moves his hand towards his pocket.

DUMBLEDORE  
Don't be silly, Hawkes. Leave the wand there.

The man stops.

FUDGE

You would really take on two Aurors, Dolores, and myself, Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE

Naturally. All of you did rather well on your spellwork at this school, but if you attempt to take me in by force, I'm afraid I shall have to hurt you.

In one motion, all of them draw their wands. Harry dives for cover.

Dumbledore is fastest. There is an instant of BLINDING LIGHT as spells blast in all directions. A spell strikes Dumbledore's desk with a BANG, and explodes. Dust fills the room.

There is a shout and some SCUFFLING OF FEET, another BANG, and silence.

Harry blinks and stands as the dust settles. Dumbledore hasn't moved. Fudge, the Auror, Dolores, Kingsley, and Percy are all laying on the floor, unconscious.

Dumbledore's desk has been broken in half, and all of the tables overturned.

He moves swiftly to McGonagall, Harry, and Marietta.

DUMBLEDORE

Are you all right?

McGonagall is standing, dusting herself off.

MCGONAGALL

Yes, we're fine.

(pause)

Oh, where will you go, Albus?

DUMBLEDORE

I'm not going into hiding. Fudge will soon regret removing me from Hogwarts.

Harry moves to Dumbledore's side.

HARRY

I'm so sorry, Professor!

Dumbledore smiles at him.

DUMBLEDORE

It's fine. Now listen to me, Harry.  
Keep studying Occlumency! Do  
everything Professor Snape tells  
you.

He grips Harry's shoulder.

DUMBLEDORE

Close your mind! You will  
understand, in time.

Fudge is stirring.

DUMBLEDORE

Lay back down. They must not think  
we have had time to talk.

They do so. He moves to Fawkes.

Fudge opens his eyes. Dumbledore grabs onto Fawkes' tail, and  
the two VANISH in a BLAST of FIRE.

FUDGE

Find him!

Umbridge, Percy, Kingsley, the auror, and Fudge race from the  
office.

McGonagall ushers Harry and Marietta out of the office.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry sits next to Ron and Hermione.

Umbridge stands up from the staff table, holding a parchment.

UMBRIDGE

"By Order of the Ministry of Magic:  
Dolores Jane Umbridge will replace  
Albus Dumbledore as Head of  
Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and  
Wizardry."

She looks over them all smugly.

UMBRIDGE

My first act as your new Headmistress is to form an Inquisitional Squad, lead by Draco Malfoy. They will report directly to me about the goings on in the halls of this school.

Harry glares at her.

UMBRIDGE

Furthermore, our good caretaker, Mr. Filch has requested we reinstate the 'old punishments.' I have decided that there is no reason we shouldn't.

Filch stands at the back of the hall, grinning like a kid at Christmas.

EXT. HOGWARTS COURTYARD - DAY

Harry, Hermione, and Ron head towards the Hogwarts Grounds. Ron is dressed in his Quidditch robes.

HARRY

Are you sure you can't? Hagrid said it was important.

RON

No way. Quidditch practice. If I don't show up, Angelina'll go mad.

They part ways.

EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DAY

Harry, Hermione, and Hagrid march through the FORBIDDEN FOREST.

HERMIONE

Hagrid...we've been walking for a good hour.

HAGRID

Its jus' up ahead, here.

HARRY

Could you tell us what it is, Hagrid, please?

HAGRID

All righ'. Well, I'm showin' yeh this, because tha' Umbridge woman put me on probation. I can' last much longer afore I get sacked like Trelawney.

HERMIONE

We won't let her!

HAGRID

Bah. S'not the end o' the world. If I do, I'll go help Dumbledore. Grea' man...

(pause)

Anyway, I woudn' tell yeh 'cept for tha'. I can' leave withou' makin' arraingmen's, see?

(pause)

I'll need all o' yer help.

HERMIONE

Of course we'll help.

Hagrid took a great sniff and clapped her on the back, causing her to stumble slightly.

HAGRID

Knew yeh'd say yes!

He pauses and glances at them.

HAGRID

Okay, real quiet like from here on.

They creep down the path until Hagrid straightens and smiles.

HAGRID

There we are!

There is a huge body laying on the ground before them. It is a giant.

HERMIONE

Hagrid, I thought none of them wanted to come!

Hagrid looks uncomfortable.

HAGRID

None o' them did, Hermione! I didn' have much ruddy choice inna matter! I couldn' leave 'im!



HERMIONE  
Oh, why, Hagrid? Why?

HAGRID  
He's me brother!

There is a silence in the forest.

HAGRID  
Well, half-brother anyway. Me mum  
had 'im afore she died.  
(pause)  
I though' I could bring 'im back  
here an' train 'im up a bit. Teach  
'im a bit o' manners.

Hermione is distraught. Harry is nervous. Hagrid moves  
towards his half-brother.

HAGRID  
Here. I'll introduce yeh to Grawp!

He tosses a rock at GRAWP. It bounces off his head. The giant  
awakes, and slowly stands to his full FIFTEEN-FOOT height.

HAGRID  
Yeh all righ', Grawp?

Grawp gives a low roar.

HAGRID  
Look wha' I brough' yeh, Grawpy!  
Two new friends an' all. We 'ave  
Harry Potter here, see? An' over  
here is Hermy.

Grawp stops roaring and simply looks at them. Then he reaches  
out towards Hermione.

GRAWP  
Hermy!

Harry grabs her and pulls her behind a tree as the huge fists  
close around the air. Hagrid hits Grawp with a large stick.

HAGRID  
Bad Grawpy! Bad boy!

Grawp roars in pain.

HAGRID  
We don' attack our friends, Grawpy!

Grawp roars again. Hagrid, Hermione, and Harry flee the scene.

HAGRID

See, he don' know any better.

Harry glares at him.

HAGRID

Anyway, all yeh need teh do is go an' talk to 'im. Give 'im a bit o' company.

Suddenly Hagrid stops and looks around. From the undergrowth, a large number of CENTAURS have appeared.

HAGRID

Oh blimey...

BANE steps into the clearing.

BANE

I thought we told you that you were no longer welcome in this place, Hagrid. You or that beast you brought from afar.

HAGRID

S'not up to you who comes and goes in this forest.

BANE

You stopped us from invoking our punishments on Firenze for becoming the servant of the humans at Hogwarts.

HAGRID

Stopped yeh from committin' murder, yeh mean!

BANE

Our ways are not yours, Hagrid. And now you bring that monster here...our patience with it wanes swiftly.

HAGRID

Well, you'll tolerate 'im as long as he's here!

The Centaurs paw the ground in agitation.

BANE

We allow you to pass this time,  
Hagrid, because you have young with  
you. But the next time you enter  
this forest, your life is forfeit.

The centaurs vanish into the undergrowth again.

INT. MCGONAGALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry enters McGonagall's office. She sits behind her desk.  
Umbridge sits in the corner with a note pad.

MCGONAGALL

Please sit, Potter.

He sits.

MCGONAGALL

You're here to have a talk with me  
about your career thoughts, Potter.  
We do this so we can begin to aim  
your courses over the next two  
years to prepare you for that  
career.

HARRY

Oh, yeah. Well, I did think about  
being an Auror.

MCGONAGALL

Auror. Interesting, Potter. You'll  
need top grades for that.  
Challenging career path, but not  
unrewarding.

UMBRIDGE

Hem hem.

MCGONAGALL

Now then, Potter, you'll need to  
concentrate on Defense Against the  
Dark Arts, Potions,  
Transfiguration, and Charms to  
adequately prepare yourself for the  
general Auror requirements.

UMBRIDGE

Hem hem.

MCGONAGALL

May I offer you a cough drop,  
Professor Umbridge?

UMBRIDGE

Oh, no thank you, Minerva.  
Actually, I was just wondering if  
Potter has the proper temperament  
to be an Auror.

MCGONAGALL

Were you indeed.

She turns back to Harry.

MCGONAGALL

If you're serious in this ambition,  
Potter, I would recommend  
concentrating on bringing your  
Potions and Charms grades up before  
your O.W.L.s. I daresay you've got  
enough time if you apply yourself.  
Lord knows you've consistently done  
well in Defense Against the Dark  
Arts. Professor Lupin--

UMBRIDGE

Excuse me, Minerva, but have you  
seen my note on Potter's current  
grades in my class?

MCGONAGALL

Yes, indeed I have.

UMBRIDGE

Then I think you will find that  
Potter's grades have been  
consistently poor this year.

MCGONAGALL

You apparently misunderstand me. I  
meant that Potter has done well in  
every Defense Against the Dark Arts  
class taught by a competent  
teacher.

She turns briskly back to Harry. Umbridge looks as though she cannot believe her ears, then flips a page on her notepad and scribbles furiously.

MCGONAGALL

Now, assuming you've passed all of your necessary classes, the Ministry will put you through a number of character and aptitude tests.

HARRY

What's involved in them?

MCGONAGALL

How you stand up under pressure, your perseverance, and dedication, things of this nature.

Umbridge stands abruptly.

UMBRIDGE

Harry Potter has no chance of ever becoming an Auror!

McGonagall stands as well, her eyes locked with Harry's.

MCGONAGALL

I will assist you in becoming an Auror if it the very last thing I do, Potter! I will coach you nightly in order to get the necessary grades!

Umbridge storms from the room.

MCGONAGALL

This concludes our meeting, Potter.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

HARRY

Thanks, Professor.

MCGONAGALL

You're welcome, Potter. Now hurry or you'll be late for Occlumency.

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry sits down in front of Snape's desk.

SNAPE

Have you been practicing, Potter?

HARRY

Yeah.

SNAPE

Well, we shall see, won't we?

He places his wand-tip to his head and extracts that same memory and places it in the pensive.

