

HARRY POTTER AND THE GOBLET OF FIRE

by

Steve Kloves

Based on the book by J.K. Rowling

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SIXTH DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. LITTLE HANGLETON - PRE-DAWN 1

The village under a dark sky. Still as stone.

2 EXT. GRAVEYARD (LITTLE HANGLETON) - PRE-DAWN 2

We RAKE PAST a trio of TOMBSTONES, all bearing the same surname -- RIDDLE -- and the identical date of death: 1943.

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In the distance, atop a weedy hill, a MANOR stands derelict under a greasy moon. At the base of the hill is a GARDENER'S COTTAGE. A crooked FIGURE slants past the cottage window...

3 INT. COTTAGE - PRE-DAWN 3

FRANK BRYCE (76) sets a kettle on the stove and with shaky hand -- adjusts the flame. He leans forward, squinting to get the fire right, and the WINDOW beyond him is REVEALED. Something FLICKERS. Softly. Then again. Frank turns.

Atop the hill, LIGHT dances in one of WINDOWS of the manor.

4 EXT. COTTAGE/HILL - PRE-DAWN 4

CLANG! Frank emerges from the cottage, walking stick in hand.

5 EXT. RIDDLE HOUSE - PRE-DAWN 5

He limps into the yard, approaches a DOOR almost completely covered in ivy. Fits a RUSTED KEY to the lock.

6 INT. RIDDLE HOUSE - PRE-DAWN 6

The KNOB SQUEALS dryly. The walking stick pierces the shadows, then Frank himself enters. His nostrils flare against the sour air. He cocks an ear.

7 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - PRE-DAWN 7

Frank's SHADOW spreads darkly on the landing. Above a small table, is an OLD CALENDAR, freckled with mildew: August. 1943.

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(CONTINUED)

Frank reaches the top. Stops. His breath drifts like smoke.

At the end of the hallway, a door stands AJAR, casting a sliver of light across the dusty floor. Frank edges closer, sees a narrow slice of the room beyond. A feeble fire flickers in the grate. From within: VOICES.

WORMTAIL (O.S.)

But why here, my Lord? It seems so... inhospitable.

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

How fastidious you've become, Wormtail. As I recall, only recently you called the nearest gutterpipe home. Could it be that the task of nursing me has become wearisome for you?

WORMTAIL (O.S.)

No, my Lord! I only meant --

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

I have my reasons for coming here. Thirteen years of reasons.

WORMTAIL (O.S.)

Perhaps if we were to do it without the boy...

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

No. The boy is everything.

Just then, the TIP of Frank's walking STICK VIBRATES against the floorboard. He eyes it curiously, then -- in mute horror -- watches a GIANT SNAKE (NAGINI) emerge from the shadows behind him. As it skims past his shoes and into the room, an EERIE HISS (Voldemort, speaking Parseltongue) greets its arrival.

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

Nagini has interesting news, Wormtail. According to her, there is an old Muggle standing just outside this room.

The door FLINGS WIDE, REVEALS a short balding man: WORMTAIL.

VOLDEMORT (O.S.)

Where are your manners, Wormtail? Step aside so I can give our guest a proper greeting...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

Slowly, Wormtail withdraws. Frank Bryce's eyes dilate. A FLASH of GREEN LIGHT sears the walls. The walking STICK CLATTERS to the floor, handle charred black, weeping smoke. A brittle WHISTLING rises from.

8 EXT. COTTAGE/HILL - PRE-DAWN

... the shadows of the empty Gardener's Cottage, a tea KETTLE SQUALLING MADLY, rising like a scream on the night sky. The stars vanish, one after another, leaving only BLACK as...

8A EXT. WEASLEY HOUSE - DAWN

9 INT. WEASLEY HOUSE - RON'S BEDROOM - DAWN

... HARRY POTTER sits bolt upright, a GASP in his throat. He winces, presses his palm to the SCAR on his forehead. Across the room, RON WEASLEY, his best friend, lies sleeping.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Having a bit of a lie-in, are we?

Harry spins, sees HERMIONE GRANGER, his next-to-best friend, grinning from the doorway.

HARRY

Hermione. When'd you get here?

HERMIONE

Just now. You?

HARRY

Last night.

RON

Bloody hell!

Ron bolts up, tugs a blanket over his naked chest.

HERMIONE

Oh, honestly. C'mon. Get yourself dressed or we'll miss the whole thing.

10 EXT. WOODS - DAWN

A string of sleepy silhouettes -- FRED, GEORGE and GINNY WEASLEY, Harry, Ron and Hermione -- trail a huffing ARTHUR WEASLEY. Fred has a battered pair of OMNIOULARS slung over his neck.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Where is it exactly, where we're going?

RON

Dunno. Say, Dad. Where're we going?

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Haven't the foggiest.

As Harry and Hermione exchange curious glances, a RUDDY-FACED WIZARD (AMOS DIGGORY) appears atop the crest ahead.

AMOS DIGGORY

Arthur! It's about time, son.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Sorry, Amos. 'Fraid we got a bit of a sleepy start. This is Amos Diggory, everyone. Works with me at the Ministry. And this strapping lad must be Cedric, am I right?

An extremely HANDSOME 17-year old BOY (CEDRIC DIGGORY) shakes hands with Mr. Weasley, whom he towers over.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Sir.

AMOS DIGGORY

Merlin's beard! You're Harry Potter, aren't you? Ced's talked about you, of course. About playing Quidditch against you last year. I told him -- Ced, that'll be something to tell your grandchildren, that will: You beat Harry Potter!

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Harry fell off his broom, Dad. I told you, it was an accident --

AMOS DIGGORY

Yes, but you didn't fall off, did you? Best man won. I'm sure Harry'd say the same.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

(clearing his throat)

Well, shall we? Don't want to be late.

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10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

AMOS DIGGORY

Hm? Oh, right. It's over there.

Diggory points, Harry cranes his neck. Lying in the short grass is an OLD BOOT. We --

*

CUT TO:

10A EXT. WOODS - NEW ANGLE - DAWN (MOMENTS LATER)

10A *

ARMS EXTEND, LIKE SPOKES TO A WHEEL... as each person places a finger to the boot. Harry leans to Fred, WHISPERS:

*

HARRY

Can you tell me why we're all standing here pressing our fingers to this manky old boot?

FRED

This isn't just *any* manky old boot, mate.

GEORGE

It's a Portkey.

HARRY

A Portkey? What's a...

SWOOSH! The hill LURCHES, then TILTS. The sky begins to SPIN. A HOWLING WIND rises and the sky spins faster and faster and faster still... all becoming a BLUR... until...

11 EXT. MOOR - EARLY EVENING

11

... Harry SLAMS hard onto his feet and -- like the others beside him -- topples onto his back. Above him, the sky reels dizzily, like a carousel, spinning slowly to a halt as Arthur, Amos and Cedric cycle into view, windswept but upright.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

That'll clear your sinuses, eh!

HARRY

(to himself)

And I thought I hated Floo Powder.

A HUGE HAND extends and Cedric pulls Harry to his feet. Harry nods sheepishly...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Thanks.

... then stops, looking past Cedric to the FIELD beyond.
THOUSANDS of TENTS stretch to the edge of a STEEP CLIFF,
to the deep BOWL of a STADIUM...

11A EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY (LATER)

Harry glances about in fascination as he and the others
trudge through the sea of tents. EXOTIC ACCENTS dance
upon the air, every nationality in evidence.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Well, here we are!

Mr. Weasley pulls aside the flap of a small tent. A very
small tent. Harry watches curiously as the others pass
through, then ducks inside himself.

11B INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Harry looks around. Amazed. He's standing in a 3-
bedroom flat. Smiles.

HARRY

I love magic.

12 OMITTED
thru
14

15 EXT. STADIUM - NEW ANGLE - NIGHT

CAMERA FLOATS HIGH ABOVE, then PLUMMETS INTO stadium.

Harry and the others climb to their seats. Flags of all
nations ring the stadium and VENDORS APPARATE here and
there among the crowd, selling their wares.

VENDOR

Get your Quidditch World Cup
programs! Only five Sickles!

FANCY GOLD HANDWRITING races repeatedly across a GIANT
BLACKBOARD: Gladrags Wizardwear -- London, Paris,
Hogsmeade...

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR WEASLEY

There's the Peruvian Minister for Tourism. And that man there's the African Head of Magical Games and Sports. And -- oh lord -- there's Ali Bashir. He's been trying to import flying carpets for years. I keep telling him they'll never replace brooms, but he sees a niche market for a family vehicle...

RON

Blimey, Dad. How far up are we?

LUCIUS MALFOY (O.S.)

Well, if it rains, you'll know first.

It's LUCIUS MALFOY descending the stairs with DRACO. Arthur Weasley, tight as a drum, only glares.

DRACO

Father and I are in the Minister's box, by personal invitation of Cornelius Fudge himself.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Now, now, Draco. There's no need to boast. Blood has its privileges. As I'm sure your schoolmates are well aware.

Malfoy's eyes trail nastily over Hermione, land on Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Mr. Potter.

As he passes, Harry eyes the WALKING STICK in Lucius Malfoy's grip. A SILVER SERPENT encircles his ring finger, inlaid with EMERALD CHIPS for eyes.

NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Harry and the others have settled into the upmost row, where the wind whips coldly. As a fleet of BROOMSTICKS jet INTO VIEW, a ROAR rises in the crowd.

FRED

It's the Irish! There's Troy!

GEORGE

And Mullet

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

FRED

And here comes Moran...

Before Fred can finish, a fleet of dark-clad riders soar over the opposite rim of the stadium. The CROWD ROARS again.

GEORGE

Here come the Bulgarians!

GINNY

Who's *that*?

Ginny, points to one PARTICULARLY YOUNG player (VIKTOR KRUM).

GEORGE

That, sis, is the best Seeker in the world.

HERMIONE

He flies rather well, doesn't he?

The boys exchange amused glances.

FRED

You could say that.

Fred lifts his Omnioculars to his eyes and spins a DIAL.
We --

CUT TO:

HIS POV

THROUGH the Omnioculars, as he dials Krum in CLOSER, then runs the image FORWARDS and BACKWARDS...

GINNY

What's his name?

On cue, THOUSANDS of FANS on the opposite side of the stadium flip LARGE CARDS bearing the FACE of a ~~SURLY~~-LOOKING BOY with THICK EYEBROWS. Each one is emblazoned with his name: "KRUM."

HERMIONE

Krum?

HARRY/RON/FRED/GEORGE

Krum.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (3)

15

As the boys look up in admiration, Krum jets past the vast mosaic of his likeness with nary a glance, FLYING WITH such BREATHTAKING SKILL that Harry's jaw fairly falls open.

In the MINISTRY BOX, CORNELIUS FUDGE rises as Lucius Malfoy and Draco take their seats nearby.

FUDGE

Good evening! As Minister for Magic, it gives me great pleasure to welcome each and every one of you to the final of the four hundred and twenty-second Quidditch World Cup! Let the match begin!

A BALL of LIGHT bursts from Fudge's wand. Harry watches Viktor Krum rocket upward, the crowd ROARING, CAMERA RISING INTO the glittering night sky, the stadium growing smaller, a glimmering disc of light. Then we.

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED
&
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18 INT. TENT (CAMPSITE) - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

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Harry and the others lie about, unable to sleep as they excitedly re-live the match.

RON

Brilliant Krum, wasn't he? Did you see him put Lynch into the ground with the Wronski Feint? It was positively brutal.

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HERMIONE

I think you're in love, Ron.

RON

Quiet, you.

Just then, a CHANT OF VOICES rises like a LION'S ROAR beyond the tent. Fred grins.

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*

FRED

Sounds like the Irish have got their pride on.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

ARTHUR WEASLEY

It's not the Irish.

The others turn, see Mr. Weasley standing by the flap peering out. Something in his voice causes their smiles to wither.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Get yourselves dressed.

(turning; fiercely)

Now!

18A EXT. TENT/CAMPSITE - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Harry, Ron and Hermione scramble out of the tent and stare with disbelief at the hellish tableaux before them. All around them, people run in terror, trampling fires and kicking up SPARKS. Then they see why:

A teeming clot of BLACK-ROBED WIZARDS, faces concealed behind HIDEOUS MASKS, are marching across the campsite, LAUGHING DRUNKENLY. Some clutch TORCHES while others point their WANDS skyward, where FOUR PEOPLE TUMBLE EERILY high above.

GINNY

Who are those people? In the air?

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Muggles.

GINNY

And the ones on the ground?

HERMIONE

Death Eaters.

Harry looks puzzled by this, but as Mr. Weasley draws his wand, Harry does the same without question.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

No. Get back to the Portkey, all of you. And *stick together*. Fred, George, you're responsible for Ginny. Ginny, you listen to your brothers.

(intensely)

Ginny! Did you hear me!

Ginny blinks, startled by her father's fierce expression, then... nods. As Mr. Weasley dashes off, we

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry streaks past BLAZING TENTS. Lost in the mob, he falls back. Fred and George -- Ginny in tow -- flash briefly in the crowd, then vanish. Hermione turns, frantic eyes finding Harry's just as she and Ron vanish as well.

19 EXT. CAMPSITE - NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Harry dashes on, buffeted back and forth by the raging crowd. He stumbles, falls, struggles to rise, is trampled again. Bootheels punish the earth all around him. One strikes his temple... hard. He collapses. Out cold. All goes BLACK.

NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (LATER)

HIGH OVER the campsite, a ruin now, drifting in SMOKE. A CHILD appears, tear-streaked, WAILING for his mother. As he passes OUT OF VIEW, CAMERA FINDS Harry, still lying upon the ground. His eyelids flutter...

HARRY'S BLURRY POV - FAR IN THE DISTANCE

Of a FIGURE (Barty Crouch Jr.) striding through the teeming smoke like a ghost. The man pauses, surveys the devastation before him, and lifts his wand to the sky.

BARTY JR.

MORSMORDRE!

A PEAL of THUNDER shakes the earth and an eerie GREEN BLOOMS in the sky. Harry SQUINTS painfully, gripping his scar and peers up.

A COLOSSAL SKULL of EMERALD STARS erupts in the sky, a SERPENT coiling from its mouth (the DARK MARK). A SHRIEK pierces the night and Harry's eyes shift, find the motherless boy a few yards away, howling in terror at the sky.

Harry looks back, toward the man in the distance, sees he's coming forward. The shrieking boy turns, runs away. Harry's fingers reach for his wand, eyes squinting through the smoke, trying to see the approaching man's face, but all is still a blur, the smoke like black fog, the man a wavering wraith as he draws closer and closer...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Harry!

Hermione and Ron -- tiny dots -- race across the campsite. The man stops, looks, then withdraws into the smoke, vanishes.

HERMIONE

Harry!

RON

Thought we'd lost you, mate. And then...

Ron nods nervously to the sky.

HARRY

What *is* that?

HERMIONE

Don't you know...?

Just then, a POPPING fills the air and -- one after another -- TEN MINISTRY WIZARDS APPARATE INTO VIEW, wands poised.

HARRY

DUCK!

MINISTRY WIZARDS

STUPEFY!

As they hit the ground, TEN JETS of FIERY RED LIGHT electrify the air inches above their heads.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Stop! That's my son!

(dashing forward)

Ron -- Harry -- Hermione -- are you all right?

BARTY CROUCH

Which of you conjured it?

Harry and the others turn, watch BARTY CROUCH -- a stiff man with a TOOTHBRUSH MUSTACHE and steely eyes -- emerge through the haze.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Mr. Crouch, you can't possibly --

BARTY CROUCH

Do not lie! You've been discovered at the scene of the crime!

(CONTINUED)

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HARRY

Crime?

Crouch wheels, pointing his wand directly at Harry, eyes glittering lethally when... he notices Harry's scar.

AMOS DIGGORY

Barty. They're just kids...

Harry watches Crouch blink, lower his wand.

HARRY

What crime?

HERMIONE

(nodding to the sky)
That... it's the Dark Mark, Harry.
It's... *his* mark.

HARRY

Voldemort?

A disturbed MURMUR ripples through the wizards at Harry's utterance of the name. Ron looks particularly pained.

RON

Why does he always have to *do* that?

HARRY

Those people tonight -- in the masks -- they're his too, aren't they? His followers.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

Death Eaters.

Harry considers this, then gazes back down the beach, toward the spot where the mysterious figure appeared.

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*

HARRY

There was someone before. A man.

ARTHUR WEASLEY

A man? Who, Harry?

HARRY

Dunno. One minute he was there, then... not. I never saw his face. Could've been anybody...

As Harry glances upward, the CAMERA RISES, REVEALING a desolate tableau: the darkened stadium, the smoking campsite and -- clinging to the sky like a stain -- the Dark Mark. Picture DISSOLVES, green sky turning blue. CAMERA DROPS, REVEALS...

*

20 EXT. TRAIN/HILLSIDE - LATE DAY (DAYS LATER) 20
... the Hogwarts express steaming down the rails.

20A INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - LATE DAY 20A *
Students hang out compartment doors, talking, laughing, while an OLD WOMAN pushes a CANDY TROLLEY up to Harry, Ron and Hermione's compartment. *
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*
OLD WOMAN *
Anything off the trolley, dears? *

21 INT./EXT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME - LATE DAY 21 *
Harry and Ron leap up, while Hermione continues to read the *Daily Prophet*. Over a PHOTOGRAPH of the DARK MARK, a HEADLINE screams: "TERROR AT THE WORLD CUP." *
*
*
RON *
I'll have a pack of Droobles. And *
a Licorice wand and... *

Ron digs into his pocket, frowns. *

RON *
On second thought, just the *
Droobles. *

HARRY *
S'alright, I'll get it -- *

RON *
(firmly; to *
the lady) *
Just the Droobles. *

Ron takes his gum, quickly ducks back into the compartment. Harry frowns, feeling guilty, when a SWEET VOICE sounds: *

CHO (O.S.) *
One Pumpkin Pastie please. *

Harry turns, finds a very pretty DARK-HAIRED GIRL (CHO CHANG) standing by the cart. Sensing Harry's gaze, she looks up and... SMILES. Taking her treat, she heads off. *

OLD WOMAN *
Something sweet for you, dear? *

HARRY *
Huh? Oh. No. I'm not... hungry. *

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

Harry watches Cho's lithe figure retreat, watching until she slips into a compartment and is gone.

HERMIONE

This is bad. Very bad...

Harry turns, sees Hermione shaking her head darkly behind the *Prophet's* SCREAMING FRONT PAGE. Harry considers the image of the Dark Mark and accompanying article: "*DARK MARK STIRS OLD FEARS (First Sighting in Thirteen Years)*," then eyes the PHOTO of the article's author, RITA SKEETER. Hermione SNAPS shut the paper, stares at him.

