

**HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE**

Screenplay  
by  
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Based on the novel by J.K. Rowling

Shooting Draft	11/09/00
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Yellow Revision	13/10/00
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Gold Revision	31/10/00
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1-18 \*

19 EXT. PRIVET DRIVE - NIGHT

19 \*

Dark at this hour, except for the STREET LAMPS that dot the street, spilling deep pools of light upon the ground. \*

On the far corner, a MAN MATERIALIZES out of the darkness. He is tall and thin, with a silver beard long enough to tuck into his belt. He wears a PURPLE CLOAK and is roughly one hundred and fifty years old. He is ALBUS DUMBLEDORE. \*

Dumbledore removes a small silver object from his cloak-- the PUT-OUTER. He extends his hand and--CLICK--the nearest street lamp GOES OUT with a soft pop. He continues to click the Put-Outer until all the lamps go DARK. \*

He turns, spies a CAT, sitting on the wall of Number Four. He smiles knowingly. \*

DUMBLEDORE \*

I should have known you'd be here,  
Professor McGonagall. \*

The cat leaps forward, TRANSFIGURES itself into a rather severe-looking woman in an EMERALD CLOAK. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL \*

Are the rumors true, Albus? \*

DUMBLEDORE \*

(smile fading)  
I'm afraid so. The good. And the bad. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL \*

And the boy? \*

DUMBLEDORE \*

Hagrid's bringing him. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL \*

You think it...wise...to trust Hagrid with something as important as this? \*

DUMBLEDORE \*

I would trust Hagrid with my life,  
Professor. \*

A LOW RUMBLE disturbs the skies. Dumbledore and McGonagall look up and--suddenly--a HUGE MOTORCYCLE plummets through the clouds, hits the ground with a THUNDEROUS ROAR. As the SMOKE clears, a FIGURE climbs off. He is HAGRID and is, quite obviously, a GIANT. In his vast, muscular arms, he holds a BUNDLE of BLANKETS. \*

HAGRID

Ev'ning, Professor Dumbledore, sir.  
Professor McGonagall.

DUMBLEDORE

No problems, I take it, Hagrid?

HAGRID

No sir. Little tyke fell ter sleep as  
we was flyin' o'er Bristol.

Hagrid steps forward and Dumbledore takes the bundle, turns  
toward the doorstep.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Albus, do you really think it best to  
leave him here, with these people?  
I've been watching them all day.  
They're the worst sort of Muggles  
imaginable. They're...

DUMBLEDORE

The only family he has.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

But this boy will be famous. There  
won't be a child in our world who  
doesn't know his name...

DUMBLEDORE

Exactly. It would be enough to turn  
any boy's head. Famous before he can  
walk and talk. Famous for something he  
won't even remember. No. He'll be much  
better off growing up away from all  
that. Until he's ready.

Dumbledore lays the bundle on the mat. Hagrid SNIFFLES.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

There, there, Hagrid. It's not really  
goodbye, after all.

Hagrid nods. Dumbledore tucks a PARCHMENT ENVELOPE into the  
blankets and steps back, his face suddenly dark. Serious.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Good luck, Harry Potter.

The CAMERA DOLLIES forward, toward the swaddled baby. A  
CUT, still fresh, gleams on the baby's forehead. It is in  
the shape of a BOLT of LIGHTNING. SMASH CUT TO TEN YEARS  
LATER.

20 INT. CUPBOARD - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING

20

A pair of blinking GREEN EYES jerk into the light.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Up! Now!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I said *now!*

FOOTSTEPS RECEDE and HARRY POTTER, now ten years old, swings his skinny legs to the floor. He's small, which is lucky since his room is not really a room at all, but merely a cupboard under the stairs.

Abruptly, the cupboard begins to SHAKE, DUST spilling from the joists above Harry's head. Calmly, Harry takes a pair of EYEGLASSES--taped at the bridge with Sellotape--from a nail.

21 EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

21

Harry comes blinking out the cupboard door, watches his enormous cousin, DUDLEY, thunder down the last step. Just then, Harry's Aunt Petunia appears in the kitchen ahead.

AUNT PETUNIA

There's the birthday boy! Don't you look smart for your trip to the zoo.

(scowling at Harry)

You mind the bacon. And don't dare let it burn. I want everything perfect on my Dimplin's special day.

HARRY

Yes, Aunt Petunia.

22 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

22

Harry enters, finds his UNCLE VERNON reading the *Daily Mail* behind a monstrous PILE OF PRESENTS.

UNCLE VERNON  
Bring my coffee, boy.

HARRY  
Yes, Uncle Vernon.

Dudley enters, stares at the presents.

DUDLEY  
How many are there?

UNCLE VERNON  
Thirty-six. Counted them myself.

DUDLEY  
Thirty-six. But last year...last year  
I had thirty-seven...

UNCLE VERNON  
Well now, son, some of these are quite  
a bit bigger than last year--

DUDLEY  
I DON'T CARE HOW BIG THEY ARE!

AUNT PETUNIA  
Now, now, here's what we'll do. Today,  
when we're out, we'll buy you two more  
presents. How's that, popkin?

DUDLEY  
So then I'll have...I'll have...

HARRY  
Thirty-eight, popkin.

Aunt Petunia cuffs Harry on the head on her way to the  
RINGING TELEPHONE.

AUNT PETUNIA  
You just mind that bacon!

HARRY  
Yes, Aunt Petunia.

As Dudley tears open a BOX of LEAD SOLDIERS, Uncle Vernon  
ruffles his hair.

UNCLE VERNON

Want your money's worth, don't you, tiger. Well, look there. Aunt Marge's sent you the Fourth Battalion.

Dudley twists the head off one.

DUDLEY

This one's lost its head.

UNCLE VERNON

Well now, son. Remember, we talked about this. They're not meant to move...

As Dudley tosses the damaged soldier aside, Harry studies it closely, then...Aunt Petunia HANGS UP the phone, turns.

AUNT PETUNIA

Bad news. Mrs. Figgs' broken her leg. She can't take *him*.

UNCLE VERNON

We could phone Yvonne.

AUNT PETUNIA

Don't be silly. She hates the boy.

HARRY

You could just leave me here.

UNCLE VERNON

And come back to find the house in ruins?

DUDLEY

I...Don't...Want...Him...To...Come!  
He...always...spoils...everything!

AUNT PETUNIA

Now, precious, don't cry. He won't spoil anything. What if Mummy buys you three more presents.

DUDLEY

Three?

AUNT PETUNIA

As many as you want, sweetums.

As Aunt Petunia cuddles him, Dudley shoots Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

22A EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - A BIT LATER 22A

As Harry gets in the car, Uncle Vernon leans close.

UNCLE VERNON

I'm warning you now, boy. Any funny business, any at all, and you'll have no meals for a week.

23 EXT. ZOO - DAY 23

Happy children walk hand in hand with their parents, as...

24 INT. REPTILE HOUSE - LATER - DAY 24

Dudley presses his pudgy nose to a gleaming plate of glass.

DUDLEY

Make it move.

Uncle Vernon looks over a zoo map at the HUGE BURMESE PYTHON curled beyond the glass. RAPS his knuckles. Nothing. \*

HARRY

He's asleep.

DUDLEY

He's boring.

Dudley waddles away and the others follow, all but Harry, who steps forward and rubs Dudley's noseprint from the glass.

HARRY

Sorry about him. He doesn't understand what it's like, lying there day after day, watching people press their ugly faces in on you... \*

The snake nods. Harry stops, looks off, then back. WHISPERS: \*

HARRY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me? \*

The snake cocks its head and...winks. \*

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's just, I've never talked to a snake before. Do you, I mean...do you talk to people often?

The snake regards Harry...then slowly shakes its head no. Harry nods, looking a bit unnerved.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So...you're from Burma, aren't you? Was it nice there? Do you miss your family?

(listening)

I see. That's me as well. I never knew my parents either...

DUDLEY

MUMMY! DAD! COME HERE! You won't believe what this snake is doing!

Dudley JABS Harry hard in the ribs, sending him tumbling to the concrete floor. Angry, Harry looks up as Dudley leans against the glass and it...VANISHES. Dudley flops forward, the snake slithers out, and people run screaming.

Stunned, Harry watches the python slip into the sunshine, then glances back to the snake tank. The glass has reappeared and Dudley sits within, face pale, eyes frozen in terror.

25 INT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - LATER - DAY 25

Uncle Vernon, face purple with rage, drags Harry by the ear.

HARRY

I swear, I don't know how it happened! One minute the glass was there and then it was gone. It was like magic.

Uncle Vernon hurls Harry into the cupboard, stares hard.

UNCLE VERNON

*There's...no...such...thing...as...magic!*

The door SLAMS. Harry sits quietly. Then, from his pocket, he removes the damaged soldier Dudley had discarded earlier. Reaching up, he places it on a dark shelf, next to half a dozen others.

25A EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING 25A

A single OWL swoops down onto the Dursley's roof.

26 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 26

Dudley parades about the kitchen in knickerbockers, tailcoat and straw boater, tapping the floor with a KNOBBLY STICK, while a teary Aunt Petunia snaps a photo with a FLASH CAMERA.

AUNT PETUNIA

Oh, Vernon, look at him. To think in only a week he'll be off to Smeltings.



UNCLE VERNON  
Proudest moment of my life.

HARRY  
(with dread)  
Will I have to wear that too?

AUNT PETUNIA  
You! Go to Smeltings? Don't be stupid.  
You'll go to state school, where you  
belong. That there'll be yours, once I'm  
done dying it.

Harry glances at a tub of grey mud boiling on the stove.

HARRY  
But that's Dudley's old uniform. It'll  
fit me like bits of old elephant skin.

AUNT PETUNIA  
Fit you fine enough. Now fetch the post.

27 INT. FRONT HALL - DAY

27

Three letters lie on the mat. A bill. A postcard. An envelope of YELLOW PARCHMENT. Harry takes all, then stops, staring at the envelope, which is addressed in EMERALD INK.

Mr. H. Potter  
The Cupboard Under The Stairs  
4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging  
Surrey

Harry turns the envelope over, finds a PURPLE WAX SEAL. It is a COAT OF ARMS, surrounding a large letter H.

28 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28

Harry drops the post on the table and sits, staring in quiet wonderment at his envelope. Uncle Vernon takes the postcard.

UNCLE VERNON  
Marge's ill. Ate a funny whelk...

BAM! Dudley brings the Smelting stick down hard on the table.

DUDLEY  
Dad! Look! Harry's got a letter!

Quickly, Uncle Vernon SNATCHES it away.

HARRY  
That's mine!

UNCLE VERNON  
Yours. Who'd be writing to you--

Uncle Vernon's face goes pale.

29 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

29

The boys come flying into the hall, throw themselves against the door as it slams shut.

HARRY  
I want my letter!

DUDLEY  
I want my stick!

Harry and Dudley make a furious play for the keyhole, but Dudley's size proves too much and Harry, glasses dangling from one ear, settles for the crack between door and floor.

HARRY'S POV

of Uncle Vernon's thick black shoes pacing back and forth.

AUNT PETUNIA  
Vernon. Look at the address. How could they possibly know where he sleeps? You don't think they're watching the house?

UNCLE VERNON  
Watching. Spying. Following us. We both know the dangerous nonsense your sister and her husband were mixed up in.

AUNT PETUNIA  
But what should we do, Vernon? Should we write back. Tell them we don't want--

UNCLE VERNON  
No. We'll ignore it. If they don't get an answer...Yes, that's best...I'll burn it.

HARRY  
NO! I WANT MY LETTER!

30 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 30  
 Uncle Vernon walks to the stove, flips on a gas jet. As the letter BURNS, Harry POUNDS the door, and a MONTAGE BEGINS: \*

31-35 OMITTED 31-35 \*

36 EXT. ROOF - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING 36 \*  
 An OWL beats its way across the sky, flutters down upon the TV ANTENNA, where TWO OTHER OWLS already sit. \*

36A INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 36A \*  
 A frowning Uncle Vernon stands before the TELLY, struggling to unscramble a RUGBY MATCH. The CLICK of the MAIL SLOT is heard and he turns. \*

37 INT. FRONT HALL - DAY 37  
 THREE MORE LETTERS lie on the mat. Uncle Vernon enters, snatches them up, RIPS them to pieces. \*

38 INT. CUPBOARD - DAY 38  
 Harry sits sadly upon his bed, when...BANG! BANG! BANG! \*

39 OMITTED 39 \*

40 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 40 \*  
 Harry eases open the cupboard door. Down the hallway, Uncle Vernon stands swinging a hammer, mouth bulging with nails as he POUNDS SHUT the mail slot. \*

40A EXT. NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING 40A  
 Uncle Vernon exits the house with his briefcase, stops. FOUR OWLS sit atop his Vauxhall. He watches curiously as they take flight, then looks down. FOUR LETTERS lie at his feet. \*

41 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 41 \*  
 The FIREPLACE BLAZES. Uncle Vernon pitches a handful of LETTERS into the flames, turns. Harry stands watching. \*

42 EXT. ROOF - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - SAME TIME 42 \*  
 As the CHIMNEY SMOKES, FIVE OWLS sit in black silhouette against a full moon. \*

42A EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW - NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE - MORNING 42A \*

Aunt Petunia cracks an EGG. Inside is a LETTER. She cracks another. Another LETTER. We PAN off the window to Dudley's neglected BICYCLE. Perched atop the handlebars, seat and tires are SIX OWLS. MONTAGE ENDS. \*

43 OMITTED 43 \*

44 INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNDAY MORNING - DAY 44 \*

Dudley lies on the floor, destroying another birthday toy, as Aunt Petunia carefully sets a cup of coffee by Uncle Vernon, who sits in an armchair, smiling strangely.

UNCLE VERNON

Fine day, Sunday. Best day of the week in my opinion. Know why I say that, Dudley?

HARRY

(entering)

Because there's no post on Sundays.

Uncle Vernon looks up brightly, but Harry's eyes are on the window behind him. Outside, the sky is DARK WITH OWLS.

UNCLE VERNON

Right you are, Harry! No damn letters today! No sir. Not one blasted...

Just then, something WHIZZES DOWN the chimney and SMACKS Uncle Vernon flat on the back of the head. Seconds later another follows, and then another, until the living room is aflock with...LETTERS. Harry leaps onto a table, trying to snag one, when Uncle Vernon seizes him by the waist.

45 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 45

As Uncle Vernon stumbles out, Harry shakes free of his grasp and stares dumbly: LETTERS swirl up and down the hall.

DUDLEY

Who on earth wants to talk to you this badly!

A letter flutters on Harry's fingertips...before Uncle Vernon sweeps it away, eyes crazed, SHOUTING CRAZILY:

UNCLE VERNON

That does it! We're going away! Far away! Where they can't find us! Where they can't get to us!

Dudley glances at his mother.

DUDLEY  
Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?

46 OMITTED 46

47 EXT. HUT ON THE ROCK - NIGHT 47

A very sad-looking HUT sits perched upon a large ROCK far at sea. Wind whistles. The sea rages.

48 INT. HUT ON THE ROCK - NIGHT 48

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia sleep on a lumpy bed in the hut's only bedroom. Dudley SNORES on a moth-eaten sofa. Harry lies on the bare floor beneath a ragged blanket. LIGHTNING FLASHES. As the room goes dark again, Harry studies the lighted dial of Dudley's watch. As it ticks toward midnight, Harry puts the last touches to a BIRTHDAY CAKE he's etched in the dust that layers the floor.

HARRY  
Make a wish, Harry.

Closing his eyes, he...blows...and the "flames" of dust scatter. Eyes still closed, Harry holds the wish when...

BOOM!

The DOOR SHUDDERS. HINGES squeal. A pin squirrels out of its housing. Falls to the floor.

BOOM!

Uncle Vernon comes sledding into the room in his socks, a RIFLE in hand, paper hanging by a string from the barrel.

UNCLE VERNON  
Who's there? I warn you--I'm armed!

SMASH! The door falls flat. An IMMENSE SILHOUETTE stands against the raging sea outside, identical to the beastly figure seen climbing the stairs in Godric's Hollow. He is HAGRID and is, rather obviously, a GIANT. Presently he is standing on the front door.

HAGRID  
Er, right. Sorry 'bout that...

Hagrid steps clear, takes the door, and fits it back into its frame. Glances at Dudley. Frowns.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Mind, I haven't seen yeh since you was a baby, Harry, but yeh're a bit more along than I woulda expected.  
'Specially round the middle.

DUDLEY

(terrified)

I'm not Harry.

HARRY

I am.

Hagrid turns, watches Harry's face come into the light.

HAGRID

Well now, course yeh are. \*

UNCLE VERNON

I demand that you leave at once, sir!  
You are breaking and entering!

HAGRID

Ah, dry up, Dursley, yeh great prune.

Hagrid takes the rifle, knots it like a piece of licorice.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Anyway, Harry. Got summat fer yeh.  
'Fraid I mighta sat on it at some point, but 'magine it'll taste all right jus' the same...let's see now...got it here somewhere...

Hagrid rummages in his coat, removes: a kettle, frying pan, sausages, one PINK UMBRELLA and, finally, a squashed paper box containing a CHOCOLATE CAKE with "Happee Birthdae, Harry" scrawled in green icing.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Baked it meself, words an' all.

HARRY

Thank you.

HAGRID

Well, it's not ev'ry day yer young man turns 'leven.

Hagrid turns to the fireplace, gives the embers a poke with the pink umbrella. As they ROAR to life, he takes the frying pan, lobs in the sausages. Dudley perks up as they sizzle.

HARRY

Excuse me, but...who are you?

Harry stares blankly. Hagrid frowns. \*

HAGRID

Blimey, Harry, did yeh never wonder where yer parents learnt it all? \*

HARRY

Learned what? \*

HAGRID

What? DURSLEY!!! Do yeh mean ter tell me the boy knows nothin? \*

Uncle Vernon stands mute. Hagrid simmers, then shakes his head and turns back to the fire. \*

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Harry, yer a wizard. \*

For a moment, the hut is utterly silent. \*

HARRY

I'm a what? \*

HAGRID

A Wizard. And a thumpin' good 'un, I'd wager, once yeh've been trained up a bit. \*

HARRY

No. You've made a mistake. I...I can't be a...wizard. I mean...I'm just...Harry. Just Harry. \*

HAGRID

Tha' right. Tell me, Harry. Ever make somethin' strange 'appen? When yeh was scared maybe. Or angry? \*

As Harry looks up in recognition, Hagrid slaps a soggy ENVELOPE into Harry's hand. Harry opens it, reads.

HARRY

'Dear Mr. Potter, We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry...'

As Harry looks up, Hagrid winks, and takes a bite of sausage.