Just then, the door opens and Draco Malfoy steps in.

MALFOY

Excuse me, Professor. Professor Umbridge says she needs you right away.

SNAPE

What on earth for?

DRACO

Well, sir, remember when Montegue vanished over Christmas? She says he's turned up in a toilet on the fourth floor.

SNAPE

Any idea how he got there?

DRACO

He's pretty confused, but I think he said something about the Vanishing Closet.

Snape stands irritably.

SNAPE

We will pick your remedial potions lesson up tomorrow, Potter.

Draco sniggers. They depart.

Harry looks around for a moment, then stands and looks into the pensive.

He looks at the door. There is silence. He plunges his head into the pensive, and his body is sucked into it.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - DAY

Harry stands next to the GREAT LAKE. Under a tree sits a young Sirius. Next to him are the equally young Lupin, PETER PETIGREW, and lastly JAMES POTTER.

James is playing with a Snitch, letting it go and catching it again.

SIRIUS  
Put that away, James.

James shrugs and does so.

SIRIUS  
I'm bored. Wish it was full moon.

Lupin snorts.

LUPIN  
Easy for you to say.

James nudges Sirius.

JAMES  
This should cheer you up, Sirius.  
Look.

Sirius grins.

SIRIUS  
Excellent! Snivellus!

Snape is walking by. The four of them stand and follow him.

JAMES  
All right, there, Snivellus?

Snape turns in a flash, wand out. Sirius is faster, however.

SIRIUS  
Expelliarmus!

Snape's wand flies from his hand. He dives for it.

JAMES  
Impedimenta!

Snape stops moving, struggling against INVISIBLE ROPES.

SNAPE  
You just wait...

Sirius laughs.

SIRIUS  
Wait for what, Snivellus? You to  
wipe that great greasy nose on us?

Several bystanders laugh.

James raises his wand, turning to the bystanders.

JAMES

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for--

LILY EVENS

Leave him alone, James Potter!

James turns. Harry does as well. It is LILY EVANS. Harry's mother.

JAMES

Another charity case, Lily?

LILY EVENS

What has he done to you?

JAMES

Nothing. It's more the fact that he *exists*, you see...

The IMPEDIMENT CURSE wears off. Snape grabs his wand and turns. James whirls.

SNAPE

Semper--

JAMES

Levicorpus!

Snape was lifted into the air and dangled by an ankle. He struggled madly, his robe hanging from his arms and over his head.

LILY EVENS

Leave him alone, Potter!

James turns and smiles at her.

JAMES

I will if you go out with me.

LILY EVENS

I wouldn't go out with you if it were a choice between you and the giant squid! Now let him down.

James shrugs and gestures with his wand. Snape falls to the ground. He tries to go for his wand again, but Sirius hexes him.



SIRIUS  
Locomotor mortis!

Lily draws her wand.

LILY EVENS  
I said, leave him alone!

James slowly turns to regard her. The playful expression on his face has vanished.

JAMES  
Don't make me hex you, Lily.

LILY EVENS  
Then let him go!

JAMES  
Fine!

He mutters the counter-curse and Snape struggles to his feet again.

JAMES  
You're lucky Lily was here,  
Snivellus!

SNAPE  
I don't need help from a mud-blood  
like her!

James eyes are BLAZING with anger. He points his wand, which is shaking in his hand from his rage, at Snape.

JAMES  
Apologize to her! Now!

LILY EVENS  
Don't make him apologize. Honestly,  
you're as bad as he is!

James whirls on her.

JAMES  
I would never call you that.

She shakes her head.

LILY EVENS  
You make me sick, Potter.

She turns and walks away.

JAMES  
Lily! Hey Lily!

Harry watches her go. The adult Snape grabs Harry's arm roughly. Harry turns to him, horrified. Snape yanks on the arm and the memory dissolves around them.

INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DAY

There is a BLAST of LIGHT, and Snape and Harry return to Snape's office.

Snape is livid with rage. He is pale, his lips thin. He is shaking.

He pulls Harry close with trembling fingers, glaring daggers at him.

SNAPE  
Having fun, Potter?

Harry shakes his head, but Snape shakes him roughly, fury etched in his every feature.

SNAPE  
Been enjoying yourself?

HARRY  
No!

SNAPE  
Amusing man, your father...

His lips are shaking, his teeth bared. He shakes Harry again, absolutely SEETHING.

HARRY  
I--sorry!

Snape picks Harry up off the floor and FLINGS him away from him. Harry slams into a potions cabinet and falls to the ground as glass beakers and bottles shatter around him.

Snape points a shaking finger at Harry.

SNAPE  
You will repeat what you saw to no one!

Harry is already shaking his head.

HARRY  
No, of course not!

Snape picks up a jar of some fluid and hurtles it across his office. It shatters into the wall.

Snape grabs Harry by the robe and hauls him to his feet, shoving him against the wall.

SNAPE  
You had better not, Potter, or you will experience a pain so horrible you will wish you had never been born!

He pushes Harry away from him.

SNAPE  
Now get out of my sight! Do not set foot in this office ever again!

Harry turns and runs.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

The whole school is gathered in the great hall.

Professor McGonagall stands in front of the staff table.

MCGONAGALL  
Today begins your O.W.L exams. A number of Ministry instructors are here to give them. Exams will take place for the next two weeks. Exams will be split in two parts, theory and practical application.

(pause)

I must warn you that the most stringent anti-cheating spells have been added to your exam papers. No student has successfully cheated on an O.W.L. in a century, though every year someone tries it.

(pause)

Naturally, cheating will not be suffered and anyone caught will be expelled from Hogwarts.

EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - NIGHT

Harry and Ron stand on top of the ASTRONOMY tower, peering through telescopes into the night sky.

Harry's TELESCOPE is propped on the PARAPET and he is leaning over it slightly.

Below him, the doors to the GREAT HALL groan open. GOLDEN LIGHT spills into the night, and six shadows move forward into the darkness.

Harry and Ron watch.

RON

Oy! That's Umbridge down there!

Several other students begin to watch the proceedings taking place below.

Harry looks panicked.

HARRY

They're heading for Hagrid's!

Ron and Harry exchange nervous glances.

PROFESSOR TOFTY

Eyes back on the sky, please.

The students ignore the Professor.

The six shadows approach the hut, silhouetted against the windows of it.

They open the door, and it closes.

PROFESSOR TOFTY

Twenty minutes left on your exam, students.

Shadows pace past the windows to Hagrid's hut. Raised voices reach them.

Then a sharp BANG is heard, along with a flash of BLINDING light from within the cabin.

The door bursts open and Hagrid stumbles out, clutching at his waist, followed by the other six.

The six shadows fire STUN SPELLS at Hagrid.

HARRY

No!

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

The RED-COLORED spells simply impact with Hagrid and bounce off of him.

HAWLISH

Be reasonable, Hagrid!

Hagrid yells uncomprehensibly.

FANG leaps from the open door onto Hawlish, knocking the man over. Fang bounds over to Hagrid and leaps in front of him, taking a hex full in the chest and falls to the ground with a whine.

Hagrid ROARS in rage, seizes the one responsible and hurls him ten feet through the air. The man lands hard and does not move.

Professor McGonagall storms through the doors of the Great Hall and out into the night, fury written across her face.

EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - NIGHT

Ron points to McGonagall.

RON

Look!

Harry smiles.

RON

McGonagall'll sort this out!

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

She marches towards them. Her face is illuminated every few moments by the red light of spells being fired.

MCGONAGALL

(shouting in rage)

How dare you! How *DARE* you!

She breaks into a run.

MCGONAGALL

Stop this *immediately*!

The firing continues.

MCGONAGALL

Enough!

She draws her wand in a swift motion. Instantly, four of the attackers turn to her and fire their spells.

Before she can even react, they slam into her. She is briefly illuminated in blood-red light and then is lifted from her feet and hurled backward five feet to slam into the ground.

She does not move.

EXT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - NIGHT

Several students scream in terror. Professor Tofty covers her mouth.

PROFESSOR TOFTY

Not even a warning!

Most of the students break for the doors leading back to the Entry Hall, Harry and Ron among them. Professor Tofty follows.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

Hagrid seems to go mad with anger.

HAGRID

COWARDS!

He leaps at the nearest attacker and CRACKS him across the jaw. The man falls to the ground. Hagrid moves on to the next, and then the next.

UMBRIDGE

Get him, get him!

But Hagrid, dodging more stunning spells, hoists Fang onto his shoulders and flees down towards the forest.

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

Students and teachers spill from the entry hall out into the night, running for McGonagall.

They surround her, several teachers leaning over her. She looks very pale and her eyes are closed. Others keep the students at a safe distance.

PROFESSOR SPROUT

Get her to the hospital wing right away.

Professor Flitwick steps forward and levitates McGonagall into the air, floating her up the steps and into the school. They leave dozens of muttering students behind, in the night.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

The long tables in the great hall have been moved aside. In their place, hundreds of desks have been set up. It is at one of these that Harry now sits.

PROFESSOR MARCHBANKS stands near the staff table.

PROFESSOR MARCHBANKS

Before we begin, I have an update on Professor McGonagall. She will be all right, and is resting in the hospital wing.

Harry and Ron look encouraged.

PROFESSOR MARCHBANKS

You may now turn your papers over and begin.

Harry turns over his paper and stares at it. He begins to mark on it, scribbling answers.

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry stares at the last page of his exam.

He winces and feels his scar. Shakes his head. Bends over his paper again.

Again the scar twinges. Again he winces.

The Great Hall FADES away.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES - DAY

Harry moves down towards the door at the end of the corridor. The same white light glows around it's edges as in his dreams...

He pauses before it, then tries the handle. It opens. The LIGHT OVERWHELMS him.

