

First, ADVANCE GUARD

14A-2 HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - SCENE CONTINUES

Harry's eyes fly open. The SOUND of a sudden WIND; a muffled CLATTER comes from downstairs.

Harry silently reaches for his wand...an ominous HUMMING SOUND is coming up the stairs. As Harry cautiously approaches the door PINK LIGHT stabs through the keyhole--

The lock CLICKS. Harry jumps back just in time as the door BLOWS OPEN, knocking him off his feet. He scrambles for his wand, turns on his elbows--

A striking TABLEAU of WINDBLOWN, backlit figures stand in the doorway...and then an O.S. CRASH breaks the spell.

TONKS(O.S.)

Watch that, dangerous bit of carpet there...

The WIND dies as SILHOUETTES sag wearily.

MADEYE MOODY

Tonks--for God's sake...

A SILHOUETTE with a punk haircut trips into frame--

TONKS

Very clean, these Muggles. Bit unnatural...

--and completes the tableau. As she peers into the room the tip of her wand IGNITES, revealing a young WITCH with twinkling eyes and SHOCKING PINK HAIR.

TONKS

Oh, this is better...

Harry peers at another silhouette swigging from a flask...

HARRY

Professor Moody? What are you doing here?

Moody steps into the light as he wipes his mouth.

MADEYE MOODY

Rescuing you, of course.

14A INT. STAIRWELL - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT

Tonks, Moody, KINGSLEY SHACKLEBOLT, ELPHIAS DOGE, and EMMELINE VANCE push Harry before them as they trundle down the stairs, carrying Harry's things.

HARRY

But where are we going? If I've been expelled from Hogwarts--

MADEYE MOODY

You haven't been--not yet, anyway. Kingsley you take the point.

HARRY

But--the letter said--

SHACKLEBOLT(passing Harry)

Dumbledore's persuaded the Minister to suspend your expulsion--

Before Harry can respond Moody shoves him through the front door--

15 EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

--and then onto the lawn.

SHACKLEBOLT

--pending a formal hearing.

HARRY

A hearing--?

TONKS

Don't worry, Harry. We'll explain everything when we get back to Headquarters--

MADEYE MOODY

Shhh! Not here, Nymphadora.

Tonks goes rigid--her HAIR MAGICALLY turning an angry RED, as she fixes Moody with a deadly look.

TONKS

Don't. Call me. Nymphadora.

MADEYE MOODY(mounting his broom)

Stay in formation everyone. Don't break ranks if one of us is killed.

TONKS

Stop being so cheerful, Madeye--he'll think we're not taking this seriously...

She WINKS at Harry, nonplussed--

16 EXT. SKY/PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT

The toy houses fall away beneath us. Harry is euphoric as the group soars through a star-strewn sky. Moody nods to Shacklebole and they switch into OVERDRIVE, bank toward the glittering sprawl of London.

17 OMITTED

17A EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - NIGHT [DUSK FOR NIGHT]

The formation drops low to the river. Hurtling inches above the surface they whiz beneath the city's bridges, swerving around barges and speeding past TOURIST BOATS.

ON THE SOUTH BANK a group of SKATEBOARDERS practice stunts; on the river beyond we see only the parallel WAKES of the guards' broomsticks.

18 EXT. GRIMMAULD PLACE - NIGHT

A GARBAGE TRUCK is making late rounds, as it passes it REVEALS Harry and the others crossing a shabby square.

GRIMMAULD PLACE

GEORGE

Thought we heard your dulcet tones.

FRED

Don't bottle up your anger, Harry; let it out!

GEORGE

Anyway if you're all done shouting--

FRED

--want to hear something really interesting...?

21A EXT. CORRIDOR - GRIMMAULD PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting has just ended. WIZARDS and WITCHES murmur in troubled tones as they exit the Parlor. Just above the door we FIND a floating DISEMBODIED EAR...it CUPS IN, listening to the shadowy figures still inside...

SIRIUS(O.S.)

...if it wasn't for Harry we wouldn't even know Voldemort was back! He isn't a child, Molly!

MRS WEASLEY(O.S.)

...Well he's not an adult either! He's not James, Sirius.

We rapidly ASCEND the Ear's flesh-colored cord to the landing above--where the twins and the trio are gathered tightly around the other EAR. GINNY WEASLEY silently joins them, mouths "hi" to Harry.

SIRIUS(O.S.)

Well he isn't your son!

MRS WEASLEY(O.S.)

He's as good as! Who else has he got?

SIRIUS(O.S.)

He's got me!

Harry flushes with gratitude; Hermione smiles.

SNAPE(O.S.)

How touchingly paternal, Black. Perhaps Potter will grow up to be a felon, just like his Godfather.

SIRIUS(O.S.)

You stay out of this, Snivellus--

HARRY

Snape's part of the Order?

RON(nods, grim)

Git.

THE HEARING

They arrive at a large iron door. Harry starts in...but pauses as he sees Mr. Weasley isn't coming with him.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Not allowed in, I'm afraid. Good luck, Harry.

Harry frowns...takes a deep breath...and enters the lion's den. We FOLLOW HIM in...

35 INT. TRIAL CHAMBER - DAY

As Harry enters a court of FIFTY WIZARDS peer down at him with varying degrees of hostility and curiosity. As he approaches the chair at the center, Fudge takes his place in the front. The chamber's

four giant FLAMES gutter, and the crowd settles.

FUDGE

Disciplinary hearing of the twelfth of August into offenses committed by Harry James Potter resident at number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

On Fudge's left sits AMELIA BONES, peering curiously at Harry through her monocle. On his right sits a broad-faced WITCH dressed in pink. PERCY WEASLEY is in the row behind, taking notes.

FUDGE

Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister--

DUMBLEDORE(O.S.)

--Witness for the defense--

All heads turn as ALBUS DUMBLEDORE strides serenely across the courtroom.

DUMBLEDORE

--Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

Harry lights up in relief but Dumbledore avoids his gaze.

FUDGE

Er. You got our message that the time and place of the hearing had been changed, did you?

DUMBLEDORE

I must have missed it. But due to a lucky mistake I arrived at the Ministry three hours early.

(helpfully)

The charges?

FUDGE(a baleful beat, then:)

The charges against the accused are as follows: That he did knowingly and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions produce a Patronus Charm in the presence of a Muggle.

(fiercely at Harry)

Do you deny producing said Patronus?

HARRY

No, but--

FUDGE

Do you deny it was in the presence of a Muggle, one Dursley Dudley?

(Percy leans down, whispers to him)

Dudley Dursley?

HARRY

No, but--

FUDGE

--and you were aware you are forbidden to use magic outside school while under the age of seventeen?

HARRY

Yes, but--

FUDGE(broadly)

Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot--

HARRY

I only did it because of the Dementors!

A HUSH falls over the room. AMELIA BONES peers at Harry over her monocle.

AMELIA BONES

Dementors? In Little Whinging?

FUDGE

Clever. Muggles can't see Dementors. Highly convenient.

HARRY

I'm not lying! There were two of them, and if I hadn't--

FUDGE

Enough! I'm sorry to interrupt what I'm sure would have been a very well-rehearsed story, but as you can produce no witnesses--

DUMBLEDORE

Pardon me, Minister, but as it happen...we can.

ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Figg--in her Sunday best but still wearing carpet slippers--looks nervously up at the court.

AMELIA BONES

Please describe the attack. What did they look like?

MRS. FIGG

Well...one was very large, and the other rather skinny--

FUDGE

Not the boys, the Dementors.

MRS. FIGG

Oh. Right... Big...cloaked...

(shivers)

...then everything went cold...as though all the happiness had gone from the world...

Her voice trembles and dies. Amelia Bones raises an eyebrow at Fudge.

FUDGE

Now look here! Dementors don't just wander into a Muggle suburb and happen across a wizard. The odds are astronomical--!

DUMBLEDORE

Oh, I don't think any of us believe the Dementors were there by coincidence, Minister.

The crowd MURMURS.

UMBRIDGE(O.S.)

Hem hem...

FUDGE

The chair recognizes Senior Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge.

The pink-dressed WITCH leans forward. She wears a black velvet bow and speaks in a fluttery, girlish voice: meet DOLORES UMBRIDGE.

UMBRIDGE

I'm sure I must have misunderstood you, Professor. Dementors are, after all, under the control of the Ministry of Magic. So silly of me, but it sounded for a moment as though you were suggesting that the Ministry had ordered the attack on this boy!

She laughs a chilling, silvery laugh.

DUMBLEDORE

That would be disturbing indeed, Madame Undersecretary...which is why I'm confident the Ministry will be making a full inquiry into why two Dementors were so very far from Azkaban, and why they attacked without authorization.

(turning to Fudge)

Of course...there is another who might have been behind the attack.

Fudge goes rigid. Dumbledore steps forward in a private appeal.

DUMBLEDORE

Cornelius...I implore you to listen to reason. The evidence that the Dark Lord has returned is

incontravert--

FUDGE

HE'S. NOT. BACK!

Silence! Fudge is quivering with rage; even Percy is taken aback. Dumbledore sighs deeply...then quietly addresses the Panel.

DUMBLEDORE

In the matter of Harry Potter: the law plainly states that magic may be used before Muggles in life-threatening situations.

FUDGE

Laws can be changed, Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

Clearly--if it has become practice to hold a full criminal trial to deal with a simple matter of underage magic.

Some of the wizards shift uncomfortably in their seats.

AMELIA BONES

Those in favor of clearing the witness of all charges?

Harry holds his breath. Hands slowly rise, a few at first, then more, until most of the court is included.

AMELIA BONES

Those in favor of conviction?

Fudge and half a dozen others raise their hands, including Percy and Umbridge. Fudge's eyes narrow in impotent fury.

FUDGE

Cleared of all charges.

As the assembled adjourn Harry turns gratefully to Dumbledore--but the Headmaster is already sweeping away, leaving Harry staring uncomprehendingly after him.

With a shiver of apprehension, Harry turns to find one motionless face in the risers, silently appraising him...

Dolores Umbridge smiles a honeyed smile.

SIRIUS (KING'S CROSS)

35A EXT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

Moody takes paranoid point as Shacklebolt and Tonks flank Harry; Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred, George and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley are just ahead. CRANE UP as the group navigates the clattering chaos of PARENTS and STUDENTS...

Harry frowns as he hears the SOUND of TROTting PAWS...looks down...where a large, rather mangy BLACK DOG walks in lockstep beside him. Suddenly Moody is there; furiously grabs the Dog by the scruff of the neck--

MADEYE MOODY

Are you barking mad? You'll blow the entire operation--!