UNCLE VERNON

He'll not be going, I tell you! We swore when we took him in we'd put a stop to that rubbish!

HARRY

You knew? You knew I'm a...a wizard?

Aunt Petunia--looking furious--emerges from the shadows.

AUNT PETUNIA

Of course we knew! How could you not be, my dratted sister being what she was? Oh, mother and father were so proud when the letter came. A *witch* in the family. Isn't it wonderful. I was the only one who saw her for what she was...a freak!

(distastefully)

Then she met that Potter and had you. I knew you'd be the same. Just as strange,

(MORE)



AUNT PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
just as abnormal. And then, if you  
please, she went and got herself blown  
up and we got landed with you--

HARRY  
Blown up? You told me my parents died  
in a car crash.

HAGRID  
CAR CRASH! A car crash kill Lily and  
James Potter? It's an outrage! A  
scandal!

UNCLE VERNON  
HE'LL NOT BE GOING, I TELL YOU! \*

HAGRID  
An' I s'ppose a great Muggle like  
yerself is goin' ter stop him. \*

HARRY  
Muggle? \*

HAGRID  
Non-magic folk. \*  
(turning to Uncle Vernon)  
This boy's name's been down ever since  
he was born. He's off to the finest  
school of witchcraft and wizardry in  
the world and he'll be under the  
greatest headmaster Hogwart's has ever  
known, Albus Dumbledore-- \*

UNCLE VERNON  
I will not pay for some crackpot old  
fool to teach him magic tricks! \*

Hagrid spins, eyes bulging. \*

HAGRID  
NEVER...INSULT...ALBUS...DUMBLEDORE...  
IN ...FRONT...OF...ME!

Hagrid spins, points the umbrella at Uncle Vernon, then  
spies Dudley, one hand deep in Harry's birthday cake. POP!--  
a FLASH of VIOLET LIGHT hits Dudley square in the rump.  
Instantly, a PIG'S TAIL curls through the back of his  
trousers. Uncle Vernon ROARS, hurries everyone out of the  
room.

HAGRID (CONT'D)  
Tha's curious. Meant ter turn 'im into  
a complete pig, whole hog an' all.  
Suppose he was so much like a pig  
already, there wasn't much left ter  
do.

Hagrid sees Harry staring in awe at the pink umbrella.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Er, be grateful if yeh didn't mention that to anyone at Hogwarts. Strictly speakin', I'm not allowed ter do magic.  
(checks pocket watch)  
Bit behind schedule, aren't we? Best be off.

Hagrid exits, leaving Harry to consider his sorry surroundings. He looks momentarily at a loss, then...Hagrid pokes his head back in. \*

HAGRID (CONT'D) \*

'Less, o' course, yeh'd rather stay. \*

48A EXT. STREET - LONDON - DAWN 48A \*

Harry, reads ALOUD from his LIST as he trails Hagrid, who draws an eye or two--as a giant in Central London will. \*

HARRY

'First year students will require three sets of plain work robes, one plain pointed hat for day wear, one pair of dragon-hide gloves...'

Hagrid chuckles at a PARKING METER.

HAGRID

Things these Muggles dream up...

48B INT. TRAIN - LONDON - DAWN 48B

Harry sits beside Hagrid, continues to read from his list.

HARRY

'...and the following Set Books: *The Standard Book of Spells* by Miranda Goshawk. *One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi* by Phyllida Spore...'

49 EXT. STREET/LEAKY CAULDRON - LONDON - DAWN 49

Hagrid leads Harry on, parting the crowd easily.

HARRY

'One wand, one standard Size 2 pewter cauldron and may bring, if they desire, either an owl, a cat, or a toad.'

(looking up)

Can we find all this in London?

Hagrid pauses by a NARROW GRAY DOOR that stands between a BOOK SHOP on one side and a RECORD SHOP on the other.

HAGRID

If yeh know where to go.

50 INT. LEAKY CAULDRON - DAY

50

A dark, shabby pub. In a corner, some OLD WOMEN sit drinking, one smoking a pipe as long as her arm. Up front, a TINY MAN in a TOP HAT talks to the BARTENDER, who resembles a gummy walnut. Harry and Hagrid enter.

BARTENDER

Hagrid! The usual, I presume--  
(spying Harry)

Good Lord. Is this? Can this be him?  
Bless my soul. It's Harry Potter.

The pub goes quiet. Then...everyone is up and around Harry, holding out their hands and gabbling, while Hagrid looks on, beaming. Slowly, a NERVOUS YOUNG MAN makes his way forward.

QUIRRELL

Harry P-P-Potter. C-Can't tell you how pleased I am to meet you.

HAGRID

Professor! Didn't see yeh there. Harry, this 'ere's Professor Quirrell. He'll be yer Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts.

QUIRRELL

F-F-Fearfully f-fascinating subject. N-Not that you n-need it, eh, P-P-Potter?

Quirrell's eyes flutter nervously over Harry's scar.

HAGRID

Yes, well, must get on. Lots ter buy.  
(as he pulls Harry along)  
See? Tol' yeh you was famous.

51 EXT. BACK COURTYARD/LEAKY CAULDRON - MOMENTS LATER

51

Hagrid TAPS the bricks of one wall with the tip of his umbrella while Harry stands by, deep in thought.

HARRY

Why am I famous, Hagrid? All those people back there. How is it they know who I am?

HAGRID

Don' know that I'm the right one ter tell yeh that, Harry. Let's see now...Three up...Two across...Right. Stand back now.

Hagrid gives the wall one last TAP and the bricks QUIVER, wriggling and jiggling until an ARCHWAY appears, giving out on a COBBLED STREET so long and twisting it seems never to end. As Harry's jaw drops, Hagrid grins.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Welcome, Harry. To Diagon Alley.

52 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

52

As Harry steps through, the archway SHRINKS INSTANTLY into a solid wall. All around him, Harry sees mothers and fathers with children in tow, clutching LISTS similar to his own.

PLUMP WOMAN

Seventeen Sickles an ounce for Dragon Liver, can you imagine? They're mad!

MOTHER

It says brass, Trevor. As such, you will get brass.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOY

There it is! The Nimbus Two Thousand! Runs a good twenty times faster than the old Comets. Neil Marks himself rides it for the Chudley Cannons.

FATHER

Mind you don't drop your bottle of eel's eye, Belinda. I'll not buy you another.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Harry tries to take in everything at once, marveling at shops specializing in everything from cauldrons, owls and broomsticks to robes, 'unmentionables,' and spell books.

HARRY

Dragon Liver? Do they mean from a real dragon?

HAGRID

Well, they don't mean a ruddy penguin. Crikey, I'd like a dragon.

HARRY

You'd like a dragon?

HAGRID

Vastly misunderstood beasts, Harry. Vastly misunderstood...

HARRY

(staring in a cauldron shop)  
But how am I to pay for all this, Hagrid?  
I haven't any money.

Hagrid gestures to a TOWERING, SNOW-WHITE BUILDING ahead.

HAGRID

There's yer money. Gringotts. Wizard's Bank. No place safer, Harry. Not one. 'Cept perhaps Hogwarts.

53 INT. GRINGOTTS - DAY

53

ONE HUNDRED GOBLINS sit on high stools at a long counter, scribbling in ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales. As Harry and Hagrid enter, a clever-looking goblin closes the door behind them, watches their every step.

HARRY

Uh, Hagrid, what exactly was that?

HAGRID

Yer basic Door Goblin. Clever as they come goblins, but not yer most friendly beasts. Best stay close.

(stepping up to a teller)

Mornin'. Mr. Harry Potter wishes to make a withdrawal.

GOBLIN

And Mr. Harry Potter has his key?

HAGRID

Let's see, got it 'ere somewhere...

The Goblin looks on disfavorably as Hagrid rifles his coat, producing in rapid succession: a jangly RING of KEYS, one BALL of STRING, a fistful of MINT HUMBUGS, two TEABAGS, and a MOTH...which simply flutters from one pocket to another.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Ah, 'ere's the li'l devil.

(leaning close)

There's another matter as well. I've got a letter from Professor Dumbledore. It's about the You-Know-What in Vault You-Know-Which.

GOBLIN

Very well. I'll have Griphook take you.

54 INT. STONE PASSAGEWAY - GRINGOTTS - DAY

54

CLOSE ON: GRIPHOOK

...a swarthy, slit-eyed goblin, driving a small cart with white-knuckle precision down a STONE PASSAGEWAY lit with FLAMING TORCHES. They plunge deeper, come...

55-56 OMITTED

55-56

57 EXT. VAULT - STONE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

57

...whistling to a halt before a SMALL DOOR. Griphook steps out, takes Harry's key and UNLOCKS the vault, revealing great glittering pyramids of coin. Harry is speechless.

HAGRID

Din' think yer parents would leave yeh with nothin', did yeh?

58 INT. CART - PASSAGEWAYS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

58

The cart hurtles even DEEPER, abruptly stops.

GRIPHOOK

Vault Seven Hundred Thirteen.

HARRY

What's in here, Hagrid?

HAGRID

Can't tell yeh that, Harry. Hogwarts business. Very secret.

Griphook steps up to a door with no keyhole, strokes it with one long finger, and it simply MELTS away.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Anyone but a Gringotts goblin tried that, they'd be sucked through the door.

HARRY

How often do you check to see if anyone's inside?

GRIPHOOK

About once every ten years.

Harry peers into the vault, sees...a GRUBBY LITTLE PACKAGE. Hagrid slips it into his LEFT COAT POCKET, returns.

HAGRID

Best not mention this ter anyone either, Harry.

59 EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - LATER - DAY

59

Harry and Hagrid exit the Apothecary, loaded with Harry's various purchases. Harry studies the list in his hand.



HARRY  
I still need...a wand. \*

HAGRID  
(points ahead) \*  
Only place for wands, is Ollivanders. \*  
You go inside. I got one more thing I \*  
gotta'do. \*

Harry nods, walks into Ollivanders. \*

59A OMITTED

59A

60 INT. OLLIVANDERS WAND SHOP - DAY

60

Harry and Hagrid stand in a very narrow shop where thousands of slender boxes are stacked to the ceiling. Hovering above them on a spindly ladder is a pale old man with eyes like silver moons. He is OLLIVANDER.

OLLIVANDER  
I wondered when I'd be seeing you, Mr. Potter. Seems only yesterday your mother and fathe we're in here buying their first wands...

Ollivander steps down with a pair of slender boxes.

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)  
(extending a box)  
Here we are. Just give it a wave.

Feeling a bit supid, Harry raises his arm. Nothing.

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)  
No. Apparently not. Perhaps this.

Harry raises it and...BRIGHT LIGHT shoots forth... sending  
a CRYSTAL VASE OF BLACK ROSES shattering to the floor.

OLLIVANDER

No. No. Definitely not. No Matter.  
After all...it's the wand that chooses  
the wizard.

61 INT. OLLIVANDERS WAND SHOP - LATER

61

HUNDREDS OF WAND BOXES lie at Harry's feet. Hagrid, eyes heavy, sits on a spindly chair. Ollivander, meanwhile, stands at the top of a spindly ladder, eyeing his inventory.

OLLIVANDER

I wonder...

Ollivander descends, presents a box. Stifling a yawn, Harry takes the wand...and his expression changes.

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)

Go on then.

As Harry extends his arm, his hand trembles. A breeze stirs, sending the shop's tiny bell RINGING. The pages of a BOOK FLUTTER on the counter, and Harry's hair feathers off his forehead, showing his scar. Astounded, Harry smiles and then...Ollivander slips the wand from his fingers and the breeze dies, the shop returning to its eerie calm.

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)

Curious. Very curious...

HARRY

Sorry, but what's curious?

OLLIVANDER

I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr. Potter. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather resides in your wand, gave another feather. Just one other. It's curious that you should be destined for this wand when its brother...

(eyes shifting)

...gave you that scar.

HARRY

And who owned that wand?

Ollivander exchanges a surprised glance with Hagrid.

HAGRID

We don't speak his name, Harry.

OLLIVANDER

As I said, the wand chooses the wizard, Mr. Potter. It's not always clear why. But I think it's clear we can expect great things from you. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things.

(MORE)

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)

Ollivander slides the lid on the box, hands it to Harry.

OLLIVANDER (CONT'D)

Terrible, yes. But great.

Harry looks out the window, sees Hagrid standing there, holding a cage with a snow white owl inside. Harry turns to say goodbye to Ollivander. He's gone. Harry runs outside. \*

EXT. DIAGON ALLEY - DAY \*

Harry runs up to Hagrid, looks at the owl. \*

HAGRID \*

Happy Birthday, Harry. \*

HARRY \*

(excited) \*

For me?...Really?...He's Mine?... \*

HAGRID \*

Crikey, yeh'd think yeh hadn't gotten a birthday present before. \*

HARRY \*

I haven't. Not really. \*

62 INT. LEAKY CAULDRON

62

Hagrid and Harry sit at a table in the corner. Hagrid dips a spoon into a huge bowl of soup, looks up.

HAGRID

You all right, Harry? Yer very quiet.

HARRY

(touching his scar)

He killed my parents, didn't he? The one who gave me this. You know, Hagrid. I know you do.

Hagrid studies Harry, conflicted, then sets down his spoon.

HAGRID

'Course I know. Who do yeh think carried yeh out o' yer parents' house, Hallowe'en night, ten years ago? Who do yeh think brought yeh ter Dumbledore an' watched him lay yeh on yer Aunt an' Uncle's doorstep? 'Course I know, Harry.

Hagrid leans in closer, his eyes glimmering in the dim pub.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Firs', un'erstand this, 'cause it's important: not all yer wizards are good. Some go bad. Years ago, there was this one wizard who went as bad as you could go. His name was...was...

HARRY

Maybe if you wrote it down.

HAGRID

Nah--can' spell it. All right--  
Voldemort.

HARRY

Voldemort?

Hagrid shivers, holds up his hand, and glances quickly about the shadows of the pub before continuing.

HAGRID

Dark days those were, Harry. Volde...You-Know-Who...started lookin' fer followers. Got 'em too. Anyone that stood up to him ended up dead. Including yer parents. No one lived once he decided to kill 'em. Not one. 'Cept you.

HARRY

Me? Voldemort tried to kill me?

HAGRID

That's no ord'nary cut on your forehead. A mark like that only comes when yeh've been touched by a curse. An evil curse.

Just then, a HIGH, CACKLING VOICE pierces the silence. Harry turns, sees an OLD WOMAN laughing with the gummy bartender.

HARRY

But what happened to Vol...to You-Know-Who?

HAGRID

Some say he died. Codswallop, in my opinion. I reckon he's out there somewhere, jus' too weak to carry on. But one thing's fer certain, Harry. Somethin' about you stumped him that night. That's why you're famous. That's why e'ryone knows yer name.

Hagrid leans close once more and this time his voice is barely a WHISPER.

HAGRID (CONT'D)  
You're the boy who lived.

62A EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION - DAWN

62A

Harry and Hagrid, laden with a heavy TRUNK and SNOWY OWL, stand outside the station in the shimmering dawn light. Hagrid checks his WATCH, looks suddenly urgent.

HAGRID  
Blimey, look at the time. 'Fraid I  
'ave ter be leavin' yeh now, Harry.  
Dumbledore will be wantin'--

Hagrid pats his LEFT POCKET. Catches himself.

HAGRID (CONT'D)  
He'll be wantin' ter see me.  
(handing him a TICKET)  
That there's yer train. Leaves in  
about ten minutes time. Jus' make sure  
yeh stick ter yeh ticket. That's very  
important, Harry. Stick ter yeh  
ticket...

HARRY  
There must be something wrong, Hagrid.  
This says Platform Nine and Three  
Quarters. There's no such thing...

Harry looks up, but Hagrid...is gone.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
...Is there?  
(MORE)

63 INT. LOWER LEVEL - KING'S CROSS - MOMENTS LATER

63

Harry dashes through a bustling King's Cross, sledding to a halt in front of a pair of PLATFORM SIGNS. One reads NINE. One reads TEN. Harry turns to a passing STATION OFFICER.

HARRY

Excuse me. Can you tell me where I might find Platform Nine and Three-Quarters.

STATION OFFICER

(grumbling off)

Think you're funny, do you? Nine and Three-Quarters indeed...

Harry looks about, despairingly, then HEARS...

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)

...packed with Muggles, of course.

Harry turns, sees a plump woman (MRS. WEASLEY) hurrying along FOUR RED-HEADED BOYS and their little, red-headed sister (GINNY). The boys all tow trunks identical to Harry's.

MRS. WEASLEY (CONT'D)

All right, Percy. You first.

Harry watches the tallest boy walk straight toward a dividing barrier and...VANISH. Harry squints in confusion. Next, Mrs. Weasley turns to a pair of cheeky twins (FRED and GEORGE).

MRS. WEASLEY (CONT'D)

Fred. You next.

FRED

I'm not Fred. I'm George. Honestly, woman, you call yourself our mother?

MRS. WEASLEY

Sorry, George.

FRED

Only joking. I am Fred.

Fred dashes off, trailed by George. They too vanish.

HARRY

Excuse me. Could you tell me--

MRS. WEASLEY

How to get onto the platform? Not to worry, dear. It's Ron's first time to Hogwarts as well.

Harry looks at the youngest red-haired boy. He is tall, gangly, and presently has a SMUDGE on his nose.

MRS. WEASLEY (CONT'D)

All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between Platforms Nine and Ten. Focus...but don't stop and don't be scared you'll crash into it either. Best do it at a bit of a run if you're nervous.

Harry looks. Shrugs. Sprinting at full speed, the barrier coming closer and closer, he shuts his eyes and...

64 EXT. PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS - DAY

64

...SLEDS onto a platform milling with people. A sign above reads HOGWARTS EXPRESS. Below it sits a SCARLET STEAM ENGINE. Harry glances behind, sees a wrought-iron archway where the barrier had been, with the words PLATFORM NINE AND THREE QUARTERS on it. Just beyond, he sees Kings Cross and the world he's left behind.

NEW ANGLE ON PLATFORM

Harry struggles with his heavy trunk as all around him people say goodbye to their families. A round-faced boy (NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM) turns frantically to his GRAN.

NEVILLE

Gran! I've lost my toad again.

GRAN

Oh, Neville. Honestly. Not again...

Further up, a BOY IN DREADLOCKS (LEE JORDAN) holds a BOX.

STUDENT

Go on, Lee. Give us a look.

As Lee lifts the LID, a LONG HAIRY LEG protrudes and students SHRIEK. Unimpressed, one of the twins spots Harry struggling.



GEORGE  
Want a hand?

HARRY  
Yes, please.

GEORGE  
Oy! C'mere, Fred! Take a handle.