INT. HALL OF PROPHECY - DAY

It dies abruptly. Harry stands in a huge room filled floor to ceiling with shelves. On each shelf there are many tiny GOLDEN ORBS.

LORD VOLDEMORT stands, grinning coldly at a man lying on the floor.

VOLDEMORT

Can you reach it? Can you take it  
for me, Black?

Sirius, surrounded by Death Eaters, glares defiantly at Voldemort.

SIRIUS

I would rather die!

Voldemort raises his wand. Sirius SCREAMS in AGONY, WRITHING on the floor of the dark chamber.

VOLDEMORT

Oh, you will die. Eventually. But  
there are hours, even days of pain  
awaiting you before then.

He releases Sirius, who slumps to the floor, panting for air.

VOLDEMORT

I'm going to enjoy this, Black. I  
have you, and soon I shall have the  
weapon. And then not even your  
pathetic Order can stand in my way!

Voldemort laughs, a horrible spine-chilling laugh.

The room dissolves around Harry.



INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Harry falls out of his seat, clutching at his scar in agony.

Professor Marchbanks hurries to Harry's side. He pulls Harry to his feet and escorts him out of the Great Hall.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

Professor Marchbanks looks at Harry, concern on his face.

PROFESSOR MARCHBANKS  
Are you all right, Potter?

Harry shakes his head.

PROFESSOR MARCHBANKS  
Pressure of exams. It happens. Take a breath, and maybe you'll be ready to go back in. Time is nearly up, but--

Harry is shaking his head.

HARRY  
No--no, I've done all I can.

Professor Marchbanks nods, and returns to the Great Hall. He passes Ron and Hermione who run up to Harry.

RON  
You all right?

HARRY  
Voldemort! He's got Sirius! In the Department of Mysteries!

Ron looks pale.

HERMIONE  
How do you know?

HARRY  
I just saw it.

He looks out at the Hogwarts grounds, then turns back to them.

HARRY  
How're we going to get there?

RON  
To the Department of Mysteries?

HARRY  
We've got to do something!

Ron and Hermione exchange looks.

HERMIONE  
How'd Voldemort get into the  
Ministry of Magic without being  
seen? I mean, he and Sirius are the  
two most wanted wizards in the  
world...

RON  
Yeah. They can't just waltz into  
the Ministry of Magic!

HERMIONE  
It just seems so unlikely, Harry!

Harry grabs her robes and glares at her.

HARRY  
I won't let Sirius die!

Just then Ginny, Luna, Fred, and George round the corner.

GINNY  
We heard Harry yelling. What's up?

HARRY  
Voldemort's broken into the  
Department of Mysteries. He's got  
Sirius there!  
(pause)  
He could already have the weapon!

HERMIONE  
Think, Harry! Voldemort knows you!  
He knows you'd rush off to save  
Sirius.

HARRY  
There isn't anyone else, Hermione!  
Everyone from the Order is gone!

GINNY  
Anything we can do to help?

HARRY  
No, there isn't!

Ginny crosses her arms, looking slightly hurt.

HERMIONE  
Yes, they can, Harry.

HARRY  
How?

HERMIONE  
Before we do anything, we need to establish that Sirius really isn't at Headquarters. Which means we'll need to break into Umbridge's office.

She smiles, and glances at Fred and George.

HERMIONE  
For that, we'll need a really good distraction.

Fred and George grin.

FRED  
Right you are, Hermione. Think we can whip something up, George?

GEORGE  
Might be able to.

FRED  
Just give us a few seconds.

HERMIONE  
Mind you, it's got to be really good!

GEORGE  
Not to worry, Hermione. We've got something that will outdue everything else we've done here combined.

FRED  
It's been too quiet around here anyway.

GEORGE  
Time we did some real damage to this place.

They lean close to each other and begin whispering together in excited voices.

HERMIONE

We'll also need to keep everyone away from her office.

Ginny brightens.

GINNY

We can do that! Me and Luna'll guard the hallway.

Harry smiles at them.

HERMIONE

We'll probably only manage five minutes or so.

HARRY

That's all we'll need.

Fred and George straighten.

FRED

Right. You've got ten minutes to get to Umbridge's office. And whatever you do, stay away from the Astronomy Tower for the next couple of hours.

GEORGE

Unless they spread, in which case, I'd get out of the castle for a while.

They leave.

Hermione turns to Harry.

HERMIONE

Break out your Invisibility Cloak, Harry.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - DAY

Ginny and Luna have taken up positions outside Umbridge's office at the ends of the hall on either side.

Suddenly, there is a BANG like a CANON has gone off, and the whole castle shakes. Dust drifts from the ceiling.

Umbridge stumbles from her office, looking up at the ceiling. Filch tears around the corner.

FILCH

Professor! It's those Weasley twins! They've set something off in the Astronomy Tower!

Umbridge smiles twistedly.

UMBRIDGE

Ready to try out the old punishments again?

FILCH

(grinning)

They've had this coming for a long time!

They depart around the corner. A second later, the door to Umbridge's office swings open and closed.

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Hermione drop the Invisibility cloak. Harry races to the fireplace, snatching up a handful of FLOO POWDER. He tosses it into the fire.

HARRY

Grimmauld Place!

The fire turns bright green. Harry sticks his head into the fire.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Harry's head appears in the kitchen. It is empty.

HARRY

Sirius! Are you here!

INT. ASTRONOMY TOWER - DAY

Umbridge and Filch race around the corner and stop dead. There is a DRAGON made of FIREWORKS sweeping through the hallway.

Umbridge draws her wand and tries to stop it. The spell EXPLODES harmless against the firework dragon, and it splits into a dozen dragons which fly down different corridors.

They break into a run after the closest one and vanish down a hallway.

Fred and George step out from behind a statue, laughing.

FRED  
That was worth it!

Filch steps back around the corner, grinning evilly.

FILCH  
I've got you now!

Fred and George break into a run. Filch follows, along with Umbridge.

INT. HOGWARTS HALLWAY - DAY

Fred and George run full out down this hallway. Draco and the Inquisitional Squad comes around the corner ahead. Fred and George peel around, returning the way they had come, but Filch and Umbridge block that way off.

The close in on the Weasley twins. Fred nods at George. George pulls a nasty-looking DEVICE from his pocket and drops it on the floor.

It explodes in a flash of LIGHT. Everyone covers their eyes. When it clears, there is a huge SWAMP in the middle of the hall and the Weasleys are standing well beyond Umbridge and the Squad.

FRED  
Thank you for playing, one and all.

GEORGE  
And now, we've got to go!

They turn and vanish down another hallway.

INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Harry continues to shout.

HARRY  
Sirius! Lupin? Hello?

KREACHER  
What's this? The Potter boy in the fire...

Kreacher comes into view of the fireplace.

HARRY  
Kreacher, where's Sirius?

KREACHER  
Master went out.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

Fred and George skid to a stop in the entry hall near the great doors leading outside.

From every direction, Inquisitional Squad members close in on them.

Behind them, students and teachers pour into the entry hall. Beaming, and not appearing the least bit afraid, Fred and George wave to people in the crowd.

UMBRIDGE  
So, turning a hallway into a swamp  
is funny, is it?

FRED  
Fairly amusing, yeah.

UMBRIDGE  
Well, now you're going to learn  
what happens to wrongdoers in my  
school.

Filch pulls out a long evil-looking BLACK WHIP, smiling.

FRED  
This was never your school!  
Hogwarts is Dumbledore's school!

There is a loud cheer from the students filling the hall.

Umbridge looks around, livid with rage.

UMBRIDGE  
Well, now you're going to get your  
punishments right here, in front of  
the whole school!

Fred snorts.

GEORGE  
You know, I don't think we are.

FRED  
George, I think we've outgrown full-time education. Wouldn't you agree?

GEORGE  
Completely, Fred.

FRED  
Time to enter the real world?

GEORGE  
Definitely.

Together they raise their wands.

FRED AND GEORGE  
Accio brooms!

ITN. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hermione shrieks as Fred and George's brooms rip themselves from the wall and fly out the door.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

The brooms speed to Fred and George. They leap on them.

Draco and some others from the Inquisitional Squad charge them.

Fred and George kick off from the ground and into the air. Fred glares at Umbridge.

FRED  
We won't be seeing you.

GEORGE  
Yeah, don't bother writing.

They wave their wands and the great doors open, revealing a BEAUTIFUL SUNSET over the Forbidden Forest.

FRED  
Be sure to visit us at our new premises on Diagon Alley!

And they dive on their brooms, sailing out the doors and into the beautiful sunset.



INT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - DAY

Harry glares at Kreacher.

HARRY  
You know where he is, don't you?

KREACHER  
Master does not tell Kreacher where  
he goes.

HARRY  
But you know.

Kreacher grins horribly.

KREACHER  
Master will never return from the  
Department of Mysteries!

Harry gapes. Kreacher cackles in his nasty way, and scampers from the room.

HERMIONE  
(v.o.)  
Harry!

A stubby hand appears in the fire over Harry's head and grabs his hair, yanking him back. Both head and hand vanish from the fireplace.

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Umbridge throws Harry to the floor.

UMBRIDGE  
You think you could simply walk  
into my office without me knowing  
about it? Foolish boy!

Harry looks around the room. Malfoy leans against a windowsill. Hermione, Ginny, Luna, Ron, and Neville are under guard by the Inquisitional Squad, their wands piled on the floor.

Umbridege draws her wand and waves it at Harry.

UMBRIDGE  
Accio wand!

Harry's wand flips from his pocket to Umbridge's hand.

UMBRIDGE

Who were you trying to contact?

HARRY

It's none of your business.

UMBRIDGE

Draco, would you fetch Professor  
Snape, please?

Draco leaves. Umbridge smiles sickeningly at Harry.