HERMIONE

It's hurting again, isn't it?
It was hurting that morning too.
The day of the World Cup.

Ron, full of gum, stops chewing, eyes Harry with trepidation.

HARRY

I'm fine.

HERMIONE

Suit yourself. But at least tell him. You know he'd want you to.

22 INT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - CLOSEUP - PARCHMENT - LATE DAY 22
"DEAR SIRIUS" ON A BIT OF PARCHMENT...

Harry rolls up the parchment, fixes it to Hedwig's leg and lets her fly free of his hands and through the open window.

22A EXT. HOGWARTS EXPRESS - LATE DAY 22A

Hedwig soars high, leaving the train behind as she knits her way across the sky. On the horizon, a CASTLE appears.

23 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT 23

24 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT 24

The Hall glows magically, decked out for the start-of-term feast. ALBUS DUMBLEDORE addresses the House Tables from the top of the Hall while FLITWICK, HAGRID, MCGONAGALL and SNAPE look on. FILCH glowers from the rear doors.

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Mr. Filch, our beloved caretaker, has informed me that the list of objects forbidden within the castle now includes Screaming Yo-Yos, Fanged Frisbees, Ever-Bashing Boomerangs and Chocolate Marshmallow Bunnies.

(a mischievous beat)

I'm joking about that last one. The full list comprises some four hundred and thirty-seven items and may be viewed in Mr. Filch's office.

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RON

Mental. Always has been.

Harry grins, glances to the Ravenclaw table, sees Cho grinning appreciatively at Dumbledore as well.

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DUMBLEDORE

Now. There is, apparently, a rather nasty rumor flying about the school that Quidditch will not be played this year. That rumor, I'm here to tell you... is absolutely true.

*

Indignation fills the Hall. Dumbledore smiles in amusement.

*

DUMBLEDORE

There *is* an explanation. You see, Hogwarts will this year play host to a legendary event. An event that has not taken place in over one hundred years... The Triwizard Tournament.

*

EXCITEMENT shakes the Hall, one VOICE ringing clear:

*

FRED

You're joking!

DUMBLEDORE

I am *not* joking, Mr. Weasley. For those of you who do not know, the Triwizard Tournament was originally conceived some seven centuries ago as a way for the three largest European wizardry schools to engage in a series of magical contests while their respective student bodies experienced the benefits of cross-cultural social intercourse.

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24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

A crackling, albeit bewildered, SILENCE HANGS in the air.

DUMBLEDORE

In other words: One got to spend an entire year getting to know people who spoke a funny language. Unfortunately due to a distressing high death toll, the Tournament was canceled...

Hermione's brow knits with dark concern.

DUMBLEDORE

... until now. Tomorrow, delegations from the Beauxbatons Academy of Magical Arts and the Durmstrang School of Wizardry will journey to Hogwarts. This year, our home will be their home. I ask only that you endeavor to make it a happy one.

24AA EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - BATTLEMENTS - EVENING (NEXT DAY) 24AA *

Students -- Harry, Ron and Hermione among them -- crowd the parapets, buzzing with anticipation. Far below, Dumbledore has assembled the staff as a kind of welcoming party.

Suddenly a RUMBLES fills the sky and a TEAM of WINGED HORSES cleave the clouds, pulling a GIGANTIC POWDER-BLUE CARRIAGE. THROUGH one of the windows, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (MADAME MAXIME) peers down. With an earth-shaking THUD, the CARRIAGE lands.

Just then, great BUBBLES roil the glassy surface of the Black Lake and a LONG BLACK MAST pierces the water, rising higher and higher. A BLACK SHIP rises out of a great rushing WHIRLPOOL of water, looking skeletal and ghostly in the half-light. A DARK FIGURE strides out onto the deck -- tall, thin and sleek: IGOR KARKAROFF.

24A EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 24A

Students scramble into position, turn expectantly to Dumbledore, who stands before the staff. Harry notices a man near the back, nudges Ron: Barty Crouch.

RON

What's he doing here?

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

Please join me in welcoming the lovely ladies of the Beauxbatons Academy of Magic!

MUSIC BEGINS -- light and fanciful -- and a WOMAN (MADAM MAXIME) in a DIAPHANOUS GOWN strides into the courtyard. She is beautiful. She is elegant. She is TEN FEET TALL.

SEAMUS

Blimey. That's one big woman.

Then, one by one, a procession of stunningly beautiful BEAUXBATONS GIRLS enter in graceful synchronization. Clad in silky, skin-clinging robes, they make a decided impression on Ron -- and every other boy present. (Hermione is less persuaded.) *

Suddenly, one after another, they pitch themselves forward and CARTWHEEL to the top of the courtyard where, allayed in a circle, they await their last two members: FLEUR DELACOUR, a particularly luminous girl, and her 8-year-old sister GABRIELLE, who is her double. Vaulting side-by-side to the center of the circle, Fleur pulls out a SILK SCARF, dangles it from her fingertips and "spins" Gabrielle like a top.

The courtyard ROARS with approval. (Hermione rolls her eyes.)

DUMBLEDORE

Madame Maxime. Welcome to Hogwarts, my dear.

MADAME MAXIME

Ah, Dumbly-dorr. You are well, yes?

DUMBLEDORE

Blooming.

Madame Maxime steps away, passing Hagrid. His heard twitches. Suddenly, the THRUM of BALALAIKAS fills the courtyard.

DUMBLEDORE

And now... our friends from the north! Please greet the proud sons of Durmstrang!

IGOR KARKAROFF -- tall, sleek and arrogant -- strides forth, trailed by a regiment of stoic DURMSTRANG BOYS in DARK FUR CLOAKS. A PAIR of SLEEK BLACK PANTHERS -- eyes glittering like GOLD -- pad SULLENLY at Karkaroff's side. As Karkaroff reaches the top of the courtyard, he glances about imperiously. *

(CONTINUED)

KARKAROFF

Dear old Hogwarts. It's so...

DUMBLEDORE

Perfectly imperfect?

Karkaroff smiles, turns to Snape, who nods curtly.

SNAPE

Igor.

KARKAROFF

Severus. Long time, no see. And
Barty. I almost didn't recognize
 you. You look so... *tired*.
 Sleeping well these days?

Crouch glowers. Karkaroff smiles, then SNAPS his
 fingers. A quartet of Durmstrang boys bring torches to
 their lips and SPIT dazzling COMETS of FIRE into the air.
 Enthusiastic APPLAUSE from all.

RON

Omigod! It's him!

Harry looks. At the end of the line, brooding behind his
 shadowed brow, is Victor Krum. Just then, Flitwick --
 striking his finest conductor's pose -- lifts his arms
 before a RAGTAG BAND of students and a DISCORDANT TUNE
 fills the courtyard. Instantly, the Hogwarts students
 serenade their visitors with a glorious cacophony, the
 Hogwarts Anthem:

HOGWARTS STUDENTS

*Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty
 Hogwarts...
 Teach us something please
 Whether we be old and bald
 Or young with scabby knees
 Our heads could do with filling
 With some interesting stuff
 For now they're bare and full of
 air.
 Dead flies and bits of fluff.*

Karkaroff raises an eyebrow. Maxime struggles to hold a
 smile. Dumbledore beams.

HOGWARTS STUDENTS

*So we bid you truly welcome
 You are a funny lot
 But any guests of Hogwarts
 Can't be all rot!*

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED: (3)

DUMBLEDORE

Ah, music. A magic beyond all we
do here.

24A

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24B INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

24B

Everyone feasts. Bewitched by Madame Maxime, Hagrid
stares down the Tall Table to where she sits... and
absently spears Professor Flitwick's hand with his fork.
Karkaroff eyes Crouch darkly, then turns, sees that Snape
is watching him. Smiling thinly, Karkaroff tips his
goblet.

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Harry eyes the Ravenclaw table, where the Beauxbaton
girls sit and Fleur converses with Cho. Ron stuffs his
face and stares at Krum, who sits with the Slytherins.

*

RON

Brilliant, isn't he?

HERMIONE

He's *eating*.

HARRY

Why d'you suppose they've been put
at the Slytherin table?

HERMIONE

Birds of a feather. Durmstrang
puts a lot of emphasis on the Dark
Arts.

Hearing this, Harry's eyes shift, consider Karkaroff.
Dumbledore rises, nods to the back of the Hall, signaling
Filch, who begins to limp forward with an OLD CHEST.

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DUMBLEDORE

I would like to say a few words
before we bring in the casket.

*

NEVILLE

Casket. Did he say casket?

DUMBLEDORE

Eternal glory. That is what
awaits the student who wins the
Triwizard Tournament. But to do
so, that student must survive
three tasks. Three very *dangerous*
tasks.

*
*

FRED/GEORGE

Wicked.

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*

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

You see, the Triwizard Tournament has an unfortunate history of killing off its participants. For this reason the Ministry has seen fit to impose a new rule. To explain, we have the Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation, Mr. Bartemius Crouch --

CRA-ACK! A stitch of lightning flashes across the ENCHANTED CEILING and the TORCHES along the walls flicker, casting the Hall into an eerie semi-darkness. The rear doors FLY open and a MAN stands in DARK SILHOUETTE, clad in a LONG BLACK TRAVELING CLOAK, clutching a STAFF. LIGHTNING FLASHES again and ALASTOR "MADEYE" MOODY is revealed, all grizzled grey hair and scarred flesh. As he limps forward -- CLONK! CLONK! -- all eyes shift to his wooden leg while the ELECTRIC BLUE EYE imbedded in his skull scans the Hall warily.

RON

Bloody hell. That's Madeye Moody.

HERMIONE

Alastor Moody? The Auror?

DEAN THOMAS

Auror?

RON

Dark wizard catcher. Half the cells in Azkaban are filled thanks to him. Supposed to be Mad as hatter these days though. Sees Death Eaters in his dustbins.

Another BOLT of LIGHTNING flashes. Annoyed, Moody points his wand to the ceiling and, casting a RED JET of flames, calms the enchanted sky. Slowly, the torches regain their bloom.

Satisfied, Moody pockets his wand, brings out a FLASK and tips it to his lips. Harry watches every move, fascinated.

SEAMUS

What's that he's drinking, d'you suppose?

HARRY

I don't think it's pumpkin juice.

(CONTINUED)

24B CONTINUED: (2)

Moody and Dumbledore exchange WHISPERS and a HANDSHAKE, then Moody takes the one remaining seat at the Tall Table. The staff eye him in mute disbelief.

DUMBLEDORE

Barty, as you were saying...

Barty Crouch blinks, turns back to the stunned students.

BARTY CROUCH

(consulting a
parchment)

After due consideration, the Ministry has concluded that, for their own safety, no student under the age of seventeen will be allowed to put forth their name for the Triwizard Tournament. This decision is final.

FRED

What?!

GEORGE

That's rubbish!

DUMBLEDORE

SILENCE!

Dumbledore says this so forcefully the result is absolute.

DUMBLEDORE

Thank you.

Taking his wand, Dumbledore turns to the "casket" and gives it THREE TAPS. As the LID OPENS, he removes a WOODEN CUP dancing with BLUE-WHITE FLAMES.

DUMBLEDORE

The Goblet of Fire. Anybody wishing to submit themselves to the Tournament need only write their name upon a piece of parchment and drop it into the flames within the next twenty-four hours. Do not do so lightly. If chosen, there is no turning back. As of this moment... the Triwizard Tournament has begun.

25 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - DAY

Dark, autumnal clouds hang over the castle.

24B

25

25A OMITTED
thru
26A

25A *
thru *
26A *

26B INT. MOODY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

26B *

With a MASSIVE THUD, Moody drops a textbook onto
Neville's desk, the same textbook on everybody's desk:
The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection.

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MADEYE MOODY

I see you all slogged down to
Flourish & Blotts like good little
boys and girls and bought the
textbook. Congratulations...
it'll make a fine doorstop.

(turning)

I'm Alastor Moody, ex-Auror,
Ministry malcontent and your new
Defense Against the Dark Arts
teacher. I'm here because
Dumbledore asked me. End of
story, goodbye, the end. Any
questions?

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Moody's blue eyes scan the silent classroom, lands on
Harry. Harry stares back, willing himself to hold the
old warrior's horrifying visage. Moody turns away.
Takes his flask.

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MADEYE MOODY

When it comes to the Dark Arts, I
believe in a practical approach.
You may wonder what I mean by
that. I'll show you. But first,
which of you can tell me...

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Moody takes a sour tug on the flask, snatches up a
SPECIMEN JAR and watches a SPIDER scuttle within.

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MADEYE MOODY

... how many Unforgivable Curses
there are?

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The students trade uneasy glances. Finally, Hermione's
hand rises tentatively. As his real eye continues to
stare at the spider, Moody's blue eye rotates onto
Hermione.

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MADEYE MOODY

I might've known. Go on, Granger.

HERMIONE

There are three, sir --
(stopping)
How did you know...

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

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MADEYE MOODY

... will earn you a one-way ticket to Azkaban, correct. Now, the Ministry says you're too young to see what these curses do. I say different. You need to know what you're up against. You need to be prepared. You need to find another place to put your gum besides the underside of your desk, Mr. Finnegan.

Seamus blinks, caught in the act. WHISPERS:

SEAMUS

Blimey. The old codger can see out of the back of his head...

MADEYE MOODY

... and hear across classrooms. So. Which curse shall we see first? Weasley!

RON

Y-yes?

MADEYE MOODY

Give me a curse.

Ron watches uneasily as Moody returns to the specimen jar, reaches inside and lets the SPIDER run up his hand.

RON

Well... my Dad once told me about one... The Imperius Curse.

MADEYE MOODY

I expect your father *would* know that one. Gave the Ministry a fair bit of grief some years ago. Perhaps this will show you why: *Imperio!*

As Moody waves his wand, the spider LEAPS from his palm onto Parvati's shoulder. As she SHRIEKS, Moody flicks his wand and the spider bounds from Seamus to Dean to Lavender, on and on, the students HOWLING with amusement as if finally lands on a horrified Ron. Moody grins, then summons the spider back to his palm, where he slowly circles his wand over it.

MADEYE MOODY

Talented, isn't she? What should I have her do next? Jump out a window? Drown herself?

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26B CONTINUED: (3)

26B

One by one, the students' smiles dry up.

MADEYE MOODY

Scores of witches and wizards
claimed they only did You-Know-
Who's bidding while under the
influence of the Imperius Curse.
Here's the rub: how do you sort
out the liars?

(as it sinks in)

Another!

He scans the forest of hands, when his eye rotates with
particular interest on... Neville.

MADEYE MOODY

It's Longbottom, is it? Professor
Sprout tells me you have an
aptitude for Herbology.

NEVILLE

(a shy nod, then)

There's... the Cruciatus Curse.

MADEYE MOODY

Yes. Particularly nasty.

Moody steps forward, looming over Neville and... drops
the spider onto his desk.

MADEYE MOODY

Crucio!

The spider TWITCHES, legs TREMBLING VIOLENTLY. Moody
stands utterly motionless, eyes fixed on Neville, who
seems transfixed by the spider's misery. Hermione's eyes
drift from the spider to Neville's hands, which are
CLENCHING the corners of his desk so hard his knuckles
are turning white.

HERMIONE

Stop it! Can't you see it's
bothering him! *Stop it!*

Finally... Moody drops his wand. The room is silent.

MADEYE MOODY

Perhaps you could give us the last
Unforgivable Curse, Miss Granger.

Hermione glances at Neville, shakes her head.

MADEYE MOODY



Avada Kedavra!

(CONTINUED)

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As Moody leads Neville away, Harry and the others head off themselves. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the WINDOW where Neville had stood. Set within the pane is an ANCIENT WITCH fashioned out of BLUE GLASS, her "skin" running with RAIN. A TINY FISSURE mars the GLASS below one eye. She looks to be crying.

28
thru
32

OMITTED

28
thru
32

33 EXT. COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

33 *

We start HIGH OVER the courtyard, where a BITTER WIND sweeps CRYSTALLINE SHEETS of RAIN from the roof. Far below, Cedric Diggory comes INTO VIEW, dashes toward the Great Hall.

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33A INT. GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION - LATE AFTERNOON

33A *

The GOBLET flickers eerily at the top of the hall. A group of underclassmen -- Harry and Ron among them -- stand by as their older classmates submit their names. Hermione clutches a copy of *Triwizard Tragedies*.

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HERMIONE

People have gotten *splined* in this Tournament! More than once!

DEAN THOMAS

Splined?

SEAMUS

Dunno. But it doesn't sound good.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Potter.

Cedric nods to Harry, drops his name. Ron raises his hand in greeting, but Cedric is already dashing back into the rain. Ron frowns, drops his hand, glances back to the Goblet.

RON

Eternal glory. Be brilliant, wouldn't it, three years from now, when we're old enough, to be chosen?

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HARRY

Better you than me.

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Harry grins and Ron nods knowingly. Just then, Fred and George come striding forth, looking very pleased indeed.

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FRED

Well, we've done it, lads.

GEORGE

Cooked it up just this morning.

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(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

Fred and George hold up TWIN VIALS.

HERMIONE
(in a sing-song)
It's not going to work...

Everyone turns. Hermione flips a page in her book.

GEORGE
Yeah? And why's that, Granger?

HERMIONE
Because a genius like Dumbledore
couldn't possibly be fooled by a
dodge as pathetically dim-witted
as an Ageing Potion.

FRED
That's what makes it so brilliant.
It's pathetically dim-witted.

HERMIONE
Go on, then.

GEORGE
Ready, Fred.

FRED
Ready, George.

FRED/GEORGE
Bottoms up!

As one, they tip a GOOEY GREEN LIQUID onto their tongues
and, with great drama, cross the GOLDEN LINE encircling
the Goblet. As they drop their names, everyone waits.
And waits. Fred and George GRIN, high five each other
and...

... are EJECTED high in the air, out of the circle and
flat onto their backs, whereupon LITTLE WHITE BEARDS
SPROUT on their chins. Everyone LAUGHS, including Fred
and George. Then Seamus stops. Then Dean. Harry. Ron.
Finally, when no one is laughing, Hermione looks up, sees
what has silenced them:

Victor Krum.

He drops his name, glances at her, briefly, then lowers
his head and slouches away. Hermione watches him go,
briefly, then turns back to her book. CAMERA DRIFTS BACK
TO the GOBLET OF FIRE, dancing with FLAMES, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

... the GOBLET, HOURS LATER, now sitting at the top of the Hall. The House tables crackle with anticipation as, overhead, the ENCHANTED CEILING swirls with DARK CLOUDS. At the Tall Table, the staff waits, Moody among them. Dean Thomas dashes up to the Gryffindor table.