The Dog GROWLS, pulls free of Moody's grip and slinks guiltily to an empty area of the platform. As Harry hurries after him into a WAITING ROOM we see through its OPAQUE GLASS the DOG TRANSFORM; his black fur becomes a shabby black overcoat cloaked around--

HARRY

Sirius! What are you doing here?! If somebody sees you--

SIRIUS(grinning)

Had to see you off, didn't I? Anyway what's life without a little risk?

HARRY

I just don't want to see you chucked back in Azkaban!

SIRIUS

Being trapped in that house day and night is almost as bad. Worst part about being a fugitive is how bloody boring it is...

(softening)

I take it back. The worst part is people believing everything they read in the papers...

(Harry smiles gratefully)

Anyway. I wanted you to have this.

Sirius produces a tattered WIZARDING PHOTOGRAPH. In it a small CROWD OF WIZARDS wave and lift their glasses. Dumbledore is at center.

SIRIUS

Original Order of the Phoenix.

HARRY

You all look so young.

SIRIUS

We were.

(pointing)

Marlene McKinnon; she was killed two weeks after this was taken; Voldemort wiped out her entire family... Frank and Alice Longbottom...

HARRY

Neville's parents...

SIRIUS

A fate worse than death, you aske me...

FRANK and ALICE LONGBOTTOM smile happily out at us. Harry frowns...and then his breath caught as he spots JAMES and LILY POTTER. James has his arm around Sirius, who wears short hair and an innocent grin.

SIRIUS

It's been fourteen years...and still a day doesn't go by I don't miss your dad.

HARRY

I wish I could have known him...

Harry gazes at his father...then looks through the doorway at the sea of happy STUDENTS boarding the train, kissing PARENTS...all blissfully unaware.

HARRY

Sirius...Do you really think there's going to be a war?

Sirius looks at his Godson, torn between his impulse to console and his desire to be honest...

SIRIUS

It feels like it did before. Like the calm before a storm.

Harry shivers. Hands the photo back to Sirius--

SIRIUS

You keep it. Anyway, I suppose you're the young ones now...

Harry takes this in, chilled. He looks down at the photo. Innocent smiles from happier days. SOUND
UPCUT: A TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS--

ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

STEAM BILLOWS from the Hogwarts Express. It begins to move.

As Harry hurries to step onboard something catches his eye down the deserted platform... Time seems to slow; the air shimmers with dreamlike hyperclarity...

VOLDEMORT stands at the end of the platform. Looking straight at Harry. His head slowly tilts--

35B INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - DUSK

Harry's head leans against the window, asleep. As his eyes fly open his head tilts erect, mirroring Voldemort's move. Harry shivers, looks out the rain-spattered window--

35C EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - MOVING - SAME TIME - DUSK

Harry's troubled face dwindles from view as we PULL UP and AWAY...to reveal a global view of the wild countryside, the glinting towers of HOGWARTS CASTLE tiny on the horizon. We sense the curvature of the earth as the last rays of daylight slip away...

AFTER DETENTION WITH DOLORES

UMBRIDGE

That's right. Because deep down, you know you deserve to be punished. Don't you, Mr. Potter...

Harry stares as a disturbing, strangely intimate moment passes between them. Umbridge nods for him to continue.

Harry begins to write, wincing in pain as the bloody letters glisten on the parchment...

48 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

A WIZARD'S WIRELESS blares the latest hit from Celestina Warbeck.

FIND Neville sitting before his CACTUS. Using a quill pen, he surgically prods one of its PULSATING BOILS--which promptly ERUPTS with thick green STINKSAP, covering Neville's face. He grimaces, sighs.

Just beyond, Fred and George Weasley flank NIGEL, a young second-year. Fred holds a bright orange CANDY BOX; both he and George are focused intently on Nigel, slowly chewing and turning chartreuse. Beyond we may notice other VICTIMS in various forms of distress: nosebleeds, dizziness, violent sneezing, unconsciousness...

FRED

...oh, now he's feeling it!

(Nigel looks alarmed)

Get it? Skiving snackboxes!

GEORGE

Sweets to make you ill!

FRED

Get out of class whenever you like!

GEORGE

Extract hours of leisure from unprofitable boredom!

FRED

Care for another?

As Nigel races off to vomit George and Fred high-five. FIND Ron and Hermione entering, mid-conversation.

RON

...I'm not asking you to write all of it for me, just...most of it.

HERMIONE

All right; I'll do the introduction--but that's all.

RON

Hermione you are honestly the most wonderful person I've ever met and if I'm ever rude to you again--

HERMIONE

I'll know you're back to normal.

They approach the fireplace, where Harry sits doing homework. He instinctively has the raw back of his hand to his mouth. Hermione is instantly maternal.

HERMIONE

What's wrong with your hand?

HARRY(quickly hiding it)

Nothing.

Hermione's steely gaze will brook no quarter. Harry sighs, holds out his hand.

HERMIONE

The other hand...

Harry reluctantly complies. Ron and Hermione stare.

HERMIONE

You've got to tell Dumbledore.

HARRY(uneasy)

NO...I mean...Dumbledore's got enough on his mind right now...Anyway I don't want to give Umbridge the satisfaction.

RON

Bloody hell Harry, the woman's torturing you! If the parents knew about this--!

HARRY

Well I haven't got any of those, have I Ron!

HERMIONE

Harry...You've got to report this. It's a simple matter of--

HARRY

No it's not!

Hermione reacts, surprised. Straining for measured tones, Harry struggles to explain:

HARRY

Hermione...Whatever's going on here...it isn't simple.

Ron and Hermione stare at him. Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

You don't understand.

HERMIONE

Then help us to.

Harry looks at her helplessly...then rises, goes. Distressed, Ron and Hermione look after him...

REVEAL Neville on the balcony above, a towel to his face, frowning. He's overheard it all.

48A OMITTED

&

48B

49 EXT. SKY ABOVE HOGWARTS - EARLY MORNING

CRISP BLUE SKY. As HEDWIG drops into FRAME, soars toward us, the PARCHMENT fixed to her leg fills the screen... TO HARRY & LUNA IN THE FOREST

McGONAGAL Vs UMBRIDGE

UMBRIDGE

So silly of me, but it sounds as though you're questioning my authority in my own classroom...

(taking a deliberate step up)

...Minerva.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Not at all...

(stepping up as well)

Dolores. Merely your medieval methods.

Umbridge looks at McGonagall with sadness and pity.

UMBRIDGE

I am sorry dear...but to question my practices is to question the Ministry--and, by extension, the Minister himself. I am a tolerant woman, but the one thing I can't stand for is disloyalty.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Disloyalty--?

The trio reacts. Umbridge looks out at the students as we PUSH IN...

UMBRIDGE

Things at Hogwarts are far worse than I feared. Cornelius will want to take immediate action.

52A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

CLANG--An IRON SPIKE is hammered into stone, attaching a NOTICE to the wall: Educational Decree Number 23: Dolores Jane Umbridge has been appointed to the post of Hogwarts High Inquisitor.

Filch cracks his neck, grimly satisfied...steps back as STUDENTS move in to read the LONE NOTICE on the huge expanse of empty hall. PAN to find the troubled trio, Hermione fearfully reading a copy of the

53 DAILY PROPHET

A BANNER HEADLINE reads: MINISTRY SEEKS EDUCATIONAL REFORM, and, below: "New Era Dawns at Hogwarts."

SIRIUS AT THE FIREPLACE

SIRIUS

That's exactly what he thinks--that Dumbledore is assembling his own forces to take on the Ministry. He's getting more paranoid by the minute...

The gravity of this sinks in. Sirius hesitates.

SIRIUS

The others wouldn't want me telling you this, Harry...but things aren't going at all well with the Order. Fudge is blocking the truth at every turn...and these "disappearances" are just how it started last time. Voldemort is on the move.

HARRY

What can we do, Sirius?

SIRIUS

I'm not sure...I do know your Dad never would have lain down for the likes of Umbridge.

(Harry takes this in)

Someone's coming. Sorry I can't be of more help, but for now at least...

(grimaces, concerned)

...looks like you're on your own.

His face turns to ASH and vanishes.

THUNDER CRACKS; LIGHTNING FLASHES. Hermione goes to the window, shivers.

HERMIONE

He really is out there, isn't he.

Harry and Ron join her. The trio look out at the increasingly violent storm.

HERMIONE

We've got to be able to defend ourselves. And if Umbridge refuses to teach us how...

(turning to Harry)

We need someone who will.

Ron looks up in dawning comprehension. They both look at Harry--LIGHTNING FLASHES.

60 REVERSE

We PULL BACK THROUGH the window as Ron and Hermione fall on Harry, talking with greater and greater animation--as Harry looks more and more dubious. THUNDER CRACKS as SHEETS OF RAIN obscure the castle from view...

...and now as the wind spirals us wildly upward, LIGHTNING suddenly illuminates a towering CLOUD FORMATION that looks eerily like Voldemort's head. The WIND HOWLS...and BECOMES THE WHISPERS FROM HARRY'S DREAMS as we are propelled TOWARD it, THROUGH its gaping MOUTH...

HOG'S HEAD

As the rain CRYSTALLIZES into SNOW and night BRIGHTENS into day, the wind bears us toward Hogsmeade Village...

61 EXT. MAIN STREET - HOGSMEADE VILLAGE - DAY

The trio hurries through the slushy SNOW. Harry, shivering, is visibly nervous.

HARRY

This is mad. Who'd want to be taught by me? I'm a nutter, remember?

RON

Look on the bright side--you can't be any worse than old toad-face.

HARRY(stares,then)

Thanks, Ron.

RON

I'm here for you, mate.

62 HOG'S HEAD INN - DAY

A mounted BOAR'S HEAD turns as the door CREAKS open. The trio peers into the dingy room, lit by stubby candles on rough wooden tables. Ron sniffs at the sour air.

RON

Lovely spot.

HERMIONE

I thought it'd be safer someplace off the beaten track.

The BARMAN (ABERFORTH DUMBLEDORE) peers goatishly at them as he wipes glasses with a filthy rag.

HARRY

Who's supposed to be meeting us?

HERMIONE

Oh, just a couple of people...
(looks around the deserted pub)
I'm sure they'll be here soon.

Harry frowns...and then Hermione brightens as the door opens and a crowd of STUDENTS hurries in: Neville, Ginny, Fred and George, Cho, Luna, the young second-year Nigel, PARVATI and PADMA PATIL, a SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY, a SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY, and a dozen OTHERS stand looking around the gloom.

HARRY
A couple of people?

Hermione smiles weakly. As the group gathers there is uneasiness on both sides; some of the students have openly challenging expressions; others are more curious. Harry spots Cho's uncertain smile; flushes.