UMBRIDGE

Very well, Potter. I have been  
patient enough with you.

Draco returns with Snape.

SNAPE

You wished to see me?

UMBRIDGE

I have just caught Potter trying to  
communicate with someone in my  
fire. I need some Veritaserum.  
Truth syrum.

SNAPE

Well, it appears that I cannot help  
you. I have none.

He turns to leave. Harry looks at him desperately.

HARRY

He's got Padfoot at the place it's  
hidden!

UMBRIDGE

What? What does that mean?

SNAPE

Potter, if I want nonsense shouted  
at me, I shall inform you.

He sweeps from the office.

Umbridge is enraged.

UMBRIDGE

We've played nicely, Potter. You  
leave me no choice!

She draws her wand, moving menacingly at Harry.

UMBRIDGE

You could have saved me a lot of trouble if those Dementors I sent to your house had finished you off!

HARRY

You sent the Dementors?

UMBRIDGE

Of course I did! Someone had to act!

She points her wand at Harry's chest.

UMBRIDGE

CRUCIO!

Harry SCREAMS as the curse washes over him. He slumps to the ground, shaking wildly.

HERMIONE

No! Please, stop!

Umbridge looks pleased and turns to Hermione.

UMBRIDGE

Well, well.

HARRY

Hermione, no!

HERMIONE

We have to tell her, Harry...

HARRY

I would rather die!

UMBRIDGE

Shut up, Potter! Now talk, you silly girl! Who were you talking to?

HERMIONE

We were trying to find Professor Dumbledore. We had to tell him...

UMBRIDGE

Tell him?

HERMIONE

That it's ready. The weapon.

Umbridge's eyes are shining with eagerness. She smiles at Hermione.

UMBRIDGE

You and Mr. Potter will take me to it.

INT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DAY

Umbridge, Harry, and Hermione move through the forest.

UMBRIDGE

Much further, is it?

HERMIONE

Oh, yes. It's very well hidden.

They wander around for a while in silence. An ARROW lands in the ground next to them. They stop, as about fifty Centaurs emerge once again from the underbrush.

MAGORIAN

What are you doing in our forest?

UMBRIDGE

Your forest? This forest belongs to the Ministry of Magic!

The centaurs move closer.

UMBRIDGE

Stay back, you beasts!

There are HOWLS of rage from the ranks of Centaurs. Many nock and draw their bows.

UMBRIDGE

You cannot attack me! Any attack on a wizard by a half-breed--

HERMIONE

Don't call them that!

Magorian ROARS in anger.

MAGORIAN

You *dare* to insult us?

Umbridge points her wand at him, though it is shaking in her hands.

UMBRIDGE  
Come no closer!

Magorian rears up on his hind-legs and beats his chest.

UMBRIDGE  
Incarcerus!

Ropes fly from her wand and wrap themselves around Magorian. The Centaurs charge Umbridge.

Harry grabs Hermione and they leap behind a tree. They can still here Umbridge scream, as the centaurs surround her.

UMBRIDGE  
Ingrates! Animals! Filthy half-bloods!

There is BLAST like a GUNSHOT and Umbridge screams again.

Harry and Hermione are grabbed by two Centaurs.

CENTAUR  
What of these two?

CENTAUR #2  
They have been here with Hagrid. They have heard the warnings and disobeyed. They must suffer the consequences!

Several trees to their left are torn from the ground and tossed aside like twigs. There stands Grawp.

The centaurs stop dead in their tracks. Grawp ROARS.

INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Draco paces in front of Ron, Ginny, Luna, and Neville, smiling.

DRACO  
God, I can't wait until all you Weasleys have been expelled. Your stench has been fouling this castle for too long.

Ron glares at him.

RON  
Shut up, Malfoy!

Draco smiles and punches Ron in the gut. He doubles over.

DRACO  
That's for speaking to me. You  
know, you Weasleys are just as bad  
as Mudbloods!

Ron has fallen near the pile of wands on the floor. Draco ignores him and sneers at Ginny.

DRACO  
You know, Weasley, it's really too  
bad Potter saved you from the  
Chamber of Secrets.

Ginny struggles against Crabbe, who is restraining her.

Ron snatches up his wand.

RON  
Stupify!

Crabbe falls over. Ginny leaps at Draco, who is knocked to the ground. Luna calmly kicks her restrainer in the shins. Neville slips out of the strangle-hold he'd been in and snatches up his wand.

Goyle waves his wand, but Neville is faster.

NEVILLE  
Expelliarmus!

The wand flies away. Ginny rolls away from Draco, scooping up her wand. She waves it at him, and he's blasted backward into the wall. He slumps to the floor.

They exit the office.

INT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - DAY

There is silence as they all stare at Grawp.

GRAWP  
Haggar!

There is another silence. Grawp sees Harry and Hermione.

GRAWP  
Hermy! Where Haggar?

The centaurs raise their bows to point at the giant.

HERMIONE  
Grawp, help us!

Grawp ROARS again and BEATS his CHEST.

GRAWP  
Grawp save Hermy!

He reaches out for them. The centaurs LOOSE their ARROWS. They pepper Grawp across the face and chest. He roars in AGONY and begins stomping on the ground, as if trying to squash the centaurs, who scatter.

Harry grabs Hermione's hand and drags her away from the fight. As they depart, they hear Grawp one last time.

GRAWP  
(v.o.)  
GRAWP WANT HAGGAR!

Harry and Hermione reach the edge of the forest. They stop to catch their breath.

HARRY  
Great plan, Hermione.

HERMIONE  
I thought it worked out rather nicely.

HARRY  
What are we supposed to do now?

RON  
That's just what we were wondering.

Ron, Ginny, Luna, and Neville appear from around Hagrid's hut.

Harry and Hermione look surprised.

RON  
So, how do we get to the Ministry?

He tosses Harry and Hermione their wands.

HERMIONE  
I'd imagine we should fly.

HARRY  
We've got no brooms.

LUNA

There are other ways to fly.

She nods in the direction of the forest.

LUNA

I mean, they can fly, and they're very good at finding places you need to go.

Harry turns around and sees three THESTRALS watching them.

HARRY

What are those?

RON

What are what?

He looks right at them and doesn't see them.

HERMIONE

There's nothing there, Harry.

LUNA

Yes, there is. They're Thestrals. You can't see them unless you've seen someone die.

Neville is quiet. Finally, he looks up.

NEVILLE

I can see them too.

Harry claps his hands.

HARRY

All right, then. Get on one, and we'll be off.

RON

And what about those of us who *can't* see them?

Luna comes over to them.

LUNA

I'll show you.

INT. BRITAIN - NIGHT

The sun has set behind the mountains in the distance.



Harry and Ginny, Ron and Hermione, and Luna and Neville are each paired on one Thestral as they fly over the BRITISH LANDSCAPE towards LONDON.

The Thestrals dive. Hermione gives a SHRIEK of surprise as they swoop down closer to the lights of London.

INT. LONDON - NIGHT

They SOAR between buildings and finally set down in front of a TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Ron jumps off of the thestral shakily.

RON  
Never again...

GINNY  
What now, Harry?

Harry leads the way to the telephone booth. He opens the door and steps in. The rest cram inside with him.

INT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - NIGHT

The lift grinds to a halt and the doors swing open. Harry and the others step out to the receptionist area with the GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

The place is deathly quiet and completely deserted.

They fan out, wands at the ready. Harry waits a moment.

HARRY  
All right, come on.

They head past the fountain and up the steps into the Ministry of Magic.

INT. LIFT - NIGHT

This larger lift CLINKS downward slowly. Finally, it grinds to a halt.

FEMALE VOICE  
Department of Mysteries.

The doors open and Harry leads the others out. This department too is abandoned.

HARRY  
Where is everyone?

GINNY  
The Ministry closed a half-hour ago. I expect they all went home.

Harry nods grimly.

HARRY  
That's how Voldemort got in unnoticed.

They walk until they reach the hallway from Harry's dreams.

HARRY  
This is it. Come on.

They make their way down the long hall until they reach the door at the end of the hall. Only it does not glow.

Harry tries the handle. It swings open.

HARRY  
Stay close.

He steps into the next room.

INT. ROOM OF DOORS - NIGHT

This room is large and circular. It is filled with identical doors all the way around. It is illuminated by BLUE-FLAMED CANDLES.

After Neville enters the room, the door swings shut with an ECHOING BANG.

GINNY  
Now where?

Harry looks around, confused.

HARRY  
I don't understand. In my dream, the doors weren't identical.

HERMIONE  
Well, let's try a few.

Harry nods.

HARRY

Yeah. I'll know the way when I see it.

He goes to the first door he sees and opens the door.

He steps inside. The others follow.

INT. ROOM OF THE VEIL - NIGHT

Harry opens the door and enters. The rest follow.

The room is like an upside-down ZIGGURAT, with huge steps leading to the base of the pit. On the lowest level rests a dark, grey VEIL that flutters as if there were a breeze.

Soft whispers fill the room.

HARRY

Who's there?

He clambers down to the Veil and stares hard at it. The whispers INTENSIFY. Harry looks around the room.

HARRY

Sirius?

HERMIONE

There's no one here, Harry. This isn't the right room.

HARRY

Does anyone else hear that?

LUNA

I do. It's coming from the Veil.

They look at it. It flutters menacingly though there is no wind.

Harry moves closer to it, slowly.

HERMIONE

(quietly)  
Harry...

His eyes are locked on the veil. He walks closer.

LUNA

There are people in there!

RON  
What do you mean, people?

HERMIONE  
Harry, I think we should leave.

Harry reaches out his hand towards the veil.

Hermione comes up behind Harry and grabs his arm. He tries to pull away from her, eyes still locked on the veil.