DEAN THOMAS

Did you hear! Not a single student from Beauxbatons submitted their name.

RON

What!

Harry and Ron glance to the Ravenclaw table, where Cho sits next to an empty seat. Ron looks crestfallen.

RON

They've gone home!?!

HERMIONE

Can't say I'm surprised. Those girls were just a tad high-strung, if you ask me.

Suddenly there is a STIR at the back of the Hall and the Beauxbatons girls, chins held high, stride single-file into the room, past the House tables and up to the Goblet of Fire where -- one after another -- they deposit their names. As a final flourish, tiny Gabrielle Delacour casts a handful of PIXIE DUST into the Goblet, which issues a PINK CLOUD of ROSE PETALS. The Hall rings with WHISTLES and CHEERS. Ron beams.

HERMIONE

Oh, for crying out loud.

RON

I love it when they do this...

HERMIONE

Do what?

RON

You know... *walk* together.

DUMBLEDORE

Thank you, ladies of Beauxbatons, for that enjoyable bit of theatre. Now... the moment has arrived.

Dumbledore draws his wand and gives a great sweeping motion. Instantly, the torches lining the hall gutter, then die. The only light comes from the BLUE-WHITE FLAMES of the Goblet.

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A hush descends. Then... the FLAMES CRACKLE and turn RED. A CHARRED BIT of PARCHMENT flutters from the Goblet and Dumbledore plucks it out of the air.

DUMBLEDORE

The champion for Durmstrang is...
Victor Krum.

A storm of APPLAUSE accompanies Krum from the Slytherin table to the top of the hall and into the adjoining chamber.

RON

No surprise there!

Once more, the Hall grows quiet, all eyes on the Goblet. The flames turn RED. A second piece of PARCHMENT floats free.

DUMBLEDORE

The champion for Beauxbatons is...
Fleur Delacour.

RON

I'm telling you, they don't make
them like that at Hogwarts.

Ron WHISTLES through his fingers -- a touch too LOUDLY. Hermione glowers at him.

DUMBLEDORE

And lastly, the Hogwarts champion.
(a beat)
Cedric Diggory!

RON

Silly git...

HERMIONE

He's meant to be quite smart
actually. And he's a Prefect.

RON

Like *that's* a good thing...

DUMBLEDORE

Excellent! We now have our three
champions. I'm sure I can count
upon all of you to give your full
support to each and every --

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

A collective GASP cuts Dumbledore short: the flames in the Goblet of Fire have, once more, turned RED. Moody's eye rotates. A fourth shred of PARCHMENT flutters forth. For a moment, Dumbledore simply lets it float in the air, regarding it suspiciously, then he takes it.

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DUMBLEDORE

Harry Potter.

There is a moment of suspended silence. Then every eye in the Hall turns toward Harry. Incredulous, Ron searches Harry's face for some explanation. Finally, Hermione WHISPERS:

HERMIONE

Go on, Harry.

Harry rises stiffly and begins the slow walk past the house tables. As he comes level with the Tall Table, he catches sight of Dumbledore. He is not smiling.

35

INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER)

35

Harry enters, stops, stunned.

*

FLEUR

Do zey want us back in ze Hall?

Harry turns, finds Krum, Diggory and Fleur standing majestically before a ROARING FIRE.

HARRY

U... u... u...

The door CRASHES open and Dumbledore sweeps inside, as do Karkaroff, Maxime, Snape and Crouch. Maxime, swelling indignantly, brushes her head against a chandelier.

MADAME MAXIME

What is ze meaning of zis, Dumbly-dorr!

DUMBLEDORE

Harry, did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire?

HARRY

No, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

Did you ask an older student to put your name in?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

HARRY

No, sir.

MADAME MAXIME

Ah, but of course 'e is lying!

MADEYE MOODY

The hell he is. The Goblet of Fire is an exceptionally powerful magical object. Only an exceptionally powerful Confundus Charm could have hoodwinked it. Magic beyond the talents of any Fourth Year.

KARKAROFF

You seem to have given this a fair bit of thought, Moody.

MADEYE MOODY

It was once my job to think the way Dark wizards do, Karkaroff. Perhaps you remember...

DUMBLEDORE

Barty... I leave this to you.

Crouch stands by the fire, staring into the flames blankly, face cast in eerie half-shadow. Moody's blue eye vibrates with strange intensity as he considers the older man.

BARTY CROUCH

The rules are absolute. The Goblet of Fire constitutes a binding magical contract. Mr. Potter has no choice. He is, as of tonight, a Triwizard Champion.

35A EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - NIGHT (LATER)

The dark castle stands solemnly in the punishing rain. One light burns in an upper window...

35B INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dumbledore, McGonagall, Snape and Moody meet. Dumbledore stands before an open CABINET, staring into a SHALLOW STONE BASIN which whirls with LIQUID LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

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35A

35B

35B CONTINUED:

35B

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

This can't be ignored, Albus!
First the Dark Mark! Now this!

DUMBLEDORE

What do you suggest, Minerva?

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Put an end to it! Don't let
Potter compete.

DUMBLEDORE

You heard Barty. The rules are
clear --

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Oh, the devil with Barty and his
rules. And since when do you
accommodate the Ministry, Albus?

SNAPE

I must say, Headmaster, I too find
it difficult to believe this mere
coincidence. *However*, if we're to
truly discover the meaning of
these events, we may have to
simply -- for the time being --
let them unfold.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

Do nothing! Offer him as bait!
Potter's a boy, not a piece of
meat!

DUMBLEDORE

I agree. With Severus.
However... I'd like you to keep an
eye on Harry, Alastor.

Moody rotates his blue eye onto Dumbledore, ~~smiles wryly~~:

MADEYE MOODY

I can do that.

DUMBLEDORE

But he mustn't know. I expect
he's feeling anxious enough as it
is, thinking of what lies ahead.
Then again... I suppose we all
are.

(CONTINUED)


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37 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAY

37

FLASH! Smoke trails from a BOX CAMERA and the quartet of champions blink. A PAUNCHY PHOTOGRAPHER nods listlessly.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you.

RITA SKEETER

Well now, aren't we the
charismatic quartet...

A WOMAN steps through the smoke and into the light, eying the four champions with an almost feral intensity. RITA SKEETER.

RITA SKEETER

Hel-lo, everyone. I'm Rita Skeeter and I write for the Daily Prophet -- but you all know that, don't you? It's you we don't know.

(pacing by them)

What quirks lurk beneath the rosy cheeks? What mysteries do the muscles mask? Does courage lie beneath the curls? In short: What makes a champion tick. Me, myself and I want to know. Not to mention my rabid readers. So. Who's feeling up to sharing? Hm? Shall we start with the youngest? Lovely.

38 INT. BROOM CLOSET - DAY

38

Skeeter drags Harry inside, drops him onto a cardboard box and slams shut the door.

RITA SKEETER

Ah. This is nice and cozy.

HARRY

It's a... broom cupboard.

RITA SKEETER

You must feel right at home then.
Don't mind if I use a Quick-Quotes
Quill?

Harry watches Skeeter take an ACID-GREEN QUILL from her purse, suck on the tip, and places it upright on a piece of parchment.

(CONTINUED)

RITA SKEETER

Tell me, Harry. Here you sit -- a mere boy of twelve...

HARRY

Fourteen.

RITA SKEETER

... about to compete against three students not only vastly more emotionally mature than yourself, but who have mastered spells you wouldn't attempt in your dizziest daydreams? Concerned?

HARRY

I... dunno. I haven't really sorted it all out...

Harry glances at the quill racing across the parchment.

RITA SKEETER

Ignore the quill, dear. Of course, you're no ordinary boy of twelve, are you?

HARRY

Fourteen --

RITA SKEETER

You're Harry Potter. Orphaned in childhood, conqueror of You-Know-Who -- your story is legend. Do you think the trauma of your past is what made you so keen to enter such a dangerous Tournament?

HARRY

But I didn't enter --

RITA SKEETER

Of course you didn't, dear.

(a quick wink & whisper)

Everyone loves a rebel, Harry.

(to the quill)

Scratch that last.

Harry watches the quill reverse itself.

RITA SKEETER

Speaking of your parents, were they alive today, how would they feel? Proud?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HP4NB0429200415C37.

38 CONTINUED: (2)

RITA SKEETER (CONT'D)

Or concerned that your behavior indicates, at best, a pathological need for attention or, at worst, a psychotic death wish?

Harry just sits, flustered, then realizes the quill is racing along even though he's not speaking.

HARRY

Hey! My eyes aren't *glistening* with the ghosts of my past...

Just then, the door SWINGS open: Dumbledore.

RITA SKEETER

Dumbledore! How are you?

DUMBLEDORE

Very well... for a 'dusty old dingbat.'

RITA SKEETER

I was only quoting a high-ranking Ministry official who, regrettably, wished to remain anonymous.

DUMBLEDORE

Don't they all. Come, Harry. Mr. Crouch is ready to give the instructions.

39 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAY

Crouch stands before the champions, while McGonagall, Maxime, Karkaroff, Dumbledore and Moody look on.

BARTY CROUCH

Courage in the face of the unknown is essential for any wizard. If one cannot defeat the devil he imagines he surely cannot hope to defeat the devil itself. Therefore, you will be told nothing of what awaits you. You will, however, have two weapons upon which to rely: Your wand and your wits. On behalf of the Minister for Magic, I wish each of you good luck.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Skeeter eyes Crouch with cruel amusement as she speaks to the phlegmatic photographer.

RITA SKEETER

'On behalf of the Minister...' I remember when ol' Barty Crouch thought he would rule the world. Of course, that was before. Mad as a bloody Hatter these days...

As Skeeter exits, Moody is revealed, having heard every word.

40 EXT. OWLERY - DAY

40

A skeletal structure stands etched against the sky. In the distance, Hogwarts Castle looks small, removed.

41 INT. OWLERY - DAY

41

Harry, looking decidedly burdened, sits alone on the wide ledge of a window. As a CHILL BREEZE casts his hair aside, revealing his SCAR, a BLACK OWL appears against the slate sky. With a great FLUTTERING SWOOP, the bird drops onto the ledge and bobs its head impatiently. Carefully, Harry takes a WEATHERED BIT OF PARCHMENT lashed crudely to the owl's leg.

SIRIUS (V.O.)

Harry. I couldn't risk sending Hedwig. Ever since the World Cup, the Ministry's been intercepting more and more owls and she's too easily recognized. We need to talk, Harry, face to face. Meet me in the Gryffindor Common Room at one o'clock this Saturday morning. Make sure you are alone... Sirius. PS: By the way...

HARRY

Ow!

SIRIUS (V.O.)

The bird bites.

Harry looks at the BLOOD curdling on his finger. Plit.
A DROP hits the wood at his feet. Then another Plit.

41A INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

41A

Dark except for a GUTTERING FIRE. Harry appears at the top of the stairs, surveys the empty room below, descends. A copy of the *Daily Prophet* lies upon a table: "Teenage Tragedy: Harry Potter and the Triwizard Cup." Harry's PHOTO is ten times the size of the other three champions.

Sssss! The FIRE CRACKLES. A log shifts.

Harry scowls at Rita Skeeter's face, flickering demonically in the firelight, then HURLS the paper into the fire where it SIZZLES NASTILY and SPITS out SPARKS. Harry takes a step back, eying the fire warily as the flames mutate, molding themselves into...

HARRY

Ah!

... the HEAD of SIRIUS BLACK, his godfather.

HARRY

Sirius. Wha -- ? How -- ?

SIRIUS

We're wizards, Harry, remember?
We do this kind of thing.

As Sirius smiles, his face shifts eerily, his skin crumbling like ash, only to reform in the next moment.

SIRIUS

So. Triwizard Champion.
Congratulations.

HARRY

(grimly)

Thanks.

SIRIUS

Didn't fox your way in, did you?

HARRY

No!

SIRIUS

Relax. It *is* the kind of thing
your father would've done.

Harry nods, frowns. Sirius has hit a nerve.

HARRY

I've been thinking about him.
What he'd do in my place... I
don't know as much magic as the
others, Sirius. I'm only fourth
year. I'm --

(CONTINUED)

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HP4NB042920415 (41.6)

... as courageous a young wizard as there's ever been according to Dumbledore and that's no small praise. Even so, any wizard must know his limitations.

Did my father?

No.

Seen much of Karkaroff?

Not really... why?

There's something you should know about him, Harry. He was a Death Eater.

Does anyone ever really *stop* being a Death Eater.

Whose answer do you want? The Ministry's or mine?

Do you think he --

Dunno. But whoever did put your name in that Goblet didn't do it thinking you'll win. I think they'll be quite contented if you simply die trying.

I'm not ready for this, Sirius --

Then *get ready*. These things aren't happening by chance.

You're the boy who lived. When you have a dream, it's not just a dream. When your scar hurts, it's not just a twinge. Your past is everyone's past. As is your future. Don't you see...

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED: (2)

Sirius' face crumbles, decaying into something truly monstrous as he HISSES:

SIRIUS

He's out there somewhere.

*Waiting. You have to get stronger
because he's getting stronger!*

Harry just stares, chilled. Then, a FLOORBOARD SQUEALS.
Harry glances toward the darkness of the landing.

HARRY

Someone's coming...

SIRIUS

Dumbledore can't always protect
you anymore, Harry. Keep your
friends close...

HARRY

Go!

Harry wheels, shielding the fire as a SHADOW CLIMBS the
ceiling and a BOY appears, looking pathetic in TOO-SHORT
PAJAMAS. Ron.

RON

Who were you talking to?

HARRY

Who says I was talking to anyone?

RON

I heard voices...

HARRY

Maybe you're imagining things.
Wouldn't be the first time.

Ron's jaw stiffens and he turns away. Harry frowns,
starts to speak, to make things up, when Ron MUTTERS:

RON

Practicing for your next
interview, I expect.

As the shadows swallow Ron, the FIRE CRACKLES and the
last CHARRED remain of the Prophet -- bearing Harry's
Harry's face and a single word: Tragedy -- curls up on
itself and turns to ash.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Amazing...

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42 EXT. CLOISTER (OXFORD NEW COLLEGE) - DAY

Harry, looking a bit glum, walks with Neville, who has his nose buried in a BOOK.

NEVILLE

Ama-zing...

HARRY

Neville! You're doing it again.

NEVILLE

Oh. Right. Sorry...

HARRY

(eying Neville's book)
Magical Water Plants of the
Mediterranean?

NEVILLE

Moody gave it to me. You know,
that day we had tea.

Harry nods. Then... LAUGHTER sounds from the other side of the garden. Harry turns, sees Ginny and Hermione walking with a rather sullen-looking Ron. Spying each other, Ron and Harry regard one another coolly, then Ron WHISPERS at length to Hermione and exits. Exasperated, Hermione approaches.

HERMIONE

Ronald would like me to tell you
that Seamus told him that Dean was
told by Parvati that Hagrid's
looking for you.

HARRY

Is that right? Well -- What?

HERMIONE

Parvati told Dean to tell
Ronald...

(shaking her head)
Don't ask me to repeat it.
Hagrid's looking for you.

HARRY

Well, you can tell Ronald --

HERMIONE

I'm not an owl.

Hermione turns away, continues on with Ginny.

NEVILLE

Ama-zing...

42 *

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43 OMITTED

44 EXT. FORBIDDEN FOREST - NIGHT

CAMERA SOARS OVER the FORBIDDEN FOREST, DROPS INTO the TREES.

HARRY (O.S.)

Where exactly is it you're taking me, Hagrid?

HAGRID (O.S.)

Wouldn' be righ' if I tol' yeh tha', now would it, 'arry. Migh' find yeh sneakin' out here on yer own one nigh'.

CAMERA FINDS Harry trailing Hagrid's broad back through the eerie darkness. Harry glances about queasily.

HARRY

Oh yeah. That could happen...

Just then, up ahead, MEN'S SHOUTS come clear, followed by an EAR-SPLITTING ROAR. Hagrid glances back, grinning, and gestures Harry forward. A clearing comes INTO VIEW, where GANGS of WIZARDS surround FOUR GIANT SLATTED CAGES. Inside each cage, something HUGE RAGES VIOLENTLY. Harry squints.

HARRY

Hagrid, are those what I think --

Hagrid nods excitedly.

HARRY

But what are they doing here?

(blinking)

Hagrid, those aren't -- I mean, one of those isn't for... *me*?

Hagrid grins like a kid. Harry points.

HARRY

That's the first task? *Dragons!*

HAGRID

Thrillin', isn't it! Don't envy the champion who draws the Horntail, though. Back end's more dangerous than the front --

On cue, the Horntail BLASTS a ROPE of FIRE straight across the clearing, directly at Harry and Hagrid. As they bail to opposite sides, the REGAL PINE between them turns to ASH.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

HAGRID

'Course, the front end's nothin'
ter sneeze at.

Harry regains his feet, spies Madame Maxime across the
way.

HARRY

That's Madame Maxime!

HAGRID

(dreamily)
Should seen 'er las' night. Long
pink silks, hair fallin' 'roun'...

HARRY

And there's Karkaroff!

Incredulous, Harry points to another section of trees.

HAGRID

Yeah. Don' miss a trick, tha'
one.

Just then, the BLACK HORNTAIL ROARS ANGRILY, rocking his
cage as he RAGES at the GANG of WIZARDS tending him.

HAGRID

Righ' big ball o' gas, ain't he?
Thought Ron would faint jus'
lookin' at 'im.

HARRY

Ron? Ron was *here*?

HAGRID

Sure. His brother Charlie was
part o' the team tha' brough' the
dragons o'er from Romania. Din'
Ron tell yeh?

HARRY

No. He didn't.

45 EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Harry walks alone, angry, passing students who sport
BADGES that read "POTTER STINKS," which angers him more.
Then he spies Cedric Diggory talking with a group of
older Hufflepuffs. Slows. Debating, he heads over.

(CONTINUED)

The LAPELS of Cedric's friends GLIMMER with "Potter Stinks" badges. As Harry comes up, one BLINKS and the punch line is revealed: "Support Cedric Diggory, the true Hogwarts Champion." Noticing Harry, one of the boys nods to Cedric. He turns. Eyes Harry coolly.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Potter.

HARRY

Could I have a word?

CEDRIC DIGGORY

All right.

HARRY

(as they step away)
Dragons. That's the first task.
They've got one for each of us.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

(suspicious, then)
You're... serious.