HERMIONE
Um--hi. So, you all know why we're here. We need a teacher--a proper teacher, one who's had real experience defending themselves against the Dark Arts--

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY
Why?

RON
Why? Because You-Know-Who is back, you tosspot!

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY(a nod at Harry)
So he says.

HERMIONE
So Dumbledore says--

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY
So Dumbledore said because he says. The point is, where's the proof?

SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY
If Potter could tell us more about how Diggory got killed...

Cho stands perfectly still, refusing to cry.

HARRY
I'm not going to talk about Cedric. So if that's what you're here for, you might as well clear out now.

A flash of gratitude from Cho; Harry turns to Hermione:

HARRY

Let's go. They're just here because they think I'm some sort of freak--

HERMIONE(desperate)

Harry, wait--

LUNA(O.S)

Is it true you can produce a Patronus Charm?

The crowd grows quiet. Harry spots Luna standing in the back. Hermione seizes the opening.

HERMIONE

Yes. I've seen it. A fully-formed stag Patronus.

DEAN THOMAS

Blimey Harry! I never knew that!

NEVILLE

He--he also killed a Basilisk--with the sword in Dumbledore's office!

GINNY

It's true.

The crowd is impressed. The tide is beginning to turn.

RON

And third year he fought off about a hundred Dementors at once--

HERMIONE

And last year he did fight off You-Know-Who in the flesh--

HARRY

Wait.

All eyes swing to Harry. He is struggling mightily with this. Finally, speaking to both his friends and the group:

HARRY

Look--it all sounds great when you say it like that. But the truth is, a lot of it was luck. I didn't know what I was doing half the time, I nearly always had help--

HERMIONE(quickly)

He's just being modest.

HARRY

No, Hermione. I'm not.

(to the group)

Facing this stuff in real life...it isn't like school at all. In school, if you make a mistake you can just...try again tomorrow. But out there...

(haunted)

...when you're a second away from being murdered...or watching a friend die right before your eyes...

He falters as his eyes fall on Cho, her eyes brimming.

HARRY

You just...you don't know what it's like.

The group is silent. Hermione looks at Harry; chastened.

HERMIONE

You're right Harry. We don't. That's why we need your help. Because if we're to have any chance of beating V-Voldemort...

It's the first time she's said his name. Harry looks at her, then the group. Young Nigel, scared, looks up at Harry. In a small voice:

NIGEL

He really is back?

Harry nods. The group looks solemnly back...and it strikes us their arrangement is quite reminiscent of the photo of the original Order. Harry realizes, murmurs...

HARRY

We're the young ones now.

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL BOY hesitates...then silently steps forward...and nods--"I'm in." Harry's eyes fall on Nigel, gazing at him almost worshipfully--and the responsibility of what he's taking on sinks in.

One by one the OTHERS step forward; Ron and Hermione exchange shivery glances--there is an air of destiny about the moment. The SUN breaks through clouds, brightening even the pub's grimy windows...as the BARMAN winces grumpily...

INSERT: A PIECE OF PARCHMENT with the words DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY written in bold letters across the top. One by one the students sign their name.

HARRY(O.S)

...all right--next thing is to find a place to practice where Umbridge won't find out--

ROOM OF REQUIREMENT

We SOAR toward the bridge. FIND the trio, flanked by Ginny and Neville. They walk purposefully toward us, their excitement palpable.

GINNY

The shrieking Shack?

HARRY

Too small.

HERMIONE

The Forbidden Forest?

RON

Not bloody likely.

GINNY

Harry...What happens if Umbridge does find out?

HERMIONE(a bit giddy)

Oh, who cares. I mean, it's sort of exciting, isn't it? Breaking the rules?

RON

Who are you, and what have you done with Hermione Granger?

HERMIONE(flushes)

Anyway...we know at least one positive thing came from today.

HARRY

What's that?

HERMIONE(grinning)

Cho just couldn't keep her eyes off you, could she...

Harry turns pink as Ron beams, slaps him on the back. Ginny, however, doesn't seem quite as pleased...

HARRY

Okay: in the next few days each of us comes up with a couple of possibilities for places to practice...

As the others nod in concentration we MOVE IN ON Neville, his brow creased in concentration...

64B INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Neville, still deep in thought, almost bumps into Draco Malfoy walking the other way.

DRACO MALFOY

Watch where you're going, Longbottom...

Draco sneers, moves on, as Neville hurries around the corner...

As he walks past a blank section of wall he abruptly halts. Slowly turns, goes back...and now where the plain stone wall was, a HIGHLY FILIGREED DOOR has appeared. Neville hesitates, opens it...

65 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

Neville stares in amazement as he steps into the spacious room lit with flickering torches. PAN across its bookcase-lined walls, its floor covered with silk cushions...

LIGHTS SHIFT/TIME LAPSES as we complete the PAN to reveal Neville has been joined by the trio.

HERMIONE

You've done it, Neville! You've found the Room of Requirement!

RON

The which?

HERMIONE

I've heard rumors about it for ages but I never believed them until now...!

(seeing their confusion)

It's also known as the Come and Go room. The Room of Requirement only appears when a person has real need of it, and is always equipped for the seekers' needs.

RON

So, say you really needed a toilet...?

HERMIONE

Charming, Ronald. But yes, that's the general idea.

HARRY

It's brilliant. Like Hogwarts wants us to fight back...

Suddenly a glint of silver falls past Harry's face. Harry smiles in amazement as he bends down and picks up a shiny WHISTLE...holds it to his lips--BLOWS--

~~DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY~~

65A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

CLANG. Educational Decree No. 68: All Student Organizations are henceforth disbanded. Any Student in noncompliance will be expelled.

Filch turns sycophantically to Umbridge--who turns to glare meaningfully at the assembled STUDENTS. We suddenly move through the notice wall behind them--

66 OMITTED

67 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

--into Harry's first class; the last of the STUDENTS hurries into place. Harry is visibly nervous as he looks down the line of eager faces. Hermione offers an encouraging smile, Ron a covert fist of solidarity.

HARRY

All right...so...I was thinking the first thing we should practice is disarming charms...

SLIGHTLY CREEPY BOY

Isn't that sort of...basic?

HARRY

It saved my life last year.

An impressed MURMUR. Ron and Hermione exchange a happy look...Harry exhales--he's begun.

A DEATH EATER

towers above us, its hideous skull-like MASK grinning. PULL BACK to reveal it is quite a realistic-looking DUMMY, its arms extended, one hand holding a prodigious WAND.

Uneasy STUDENTS stand in a line before it--Neville first. He stares up at the Death Eater--takes a deep breath--

NEVILLE

Expelliarmus!

Neville's wand goes spinning out of his hand in a SHOWER OF SPARKS--STUDENTS DUCK as it SHOOTS over their heads and smashes against the wall. Harry frowns--this is going to be harder than he thought. Neville sags in despair.

NEVILLE

I'm hopeless.

Harry hesitates--then, with determination:

HARRY

No you're not. You're just flourishing your wand too much. Here, try it like this--

Harry demonstrates with a sharp flick of his wrist--as just beyond, Hermione and Ginny exchange an impressed smile...

UMBRIDGE(O.S.)

...you will please copy the approved text four times--

67A INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM - ANOTHER DAY

ENCHANTED CHALK writes endless list of defensive theory minutiae on the blackboard. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Umbridge's dour face as she starts down the aisle, watching students miserably open their notebooks.

UMBRIDGE

--to ensure maximum retention.

(the class GROANS)

There will be no need to talk.

As Umbridge passes Hermione she grips her pencil in frustration, mutters:

HERMIONE

No need to think's more like it.

Umbridge stops--glares at her imperiously--then her eyes widen in fury as she spots Neville intently practicing the same wrist flick motion.

UMBRIDGE

Wands away!

Neville nearly jumps out of his chair--Umbridge glowers...then her eyes fall on Harry. She is disarmed to find him looking evenly--even challengingly back at her--"I've got a secret." Umbridge's eyes narrow suspiciously...

67B OMITTED

67C INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - ANOTHER DAY

Filch's rheumy eyes narrow in kind as he peers around a corner--spots CHO with a small GROUP OF STUDENTS hurrying down the corridor, looking around to make sure they're not being watched...

Panting, Filch silently stalks them--quickly ducking behind a SUIT OF ARMOR when Cho hears footsteps--waiting--

--then high-stepping it to hug the adjacent wall. He peers slyly around the corner...just in time to see the FILIGREED DOOR melting into stone. Filch smiles a curdled smile as MRS. NORRIS leaps into his arms...

HARRY(O.S.)

Stunning is one of the most useful spells in your arsenal...

67D OMITTED

68 OMITTED

69 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - NIGHT

The class has formed an elongated circle. Harry stands towards one end. His confidence has clearly grown.

HARRY

...it's sort of a wizard's bread and butter, really...

Students LAUGH appreciatively; as Harry turns we see who he's squared off against--a very nervous Nigel. Harry smiles encouragingly:

HARRY

It's all right, Nigel. Take your best shot.

Nigel takes a deep breath, then--

NIGEL

STUPEFY!

A JET of RED LIGHT leaps from Nigel's wand--sending Harry FLYING twenty feet through the air! But Nigel goes sprawling too--not used to the KICKBACK from his wand.

Fortunately the stone floor DEFORMS into PILLOWY SHAPES, cushioning Nigel's landing completely.

Harry and an awed Nigel blink at each other from across the floor--Harry grins.

HARRY

Not bad. Next--

A LITTLE LATER. Ron and Hermione are up; they step forward together, both feeling awkward. BOYS and GIRLS silently gravitate towards their respective champion--Ginny and Luna silently rooting for

Hermione, Dean and Neville for Ron--who confides quietly to Hermione:

RON

Don't worry--I'll go easy on you.

HERMIONE(playing along)

Oh, thank you, Ronald.

They take their positions--both take a deep breath--

HERMIONE/RON

STUPEFY!

Hermione's wand emits a JET of RED LIGHT--sending Ron soaring through the air and slamming--OOF--against the mirror wall. He stares up at a slightly abashed Hermione, who is instantly surrounded by happy GIRLS. Ron turns to the silent, stone-faced boys--

RON

I--I let her do that. I mean it's just good manners, isn't it!

(the BOYS turn away, GRUMBLING)

It was completely intentional--I'm telling you--!

He turns helplessly to a grinning Harry--

69A OMITTED

THRU

69C

69D EXT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Filch has stalked out the wall with a little encampment; cot, tea pot. As he keeps his drooping eyes on the wall we PAN around the corner...where the FILIGREED DOOR appears in a different wall, just out of Filch's view. It opens; kids sneak silently out...

69E INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY

CLANG. Educational Decree No. 82: All Students will submit to questioning about suspected illicit activities.