64A EXT. PLATFORM - FURTHER ALONG - SECONDS LATER

64A

Fred and George heave Harry's trunk atop other, similar trunks while Harry sets Hedwig with the owls. Harry wipes his sweaty hair off his brow...revealing his scar.

HARRY  
Thanks very much.

GEORGE  
Blimey. You're...

FRED  
Harry Potter.

HARRY  
What? Oh, him. Yes. I mean, I am.

MRS. WEASLEY  
Fred! George! Come say goodbye to Ginny.

Mrs. Weasley stands waving, the redheaded girl clinging to her dress. The twins take one last look at Harry, dash off.

65 OMITTED

65

66 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT/EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

66

Harry exits the crush of the aisle, enters an empty compartment. Very much alone, he sits, peers out the window as Percy Weasley strides forth in billowing BLACK ROBES.

PERCY  
Have to go, Mother. The other Prefects are expecting me up front.

FRED  
Mum! Guess who's on the train? Right now.

FRED/GEORGE  
Harry Potter!

GINNY  
Oh, Mum, can I go on and see him? Please.

\*  
\*

\*

MRS. WEASLEY

Certainly not. The boy isn't something  
you goggle at in a zoo.

(as the WHISTLE BLOWS)

All right, on you go, all of you. Ron,  
what is that on your nose?

She goes for a handkerchief, but Ron spins away. She sighs,  
calls after the twins.

MRS. WEASLEY (CONT'D)

You two watch out for your brother. And  
behave yourselves this year. If I get one  
more owl telling me you've blown up a  
toilet or something--

FRED

Blown up a toilet? We've never blown up a  
toilet.

GEORGE

Great idea, though, thanks, Mum!

67 EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - DAY 67

As the train moves out of the station, Ginny chases after.  
Harry watches her from his window until she drops back.  
King's Cross, and the life he's known, drift away.

67A EXT. SCOTLAND - HOGWARTS EXPRESS - DAY 67A \*

The train whips past fields, small country lanes. \*

68 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY 68

Harry sits quietly. Then the compartment door slides open.  
Ron stands there. Seeing Harry, he hesitates.

RON

Mind? Everywhere else is full.

HARRY

Not at all.

RON

I'm Ron, by the way. \*

HARRY

I heard. I'm Harry.

RON

I...heard. \*

(unable to resist) \*

(MORE) \*

RON (CONT'D)

Is it true? I mean, have you really got the...you know...

Without prompting, Harry lifts his hair. Shows the scar.

RON (CONT'D)

Wicked.

HARRY

Are all your family wizards?

RON

Huh? Oh. I think so. Well, Mum's got a second cousin who's an accountant. But we never talk about him. I heard you went to live with Muggles. What are they like?

HARRY

Horrible. Well, not all of them. Mine are, though. Trade them for three wizard brothers any day.

RON

Five. I'm the sixth in our family to go to Hogwarts. Everyone expects me to do as well as the others. But if I do, it's no big deal because they did it first. You never get anything new, either, with five brothers. I've got Bill's old robes. Charlie's old wand. Even Scabbers used to be Percy's...

Ron reaches into his pocket, pulls out a fat, gray, seemingly unconscious, RAT (SCABBERS).

RON (CONT'D)

Hardly ever wakes up. He's useless basically. Percy got an owl for making Prefect, but Mum and Dad couldn't afford-- I mean, I got Scabbers instead.

Ron looks embarrassed. Just then, a DIMPLED WOMAN pushing a TROLLEY FULL OF SWEETS pops her head in.

DIMPLED WOMAN

Anything off the trolley, dears?

Ron mumbles 'No thanks,' takes out a lumpy sandwich. Harry studies him, then digs into his pockets, heavy with coin.

HARRY

We'll take the lot.

CLOSE UP: TROVE OF TREATS

68A INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

68A

...spread out on an empty seat. Harry marvels at the strange, wondrous candies before him.

HARRY

'Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans'?

RON

They mean every flavor. There's chocolate, peppermint...but you can also get liver or spinach or tripe. George reckons he had a bogey-flavored one once.

HARRY

These aren't real frogs, are they?

Harry holds up a pack of "CHOCOLATE FROGS"--something is wriggling under the foil--then sees that Ron already has a very realistic leg squirreling out the corner of his mouth.

RON

(mumbling)

Just a spell. Besides, it's the card you want. Each pack's got a Famous Witch or Wizard. Got about 500 myself. Watch it!

As Harry breaks the foil on his pack, the frog springs into the air and out the open train window.

RON (CONT'D)

That's rotten luck. They've only got one good jump in them to begin with.

Harry glances at the card in his hand. On it, there's a MAN with a crooked nose, long silver beard, and half-moon glasses. Underneath is a name: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE.

HARRY

I've gotten Dumbledore!

RON

I've about six of him. Trade you Scabbers though, if you get Agrippa or Ptolemy.

HARRY

(reading the back)

'Considered by many the greatest wizard of modern times, Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for his discovery of the 12 uses of dragon's blood, and his work on alchemy with his

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
partner, Nicolas Flamel. Approximately  
one hundred and fifty years old,  
Professor Dumbledore enjoys chamber  
music, tenpin bowling, and...'  
(looking up)  
One hundred and fifty years old?

RON  
Thought he'd be older, did you?

HARRY  
~~No, I--~~ Hey, he's gone.

Harry holds up the card--now blank--to Ron, who only shrugs.

RON  
Well, you can't expect him to hang around  
all day, can you?

HARRY  
It's just, in the Muggle world, people  
stay put in photos.

RON  
Really? They don't move at all? Weird!

Just then, Scabbers SNORTS, falls back asleep. \*

RON (CONT'D)  
Pathetic, isn't it? Fred gave me a spell  
that's to turn him yellow. Want to see?

Harry nods, eager to see some magic. Ron pulls out a BATTERED  
WAND--just as the compartment door OPENS and a GIRL with  
bushy brown hair and rather large front teeth looks in. She  
is HERMIONE GRANGER and is already wearing her school robes.

HERMIONE  
Has anyone seen a toad? A boy named  
Neville has lost one.  
(seeing Ron's wand)  
Oh, are you doing magic? Let's see then.

She sits down. Ron looks a bit taken aback, but clears his  
throat nonetheless, poises his wand over Scabbers.

RON  
*Sunshine, daisies, butter mellow,  
Turn this stupid, fat rat yellow.*

Scabbers SNORTS, but otherwise remains fat, grey, and asleep.

HERMIONE

Are you sure that's a real spell? Well, it's not very good, is it? I've only tried a few simple ones myself but they've all worked for me. For example...

To Harry's surprise, Hermione takes her wand, points it directly over his brow, then...stops.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

Goodness. You're Harry Potter, aren't you? I know all about you, of course. I was doing a little recreational reading and you're in *Modern Magical History, The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts and Great Wizarding Events of the 20th Century*.

HARRY

Am I?

HERMIONE

Didn't you know? I'd have found out everything I could if it was me.

(raising her wand)

Anyway...*Oculus Reparo*.

Instantly, the cracked bridge of Harry's glasses is mended.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

There. That's better, isn't it? I'm Hermione Granger, by the way. And you are...?

Ron is still staring at the glasses, feeling a bit outdone.

RON

Um...Ron Weasley.

HERMIONE

Pleasure. Do either of you know what House you'll be in? I'm hoping for Gryffindor--I hear Dumbledore himself was in it--but I think I might just die if they put me in Slytherin. That was *You-Know-Who's* House. Anyway, you two had better change into your robes. I expect we'll be arriving soon. You've got dirt on your nose, by the way, did you know?

As she exits, Harry and Ron just sit, staring at the door.

69 EXT. HOGSMEADE STATION - HOGWARTS - NIGHT

69 \*

As the scarlet engine HISSES to a stop, Harry and the others spill out. Harry's robes shimmer grandly, while Ron's secondhand silks show a bit too much sneaker.

HAGRID

Firs' years!. Firs' years over here!

Hagrid gives Harry a wink as he comes loping out of the darkness, swinging a LAMP. Ron, preoccupied with wiping his nose clean on his robes, stops, dumbstruck by Hagrid's size.

70 OMITTED

70 \*

70A EXT. BLACK LAKE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

70A

A FLEET of TINY BOATS glides silently over a glassy lake. Harry rides with Ron, Hermione and Neville Longbottom, gazing at the DARK TREES of the FOREST that surrounds them. A GLINT OF SILVER flickers through the black trees, like a dream. Harry watches, transfixed, then...

HAGRID

You there! Don' be trailin' yer fingers in the water. Yeh might find yeh don' get 'em all back.

Harry turns, sees that Hagrid is speaking to a POINTY-FACED BOY (DRACO MALFOY). Malfoy eyes Hagrid darkly, whispers to a PAIR OF THICK-LOOKING BOYS (CRABBE and GOYLE).

Harry peers into the black water, sees his own pale face looking back, then a soft GLITTER of REFLECTED LIGHT dances on the surface. He looks up, watches a magnificent CASTLE drift into view. Hogwarts.

71 OMITTED

71

72 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT

72

Harry and the others enter a grand entryway lit with flaming torches. PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL, a rather severe-looking witch in an emerald cloak, stands before a pair of TOWERING DOORS. She lifts her chin, surveys the new students.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Welcome to Hogwarts. In a moment, you will pass through these doors and join your classmates, but before you can take your seats, you must be sorted into your Houses. They are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. While here,

(MORE)

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (CONT'D)  
your House is, in many ways, your family.  
Your triumphs will earn your House  
points, while any rule-breaking will lose  
points. At the end of the year, the House  
with the most is awarded the House Cup, a  
great honor. I hope each of you...

Just then, a rather LARGE TOAD springs forth, CROAKS.

NEVILLE

Trevor!

Neville, blissfully relieved, gathers his toad, then peers up  
from the hem of Professor McGonagall's robes.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

...will be a credit to whichever House  
becomes yours. The Sorting Ceremony will  
begin momentarily.

Professor McGonagall glowers at Neville, then exits. As she  
goes, there is a BRIEF CLAMOR of SOUND from the students  
waiting in the Great Hall beyond.

HARRY

How exactly do they sort us?

RON

Some kind of test, I think. Fred says it  
hurts like hell, but I'm sure he was  
joking. At least...I think he was.

Just then, Draco Malfoy pushes through the crowd, shadowed by  
the boys from the boat. Malfoy stares openly at Harry's scar.

MALFOY

It's true then, what they were saying on  
the train. Harry Potter has come to  
Hogwarts.

Harry's eyes slide, appraise the other two boys.

MALFOY (CONT'D)

Oh. This is Crabbe and Goyle. And my  
name's Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.

Ron COUGHS, masking a snigger. Malfoy's eyes narrow.

MALFOY (CONT'D)

Think my name's funny, do you? No need to  
ask yours. Red hair, freckles, and a hand-  
me-down robe--you must be a Weasley.

(to Harry)

You'll soon find out some wizarding

(MORE)



MALFOY (CONT'D) -

families are better than others, Potter.  
You don't want to go making friends with  
the wrong sort. I can help you there.

Malfoy extends his hand, but Harry's gaze remains level.

HARRY

I think I can tell the wrong sort for  
myself, thanks.

Malfoy's eyes glitter with rage. Finally he drops his hand,  
turns away.

HERMIONE

Well, he's rather disagreeable, isn't he?

Ron and Harry turn, see Hermione. Just then, Professor  
McGonagall returns.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

We are ready for you.

73 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

73

Harry and the others file into a strangely splendid place lit  
by THOUSANDS OF CANDLES FLOATING in midair over four long  
tables lined with students. Harry looks to the windows below  
the ceiling, finds glorious stars and an icy blue moon.

HERMIONE

It's not real, the ceiling. It's only  
*bewitched* to look like the night sky. I  
read about it in *Hogwarts, A History*.

Professor McGonagall sweeps to the front of the room where a  
WIZARD'S HAT--patched and frayed--sits on a stool.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Before we begin, Professor Dumbledore  
would like to say a few words.

Harry watches with great interest as the great wizard himself  
rises from his seat at the High Table.

DUMBLEDORE

Yes, and here they are: Nitwit! Blubber!  
Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!

The Great Hall THUNDERS with APPLAUSE.

HERMIONE

I hear he's a genius.

As the applause subsides, the hat TWITCHES. At the brim, a  
rip OPENS WIDE, and the hat begins to TALK. \*

SORTING HAT \*

*Oh, you may not think I'm pretty  
But don't judge on what you see  
I'll eat myself if you can find  
A smarter hat than me.  
There's nothing hidden in your head  
The Sorting Hat can't see  
So try me on and I will tell you  
Where you ought to be....* \*

As the students APPLAUD, the hat takes a bow and Professor  
McGonagall steps forward with a ROLL OF PARCHMENT. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL \*

When I call your name, you will come  
forth, put on the hat and be sorted.  
(consulting her list)  
Hermione Granger. \*

HERMIONE \*

Oh dear. Here it is, isn't it? The  
moment. Goodness. What if the hat says  
nothing and we're all just left standing  
here forever... \*

RON \*

(as she goes mumbling off)  
Mental, that one. I'm telling you. \*

Both watch Hermione seat herself, lower the Hat. \*

SORTING HAT \*

GRYFFINDOR! \*

Percy pulls out a chair for Hermione at the Gryffindor table. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL \*

Draco Malfoy. \*

RON \*

Slytherin. \*

Draco Malfoy swaggers forth and grips the hat. He's barely  
touched it to his head, when: \*

SORTING HAT \*

SLYTHERIN! \*

RON

(off Harry's amazement)

There's not a witch or wizard who went bad who wasn't in Slytherin. Draco's father was one of the first to join You-Know-Who when he got power. And one of the first to come back when he lost it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Susan Bones.

As SUSAN BONES dashes up front, Harry glances to the High Table. Dumbledore watches the proceedings placidly, while Professor Quirrell talks to a hook-nosed man with greasy black hair and sallow skin, PROFESSOR SNAPE. Slowly, as if he can feel Harry's gaze, Snape turns, looks straight into Harry's eyes. Instantly, a sharp, hot PAIN shoots across Harry's scar.

HARRY

Ouch!

RON

Harry? What is it?

HARRY

N-nothing. I'm fine.

SORTING HAT

Hufflepuff!

As Susan Bones runs off...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Ronald Weasley.

As Ron steps nervously away, Harry glances back to the High Table. Snape has returned to his conversation.

SORTING HAT

Gryffindor!

Fred and George WHOOP LOUDLY as Ron comes grinning out of the hat, greatly relieved. Harry starts to clap himself when...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Harry Potter.

There is an abrupt drop in the CHATTER. As Harry makes his way, he avoids the eyes of the many who stare and whisper.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (CONT'D)

If you will, Mr. Potter.

Harry sits, takes the hat, and...slowly...lowers it. He waits, then the hat begins to SPEAK.

SORTING HAT

Hmmm. Difficult. Very Difficult. Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There's talent, oh yes, and a thirst to prove yourself. But where to put you...?

Harry grips the edge of the stool, closes his eyes. His lips move ever so slightly: *Not Slytherin. Not Slytherin.*

SORTING HAT (CONT'D)

Not Slytherin, eh? Are you sure? You could be great, you know, it's all here in your head, and Slytherin will help you on the way to greatness, no doubt about that...No? Well, if you're sure...better be GRYFFINDOR!

A ROAR erupts from the Gryffindor table. Harry stands shakily and walks to his table, where Percy, the Weasley twins, and Hermione all welcome him. At the High Table, Dumbledore lifts his goblet and, meeting Harry's eyes...nods.

74 INT. GREAT HALL - LATER

74

Freshly sorted and seated, the Gryffindor first years watch in amazement as the empty plates before them suddenly...fill with food. There is roast beef, chicken, pork chops, lamb chops, sausages, bacon, steak--the feast of all feasts. Harry listens as a rather wild-looking boy named SEAMUS talks to another student, DEAN THOMAS.

\*  
\*  
\*

SEAMUS

I'm half and half. Me dad's a Muggle, Mam's a witch. Bit of a nasty shock for him when he found out.

As Percy leans over to pour a strange liquid into Harry's goblet, Harry nods to the High Table, to Professor Snape.

\*  
\*

HARRY

Say, Percy. Who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?

PERCY

Hm? Oh. Professor Snape. Head of Slytherin House.

HARRY

What's he teach?

PERCY

Potions. But everyone knows it's the Dark Arts he fancies. Been after Quirrell's job for years.

Just then, several STUDENTS SHRIEK as a volley of GHOSTS stream into the hall overhead. One swoops down.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Hello, Sir Nicolas. Have a nice summer?

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

Dismal. What with the Slytherins winning the House Cup six years in a row, the Bloody Baron's become unbearable.

Nick nods his head in the direction of the Slytherin table, where a horrific, BLOOD-STAINED GHOST hovers imperiously.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK (CONT'D)

Then again, he's always been unbearable.

RON

I know you. You're Nearly Headless Nick.

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

I prefer Sir Nicolas, if you don't mind.

HERMIONE

Nearly headless? How can you be nearly headless?

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK

Like this.

Seizing himself by the left ear, Nick swings his ENTIRE HEAD off his neck and onto his shoulder, as if it were on a hinge.

NEVILLE

(blanching)

I think I'm done eating.

Just then, Dumbledore rises at the High Table.

DUMBLEDORE

If I may, I have a few start-of-term notices to announce. First Years should note that the Dark Forest is strictly forbidden to all pupils. Also, our caretaker, Mr. Filch has asked me to remind you that...

FILCH, a sour-looking man, stands near a side exit while MRS. NORRIS, a cat with glittering RED EYES, sits by his feet.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

...no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. And finally, please note that this year, the third floor corridor on the right hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a most painful death.

Hearing this, Ron stops chewing for the first time, glances at Harry. But before either can speak...

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

And now, let us sing the school song!  
Everyone pick their favorite tune and off we go!

Professor McGonagall rolls her eyes slightly as Dumbledore wields his wand. Consulting the PARCHMENT of LYRICS placed beside their plates, Harry and his fellow First Years join a rousing, but rather dischordant, chorus of VOICES.

SCHOOL SINGING

*Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts  
Teach us things worth knowing  
Bring back what we've forgot  
Just do your best, we'll do the rest  
And learn until our brains all rot...*

75 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - HOGWARTS - LATER - NIGHT

75

As the new Gryffindors follow Percy up the staircase, Harry stares in wonderment at the PORTRAITS on the walls: the people in them MOVE.

PERCY

This is the most direct path to the dormitory, except on Fridays, of course, when the staircases...change.

As the staircase before them moves to the right, Percy waits briefly, then leads on without comment to a...

76 INT. 7TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

76

...a new corridor. Up ahead, Harry spies a bundle of WALKING STICKS floating in midair. Without warning, the walking sticks come flying forth. As the First Years duck and dodge, Percy sighs in annoyance.