(as Harry nods)

And Fleur and Krum? Do they --

Harry nods again. As Cedric rubs his chin nervously, pondering this, Harry looks away and... sees Ron coming down the corridor with Seamus.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Why're you telling me?

HARRY

(still eying Ron)
Wouldn't be right if I didn't,
would it? What would that make
me?

CEDRIC DIGGORY

(a slow nod)
Right. By the way, about those
badges, I've asked them not to
wear them, but, well...

HARRY

(moving off)
Forget it.

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SEAMUS

So I says to her, I would, but
then what would I do with the
seventeen Mandrakes!

✱
✱

^{HAKKI}
You're a right foul git, you know
that.

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RON
You think so, do you?

I know so.

Anything else?

Yeah. Stay away from me.

Fine.

✿
✿

Why so tense, Potter?

✱

My father and I have a bet, Potter. You see, he thinks you won't last ten minutes in the Tournament, but I disagree...

✱

DRACO
I say you won't last five.

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45 CONTINUED: (4)

McGonagall draws her wand and -- POP! -- Malfoy reappears, sprawled on the floor, face pink, gasping for breath.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
We *never* use Transfiguration as a punishment, Alastor! Surely Dumbledore told you?

MADEYE MOODY
Might've mentioned it...

To Harry's surprise, Moody's eyes shift then, to him, something sly in the glance, almost complicit.

MALFOY
My father will hear about this!
Moody SPINS away from Harry, turns on Malfoy fiercely.

MADEYE MOODY
Is that a threat? I know things about your father that would curl even your greasy hair, boy!
(to Harry)
You. Come with me.

46 INT. MOODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry follows Moody into an office filled with bizarre DARK DETECTORS. In one -- a MIRROR -- MURKY SHAPES mutate eerily.

MADEYE MOODY
That's a Foe-Glass. Lets me keep an eye on my enemies. If I can see the whites of their eyes they're standing behind me.

As Moody grins, Harry nods uncertainly. Just then, across the room, a HUGE TRUNK with SEVEN KEYHOLES VIBRATES VIOLENTLY and a terrible MOANING is heard within.

MADEYE MOODY
I won't even bother telling you what's in there. You wouldn't believe me if I did.

Moody takes a pull on his flask, considers Harry.

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51.

I dunno. I can fly. I'm a fair flyer.

Better than fair the way I hear
it.

But I'm not allowed a broom...

MADEIRA MOODY
You're allowed a wand, aren't you?

47

HERMIONE
Your wand, your wits, your broom.
That, in essence, is what Moody's
saying you'll need. Correct?

(ducking a book)
Right... Dunno why he couldn't
just come and tell me.

Yes, you'll actually have to engage your brain. How inconsiderate of him.

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Do you mind!

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Krum? In the library?

He's always here. Which means *they're* always here. Dead annoying.

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As Hermione flings another book over her shoulder, Harry ducks, pivots, and watches it refile itself perfectly. Just then, Malfoy's VOICE CARRIES FROM somewhere IN THE NEXT AISLE.

DRACO (O.S.)

'I still cry when I think of Mum and Dad,' says Potter. 'Mostly at night, when I'm alone.'

HARRY

I never said that...

Hermione doesn't reply, oblivious. Harry angrily peers through the GAPS in the stacks and spies Malfoy, surrounded by Slytherins, as he reads from the *Daily Prophet*.

DRACO

'Fortunately, the troubled young champion...'

Malfoy looks up, sees Harry and can barely contain his glee as he RAISES his VOICE:

DRACO

... has found comfort in the loving arms of classmate HERMIONE GRANGER...'

HARRY

I never said that either --

Harry turns, sees that Hermione remains oblivious but someone else is not: Cho, standing at the end of his aisle. She looks from him to Hermione. Then... WHACK!... Hermione flings a book over her shoulder and hits Harry in the head.

HARRY

Ow!

HERMIONE

Oh, Harry. Are you all right?
Accio!

With a flick of her wand, Hermione summons the book from the floor and sends it back toward the shelf. Then... she stops.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

HERMIONE

That's it.

(to Harry)

Harry. *That's it!*

(hurrying off)

Of course the incantation will have to be rather powerful and you'll have to leave a window open...

Harry watches Hermione go MUTTERING off, then turns, looks for Cho. Gone. He frowns, then passes OUT OF FRAME, the CAMERA MOVING TOWARD a WINDOW...

48 EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - LATE AFTERNOON

... and THROUGH, SOARING OVER the grounds to the dense trees of the Forbidden Forest, CIRCLING the CRIMSON GLOW of the clearing, where newly erected STANDS teem with students...

49 EXT. ARENA STANDS - LATE AFTERNOON

... DESCENDING INTO the clearing itself, where Fred and George conduct a few last minute transactions...

FRED

Step up, mates! Who fancies a flutter on tonight's bloodbath?

GEORGE

Smart money's on Krum to survive!

FRED

One'll get you ten if Potter dies. Ow!

Hermione POPS George hard in the arm, glowering disapprovingly as...

GEORGE

We'd cut Harry in, of course...

... the CAMERA TRACKS BACK WITH her INTO a TENT, where...

50 INT. TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

... Harry paces. Hermione snaps shut the flap. Smiles nervously.

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

How're you feeling? Okay?

Harry nods. Hermione glances about. Fleur sits in stony silence. Krum lies on a bench. Diggory paces.

HERMIONE

The key is to concentrate. After that, you just have to...

HARRY

Battle a dragon.

HERMIONE

Right... Oh, Harry!

Overcome, she throws her arms around him, when -- FLASH!
-- Rita Skeeter strolls in, PHOTOGRAPHER in tow.

RITA SKEETER

Young love. How stirring. If things go unfortunately tonight, you two may even make the front page.

HERMIONE

You.

RITA SKEETER

Oh don't even start, you silly girl. I can tell you where it'll end.

KRUM

You haff no business here. The tent is for champions. And... friends.

Everyone turns, stunned to hear Krum speak. ~~Skeeter~~ studies him appraisingly (as does Hermione), ~~then smiles~~ thinly.

RITA SKEETER

No matter. We got what we wanted.

As she exits, Dumbledore enters from the opposite end. With him are Karkaroff and Madame Maxime and Barty Crouch.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Champions.
(as they assemble)
You've waited. You've wondered.
And now the moment is here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE (CONT'D)

A moment only you four can fully appreciate. Which begs the question: Why are you here in this moment, Miss Granger?

HERMIONE

Oh. Sorry. I'll. Just. Go.

DUMBLEDORE

(as she exits)

Barty.

BARTY CROUCH

Surely it's been excruciating for you all, speculating these many weeks as to just what it is that awaits you tonight. Within this bag lies the answer. Miss Delacour, if you will...

Crouch holds out a BAG of PURPLE SILK. Fleur reaches in, draws out a tiny MODEL of a DRAGON bearing the number "2." It pads over Fleur's palm, lets out a TINY PUFF of SMOKE.

BARTY CROUCH

The Welsh Green. Mr. Krum...

Krum reaches in, draws "3."

BARTY CROUCH

The Chinese Fireball...

Then Cedric: "1."

BARTY CROUCH

The Swedish Short-Snout. Which leaves...

HARRY

The Horntail.

Dumbledore's eyes darken as they peer into Harry's palm. The miniature HORNTAIL rears up angrily, lets out a ROAR and emits a TINY BALL of FIRE.

BARTY CROUCH

These represent four very real dragons, each of which has been given a golden egg to protect. Your objective is simple: Collect the egg. This you must do, for each egg contains a clue, without which you cannot hope to survive the next task. Any questions?

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CONTINUED: (3)

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The Champions stand mute.

DUMBLEDORE

Very well. Good luck to you all.
Mr. Diggory, at the sound of the
cannon, you may pro--

KA-BLOOM! Filch FIRES a SMALL CANNON a tad early,
causing all present to nearly jump out of their skins.

Cedric stares at the tiny dragon in his hand, then closes
his fingers over it and strides away. CAMERA RISES
BEHIND the remaining TRIO as Cedric exits... RISING
HIGHER as the unseen CROWD ROARS... RISING INTO the peak
of the tent where the canvas undulates with the FLAMES
that FLICKER beyond... CYCLING SLOWLY BACK DOWN TO...

Harry. Standing alone. As he begins to move, CAMERA
TRACKS after, FOLLOWING him THROUGH the tent and INTO...

51

EXT. ARENA - LATE AFTERNOON

51

... the ROARING arena, where HUNDREDS of SCREAMING FACES
wheel above him and THREE MASSIVE BANNERS hang TATTERED
and SMOKING. Only the banner opposite, emblazoned with
the HOGWARTS CREST, is wholly intact. Then...

A FIREBALL BURSTS through the center of it and the banner
DISINTEGRATES, revealing... the Horntail. Yellow eyes
blazing. Spiked tail punishing the ground where a
GLIMMERING GOLDEN EGG lies. Harry points his wand to the
sky:

HARRY

Accio Firebolt!

Instantly, CAMERA CRANES HIGH, SOARING ABOVE the clearing
and the forest that contains it, leaving the shrieking
voices behind, FINDING Hogwarts Castle on the horizon. A
PINPRICK appears in the sky, lengthening, drawing closer
in a RUSH of AIR. And then... Harry's FIREBOLT streaks
INTO VIEW.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN, PLUMMETING BACK INTO the abyss of
SCREAMING VOICES, TRACKING the broom right INTO...

Harry's hand.

Instantly, Harry ROCKETS into the air, clothes snapping,
hair fluttering off his SCAR.

Enraged, the Horntail's head swivels, yellow eyes
tracking Harry's every move. As Harry DIVES...

(CONTINUED)

... the Horntail SPITS forth a BLAZING ROPE of FIRE. Harry swoops, streaking under the flames, straightens out, DIVES again, then looks down and...

... sees the dragon's SPIKED TAIL lashing up like a whip.

Harry rolls sideways, strangling the Firebolt's handle as the dragon's tail whistles past and a GUST of WIND buffets him.

Rolling upright, Harry jets away, dodging one volley of FIRE after another, then loops down and... finds himself heading directly at the Horntail. Furious, the dragon rises up, sends forth an errant BLAST of FIRE and, for the briefest of moments, leaves the golden egg exposed.

Noting this, Harry climbs once more, circling the crowd once again, when he sees...

Cho. Looking up at him with rapt intensity. He studies her face, wheeling slowly by like a dream, when...

... a SNAKING SHADOW ripples across the seats and Cho's hands fly to her face in horror. Harry blinks, turns, and...

Too late. The dragon's tail slashes through his shoulder and sends him spinning away in a spray of blood.

Grimacing, Harry steadies the Firebolt and -- setting his jaw -- begins to circle the arena. As he flies faster and faster, the crowd rises to its feet, ROARING as he rockets past once, twice, and then again. Suddenly, he LOOPS high... and DIVES.

Directly at the Horntail.

The DRAGON BELLOWS savagely, stretching its CHAINS to the breaking point, and expels a BLAZING BALL of FIRE. The crowd GASPS, faces bleached with light as the night sky shimmers, and then...

Harry BURSTS straight out of the ball of fire, swooping between the dragon's legs and scooping up the golden egg. As he rises into the air -- robes SMOKING, face strewn with ASH -- CHEERS shake the arena.

Exultant, Harry circles the arena on the SMOLDERING Firebolt, egg clutched in his bloody hand. Faces wheel below: Dumbledore, McGonagall, Cho and... the inscrutable Moody, whose glimmering blue eye rotates onto an unhappy Karkaroff. As the FLAG of GRYFFINDOR is raised, Harry grins...

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52 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

52

Harry -- stained with ash -- is greeted by LOUD CHEER and hearty backslaps.

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FRED
Knew you wouldn't die, Harry.
Lose an arm...

GEORGE
A leg.

FRED
But pack it up altogether?

FRED/GEORGE
Never.

SEAMUS
(holding up the egg)
C'mon, Harry. What d'you say?

HERMIONE
Harry, maybe you shouldn't...

HARRY
Bring it here.

A CHEER goes up and the boys pass the egg hand over hand. As Harry takes it, he plays his fingers into position, waits for the room to positively CRACKLE with anticipation and then... stops. The others JEER MUTINOUSLY. He GRINS. OPENS it. And... a HORRIBLE SCREECHING WAIL (MERMISH) fills the room.

FRED
Shut it! *Shut it!*

As Harry snaps shut the egg, one VOICE carries:

RON
Bloody hell. What was *that!*

Harry looks. Hermione looks. Everyone looks. It's Ron, standing by the portrait hole, hands on ears. His eyes shift uneasily, suddenly aware he's in the spotlight.

FRED
Alright, everyone! Go back to your knitting. This is going to be uncomfortable enough without all you nosy sods listening in.

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As the HUM of CONVERSATION resumes, Harry glares at Ron.

(CONTINUED)

RON

I reckon you'd have to be barking mad to put your own name in the Goblet of Fire.

HARRY

Caught on, have you? Took you long enough.

RON

I wasn't the only one who thought you'd done it, Harry. Everyone was saying it behind your back.

HARRY

Brilliant. That makes me feel loads better.

RON

At least I warned you about the dragons!

HARRY

Hagrid warned me about the dragons!

RON

No, I did! Don't you remember? I told Hermione to tell you that Seamus told me that Parvati had told Dean that Hagrid was looking for you. But Seamus never actually told me anything because it was really me all along. I thought we'd be, y'know, alright again... once you figured that out.

HARRY

How could possibly figure that out? It's completely mental.

RON

'Tis, isn't it? Suppose I was a bit distraught.

HERMIONE

(rolling her eyes)

Boys.

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Cho sits with a fellow Ravenclaw girl, who WHISPERS in her ear and GIGGLES. Cho smiles enigmatically and casts a faint glance toward Harry, who responds by dribbling porridge down his chin. As he dabs his mouth quickly with his napkin, PARVATI and PADMA PATIL -- identical twins -- stroll by and cast him identical come-hither looks:

PARVATI/PADMA

Hi, Harry.

HERMIONE

I don't believe it! She's done it again.

Hermione scowls at the *Daily Prophet*. Under Rita Skeeter's byline and PHOTO -- hair in RINGLETS this time -- a HEADLINE screams: "HARRY POTTER'S SECRET HEARTACHE."

HERMIONE

'Miss Granger, a plain but ambitious girl, seems to be developing a taste for famous wizards. Her latest prey, sources report, is none other than Bulgarian bonbon Viktor Krum. No word yet on how Harry Potter is taking this latest emotional blow.'

RON

You and Krum. That's rich.

Ron CHUCKLES. Hermione GLOWERS at him.

RON

I just mean... *I know you.* Krum's famous.

HERMIONE

Who's more famous than Harry Potter? And he's your best friend.

RON

Yeah, well, that's different, isn't it?

Hermione shakes her head in weary puzzlement as a TINY FIRST YEAR BOY (NIGEL) comes dashing up with a FLOPPY BOX.

(CONTINUED)

TINY BOY
Parcel for you, Mr. Weasley.

RON
Ah, thank you, Nigel.

The boy stares in jittery awe at Harry.

RON
Not *now*, Nigel.

As Nigel stumbles off, Harry and Hermione eye Ron. He shrugs.

RON
I told him I'd get him Harry's autograph. Hey look. Mum's sent me something... Mum's sent me a dress.

Harry watches Ron lift a LACE-TRIMMED GOWN from the box.

HARRY
Does match your eyes. Is there a bonnet?

RON
Nose out, Harry. Hey, Ginny. This must be for you.

GINNY
I'm not wearing that. It's ghastly.

Hermione, back of her hand to her mouth, suppresses a laugh.

RON
What're you on about?

HERMIONE
They're not for Ginny. They're for you. Dress robes.

RON
Dress robes? For what?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
(suddenly appearing)
The Yule Ball. Which, if you don't mind, I'd like to speak to you about, Potter.

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54

CONTINUED: (2)

NEW ANGLE - SECONDS LATER

McGonagall and Harry step INTO FRAME.

HARRY
The Yule Ball, Professor?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
It's traditional during the
Triwizard Tournament for the host
school to put on a Christmas ball.
It is also traditional for the
three Champions -- or in this case
four -- to be the first to dance.

Harry cocks his head, as if he had water in his ear.

HARRY
Dance? With a girl?

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
I leave that decision up to you,
Potter. You may bring Neville
Longbottom if you desire. But
know this: the House of Godric
Gryffindor has a reputation as
long as it is illustrious. It
demands and receives the respect
of the entire wizard world. No
house has produced more witches
and wizards of consequence. You
stand upon the shoulders of
giants, Potter. Shame yourself
and you shame all who came before
you.

Just then, a COMMOTION is heard. Turning, McGonagall
watches Seamus pelt Dean Thomas with a custard pie.

McGonagall's face drops.

54A

INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY

The entire rank and file of Godric Gryffindor's current
roster -- girls on one side, boys on the other -- stand
before a fierce McGonagall.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
You have got to get a grip! Your
behavior barely rises to the level
of the common toadstool! I WILL
NOT HAVE IT!

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54

54A

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BATTLE, Ron
McGonagall
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leville
the MUSIC
CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED: (2)

54A

HARRY

Never going to let him forget
this, are you?

FRED/GEORGE

Never.

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL

Everyone. Come together...

The MUSIC SWELLS as the girls and boys nervously cross
the divide and begin to pair off and a MONTAGE BEGINS...

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55 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (ANOTHER DAY)

55

Harry and Ron move warily down a corridor seemingly
inhabited only by GROUPS of GIRLS -- one of which
includes Cho.

HARRY

Why do they have to travel in
packs? How're you supposed to get
one on their own to ask them?

RON

Blimey, Harry. You slay dragons.
If *you* can't get a date, who can?

Ron watches Fleur pass by at the head of a breathtaking
band of Beauxbatons girls.

HARRY

I think I'd take the dragon 'bout
now...

Just then, Padma and Pavarti pass by, SMILE...

*

56 INT. MOODY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

56

FEMALE HANDS PASS a NOTE under desks -- ONE set of
FINGERNAILS DECORATED with HEARTS -- working west to east...

56A INT. HILL - DAY

56A

*

Harry, Ron and Hermione study. Krum passes. A beat. A
gaggle of girls pass in pursuit. Hermione rolls her eyes...

56B EXT. OXFORD NEW COLLEGE - COURTYARD - DAY

56B

*

A Durmstrang boy approaches a group of girls, asks one
out. She nods. Harry and Ron look at each other in
amazement...

65.

56C INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT 56C *

Ron and Harry enter, find Neville dancing by himself, horribly. Quickly, they step back, close the door and glace at one another... *

56D INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - DAY 56D

Cho stands reading a spellbook. Harry swallows nervously, starts forward, when a classroom DOOR SWINGS ACROSS his face and a group of Ravenclaw girls sweep Cho away...