Filch, eyes red from lack of sleep, turns and glares.

70 INT. UMBRIDGE'S CLASSROOM/UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

PULL PAST a LINE of NERVOUS STUDENTS waiting on the stairs outside the Dark Arts office. The door opens and a THIRD-YEAR GIRL emerges, shaken. A FOURTH-YEAR BOY next in line, peers uncertainly

past her...where Umbridge smiles a saccharine smile, taps the back of a waiting chair as she stirs a cup of TEA...

70A-1 OMITTED

70A-2 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - ANOTHER DAY

TRACK behind a line of students, straining mightily with trembling wands outstretched.

HARRY(O.S.)

Good...keep your concentration...

REVERSE to show their victims--the YOUNGER STUDENTS, floating in mid-air. Harry walks alongside, gently adjusting positions, wand angles.

HARRY

Little higher there...nice.

He reaches Cho, struggling to hold up Nigel, his eyes pleading not to drop him. Harry gingerly puts his arms around her to adjust her wand angle; as they touch, both SHIVER, BLUSH--and Nigel tumbles wildly out of frame. Fred and George exchange a knowing grin...

...and as our view passes the WINDOWS reflected in the MIRROR WALL, DAYLIGHT magically fades to NIGHT--

70A-3 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT - CONTINUES

--as the SHOT continues unbroken into another session. We FOLLOW HARRY as he walks through the room of practicing STUDENTS. Neville is still working on the elusive wrist flick. STUDENTS pull BOOKS from the shelves with ACCIO--as Harry ducks just in time. Luna turns Dean Thomas' wand into a bouquet of DAISES. As Harry passes each student they look to him, eager for approval--he nods warmly.

Harry turns to survey the room--STUDENTS FLOATING in the AIR, being KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET, FROZEN. The joy of learning is palpable. Harry takes it all in, exhilarated.

70A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DAY - INTERCUT

CLANG. Educational Decree No. 98: Those wishing to join the INQUISITORIAL SQUAD for extra credit may sign up in the High Inquisitor's Office.

71 OMITTED

THRU

73

74 INT. UMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INERCUT

CANDLES FLICKER as we TRACK PAST Crabbe, Goyle, PANSY PARKINSON, and the plus-sized WARRINGTON, each with a handsome silver "I" PIN on their lapels. Umbridge pins the last one on a smirking Draco. OFF Umbridge, demonic in the candlelight--

74A-1 INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT

Harry suddenly JOLTS awake from a nightmare--as if caused by the previous shot of Umbridge.

74A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY

THE DEATH EATER DUMMY once again grins at us. SPIRAL DOWN FROM ABOVE TO REVEAL the class standing in a large CIRCLE around it. Their skills clearly improved, the students brandish their wands, happily sending it spinning back and forth between them. As cries of STUPEFY send it flying, LEVICORPUS sends it floating, EXPELLIARMUS disarms it, it ricochets faster and faster--yet there is a grace and balletic quality to the co-ordinated attacks...

75A INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY - INTERCUT

SCENE CONTINUES. PAN across the STUDENTS FACES--focused, confident--as the DUMMY continues its dance--

HARRY walks the perimeter of the circle. Trying to show professorial restraint, he's obviously elated...

75C INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY - INTERCUT

SCENE CONTINUES. At last the Dummy pirouettes towards Ginny, who raises her wand--the Dummy careens towards her--Ginny braces for impact--

GINNY
REDUCTO!

--as the DUMMY EXPLODES into dust!

She looks over at HARRY pleased.

76 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - EARLY EVENING

CAMERA STARTS ON A CHRISTMAS TREE as HARRY moves past CHO.

CHO
EXPELLIARMUS

Harry looks pleased and then moves to NEVILLE.

NEVILLE
EXPELLIARMUS

A WAND flies from PAVARTI'S hand, clatters to the floor.

The STUDENTS surrounding the two duelers stare in disbelief--as does Neville, who looks up at Harry.

HARRY
Fantastic Neville - Well done!

NEVILLE
I--I did it.

Harry beams at his friend with pride as EVERYONE comes up to congratulate Neville, pat his back...

Nigel is standing near the door with the MARAUDER'S MAP.

HARRY moves to stand on top of the steps...HERMIONE and RON join him to stand either side...

HARRY(claps his hands)
Guys - All right, that's it for this time (lesson). Now we won't be meeting again until after the holidays...
(a disappointed GROAN)
...So keep working (practising) on your own as best you can. But good work, everyone--really.

A spontaneous round of APPLAUSE as Harry turns pink; Hermione and Ron beam. Ron leans into Harry as the class breaks up.

All the students move to pick up their bags and cloaks...

CHO moves to the mirror where her bag is and then looks up at CEDRIC'S photo... She stands facing the mirror...

RON
Well done mate.

HARRY spots her... Then HERMIONE and RON spot him looking at her... They smile to one another...

HERMIONE(slowly walking backwards)
We'll see you back in the common room Harry.

The doors open. NIGEL moves out first... And he stands in the corridor holding the map...

Harry walks forward into the room, students start to leave.

NEVILLE(while passing Harry, walking out of the room)
Thanks a lot Harry.

HARRY
Not at all/no worries.

As they pass Harry, various student's say thank you to Harry and wish him a Merry Christmas. He wishes everyone a Merry Christmas in returns.

LUNA
Have a good/great Christmas Harry.

HARRY
Have a great Christmas Luna.

He takes a deep breath, starts toward her--but is intercepted by Fred and George, Fred holding a suitcase, George a box of bright orange SKIVING SNACKBOXES in each hand.

FRED
We've been thinking, Harry--we could slip Umbridge some Puking Pastilles with her tea.

GEORGE
Or Fever Fudge--they give you these massive pus-filled boils--right on your--

HARRY
Sounds good guys...would you excuse me?

They glance at Cho; grin. Harry flushes....then approaches a thoughtful Cho at the mirror.

HARRY
Are you all right? I heard Umbridge gave you a rough time the other day...

CHO
Yeah...I'm okay. Anyway it's worth it...

Her gaze rises to the MIRROR; on it is the PARCHMENT with the list of D.A. members, the PHOTO of the old Order, Prophet articles with ominous headline...and a large photo of CEDRIC DIGGORY in a place of honour.

CHO
It's just
(she turns to look at the room)
...learning all this...it makes me wonder
(she turns back to Harry)

whether if he'd known it...

GRAWP

106 EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

As Hagrid pushes through the mist the trio follows, peering nervously around them at the wild, primeval part of the forest.

RON

Any idea where he's taking us?

Hermione shakes her head. Harry approaches Hagrid.

HARRY

Hagrid? Please, can't you just tell us--

Hagrid tries to reply, but--too upset to speak--finally just shakes his head woefully and continues on. Ron looks after him with quiet awe:

RON

He's lost his mind.

LATER. We are now surrounded by giant primordial trees with EXPOSED ROOTS. Suddenly Hagrid stops, listening...and then we hear it: an ominous RUMBLING--growing closer.

HERMIONE

What is that?

RON

Whatever it is...it's not a happy sound.

Suddenly Hagrid scoops up all three of them, DIVES off the path--just as a DEAFENING BLUR OF HOOVES THUNDER BY. As the trio peers up through the roots we catch glimpses of HUMAN TORSOS and fierce, war-painted faces.

As the herd of CENTAURS finally passes Hagrid and the trio rise, look after them.

HAGRID

Never seen the Centaurs so riled--an' they're dangerous at the bes' of times. Ministry restricts their territory much more, they're gonna have a real uprisin' on their hands--or worse.

HERMIONE(gently)

Hagrid...? What's going on?

Hagrid takes out his spotted handkerchief, blows his nose, wipes his tear-filled eyes.

HAGRID

Sorry t'be so mysterious you three. I wouldn' be botherin' yer with this at all--but with Dumbledore gone I'll likely be gettin' the sack any day now, an' I can' leave withou' tellin' someone abou' him...

HARRY

About...who?

107 EXT. CLEARING - FORBIDDEN FOREST - DUSK

As the group approaches a clearing Hagrid motions them to slow, whispers.

HAGRID

Go easy now...he can be a bit...high-spirited.

They creep forward, emerge into a clearing with a small HILL in the center. A low, rythmic RUMBLING is audible.

RON

Harry...that hill. It's breathing.

As the "hill" shifts in its sleep several BIRDS light into the air. Hagrid cautiously approaches the slumbering GIANT.

HERMIONE

Oh Hagrid...you didn't.

HAGRID

I had ter bring 'im back! The other giants were all bullyin' him, 'cause he's so small.

HERMIONE

Small?

(and once more)

Small?

HAGRID

I couldn' jus' leave 'im! See--he's my brother.

RON

Blimey.

HAGRID

Well--half brother. Turns out after me mother left me dad she took up with this other giant, see--well actually, she knew him before she left, but it wasn't 'til after that she want an had--

DA-PATRONUSES and AFTER

Harry walks among the students. The mood is serious, focused; Harry's command firm and authoritative.

HARRY

Make it a powerful memory, the happiest you can remember. Allow it to fill you up...

He passes the newest DA Member-SEAMUS-straining as a WISP OF VAPOR comes out of his wand...

HARRY

Keep trying, Seamus...

(moving on, he reaches George)

Come on George. You're turn.

GEORGE

Expecto Patronum.

HARRY

Now a corporeal Patronus is the most difficult to produce, but sheild forms can also be incredibly useful against a variety of opponents...

GINNY

Expecto Patronum.

Harry having passed behind Ginny, reacts to the horse Patronus that she has just produced from her wand. Harry smiles with enthusiasm.

HARRY

Fantastic, Ginny.

HARRY

Just remember; Your Patronus only protects you for as long as you remain focused...

He passes Luna, peering vaguely down the end of her wand.

HARRY

Focus, Luna, (Focus).

Luna sighs as Harry moves on...He passes Hermione, rigid with concentration. Suddenly an OTTER PATRONUS BLOOMS from her wand, gambols around her, to her delight.

Nigel urgently motions Harry to join him by the door. Harry moves towards Nigel.

HARRY

Who've we got this time?

NIGEL

All of them I think.

INSERT: On the MAURAUDEER'S MAP we see the names UMBRIDGE, FILCH, MALFOY-and a DOZEN OTHERS-floating just on the other side of the wall. Harry frowns as he turns the pages.

HARRY

That's funny. How would they know we're here now...?

Suddenly a BOOMING THUD makes the entire door wall vibrate. DUST trickles down from above.

Shields begin to EVAPORATE as the class looks over in confusion. Another THUD; more DUST falls as the stones GROAN in protest.

THE CHANDELIERS wobble...