PERCY  
Gryffindors, I give you Peeves,  
Hogwarts resident poltergeist.

POP! A tiny translucent man with wicked eyes and wide mouth appears, clutching the last walking stick. He is PEEVES.

PEEVES  
Oooh! Ickle Firsties! What fun!

With that, Peeves swoops off, wagging his tongue and bouncing a walking stick off Neville's head.

PERCY  
(walking on)  
Rather a nuisance, I'm afraid. Ah.  
Here we are.

At the very end of the corridor, hangs a PORTRAIT of a WOMAN in a pink silk dress. She looks at Percy. \*

PINK LADY  
Password? \*

PERCY  
Caput Draconis. \*

The portrait SWINGS FORWARD, revealing a ROUND HOLE in the wall. The students all scramble through it, into the...

77 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

77

The students enter a cozy, round room, filled with squashy armchairs. At the top of a SPIRAL STAIRCASE, are two DOORS.

PERCY  
Girls' dormitory to the left. Boys to the right. You'll find your belongings have already been brought up. Any questions?  
(no one speaks)  
Then, goodnight all. Oh, and don't  
(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

forget. Before retiring, please place all living potion ingredients in your cupboards. This includes slugs, fire beetles and cutworms. Sweet dreams...

78 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - LATER - NIGHT 78

Moonlight falls through the tower windows as Ron, Neville and Seamus slumber. As we find Harry, he is sleeping too, but it is not restful. He twitches and turns...there is a FLASH OF GREEN...then he awakens with a start, sits up. Trembling. He glances about the room, then lies slowly back. Eyes open.

79 INT. STAIRWAY - 12 NORTH - HOGWARTS - MORNING 79

The stairway bustles with students as Harry and Ron make their way. Clearly lost, Ron consults his TIMETABLE.

RON

This is Staircase Twelve North, which should take us to Backward Staircase Seven--no wait a minute, we're on Backward Staircase Seven...

HARRY

How many staircases are there?

HERMIONE

One hundred forty-two, though, in *A History of Magic*, Bathilda Bagshot makes unattributed reference to three others.

Harry and Ron watch Hermione pass by, apparently holding every single First Year course book in her arms.

RON

I hate her.

79A INT. MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MORNING 79A \*

Students sit attentively, looking front...at a CAT. Its markings, particularly around the eyes, are somehow familiar. Harry and Ron burst in, glance around.

RON

Whew! We made it, mate. Can you imagine old McGonagall's face if we were late first day out...

Hearing this, the cat narrows its eyes, leaps up and...TRANSFORMS...into old McGonagall herself. Ron's mouth drops open in amazement.



RON (CONT'D)

That was bloody brilliant!

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Thank you for that assessment, Mr. Weasley. But perhaps it might be more useful if I transfigured Mr. Potter or yourself into a pocket watch. That way one of you might be on time.

HARRY

We got lost.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Then perhaps a *map*. I trust you don't need one to find your seats?

Harry and Ron slink past Hermione, sitting front row center. \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (CONT'D) \*

Transfiguration is some of the most complex, dangerous and valuable magic you will learn at Hogwarts. Use it skillfully and it may, one day, save your life. Make a mistake and you could find yourself with a toad's head and a monkey's tail. \*

(opening a textbook) \*

All right then. Shall we? \*

Harry and Ron exchange a glance, whip open their books. \*

80 INT. DUNGEONS - POTIONS - NEXT MORNING - DAY

80 \*

As Professor Snape paces imperiously, Harry and the others sit in dead silence, eyes wandering to the PICKLED ANIMALS floating in GLASS JARS along the cold stone walls.

SNAPE

There will be no foolish wand waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don't expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art that is potion making. However, for those select few...

(glances at Malfoy)

...who possess the predisposition, I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death. Then again, maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts in possession of

(MORE)

SNAPE (CONT'D)  
abilities so formidable that you feel  
confident enough to...not pay attention.

Harry blinks, realizes Snape is looking at him.

                  SNAPE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Potter. Our new...celebrity. Tell me.  
What would I get if I added powdered root  
of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?

Harry looks at a loss. Hermione's hand shoots into the air.

                  SNAPE (CONT'D)  
You don't know. Well, let's try again.  
Where, Mr. Potter, would you look if I  
told you to find me a bezoar?

                  HARRY  
I don't know, sir.

                  SNAPE  
And the difference between monkshood and  
wolfsbane?

Harry sees Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle sniggering.

                  HARRY  
I don't know, sir.

                  SNAPE  
Pity. Clearly fame isn't everything, is  
it, Mr. Potter.

                  HARRY  
Clearly Hermione knows. It seems a pity  
not to ask her.

Neville, Seamus and a few other Gryffindors LAUGH.

                  SNAPE  
Silence! And put your hand down, you  
silly girl!

Hermione wilts. Snape steps toward Harry, eyes glimmering.

                  SNAPE (CONT'D)  
For your information, Potter, asphodel  
and wormwood make a sleeping potion so  
powerful it is know as the Draught of the  
Living Dead. A bezoar is a stone taken  
from the stomach of a goat and it will  
save you from most poisons. As for  
monkshood and wolfbane, they are the same  
plant, which also goes by the name of  
(MORE)

SNAPE (CONT'D)

aconite.

(to the others)

Well, why aren't you all copying this down?

The students scramble for their quills and parchment.

SNAPE (CONT'D)

And Gryffindors. Note that five points will be taken from your House for your classmate's cheek.

81 INT. GREAT HALL - LATER - DAY

81

Harry stares glumly at the FOUR HOURGLASSES as the PRECIOUS GEMS drop in Gryffindor's, rise in Slytherin's. Down the table, Seamus is MUTTERING.

SEAMUS

*Eye of rabbit, harp string hum...*

HARRY

What's Seamus trying to do to that glass of water?

RON

Turn it to rum. Actually managed a weak tea yesterday before it...

PFFFT! BLUE FLAMES shoot over the rim of the glass.

RON (CONT'D)

Two Knuts says he loses his eyebrows by week's end. Ah, mail's here.

DOZENS OF OWLS circle the ceiling, then swoop down, dropping parcels from home. A copy of *The Daily Prophet* rolls onto the table near Harry.

RON (CONT'D)

Hey look! Neville's gotten a Remembrall!

Neville holds a GLASS BALL filled with WHITE SMOKE. Slowly, the smoke begins to turn a DEEP SCARLET.

HERMIONE

I've read about those. If the smoke turns red it means you've forgotten something.

NEVILLE

Only problem is...I can't remember what I've forgotten.

Harry, *Daily Prophet* in hand, nudges Ron.

HARRY

Hey, Ron. Somebody broke into Gringotts! Listen: 'Believed to be the work of Dark wizards or witches unknown, Gringotts goblins, while acknowledging the breach, insist nothing was taken. The vault in question had, in fact, been emptied earlier that very same day.' That's odd.

RON

It's mad. Dad says there are dragons guarding some of the vaults.

HARRY

No. It's just odd...That's the day Hagrid and I were there.

82 EXT. THE GROUNDS - HOGWARTS - DAY

82

Harry stands in a cluster of Gryffindors, across from Malfoy and his Slytherin cronies. Between them, there is a LONG LINE OF BROOMSTICKS. MADAME HOOCH, a rangy witch with short grey hair and hawk-like eyes, stands between the two groups.

MADAME HOOCH

Welcome to your first Flying Lesson. Well, what are you all waiting for? Everyone step up to a broomstick. Come now. Hurry up.

Harry steps forward nervously, glances down. His broom is old, with twigs sticking out at odd angles.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Stick out your right hand, over the broom, and say "Up"!

SHOUTS of "Up!" ring on the cold afternoon air. Though he barely WHISPERS the command, Harry's broom SNAPS smartly into his hand. Hermione's simply rolls over. Ron's FLIES UP and CRACKS HIM IN THE NOSE.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Now. Once you've got hold of the broom, I want you to mount it. And grip it tight. We don't want you sliding off the end.

(walking the row)

Your other right hand, Mr. Finnegan. Goodness, boy, what have you done with your eyebrows?

SEAMUS

Lost 'em, ma'am.

MALFOY

Excuse me, Madam Hooch. Given that a few of us have been on sticks for years, would it not make sense to separate the expert flyers from...

(glancing at Harry)

...the neophytes?

MADAME HOOCH

Thank you, Mr. Malfoy, but I'm sure even an expert flyer such as yourself can appreciate the benefits of reacquainting oneself with the basics. Your grip, for example. It's thumb in, not out.

As Malfoy reddens, Harry and Ron share a grin.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Very well. Now when I blow my whistle, I want each of you to kick off from the ground. Hard. Keep your brooms steady, hover for a moment, then lean forward slightly and touch back down. On my whistle...Three...Two...

Jumping the gun entirely, a nervous Neville shoots straight up into the air, like a cork out of a bottle.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Mr. Longbottom! Exactly where do you think you're going?

Clutching desperately to his broom, Neville caroms crazily off a tree, flops upside down, rockets past the other students--who duck--then soars into a mad spiraling climb.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Come down here this instant!

Neville's pale face peers down, his eyes roll up...

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

On your broomstick, Longbottom!

Too late. With a giant THUD and a nasty CRACK, Neville hits the pitch. Madame Hooch and the Gryffindors rush over.

MADAME HOOCH (CONT'D)

Broken wrist. Come on, dear. Up you get.

(leading him off)

Everyone's to keep their feet on the ground while I take Mr. Longbottom to the Hospital Wing. Understand? If I see a

(MORE)

MADAME HOOCHE (CONT'D)

single broom in the air, the one riding it will find themselves out of Hogwarts before they can say 'Quidditch.'

As they go, Harry watches Neville's broom sail high over Hagrid's house, where the giant himself sits in the front garden, watching with a pair of BINOCULARS. Malfoy scoops Neville's Remembrall from the grass, cackles.

MALFOY

Did you see his face? Perhaps if the great lump had given this a squeeze, he would've remembered to fall on his fat arse.

HARRY

Give it here, Malfoy.

MALFOY

No, I think I'll leave it somewhere for Longbottom to find. How about up a tree?

Malfoy slings a leg over his broom, KICKS into the air.

MALFOY (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Potter? A bit beyond your reach?

Harry glowers up at Malfoy, then GRABS his broom.

HERMIONE

Harry! No! You heard what Madame Hooch said. Besides you don't even know how to...fly.

Harry shoots into the sky, so angry that it's a moment before he realizes what the others see clearly: he's a natural. Turning his broomstick sharply, he hovers, glaring at Malfoy.

HARRY

Give it here. Or I'll knock you off that ruddy broom.

MALFOY

Is that so?

Harry SHOTS forth like a javelin, Malfoy just managing to slip his charge. As Harry whips around, Malfoy glances down at the ground, clearly unnerved. Harry simply smiles.

MALFOY (CONT'D)

Have it your way, then!

Malfoy hurls the ball high. As it plummets, Harry throws himself into a steep dive, rocketing recklessly downward,

ignoring the earth as it rushes toward him, extending his hand and...snatching the ball only feet from the ground. He lands running, grinning, as the Gryffindors CHEER. Then...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
HARRY POTTER!

Harry's stomach drops. Malfoy grins hideously.

MALFOY  
Chin up, Potter. They might let you stay on as Hagrid's assistant.

83 INT. CORRIDOR - HOGWARTS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 83

Harry trails silently after Professor McGonagall.

84 INT. ADJOINING CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER 84

Professor McGonagall leans into an adjacent classroom.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
Excuse me, Professor Quirrell, could I borrow Wood for a moment.

Startled, Professor Quirrell jumps, then OLIVER WOOD, a burly fifth-year, emerges, glances curiously at Harry.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (CONT'D)  
Potter, this is Oliver Wood. Wood...I've found you a Seeker.

84A INT. CORRIDOR - HOGWARTS - EVENING 84A

Harry and Ron walk, buffeted by the stream of students heading for dinner. Hermione walks a few steps behind.

RON  
Seeker! But first years never make the House teams. You must be the youngest Quidditch player in--

HARRY  
--a century. According to McGonagall.

Just then, Fred and George descend.

FRED  
Well done, Harry. Wood's just told us.

RON  
Fred and George are on the team too. Beaters.



GEORGE

Our job to make sure you don't get bloodied up too bad. Can't make any promises, of course. Rough game, Quidditch.

FRED

Brutal. But no one's died in years. Someone will vanish occasionally...

GEORGE

But they turn up in a month or two.

As the twins dash off, Ron reads Harry's troubled face. \*

RON

Oh go on, Harry. Quidditch is great. Best game there is. And you'll be great too.

HARRY

But I've never even played Quidditch. What if I make a fool of myself? \*

HERMIONE

You won't make a fool of yourself. \*

Ron and Harry turn. They hadn't even noticed Hermione.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)

It's in your blood.

84B INT. TROPHY STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

84B

Hermione leads Harry and Ron to a DISPLAY CASE. Inside is a history of Quidditch at Hogwarts, with ancient brooms, strange equipment, and various TROPHIES. She points. Etched upon a SILVER TRAY, below a GRYFFINDOR LION, one NAME shines:

*James Potter. Seeker.*

RON

Harry...you didn't tell me your father was a Seeker too.

HARRY

I...didn't know.

84C INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

84C \*

As Harry and Ron trail Hermione up the staircase, Ron WHISPERS. \*

RON  
I'm telling you, it's spooky. She knows  
more about you than you do.

HARRY  
Who doesn't?

Just then, the staircase LURCHES beneath their feet...

84D INT. FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

84D

...and transports them to a very dark, very creepy corridor.

RON  
Does anybody feel like...we shouldn't be  
here?

HERMIONE  
We're not supposed to be here. This is  
the Third Floor. It's forbidden.

HARRY  
(intrigued)  
Why, though?

HERMIONE  
Because Dumbledore said so. Let's go.

Meow. They freeze. A CAT sits watching them, eyes glittering  
in the dark. Then...a SHADOW scales the wall.

FILCH (O.S.)  
Who goes there!

They turn, dash the opposite way. As they reach a DOOR, Harry  
grips the knob, twists. It's LOCKED.

FILCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Lead me to them, my sweet....

RON  
That's it. We're done for.

HERMIONE  
Oh, move over. Alohomora!

Hermione gives her wand a swish and...the door swings open.  
Harry and Ron stare incredulously.

HERMIONE (CONT'D)  
Standard Book of Spells. Chapter Seven.

85-92 OMITTED SCS. 85-92

85-92

93 INT. FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

93

As they fall inside, Hermione presses her ear to the door.

RON  
Chapter Seven?

HERMIONE  
Shhh! Filch is...gone.

RON  
He probably thinks this door is  
locked.

HERMIONE  
It was locked.

HARRY  
And for good reason...

Hermione and Ron turn. Standing a feet away is a DOG...only this one has three heads, three pairs of mad, rolling eyes, and three sets of hideous yellow fangs dripping with saliva.

As the dog ROARS, they tumble back outside and...

94 INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR

94

...Harry FLINGS home the DOOR just before the dog throws itself against it. They exchange a glance, dash off.

95 OMIT SC. 95

95

96 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

96

The Pink Lady frowns as they spill through, stand gasping. \*

RON  
What do they think they're doing  
keeping a thing like that locked up in  
school?

HERMIONE  
You don't use your eyes, do you?  
Didn't you see what it was standing  
on?

RON  
I wasn't looking at its feet. I was a  
bit preoccupied with its heads. Or  
maybe you didn't notice. There were  
three.

HERMIONE

It was standing on a trapdoor, which  
means it's not there by accident. It's-

HARRY  
Guarding something.

HERMIONE  
That's right. Now, if you don't mind, I think I'll go to bed before either of you figures out another clever way to get us killed. Or worse...expelled.

96A, 97 OMITTED

96A, 97 \*

98 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DUSK

98 \*

Harry stands with Oliver Wood on the empty practice pitch. \*

WOOD  
Quidditch is easy enough to understand. Each team has seven players: Three Chasers, two Beaters, one Keeper and the Seeker--that's you. There are three kinds of balls. This one's called the Quaffle.  
(holds up a red ball)  
The Chasers handle the Quaffle and try to put it through one of three hoops. The Keeper--that's me--defends the hoops.  
With me so far? \*

Harry nods, points to a WOOD CRATE rocking violently.

HARRY  
I think so. What's in there?

WOOD  
Here. Take this.

Wood hands Harry a SMALL CLUB, kneels before the crate, and unlashes a leather strap. Instantly, a BLACK BALL rockets into the sky, then, without warning, PLUMMETS straight down-- at Harry's head. Startled, Harry jumps aside and--purely on instinct--clubs it back into the sky.

WOOD (CONT'D)  
Not bad, Potter. You'd make a fair Beater. Careful now, it's coming back.

As the ball screams back to earth, Wood crates it.

HARRY  
What was that?

WOOD

Bludger. Nasty little buggers. But you're a Seeker. The only ball I want you to worry about is...this.

Wood takes out a TINY BALL about the size of a walnut. BRIGHT GOLD, it has little, fluttering WINGS.

HARRY

I like this ball.

WOOD

You like it now. Just wait. It's wicked fast and damn near impossible to see.

HARRY

What do I do with it?

WOOD

Catch it. Before the other team's Seeker. You catch this, the game is over. You catch this, Potter...we win.

99 INT. PROFESSOR FLITWICK'S CLASS - DAY

99

PROFESSOR FLITWICK, a very tiny, gnome-like wizard, stands on a PILE OF BOOKS as he oversees the class.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK

Now don't forget that nice wrist movement we've been practising. Swish and flick. Swish and flick.

Harry, paired with Seamus, poses his wand over the FEATHER before him and begins to swish and flick.

HARRY

Wingardium Leviosa.

The feather flutters, but never leaves the table.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK

And enunciate! Never forget Wizard Baruffio, who said 's' instead of 'f' and found himself on the floor with a buffalo on his chest.

RON

WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA!

Ron windmills his arms grandly. Nothing. Hermione frowns.

HERMIONE

Honestly. You're going to take someone's eye out. Besides, you're saying it wrong. It's Levi-ohhhh-sa. Not Levi-o-saaaah.

RON

You do it then, if you're so clever.

HERMIONE

Wingardium Leviosa.

Hermione swishes and flicks. Instantly the feather rises.

PROFESSOR FLITWICK

Oh, well done! Everyone see here. Miss Granger's done it!

PFFFT! Across the room, SMOKE curls between Seamus and Harry.

HARRY

I think we're going to need another feather over here, Professor.

100 INT. COURTYARD - LATER - DAY

100

As Harry and Ron cross the courtyard, Ron mimics Hermione.

RON

It's Levi-ohhhhh-sa. Not Levi-o-saaaah. She's a nightmare, honestly. No wonder she hasn't got any friends.