56E EXT. STONE BRIDGE - DAY 56E *

Graceful as fawns, Fleur and Gabrielle lead a group of Beauxbatons girls, arms swinging in unison, down a walkway, passing the scarf between them. Ron watches in awe...

56F INT. MOODY'S CLASSROOM - DAY 56F

FEMALE HANDS PASS a NOTE under desks -- THREE sets of FINGERNAILS DECORATED with HEARTS -- working east to west...

56G INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT 56G

Harry lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, turning the egg over in his hands, when it POPS open. We CUT WIDE, watch each boy BOLT UP in bed, slap hands over their ears... *

56H INT. COURTYARD - DAY 56H *

Two HUGE BODIES approach through the arches, come clear: Hagrid and Madame Maxime... *

HAGRID *

Me, I get it from me Mum's side. *

How bou' you? *

MADAME MAXIME *

Moi? I 'ave big bones, that is *

all. *

56-I INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - DAY 56-I *

Neville dances alone... *

56J EXT. LAKE - DAY

56J *

Cho passes by, OUT OF VIEW. Harry appears, follows, then bumps into an OLDER BOY smoothly chatting up a GIRL with BANGS. As Harry stumbles away in embarrassment, he nearly runs into Karkaroff. As both exit, Moody appears...

*
*
*

56K INT. MOODY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

56K

FEMALE HANDS PASS a NOTE under desks -- ALL sets of FINGERNAILS DECORATED with HEARTS -- working west to east and ending on the GIRL with BANGS.

56L EXT. STONE BRIDGE - DAY

56L *

Fleur and Gabrielle lead a group of Beauxbatons girls the other way down the walkway, arms swinging in perfect time, magically passing the scarf. Ron watches in awe...

56M EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

56M

Snow begins to fall...

*

56N EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

56N

Neville flutters across the glass, dancing OUT OF VIEW as SNOW FALLS more heavily and...

*

MONTAGE ENDS.

56-0 INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING

56-0

Harry and Ron sit together, gloomily surveying the room.

RON

This is mad. At this rate we'll be the only ones in our year without dates. Well... us and Neville.

HARRY

Then again, he can take himself.

Harry and Ron grin. Hermione looks over disapprovingly.

HERMIONE

Nice. But it might interest you two to know Neville's got someone.

RON

Now I'm really depressed.

(CONTINUED)

56-0 CONTINUED:

56-0

FRED

Don't tell me you lot don't have dates yet? Better hurry up or all the good ones will be gone.

RON

Who're you going with, then?

FRED

Ummm...

(looking around)

Oi! Angelina! Want to come to the ball with me?

TIANA

All right, then.

Fred winks at Harry and Ron, exits. Ron turns, eyes Hermione.

RON

Oi, Hermione! You're a girl. Come with one of us?

Hermione glances up witheringly.

RON

Oh, come on. It's one thing for a bloke to show up alone. For a girl it's just *sad*.

HERMIONE

I won't be going alone, because, believe it or not, someone asked me. And I said yes.

With that, she SNAPS shut her book, exits.

RON

She's lying. Right?

HARRY

If you say so.

RON

(frowning)

Look. We've just got to grit our teeth and do it. Tonight, when we get back to the common room, we'll both have partners. Agreed?

Harry hesitates, then... nods.

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57
thru
60

OMITTED

57
thru
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61 EXT. GROUNDS/OWLERY - DAY (LATER)

61

FAR BELOW us, Harry makes his way toward the Owlery, which stands like a stranded scarecrow in a sea of white. Suddenly an OWL FLUTTERS forth and Harry halts. FOOTSTEPS sound and a FIGURE descends the owlery's snowladen stairs, flickering in and out of view. Seconds later, a GIRL appears.

Cho.

CHO

Harry.

HARRY

Cho.

They stand awkwardly for a moment. Cho gestures all around.

CHO

Beautiful, isn't it?

HARRY

Yeah. Splendid.

He glances away, face hidden from Cho, and grimaces, mouthing "splendid" in miserable mortification.

CHO

Well, watch yourself on the stairs. A bit icy at the top.

HARRY

Okay. Thanks.
(as she smiles, turns)

Cho!

He says this so forcefully, she nearly stumbles stopping.

CHO

Yes?

HARRY

I just wondered if, maybe, you...
(in a burst)
...wannagoballwime?

CHO

Sorry...I didn't catch that.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

HARRY
(collecting himself)
I wondered if you'd like
to...to... go to the Ball with me.

CHO
Oh. Harry. I'm sorry. But
someone's already asked me and
I've said I'll go. With him.

HARRY
Oh. Well, good. I mean... Okay.
No problem.

Harry looks away, flexing his fingers within his mittens.
Cho chews her lip, frowning, then turns away. As she
goes, Harry exhales, shaking his head, when...

CHO
Harry?

He looks up. Sees her staring him straight in the eye.

CHO
I really am. Sorry.

She turns then, and Harry watches her dash back toward
the distant castle, filling his footprints with her own.
We REVERSE, seeing her from on high, at a great distance.
Gradually, the SKY DARKENS and, as Cho DISAPPEARS in mid-
run, we PULL BACK...

61A INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

61A

... THROUGH the window of the Common Room, FIND Harry
sitting with Hermione by the fire, staring into the
flames while she studies. Nearby, a pair of FIRST YEAR
GIRLS cut pieces of FOLDED PINK PAPER. As one GIGGLES,
Harry looks over, sees her hold up a string of PAPER
MEN... with no heads.

HERMIONE
Made any progress?

HARRY
Huh?

HERMIONE
On the egg.

HARRY
Oh. Yeah. Nearly there.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED:

61A

Hermione studies him doubtfully, when suddenly Ron trips through the portrait hole, staggers across the room, and collapses into a chair. He looks shell-shocked. Ginny, who's accompanied him, fights hard to suppress a smile.

HARRY

What happened to you?

GINNY

He's just asked out Fleur Delacour.

HERMIONE

What!

HARRY

What'd she say?

HERMIONE

No, of course.

(a pleat of doubt)

She *did* say no...?

Ron shakes his head.

HERMIONE

She said *yes*!?!?

RON

(head in hands)

I don't know what got into me.
There she was... walking by... you
know how I like it when they
walk... and I couldn't help it...
it just sort of... slipped out.

GINNY

Actually, he sort of screamed at
her. It was a bit frightening.

HARRY

So what'd you do then?

RON

What else? I ran for it. I'm not
cut out for this, Harry.

HERMIONE

Well don't go asking Eloise
Midgen. She's taken.

As Hermione smiles, one of the First Years GIGGLES,
unfolds a PAIR of FEMALE FACES -- MIRROR IMAGES -- joined
at the LIPS.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (2)

61A

HARRY
Don't worry. I think I've got an
idea...

62 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT (DAYS LATER)

62 *

Ron stands grimly before a MIRROR in his lace dress
robes. He shakes his head, MUTTERS in disbelief:

RON
Bloody hell...

Harry steps out then. His robes, in contrast to Ron's,
are simple, black and completely unadorned.

RON
What're those?

HARRY
My dress robes.

RON
Well, those are all right! No
lace! No dodgy little collar!

HARRY
I expect yours are more...
traditional.

RON
Traditional! They're ancient! I
look like my Great Aunt Tessie!
(sniffing)
Smell like my Great Aunt Tessie.
(to the mirror)
Murder me, Harry.

63 INT. BOTTOM STAIRCASE/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

63

CAMERA DROPS WITH the SNOWFLAKES falling from the
ceiling, OVER the smartly-dressed students filing into
the Great Hall, TO the sweeping staircase, where Harry
and Ron descend. Ron scans the crowd.

RON
Poor kid. Bet she's alone in her
room, crying her eyes out.

HARRY
Who?

(CONTINUED)

RON

Hermione, of course. C'mon, Harry, why do you think she wouldn't tell us who she's coming with?

HARRY

Because we'd take the mickey out of her?

RON

No one *asked* her. Would've taken her myself if she wasn't so bloody proud.

Harry raises an eyebrow appraisingly, when:

PARVATI

Hello, boys.

Parvati and Padma, doubly delightful in SHOCKING PINK and BRIGHT TURQUOISE respectively, wait below.

PARVATI

Don't you look... dashing.

Parvati's eyes rake over Ron's robes as she takes Harry's arm. Padma stares in open horror. Just then, McGonagall appears, looking a bit flustered.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

There you are, Potter. You and Miss Patil will wait here and enter with the other champions. Weasley...

She falters, goggling at Ron's robes, then collects herself.

PROFESSOR MCGONAGALL

... you and Miss Patil may proceed inside, to the Great Hall.

RON

C'mon then.

As Ron drags Padma off, she looks back desperately to her sister. Parvati just shakes her head.

PARVATI

We have a cousin who dresses like that.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Just then, a GUST OF WIND stirs the air and the Durmstrang and Beauxbaton students file inside. As Fleur Delacour appears, her SILK WRAP flies free, fluttering like a dove into the air, leading Harry's eye to...Cho, who arrives hand in hand with Cedric Diggory.

PARVATI

Omigod. She looks...
(in disbelief)
... beautiful.

Harry nods glumly, staring at Cho, then realizes Parvati is looking not at Cho, but at a GIRL in periwinkle robes. Hair twisted in a graceful knot, swan's neck shining, she is nothing short of breathtaking. She is...

Hermione.

Taking Krum's arm, she gives Harry a little wave. As if it were on a string, Harry's own hand rises, waves back.

STRINGS RISE on the air and...

64 INT. GREAT HALL

64

... a PATH OF LIGHT spills from the Entrance Hall, revealing a darkened Hall glimmering with ICICLES and MISTLETOE. The house tables have vanished, replaced by dozens of smaller ones, each glowing with LANTERN LIGHT around a central DANCE FLOOR. Flitwick conducts a STRING QUARTET.

As the Champions enter, APPLAUSE rises. Fleur leads the way, on the arm of a stunned-looking Ravenclaw boy (ROGER DAVIES), while Harry and Parvati enter last, Parvati waving like a beauty queen. Harry scans the room for Ron and finds him, staring open-mouthed at Hermione as she passes with Krum.

PADMA

Is that Hermione Granger? With Viktor Krum?

RON

No. Absolutely not.

As the Champions reach the dance floor, Flitwick's baton freezes in mid-air -- bringing the Hall to a hush.

PARVATI

Take my waist.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Huh? Oh... right.

Harry puts his hand on Parvati's waist, takes her hand, when... Flitwick's baton drops and a WALTZ BEGINS.

PARVATI

Go. Now!

More out of fear than anything else, Harry takes a step, then another. The MUSIC SWELLS. Fleur sweeps past, rigid as a queen. Next is Cho, dark eyes glimmering as they briefly meet Harry's own. Finally, Hermione adrift in Krum's strong arms -- shoots Harry a goofy, excited grin.

Dumbledore leads McGonagall from the Tall Table and, with a short bow, sweeps her onto the floor, where they dance formally, beautifully. Quickly, the remainder of the staff pair off and join them. Even Madame Maxime yields to Hagrid and his horrible suit, though she casts her eyes askance while in his arms. Only Moody remains on the sidelines, eye whirling madly in time to the waltz.

Finally, the students converge, led by Neville, who glides like Astaire, much to the astonishment of his date -- Ginny Weasley. Lost in the crush, Harry feels less self-conscious about his own clumsy feet and actually manages to smile. The CAMERA RISES... taking it all in... RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER until we... RACK FOCUS... ONTO a trio of GLEAMING ICICLES... DRIPPING now that it's --

*

SAME SCENE - HOURS LATER

A HAND (Fred's) reaches INTO FRAME, snaps off one of the icicles and a JAGGED RAZOR BURN of GUITARS, courtesy of the WEIRD SISTERS, shatters the calm as we SPIRAL DOWN ONTO the DANCE FLOOR cum MOSH PIT now HOPPING with BODIES...

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Fred slips the icicle down the back of Tiana's robes and she SQUEALS, darting after him, leading us to Hermione and Krum. Hermione YELLS above the DIN:

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HERMIONE

Her--my-oh-nee!

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*

KRUM

Herm...own...ninny...?

*
*

She starts to correct him, then shrugs.

*

(CONTINUED)

HERMIONE

Close enough.

Harry and Ron sit watching grimly from the sidelines, while Padma and Parvati sit on opposite sides of them, arms crossed in aggravation. Ron eyes Krum lethally.

RON

Ruddy pumpkinhead, isn't he?

Harry's eyes shift from Cho and Cedric's gyrating figures.

HARRY

Well, I don't think it was the books that had him going to the library.

A handsome DURMSTRANG BOY approaches Parvati, who looks ready to put a gun to her head.

DURMSTRANG BOY

May I haff your arm?

PARVATI

Arm. Leg. I'm yours.

As Parvati exits, Hermione drops into her vacant chair, flush from dancing.

HERMIONE

Whew! Hot, isn't it? Viktor's gone to get drinks. Care to join us?

RON

No we would not care to join you and... Viktor.

HERMIONE

What's got your wand in a knot?

RON

He's from Durmstrang! You're fraternizing with the enemy!

HERMIONE

The enemy? Who was it wanting his autograph? Besides, the whole point of the Tournament is international magical cooperation. *To make friends.*

(CONTINUED)

RON

I think he's got a bit more than
friendship on his mind.

HERMIONE

What are you suggesting?

RON

It's obvious, isn't it? It's
Harry he's truly interested in.

HARRY

Excuse me?

RON

(to Hermione)

He's *using* you. To get inside
information. Maybe even *jinx*
Harry.

Hermione, rendered speechless by Ron, exits. Harry
merely stares incredulously at him. Padma sulks.

PADMA

Are you going to ask me to dance
or not?

RON

No.

Just then, Neville glides by with Ginny and we --

CUT TO:

Harry drifts into the courtyard, alone, bedeviled by the
DISTANT BLARE of the MUSIC of the Great Hall. Here,
another kind of torture greets him as AMOROUS SHADOWS
tremble behind the STEAMY WINDOWS of CARRIAGES. WHISPERS
drip from foreign tongues. A GIRL GIGGLES.

SNAPE (O.S.)

I told you before, Igor. I see no
reason to discuss it. *Lumos!*

Harry freezes, watches Snape and Karkaroff come INTO
VIEW. Snape sprays the backseat of the carriage with
WAND LIGHT.

SNAPE

Ten points from Hufflepuff,
Fawcett! And the same for
Ravenclaw, Stebbins!

(CONTINUED)

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65 CONTINUED:

A GIRL and BOY flee. As Snape and Karkaroff walk on, Harry slips behind a STONE GARGOYLE, listens.

KARKAROFF

It's a sign, Severus! You can't pretend this isn't happening!

SNAPE

I don't have to pretend, Igor.
Can you say the same?

Karkaroff says nothing, staring lethally at Snape, then turns away, heading back toward the lights of the castle. Harry draws back into the shadows, watching him pass, then notices a GLINT of BLUE LIGHT on the far side of the courtyard.

Moody, eye shimmering in its socket, has been watching too.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

That's what you think, is it!

66 INT. ENTRANCE HALL/GREAT HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

Ron and Hermione stand just inside the empty Hall, faces flushed in anger.

RON

That's what I think!

HERMIONE

Well, you know the solution, don't you?

RON

Go on!

HERMIONE

Next time pluck up the courage and ask me yourself before someone else does!

Ron starts to reply, stops dead in his tracks, then sputters:

RON

Well, that's... I mean... that's completely off the point...

Hermione turns then, sees... Harry.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

HERMIONE

Where have you been?

*

Harry just stares. Much of Hermione's hair has escaped, making her look a bit mad... and lopsided.

*

*

HERMIONE

Never mind. Off to bed, both of you.

*

RON

(as they go)

*

They get scary as they get older.

HERMIONE

I heard that!

As Harry and Ron increase their pace, Hermione kicks off her miserable heels, hitches up her wrinkled dress and hobbles off, all lunatic hair and weary shoulders, leaving the Hall to Ginny, Neville, Hagrid and Maxime, who dance on and on as the CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT..

*

67

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE - CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

67

... and the CAMERA RISES TO the TOLL of the BELLS, leaving the pendulum behind, DRIFTING HIGHER and HIGHER INTO the FALLING SNOW as the BELLS grow HOLLOW and GHOSTLY and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

68

INT. TOWER DORMITORY - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

68

... the dormitory ceiling, undulating with reflected snow, DRIFTING DOWN the walls TO Harry, sleeping. As CAMERA MOVES IN ON his TWITCHING EYELID, the LAST BELL TOLLS and we...

69

EXT. SKY (LITTLE HANGLETON) - NIGHT

69

... PULL BACK from the EYE of an RAVEN, soaring through a SNOWY NIGHT SKY. In the distance a HILL appears, weeds tossing in a gentle BREEZE. There is a GARDENER'S COTTAGE and, further up, a derelict MANOR. The raven soars toward the manor, gliding through...

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... a DARK WINDOW on the second story... down a gloomy passageway... into a room of shadows... towards the back of a CHAIR... circling slowly...

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HARRY

I suppose Viktor's figured it out.

HERMIONE

I wouldn't know. We don't talk about the Tournament. Actually, we don't really *talk* at all. Viktor's more of a *physical* being. I mean, he's not particularly loquacious. Mostly he watches me study. Bit annoying actually.

Hermione glances at Harry, studying him, as if debating some troubling notion.

HERMIONE

Harry. You are *trying* to riddle out the egg, aren't you?

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

HERMIONE

I just mean, these tasks -- they're designed to *test* you, Harry, in the most brutal way... they're almost cruel and, well, I'm... scared for you, Harry. You got by the dragons mostly on nerve. I'm not sure that's going to be enough this time.

There is an awkward silence. Then...

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Hey, Potter!

Harry turns, sees Cedric separate from Cho, begin to trot over. Hermione gives Harry one last look, goes.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

How are you?

HARRY

Spectacular.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Look, Potter... I realize I never really thanked you properly for tipping me off about those dragons.

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75

HARRY

Forget it. I'm sure you'd have
done the same --

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Exactly.

(taking his arm)

You know the Prefects' bathroom on
the Fifth Floor? *It's not a bad
place for a bath.*

Harry looks at him oddly, but Cedric just nods, releases
his arm and dashes back to Cho.

76 INT. FIFTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

76

Empty. Silent. Then... Harry appears, wrapped in a
DRESSING-GOWN and SLIPPERS, clutching his egg. He flip-
flops his way down the corridor, descends a small series
of steps... when one GIVES UNDERNEATH HIM. He bobbles
the egg, just manages to evade the trick step and
continues on.