The whispers have intensified into HARSH MOANS as Harry is only feet away from the veil.

HERMIONE  
Harry, we're here for Sirius,  
remember?

Harry stops. He blinks and drops his hand.

HARRY  
Sirius...yeah...

She gently leads him away from the Veil. The moans have returned to whispers once again, muttering angrily as they depart.

INT. ROOM OF DOORS - NIGHT

They return to the Room of Doors. Hermione draws a FLAMING X over the door they just closed.

Harry moves to the next one. It is locked. He raises his wand.

HARRY  
Alohomora!

It remains closed.

HARRY  
Whatever's in there, the Ministry  
sure doesn't want anyone getting to  
it.

He moves to the next door and opens it, stepping inside.

INT. CLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

They enter the CLOCK ROOM. Every surface is covered in clocks.

HARRY  
This is it! Come on!

They move through the clocks.

Harry leads them back to the end of the room, where another door lies.

HARRY  
This is it. This is where Sirius  
is!

He opens the door and charges through.

INT. HALL OF PROPHECY - NIGHT

Harry and the others spill into the HALL OF PROPHECY and stop. Harry glances around. They grip their wands tightly.

The room is GIGANTIC, being over fifty feet high and incredibly long. There are rows and rows of shelves.

On every shelf are dozens of dusty GOLDEN ORBS.

The room is LIT by more BLUE-FLAMED CANDLES.

HARRY  
He's in here somewhere.

He leads them down the center aisle, peering down each row. He turns down one row, leading them to the end. This end opens out into another wide aisle.

The row is empty. He looks around in confusion.

HERMIONE  
I don't think Sirius is here.

Ron stares at one of the orbs.

RON  
Harry, have you seen this?

Harry looks over his shoulder.

RON  
Er...it's got your name on it.

Sure enough, there was a golden orb resting on the shelf with the label "S.P.T. to A.P.W.B.D.: The Dark Lord and (?) Harry Potter."

Harry reaches out for it.

HARRY  
What's my name doing here?

HERMIONE  
Don't touch it, Harry!

Harry glares at her.

HARRY  
Why not?

NEVILLE  
Yeah, Harry, don't.

He looks at Neville, who is very pale.

HARRY  
It's got my name on it!

He takes it off the shelf and looks at it.

LUCIUS  
I warned you before that one day  
you would come to a sticky end,  
Potter.

LUCIUS MALFOY emerges from the shadows, cloaked all in black.  
Two dozen other Death Eaters emerge around him.

Harry and the others are surrounded and outnumbered.

HARRY  
Where's Sirius?

Lucius, and several other death eaters laugh.

LUCIUS  
We don't have him, if that's what  
you mean.

Harry is stunned.

HARRY  
You never did, did you? It was all  
just a trick.

LUCIUS  
The Dark Lord knows your weakness  
for heroics, Potter. All it took  
was a little nudge to get you here.

Lucius reaches out his hand, palm up.

LUCIUS  
Now give me that prophesy.

HARRY  
What prophesy?

Lucius points at the Golden orb.

LUCIUS  
That prophesy. Now hand it over or  
we'll have to use wands on you.

Harry raises his wand at the same time that Ginny, Neville, Hermione, Ron, and Luna raised theirs.

HARRY  
Go ahead.

Lucius regards him coldly.

LUCIUS  
Very brave of you, Potter. Or are  
you foolish?

HARRY  
Come and find out!

Lucius doesn't move.

LUCIUS  
Really, Potter. You expect to  
defeat all of us with your little  
school friends? Now hand it over,  
and they won't have to die here.

One of the Death Eaters moves forward, throwing back her hood. It is BELLATRIX LESTRANGE.

BELLATRIX  
I haven't escaped from Azkaban for  
this!

She raises her wand. Lucius forces her arm down.

LUCIUS  
No! If the prophesy is smashed--

He stops and turns back to Harry. But Bellatrix turns to several other Death Eaters.

BELLATRIX

Take the youngest girl. We'll see  
how committed Potter is as we  
torture her.

Ron, Hermione, Luna, and Neville close in around Ginny. Harry steps in front of Ginny, wand out and aimed at Bellatrix's chest. He holds the prophesy in his other hand.

HARRY

You even try to take her and I'll  
smash this thing.

He tosses the prophesy casually into the air and catches it again. Lucius starts in horror.

HARRY

So, what kind of prophesy are we  
talking about here?

BELLATRIX

Surely you jest, Potter?

HARRY

Not really. How come Voldemort  
wants it?

LUCIUS

You dare to speak the Dark Lord's  
name?

HARRY

Who, Voldemort? Oh, yeah, I dare.  
Voldemort, voldemort, Voldemort--

BELLATRIX

Silence! How dare you utter that  
name from your half-blood mouth!

HARRY

Hey, did you know Voldemort's a  
half-blood too?

Bella raises her wand to strike, but Malfoy stops her again.

LUCIUS

Control yourself, Bellatrix!

HARRY

What's so special about this  
prophesy anyway?

Bella shrieks with laughter.



LUCIUS

You mean Dumbledore never told you  
the reason you bear that scar was  
hidden here?

Harry looks as if slapped, he is so surprised.

HARRY

What?

Lucius and the Death Eaters laugh.

HARRY

(whispering)

When I give the signal, blast the  
shelves...

Hermione and Ron nod grimly.

LUCIUS

So that's what took you so long. We  
wondered.

HARRY

But why did he need me to take it?

LUCIUS

Only a person for whom the prophecy  
was made can remove it from its  
self, Potter, and the Dark Lord  
certainly couldn't get it himself.

Harry is angry.

HARRY

So he used me to do his dirty work,  
did he?

LUCIUS

Precisely, Potter.

HARRY

NOW!

No less than six wands fire into the shelves at once. The  
Death Eaters cover their faces as DEBRIS covers them.

HARRY

RUN!

Dust fills the air. Entire shelves fall CRASHING to the  
ground, raining glass shards and golden orbs. The students  
break and run for the door.

Malfoy grabs Harry by the shoulder. Hermione waves her wand at him.

HERMIONE

Stupify!

Malfoy is blasted backward. Harry and Hermione run after the others.

Spells explode around them.

LUCIUS

Stop them!

Harry is the last through the door.

INT. CLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Hermione slams the door shut and points her wand at it.

HERMIONE

Colloportus!

The door seals itself.

Harry looks around. Only Hermione and Neville are still with him.

HARRY

Where'd the rest go?

Hermione looks around.

HERMIONE

Harry, they went the wrong way!

They run after Ron, Ginny, and Luna. Just then, the door blasts off its hinges.

Harry, Hermione, and Neville dive underneath several desks.

Death Eaters enter the room, slowly moving between the clocks and desks.

DEATH EATER

They might have gone on to the hall.

BELLATRIX

Check under the desks.

Harry leaps out from under his desk.

HARRY

Stupify!

A JET of RED LIGHT hits one of the Death Eaters in the chest. He is knocked backward into the wall.

Hermione jumps from under her desk and runs for the exit. Bellatrix sees her and raises her wand.

BELLATRIX

Avada--

Neville emerges from beneath his desk.

NEVILLE

Expelliarmus!

Bella's wand flies from her fingers. Harry finishes her off.

HARRY

Stupify!

Bellatrix is STRUCK with the same red light and falls to the ground.

There is a YELL from the next room.

HARRY

Ron!

Two Death Eaters enter the room.

DEATH EATER

Impedimenta!

The spell blasts Harry, Hermione, and Neville backward. Neville flies over a desk. Hermione strikes a bookshelf and is nearly buried under the falling books, and Harry strikes the wall.

DEATH EATER

We've got him!

HERMIONE

Silenco! Stupify!

The death eater falls silent, and then to the ground.

Harry staggers to his feet, dazed.

HARRY

Pretificus Totalus!

The second Death Eater falls to the ground and cannot move. The mute Death Eater attacks Hermione, making a slashing movement with his wand.

Purple flame BLASTS from the wand and slashes Hermione across the chest. Her eyes go wide and she falls to the ground.

NEVILLE

Stupify!

The death eater falls over.

HARRY

Hermione!

He runs to her. She appears to be sleeping.

HARRY

Please don't be dead, please don't be dead...

He shakes her.

HARRY

Hermione, wake up...

Neville runs over.

NEVILLE

What's they do to her?

Harry shakes his head. Neville feels her wrist.

NEVILLE

She's alive, Harry. There's a pulse.

Harry sighs in relief.

HARRY

Can we carry her?

NEVILLE

I'll do it. You're better at fighting.

He hoists Hermione up on his back. They move on to the next room.

INT. ROOM OF DOORS - NIGHT

Harry, and Neville, still carrying Hermione, re-emerge into the circular room of doors. Hermione's X's have faded from the walls.

NEVILLE

Where do we go?

HARRY

I don't know...

A door opens and Luna and Ginny emerge, helping Ron walk between them.

HARRY

What happened.

GINNY

I think my ankle's broken. And somebody hit Ron with a weird spell...

Ron laughs strangely.

RON

Hiyya, Harry.  
(he giggles)  
You look funny....

He laughs again.

Ginny's legs give way, and both she and Ron fall to the ground.

Harry is at Ginny's side, looking concerned. She is breathing very hard.

LUNA

They hit her with something too.

Harry straightens.

HARRY

We need to get out of here. Luna,  
can you help Ginny?

Luna moves to her side.

Another door opens, and five death eaters emerge.

BELLATRIX

There they are!

Stunning spells rain all around them. The wounded group heads for the nearest door.

Luna is blasted off her feet by a stunning spell. She and Ginny TUMBLE to the floor. Harry has no choice but to keep running.

The next stunning spell hits Neville in the back. He falls to the ground, Hermione rolling away from him.