Just then, someone BUMPS into Harry. He turns, sees Hermione dash by, hugging her books, eyes glittering with tears.

HARRY

I think she heard you.

101 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

101

Candlelit PUMPKINS flicker throughout the hall, while THOUSANDS OF LIVE BATS flutter overhead. Harry sits quietly, studying an EMPTY CHAIR, then sees Professor McGonagall standing across the way with Hagrid. Both are looking at him. McGonagall says something to Hagrid, who nods, then she steps away, approaches Harry.

\*  
\*  
\*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

How are you, Potter? All right?

HARRY

Yes, Professor. Fine.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

I know...that is, we know...the members  
of the staff...that this is perhaps a  
difficult night for you. Halloween. Your  
parents...

Harry realizes what she is talking about. Nods.

HARRY

I'm all right, Professor.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Very well.

She turns, starts to go.

HARRY

Professor...Thank you.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

You're welcome, Potter.

As she goes, Harry sees Ron glumly pushing his food around,  
listening to Neville speak across the EMPTY CHAIR to Seamus.

NEVILLE

Parvati Patil said she wouldn't come out  
of the girls' bathroom. Said she's been  
in there all afternoon. Crying.

Just then, Professor Quirrell runs into the room, CRIES OUT:

QUIRRELL

TROLL IN THE DUNGEON! TROLL IN THE  
DUNGEON! Thought you ought to know...

He faints to the floor. There is a brief silence, then utter  
pandemonium breaks out. Students SHRIEK. Bats SCREECH.

POP! POP! POP! The hall goes still, all eyes on Dumbledore,  
standing at the front, purple smoke trailing from his wand.

DUMBLEDORE

Everyone will please not panic. Prefects,  
lead your Houses back to the dormitories.  
Teachers, follow me to the dungeons.

102 INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

102

As they follow Percy up the stairs, Ron still looks glum.

HARRY

How could a troll get in?



RON

Not on its own. Trolls are really stupid.  
Probably Peeves' playing jokes...  
(seeing Harry's face)  
What?

HARRY

Hermione. She doesn't know.

103 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 103

Harry and Ron slip away from the Gryffindors, in with the Hufflepuffs, then down a deserted hallway. As FOOTSTEPS ring out, they duck behind a STONE GRIFFIN, see Snape hurry past.

HARRY

That's the third floor he's going to.  
Teachers were supposed to go to the  
dungeons...  
(wrinkling his nose)  
What's that?

RON

Smells like Fred's socks. Only...worse.

Much worse. Lumbering toward them is a TROLL with an ENORMOUS CLUB. As it comes into a PATCH OF MOONLIGHT, it blinks stupidly, peers into a doorway, then slouches slowly inside. Harry studies a SUIT OF ARMOR beside the door, thinks...

HARRY

Follow me.

Harry edges forward, pulls the SWORD from the suit of armor, and runs it through the door handle, trapping the troll.

RON

Yes!

Harry grins, then HEARS a high, petrified SCREAM.

HARRY

This wouldn't be the girl's bathroom,  
would it?

CUT TO: \*

CLOSE UP -- HERMIONE SCREAMING \*

104 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 104 \*

A HUGE SHADOW falls over Hermione's face. \*

HERMIONE'S POV

...as the troll advances directly toward her.

She dashes into a stall, bolts the door. Trembling, she peers upward...watching as...the troll's face appears over the top, looking in.

Panicked, she drops to the floor and shimmies into the next stall, out of sight. Angered, the troll raises its club and--SMASH!--shatters the stall Hermione just vacated. As wood rains down in jagged, splintered pieces...

...Harry and Ron rush in, staring in horror as the troll raises the club high and SHATTERS the next stall.

Hermione, still crawling, covers her head and peers back. SMASH! The club comes thundering down yet again, this time just inches from her foot.

RON

Don't worry, Hermione! We're here!  
(turning to Harry)  
She's dead.

HERMIONE

I heard that!

RON

What do we do?

HARRY

(looking about frantically)  
Confuse it!

RON

Confuse it?  
(shrugging)  
Hey, pea brain!

Harry and Ron grab anything they can and begin to hurl it at the troll, but they might as well be throwing marshmallows. As shards of wood bounce off its pint-sized head and great lumpy shoulders, the troll brings the club down once more and SHATTERS the last stall.

As Harry and Ron look on grimly, the troll jabs its club into the hash of wood before it, poking about for Hermione, when, at the last second...

...she scrambles out and dashes under the sink. GRUNTING furiously, the troll turns, begins to advance on her.

Harry, thinking fast, rushes forward and leaps upon the troll's rising club...rising himself...right out of FRAME...and then...dropping...

...right onto the troll's slimy neck. The troll blinks dimly and, before it can react, Harry--purely on instinct--shoves his wand straight up the troll's nose.

The troll ROARS in pain, dropping the club and stamping about. Ron watches helplessly, then glances at the club on the floor, an idea flickering across his face. Raising his wand, he SPEAKS:

RON (CONT'D)  
Wingardium Leviosa.

Harry swings around, sees Ron standing, wand poised. It does not inspire confidence. Ron looks at Hermione, takes a breath, and this time, employs the correct pronunciation.

RON (CONT'D)  
Wingardium LEVI-OHHHH-SA!

With that, the club quivers upon the floor...begins to rise. The troll, still raging, grabs Harry's leg and peels him off his body. As he holds Harry up high, suspended by one leg, Harry's world goes upside down, spinning, when...

...the club floats by his face. The troll pauses, watching in confusion as the club rises toward the ceiling, hanging in magical suspension until...

...THUNK! It drops smack on the troll's head. Wobbling, the troll releases its grip on Harry's leg and...

...drops him hard to the floor. Harry peers up. The troll wobbles one last time and starts to fall...directly on top of Harry. Quickly, Harry rolls away...

...just before the troll SLAMS to the floor, inches away.

All is quiet for a moment. Then Hermione steps forward.

HERMIONE  
Is it--dead?

HARRY  
I don't think so. Just knocked out.

RON  
No need to kill it, after all.

HARRY

Yes, well, that was big of you. Ugh.  
Troll snot.

Harry extracts his wand, wipes it on the troll's trousers. A sudden VOLLEY of FOOTSTEPS announces the arrival of Professors McGonagall, Snape, and a still queasy Quirrell. Harry notices a SPOT OF BLOOD on Snape's leg, sees Snape shift his cloak to cover it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Explain yourselves! Both of you.

HERMIONE

It's my fault, Professor McGonagall.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Miss Granger!

HERMIONE

I went looking for the troll. I've read about them and thought I could handle it. But I was wrong. If Harry and Ron hadn't come along...I'd be dead.

Ron drops his wand, stunned by Hermione's lie.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

I'm very disappointed in you, Miss Granger. Five points will be taken from Gryffindor for your very serious lack of judgement. As for you gentlemen, I hope you realize just how lucky you are. Not many First Years could take on a full grown mountain troll and live to tell the tale. I award each of you five points...for sheer dumb luck.

105 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

105

Hermione walks silently beside Harry and Ron.

HARRY

Good of her to get us out of trouble like that.

RON

Mind you, we did save her from a full grown mountain troll.

HARRY

Mind you, she might not have needed saving if we hadn't locked the thing in with her.

Ron glances at Hermione, then away.

RON  
What are friends for?

105A INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

105A

Harry, Ron and Hermione sit together. Harry ignores his breakfast. Ron, as usual, is stuffing his face.

RON  
Take a bit of toast, mate. Go on.

HERMIONE  
Ron's right, Harry. You're going to need your strength today.

HARRY  
I'm not hungry.

SNAPE  
(appearing)  
Good luck today, Potter. Then again, now that you've proven yourself against a troll, a little game of Quidditch should be easy work for you. Even if it is against my boys.

Snape smiles, LIMPS away toward the Slytherin table.

HERMIONE  
That was...disturbing.

RON  
I tell you what's disturbing. Snape smiling.

HARRY  
That explains the blood...

HERMIONE  
Blood?

HARRY  
Last night, Ron and I saw Snape heading for the third floor. I'm guessing he let the troll in as a diversion, tried to get past the three-headed dog, and got himself bit. That's why he's limping.

HERMIONE  
But why would anyone go near that dog?

HARRY

Listen. The day I was at Gringotts, Hagrid took something out of one of the vaults. Said it was Hogwarts business. Very secret.

HERMIONE

So you're saying...

HARRY

That's what the dog's guarding. That's what Snape wants.

RON

But what's safer than Gringotts?

HARRY

One place, according to Hagrid. Hogwarts.

HERMIONE

Well, whatever it is, it must be really valuable.

HARRY

Or really dangerous.

Just then, an OWL beats into the room.

HERMIONE

Bit early for mail, isn't it?

HARRY

That's Hedwig.

All watch as she swoops down with a LONG, THIN PACKAGE. Harry slips Hedwig a piece of his uneaten toast, strips open the parcel and finds, inside, a sleek mahogany BROOMSTICK.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's a broomstick.

RON

That's not a broomstick, Harry. That's a Nimbus Two Thousand.

HARRY

But who...?

Harry glances up, sees--far across the room--Professor McGonagall looking his way. Quickly, she turns away.

106 EXT. QUIDDITCH FIELD - DAY

106 \*

The stadium is full. Ron and Hermione join Neville and Seamus in the Gryffindor section, unfurl a banner that reads POTTER FOR PRESIDENT. As the Slytherin and Gryffindor teams take the field, the CROWD ROARS. Oliver Wood runs up alongside a nervous Harry, who clutches his new Nimbus 2000. \*

WOOD \*

I know what you're thinking, Harry. I'm playing my first game of Quidditch, the entire school's watching me and, worst of all, it's against Slytherin. Am I right? \*

HARRY \*

Pretty close. \*

WOOD \*

It's all right. I felt the same way before my first game. \*

HARRY \*

What happened? \*

WOOD \*

I don't really remember. I took a Bludger to the head about two minutes in and woke up in the hospital a week later. \*

Madame Hooch, clad in REFEREE ROBES, addresses the players.

MADAME HOOCH

Now, I want a nice clean game. From all of you.

She glances tellingly at Slytherin Captain MARCUS FLINT. Harry leans over to ANGELINA JOHNSON, Gryffindor Chaser.

HARRY

Who's he, Angelina?

ANGELINA

Marcus Flint. Slytherin Captain. They say he's got troll blood in him.

Harry swallows as Flint glares at him murderously.

MADAME HOOCH

Mount your brooms, please.

Hands trembling, Harry waits, then...the WHISTLE BLASTS. FOURTEEN BROOMSTICKS rise into the air. As the crowd ROARS, Madam Hooch kicks the crate, releasing two SCREAMING



Bludgers, then tosses up the Quaffle. In the stands, LEE JORDAN does COMMENTARY.

LEE JORDAN

Quaffle's up...and straight off taken by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor. What an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive too, I might add...

Professor McGonagall casts a disapproving glance at Jordan, then turns to watch the action below.

Cradling the Quaffle, Angelina Johnson WEAVES wickedly past a Slytherin Chaser, DUCKS UNDER a sizzling Bludger that Fred Weasley CHIPS AWAY, then DISHES OFF to a speeding Alicia Spinnet. Alicia FALLS into a FIFTEEN FOOT ROLLING DIVE, feeds the Quaffle back to Angelina...but has it INTERCEPTED by a slashing Marcus Flint. Flint FLIES FAST for the hoop, rears back...but has his shot BLOCKED by Oliver Wood. Wood bumps the Quaffle to Chaser Katie Bell, who ROCKETS past Flint the length of the field...only to take a Bludger to the back of the head. As the Quaffle pops loose, Marcus Flint grabs it, drives with astonishing speed back the other way, then takes a Bludger himself, courtesy of George Weasley. Angelina Johnson swoops down, snatches the spinning Quaffle and, flying like lightning, races the field to score.

As Gryffindor CHEERS fill the cold air, Hagrid makes his way up the stands, scattering students in his wake.

HAGRID

Budge up there. Clear the way. How's Harry holdin' up?

Ron and Hermione squeeze together, giving Hagrid space.

RON

He hasn't had much to do yet.

HAGRID

First game. He stays outta trouble, that'll be doin' enough.

Above the pitch, Slytherin's ADRIAN PUCEY eludes two Bludgers, two Weasleys and the Chaser, ZOOMING toward the goals...when suddenly a FLASH OF GOLD zips by his left ear.

HARRY

The Snitch!

Far below, Slytherin Seeker TERENCE HIGGS makes his move. Harry DIVES. Faster than Higgs, he closes the gap quickly, eyes locked on the tiny golden ball. He adds some speed, reaches out, and--WHAM!--Marcus Flint HITS HIM full on,

sending him reeling. Harry PULLS UP his tip, LEVELS OFF, and glances about. But the Snitch is GONE.

RON/HERMIONE/HAGRID  
FOUL! FOUL! FOUL!

As a Bludger screams past Harry, he tries to kick his broom higher. Instead, it LURCHES, nearly tossing him off. Below, Hagrid peers through his BINOCULARS, frowns.

HAGRID  
Dunno what Harry thinks he's doin'. If I didn't know better, I'd say he's lost control of his broom...

RON  
Maybe something happened to it when Flint blocked him.

In the stands, people gasp as the broom ROLLS OVER and leaves Harry DANGLING from one end. Neville buries his face.

HAGRID  
No. Can't nothin' interfere with a broomstick except powerful Dark magic. No kid could do that to a Nimbus 2000.

Hearing this, Hermione GRABS Hagrid's binoculars.

HERMIONE  
(whispering to Ron)  
It's Snape. He's jinxing the broom.

Ron takes the binoculars, looks. Snape sits MUTTERING in the opposite stands, staring into the sky. Staring at Harry.

RON  
Jinxing the broom? What do we do?

HERMIONE  
Leave it to me.

As Hermione dashes off, Ron turns the binoculars back to the sky. Harry hangs from the broom with two hands while Fred hovers nearby. George circles about ten feet below.

HARRY  
What's George doing?

FRED  
Just in case you fall, George will...  
(not sure of this himself)  
...catch you.

HARRY

I knew I should have gone out for football.

GEORGE

What's football?

Hermione fights her way through the Slytherin faithful, who cackle at Harry's plight, toward Snape.

MALFOY

Take a good look, lads. With any luck we'll be having Potter soup for supper--

Just then, Hermione brushes past, sending Malfoy ass over tea kettle into Professor Quirrell in the row below. Reaching Snape, Hermione crouches down and whips out her wand.

Across the field Ron peers through the binoculars...

RON

Come on, Hermione...

Just then, BLUE FLAMES spit from Hermione's wand, climbing quickly up Snape's robes. Snape continues to mutter, staring skyward, then realizes he's on fire, and looks away. In the commotion, that ensues, Ron sees Hermione scoop the blue fire into a little jar, slip it into robe, and make her escape.

Instantly, Harry's broom stops jerking. He clammers back on, when--SWOOSH!--A FLASH OF GOLD streaks by him: the Snitch. Higgs ZOOMS UP from below and he and Harry give chase.

The Snitch SWERVES, then...DIVES. As it PLUMMETS, Harry and Higgs plummet too, giving it all they've got.

On the pitch below, Hermione puts her hand to her mouth. In the stands, Neville buries his head again.

As the Snitch drops, the ground rushes crazily upward, the speed breathtaking. Harry seems intoxicated by it, slightly crazed, eyes riveted to the fluttering Snitch, seeing it and only it. Higgs, on the other hand, sees only the ground and, at the last minute, can bear it no longer, PULLING UP on his broom and SWERVING to safety. As Harry and earth collide, the Nimbus cartwheels away, Harry rolls off and, coming up on all fours, claps his hand to his mouth. As if he were sick.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Well, that's unfortunate. Understandable, but unfortunate.

As Harry COUGHS, Hagrid takes back his binoculars, which, unfortunately for Ron, are still around Ron's neck.

HAGRID  
Unfortunate nothin'. He's got the Snitch!

Harry SHOOTS his hand in the air. The crowd ROARS. Marcus Flint touches down, fuming.

FLINT  
He didn't catch it. He swallowed it!

HERMIONE  
(popping in)  
Nothing in the Quidditch rulebook discriminates against catching the Snitch in your mouth. Or any other place for that matter. In fact, in a game played in Greece in the late seventeenth century--

MADAME HOOCHE  
Thank you, Miss Granger. We can dispense with the more unattractive historical details of the game. Nevertheless, your point is well taken. Match to Gryffindor!

As Harry's teammates lift him to their shoulders, Hermione spies Snape in the far stands, limping quickly away, his robes still smoking.

107 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - LATER - DAY

107

Harry, Ron, and Hermione walk with Hagrid towards his home, a WOODEN HUT on the edge of the Dark Forest.

HAGRID  
Rubbish! Why would Snape put a curse on Harry's broom?

HARRY  
Who knows? Why was he trying to get past that three-headed dog on Halloween?

HAGRID  
How do you know about Fluffy?

RON  
Fluffy?

HERMIONE  
That thing has a name?

HAGRID

'Course he's got a name. He's mine.  
Bought him off an Irish bloke I met in  
the Pub las' year. Lent him to Dumbledore  
to guard the...

HARRY

Yes?

HAGRID

Don' be askin' me anymore. That's top  
secret, that is.

HARRY

But Hagrid, whatever Fluffy's guarding,  
Snape's trying to steal it.

HAGRID

Codswallop! Snape's a Hogwart's teacher.

HERMIONE

Hogwarts teacher or not, I know a jinx  
when I see one, Hagrid. I've read all  
about them. You've got to keep eye  
contact, and Snape wasn't blinking.

HAGRID

Now listen to me, all three of yeh--yer  
meddlin' in things that shouldn't be  
meddled. It's dangerous. What that dog's  
guardin' is strictly betw'n Professor  
Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel--

Hagrid stops, furious with himself, then turns for his hut,  
where FANG, an enormous black boarhound, greets him.

HARRY

Nicolas Flamel. Why does that name sound  
familiar?

108 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

108

December. Snow falls, dusting the castle turrets and  
blanketing the grounds. Hagrid drags a GIANT CHRISTMAS FIR  
toward the Castle, Fang trotting by his side. \*

109 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

109

Nearly Headless Nick SWOOPS about a TOWERING CHRISTMAS TREE,  
running GARLAND over the limbs, while Peeves plucks ORNAMENTS  
from the branches, hurling them to the floor.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Listen up! As the lake is frozen, all students going home for holiday will take a flying sleigh to the departure platform. Earmuffs are strongly recommended.

Harry and Ron pay no attention to the students bustling about them, sitting alone by the window playing WIZARD CHESS. Unlike Muggle chess, these figures are alive. Presently, Harry's BISHOP looks cross. \*

BISHOP

Don't send me there! Can't you see his Knight? Send him. We can afford to lose him. \*

The bishop points to a PAWN. Harry sheepishly complies.