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NEW ANGLE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

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A door slides open and Harry...

*

77 INT. PREFECTS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

77

*

... slips inside a room of gleaming WHITE MARBLE. Before
him lies a SUNKEN POOL, fitted with a hundred GOLDEN
TAPS. Above it is a PAINTING of a MERMAID, asleep upon a
rock, long hair fluttering gently in a soft breeze.
Harry kneels by the pool and sees that each tap bears a
different-colored JEWEL. He gives one a TWIST, watches
EMERALD WATERS spew forth...

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NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry slips into the BRILLIANTLY COLORED WATERS and sits.
Eyes himself in the MIRROR opposite.

*
*

HARRY

I must be out of my mind.

Frowning, Harry takes his egg, sighs, and opens it. A
HORRIBLE SCREECHING WAIL echoes painfully off the tile.
Quickly, Harry SNAPS SHUT the egg.

(CONTINUED)

MOANING MYRTLE

I'd try putting it *in* the water,
if I were you.

Harry wheels, finds a GHOST sitting cross-legged atop one
of the toilet bowls: MOANING MYRTLE.

HARRY

Myrtle!

MOANING MYRTLE

Hel-lo, Harry. Long time... no
see.

As Myrtle's eyes drift downward, Harry slips a bit
further under the suds. Myrtle smiles naughtily, spirals
lazily into the air.

MOANING MYRTLE

I was circling a blocked drain the
other day and could swear I saw a
bit of Polyjuice Potion. Not
being a bad boy again, are you,
Harry?

HARRY

Sworn off the stuff. Did you say
try putting it *in* the water?

MOANING MYRTLE

Well, that's what *he* did. The
other boy, the handsome one...
Cedric.

Harry takes the egg and lowers it beneath the suds.

MOANING MYRTLE

Well, go on. Open it.

He does. Then... a distant SONG gurgles to the surface.

HARRY

I can't make it out.

MOANING MYRTLE

(rolling her eyes)
Well, put your head in, silly!

NEW ANGLE - UNDERWATER

Harry's face plunges INTO VIEW and a CHORUS of EERIE,
OTHERWORLDLY VOICES SING A SIREN'S SONG:

(CONTINUED)

SIREN SONG

*Come seek us where our voices
sound
We cannot sing above the ground
An hour long you'll have to look
To recover what we took...*

Harry turns, sees that Myrtle has joined him underwater, eying him appreciatively. He frowns and...

NEW ANGLE

... breaks the surface of the water, followed by Myrtle.

HARRY

*Come seek us where our voices
Sound
We cannot sing above the ground...*

Harry frowns, then his eyes shift to the painting. The mermaid. Hair adrift...

HARRY

Myrtle... there aren't *merpeople* in the Black Lake, are there?

MOANING MYRTLE

Ooooh. Very good! It took Cedric ages to riddle it out. Almost all the bubbles were gone...

As Myrtle's eyes drift downward, Harry quickly does a
little strategic sud arranging.

HARRY

I don't get it. 'An hour long
you'll have to look.' For what?
Mermaids? And how'm I supposed to
breathe underwater for an hour?

MOANING MYRTLE

(insulted)
Well, don't ask *me*! I *can't*
breathe! I haven't been *able* to
breathe for fifty years! Of all
the horrible, savage things to
say...

The PLUMBING GURGLES and Myrtle shoots off in a huff.

A GHOST drifts from lamp to lamp, blowing them out.
 CAMERA GLIDES eerily PAST empty aisles -- as if someone's
 MOVING POV -- FINDS Harry, Ron and Hermione sitting at a
 table piled high with SPELLBOOKS and the GOLDEN EGG.

HERMIONE

The egg was singing to you, Harry.
 Mersong. I'm sure of it. Now
 tell me again what you heard.

HARRY

*Come seek us where our voices
 sound...*

HERMIONE

That's the Black Lake. Obvious.

HARRY

*An hour long you'll have to
 look...*

HERMIONE

Again. Obvious. Though,
 admittedly, potentially
 problematic.

HARRY

Potentially problematic? I don't
 know about you, Hermione, but last
 time I checked I couldn't hold my
 breath for an hour!

RON

I had an uncle who could stick his
 head in a pickle jar. Ears and
 all.

Harry and Hermione turn, see Ron toying with the egg. He
 looks up, withers.

RON

Right. Not helpful.

HERMIONE

Look, Harry. *We can do this.* The
 three of us can figure it out.
 We've just got to keep look--

Just then, a SCARRED HAND reaches across Hermione,
 snatches the egg from Ron. Moody. He holds the egg to
 the light.

(CONTINUED)

MADEYE MOODY

My father gave me something like this when I was a child. Played music. Beautiful thing...

Moody looks transfixed, then... blinks, tongue probing the corner of his mouth as he takes his flask.

MADEYE MOODY

Hate to break up the skull session, but Professor McGonagall's asked to see you in her office.

HERMIONE

Now, Professor?

MADEYE MOODY

Straight away.

(as all rise)

Not you, Potter. Just Weasley and Granger.

Harry frowns, watches them go. Moody glances back.

MADEYE MOODY

Perhaps you could help Potter put back his books, Longbottom.

Moody exits. Harry turns, finds...

NEVILLE (O.S.)

You know, if you really like plants, you'd be better off with *Gawshawk's Guide to Herbology*. Or this one. It tells you how Mandrakes were first bred.

HARRY

(not in the mood)

Thanks, Neville, but --

NEVILLE

Or you like flying, don't you! Do you know there's a wizard in Nepal growing gravity-resistant trees? The implications for racing brooms are absolutely *ama-zing* --

HARRY

Neville! I don't care about Mandrakes! I don't care about gravity-resistant trees! I don't care about plants *period* unless there's a Tibetan turnip that will allow me to breathe underwater for an hour! Okay!

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

Harry drops down in his chair, puts his palms to his eyes.

NEVILLE

Harry?

HARRY

What?

NEVILLE

I don't know about a turnip. But you could always use Gillyweed.

Slowly, Harry drops his hands from his eyes.

79 EXT. BLACK LAKE/HOGWARTS CASTLE - MORNING

79 *

Students stream down a hill to the Black Lake, where SMALL BOATS wait to ferry them to VIEWING TOWERS.

*
*

79A EXT. BLACK LAKE - LAKE SHORE - MORNING

79A *

Fred and George work the "flow" like pros.

*

FRED

Step up, mates! Don't be shy.

GEORGE

Three lads...

FRED

One lady...

GEORGE

Four go down...

FRED

But do four come up?
(as Ginny pops him)

Ow!

80 EXT. VIEWING TOWERS - DAY

80

The Champions wait. Fleur looks imperious, oblivious to the Beauxbaton girls that buzz about her. Karkaroff whispers to the impassive Krum. Cedric rolls his neck and stretches. Harry, towel draped over his neck, casts a dubious eye at the SLIMY GREEN COIL of LEAVES UNDULATING in his palm.

*

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You're sure about this, Neville?

NEVILLE

Absolutely.

HARRY

If I eat this, I'll be able to breathe underwater?

NEVILLE

Absolutely.

HARRY

For an hour.

NEVILLE

Most likely.

HARRY

Most likely?

NEVILLE

Well, there is some debate among Herbologists as to the effects of fresh water versus saltwater --

DUMBLEDORE

Your attention please! Welcome to the Second Task. Last night, unbeknownst to our Champions, something they value exceptionally was taken from them. That something now lies at the bottom of the Black Lake. Their mission this morning is to retrieve it. Champions, you may begin.

BLAM! Filch FIRES the CANNON. Dumbledore shakes his head.

DUMBLEDORE

... now.

The CROWD ROARS and the champions sprint into the icy water. CHILL BUMPS pebble Harry's skin as he stuffs the Gillyweed into his mouth. He chews furiously. Swallows. And... claps his hands to his throat.

DEAN THOMAS

What's happening to him?

SEAMUS

He can't breathe...

(CONTINUED)

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80 CONTINUED: (2)

NEVILLE
Omigod. I've killed him. I've
killed Harry Potter...

VEINS erupt in Harry's temples. BLOOD VESSELS snake
through the whites of his eyes. His fingers slip from
his throat. Someone SCREAMS. Harry has GILLS.

81 EXT. UNDERWATER

Harry knives into the water, HANDS mutating, turning
ghostly green, webbed. He kicks deeper, feet flashing
like flippers.

He glances to his left. Several yards away, Krum's pale
body shimmers. Abruptly, Krum's face turns and he...
GRINS.

Or so it seems.

The grin spreads hideously, Krum's teeth lengthening into
razor sharp spikes, his head mutating into the blunt
angles of a... SHARK. Quickly, Harry kicks deeper.

NEW ANGLE - LATER

Harry glides through SHIMMERING SHAFTS of LUMINESCENCE,
passing from shadow into light, back into shadow...

NEW ANGLE - LATER

A veil of SMALL FISH scatter like darts as Harry streaks
into view, then vanish, taking the light with them.

NEW ANGLE - LATER

Harry drifts deeper and deeper, bubbles trailing from his
gills. Dark velvet grasses twitch in the current,
caressing his skin. The water grows darker... then:

A CURIOUS SILVER LIGHT FLICKERS and a CREATURE --
graceful and swift -- FLASHES INTO VIEW. Harry stares,
transfixed, then kicks after the slithering creature, its
RADIANCE blinding. Slowly, it takes shape:

It's the MERMAID from the painting in the Prefect's
bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

She gazes briefly back -- long golden tresses drifting like smoke across her eyes -- then FLITS away. Harry kicks harder, closing the distance between them, when she...

... disappears. Harry slows, glances about. All around, BLACK WEEDS undulate eerily. He drifts, then the black weeds...

Come apart. Not weeds. Water demons (GRINDYLOWS).

Fangs bared, they SWARM. Harry reaches for the wand lashed to his ankle, but his webbed fingers fumble it. The wand tumbles in a roiling cloud of bubbles. A Grindylow reaches for it, when... Harry SNATCHES it away.

HARRY

Incendio!

A jet of FIERY RED BUBBLES ROCKETS from the tip of the wand and strikes the Grindylow dead in the chest, leaving a SCARLET WELT. HOWLING in a GARGLED RAGE, it corkscrews away.

Wheeling, Harry FIRES blindly at the approaching mob. The nearest pair peel off in opposite directions, avoiding the blast, and the one behind takes it between the eyes. As it floats away, cross-eyed and confused...

Harry wheels again and again, sending JOLT after JOLT of FIERY RED BUBBLES at the attacking Grindylows. Again and again, they corkscrew away, dazed and defeated. Finally...

None remain. Harry studies the rippling currents, sure he's vanquished them all, when... one more Grindylow emerges from the shadows. Then another. And another. And more still... until Harry finds himself SURROUNDED.

Wand poised, Harry waits warily, the water demons twitching menacingly. Then, as one, the Grindylows raise their tiny FISTS, SHAKE them angrily and... dart up and away. Harry watches them vanish like ink above him, then...

The curious SILVER LIGHT flickers across his eyes. He turns, finds the mermaid drifting dreamily. As she darts off, Harry darts after, and the SIREN'S SONG is HEARD:

SIREN SONG

*An hour long you'll have to look
To recover what we took
Your time's half-gone, so tarry
not
Lest what you seek stays here...*

(CONTINUED)

Harry follows the mermaid into a clearing... and stops.

SIREN SONG

... to rot.

LASHED to a craggy rock, FOUR PEOPLE drift eerily, eyes closed, bubbles trailing like pearls from their mouths: Gabrielle Delacour. Cho Chang. Hermione. Ron.

Harry swims forward, TUGS at the ROPEY VINES that bind them. They are STRONG, THICK. Harry glances at the mermaid, but her unblinking eyes regard him impassively through her veil of hair. Deciding, Harry takes his wand.

HARRY

Incendio!

A FIREBALL jets forth. As the BUBBLES CLEAR, the vine appears blackened, but a RED WELT glows angrily below Ron's elbow, where the fireball hit. Slipping his wand into the back of his waistband, he glances about, spies...

... a JAGGED ROCK. Snatching it up, he returns to Ron, HACKS at the vine. In three quick BLOWS, Ron's body floats free.

Harry moves to Hermione, but as he poises the rock, the mermaid swoops between and SHAKES her head.

HARRY

Get out of the way!

The mermaid merely SHAKES her head.

HARRY

No! She's my friend too!

Just then, the hair tumbles from the mermaid's mouth and an UGLY SNARLING MOUTH is revealed. As Harry rears back...

... Cedric swims out of the shadows, his face mutating oddly in the TRANSLUCENT MEMBRANE QUIVERING eerily around his head. Slipping a KNIFE from his waistband, he frees Cho with a flick of the blade, then glances at Harry and taps his wrist -- time's running out. As he starts up...

... Krum appears, his blunt features twisted into the face of a shark. As his monstrous crawl opens, TEETH glittering dangerously over the VINES binding Hermione, Harry rushes forward and...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

... STRIKES him directly on the snout. As Krum's eyes bulge angrily, Harry hacks Hermione free, sets her adrift. Krum glances at him curiously, then swims away.

Harry grabs Ron by the collar, starts to swim up, then looks back. Gabrielle remains, drifting dreamily. Harry FROWNS. The DEEP SLITS on his neck are CLOSING. He raises a hand. The WEBS spanning his fingers are THINNING. Lowering his hand, he finds... the mermaid, regarding him coolly.

Harry lets Ron float from his grasp, drops his hand behind his back and brings his wand slashing forward.

HARRY

Incendio!

A JET of FIRE rockets toward the mermaid and Harry kicks toward Gabrielle, scoops up the rock and, with a single blow, frees her. The MERMAID SHRIEKS HORRIBLY as... Harry loops one arm under Gabrielle, the other under Ron, and starts up.

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry strains mightily, the gills on his neck nearly gone, his feet no longer like flippers...

NEW ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

The skin between Harry's fingers vanishes. The flesh on his neck grows smooth. His face contorts with pain as he gropes toward the LIGHT shimmering above and...

82 EXT. BLACK LAKE

82

...breaks the surface, gulps for air. Ron spews a mouthful of black water, grimaces. Gabrielle COUGHS.

FLEUR

Gabrielle! Are you 'urt, bay-bee?

Fleur, even more fetching in anguish, pulls her sister from the water, embraces her. As Harry pulls himself up, Fleur places her hands on his face and KISSES him on both cheeks. As he pulls away, Harry notices Cho watching.

*

FLEUR

You saved 'er. Even though she was not yours to save.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

It was nothing, really...

FLEUR

And *you*. You 'elped.

RON

Well, yeah... a bit.

Fleur swoops. Hands. Face. Kiss. Kiss. Then,
gathering Gabrielle, she glides away. Ron blinks,
EXHALES softly:

RON

Merci...

As Harry snatches up a towel, Neville pelts forward, flings his arms around him.

NEVILLE

You're alive! You're alive!

HARRY

Get *off*, Neville!

Harry continues on, notices Cho eying him. So does Hermione.

HERMIONE

How come you didn't ask *her* to the Ball?

(before he can clarify)
Personally I think you behaved
admirably.

HARRY

I finished last, Hermione.

HERMIONE

Next to last. Fleur never got past 'ze Grindylows.'

DUMBLEDORE

Your attention, please! Your winner is Mr. Diggory, who showed innate command of the Bubble-Head Charm. However, seeing as Mr. Potter would have finished first if not for his determination to rescue not only Mr. Weasley but the others as well, we have agreed to award him second place. For outstanding moral fiber!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

Karkaroff SPITS, stalks away, taking Krum with him

RON

Moral fiber. Blimey, Harry. Even when you go wrong it turns out right.

83 INT. LAKE SHORE - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

As Harry's boat glides into the spongy bank, he disembarks, begins to move off when:

BARTY CROUCH

Congratulations, Potter.

HARRY

(a bit startled)

Mr. Crouch...

BARTY CROUCH

I'm sorry we haven't spoken. After all, your story is one I heard so many times. Quite remarkable, really. Tragic, of course... to lose one's family... never whole again, are we... Still, life goes on... and here we stand... I'm sure your parents would be very proud of you today, Potter. Any parent would. Very proud indeed...

MADEYE MOODY

Bartemious! Not trying to lure Potter into one of the Ministry's summer internships, are you? Last boy who went into the Department of Mysteries never came out.

Crouch turns, eyes searching Moody's leathered face intensely. Moody's smile withers, tongue probing the corner of his mouth uncertainly. Then, something like fear glitters in Crouch's eyes and he moves off.

MADEYE MOODY

And they say *I'm* mad.

Abruptly, Moody turns to Harry, his voice like ice.

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You were a damn fool today, Potter! If you want to play hero, I can find you plenty of playmates among the First Years! Otherwise, I suggest you grow up and grow up fast! You've got worse than mermaids ahead of you!

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The DOOR SWINGS aside, revealing Dumbledore, Fudge and Moody, magical eye bristling. Fudge puts on his best face.

FUDGE

Harry! How good to see you again!

HARRY

I can come back, sir --

DUMBLEDORE

Not necessary, Harry. The Minister and I are... done. I'll only be a moment. Oh. Feel free to indulge in a Licorice Snap in my absence. But I warn you. They're quite fresh.

As Dumbledore leads the others out, Moody glances back at Harry, then the door closes. As the CLUNK of Moody's WOODEN LEG grows faint, Harry glances idly at the OLD HEADMASTERS & MISTRESSES snoozing in their frames, then nods to the PHOENIX watching him blankly from across the room.

HARRY

Hello, Fawkes. How are you?

Fawkes remains mute. Harry eyes the bowl of Snaps, reaches out and -- CHIT-CHIT-CHIT! -- watches in horror as the candies SWARM his hand, tiny black teeth nipping his knuckles.

HARRY

Son of a --

Harry leaps back, BUMPS HARD into an EBONY CABINET, and flicks the last few tenacious Snaps to the floor. As they scurry under the furniture...

... a SILVERY LIGHT dances upon Harry's forehead. Turning, Harry watches the cabinet glide slooowly open. He lifts his hand, letting the light play on his fingertips as steps to the cabinet and peers within, discovering...

... the stone basin. Harry stares at the cloud-like substance whirling within, begins to reach out, then opts to pass his wand over the bowl instead. The liquid trembles. As Harry leans down for a closer look...

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

... the ripples go still and, far beyond the surface, an ENORMOUS CHAMBER comes INTO FOCUS, where benches rise in steep tiers and dozens of WITCHES and WIZARDS sit facing a single EMPTY CHAIR. Harry leans closer and...