INT. ROOM OF THE VEIL - NIGHT

Harry and Ron stagger into the Room of the Veil. Just as they enter, Ron is hit and falls. Harry slips and tumbles down to the bottom of the chamber. He comes to rest by the DAIS of the Veil.

Doors all around him burst open and Death Eaters enter, climbing down to surround him--from a safe distance.

Harry staggers up onto the dais, his wand held weakly in his hand. Blood trickles out of his mouth and down his chin.

Malfoy shoves his way towards Harry.

LUCIUS

Your race is run, Potter. Hand it over.

Harry glances around frantically.

HARRY

Let my friends go and I will.

Bellatrix and several other Death Eaters drag his friends into the chamber.

LUCIUS

You are not in a position to negotiate.

Neville struggles against the Death Eater holding him.

NEVILLE

Don't do it, Harry! Don't!

HARRY

Stop, Neville!

Bellatrix looks at Neville.

BELLATRIX  
Neville? Neville Longbottom?

She laughs in glee.

BELLATRIX  
My dear boy, I paid your parents a visit a long time ago. We had such a time!

NEVILLE  
You put them in St. Mungos!

Bellatrix beams at him.

BELLATRIX  
So, Potter. Give us the Prophecy or I'll see how long it takes to crack Longbottom like his parents.

Harry is desperate.

NEVILLE  
Don't give it to them!

Bellatrix points her wand at him.

BELLATRIX  
Crucio!

Neville HOWLS in PAIN, curling up in a ball and SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

The doors at the top of the chamber EXPLODE off their hinges. Everything stops as Lupin, Sirius, Moody, Tonks, and Kingsley.

They BLAST spells at the Death Eaters. Malfoy moves to attack, but Tonks disarms him.

Harry leaps off of the DAIS, landing next to Neville.

HARRY  
Are you all right?

NEVILLE  
Yeah...

He and Harry begin making their way away from the fighting. A man grabs Harry from behind, his large, sweaty arm around Harry's throat.

DEATH EATER  
Give me the prophesy!

Neville leaps upon his back and hits him in the face. Harry elbows him in the ribs. The man falls away. As he falls, he strikes Harry's hand by accident.

The prophesy flies from his hand.

Malfoy sees it. He raises his wand. Sirius leaps into him. Both men fall the rest of the way to the lowest level of the room, landing hard.

The prophesy bounces off of a step, flips down to the next level and shatters against the stone.

A GHOSTLY version of Professor Trelawney appears over the shattered golden orb, speaks something which cannot be heard over the fight, and dissolves away.

Harry and Neville seem frozen, staring at the broken pieces of the orb.

Sirius gets to his feet and sprints to Harry and Neville.

SIRIUS  
Get out of here, you two!

He points at one of the doors.

SIRIUS  
That will take you back out of the  
Department of Mysteries.

Sirius makes to go back to the fight. Harry grabs his hand.

HARRY  
You come with us!

Sirius shakes his head.

SIRIUS  
You're the important one, now,  
Harry. I have to help the Order.

Slowly, Harry lets go of Sirius's robe sleeve. He looks into his Godfather's eyes.

SIRIUS  
I'll always be here for you, Harry.  
Now go!



He pushes Harry away from him towards the door. A spell rockets past Sirius's head.

Bellatrix leaps down in front of Sirius. She smiles. Sirius grins.

SIRIUS  
Hello, cousin!

He fires a spell at her. She dodges, leaping down to the Dais on which the Veil sits. Sirius leaps after. Their wands clash, blinding lights exploding from the tips.

Harry and Neville climb towards the door.

LUCIUS  
Potter!

They whirl around to find Lucius only feet away, holding his wand out at them.

LUCIUS  
We may have lost the prophesy, but  
I can still deliver you to the Dark  
Lord!

He waves his wand.

LUCIUS  
Stupify!

Harry raises his own.

HARRY  
Protego!

Malfoy's spell bounces away from Harry.

The door opens and Dumbledore, EYES BLAZING, enters, his wand at the ready.

NEVILLE  
It's Dumbledore!

Malfoy attempts to run, but Dumbledore snaps his wand out, and Malfoy is knocked over and dragged back.

Dumbledore moves past Harry and Neville, descending into what appears to be a war zone.

He reaches the fight before the Death Eaters even know he's there.

Dumbledore blasts two of them across the room before the rest notice. They break for the exits, but members of the Order are already there, stunning them.

Bellatrix fires a stunning spell. Sirius ducks under it, laughing.

SIRIUS

Is that the best you've got,  
cousin?

He doesn't even see it coming. He's barely finished his sentence when the second spell strikes him in the chest.

He is lifted up into the air, a look of shock upon his face.

Time seems to slow for Harry as he watches Sirius's descent.

And then Sirius falls into the Veil, his body simply falling behind it. He does not reappear on the other side.

Harry sprints for his Godfather, but he seems to move in slow motion.

HARRY

(screaming)  
Sirius!

He leaps down towards the Veil, abandoning everything. Tears are streaming down his face. His wand drifts from his grasp and clatters behind him.

He leaps to the lowest level and charges up to the DAIS. Lupin reaches out and grabs him, holding him fast.

HARRY

(screaming)  
Let me go!

He hits at Lupin, trying to break away from him.

LUPIN

Harry! HARRY!...he's gone...there's  
nothing you can do...

Harry hits him across the face, still struggling wildly.

HARRY

LIAR!

Things seem to slow down. All sound dies away for Harry. Spells flash and explode all around, bathing the room in strange colors, mixing with the light of the blue candles.

But Harry's legs simply give out and he slumps against Lupin, who is also weeping.

Harry clenches and unclenches his fists in agony, beating them weakly against Lupin's chest.

HARRY  
No...no...no....

Lupin bodily picks Harry up, still weeping, and carries him away from the Dais.

He lets go of Harry and turns to help Neville. Harry stands, dumbfounded beside him, still staring at the Veil.

Kingsley leaps up to duel with Bellatrix, but she blasts him aside.

Dumbledore turns and attempts to stop her, but she deflects the spell and leaps towards the door.

Harry watches her, and there is COLD FURY in his eyes.

Harry sprints after her. Lupin turns to see him leaping up after Bellatrix.

LUPIN  
Harry, no!

He flies through the door after her.

INT. ROOM OF DOORS - NIGHT

Harry enters just to see Bellatrix escape through a doorway. He charges after her.

EXT. MINISTRY OF MAGIC - NIGHT

Harry sprints down the steps leading out to the GOLDEN FOUNTAIN and the Telephone Lift. Bellatrix is nearly to it.

BELLATRIX  
You can't stop me, Potter!

HARRY  
I'LL KILL YOU!!

He brandishes his wand.

HARRY  
Stupify!

Bellatrix turns and deflects it. She fires back at him. Harry dives behind the fountain.

There is silence. Then, the slow footfalls of Bellatrix.

BELLATRIX  
Come out, come out, Potter...

Harry grows more angry by the second.

BELLATRIX  
Well, well, have you come to avenge  
your dear Godfather?

Harry leaps out from behind the fountain.

HARRY  
Crucio!

He hits her squarely in the chest. She SHRIEKS in pain and falls to the ground, but she rolls away from him to her feet almost immediately.

BELLATRIX  
Crucio!

Harry leaps behind the statue of the Centaur. Bellatrix's spell blasts the Centaur's head off. It clangs away into the darkness.

BELLATRIX  
Never used an Unforgivable Curse  
before, have you, Potter? You have  
to mean it, you have to want to  
cause the pain in your very soul...

She tries to outflank him, but he moves behind another statue.

BELLATRIX  
Give me the prophesy!

HARRY  
Can't. It got smashed by accident!

BELLATRIX  
You lie!

Harry laughs.

HARRY

How's Voldemort going to like that?  
You've failed him, and he's not  
very forgiving, is he?

Bellatrix lets out a shriek of horror.

BELLATRIX

Forgive me, Master! I tried, I--

Harry laughs again.

HARRY

He can't hear you from here, you  
know!

VOLDEMORT

Can't I, Potter?

Voldemort has appeared in the middle of the hall, his wand  
pointed at Harry.

VOLDEMORT

So, you smashed my prophesy...

Harry doesn't move, frozen into stillness by the horror.  
Voldemort sneers.

VOLDEMORT

I grow tired of you continually  
thwarting my plans, Harry Potter!

He snaps his wand down.

VOLDEMORT

Avada Kadavra!

Green light EXPLODES from his wand. Harry flinches, but the  
statue of the GOLDEN WIZARD leaps down from the fountain and  
takes the blast full in the chest. It explodes in a thousand  
shards of molten metal.

Voldemort whirls. Dumbledore stands at the doorway, looking  
ferocious, his BLUE EYES BLAZING.

DUMBLEDORE

You should not have come here  
tonight, Tom.

VOLDEMORT

It is you who made that mistake,  
Dumbledore!

He slashes with his wand.

VOLDEMORT  
Avada Kedavra!

Dumbledore VANISHES with a swirl of his cloak and reappears between Voldemort and Bellatrix.

She tries to run, but Dumbledore knocks her to the ground with a stunning spell, vanishing again just as another KILLING CURSE strikes the wall and explodes, shaking the hall.

He reappears close to Voldemort. Dumbledore raises his wand and strikes.

A BLINDING LIGHT issues forth from it, the POWER of it staggering. Voldemort conjures a GLOWING, TRANSLUCENT SHIELD around himself. Dumbledore's spell COLLIDES with it, filling the room completely with BLINDING LIGHT. The whole room shakes.

Harry staggers to the ground. Bits of dust and rock fall from the walls.

The light fades and Voldemort is unharmed.

VOLDEMORT  
You do not seek to kill me,  
Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE  
There are other ways to destroy a  
man, Tom.

VOLDEMORT  
There is nothing worse than death!