RON

Queen to pawn six.

Ron YAWNS as his queen steps forward and--with extreme prejudice--disposes of the pawn. Hermione, huge trunk in tow, arrives just in time to witness the carnage.

HERMIONE

Oh my god! That's barbaric!

RON

That's chess. I see you're packed.

HERMIONE

I see you're not.

RON

Change of plans. My parents decided to go to Romania to visit my brother Charlie. He's studying dragons there.

HERMIONE

You can help Harry then. He promised to keep looking in the library for Nicolas Flamel over holiday.

RON

We have looked. A hundred times.

HERMIONE

(as she exits)  
Not in the Restricted Section.

RON

I think we've had a bad influence on her.

110 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - MORNING

110

CAMERA PANS a stack of PACKAGES at the foot of Harry's bed.

RON

Happy Christmas, Harry!

Harry rubs his eyes, sees Ron wearing a MAROON SWEATER over his pajamas. Ron tosses him a present.

HARRY

I've got presents.

RON

What'd you expect? In your hand's from Hagrid. And by the looks of that lumpy one, Mum's sent you a Weasley sweater.

Harry opens Hagrid's, finds a WOODEN FLUTE. As he blows it, Hedwig cocks her head. It sounds like an owl. Harry takes up the next parcel. It's very light. He reads the NOTE attached.

HARRY

'Your father left this in my possession before he died. It is time it was returned to you.'

Harry tears the paper away, finds something SHINY and translucent slithers to the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's some kind of...cloak.

RON

Well, let's see then. Put it on.

As Harry takes the cloth, we hang on Ron, watching, then:

RON (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Harry's head is floating in midair. Ron looks on in awe.

RON (CONT'D)

Harry, do you know what this is? It's an invisibility cloak. They're really rare. Who gave you this?

HARRY

There's no name...It just says, 'Use it well.'



111 OMITTED 111  
 112 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 112

Pitch black. A match STRIKES, floats by itself, in midair. It drifts forward, LIGHTS a LAMP.

113 INT. LIBRARY - ROW OF BOOKS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 113

The lamp floats eerily among the books, then rises, illuminates a SIGN: RESTRICTED.

114 INT. RESTRICTED ROOM - LIBRARY - NIGHT 114

The lamp FLOATS into the room, the invisibility cloak drops and, bit by bit, HARRY appears.

HARRY

Flamel. Nicolas Flamel...

Harry runs his finger along the spines, stops. Takes a LARGE BOOK from the shelf. Runs his hand over the course leather, then...opens it. At once it begins to SHRIEK! Harry SLAMS it shut, but it goes on WAILING. Stumbling back, Harry tips the lamp and all GOES dark. FOOTSTEPS ring out. Frantically, Harry sifts the darkness for the cloak, panicking, when his hands...DISAPPEAR. Pitching the cloak over himself, he dashes to the door, just as it CLANGS open--revealing Filch. As Filch's pale, wide eyes stare straight ahead, Harry glides right past him...

115 INT. LIBRARY CORRIDOR - NIGHT 115 \*

...then dashes into the corridor, the book's SHRIEKS echoing behind him, coming face to face with... Snape and Quirrel, in the midst of a heated conversation. \*

SNAPE \*

Have you found out how to get past that beast of Hagrid's, yet? \*

QUIRRELL \*

B-b-but Severus, I- \*

SNAPE \*

You don't want me as your enemy, Quirrel. \*

QUIRRELL \*

I don't know what you- \*

SNAPE \*

You know perfectly well what I mean. \*  
 Your little bit of hocus pocus... \*

Harry walks slowly, carefully around them, trying not to be heard. Snape stops, as if he's felt a small breeze, then... turns... seeing soft FEATHERS OF VAPOUR. Snape reaches out to touch them... Inside the cloak, Harry puts his hand to his mouth, to stop his breath... Snape finds nothing in front of him. He turns back to Quirrel.

Snape (CONT'D)

We'll have another little chat soon, when you've had time to think things over and decide where your loyalties lie.

The door behind them slowly opens and closes... quietly... carefully...

Filch appears, from around the corridor, walks up to Snape and Quirrel.

FILCH

Professors... I found this. In the Restricted Section. It's still hot.

SNAPE

Then they can't be far.

Snape, Quirrel and Filch exit.

116 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

116

Harry drops the cloak, exhales, and absently rubs his scar, wincing mildly. As his eyes adjust, he sees a MAGNIFICENT MIRROR, as high as the ceiling, across the room. On the frame is an INSCRIPTION: *Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi*. He steps in front.

HARRY

Ah!

Harry turns--as if expecting to see someone--but finds only the dark shapes of desks and chairs. Slowly, he turns back. In the mirror, Harry sees his own startled reflection and...beyond...a MAN and a WOMAN.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Mum? Dad?

117 INT. BOYS TOWER DORMITORY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

117

CLOSE UP: A SLEEPING RON

HARRY

Ron! Ron! Wake up!

Ron squints in confusion, then Harry lowers the cloak.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There's something you've got to see!

118 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

118

Harry drags Ron to the mirror.

HARRY

Come look! It's my family.

RON

(yawning)

That's you, Harry.

HARRY

Look in properly, go on, stand here.

Harry steps aside. Ron takes his place and...freezes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There. You see them, don't you? That's--

RON

Me. Only I'm...Head Boy! And I'm holding the Quidditch Cup and...bloody hell...I'm

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)  
Quidditch Captain too! Harry, do you  
think this mirror shows the future?

HARRY  
(troubled)  
How can it? All my family are dead.

119 INT. GREAT HALL - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY

119

The Hall looks deserted as the students who remain eat  
breakfast. The Weasleys chatter amongst themselves, laughing,  
then Ron looks away, sees Harry staring into the distance.

RON  
Want to play chess?

HARRY  
No.

RON  
Want to go visit Hagrid?

HARRY  
No.

RON  
Harry, I know what you're thinking. But  
don't. There's something not right about  
that mirror.

120 INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

120

Harry sits before the mirror, transfixed.

DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)  
Back again, Harry?

Harry turns. Dumbledore slips off a desk, sits beside him.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)  
I see that you--like so many before you--  
have discovered the delights of the  
Mirror of Erised. I expect by now you  
realize what it does.

HARRY  
It shows me my family.

DUMBLEDORE  
And it showed your friend Ron himself as  
Head Boy.

Harry looks surprised. Dumbledore smiles.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

I don't need a cloak to become invisible.

(re: the mirror)

I'll give you a clue, Harry. The happiest man on earth would look into the Mirror of Erised and see only himself, exactly as he is.

HARRY

So, then, it shows us what we want...  
Whatever we want...

DUMBLEDORE

Yes and no. It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desire of our hearts. You, who have never known your family, see them gathered around you. Ronald Weasley, who has always been overshadowed by his family, sees himself standing alone. Remember this, though, Harry. This mirror gives us neither knowledge or truth. Men have wasted away before it. Even gone mad.

(rising)

That's why it will be moved to a new home tomorrow. I ask that you do not go looking for it again, Harry. It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live.

HARRY

Can I ask you something, Professor? What do you see when you look in the Mirror?

DUMBLEDORE

I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks. One can never have enough socks, Harry. You'll do well to remember that as well.

121 OMITTED

121 \*

121A OMITTED

121A \*

121B EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

121B \*

Bundled against the chill, Harry--burdened by heavy thoughts-- enters the empty courtyard, Hedwig on his arm. As he releases her, she sails high over the castle walls...wending her way through the turrets and then out over the wintry grounds, her reflection glimmering on the surface of the icy lake below.

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As she turns, beating her way back, the dark sky lightens, turning a slow, glorious blue and the once-dark trees shimmer

\*  
\*

in the crisp Spring light. Hogwarts itself shimmers as well, no longer dusted with snow. Hedwig glides over the castle walls, swoops, and comes to a fluttering rest outside one of the high windows of the Great Hall.

121C INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

121C

Hermione--book in hand--quizzes Ron, who seems more interested in the pack of Chocolate Frogs in his hand.

HERMIONE

I'll ask you again. What are the three most crucial ingredients in a Forgetfulness Potion?

RON

And I'll tell you again. I forgot.

HERMIONE

And what, may I ask, do you plan to do should you get that question on final exams?

RON

Crib off you.

HERMIONE

You will not. Besides, according to Professor McGonagall, we're to be given special quills bewitched with an anti-cheating spell.

RON

That's insulting. It's as if they don't trust us.

(frowning)

Dumbledore again.

As Ron tosses the wizard card onto the table, HARRY WATCHES IT SPIN...just as...a smattering of LAUGHTER erupts across the hall. Neville is HOPPING like a bunny, legs STUCK TOGETHER, while Seamus trails after.

RON/HERMIONE

Leg-Locker Curse.

(and then to each other)

Malfoy.

Neville, breathing hard, reaches the Gryffindor table, then, before anyone can catch him, topples to the floor.

RON

You've got to start standing up to him, Neville.

NEVILLE

How? I can't stand up at all.

SEAMUS

I offered to do the countercurse, but he wouldn't let me.

NEVILLE

Of course not. That's all I need, you to set my bloody kneecaps on fire.

SEAMUS

I don't appreciate the insinuation, Longbottom. Besides, if anyone cares to notice, my eyebrows have completely grown back.

As Seamus turns away, the others see a curious BALD SPOT on the back of his head. Ron takes out his wand.

RON

All right then, Neville, who shall it be? Me, Hermione, or...

HARRY

*I've found him.*

Ron stops, sees Harry holding up Dumbledore's wizard card. Ron takes it.

RON

He's bowling. So what? He's always bowling.

Harry rolls his eyes, turns the card over for Ron to READ.

RON (CONT'D)

'Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald, for the discovery of the twelve uses of dragon's blood...and his work on alchemy...with his partner, Nicolas Flamel.'

HARRY

I knew the name sounded familiar. I read it on the train that day.

Hermione steps right over Neville.

HERMIONE

Follow me.

NEVILLE

Hey! Wait! What about that counter-curse!

Neville's eyes shift. Seamus smiles, raises an eyebrow.

\*  
\*  
\*



122 OMITTED

122

123 INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

123

CLOSE UP: A BOOK ON ALCHEMY

as it hits the table with a LOUD THUD. Hermione flips through the pages as Harry and Ron look over her shoulder.

HERMIONE

How could I be so stupid! I checked this out weeks ago for a bit of light reading.

RON

This is light?

HERMIONE

Of course! Here it is!

(whispers dramatically)

Nicolas Flamel is the only known maker of the Sorcerer's Stone!

Harry and Ron glance at each other, then Hermione.

HARRY/RON

The what?

HERMIONE

Oh, honestly, don't you two read?

(reading)

*'The Sorcerer's Stone is a legendary substance with astonishing powers. It will transform any metal into pure gold and produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal.'*

RON

Immortal.

HERMIONE

It means you'll never die.

RON

I know what it means--

HERMIONE

*'The only stone currently in existence belongs to Mr. Nicolas Flamel, the noted alchemist, who last year celebrated his six hundred and sixty-fifth birthday.'*

(looking up)

That's what Fluffy's guarding on the Third Floor. That's what's under the trapdoor. The Sorcerer's Stone!

HARRY

So Flamel knows someone's after the Stone...gives it to Dumbledore to keep safe at Hogwarts...not realizing that the one who's after it...

HERMIONE

Teaches at Hogwarts.

RON

So Snape wants piles of gold and to live forever. Who wouldn't?

Hermione closes the book, troubled by something.

HARRY

What is it, Hermione?

HERMIONE

I don't want to scare you, Harry. It's just...if all Snape wants is the Sorcerer's Stone...why did he try to kill you that day on the Quidditch pitch?

Harry ponders this, but doesn't have an answer.

124 OMITTED

124A OMITTED

124B OMITTED

124

124A \*

124B \*

\*

124C OMITTED

124C \*

125-127 OMIT SCS. 125 - 127

125-127 \*

128 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - LATER - NIGHT

128

Harry, trailed by Ron and Hermione, KNOCKS on Hagrid's door.  
The door rattles, opens a crack, and Hagrid peers out.

HAGRID

Oh. Hullo. Er...not ter be rude, but I'm  
not really fit ter entertain right about--

HARRY

We know about the Sorcerer's Stone.

129 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT

129

Everything here is oversized. Hagrid adds wood to an already roaring fire, putters about a large, simmering kettle.

HAGRID

Snape! Blimey, yer not still on abou' him, are yeh?

HARRY

Hagrid, we know he's after the Stone. We just don't know...why.

HAGRID

Harry, Snape was one o' the teachers in on protectin' the Stone. He's not abou' ter steal it.

HARRY

What?

HAGRID

Yeh heard me: Snape was one o' the teachers in on protectin' the Stone. Now, as I said, I'm a bit preoccupied at the moment--

HARRY

Wait a minute. One of the teachers?

HERMIONE

Of course! There are other things defending the Stone, aren't there? Spells, enchantments...

HAGRID

Tha's right. Bloody waste o' time if yeh ask me. T'ain't no one goin' ter get past Fluffy. Not a soul knows how 'cept me an' Dumbledore--

CRACK! A CLICKING SOUND is heard coming from the kettle, then a curious SCRAPING. Harry looks. Sees a HUGE BLACK EGG.

HARRY

Hagrid...exactly what is that?

HAGRID

Ah. Well. That's...er...

RON

I know what that is! But Hagrid. How did you ever get one?

HAGRID

Won it. Off a stranger in the village.  
Think he was glad ter be rid of it, ter  
be honest. Blimey...

The scraping is furious now. Quickly, Hagrid takes the egg  
from the kettle, sets it on a table. Fissures spread like  
veins over its surface, then it...EXPLODES...SHELL FLYING  
LIKE SHRAPNEL. Harry, Ron and Hermione cover themselves.

HERMIONE  
Is that...a dragon?

RON  
That's not just a dragon! That's a Norwegian Ridgeback! My brother Charlie works with these in Romania.

HAGRID  
Isn't he beautiful! Bless 'im, look, he knows 'is Mummy!  
(tickling the dragon's tummy)  
Hullo, Norbert.

HARRY  
Norbert?

HAGRID  
Well, he's got ter have a name.

The dragon blinks at Hagrid, screws up its face and...SNEEZES, spewing forth a shower of SPARKS, which sends Fang whimpering and kindles a brief blaze in Hagrid's beard.

HAGRID (CONT'D)  
Needs ter be trained up a bit, o' course.  
(stopping cold)  
Hey, you there!

All turn. Peering through the window is a FACE.

HARRY  
Malfoy!

They leap to the door--see a fleet figure racing across the grounds, disappearing in the night.

130 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 130 \*

Harry, Ron and Hermione walk toward the glittering castle. \*

HARRY  
Hagrid always wanted a dragon. Told me so the first time I ever met him. \*

RON  
But it's crazy. And worse, Malfoy knows. \*

HARRY  
I don't understand. Is that bad? \*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (O.S.)  
Mr. Potter. Mr. Weasley. Miss Granger. \*

Up ahead stands Professor McGonagall, a jagged silhouette in castle-light. Beside her, Draco Malfoy grins arrogantly.

RON

It's bad.

130A INT. PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER 130A

Harry, Ron and Hermione stand before a displeased McGonagall, while Malfoy looks on, practically quivering with pleasure.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

As every schoolchild knows, dragon-breeding is against our laws, has been ever since the Warlock's Convention of 1709. And for good reason. It's hard to keep the Muggles from noticing us if we've got a thirty-foot Ukranian Ironbelly running around the back garden.

RON

Norwegian Ridgeback.

Professor McGonagall's eyes shift, narrow on Ron.

RON (CONT'D)

I just meant...in this case...sorry.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Personally, I don't care if Hagrid has a Chinese Fireball sitting in his kitchen, Mr. Weasley. He answers to Dumbledore. You, on the other hand, answer to me. Nothing--I repeat, *nothing*--gives a student the right to walk about the school at night. Therefore, as punishment for your actions, fifty points will be taken.

As the others gasp, Malfoy's eyes glimmer with cruel ecstasy.

HARRY

*Fifty?*

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Each. And to insure it doesn't happen again, all four of you will receive detention.

MALFOY

Excuse me, Professor. Perhaps I heard you wrong. I thought you said the four of us.



PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Indeed. You see, Mr. Malfoy, however noble your intentions, you too were out of bed after hours. You will join your classmates in detention.

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\*  
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131-138 OMITTED

131-138

138A INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING

138A

As Harry, Ron and Hermione eat breakfast, the HOURGLASSES tell the tale: Gryffindor has slipped to last place. Just then, Fred and George pass by.

FRED

Don't worry, you three. This'll all blow over.

GEORGE

It may take a year or two, but eventually people will start talking to you again.

HERMIONE

(sniffing defensively)

Well, I for one, see nothing wrong with a reduced social life. It'll give us more time to revise for finals.

RON

Why bother? Even with Malfoy losing points, Slytherin's a lock for the House Cup. And look. Malfoy knows it.

All three peer at Malfoy. He raises a goblet in their direction, cackles with Crabbe and Goyle.

HERMIONE

He won't be smiling tonight.

(off Harry and Ron's looks)

Haven't you heard? For detention they're taking us into the Dark Forest.

139 EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

139

Beneath a pale moon, Filch, carrying a lantern, leads Harry, Ron, Hermione and Malfoy across the dark grounds.

FILCH

A pity they let the old punishments die.  
Was a time, detention would find you all  
hanging by your thumbs in the dungeons...

140 EXT. HAGRID'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

140

As Filch and the others reach the yard, they find Hagrid stringing a crossbow, Fang at his side.

FILCH

A sorry lot this, Hagrid. I pity you.

Filch squints, sees tears running down Hagrid's face.

FILCH (CONT'D)

Good god, man, you're not still on about  
that bloody dragon, are you?

HAGRID

(to Harry, Ron, Hermione)  
Norbert's gone. Dumbledore's sent 'im off  
ter Romania ter. live in a colony.

HERMIONE

Well, that's good, isn't it? He'll be  
with his own kind. Better all around,  
don't you think? Especially for Fang.

Hearing his name, a singed Fang beats his BANDAGED tail.

HAGRID

But what if Norbert doesn't like Romania.  
What if the other dragons are mean to  
him? He's only a baby, after all.

RON

A baby that breaths fire.

Harry elbows Ron, silencing him.

FILCH

For god's sake, pull yourself together,  
man. You're going into the Forest, after  
all. Got to have your wits about you.

MALFOY

The Forest? But I thought that was just a  
joke. We can't go in the Forest. Students  
aren't allowed. And there's...werewolves.

FILCH

(turning away)

Oh, there's more'n werewolves in those  
trees, lad. You can be sure o' that.