... the tip of his nose breaks the surface. WHOOSH! The WALLS of Dumbledore's office DISSOLVE like SMOKE and Harry pitches forward into the churning whirlpool they create, landing...

88 INT. TRIAL CHAMBER/PENSIEVE - DAY

88 *

... heavily onto one of the tiered benches. He glances up. There is no ceiling, only a trembling MEMBRANE of LIGHT. Harry turns to the wizard next to him: Dumbledore.

HARRY

Professor!

Dumbledore stares placidly ahead. Harry passes a hand before his face. Nothing. Across the eerily quiet chamber, Rita Skeeter runs an emery board over her razor-sharp nails.

Suddenly a HUGE CLANGING fills the chamber and an IRON CAGE rises through the floor. A man stands BLINKING within. Thin. Feral. It is... Karkaroff. All vanity is gone.

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Barty Crouch rises then, but this Crouch radiates power. QUILL in hand, he steps to a PODIUM and, making notations in RED INK on a piece of parchment, speaks with rote command, clearly having done it dozens of times previously:

BARTY CROUCH

Igor Karkaroff. You have been brought from Azkaban at your own request to present evidence to this council. Should your testimony prove consequential, the council *may* move to reduce your sentence or commute it entirely. Until such time, you remain in the eyes of the Ministry a convicted Death Eater. Do you accept these terms?

*

KARKAROFF

I do, sir.

(CONTINUED)

BARTY CROUCH
What do you wish to present?

KARKAROFF
I-I have... *names*, sir.

Karkaroff squirms, twitching, eying the other ~~wizards~~.
Suddenly hesitant. Crouch continues to scribble.

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*

BARTY CROUCH
Council will not compel the
witness to testify against his
will --

KARKAROFF
Antonin Dolohov!

BARTY CROUCH
We have apprehended Dolohov.

KARKAROFF
Rosier. Evan Rosier --

BARTY CROUCH
Rosier died two weeks ago.

MADEYE MOODY
And took a bit of me with him.

Harry turns, discovers Moody sitting on the other side of
Dumbledore. His nose is raw from recent injury.

KARKAROFF
S-s-s... Severus Snape.

DUMBLEDORE
(rising instantly)
As the council is fully aware, I
have given evidence on this
matter. Severus Snape was indeed
a Death Eater but prior to Lord
Voldemort's downfall turned spy
for us at great personal risk.
Today, he is no more a Death Eater
than I am.

KARKAROFF
*It's a lie! Severus Snape remains
faithful to the Dark Lord!*

BARTY CROUCH
Silence! Has the witness any
other names?

(CONTINUED)

Karkaroff lowers his head in defeat, then, slowly his raccoon eyes rise, fix on the scribbling Crouch.

KARKAROFF

Just one.

BARTY CROUCH

Council hopes it is a name not already familiar to it.

KARKAROFF

But I'm afraid it is. I'm afraid it's a name the council is *intimately* familiar with...

Rita Skeeter's emery board ceases its seesaw. Her eyes rise.

KARKAROFF

I know for a fact this person took part in the capture and -- by means of the Cruciatus Curse -- torture of the Auror Frank Longbottom and his wife...

A MURMUR ripples through the chamber.

MADEYE MOODY

What's this worm playing at?

BARTY CROUCH

The *name*, Mr. Karkaroff.

KARKAROFF

Barty Crouch. *Junior*.

A maelstrom of outrage consumes the chamber. Rita Skeeter's lips curl gleefully. Crouch's quill stutters to a halt, bleeds into the skin of the parchment. And...

... a second CAGE rockets through the floor, bringing with it a SKINNY, STRAW-HAIRED YOUNG MAN (BARTY CROUCH JR.). He leers up at the podium, tongue probing the corner of his mouth as malice dances in his dark eyes.

BARTY JR.

Hello, Father.

As the chamber explodes once more, Harry leans forward, squinting at the young man, so strangely familiar. Slowly the chamber grows silent, all eyes on the elder Crouch.

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88 CONTINUED: (3)

BARTY CROUCH

You are no son of mine... I have
no son.

Once again, CHAOS ensues, then:

SECOND DUMBLEDORE (O.S.)

Come, Harry. I think it's time
you returned to my office...

Harry wheels: A "Second" Dumbledore sits to his left.

SECOND DUMBLEDORE

Come...

The "Second" Dumbledore extends his hand. As if in a
trance, Harry complies. As their fingers touch, the
walls of the chamber turn to smoke, as does the bench
upon which Harry sits. He falls backwards, tumbling...

89 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - DAY

... onto his feet. Dumbledore stands there.

DUMBLEDORE

Curiosity is not a sin, Harry.
But we should exercise caution
with it.

(as Harry eyes
the bowl)

It's a Pensieve -- a useful thing
to have if, like me, you find your
mind a wee bit cluttered.

Dumbledore sets his wand to his temple and extracts a
GLISTENING THREAD, deposits into the Pensieve.

HARRY

You mean, that stuff's your
thoughts? That's... Wow.

(looking away)

Sir, Mr. Crouch's son --

DUMBLEDORE

Had a talent for tragedy. Much
like his father. You see, both
felt fundamentally that they
possessed the answers for the ills
of this world. So they stopped
asking questions. That is, I
believe, a mistake we would all do
well to avoid.

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HARRY

DUMBLEDORE

HARRY

DUMBLEDORE

HARRY

DUMBLEDORE

(a beat)

(off Harry's surprise)

HARRY

DUMBLEDORE

HARRY

Dumbledore pauses, wrinkled eyes peering into the bowl. Slowly he extracts a THREAD, pitches it in.

(CONTINUED)

DUMBLEDORE

I think we've talked enough for the time being, Harry.

HARRY

But I need to know! What is it I'm seeing when I dream? Is it Voldemort? And who put my name in the Cup? And why? And if you can't protect me, who can?

Dumbledore says nothing for a moment, face swirling in the reflected light of the Pensieve, then turns.

DUMBLEDORE

I'm afraid there are no more easy answers, Harry.

Harry simply stares, mute, then turns to exit. Stops.

HARRY

Sir. While I was...
(gesturing to
the Pensieve)

There was mention of an Auror named Frank Longbottom. And his wife. Were they talking about Neville's parents, sir? Are they... dead?

DUMBLEDORE

They are... beyond help.
(beat)

It is for Neville to decide when he feels ready to share this part of his life with others.
Understood?

90 INT. PORTRAIT CORRIDOR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

90 *

Harry walks, consumed with his own thoughts, when he hears VOICES, sees twin silhouettes glimmering at the end of the corridor: Snape and Karkaroff. Karkaroff's left arm is extended, sleeve pushed past his elbow. As he reaches for Snape's arm, they see Harry. Instantly, Karkaroff drops his sleeve and exits. Harry starts to turn away, when...

SNAPE

Potter! What's your hurry?

Harry stops, watches Snape stride forth.

(CONTINUED)

Congratulations. Your performance in the Black Lake was inspiring. Gillyweed, am I correct?

Yes, sir.

Ingenious. A rather rare herb,
Gillyweed. Not something found in
your everyday garden. Nor is
this.

Snape holds up a TINY CRYSTAL VIAL.

Know what it is?

Bubble juice, sir?

Veritas serum. Three drops and You-Know-Who himself would spill his darkest secrets. The use of it on a student is -- regrettably -- forbidden. *However*, should you ever steal from my personal stores again, my hand might just *slip...* (tipping the bottle) ... over your morning pumpkin juice.

I haven't stolen anything.

Don't. Lie. To. Me. Gillyweed
may be innocuous. But Boomslang
skin, lacewing flies -- I have an
idea what you and your friends are
brewing.

With that, Snape turns on his heel and exits. Just then, beyond the window, Karkaroff appears, crossing the courtyard below. CAMERA RACKS FOCUS ON Harry's REFLECTION...

What d'you suppose it was? On Karkaroff's arm?

91 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE

Ron and Hermione stand on one side of the bridge, while Harry stands on the other.

HARRY

Dunno.

HERMIONE

(frowning in thought)
Boomslang skin and lacewing flies?
You're sure those were the two ingredients Snape mentioned?

HARRY

Positive. Why?

HERMIONE

Well, he thinks we're brewing Polyjuice Potion, doesn't he?

Harry looks into the distance, sees Neville, nose buried in a HERBOLOGY BOOK, walking across the grounds.

HARRY

I don't care what Snape thinks.
I've got bigger problems than detention.

(looking off again)
Something's coming. Drawing closer. I just don't know what it is...

92 EXT. OWLERY - DAY

93 INT. OWLERY - DAY

As the WIND WHISTLES through the CREAKING CROSSBEAMS, Harry finishes combing Hedwig and sets her in a nesting slot. He considers the TRIO of BLOOD DROPS on the FEATHER-STREWN floor, then peers out the window. On the Quidditch Pitch, the WALLS of a MAZE now stand, nearly twenty feet high.

94 EXT. MAZE - DUSK

Outside THE maze. Sunset.

The contestants are gathered, each at a separate entrance. Each is accompanied by a handler -- KARKAROFF for KRUM, MADAME MAXINE for FLEUR, AMOS DIGGORY for CEDRIC. All are nervous.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Krum is standing, his head lowered like an ox, face blank. Karkaroff whispers urgently in his ear.

Maxine, accompanied by Gabrielle, is massaging scented oils into a subdued FLEUR. Amos Diggory is instructing and practicing useful spells with CEDRIC.

The air is full of tension, the crowd subdued.

HARRY stands alone. He looks through the nearest entrance and sees the long threatening tunnel of the Maze's first alley stretching away from him, high and full of shadows.

MOODY limps over to HARRY, roughly squeezes his shoulder.

Throughout the above, Dumbledore ADDRESSES THE CROWD:

DUMBLEDORE

Earlier this evening, Professor Moody placed the Triwizard Cup within the maze. Only he knows where it resides. As the scoring is close, the first to touch the Cup will become the first Triwizard champion in over one hundred years.

The crowd ROARS.

DUMBLEDORE

Champions, prepare yourselves. On three. One. Two --

BLAM! Filch FIRES the CANNON and the Champions disappear into the Maze through their separate entrances.

95 INT. MAZE - HARRY

HARRY enters the Maze, a tiny figure. The high walls lean over him. It is utterly still and silent.

HARRY looks back at Moody. Rustling, the Maze closes up.

HARRY moves forward, Hedges tremble with the wind. A sound. HARRY turns sharply, looks behind. Nothing. Continues. A crossroads. Each alley short, leading to others. He chooses.

96 EXT. MAZE - DUSK

A WIDE SHOT of the Maze. It darkens as we watch. Mist gathers ominously.

94

95

96

105.

97

INT. MAZE - NIGHT

97

Inside the Maze, the mist settles round Harry. Shifts in a fitful breeze.

Harry begins to hurry and then, as the RUSTLING continues, breaks into a trot. Then, spooked by the swirling mist, he runs, turns a corner and is gone. The mist thickens.

Another part of the Maze. A high view. Coming towards us, a tiny point of light. The sound of the HEDGE RUSTLING and shifting. We descend, find a fearful FLEUR. She moves on.

Through the hedge we see a pin prick of wand light. It's moving fast, purposefully. We TRACK WITH it THROUGH the foliage, see KRUM, his face fixed, possessed. He looks as if he's hunting, trying to scent the prey.

We CRANE UP and OVER TO the next alley, FIND Cedric coming TOWARDS us, wand lit. He comes to a junction and stops, looking about, uncertain. The hedge sways, gently, slowly, contorting. CEDRIC's face, uncertain, spooked. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON him to EXTREME CLOSEUP.

ANGLE - INSIDE ANOTHER ALLEY

We TRACK BACK WITH FLEUR frightened, looking around behind her as she moves tentatively to a crossroads. The CAMERA GYRATES around her. She's uncertain which way to go. The mist swirls and the hedge warps. Suddenly we're behind her, seeing her in the distance, as though stalking her. The CAMERA STARTS SPRINTING TOWARDS Fleur. The sound of BREATHING. Fleur turns, WHITE LIGHT ON her face. She screams in horror.

HARRY, HIGH, WIDE, hears the SCREAM and runs towards it.

HARRY'S POV

As the hedge whips past. He sees a figure moving towards him.

BACK TO SCENE

As he comes opposite, HARRY stops. The figure stops, looks -- KRUM, panting and eyes wild. The boys are at a crossroads. Krum stares at HARRY, his brain obviously racing. Then, with no word of greeting, he abruptly turns down an alley and is gone.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY is uncertain whether to follow Krum. Decides to keep going. He approaches a crossroads, rounds a corner gingerly. Finds Fleur, motionless on the ground. He kneels, takes her wand in his hand and...

AN ENORMOUS WIDE SHOT

of the Maze with the castle in the b.g. The last of the daylight. Red sparks, the distress call, SHOOT UP. The MAZE GROANS and is seized by a slow CONVULSION. Then stillness again.

INSIDE THE MAZE

HARRY, freaked, takes off. Behind him the Maze envelops FLEUR.

OVER HARRY as he runs, turning corner after corner into short corridor after short corridor. Again and again he looks over his shoulder anxiously.

The sound of the RUSTLING MAZE seems to be increasing. We see alley after alley, choked with mist, undulating, restless.

HARRY reaches a crossroads and looks behind once more. Turns forward and crashes into something -- CEDRIC. They both YELL. CEDRIC takes off and HARRY follows. But CEDRIC is faster and before long the wand light that surrounds CEDRIC disappears.

HARRY slows down. Breathless. He is in a long corridor. The sound of the HEDGE increases. Ahead, the end of the corridor seems to be drawing nearer. HARRY pauses. Is he imagining things? Disorientated? He turns back. But the Maze seems to be folding in behind him. He is going to be crushed. He sees a gap ahead and races towards it. The hedge begins to close. He hurls himself forward, slipping through the gap just as the hedge closes. He turns. Sees the cup far ahead.

A bolt of LIGHT rockets past him, singeing the side of his head. He turns to see KRUM readying his wand for a second shot. Krum jukes left and right, trying to see past Harry.

CEDRIC DIGGORY
(from behind HARRY)
Potter! Duck!

HARRY ducks. Krum's spell sizzles past his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CEDRIC points his wand at Krum.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Stupefy!

Cedric's bolt surges past HARRY and bursts onto KRUM, who collapses to the ground wide-eyed and frozen. Cedric and Harry approach Krum.

HARRY

Thanks.

HARRY and CEDRIC turn, stare at the Cup in the distance. They pause. Glance at one another. Then, without a word, they sprint for the prize, fiercely competitive. The CAMERA RACES WITH them. CEDRIC begins to draw ahead when a root twists up out of the hedge and snags his ankle. He kicks it away, but is rapidly enveloped by the hedge. He falls heavily and HARRY overtakes him. Then HARRY looks back and sees CEDRIC suffocating, choked by the foliage.

HARRY stops, torn between ambition and duty -- the cup or CEDRIC. Deciding, he dashes back. Cedric is almost consumed. Harry takes his wand, blasting and kicking and pulling at the snaking branches. Finally, he manages to haul CEDRIC free. They stand panting, barely able to speak.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Go on. Take it.

HARRY

No.

CEDRIC

You saved me. Take it.

Harry glances at the Cup, glittering brilliantly.

HARRY

Together.

Cedric eyes Harry incredulously. Harry nods. Just then, the HEDGE VIBRATES violently and begins to close in. Turning, Harry and Cedric as one, sprint for the cup, the hedge closing behind them, growing narrower and narrower.

HARRY

On three! One!

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Two!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY/CEDRIC

Three!

Just before the hedge closes completely, they pitch themselves forward, grab a handle and...

WHOOSH!

... the GROUND beneath their feet LURCHES, the SKY SHUDDERS, spinning independent of the earth. A WIND rises in a HOWL and Harry squints, everything becoming a BLUR, until...

98 OMITTED

99 EXT. GRAVEYARD - LITTLE HANGLETON - NIGHT

... he and Cedric land heavily in a MISTY graveyard. The Cup flies free, skittering over the chill ground as the sky rotates... slowly... to a... stop. Harry peers through the mist. Sees a distant hill. An old manor. A gardener's cottage.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

It's a Portkey. The Cup is a --

HARRY

I've been here... in a dream.
I've been here...

Diggory studies Harry curiously, when -- HISS! -- several yards away, a LARGE STONE CAULDRON SPUTTERS. As Cedric approaches it, we CUT BEHIND, watch Cedric's distorted face come into view as if in a dream.

Harry is moving too. The CAMERA GLIDES --

HARRY'S POV

-- and REVEALS a HEADSTONE, the name engraved:

TOM RIDDLE

BACK TO SCENE

Harry stops cold.

HARRY

Cedric. Get back to the Cup.
Now.

(CONTINUED)

CEDRIC DIGGORY
What are you talking --

HARRY
Now....!!!

The word becomes a SCREAM as Harry drops to his knees, clutches his scar in agony.

CEDRIC DIGGORY
Harry! What is it! *Harry!*

Cedric follows Harry's gaze. A FIGURE, slump-shouldered and clutching an OILY BUNDLE, approaches through the tombstones.

HARRY
Get back to the Cup!

CEDRIC DIGGORY
I'm not leaving you!

The figure emerges from the mist: Wormtail. The bundle STIRS.

VOLDEMORT
Kill the spare.

HARRY
Noooooo!

WORMTAIL
AVADA KEDAVRA!

A FLASH of GREEN BLEACHES the graveyard. Cedric hits the ground, wand tumbling from his spasming hand. Harry reaches out, touches the wand and watches it crumble like ash over his fingers. Cedric's pupils dilate... go still.

Wormtail JERKS Harry off his knees and TOSSES him against the STATUARY fronting Tom Riddle's headstone.

STONE HANDS fold over Harry's arms, imprisoning him.

The cauldron CRACKLES hungrily.

Wormtail hesitates. The bundle TWITCHES.

VOLDEMORT
Do it. *Now.*

The swaddling falls away and something pale and misshapen drops HEAVILY into the roiling potion. Wormtail raises his trembling wand.

(CONTINUED)

WORMTAIL

*Bone of the father, unknowingly
given...*

The earth below Harry RUPTURES, DUST drifting through his
fingers like smoke as it trails into the cauldron.

WORMTAIL

*Flesh of the servant, w-willingly
sacrificed...*

Wormtail extends his right hand, raises the DAGGER in his
left and--Harry shuts his eyes. CHOP! -- a sickening
SPLASH poisons the air. Wormtail SHRIEKS. We HOLD ON
Harry. Slowly a SHADOW falls over him.

WORMTAIL

B-blood of the enemy...