The students gather behind HARRY & NIGEL as HARRY & NIGEL back up...WANDS AT THE READY.

"BOOM BOOM BOOM"

Then the mirror cracks...and SHATTERS - REVEALING the stone beneath and A SLIGHT GAP where 2 bricks have been displaced.

HARRY moves forwards to look - NIGEL FOLLOWS.

Harry cautiously peers through the *beep* see Filch, sledgehammer in hand; Umbridge beside him.

NIGEL pushes forwards to look through...

UMBRIDGE

Stand aside, Argus. I'll make short work of this.

She AIMS HER WAND directly at us. Harry's eyes go wide-

HARRY

GET DOWN!

UMBRIDGE

BOMBARDA MAXIMA!

A GLITTERING EXPLOSION rocks the room as students dive for cover. Choking on dust, Harry pulls NIGEL away from the wall, its raw edges sparkling with residual MAGICAL ENERGY. The ROOM ITSELF seems to GROAN IN PAIN as shadows appear through coloured smoke-

THE FIRE GOES OUT.

HARRY
RUN!

UMBRIDGE
GET THEM!

100 INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

We MOVE through the chaos as students spill out through the hole in panic--right into the waiting clutches of the Inquisitorial Squad. Harry watches it all helplessly...

...then sees through the madness the still figure of Umbridge, her triumphant eyes locked on Harry.

101 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Umbridge brandishes a familiar piece of PARCHMENT:

UMBRIDGE(O.S.)

Dumbledore's Army--proof of what I've been telling you right from the beginning, Cornelius!

Fudge, Shackbolt, and DAWLISH--a tough-looking wizard with short wiry hair--surround Dumbledore. Percy Weasley takes notes.

Harry stares at Cho, seated, near tears. Cho looks up at him pleadingly...but finally Harry is unable to look at her, and turns away. Cho wells up...

Umbridge hands the DA parchment to a stunned Fudge as she sneers at Dumbledore:

UMBRIDGE

All your fearmongering about You-Know-Who never fooled us for a minute. We saw your lies for what they were--a smokescreen for your bid to seize control of the Ministry!

OCCLUMENCY

107A INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

We are FLOATING THROUGH an EMPTY CLASSROOM. Bands of DAZZLING LIGHT from the windows

alternate with DEEP SHADOW. We APPROACH a familiar SMALL FIGURE standing before the MIRROR OF ERISED...ELEVEN-YEAR OLD HARRY gazes longingly up at the reflection of JAMES and LILY POTTER...

...and then a sneering figure steps out between them:

SNAPE
Feeling sentimental...?

Suddenly that IMAGE SWIMS, RUSHES TOWARD US--WHOOSH--

108 OMITTED

109 INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Harry is sat in a chair. Snape stands opposite, wand in hand--they are in the middle of an Occlumency lesson. Through gritted teeth:

HARRY
That's--private.

SNAPE
Not to me--and not to the Dark Lord if you don't improve!
(Snape quickly moves towards Harry, leaning in)
Every memory he has access to is a weapon he can use against you! You won't last two seconds if he invades your mind!
(he slowly stands upright)
You're just like your father. Lazy. Arrogant.

Snape turns and walks away...

HARRY(Harry quickly stands in protest)
Don't you say a word against my (father)--

SNAPE
Weak

HARRY
I'm not weak!

SNAPE(quickly turning back over his left shoulder)
Then prove it. Control your emotions, discipline your mind!
(standing back upright, he slowly raises his right hand with his wand in)
Legilimens--!
(he throws his wand forward aiming at Harry)

A FLASH OF RED--again the OFFICE SWIMS--HARRY clenches his eyes closed...

109A FLASH CUTS

A FLURRY of blurred IMAGES RUSH TOWARDS US as we're PLUNGED through HARRY'S MINDE--Harry under the sorting hat--AUNT MARGE floating towards the ceiling...

SNAPE(O.S.)

Concentrate, Potter. FOCUS--

The IMAGE SWIMS, FALLS AWAY--we're SPUN UP THROUGH ANOTHER FLURRY OF IMAGES, which suddenly RESOLVES into--

109B EXT. CLOCKTOWER COURTYARD - NIGHT

A wild-haired SIRIUS, smiling up at a YOUNGER HARRY.

SIRIUS

...but know this: the ones who love us never really leave us. You can always find them
(he taps Harry's chest)
In here.

Younger Harry smiles...as we CIRCLE to reveal SNAPE.

SNAPE

I may vomit.

109C INT. SNAPE'S OFFICE - DUSK - SCENE CONTINUES

Again Harry opens his eyes, seething.

HARRY(crouched up in pain)

STOP IT--!

SNAPE

Is this what you call control?

Harry looks exhausted. He stands starts to move over to the desk behind SNAPE.

HARRY

(Look) We've been at it for hours. If I could just rest--

SNAPE(quickly turning over his left shoulder, Harry is pinned to the desk)

The Dark Lord isn't resting! You and Black are two of a kind: sentimental children forever whining

about how bitterly unfair your lives have been. Well perhaps (just in case) it's escaped your notice but life isn't fair. Your "blessed" father knew that, in fact he frequently saw to it--

HARRY

My father was a great man!

SNAPE(grabbing Harry by the t-shirt at the neck, using his left hand)

YOUR FATHER WAS A SWINE--

Snape throws Harry across the room sending him crashing back into his chair. Fury burns in Harry's eyes as he reaches inside his jacket and pulls out his wand... He raises his wand--Snape extends his own--

SNAPE

LEGILIMENS!

HARRY

PROTEGO!

The brilliant FLASH OF RED from Snape's wand recoils off Harry, sends Snape sprawling backwards towards a desk behind him--we hurtle into his EYE--

110 OMITTED

111 OMITTED

111A SERIES OF SHOTS - SNAPE'S MEMORY

FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD SNAPE sits hugging his knees in the corner of a shabby room; the sounds of his PARENTS FIGHTING off. In a flash the image DISSOLVES, FLIES PAST US--only YOUNG SNAPE staying constant, but now he is

111B INT. HOGWARTS CORRIDOR - SNAPE'S MEMORY - DAY

Hugging his schoolbooks to his chest as he hurries past a trio of older PRETTY GIRLS, laughing at him-- he looks down to see the piece of toilet paper trailing from his shoe. The IMAGE SPINS AROUND US as we PLUNGE through it--

112 EXT. HOGWARTS LAWN - SNAPE'S MEMORY - DAY

FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD JAMES POTTER sneers directly at us--

YOUNG JAMES

HEY SNIVELLUS!

Young Snape, sitting alone under a tree, looks up from his book with panicked eyes. Immediately pulls his wand from his robe--

YOUNG JAMES
EXPELLIARMUS!

Young Snape's wand flies out of his reach. As he dives to retrieve it--

YOUNG JAMES
Impendimeta!

FRED AND GEORGE'S EXIT

FRED
You know George...I've always felt our futures lay outside the world of academic achievement.

GEORGE
Fred: I've been thinking the same thing myself.

118 INT. GREAT HALL - DUSK

The four house tables have been replaced by a hundred smaller ones. The hall is eerily silent except for the SCRATCHING of a hundred QUILLS: the OWLS are in progress.

Umbridge paces malevolently before the high table. Surveys the students with an eagle eye...

TRACK down the aisle to Hermione, hurrying through the questions--she pauses to cast a meaningful glance behind her at Ron, chewing his pencil...who glances behind him at Harry, clearly preoccupied...holding his breath...

BOOM.

Umbridge stops cold. STUDENTS look up in confusion.

BOOM.

The sound is coming from outside the hall. Furious at the interruption, Umbridge strides down the aisle--

--yanks open the great doors--

--to reveal AN EIGHTY-FOOT CHINESE DRAGON roaring straight towards her. As its giant jaw opens wide Umbridge freezes in terror--it SWALLOWS HER WHOLE--

--then EXPLODES into the GREEN AND GOLD SPARKS of an ENCHANTED FIREWORK. As the smoke clears we see Umbridge: choking, hair wild, frock smoking. Her eyes slowly look up, narrow as she HISSES:

UMBRIDGE

Weasleys...

Fred and George appear high above the chaos on their broomsticks, wave cheerily at Umbridge. SILVER ROCKETS RICOCHET off the walls, the wind from them WHIPPING up test papers from the desks into a miniature tornado, sending them soaring up into the rafters...

A barrage of shocking-pink CATHERINE WHEELS whiz toward Umbridge; she ducks just in time as they soar out the window. She spins around in outrage, sputters:

UMBRIDGE

FILCH!!

Fred and George taunt Filch as he tries swatting at them with his broom--which promptly bursts into flames.

FRED

So long! We won't be seeing you!

GEORGE

Don't bother to keep in touch, you old bat!

As the TWINS soar out the doors Umbridge follows them out--

118A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NOTICE AREA - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

As Fred and George wheel above the CHEERING CROWD they point their wands at the PROCLAMATION WALL, loosing a JET OF FIRE across it. The Proclamations go up in flames, drift through the air like charred confetti--as the crowd ROARS its APPROVAL.

ARRIVAL / PROPHECY ROOM

133 EXT. SKY/LONDON - NIGHT

The Thestrals SOAR through the clouds GLIMMERING with internal LIGHTNING. They burst from the belly of the storm to appear over a rain-swept London. As our view lowers a f.g building WIPES VERTICALLY--

134 OMITTED

&

135

135A INT. ATRIUM - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - NIGHT

--as we BOOM DOWN to reveal the Six standing side by side in the deserted Atrium. The vast lobby is silent except for the burbling FOUNTAIN. The others stare in awe, then look at Harry nervously...

HARRY

It's this way.

136 INT. CORRIDOR - DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES

The golden lift grille RUMBLES open to reveal the Six.

LIFT VOICE

Department of Mysteries.

Harry hurries down the corridor, turns the corner--and stops at the sight of the BLACK DOOR at the end of the hall. Harry stares; for a moment WHISPERS seem to call from beyond...then:

HARRY

Stay behind me. Once we've found Sirius I'll create a diversion--you just get him out of danger quick as you can...

HERMIONE

But V-Voldemort...

It's still hard for her to say his name. Harry hesitates--

HARRY(grim)

Leave Voldemort to me.

Harry takes a deep breath. Opens the door--

137 OMITTED

138 INT. HALL OF PROPHECY

As the DOOR opens into darkness the group nervously follows Harry in. They notice the door is FLOATING slowly but methodically across the floor--the corridor still disorientingly visible beyond. More FREE-STANDING DOORS drift past ROWS of high SHELVES, lined with rows of ORBS that give off a weird liquid glow.

HARRY

Lumos.

His WAND TIP FLARES but the black void seems to suck up all the light. As Harry takes point, the others fall into an arrow formation behind him.