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141 EXT. DARK FOREST - LATER

141

Harry and the others trail Hagrid down a skinny path through the dark trees. Hagrid turns to Harry, speaks low.

HAGRID

Sorry abou' this, Harry. Know it's me that deserves punishin', not you. By all rights I should be sittin' in a cell in Azkaban tonight.

HARRY

It's all right, Hagrid. Besides, it's not your fault we were out after hours. If we hadn't come knocking on your door in the middle of the night--

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\*  
\*

Abruptly Hagrid kneels, takes something onto his fingers.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(a bit warily)

What's that?

HAGRID

The reason we're here.

(rising)

All righ' now, lis'en up. See this here?

Hagrid holds up his fingers. They're marked with SILVER.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

It's unicorn blood. I found one dead a few weeks back and two before that first term. This one here's been hurt bad by summat. It's our job to find the poor thing. Only one way ter get that done and that's ter split inter two parties. Ron, Hermione--yeh'll come with me. Harry, yeh'll go with Malfoy.

MALFOY

I want Fang then.

HAGRID

Fine. But jus' so yeh know. He's a bloody coward.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

142-144 OMITTED

142-144

145 EXT. PATH - DARK FOREST

145

Fang trots down the path ahead of Harry, while a nervous Malfoy trails behind.

MALFOY

Wait until my father hears about this. This is servant stuff. We should be writing lines or...something.

HARRY

If I didn't know better, Draco, I'd say you were scared.

MALFOY

You're too stupid to be scared, Potter, growing up with Muggles. If you were from a real wizard family, you wouldn't be laughing.

HARRY

I'm not, believe me...

As Malfoy joins Harry, he stops dead. The trees ahead are striped violently with DRIPPING SILVER, and beyond--lying in a small clearing--is the broken body of a UNICORN.

Fang backs off, something primal in his eyes. Harry watches him, reading his fear, then...the SLITHERING SOUND returns. Seconds later, a HOODED FIGURE slithers over the leaves, drops its head over the leering WOUND on the unicorn's side...and begins to DRINK ITS BLOOD.

MALFOY

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Malfoy bolts, slipping and sliding as Fang whimpers after. Harry WINCES, clutches his scar, then sees that the Hooded Figure is staring directly at him, silver dribbling down its front. Woozy from pain, Harry staggers back, then falls, the SLITHERING SOUND DRAWING CLOSER, when...

...HOOVES pummel the path behind him and some thing leaps clear over him, flickering past the moon above. It charges the hooded figure, drives it back into the trees...and away.

A SHADOW FALLS across Harry's face. It is a CENTAUR with eyes like pale sapphires. He is FIRENZE.

FIRENZE

Harry Potter. You are known to many creatures here. You must leave. The forest is not safe at this time. Especially for you.

HARRY

What was that thing you saved me from?

FIRENZE

Only one who has nothing to lose would commit such a crime. It is a monstrous thing to slay a unicorn. The blood of a unicorn will keep you alive, even if you are an inch from death, but at a terrible price. You have slain something so pure that-- from the moment the blood touches your lips-you will have a half life. A cursed life.

HARRY

But who would choose such a life?

FIRENZE

Can you think of no one?

HARRY

Do you mean to say that thing that killed the unicorn, that was drinking its blood, that was *Voldemort!*

FIRENZE

Do you know what is hidden in the school at this very moment, Mr. Potter?

HARRY

The Sorcerer's Stone.

AND FOR THE UK AUDIENCE...

HARRY (CONT'D)

The Philosopher's Stone.

A commotion is heard as Hagrid and the others come slashing through the trees. As Harry reacts, the others break into the clearing.

HERMIONE

Harry!

HAGRID

Oh, it's you, is it, Firenze. I see you've met our Mr. Potter. All right there, Harry?

Harry nods...but he looks anything but all right.

146 OMITTED

146



147 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - LATER

147

Harry paces before the fire while Ron and Hermione watch.

RON

You mean...You-Know-Who's out there,  
right now, in the forest!

HARRY

But he's weak. He's living off the  
unicorns. Don't you see? We had it  
wrong. Snape doesn't want the Stone  
for himself. He wants the Stone for  
Voldemort. With the Elixer of Life  
Voldemort will be strong again.  
He'll...come back.

RON

But if he comes back, you don't think  
he'd try to...kill you? Do you?

HARRY

I think if he'd had the chance, he  
might have tried to kill me tonight.

Ron looks vaguely sick.

RON

And to think I've been worrying about  
my Potions final.

HERMIONE

No. We're forgetting one thing. Who's  
the one wizard Voldemort always  
feared?

(as they turn)

Dumbledore. As long as Dumbledore's  
around, you're safe, Harry. As long as  
Dumbledore's around...you can't be  
touched.

148 OMITTED

148

149 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

149

Students flock onto the sunny grounds, finished with exams.

HERMIONE

I'd always heard Hogwarts' end of year exams were frightful. But I found that rather enjoyable. Weren't you stunned not to be asked about Elfric the Eager?

RON

I'm stunned my head didn't explode. Alright there, Harry?

HARRY

My scar. Keeps...burning.

HERMIONE

It's happened before...

HARRY

Not like this...

Harry glances across the grounds at Hagrid, sitting in his front garden playing a FLUTE. At his feet, Fang's eyes droop.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No....

HERMIONE

Harry?

Harry starts across the grounds. Hermione and Ron glance at one another, rush after.

HARRY

Don't you think it's a bit odd, that what Hagrid wants more than anything is a dragon? And a stranger turns up who just happens to have one? I mean, how many people wander around with dragon eggs in their pocket? Why didn't I see it before?

150 INT. HAGRID'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

150 \*

Hagrid shrugs, goes on polishing the FLUTE in his hand.

HAGRID

Ne'er saw his face. Kept his hood up.

HARRY

Didn't that strike you as unusual?

HAGRID

Yeh meet a lot o' unusual types in the village. Ain't 'xactly usual meself.

HARRY

This stranger, though. You and he must've talked...

HAGRID

He asked what I did, the sorta creatures I look after. Tol' him after Fluffy a dragon would be easy.

HARRY

And did he seem interested in Fluffy?

HAGRID

Well, yeah. How many three-headed dogs do yeh meet, even if yeh're in the trade? So I tells 'im, this stranger, the trick with any beast is ter know what calms 'em. Take Fluffy, fer example. Jus' play 'im a bit o' music an' he'll go straight off ter sleep--

Hagrid stops, horrified by his slip.

HAGRID (CONT'D)

I shouldn'ta tol' yeh that! Forget I said it! Hey! Where yeh goin'! Hey!

151 INT. MCGONAGALL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

151

Harry, Ron and Hermione clang through the door, Professor McGonagall looks up.

HARRY

We have to see Professor Dumbledore. Immediately.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

I see. Well, I'm afraid Professor Dumbledore is not here. Only moments ago, he received an urgent owl from the Ministry of Magic and flew off to London.

HARRY

He's gone? Now? But this is important! This is about...the Sorcerer's Stone.

Professor McGonagall nearly drops the books in her hands.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

How do you know--

HARRY

Someone's going to try and steal it.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL  
Nonsense. I don't know how you three  
found out about the Stone, but I  
assure you it is well protected. Now,  
run along.

151A EXT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

151A

Harry leads the others down the corridor.

HARRY  
That was no stranger Hagrid met in the  
village. It was Snape. Which means he  
knows how to get past Fluffy.

HERMIONE  
And with Dumbledore gone...

SNAPE (O.S.)  
Good afternoon.

They freeze. Up ahead, Snape stands, studying them.

SNAPE (CONT'D)  
Now what would three fine Gryffindors  
such as yourselves be doing inside on  
such a lovely day?

HERMIONE  
We were just...

SNAPE  
You want to be careful. People will  
think you're...up to something.

Snape eyes Harry, then turns away.

HERMIONE  
What do we do now?

HARRY  
Go through the trapdoor. Tonight.

152 INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

152

Empty. Dark. Two doors ease open. Hermione slips out the  
one, Harry and Ron the other. They creep toward the Pink  
Lady when--CROAK!--they freeze. Look. Breath a sigh of  
relief.

HARRY/RON/HERMIONE  
Trevor.

Trevor the toad blinks up at them. CROAK!

RON  
Trevor! Shh! Go! You shouldn't be here.

NEVILLE  
Neither should you.

They all jump. Neville rises from an armchair.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)  
You're sneaking out again, aren't you?

HARRY  
Now, Neville, listen...

NEVILLE  
No! I won't let you. You'll get  
Gryffindor in trouble again. I'll...I'll  
fight you! You were the ones who told me  
I had to stand up to people!

RON  
To people. Not us.

Neville raises his fists. Unfortunately, his teddy bear  
pyjamas somewhat undermine the intended effect.

HERMIONE  
Neville. I'm really, really sorry about  
this.  
(raising her wand)  
*Petrificus Totalus!*

Instantly, Neville's arms and legs snap to his sides. He  
SWAYS...then FALLS FLAT...only his eyes moving, staring at  
them in horror. Harry and Ron look a little horrified too.

RON  
You're a little scary sometimes, you know  
that? Brilliant. But scary.

153 OMITTED

153

154 INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

154

CAMERA DRIFTS...down the corridor. Suddenly, up ahead, Peeves  
rounds the corner, MUMBLING to himself as he JUGGLES a trio  
of APPLES. Suddenly, he stops, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

PEEVES  
Who's there? Know you're there, even if I  
can't see you. Are you ghoulie or ghostie  
or wee student beastie?

\*  
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Nothing. Peeves smiles slyly, reaches back, and hurls one of the apples. It streaks through the air...then...disappears in mid-flight. Peeves smile fades.

PEEVES (CONT'D)

Never mind.

He backpedals frantically, turns, and swoops off the way he came. Seconds later, Harry drops the cloak, tosses the APPLE in his hand to Ron.

HERMIONE

That was close.

Harry steps to the chamber before them. Inside, the thrum of MUSIC can be heard. Slowly, Harry starts to ease open the door...when...CRUNCH! Hermione and Harry jump, turn. Ron stands chewing the apple.

RON

Sorry. I get hungry when I'm nervous.

Harry pushes the door clear...finds...a giant quivering nose and yellow fangs dripping with saliva. They GASP, then...

RON (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. He's...

HARRY

Snoring.

Harry pushes the door further and the light from the corridor falls on a TINY HARP. Playing by itself.

155 INT. FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

155

As they enter, Harry takes a FLUTE from his pocket.

HARRY

Suppose we won't be needing this now.  
Look, it's obvious Snape's already got  
past Fluffy. If you two want to go back--

RON

Don't be stupid.

HERMIONE

We're coming.

HARRY

Right then. All together now.

Straining mightily, they put their shoulders to the massive paw that lays across the trapdoor. Once done, Harry flings it open. Below lies only darkness...a faint whistling wind.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'll go first. Don't follow until I give  
you a sign. If something...bad  
happens...get yourselves out--  
(stopping)  
Does it seem a bit...quiet...to you?

HERMIONE

The harp...what happened to the--

Splat! Something wet and sticky hits Ron's shoulder.

RON

Yuck! What's this ruddy stuff--

Slowly, they look up. A MONSTROUS, DROOLING SHADOW darkens their faces. Fluffy. Awake. Hungry. Each head ponders its own particular snack, then, with a mighty GROWL, swoops. Instantly, the trio pitches themselves into the darkness...

\*

156 INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE - SECONDS LATER

156

Harry PLUMMETS down a glittering shaft, tumbling head over heels, down, down, down, until...

FLUMP! He lands in something soft and yarnlike, followed quickly by Ron and Hermione. Harry adjusts his glasses, looks up. A tiny SQUARE OF LIGHT--the trapdoor--glimmers far above.

RON

That was...cool.

HARRY

We must be miles under the school.

RON

Lucky this plant thing's here, really.

HARRY

Wo!

A vine snakes out Ron's back collar.

RON

Wo!

Twin creepers encircle Harry's chest.

HERMIONE

Stop moving! Both of you! This is Devil's Snare! You have to relax.

HARRY

Uh, Hermione, it's a bit difficult to relax...

(as a vine encircles his neck)  
...given the circumstances.

HERMIONE

I know, Harry. But you must. If you don't, it'll only kill you faster.

RON

Kill us faster? Oh now I can relax.

As they watch, Hermione takes a LONG, SLOW BREATH and...is SUCKED beneath the surface...VANISHING.

HARRY/RON

*Hermione!*

Panicking, Harry and Ron begin to struggle anew, but the vines only wrap more tightly around them.



RON  
What are we going to do now!

HERMIONE (O.S.)  
Just relax.

HARRY  
(glancing about)  
Hermione? But how...where?

HERMIONE (O.S.)  
Do what I say!

Harry looks at Ron. He's almost completely entwined.

HARRY  
I suggest we do what she says.

Harry takes a DEEP BREATH and closes his eyes. Slowly, like witch's fingers...the vines DRAW him beneath the surface.

156A INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE) 156A

Harry drops through the ceiling, twisting through the webby undergrowth of Devil's Snare and onto the ground next to Hermione. From above, Ron can be HEARD screaming for HELP.

HERMIONE  
He's not relaxing, is he?

Ron's VOICE BELLOWS again.

HARRY  
Apparently not.

Hermione furrows her brow, thinking ALOUD in a sing-song.

HERMIONE  
Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare. Dances in the dark, delights in the damp...

156B INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE 156B

Ron, wrapped tight as a mummy by this point, cocks his ear in disbelief.

RON  
Is she doing a poem? It's not possible she's doing a poem, is it?

156C INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE) 156C

Hermione ignores him, continuing in deep concentration.

HERMIONE

It's deadly fun, but will...sulk in the sun! That's it! Light! Devil's Snare hates the light!

She whips out her wand, points it at the vines hanging from the ceiling, and sends forth a BRIGHT BURST of GOLD.

156D INT. SHAFT/DEVIL'S SNARE 156D

As the LIGHT BURNS through, the plant withers. An OPENING forms, the vines SNAP free of Ron, and...he DROPS through.

156E INT. STAIRCASE (BENEATH DEVIL'S SNARE) 156E

Ron lands heavily, looks up.

RON

Lucky we didn't panic.

HARRY

Lucky Hermione pays attention in Herbology.

Just then...they detect a SOUND: a RUSTLING, a CLINKING. The three exchange a glance, begin to descend the staircase.

HERMIONE

What is that?

HARRY

I don't know...sounds like wings.

157 OMITTED 157

158 INT. CHAMBER OF KEYS 158

Harry, Hermione and Ron enter a brilliantly lit chamber where hundreds of JEWEL BRIGHT BIRDS flutter below a high arching ceiling. On the opposite side is a HEAVY WOODEN DOOR and, floating in the center of the chamber, a single BROOMSTICK.

Ron and Hermione begin to cross to the door, gazing in wonder at the strangely beautiful creatures overhead.

HERMIONE

Curious. I've never seen birds like these...

HARRY

They're not birds...

Ron and Hermione turn, see Harry standing by the floating broom in the center of the room, looking up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

They're keys. And I'll bet one of them fits that door.

Hermione tests the doorknob, nods.

HERMIONE

Locked.

RON

*Alohomora!*

Hermione turns, sees Ron waving his wand at the knob. No good. It's still locked. He shrugs.

RON (CONT'D)

Well, it was worth a try.

HERMIONE

(peering up)

So what do we do? There must be a thousand keys up there...

RON

(examining the lock)

We're looking for a big, old-fashioned one--probably silver, like the handle. There! That one, see! With the bright blue wings!

Ron points. Fluttering within a pocket of brass keys is a larger, SILVER one.

HERMIONE

What's wrong with its wing?

RON

The feather's pinched. Probably from Snape catching it before us.

Hermione nods, sees Harry still staring at the broom.

HERMIONE

Harry?

HARRY

It's...too simple.

RON

Oh, go on, Harry. If Snape could catch it on that old CleanSweep, you can. It's not for nothing you're the youngest Seeker in a Century.

Harry nods uncertainly--still troubled--but slowly reaches out nonetheless. As his fingers touch the broomstick... \*

...the KEYS EXPLODE IN A FRENZY, hissing like wasps, swarming in great, glittering clouds. Ron's smile droops. \*

RON (CONT'D)

Well, this complicates things a bit.

As Harry kicks into the air, a seething cluster of keys falls like HARD RAIN, CHATTERING at his arms and legs, SLICING at his skin, SHREDDING his sweater... \*

RON (CONT'D)

He'll be torn to pieces. \*

Horrified, Ron and Hermione watch Harry soar higher, fending off the keys with his free hand, until... \*

HARRY'S POV \*

Through a MAD CLATTERING, CLUSTER of KEYS, he spies the larger, silver one, fluttering only feet beyond his grasp. \*

Harry hovers, grimacing as the hissing keys drop like DARTS onto his extended hand...then SNATCHES the silver key. \*

Instantly, Harry whips downward in a wide, dizzying circle, trying to outrun the now furious keys. They shadow his every move, drawing closer and closer, HUMMING VICIOUSLY as they begin to CHIP at the TAIL TWIGS of the broom. Desperate, Harry throws the broom into a reckless dive and, steering with one hand... \*

...FLINGS the key to Ron. As Ron dashes to the door, Harry soars back up, taking the raging keys with him, then circles back and watches Ron JAM the key into the lock. As Hermione and Ron scurry through, Harry rockets straight after, the keys gaining once again, CHIPPING at the tail of broom like a buzzsaw through balsa wood. As the broom begins to WAFFLE, Harry gives one last BURST of SPEED and...SOARS through the open door. Together, Hermione and Ron FLING the door SHUT...just before the keys rain down like BULLETS. \*

159 INT. CHESS ROOM

159

...UTTER DARKNESS. Hermione's VOICE pierces the darkness.

HERMIONE

I don't like this. I don't like this at all.

A small bouquet of BLUE FLAMES blooms in Hermione's hands, illuminating little more than the trio's faces and some VAGUE SHAPES looming ahead.

HARRY

Where are we? A graveyard?

Harry steps forward and--suddenly--one of the SHAPES moves towards them. Hermione GASPS. The SHAPE stops.

RON

This is no graveyard...

Ron takes an unlit torch from the wall, touches it to the blue flames fluttering in Hermione's palms, and kneels. As he paints the floor with light, a SPARK SPITS from the torch and ignites a trail of FIRE.

RON (CONT'D)

It's a chessboard.

Sure enough. As the chamber glows with light, a kind of battlefield is revealed, studded with faceless soldiers.

HERMIONE

But what're we to do?

As Hermione takes a tentative step onto the board, a BISHOP'S STONE SWORD drops heavily down, barring her way.

RON

It's obvious, isn't it? We've got to play our way across the room. Excuse me...are we meant to join you?

(as the bishop nods)

Brilliant.