DUMBLEDORE  
You are quite wrong, Tom, as you  
have always been.

Voldemort fires another killing curse at Dumbledore. Fawkes the Phoenix swoops down from above and SWALLOWS the jet of green light, EXPLODING into flames and falling to the earth.

Dumbledore spins, sending a constant flow of BLINDING LIGHT BLASTING from his wand, the sheer POWER of it SHAKING the HALL. Voldemort raises his own wand, and the LIGHT separates around him. Dumbledore and Voldemort are SURROUNDED by the flow of LIGHT.

Dumbledore grits his teeth as a high wind BILLOWS his CLOAK around him. Voldemort glares at Dumbledore, EYES BLOOD-RED. His wand trembles in his hand, and Voldemort is slowly being forced backward by the power of the STREAM of LIGHT.

Fear flickers in Voldemort's eyes. He lets out a ROAR of frustration. A ring of GREEN FLAME surrounds him, and he vanishes in a TONGUE of RED-ORANGE FIRE.

Dumbledore's stream of LIGHT BLASTS into the wall and PUNCHES a HUGE, GAPING HOLE in the wall, shaking the whole Ministry.

Harry is lifted bodily into the air and tossed into the wall from the explosion.

There is a sharp CRACK of rock BREAKING, and half of the ceiling falls in. Dumbledore whips around his wand and Harry is pulled from under the falling rocks.

Voldemort reappears on the PILINTH where the statues had been.

HARRY

Look out!

He raised his wand, shouting a spell. The water in the pool below the statues instantly flow upward to surround Voldemort in a globe of water.

Voldemort vanishes from within the globe of water, and it crashes back down to the pool, spilling over onto the floor.

HARRY

Professor!

He stands up.

DUMBLEDORE

Stay where you are, Harry!

Dumbledore sounds frightened.

Then Harry SCREAMS. His scar simply SPLITS open and BLOOD SPIRITS from it. He shrieks in agony, the pain unbearable.

Harry speaks, but it is not his voice.

HARRY/VOLDEMORT

Kill me now, Dumbledore...do it, if death means nothing...

Green flames explode from all of the fireplaces around them, and people appear as they APPERATE. Cornelius Fudge arrives too.

Voldemort shrieks in pain, and he appears across the room. He snatches up the unconscious body of Bellatrix and DISSAPARATES in a blast of GREEN FIRE.

Harry slumps to the ground. His eyes are closed, his face peaceful. Blood flows from his scar across his face to the ground.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry!

He runs to Harry's side and touches his skin. He closes his eyes and whispers a spell. Harry's eyes snap open.

DUMBLEDORE

Are you all right, Harry?

Harry nods, dazed.

PERCY

Minister, I saw him! You-Know-Who!  
He was right there!

Fudge is standing in the middle of the room, a dazed look also on his face.

FUDGE

I know...I saw him too...

Dumbledore stands. Half the room gasps and draws back. Fudge seems to notice him for the first time.

DUMBLEDORE

If you and your men will proceed to the Death Room, you will find several Death Eaters which I and some others have apprehended.

Fudge points at Dumbledore.

FUDGE

Seize him!

Dumbledore stands to his full height, his eyes BLAZING with ANGER.



DUMBLEDORE

Minister, you have just seen You-Know-Who in the flesh only seconds ago! It is time to come to your senses!

Fudge looks cowed.

DUMBLEDORE

If you insist on trying to arrest me, I am perfectly willing demonstrate how useless such an attempt will be.

No one looks remotely interested in trying to arrest Dumbledore.

FUDGE

Dumbledore, what the blazes happened here?

Dumbledore smiles, and walks back over to Harry, lifting him to his feet.

DUMBLEDORE

I will explain everything, Minister. Just as soon as I return Harry to school.

Fudge (and half the crowd) turns to see Harry for the first time.

FUDGE

What's *he* doing here? And what's happened to him?

Dumbledore taps his wand against Harry's scar and the bleeding stops.

He turns to the Minister of Magic.

DUMBLEDORE

Minister, you will order the removal of Dolores Umbridge from my school.

(pause)

Also, she will probably need medical attention, having had a violent encounter with some Centaurs earlier this evening.

(pause)

(MORE)

DUMBLEDORE (cont'd)  
 All Educational Decrees will be nullified and you will call off the search on Hagrid so he can return to work.

Fudge is sputtering incomprehensibly.

DUMBLEDORE  
 I will return here later tonight, after I have seen to Harry. It should not take long.

He taps the Golden centaur head.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Portus.

He motions Harry over.

FUDGE  
 Dumbledore, I want some answers!

DUMBLEDORE  
 The Second War has begun, Minister.

Harry takes the head with Dumbledore, and they vanish from the Ministry of Magic.

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry and Dumbledore reappear in his office. There are shouts of welcome from the portraits.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Thank you...

He takes a small baby Phoenix from his pocket and places it on Fawkes' stand.

Dumbledore's desk has been repaired, and the Pensive rests upon it.

DUMBLEDORE  
 Please sit, Harry.

Harry is staring at him, bitterness and sorrow evident on his face.

DUMBLEDORE  
 I understand how you feel, Harry--

HARRY  
 No you don't!

Dumbledore looks hard at him.

DUMBLEDORE

You forget that Sirius was my friend too. You are not the only person on this earth capable of feelings, Harry.

Harry nearly snarls at him.

DUMBLEDORE

There is no shame in feeling pain, Harry. It is your greatest strength...

HARRY

You don't have a clue! You can't possibly know!

DUMBLEDORE

What can't I know?

Harry grabs an instrument from one of the tables and throws it across the room.

DUMBLEDORE

This pain is part of being human, Harry...

HARRY

(screaming)

Then I don't want to be human!

He kicks at a table, and the leg breaks, sending the whole thing crashing to the ground.

HARRY

I don't care! I don't care!

He begins to silently weep, tears pouring down his face. He throws over another table and falls to his knees.

DUMBLEDORE

You do care. You care so much you feel like you will bleed to death because of it.

Harry gets to his feet.

Harry turns and moves to the door. He yanks on the handle. The door will not open. He looks at Dumbledore.

HARRY

Let me out.

DUMBLEDORE

No.

Harry draws his wand, looking furious.

HARRY

You can't keep me in here!

DUMBLEDORE

I daresay I can. And if you actually do attack me with that wand, Harry, I'm afraid to say you will regret it.

Harry is silent, breathing hard and glaring at Dumbledore. The Headmaster indicates the chair in front of his desk.

Harry finally sits, looking sulky.

DUMBLEDORE

It is my fault Sirius died tonight.

(pause)

I have kept things from you, Harry. Things that I should not have concealed. You had a right to know, but I put off telling you.

Dumbledore sighs, sadly, and suddenly he seems very old.

DUMBLEDORE

Had I told you that Voldemort might try to lure you down to the Department of Mysteries you would never have gone there tonight. Sirius would never have gone after you.

(pause)

That fault lies with me. I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me one day.

Harry stares angrily out the window.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry, I owe you this explanation, to show you the failings of an old man.

Harry continues staring out the window.

DUMBLEDORE

Our explanation begins with your scar. You already know that it is a connection between you and Voldemort, and that this connection goes both ways.

(pause)

I grew worried that Voldemort would at some point discover this connection, which he did the night Mr. Weasley was attacked.

HARRY

I already know all this.

DUMBLEDORE

Haven't you wondered why I haven't spoken to you, even looked at you, for months?

HARRY

Well, yeah, I did...

DUMBLEDORE

I was worried that if Voldemort discovered there was a closer relationship between us than simply between teacher and student he would use you to spy on the Order. Another mistake.

(pause)

Voldemort showed us both tonight that his aim in possessing you would not be to destroy me, but to destroy you.

Harry looks at his shoes.

DUMBLEDORE

Sirius told me you believed there was a snake inside of you. This was Voldemort attempting to manipulate you. To protect you from this, I had you study Occlumency.

HARRY

But Snape stopped giving me lessons.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. I thought he could overcome his feelings towards your father, but I was wrong. Some wounds cut too deep to be healed.

HARRY

He barely taught me, though. I always felt more open to it after the lessons. Like he was trying to open me to Voldemort--

DUMBLEDORE

I would trust Severus Snape with my life, Harry. You have never recovered from your mistrust of him in your first year.

HARRY

Sirius didn't trust him. Didn't believe he'd really turned to our side...

DUMBLEDORE

Again, some wounds run too deep to be healed, Harry. Severus and Sirius never liked each other at school. This has never changed.

Harry glares at the carpet.

DUMBLEDORE

During your Occlumency lessons, Professor Snape discovered that you were dreaming about the door in the Department of Mysteries.

HARRY

I've been dreaming about that all year, before Voldemort discovered the connection.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. Voldemort has been obsessed with hearing that prophesy since he returned. Because of your scar, what he was obsessed with, you were obsessed with, in the form of dreams.

(pause)

(MORE)

DUMBLEDORE (cont'd)  
Once he discovered the connection,  
Voldemort had little difficulty in  
manipulating you into thinking he  
had captured Sirius.

HARRY  
But I checked Grimmauld Place!  
Kreacher said--

DUMBLEDORE  
Kreacher lied. He wanted you to go  
to the Department of Mysteries.

HARRY  
Why?

DUMBLEDORE  
Kreacher has been serving two  
masters for some months now.

HARRY  
What?

DUMBLEDORE  
It appears that when Sirius told  
him to get out, Kreacher thought he  
meant out of the house. So he went  
to the Black's closest relatives,  
the Malfoys.

(pause)

Obviously, they questioned him.  
Sirius had forbidden him from  
giving up important secrets. But  
Sirius had neglected to mention his  
relationship with you.

(pause)

He told them how you saw him as a  
mixture of father and brother, and  
that you would move heaven and  
earth to save Sirius.