FROM HIGH ABOVE: The tiny group makes their way through the blackness...a sudden dark WHOOSH wipes frame--

WITH THE SIX

Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO as we study their nervous faces...extended wands...trembling hands...

As they approach a CROSSROADS of two WIDER AISLES, Harry notes the LABELS on the end of each row: ROW 95, 96...97.

Harry silently raises his hand to stop the others, who exchange nervous glances. Harry flattens himself against the end of the shelf--slowly peers around the corner, wand extended...

Empty.

Harry stares--then moves quickly to where he saw Sirius in his vision. He finds only dusty floor.

HARRY

He should be here!

Harry looks around wildly--down row after empty row.

HARRY(his voice echoing)

SIRIUS!!

(returns)

They've done something with him! Taken him somewhere else, or--

HERMIONE(scared)

Harry--what if Sirius was never here at all?

HARRY

What? But I saw--

HERMIONE

What if Voldemort learned about the connection between you--and tricked you into only thinking you saw him?

Harry stares at her, unwilling to believe it.

NEVILLE(O.S.)(calls)

Harry...

Harry turns to see Neville peering up at a glowing GLOBE high on a shelf. He turns to Harry.

NEVILLE

It's got your name on it.

As Harry approaches the SHELF SILENTLY LOWERS ITSELF to Harry's level, as if presenting the globe to him. The dusty LABEL beneath it reads: S.P.T. to A.P.W.B.D. Dark Lord and (?) Harry Potter. As the globe reaches Harry its low throbbing HUM grows more powerful; it lights up his face with an ethereal GLOW.

Transfixed, Harry reaches for it--

HERMIONE(worried)

Harry...

HARRY(simply)

It's got my name on it.

Harry grasps the globe--and is ELECTRIFIED by its power. SYBILL TREWLAWNEY'S VOICE ECHOES in an eerily hollow tone we've heard before [NOTE: FROM THE OTHERS' REACTIONS IT IS CLEAR ONLY HARRY HEARS THIS] :

TRELAWNEY(V.O.)

The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives...

A DISTANT SCREAM rapidly grows louder. With enormous difficulty Harry tears his focus away from the globe--to find Hermione holding a frightened Ginny--Harry stares at her in confusion--Ginny points--

Harry turns--to see a TALL, DARK FIGURE, silhouetted against the blackness--Voldemort? But as it steps into the light we see its hooded, hideous mask: a DEATH EATER.

LUCIUS MALFOY Very good, Potter...

TWO MORE DEATH EATERS (DOLOHOV and ROOKWOOD) seem to form from the shadows behind Malfoy, flanking him. [This effect should seem somewhat eerie but mostly realistic--we won't reveal magic is involved until later.]

LUCIUS MALFOY

...now give me the Prophecy.

Harry's eyes widen in confusion. He turns to take in the endless rows--

HARRY

Sirius--

LUCIUS MALFOY

It's time you learned the difference between reality and dreams, Potter--you saw what the Dark Lord wanted you to see. Now give. That. To me.

Harry slowly looks down at the globe in his hands. Then:

HARRY

Get behind me.

(the others realize, fall back. To Malfoy:)

If you want to get to us you're going to have to smash this first. [Something tells me your boss wouldn't be too pleased about that.]

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE(O.S.)

Oh, he knows how to play, little bitty baby Potter...

Another Death Eater HISSES, steps forward. Familiar mad eyes glitter behind the mask: BELLATRIX LESTRANGE. She raises her wand--

LUCIUS MALFOY

Bellatrix, no.

NEVILLE (eyes widening)

Bellatrix Lestrangle.

A spark of delighted recognition dawns in Bellatrix' eyes.

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE

Master Longbottom! How's Mum and Dad?

NEVILLE

B-better, now they're about to be avenged.

Bellatrix's smile twists into a sneer of rage--she abruptly raises her wand--

NEVILLE

EXPELLIARMUS!

Just as a JET OF FIERY LIGHT shoots from Bellatrix' wand Neville's spell PULLS it from her hand. His eyes widen in amazement as the EXPLOSION rocks the shelf a foot to Harry's left; SHATTERING several globes. Two SMOKELIKE FIGURES unfurl from the broken glass, MURMUR inaudibly.

LUCIUS MALFOY

DO NOT ATTACK. WE NEED THAT PROPHECY.

HARRY

I don't understand. Why did Voldemort need me to come get it?

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE

Filthy half-blood. You dare speak his name!

Malfoy restrains Bellatrix; icily:

LUCIUS MALFOY

As those who died trying to acquire it for the Dark Lord learned--prophecies can only be retrieved by those about whom they are made.

(changing tacks; seductively)

Haven't you ever wondered why the Dark Lord tried to kill you as an infant? The reason for the connection between you? The secret...of your scar? You hold the answer in your hands. Come--let me show it to you--

Harry looks down at the glowing orb--hesitates--then:

HARRY

I've been waiting fourteen years...I guess I can wait a little longer. NOW--!!

HERMIONE/RON/GINNY/NEVILLE/LUNA

STUPEFY!

Five JETS of LIGHT EXPLODE OUTWARD, sending an equal number of Death Eaters CRASHING into the shelves of PROPHECIES--

HARRY

RUN!!

FIERY JETS OF LIGHT CRACKLE through the air as the Six SCATTER IN ALL DIRECTIONS. ARROWS OF LIGHT EXPLODE GLOBES left and right, lighting up the darkness--

--as we CRANE UP TO REVEAL for the first time the VAST SCALE OF THE ROOM--INFINITELY TALL SHELVES stretching AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE--

LUNA

paces down an aisle, looking behind her in terror--and runs straight into a huge DEATH EATER. She stares up at him in horror--turns to run but he grabs her brutally around the neck. Kicking and struggling desperately, she spots his DARK MARK floating on his arm--and suddenly BITES it, hard. The Death Eater cries out, drops her. Luna scrambles away on hands and knees--and runs right into another DEATH EATER. As the two advance on her she looks wildly back and forth--

The first Death Eater raises his wand--FIRES--but at the last second Luna DIVES for cover, the JET OF

FIRE SIZZLING JUST OVER HER HEAD, singeing her hair--it hits the second Death Eater, sending him flying into a shelf--and giving Luna the diversion she needs to fire a BLAST at the first, who goes sprawling.

As Luna scrambles through a small GAP between globes on the bottom shelf, we TRACK THROUGH IT WITH HER--

She climbs to her feet in the adjacent aisle, starts to run. But as she rounds a corner...
...she suddenly slows to a halt, confused. She tilts her head quizzically...as we come around to reveal what she's seeing:

NEVILLE

stands stunned and mute, wand in hand, looking down at a PETRIFIED DEATH EATER, his arms still reaching skywards clutching at nothing. Neville seems equally frozen, utterly stunned at his accomplishment.

For a long moment Luna just stands there, breathing hard, staring at Neville, breathing hard, staring at the Death Eater, not breathing at all. Finally:

LUNA

Well done, Neville.

Neville remains utterly oblivious. Another endless moment of mutual breathing...and then an EXPLOSION goes off nearby. Startled in action, Luna grabs Neville by the hand--

LUNA

Come on, Neville. You can do it some more.

As she pulls Neville off he continues to stare back at the frozen Death Eater in stunned amazement...

...as we abruptly TRACK laterally THROUGH THE SHELVES, to FIND

RON AND HERMIONE

racing down an aisle, SHOOTING OFF SPELLS behind them as they are pursued by two Death Eaters. Hermione wings one of them but the other remains hot on their trail. Seeing the GHOSTLY FOG inside some of the Prophecies she's running past, Hermione gets an idea--

--and USES HER WAND to TRIP a ROW OF PROPHECIES off their stands. Ron, realizing what she's doing, immediately does likewise--

In rapid succession orbs EXPLODE on the floor like giant light bulbs. RISING MURMURING GHOSTLY FIGURES obscure the Death Eater's view; as he struggles through the mist RED BOLTS of FIRE FLASH

in the fog around him; he takes a HIT, VANISHING into the fog--

--as Ron and Hermione approach the end of the aisle suddenly a HUGE DEATH EATER appears from the darkness, blocking their way. A FLASH of LIGHT as Ron takes a HIT to his arm, goes flying--

HERMIONE

Ron--!

--but before she can say another word the Death Eater uses his wand to FLOAT HERMIONE INTO THE AIR--she SCREAMS--

--Hermione's eyes find Ron's, plead--"do something!" With steely resolve Ron scrambles for his wand, takes aim--

RON

STUPEFY--!!

The Death Eater goes SPINNING round and CRASHING into the shelves--as a shower of PROPHECIES rain down on him, knocking him out cold--

--but leaving Hermione floating in mid-air. We STAY WITH HER as she SCREAMS, tumbling through space--

--abruptly stopping as she lands in Ron's arms. Ron is as just as stunned as Hermione, who stares at Ron, as if seeing him with new eyes. Finally:

RON

Better keep running.

HERMIONE(instantly)

Right.

They race off--

TRACKING WITH HARRY

on the run through the maze. As he races through the endless disorienting rows and aisles we hear VOICES CRY out in the darkness. Suddenly a DEATH EATER seems almost to form from the shadows right in front of him--Harry sends it flying with a STUPEFY, races back the other way--only to find another APPEAR--seemingly out of nowhere--before him. Harry sends it too flying, but--nightmarishly--TWO MORE instantly take its place. He turns again--to see Malfoy striding toward him, wand extended, ROARING--

LUCIUS MALFOY

GIVE IT TO ME--!

Again Harry turns--but he's surrounded--

--and then his eyes lock onto

GINNY

breathing hard, visible watching THROUGH the prophecies on a shelf. They lock eyes. She raises her wand, takes a deep breath--

GINNY

REDUCTO!

A massive EXPLOSION takes out the bottom of the shelf beyond--the Death Eaters whirl--to see the towering shelf SWAY--TIP--

Harry runs--DIVES and ROLLS as a huge piece of a shelf barely misses him--and crashes on top of Malfoy and the Death Eaters--

--who at the last instant IMPLODE INTO BLACK SMOKE--[accompanied by a SONIC BOOM effect] their PLUMES ROCKET up THROUGH the fallen shelf and high into the AIR--

Harry and Ginny stare in breathless amazement--that's how these guys have been moving so fast. And they realize something else: they're utterly out of their depth.

GINNY

Y-you were right, Harry. This isn't like being in school.

Suddenly a DEEP RUMBLING is heard. As Harry and Ginny slowly turn their eyes widen in disbelief:

The falling SHELF has caused a CHAIN REACTION--SHELF after SHELF toppling like the worlds largest dominos.

Headed straight for them.