(to Harry, Hermione)

Now don't be offended, but neither of you are particularly good at chess--

HARRY

Just tell us what to do.

RON

All right. Harry, you take the empty Bishop's square. Hermione--you'll be the Queenside castle. As for me...

Ron leaps astride the only riderless horse.

RON (CONT'D)

...I'll be a Knight.

HERMIONE

What happens now?

RON

We play.

Across the board, a WHITE PAWN moves forward two squares (e4). As Ron contemplates his own move, Hermione glances apprehensively at the fierce pieces across the board.

HERMIONE

Ron, you don't suppose this is going to be like real wizard's chess, do you?

Ron--contemplating something--doesn't answer immediately, instead gesturing to his own pawn.

RON

You there...d5

As Ron's BLACK PAWN obliges, WHITE'S PAWN slides swiftly forth (to d5) and, with a THUNDEROUS collision, the black pawn EXPLODES, rubble raining to the ground.

RON (CONT'D)

Yes, Hermione. I think this is going to be exactly like wizard's chess.

DISSOLVE TO:

...the chess board, a real battlefield now, littered on both sides with fallen pieces. Ron, drained but intense, surveys the board, MUTTERING to himself.

RON (CONT'D)

Think...Think..

(deciding)

Castle to ...c3

The BLACK CASTLE advances. Instantly, the WHITE QUEEN sweeps forward and, with cruel indifference, SHATTERS the Rook. Harry, only one square removed, stares with horror. Unnerved, he glances up at Ron, but Ron's eyes see only the board. Harry turns, taking a look himself...and blinks.

HARRY

Wait a minute...

(pointing to the Queen)

She's made the same mistake I always make. If I go there, she has to take me, and the King is exposed!

Ron nods, but it's clear he doesn't share Harry's enthusiasm.

RON

There's just one problem with that. It's you that has to go on, Harry. I know it. Not me. Not Hermione. You.

HARRY

No, Ron...

HERMIONE

What is it?

HARRY

He's going to sacrifice himself.

HERMIONE

No. There has to be another way!

RON

Do you want to stop Snape from getting the Stone or not!

(turning to Harry)

You understand, right, Harry? Once I make my move, the Queen will take me. Then you're free to check the King.

Harry stares at Ron--an understanding between them--then simply nods. Ron grips the reins then and, without a word, drives his horse forward (Nh3). Instantly, the White Queen POUNCES. As Ron hits the floor, Hermione SCREAMS. She starts to go to him, when Harry holds up his hand.

HARRY

No!

(as she freezes)

Don't forget we're still playing.

Hermione nods, staring at Ron. Harry steps forward (Bc5). The WHITE QUEEN moves to block (Qe3), but it's futile. Harry stares at her, eyes full of hatred, then steps forward, places his trembling hand on the cold stone of her gown and, with the gentlest of shoves...topples her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Checkmate.

As a veil of dust hovers, the white king removes his CROWN, lets it roll from his fingers, across the stone floor, where it comes to rest at Harry's feet. Harry stares at Hermione's stricken face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If you can, go to the Owlery and send a message to Dumbledore. Ron's right. I have to go on.

Hermione turns, her eyes glittering. Without warning, she rushes forward, embraces Harry.

HERMIONE

You're a great wizard, Harry Potter!  
You are, you know!

HARRY

(a bit embarrassed)  
Not as good as you.

HERMIONE

Me! Books. And cleverness. There are more important things--friendship and bravery and--oh, Harry, be careful!

She turns then, goes to Ron. Harry studies his two friends, then looks away. The remaining chessmen bow, parting the way to the next door. He steps forward.

159A INT. LAST CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

159A

Alone, Harry makes his way through a corridor that drops down like a tunnel. Up ahead, a chamber glimmers.



160 OMIT SC. 160

160

161 INT. THE LAST CHAMBER - NIGHT

161

Harry descends a staircase. As the chamber below comes into view, he sees a FIGURE standing before the Mirror of Erised.

HARRY

You!

The figure turns. It is Professor Quirrell.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No. It can't be. Snape...

QUIRRELL

Mm, yes, he does seem the type, doesn't he? So useful Snape. Swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-poor st-stuttering Professor Quirrell?

HARRY

But that day, during the Quidditch match...Snape to kill me.

QUIRRELL

No, dear boy, I tried to kill you. And, trust me, if Snape's cloak hadn't caught fire and broken my eye contact, I would've succeeded. Even with Severus muttering his little countercurse.

HARRY

Snape was trying to save me?

QUIRRELL

Oh, don't misunderstand. He hates you, just as he hated your father when they were at Hogwarts together. But he never wanted you dead. Your father, after all, saved his life once, long ago.

Harry looks stunned. Quirrell looks amused.

QUIRRELL (CONT'D)

Didn't know? Surprising, given how curious you are Potter. I knew you were a danger to me right off. Especially after Halloween.

HARRY

You let the Troll in.

Quirrell nods, examining the Mirror as he speaks: \*

QUIRRELL

Yes. I have a way with trolls. Snape, unfortunately, wasn't fooled. While everyone else was running about the dungeons, he went straight to the Third Floor to head me off. That three-headed dog didn't even manage to bite Snape's leg off properly. He, of course, never trusted me again. Rarely left me alone. But he doesn't understand. I am never alone. Never... \*

(frowning) \*

Now what does this mirror do? I see what I desire, I see myself holding the Stone. But how do I get it? \*

VOICE (O.S.)

Use the boy.

Harry glances about in horror as the DARK VOICE echoes. Quirrell turns, eyes Harry. \*

QUIRRELL

Come here, Potter. \*

Quirrell points to the mirror. As Harry steps in front, he sees himself, looking pale and scared. Then, slowly, his reflection SMILES, puts its hand in its pocket, and pulls out a BLOOD-RED STONE. Harry's own eyes widen--in a mixture of stunned disbelief and fear. Struggling to control his expression, he shuts his eyes briefly...as if making a wish...lets out a breath, and opens them once again. His reflection WINKS, returns the Stone to its pocket and, to Harry's amazement... \*

...it DROPS HEAVILY into his own: He's gotten the Stone. \*

QUIRRELL (CONT'D)

(studying him) \*

What is it? What do you see? \*

HARRY

I...I'm shaking hands with Dumbledore.  
I...I've won the House Cup.

VOICE (O.S.)

He lies.

QUIRRELL

Tell the truth! What do you see!

VOICE (O.S.)

Let me speak to him.

QUIRRELL

Master, you are not strong enough.

VOICE (O.S.)

I have strength enough...for this.

Quirrell reaches up, unfurls his turban. In the mirror, Harry watches a FACE appear...on the back of Quirrell's head.

HARRY

(in a whisper)

Voldemort.

VOLDEMORT

Harry Potter. We meet...again.

Petrified, Harry stares at the face. It is hideous, constantly changing, struggling to become whole.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Yes. You see what I've become. Unicorn blood can sustain me, but it cannot give me a body of my own. But there is something that can. Something that, conveniently enough...lies in your pocket.

Harry wheels, dashing toward the staircase.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Stop him!

Coolly, Quirrell SNAPS his fingers and, just as Harry reaches the threshold, FLAMES SHOOT from the floor, barring his way.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

Don't be a fool, Harry. Why suffer a horrific death, when you can join me...and live.

HARRY

Never!

VOLDEMORT

Ah, bravery. Your parents had it too. Tell me, Harry...would you like to see your mother and father again?

Harry stops, looks up. Quirrell steps aside, Voldemort's face sliding from the glass and revealing...Harry's parents.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

*Together, we can bring them back. All I ask...is for something in return.*

Slowly, almost involuntarily, Harry removes the Stone from his pocket.

VOLDEMORT (CONT'D)

*That's it, Harry. There is no good and evil, there is only power, and those too weak to seek it. Together, we'll do extraordinary things. Just...give me the Stone.*

Harry studies his parents' faces, drifting to his mother's, when...we RACK FOCUS...and Voldemort's hideous face surfaces through her's...and she is gone.

HARRY

*Liar!*

Voldemort's eyes narrow.

VOLDEMORT

*Kill him!*

Instantly, Quirrell flies across the room, knocking Harry clean off his feet and the Stone tumbling from his grasp. Quirrell drops, his hand closing on Harry's neck. Harry winces at the touch, face creased in pain, looking up into Quirrell's face, when...for the briefest of moments--it becomes Voldemort's. Harry gasps, struggling, when--to his amazement--Quirrell's own face returns, SCREAMING, releasing Harry and recoiling.

QUIRRELL

*Wh-what is this magic?*

Harry, breathing hard, follows Quirrell's gaze, stares in horror: Quirrell's fingers are slowly turning to dust.

VOLDEMORT

*Fool! Get the Stone!*

Harry rises, looks at Quirrell's withering fingers, then to his own hands, healthy and whole. As Quirrell starts to move, Harry, in the flash of a second...

...decides. He bolts forward, reaches up with both hands and...presses them to Quirrell's face.

Quirrell SCREAMS, but Harry holds tight, growing weaker as the face under his fingers begins to DISSOLVE until, finally, just when Harry looks ready to pass out...

Quirrell's face drops away.

Harry staggers back. Quirrell's body steps forward, blindly lurching towards Harry, and then...crumbles to dust. Harry stands still, just staring, then turns wearily, picks up the Stone, when...an APPARITION--bearing Voldemort's devilish face--SWOOPS up behind. Harry spins, watching in terror as...

WHOOSH!--in a VIOLENT RUSH--Voldemort returns to DUST and WHISTLES FORWARD, passing through Harry, blasting him back through the air and onto the stone floor. As the dust disappears, all is quiet once more, and we CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Of Harry. Lying on the floor. The Stone glimmering dully in his palm.

162 INT. HOGWARTS HOSPITAL WING - DAY

162

A PAINTING...of an INJURED SOLDIER lying in a HOSPITAL BED.  
A NURSE enters the frame, begins to tend to his dressings  
as...

Harry awakens in a hospital bed of his own. On the table  
next to him, TREATS are piled high, including a raft of  
open WIZARD CARDS. In one, Dumbledore beams down.

DUMBLEDORE

Good afternoon, Harry.

Harry squints, as if the card itself had spoken to him,  
then sees that the real Dumbledore is sitting on the  
windowsill. The great wizard slides off, gestures to the  
treats.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Tokens from your admirers.

HARRY

Admirers?

DUMBLEDORE

What happened down in the dungeons  
between you and Professor Quirrell is  
a complete secret--so naturally the  
whole school knows. Your friend Ronald  
has saved you the trouble of opening  
your chocolate frogs. Though one  
suspects Agrippa and Ptolemy still  
elude him.

HARRY

Ron was here? Is he all right? What about Hermione--

DUMBLEDORE

Fine. Both of them. Madame Pomfrey has explicitly forbidden visitors. But I think--with the help of a certain cloak--they've managed to monitor your progress.

HARRY

But what happened to the--

DUMBLEDORE

Relax, dear boy. The Stone has been destroyed. My friend Nicolas and I had a little chat and agreed it was best all around.

HARRY

But then, Flamel...he'll die, won't he?

DUMBLEDORE

He has enough Elixir to set his affairs in order. But, yes, he will die. To one as young as you, I'm sure it seems incredible. But to the well-organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.

HARRY

But to destroy such a remarkable thing...

DUMBLEDORE

Yes, yes. As much money and life as one could ever want--the two things most human beings would choose above all else. Unfortunately, humans do have a knack for choosing precisely those things that are worst for them.

HARRY

How is it I got the Stone, sir? One minute I was staring in the mirror--

DUMBLEDORE

Ah. You see, only a person who wanted to find the Stone--find it, but not use it--would be able to get it. One of my more brilliant ideas and, between you and me, that's saying something.

HARRY

Does that mean--with the Stone gone, that is--that Voldemort can never come back?

DUMBLEDORE

I'm afraid there are other ways for him to return. And when--if--he does, it will take someone willing to fight a losing battle to stop him again. Someone like your parents. Someone like you.

HARRY

(troubled)

Professor Dumbledore. Voldemort said...if I gave him the Stone, he could bring back my...family. Could he have, sir? Really?

DUMBLEDORE

Some people are like mirrors, Harry. They reflect our most desperate desires. We see what they want us to see. As painful as it surely was...you made the right choice.

Harry nods. Dumbledore studies him thoughtfully.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Do you know why Professor Quirrell couldn't bear to touch you, Harry? It's because of your mother. She sacrificed herself for you. And that kind of act leaves a mark.

Harry reaches up to his scar.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

No, this kind of mark cannot be seen. It lives in your very skin. It is the very thing someone like Professor Quirrell--full of hatred and greed--cannot understand. Or bear to touch.

HARRY

What is it?

DUMBLEDORE

Love, Harry. Love.

Dumbledore looks away then, smiles at Harry's treats.

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Ah! Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans! I was unfortunate enough in my youth to  
(MORE)



DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

come across a vomit flavored one, and since then I'm afraid I've lost my liking for them. But I think I'll be safe with a nice toffee.

(popping it)

Alas! Ear wax!

162A INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

162A

As Harry limps down the staircase, he can hear the good cheer of those feasting beyond the doors of the Great Hall. Below, Hermione and Ron stand talking. Harry stops, simply studying them, then they turn, see him. Nothing is said for a moment. All of them beyond words. Then Harry nods to Ron's bruises.

HARRY

All right there, Ron?

RON

All right. You?

HARRY

All right. Hermione?

She smiles.

HERMIONE

Never better.

163 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

163

The roaring Hall is bedecked in GREEN AND SILVER--Slytherin colors--in honor of their winning the House Cup.

RON

D'you think Dumbledore meant for it all to happen? And for you to do it? Sending you your father's cloak and all?

HERMIONE

Well, if he did--I mean--that's terrible. You could have been killed. Come to think of it, I could've been killed...

HARRY

I think Dumbledore knows pretty much everything that goes on here. The only thing I don't understand is Snape...

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Professor Snape, Potter.

Harry looks up, sees Professor McGonagall there.

HARRY

Yes, of course. I was only wondering. Is it true? Did he hate my father?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

They were not compatible personalities, if that's what you mean. And then, of course, your father did something Severus could never forgive.

HARRY

What was that?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

He saved his life.

Astonished, Harry glances at Snape sitting at the High Table.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL (CONT'D)

I suppose he felt it his...obligation ...to look after you this year.

RON

Of course! And now that he's squared things, he can hate Harry in peace, right, Professor?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Hogwarts teachers do not hate their students, Mr. Weasley...

(pointedly, as she exits)  
No matter how taxing they may be.

RON

I think she's warming up to me.

At the High Table, Dumbledore rises and the Hall quiets.

DUMBLEDORE

Another year gone! Now as I understand it, the House Cup needs awarding, and the points stand thus: In fourth place, Gryffindor, with 312.

Percy turns and glares at Ron.

RON

You'd think saving the bloody school from a Dark Lord would count for something.

DUMBLEDORE

In third place, Hufflepuff, with 352. In second, Ravenclaw, with 426. And in first place, with 472 points...Slytherin House.

The Slytherin table erupts. Draco Malfoy, banging his goblet, casts a smirk at Harry, Ron and Hermione. \*

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Yes, well done, Slytherin. However, recent events must be taken into account. I have a few last minute points to award.

The hall goes very STILL. The Slytherin smiles FADE a bit. \*

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

First, to Miss Hermione Granger, for the cool use of intellect when others were in grave peril...fifty points. \*

As the Gryffindors cheer, Hermione looks overwhelmed. \*

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Second, to Mr. Ronald Weasley, for the best played game of chess Hogwarts has seen in many years...fifty points. \*

PERCY

My youngest brother, you know! \*

DUMBLEDORE

Third, to Mr. Harry Potter, for pure nerve and outstanding courage, I award Gryffindor House...sixty points. \*

The DIN is deafening as Hermione makes the calculations. \*

HERMIONE

Oh my goodness. We've tied Slytherin! \*

DUMBLEDORE

And finally...it takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but even more to stand up to our friends. I therefore award 10 points to...Mr. Neville Longbottom. \*

As the room ROARS and the HOURGLASSES shift, a stunned Neville accepts wild slaps on the back. \*

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

Assuming my calculations are correct, I believe a change of decoration is in order.

Dumbledore CLAPS his hands and--instantly--the green and silver of Slytherin become the scarlet and gold of Gryffindor. Neville, white with shock, disappears under a pile of people hugging him. Draco Malfoy, looks stunned and horrified. Snape, with a horrible, forced smile, shakes Professor McGonagall's hand, then catches Harry's eye, his hatred still evident, but not enough to mar the moment. Harry considers the cheering faces that surround him, alone in the eye of a happy hurricane. For a moment, he is not part of them, just watching. Then his voice joins the others, his face saying it all...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

This is a long way from the cupboard under the stairs.

164 EXT. HOGSMEADE STATION - NEXT DAY - DAY

164

The Hogwarts Express stands steaming, ready to depart. From the doorway, Ron calls to Harry, alone on the platform.

RON

Come on now, Harry.

Harry glances about once more, then starts for the train.

HAGRID

Didn' think yeh'd be leavin' without sayin' goodbye, didya?

Harry stops, smiles as Hagrid comes loping forward. Hagrid hands him a LEATHER-COVERED BOOK.

\*  
\*

HAGRID (CONT'D)

That there's fer you to open on the train. Which seems to be leavin', by the way.

\*  
\*

Harry holds out his hand. Hagrid takes it, then pulls him into a rough hug.

\*

HAGRID (CONT'D)

Go on now. An' Harry? If tha' dolt of a cousin o' yers Dudley gives yeh any grief, yeh can always threaten ter give 'im a pair o' ears ter go with that tail of 'is.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY

But Hagrid. We're not allowed to do magic  
away from Hogwarts. You know that.

HAGRID

I do...

(a wink)

But yer cousin don't.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

165 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

165

Ron half-dozes against the window, while Hermione does some "light reading." Harry sits opposite them, studying Hagrid's gift curiously. Then he opens it. Inside, the pages are filled with WIZARD PHOTOGRAPHS. Smiling and waving at Harry from every page are the faces he first saw in the Mirror of Erised. The faces of his mother and father.

As the train lurches forward, Hermione looks up.

HERMIONE

Feels strange, doesn't it? To be going home.

Harry traces his finger over the smiling face of his mother, then looks up, following Hermione's gaze to the window.

HARRY

I'm not going home...Not really.

165A EXT. TRAIN - MOVING AWAY - SAME TIME

165A

As Harry peers out, his face is calm. Peaceful. Hogwarts Castle glimmers in reflection on his window and we...

PULL AWAY

...rising high above Hogsmeade Station, above the Dark Forest and Hogwarts Castle itself as the Scarlet Express glitters far below, making its way back to the Muggle world. Slowly, we...

FADE TO BLACK