(pause)

Voldemort knew that making you  
believe he had Sirius in the  
Department of Mysteries would force  
you there.

HARRY  
Wait, where was Sirius when I tried  
to contact him?

DUMBLEDORE  
Ah. Apparently Kreacher had injured  
Buckbeak to distract him in case  
you tried to contact Headquarters.

(MORE)

DUMBLEDORE (cont'd)  
Sirius was tending to the wounds  
when you called.

HARRY  
And Hermione said we should be nice  
to Kreacher!

DUMBLEDORE  
She was quite right, Harry.  
Kreacher is what wizards have made  
him. He is to be pitied, not hated.

HARRY  
Sirius hated him.

DUMBLEDORE  
He didn't hate Kreacher himself.  
Kreacher was a reminder to Sirius  
of the home he had always hated.

HARRY  
Yeah, he really hated that place.  
And you kept him locked up in  
there!

DUMBLEDORE  
I was trying to save his life!

Dumbledore buries his head in his hands. Harry is  
dumbfounded.

The Headmaster looks up finally.

DUMBLEDORE  
It is time to tell you what I  
should have five years ago. No  
doubt you have wondered why it was  
that I sent you there and not to a  
wizarding family?

(pause)

I did it for your protection. You  
were in more danger than anyone  
realized. Voldemort was defeated,  
but his servants were everywhere.

Harry is silent.

DUMBLEDORE  
I also knew that Voldemort would  
return one day. I played to his  
weakness. There is an ancient magic  
which Voldemort has always  
underestimated.

(pause)

(MORE)



DUMBLEDORE (cont'd)

This magic is what your mother gave you when she died. That protection would only work, however, if you were cared for by a blood relative. Your Aunt, Petunia.

HARRY

She never loved me.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps not. But she took you in, however grudgingly. As long as you can call your Aunt's house your home, you are protected.

Harry looks away.

DUMBLEDORE

And now we come to the moment of terrible truth, the moment I have dreaded for fifteen years. The moment when I must lay another burden atop your already straining shoulders.

Harry stares into his blue eyes.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you remember your first year here? When you lay in the hospital wing fresh from your confrontation with Voldemort?

Harry nods.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you remember what you asked me that night?

HARRY

I asked you why Voldemort tried to kill me.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. I decided not to tell you then. After all, eleven was too young for such burdens. The same went for twelve. But I was running out of excuses by thirteen and fourteen. Do you see the flaw in my plan yet?

Harry shakes his head.

DUMBLEDORE

I cared about you too much. I became more concerned with your happiness and well-being than with the truth and the lives it could save. That was my greatest mistake. It was exactly what Voldemort expects from us fools who love.

(pause)

But I could not bear to tell you. I have watched you pass through greater trials than any other student in the history of this school, and I could not bear to add another one, the greatest one of all.

He looks at Harry, sympathy and regret etched on his face.

DUMBLEDORE

You have no idea the pain it causes me to tell it to you, even now. But unfortunately, I must.

HARRY

I don't understand, Professor.

Dumbledore sighs again.

DUMBLEDORE

The reason Voldemort tried to kill you is because of a prophesy made just before your birth. By attempting to kill you, he believed he was fulfilling the terms of the prophesy. Voldemort's mistake was that he had not heard the entire prophesy.

(pause)

That is the weapon we have been guarding, and which he has been so desperately seeking: the knowledge of how to destroy you.

Harry sighs this time. He looks at the floor.

HARRY

Professor, why am I so important to him?

Harry hangs his head.

DUMBLEDORE

An excellent question, Harry. The answer lies in the prophesy.

HARRY

Sir, it got smashed.

DUMBLEDORE

That was not the only place the Prophecy is preserved.

Dumbledore raises his wand to his temple and extracts a memory, placing it in the pensive. He waves his wand over it.

The ghostly image of Professor Trelawney rises from the bowl.

TRELAWNEY

"The One with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches....Born to those who have thrise defied him, born as the Seventh Month dies...and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have a power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives....The One with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the Seventh Month dies..."

The image of Trelawney fades.

Harry looks staggered.

HARRY

I'm not sure I understand all that, sir...

DUMBLEDORE

It means that the only person with a chance of defeating Voldemort was born at the end of July to parents who had resisted him three times before.

HARRY

And...it means me?

DUMBLEDORE

Interestingly, there were two boys whom the prophesy could have been referring to. You and Neville Longbottom.

HARRY

So it's not necessarily me, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

You forget the next qualification of the prophesy. The Dark Lord will mark this boy as his equal.

(pause)

In giving you that scar, Voldemort did so. I'm afraid that the prophesy is most certainly referring to you.

HARRY

What if he chose wrong?

DUMBLEDORE

He chose the child he believed to be the more dangerous. He chose the "half-blood" wizard because he saw some of himself in you.

(pause)

He tried to kill you and instead gave you the power and the future to destroy him.

HARRY

Why didn't he wait? Why attack when we were babies?

DUMBLEDORE

Voldemort had an informant listening to my meeting with Professor Trelawney. Fortunately he was discovered before he could hear the entire prophesy. Voldemort had to act immediately, he didn't know the rest of the prophesy. All he knew was that he had to destroy the child who would grow to be a threat to his power.

HARRY

But I don't have any special powers.

Dumbledore is silent for a moment.

DUMBLEDORE

There is a room in the Department of Mysteries which is kept locked at all times. It contains a force so wonderful and yet terrible that it is greater than death itself. It is that power which you have incredible amounts of and of which Voldemort has none.

HARRY

What is it, sir?

DUMBLEDORE

This power drove you to save Sirius tonight. It kept Voldemort from possessing you, he cannot bear to touch it.

(pause)

In the end, it was your heart and not your head that saved you.

Harry looks away.

DUMBLEDORE

There is only the end of the prophecy which we haven't addressed. It states "neither can live while the other survives."

Harry slowly looks up at Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

It is the final burden which I must place on you, Harry.

HARRY

One of us has to kill the other...in the end.

Dumbledore nods, and there are tears misting his eyes.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes.

They sit quietly together. Dumbledore softly wipes a tear from his cheek.

EXT. GREAT LAKE - DAY

Harry sits by himself on a boulder by the side of the lake. He watches the sunset.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
Hello, Harry.

Harry turns to see NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK, a GHOST, standing beside him.

HARRY  
Hey, Nick.

Nick looks uncomfortable.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
I--Well, Madam Pomfrey asked me to tell you that Hermione and Ron are out of the hospital wing.

HARRY  
Oh. Thanks.

He stands and they begin to walk back to the castle together.

HARRY  
Nick, I was wondering about something?

Nick looks even more uncomfortable now.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
I've been expecting this...

HARRY  
Expecting what?

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
A lot of people come to me when they've lost loved ones.

HARRY  
I expect so...

There is a silence.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
He's not coming back, Harry.

There is another silence.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK  
Few wizards choose the path I have chosen.

HARRY  
Why?

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK

I am neither here nor there, Harry.  
Trapped between two worlds. That  
does not appeal to most.

(pause)

I know nothing of the secrets of  
death, Harry. I was afraid of it. I  
preferred to survive as a feeble  
imitation of life than face the  
vast unknown.

(pause)

I often wonder if that was a wise  
decision.

They approach the great doors leading to the entry hall.

Nick looks at Harry.

NEARLY-HEADLESS NICK

I'm sorry I couldn't be of more  
help, Harry. Truly I am.

Nick vanishes through the wall into the castle. Harry steps  
through the doors into the entry hall.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

Harry enters.

HERMIONE

Harry!

He turns to see Hermione and Ron racing down the steps  
towards him.

Hermione throws herself into Harry's arms in a huge bear hug.

HARRY

How are you?

RON

Good as new, mate.

Hermione pulls herself away from Harry and looks at him  
closely.

HERMIONE

(quietly)

How are *you* doing, Harry?

Harry pauses for a long moment, thinking.

HARRY

Better.

HERMIONE

Come on, let's go in to the feast.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

You two go on. I want to be alone  
for a while.

Hermione nods. They turn away and begin to walk into the great hall.

HARRY

I've got something to tell you.  
Something important.

They stop and look at him again.

HARRY

But not right now. I'm not ready.

HERMIONE

Take your time, Harry. We'll be  
here when you are.

She smiles at him. Ron and Hermione disappear into the great hall.

Luna comes down the stairs carrying a stack of papers. She goes up to the NOTICE BOARD and attaches one of the papers to it.

She turns and sees Harry.

LUNA

Hello, Harry.

He walks up to her.

LUNA

It's the last night and I need to  
pack.

HARRY

Then why are you putting up signs?

LUNA

Oh, people take my things and hide  
them.

(MORE)



LUNA (cont'd)  
I don't think they like me much.  
Some of them call me "Loony"  
Lovegood.

Harry looks at her in pity.

HARRY  
Do you need any help looking?

LUNA  
Oh no. It all turns up in the end.

She looks at him serenely.

LUNA  
Sirius Black. Hermione said he was  
your Godfather.

HARRY  
Yeah.  
(pause)  
Have you ever...you know...

LUNA  
My mother. I was nine.

HARRY  
I'm sorry.

LUNA  
It's okay. It's not like I'll never  
see her again.

HARRY  
Isn't it?

LUNA  
Don't tell me you didn't hear them.  
The voices beyond the Veil?

Harry looks startled.

LUNA  
They were just out of sight, that's  
all.

HARRY  
You mean we'll see them again?

LUNA  
Of course.  
(pause)  
Things always work out, in the end.

She smiles at him. Then she heads back up the stairs and into the feast.

Harry is left alone in the entry hall. He turns and looks into the glorious sunset.

For the first time in a long time, Harry smiles too.

FADE OUT