Harry grabs Ginny's hand as they race away from the chaos--and down the long aisle toward the distant doors.

TWENTY YARDS AHEAD of them Neville and Luna suddenly spill into the main aisle, also racing for the line of DOORS--after a moment Ron and Hermione tumble out of another aisle, joining Neville and Luna--

HIGH ANGLE - PLUME'S POV

We DIVE TOWARD THE SMALL FIGURES of HARRY and GINNY, smashing THROUGH the shelves, exploding GLOBES left and right--raining FIRE down on Harry and Ginny--

GINNY

CRIES out in pain as BOLT hits her leg; she stumbles. Looks behind her in terror at the approaching WAVE OF DESTRUCTION. Harry quickly helps her up, holds her as she limps bravely onward--

NEAR THE DOOR the four look helplessly as the wave approaches Harry and Ginny--

HERMIONE
HURRY!

Now Harry and Ginny are almost at the door--which begins to swing shut. Behind them the wave of CRASHING SHELVES has almost reached them; converging BOLTS OF FIRE are RAINING DOWN, one SINGEING Luna's hair--another hitting Ron in the arm as he pushes Ginny ahead of him--the group dives into the blackness just as the door SLAMS SHUT behind them--

~~(Apparently, some of this, such as the R/Hr scene WAS filmed, but then abandoned).~~

VEIL ROOM / ORDER FIGHTS

140 INT. VEIL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blackness. Silence. We hear approaching CRIES--and as the SIX suddenly FALL into frame we instantly PLUMMET WITH THEM. TILT DOWN to see far below a FLOOR of ROUGH STONE flying up at us--

At the last second an UPWARD BLAST OF WIND arrests their fall and deposits them--OOO--in a pile--the GLOBE miraculously intact in Harry's hands.

Bruised and battered, the Six pull themselves to their feet. Ron helps Hermione up...mutter:

RON

"Department of Mysteries..." Got that one right, didn't they...

And now as the Six look around we see they are standing on huge stones that make up the floor of a vast AMPHITHEATER, its RISERS dwindling into infinity.

In the center of the space is a DAIS, upon which stands a cracked and crumbling STONE ARCHWAY. It is hung with a tattered BLACK VEIL, which sways eerily in an invisible breeze. The WHISPERS we've been hearing in Harry's dreams are quite loud here--this, apparently, is their source.

Mesmerized, Harry steps onto the dais, approaches the veil. He shivers as frigid BREEZE blows through it.

HARRY

The voices. Can you tell what they're saying?

Ron and Hermione share a chilled look.

HERMIONE

There aren't any voices, Harry. Let's get out of here--

Luna approaches the fluttering veil, rapt. The breeze rustles her hair.

LUNA

I hear them too.

HERMIONE

It's just an empty archway! Please Harry, they'll be here any--

Too late. A HOWLING WIND draws her gaze upwards--where HIGH ABOVE, TEN PLUMES OF THICK BLACK SMOKE are billowing toward them.

Harry looks around. There's no where to run.

The Six stand abreast. The PLUMES SCREAM in. SIX WANDS RISE in unison--

THE SIX

STUPEFY--!!

--but it's too late--their voices are swallowed in the deafening WIND as now TWO MORE PLUMES sweep down behind them from opposite directions--the Six spin in confusion--

And then the other PLUMES are there, SPIRALING DOWN AROUND THEM, creating a TORNADO EFFECT. As the grotesque forms of half-reconstituted Death Eaters HOWL PAST one by one each of the kids is SUCKED into the maelstrom. Finally only Harry is left, hugging the Prophecy to his chest--

And then suddenly the ROAR of the wind dwindles to silence. Harry looks up from the ground--to see each of his friends held at wandpoint in a circle around him.

Malfoy begins to laugh.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Did you actually believe...Were you really naive enough to think that children stood a chance against...us?

Harry looks helplessly at the others. Malfoy holds out his hand.

LUCIUS MALFOY

The Prophecy.

NEVILLE(his nose bleeding)
DON'T GIB IT TO DEM, HARRY!

Dolohov roughly twists Neville's arm behind his back.

LUCIUS MALFOY
I'll make it easy for you, Potter. Give it to me now...or watch them die.

Beaten Harry haltingly steps forward...and hands Malfoy the Prophecy. Malfoy raises the glowing orb up to his face, illuminating a cruel smile:

LUCIUS MALFOY
Kill the spares. [ALT: Kill them]

QUICK CUTS: Harry stares. Ron and Hermione exchange a last look. Ginny and Luna clasp hands. Neville steels himself, looks unblinkingly at--

BELLATRIX. Grinning horribly, she raises her wand--draws an ecstatic breath to cast the killing spell--

--then suddenly her wand goes flying from her hand--Rookwood and Dolohov's are stripped from theirs as well--

Harry whirls--all heads turn--to see SIRIUS step from shadow into light, his dark eyes shining.

SIRIUS
Get away from my godson.

And with that he PUNCHES Malfoy brutally in the jaw--

--as the Prophecy goes sailing out of his hands. Malfoy stares in disbelief as it SMASHES on the stone. As the pearly-white figure of SYBILL TRELAWNEY rises from the broken glass and DISSOLVES INTO SMOKE Malfoy falls to his knees, holds up the broken shards in horror--

LUCIUS MALFOY
No...

Now the SOUND of RUSHING WIND spins the heads of the stunned Death Eaters as a WHITE VAPOR TRAIL circles in from above--

--as the kids use the diversion to elbow, kick and pull free of their captors. Simultaneously Sirius grabs Harry, pulls him to the ground just as the VAPOR TRAIL ROCKETS OVERHEAD--and an ARC of WHITE LIGHTNING shoots from it, FORKING and SPLITTING into multiple BOLTS that send Death Eaters flying left and right--

--as the WHITE PLUME COALESCES into Tonks, spinning balletically as she lands gracefully on the run--

-

--suddenly she trips--

--then catches herself at the last moment, sticking her landing. MORE WHITE VAPOR TRAILS are streaming in from all directions; in disarray, the DEATH EATERS fire spells off wildly as the WHITE PLUME COALESCE into Lupin--Moody--Shacklebolt--all in motion, wands blazing. Tonks quickly helps shepherd the KIDS out of harms way as THE BATTLE BEGINS--

SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

HIGH ON A RISER MADEYE MOODY is in his glory, sending spells BOOMING left and right. A DEATH EATER comes at him from behind--but Moody's EYE SPINS in his socket--

MADEYE MOODY

Oh no you don't, boyo--

Moody ELBOWS him brutally, grabs him, yanks him around and HEAD BUTTS him. As Moody watches him crash down the riser, he takes a hit from his flask, BELCHES with satisfaction--

A DEATH EATER SCREAMS like a banshee as he flies toward Shacklebolt--who just calmly fires a carefully aimed shot that sends him twirling fifty feet through the air. Just then ROOKWOOD ROCKETS UPWARDS, transforming into a black PLUME as he sends FIRE raining down on Shacklebolt--who, without missing a beat, aims over his shoulder--

--and hits the BILLOWING TRAIL dead on. Rookwood RECONSTITUTES in mid-air--plummets, FLAILING helplessly--as Shacklebolt whirls with a flourish, wand already sweeping towards its next target--

SIRIUS

leans over Harry in concern; helps him sit up. They are just out of the battlezone, in the SHADOW of the ARCH.

SIRIUS

Harry--are you all right?

Harry is overwhelmed with joy and relief at seeing his Godfather unharmed.

HARRY

Sirius...I thought...I mean I saw...

SIRIUS(gently)

I know. But its all right. I'm fine.

(a moment...than an EXPLOSION goes off nearby)

Listen to me: I want you to take the others and get out of here--

HARRY

What? No! I'm staying with you!

SIRIUS

Harry--

HARRY

Sirius, I won't lose you again!

Sirius looks at his Godson. For a moment the SOUNDS of the BATTLE grow distant.

SIRIUS

Harry...my life...has largely been a wasted one. Twelve years in Azkaban. Living on the run. The one good thing in it...has been you. Don't take that away from me.

(Harry is torn)

Besides...

Sirius is looking beyond him. Harry turns, follows his gaze...to where Tonks is helping the other kids, bruised and battered. Luna is still very shaky; Rin helps the limping Ginny.

SIRIUS

They need their leader.

Harry looks at his friends--back at Sirius--and finally, reluctantly nods. Sirius smiles--

BOOM! Harry darts across the no-man's land of EXPLOSIONS and strobing colored LIGHT. As he reaches the others, headed toward the amphitheater DOORWAY, Tonks squeezes his shoulder, then rushes back into the fray. As Harry watches her go he takes a last look at the battle--his searching eyes find Shackbolt--Lupin--then

SIRIUS

dueling Malfoy before the VEIL. BOLTS of FIRE explode from their wands as they circle, each seeking the high ground. Malfoy is good--very good. He battles Sirius back, gaining the advantage--

LUCIUS MALFOY

You should have stayed in hiding, Black!

SIRIUS

When I'm done with you, Malfoy--

(deftly tosses his wand from hand to hand)

--you'll wish I had.

Sirius backs up onto the DAIS, sends a multicolored BARRAGE OF FLAMES at Malfoy. Malfoy ducks behind the Arch--but suddenly a BOLT comes at Sirius from behind--he spins to find BELLATRIX. She

HISSES as she fires again--he nimbly dodges it.

SIRIUS

Come now Cousin, we can do better than that!

Bellatrix fires--but as Sirius moves to evade it he is blocked by another SIZZLING BOLT from Malfoy--and Sirius takes a painful HIT in the side--

HARRY, watching sucks in his breath--looks at Ron and Hermione, also riveted, torn--

SIRIUS' eyes grow hard as he summons all his power--sends a massive CRACKLING ELECTRIC BOLT, frying Bellatrix as she's hurled SCREAMING through the air out of sight--

Now DOLOHOV flies to Malfoy's aide. Together they use their wands to press Sirius back against the VEIL. As Sirius struggles against the crushing force of the spell, ROOKWOOD dives down from above, sending FIRE raining down on Sirius. Paralyzed, he struggles to roll clear--takes another agonizing HIT--

HARRY

Can't take it anymore. Hermione sees it. With quiet urgency:

HERMIONE

Go.

MALFOY AND DOLOHOV

advance on the pinned Sirius, wands extended--Sirius is helpless as Malfoy moves in for the kill--

LUCIUS MALFOY

The Dark Lord will be pleased indeed. Today will see both the end of Harry Potter--and the Order of the Phoenix!

Suddenly Malfoy is BLASTED, sent flying. A wild-eyed Sirius looks up to see HARRY--

SIRIUS

Good one, James!

Harry stares at Sirius. Dolohov sends a BOLT OF FIRE at him--who dodges as he spins into action. Caught in the crossfire, Harry and Sirius are dueling back to back. Sirius is ebullient, taking all comers. And then IN THE FOREGROUND a bloodied BELLATRIX rises into view, unseen. She takes shaky aim at Sirius--at the last second Harry sees--

HARRY

Sirius, look out--!

SIRIUS

It's all right Harry! I'm back--

He laughs triumphantly as Bellatrix FIRES--

--and a jet of light hits Sirius squarely on the chest. His laughter is still ringing as his eyes widen in surprise--

Time slows, sound fades.

Harry and Sirius lock eyes as Sirius goes sprawling backwards in SLOW MOTION. Terror lights in Harry's eyes. A look of surprise, and at the last moment, fear glints in Sirius' eyes as he flies backwards through the ragged VEIL...and vanishes.

Silence...then SOUND RETURNS with a rush as we hear Bellatrix' triumphant SCREAM.

HARRY

Sirius?

With dawning horror he starts toward the veil, but Lupin is there to hold him back.

LUPIN

No, Harry--he's gone.

Harry is stunned. Hermione, Ron, Neville, Luna white-faced. Harry struggles against Lupin's grip, refusing to believe it.

HARRY

SIRIUS!

Bellatrix is on the run, both Shacklebolt and Tonks firing after her. A shot hits Tonks'--her face contorts in pain as her hair turns WHITE.

Bellatrix disappears through the amphitheater DOORWAY--

--as Harry pulls free of Lupin and races after her.

LUPIN Harry, no--!

VOLDEMORT VS DUMBLEDORE / POSSESSION

143 INT. ATRIUM - MINISTRY OF MAGIC - CONTINUOUS

The vast deserted hallway is illuminated only by the glowing, golden FOUNTAIN.

As Harry enters he spots Bellatrix across the Atrium, heading for the fireplace. He raises his wand--hesitates--then raises it higher. A FLASH of light sends a hanging GARGOYLE crashing down onto her--

Bellatrix SCREAMS as she falls; her wand goes skittering off into the darkness. She looks down at her legs, trapped by rubble--

Harry is there. On fire, his wand pointed at her head. She looks up at him in terror--

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE(whispers)

No--

ON HARRY

Grief and murder blazing in his eyes--a timeless moment--

And then from the inky blackness beyond him a bone-white visage emerges, swims toward us.

VOLDEMORT

Do it, Harry.

Harry is in such a state he doesn't even flinch--is the voice in his head or is it real? Voldemort draws closer. Whispers in his ear.

VOLDEMORT

She killed him. She deserves it--

BELLATRIX LESTRANGE

My Lord--!

VOLDEMORT(ignoring her)

You know the spell. Do it--

Harry is on the brink--his wand trembling--

--and then a flash of LIGHT illuminates his face.

DUMBLEDORE(O.S.)

Harry

Harry tears his eyes away from Bellatrix...to see Dumbledore's pained, kindly eyes.

VOLDEMORT

You're too late, old man. The boys knows the truth. I can smell it.

(whispers)

Look at him, Harry. He doesn't really care about you--not really.

HARRY

That's not true!

VOLDEMORT

He cares only to the extent you're useful to him--you're but a pawn in his great chess match against me. And the love he professes is the greatest illusion of all...

(sadly)

He may even believe it. But it's a child's fantasy, Harry...and friendship and loyalty a fairy tale. Mine is a hard truth...but it is the truth. You are alone.

Dumbledore just continues to look at Harry with loving eyes.

DUMBLEDORE

It was foolish of you to come here tonight, Tom. The Aurors are on their way.

VOLDEMORT

By which time I shall be gone and you dead.

Suddenly a SCALDING ROPE OF FIRE arcs toward Dumbledore--but he is already brandishing his wand. ANOTHER ROPE OF FIRE emanates from it, wraps itself around Voldemort. Harry is BLOWN back against the wall by the power of the confrontation. The two great wizards are face to face.

VOLDEMORT

You do not seek to kill me, Dumbledore? Above such brutality?

DUMBLEDORE

There are more ways of destroying a man...and fates worse than death.

Voldemort sneers contemptuously--and vanishes. Instantly the firey rope TRANSFORMS into a GIANT SERPENT, turning on Dumbledore, HISSING furiously--

With a burst of FLAME Voldemort reappears on the plinth in the fountain. He watches, laughing, as the SERPENT rears high above Dumbledore--strikes--

--and suddenly implodes into smoke, quickly dissipates...

Voldemort's smile fades--and then the WATER in the pool begins to RISE UP, covering him like a cocoon of molten glass. His rippling faceless figure struggles to throw off the suffocating mass--suddenly goes still as he again vanishes, and the water CRASHES to the floor. Voldemort reappears, squares off against Dumbledore. Raises his wand--Dumbledore raises his--

HARRY

LIGHTS STROBE and ARC across his face as the two great Wizards continue to battle, the very walls TREMBLING. RUBBLE and SHATTERED TILES fall in slow motion around him. But it all seems distant, remote as we PUSH IN on Harry, crushed with grief.

DUMBLEDORE AND VOLDEMORT

Dumbledore's brow is shining; he is weakening visibly.

VOLDEMORT

I should kill you now, old Man.

(a thought)

Then again, if your own death means nothing to you...perhaps...

VOLDEMORT smiles malignantly--vanishes--as Dumbledore realizes--

DUMBLEDORE

Harry! Stay where you are--

HARRY

suddenly squeezes his eyes tight--and when he opens them again his eyes are--for a brief moment-- SNAKE-SLITS.

HARRY/VOLDEMORT

Kill me now, Dumbledore. If death is nothing--kill the boy.

As Harry CRIES OUT his terrified EYES revert to normal. Some tortured internal battle is raging within him. Dumbledore watches, helpless--

--as one last time we PUSH INTO HARRY'S EYE--ZZZP--

A KALEIDOSCOPIIC FLURRY OF IMAGES

A BLUR of random shots of Harry from throughout the films flash by, too quick to grasp--it is as if Voldemort is rifling through Harry's brain. Simultaneously a SUPERSONIC WHINE rises in pitch, becomes excruciating--ZZZP--

A sudden SILENCE as Harry opens his eyes--to find he is once again standing in a familiar empty classroom. Blazing light from the windows divide the room into bands of washed-out light and deep shadow. COUNTER TO REVEAL the MIRROR OF ERISED across the empty room. Terrified but irresistibly compelled, Harry starts toward it--

FLASH CUT--Sirius being blown back through the veil, terror dawning in his eyes--

ZZZP. Closer now, Harry continues approaching the Mirror, passing from light into shadow. We begin

to hear the sound of VOLDEMORT LAUGHING--

FLASH CUT: YOUNG JAMES laughs as he floats Young Snape in mid-air--

ZZZP--Shaking now, Harry draws still closer to the Mirror, stepping through dazzling light.
VOLDEMORT'S LAUGHTER GROWS--

FLASH CUT: Harry stands staring down at the terrified Bellatrix, on the brink of murder--his wand trembling with hate--

ZZZP. Harry takes a last step toward the mirror as we REVEAL HARRY'S REFLECTION: IT IS VOLDEMORT. Harry tries desperately to avert his eyes--

VOLDEMORT
LOOK AT ME!

ZZZP. For a split second we are back in the Atrium--Harry is SHIVERING violently--

HARRY(whispers)
He's--too-strong--

DUMBLEDORE
Don't fight him Harry! You can't win, not on his terms--

ZZZP--

FLASH CUT: ADULT JAMES smiles out at us from the photo of the Original Order, his arm around Sirius...

SIRIUS(O.S.)
We've all got both light and dark inside us...

Suddenly Harry is back in the Tapestry room with Sirius.

SIRIUS
What matters is the part we choose to act on. That's who we really are.

Sirius smiles...and then his FACE begins to CHANGE, TRANSFORMING INTO A SERPENT--THEN AGAIN INTO VOLDEMORT--the ROOM SWIMS and suddenly Harry is again standing in front of the mirror--Voldemort's LAUGHTER FILLS THE ROOM--

Harry SMASHES the Mirror--the room PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS--

ZZZP--

Silence. Eye of the storm.

YOUNG LILY, now alone on the lawn, turns and looks at Harry.

YOUNG LILY

Why do you hate him so?

FLASH CUT--ADULT LILY turns in terror, holding INFANT HARRY--

HARRY

Because he murdered you!

YOUNG LILY(gently)

That's the thing, isn't it. Hate is easy. It's compassion that's hard.

Harry stares at her, as the scene WHITES OUT--

ZZZZP--In the Atrium, HARRY is fading. His heartbeat ECHOES; Voldemort's LAUGHTER rings distantly as Harry starts to lose consciousness. We sense this is his final moment.

TRELAWNEY(V.O.)

...but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...

And then Harry sees them.

Ron and Hermione, breathless and fearful at the entrance of the smoking, ruined Atrium.

Something clicks in Harry's head. Whispers--

HARRY

You're not strong. You're weak.

FLASH CUTS: IN SILENCE we see SHOTS of Ron and Hermione, private moments of friendship and warmth, some we've seen before, some we haven't. Their first moment meeting in Film 1. Ron smiling. Hermione sighing...

And then again they're gazing helplessly at Harry in the Atrium...as Luna, Neville, and Ginny appear behind them, bloody but unbowed.

Harry looks back. Whispers with the last of his strength--

HARRY

You'll never know friendship--or love, or real happiness--and I--FEEL--SORRY--FOR--YOU--!

Harry is suddenly buffeted by a violent WIND--

--and then Voldemort is standing above him like a dark mirror. But his expression betrays no anger, or weakness. Instead it shows an almost humane sadness.

VOLDEMORT(softly)

You are a fool, Harry Potter...

He reaches out to gently touch Harry's face.

VOLDEMORT

And you will lose everything.

A suspended moment--the world is FROZEN around the two of them--then--

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!--FIREPLACES IGNITE in a quick succession of EMERALD BURSTS; loud VOICES ECHO all over the Atrium--Voldemort looks evenly at Harry--and with another BLAST OF WIND VANISHES--

--as Harry collapses to the floor.

And then Dumbledore is there, gently touching his face as Harry, shivering, stares up into his kindly eyes through his shattered glasses. In a moment they are surrounded by MINISTRY OFFICIALS--and a stunned Cornelius Fudge, pajamas visible under his robes. VOICES cry "I saw him!" "It was Voldemort, he was here!"

Dumbledore looks up from Harry, his hard eyes meeting Fudge's...as Fudge sags in defeat.

FUDGE

He's back.

The scene is a chaos of rushing wizards, as Dumbledore turns lovingly back to Harry, who has finally passed out.