Harry's eyes SNAP OPEN. Wormtail sways over him, face
creased in pain, dagger trembling in his fingers. Harry
struggles frantically, but he's trapped. Swit! The
dagger pierces the flesh of Harry's forearm. BLOOD flows
onto the blade.

WORMTAIL

Forcibly taken...

Wormtail tips the blade over the smoking cauldron. Harry
watches in horror as a DROPLET of his blood rolls thickly
down the blade... falls into the cauldron.

WORMTAIL

The Dark Lord shall rise again!

The cauldron RAGES. The sky goes white. WIND HOWLS.
TENDRILS of SMOKE, black as ink, rise from the cauldron.
A SHADOW emerges -- as if made of smoke itself -- then
transforms, smoke turning to skin. Harry stares in
disbelief.

VOLDEMORT.

Voldemort studies his hands -- flesh, blood and bone --
with feral delight. Exultant.

VOLDEMORT

My wand, Wormtail.

Wormtail shuffles forward, hands Voldemort a GLEAMING
WAND.

VOLDEMORT

Hold out your arm.

(CONTINUED)

Wormtail whimpers gratefully, lifts his bleeding stump.

WORMTAIL

Oh, master, thank you, master --

VOLDEMORT

The *other* arm, Wormtail.

Wormtail's smile withers. Grimly, he obliges. A SKULL glows on the pale flesh of his forearm, a SERPENT protruding from its mouth. Voldemort grins, reaches out and... touches it.

At once, a HOWLING WIND tosses the trees. The air SIZZLES with the SNAP of CLOAKS. Then, one by one, DARK-CLAD WIZARDS APPARATE into view, encircling Voldemort.

DEATH EATERS.

At last, the wind dies.

VOLDEMORT

Welcome, my friends! Thirteen years it's been... yet here you stand before me as though it were only yesterday. Whole. Healthy. In full possession of your powers. I confess myself... disappointed.

A tremor of apprehension runs through the Death Eaters.

VOLDEMORT

For how is it that such a powerful band of wizards, wizards who had sworn me eternal loyalty, could never once, in all these years, come to the aid of their master?

Instantly a Death Eater drops to the dust, pitches himself upon the hem of Voldemort's robes.

DEATH EATER

Forgive me, Master. Forgive all of us --

With astonishing speed, Voldemort FLASHES his WAND and the Death Eater SHRIEKS, WRITHING on the ground. Voldemort's snake-like eyes glitter with pleasure, then he gives another flick of his wand and the Death Eater's body goes limp.

(CONTINUED)

VOLDEMORT

Give me thirteen years, then
perhaps I'll forgive you, Avery.
(pacing past)
Nott. McNair. Crabbe. Goyle.
Not one of you tried to find me...

Voldemort pauses before a wizard wearing a SERPENT'S RING.

VOLDEMORT

Not even you, Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY

My Lord, I was constantly on the alert. Had there been any sign, any whisper of your whereabouts --

VOLDEMORT

There were signs, my slippery friend. And more than whispers.

LUCIUS MALFOY

I assure you, My Lord, I have not renounced the old ways. The face I present each day to the wizard world is my true mask.

VOLDEMORT

I think it's safe to say you are a man of many masks, Lucius.

Tense silence hangs in the air. Then a WHIMPERING VOICE:

WORMTAIL

I returned to you. I returned...

VOLDEMORT

(turning)
Out of fear. Not loyalty. Still, you *have* proven useful these past few months, Wormtail...

Wormtail peers up, watches Voldemort extend the tip of his wand and, with the subtlest of motions, conjure a GLEAMING SILVER HAND from the tragedy of his mangled wrist.

WORMTAIL

Thank you, My Lord! Oh, thank you!

(CONTINUED)

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VOLDEMORT

The lord giveth... and the lord
taketh away.

Wormtail nods in mute fear. Voldemort grins.

VOLDEMORT

It's a Muggle saying. I've always
found it... amusing.

Voldemort puts his boot to Cedric's face, rolls his
stricken eyes to the light, CLUCKS his tongue.

VOLDEMORT

Such a handsome boy.

HARRY

Don't touch him!

Voldemort's eyes SNAP to Harry, narrowing with violence,
then... soften.

VOLDEMORT

Harry. I'd almost forgotten you
were here. I'd introduce you, but
word has it you're almost as
famous as me these days.

Voldemort gives Cedric's face a last, harsh nudge with
his boot -- the only indication of anger -- then slowly
begins to circle towards Harry.

VOLDEMORT

The boy who lived. How lies have
fed your legend, Harry. Shall I
reveal what really happened that
night thirteen years ago? Shall I
divulge what truly caused me to
lose my powers?

Voldemort grins eerily as he addresses the Death Eaters.

VOLDEMORT

It was love. A mother's love. You
see, when dear sweet Lily Potter
gave her life for her only son, she
provided the ultimate protection:
I could not touch him.

Voldemort stops before Harry, eyes glittering with
fascination as he studies him, his voice a WHISPER:

(CONTINUED)

It was old magic. Something I should have foreseen. But no matter. Things have changed...

- ★
- ★
- ★
- ★

I can touch you now.

Voldemort studies him with an odd detachment.

Astonishing what a few drops of blood will do, eh?

Fate, Harry. That's what brought us together thirteen years ago. But fate has nothing to do with tonight. Tonight you're here because I made it so.

Give Mr. Potter his wand, Wormtail.

The stone hands separate and Harry falls forward. Wormtail shuffles forward and, grinning sadistically, extends his gleaming hand, returns Harry's wand.

You've been taught how to duel, I presume?

Harry says nothing, fighting to steady his wand hand.

First, we bow to each other.

Voldemort bends slightly, then... frowns.

Come now, Harry. The niceties
 must be observed. Dumbledore
 wouldn't want you to forget your
 manners. I said...

... bow.

Harry WINCES, feels his spine curve.

That's better. And now...

(CONTINUED)

Voldemort wheels, flashes his wand. Instantly, Harry FLIES BACK through the air and hits the ground ten feet back.

VOLDEMORT

Crucio!

Harry TWISTS in pain. Voldemort studies him--eyes narrowed, face dispassionate -- then gives a SHARP FLICK of his wand, ending the curse. Harry goes limp, chest heaving, then... puts his fists to the ground, pushes himself to his feet.

VOLDEMORT

Atta boy, Harry. Your parents would be proud. Especially your filthy Muggle mother --

Instantly, Harry wheels, fires an angry ROPE of RED LIGHT at Voldemort. With shocking ease, Voldemort deflects it, then returns the favor, sending Harry FLYING BACK once more. As Harry hits the ground, he stares up at the stars, chest heaving in agony, wand hand trembling.

VOLDEMORT

I'm going to destroy you, Harry Potter. I'm going to destroy thirteen years of lies. After tonight, no one will ever again question my powers. After tonight, if they speak of you, they'll speak only of how you begged for death and I, being a merciful lord, obliged. Now...
Get up!

Voldemort's eyes glitter savagely as he SNAPS his wand upward, bringing Harry to his feet.

VOLDEMORT

Let's see what schoolboy spells you have up your sleeve...

As Voldemort raises his wand, Harry staggers away, behind a tree. Instantly, the broadest limb EXPLODES and Harry stumbles away, weaving drunkenly through the tombstones as he heads DIRECTLY TOWARD US.

VOLDEMORT

Don't you turn your back on me! I want you to look at me when I kill you, Harry Potter! I want to see the light leave your eyes!

(CONTINUED)

Harry stops, wand hanging limply at his side.

HARRY

Have it your way...

As Harry SPINS, the flicker of a grin creases Voldemort's face and his wand rises with Harry's:

HARRY

Expelliarmus!

VOLDEMORT

Avada Kedavra!

A JET of GREEN LIGHT BURSTS from Voldemort's wand as a JET of RED BURSTS from Harry's... and unite... in a SHIMMERING THREAD of GOLD. Harry's wand VIBRATES FIERCELY in his fist. Voldemort's eyes glitter in angry astonishment.

BEADS of LIGHT bubble to the surface of the THREAD and begin to slide in Harry's direction. Face creased in concentration, Harry sends the beads the other way, toward Voldemort.

The Death Eaters stir. A few draw their wands.

VOLDEMORT

Do nothing! He's mine to finish!

BLISTERS rise on the surface of Harry's hand where he grips his wand, the muscles of his forearm twitching. BLOOD seeps from the JAGGED CUT below his elbow. And then -- as one of the beads quivers at the tip of Voldemort's wand -- Harry narrows his eyes savagely. Voldemort's eyes flash with fear...

And the bead connects.

A great WAILING SCREAM ECHOES over the graveyard and a WHITE FLASH envelops all as SMOKE drifts from the tip of Voldemort's wand and EXPANDS... taking shape... becoming...

Cedric.

Startled, Harry nearly sacrifices the grip on his wand, when another FLASH envelops the graveyard and...

Frank Bryce, the old caretaker emerges...

Instantly, there is another FLASH and twin STREAMS of SMOKE furl forth. Harry's fingers tremble, his eyes welling with tears as he watches...

... His mother and father appear (JAMES & LILY POTTER), flickering before him like ghosts...

(CONTINUED)

JAMES POTTER

Harry... when the connection is broken, you must get to the Portkey. We can linger for a moment, to give you some time, but only a moment. Do you understand?

Harry nods, tears streaming down his face. Cedric steps up.

CEDRIC DIGGORY

Harry, take my body back, will you? Take my body back to my father...

Harry nods again. His mother places her hand upon his own.

LILY POTTER

Let go, sweetheart. You're ready...

And he does, breaking the golden thread with an almighty wrench of his wand. Instantly, Lily, James, Bryce and Cedric ANATOMIZE into SMOKE and Voldemort SCREAMS in FURY. As the smoke envelops the Death Eaters, Harry pelts through the shifting ash and flings himself atop Cedric's body.

VOLDEMORT

Stun him!

HARRY

Accio!

As the Cup SOARS through the air into Harry's outstretched hand, the Death Eaters' BLASTS coalesce in an SHOWER of SCARLET LIGHT. When the SPARKS CLEAR...

Harry and Cedric are gone. Instantly, we:

CUT TO:

THE GRASSY GROUND RUSHING WILDLY UP TOWARDS US...

... as Harry hits the earth with a massive THUD, BLOOD SPRAYING from his nose from the impact, arm still slung tight over Cedric. The Triwizard Cup goes bounding SILENTLY away, as if in a dream, and then... a RUSH of SOUND engulfs Harry as SCREAMS RISE from the STANDS. As Harry rolls over, the star-strewn sky cycles dizzily into view and... Dumbledore.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

DUMBLEDORE
Harry! Harry!

HARRY
He's back.

Dumbledore's eyes darken, when...

FUDGE
What's going on here!
(eying Cedric)
My God. Dumbledore... this boy...
this boy is *dead*.

HARRY
He asked me to bring him back... I
couldn't leave him... not there...

DUMBLEDORE
Yes...

Gently, Dumbledore places his hand atop Harry's, tries to
prise it from Diggory's chest. When Harry resists,
Dumbledore leans down, WHISPERS softly into his ear
and -- as if by magic -- the clatter of the crowd is, for
this moment, muted.

DUMBLEDORE
It's all right, Harry. He's home.
Both of you are...

Harry looks into Dumbledore's eyes. Slowly, his hand
relaxes and the clamor of the crowd returns.

FUDGE
The body has to be moved,
Dumbledore! There are too many
people--

PROFESSOR McGONAGALL
Potter's hurt, Albus. Shall I
take him to the hospital --

DUMBLEDORE
No. My office. Take him to my --

AMOS DIGGORY (O.S.)
Let me through! Let me through!

FUDGE
For god's sake, Albus! Amos
Diggory's coming --

(CONTINUED)

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100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

Rita Skeeter appears, eyes fluttering with astonishment, then hardening with the feral glint of opportunity.

DUMBLEDORE

See to Amos, Minerva --

AMOS DIGGORY

That's my son! That's my...

Diggory pushes through the crowd and... staggers.
Rising, Dumbledore moves to support him.

AMOS DIGGORY

... boy.

Diggory's face collapses horribly. A breath escapes Harry -- as if he had been holding something in -- and tears invade his eyes. Suddenly, he is flying upward -- onto his feet.

MADEYE MOODY

Come, Potter. This is not where you want to be right now...

As Moody jerks him away, the world behind swims like a watercolor: Karkaroff, stopping dead at the sight of Cedric, absently playing his fingers over the inside of his left arm... Amos Diggory WAILING like a wounded animal then dropping, keening over his son's body... Cho, standing frozen, tears streaming down her horror-stricken face... And Hermione and Ron, fighting their way through the teeming crowd, unable to reach Harry, the madness too thick...

101 INT. MOODY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

101 *

Moody leads Harry inside, SLAMS SHUT the DOOR and deposits Harry on the HUGE TRUNK. His tongue flicks excitedly over his lower lip as he steps back, eyes Harry.

MADEYE MOODY

Well. Here we are. You all right?

Harry nods vaguely, glancing around.

MADEYE MOODY

Good. Now tell me what happened.

Harry starts to reply, when the trunk beneath him RATTLES. He glances at his hands, palms down on the lid. Moody, strangely impatient, brings him round with his sharp tone:

(CONTINUED)

✱
✱

✱
✱

★
★
★
★

✱

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Professor, it was you who put the
Cup in the maze. So you'd
would've known beforehand if it
was bewitched? Wouldn't you?

MADEYE MOODY

(in a rage)

*Tell me what happened! I need to
know what happened!*

Moody seethes, glaring at Harry and something odd happens to his face, a kind of transformation... *almost as if another face were struggling to push through.* He reaches into his robes for his wand, but Harry doesn't flinch, instead nodding to the Foe Glass...

HARRY

Constant vigilance, Professor...

Moody turns, sees THREE SHADOWS GROWING LARGE in the glass, the whites of their eyes flashing. Moody wheels, wand at the ready, when the DOOR BURSTS OPEN and sends him FLYING BACK. In the doorway stands Dumbledore, wand clutched in his fist, McGonagall and Snape at his side. Dumbledore's eyes burn with a cold fury.

DUMBLEDORE

Up.

Dumbledore gives a simple bob of his wand. Instantly, Moody RISES from the floor and DROPS roughly into a chair.

DUMBLEDORE

Severus, you wouldn't happen to have a little something to encourage cooperation?

Snape reaches into his cloak, removes the TINY VIAL of VERITASERUM. Gripping Moody by the hair, Dumbledore jerks his head back and tips the contents of the vial onto his tongue. Moody makes to spit, then his face slackens.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you know where you are?

MADEYE MOODY

Hogwarts Castle.

DUMBLEDORE

Do you know who I am?

MADEYE MOODY

(acidly)

Albus Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

And you? Are you Alastor Moody?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

MADEYE MOODY

No.

Harry watches Dumbledore's eyes begin to search the room.

DUMBLEDORE

Is he nearby?

Moody nods, absently reaching into his robes...

DUMBLEDORE

Is he in this chamber?

Moody nods. Dumbledore's gaze passes over... then returns to... the MASSIVE TRUNK. His fingers close over the FLASK rising in Moody's hand.

DUMBLEDORE

Step aside, will you, Harry.

Snape raises his wand and -- FLASH! -- destroys the SEVEN LOCKS which secure the trunk. As the lid yawns open, Harry peers inside. Deep within, impossibly deep, an OLD MAN lies naked upon the floor of a stone enclosure.

HARRY

That's Moody. But if that's -- then --

Dumbledore tosses Harry the flask. Harry unscrews the top.

HARRY

Polyjuice Potion.

DUMBLEDORE

I think we now know who's been stealing from your stores, Severus.

Snape and Harry exchange a look. Then... SQUEEK! The arms of the chair splinter under the man's SPASMING FINGERS and he begins to... MUTATE... into a YOUNGER MAN, scarred skin turning smooth, gray hair shifting, becoming the color of straw.

DUMBLEDORE

Barty Crouch. Junior.

BARTY JR.

I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

He GRINS at Harry, pulls back his sleeve: the DARK MARK.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

DUMBLEDORE

Harry. Would you lift your sleeve, please.

Harry eyes Dumbledore uncertainly, then complies.

BARTY JR.

It's happened then! Lord Voldemort *has* returned!

HARRY

I couldn't help it, sir. I --

As Dumbledore examines Harry's cut, his eyes gleam ever so briefly -- with something akin to triumph. Abruptly he turns.

DUMBLEDORE

Call Madam Pomfrey, Minerva. The real Alastor Moody will need tending to. And send an owl to Azkaban. I think they'll find they're missing a prisoner.

BARTY JR.

I'll be welcomed back like a hero.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps. Personally, I've never had much use for heroes.

102 INT. GARGOYLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Harry strides alongside Dumbledore, whose eyes flash darkly, a vigor to his gait.

DUMBLEDORE

My apologies, Harry, for putting you in unnecessary peril.

HARRY

It's all right, sir. I'm used to it by now.

Dumbledore glances at Harry's battered face, smiles faintly. Just then... Rita Skeeter flits INTO VIEW.

RITA SKEETER

Could I have a word, Dumbledore --

DUMBLEDORE

Certainly. Here's one: *Goodbye.*

101

102 *

103 INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 103

Dumbledore yanks open the cabinet, peers into the Pensieve.

HARRY

Was it him, sir? Did he murder his own father?

DUMBLEDORE

I'm guessing Mr. Crouch discovered his son's secret and, yes, was murdered lest he reveal it.

Harry nods, then... speaks quietly.

HARRY

Sir, earlier, when I was battling Voldemort, our wands, well, they sort of... *connected*.

DUMBLEDORE

Priori Incantatem.

Harry looks at Dumbledore curiously.

DUMBLEDORE

It's a phenomena that can only occur when two wands share the same core. Which, in this case, happens to be the feather of a phoenix. Fawkes, in fact.

Harry glances over at the regal Phoenix.

HARRY

My wand's feather comes from Fawkes?

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. He's a particularly powerful creature. You see, when a wand meets its brother as yours did tonight, one will be forced to cast the shadows of its most recent spells. Which means...

Voldemort pulls a long silver strand from his temple, drops it into the Pensieve and turns.

DUMBLEDORE

Harry... did your parents reappear tonight?

(with concern)

No spell can reawaken the dead, I trust you know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103

DUMBLEDORE
Because it's true.

103A *

104 *

NERVOUS WHISPERS spread throughout the Hall.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

DUMBLEDORE

The Ministry of Magic does not wish me to tell you this. But to not do so is, to my mind, an insult to his memory.

As Dumbledore continues, Harry's eyes drift. He, ashen and pale, sits numbly, Fleur gently clutching her hand. Krum sits stoically then, catching Harry's eye, nods.

DUMBLEDORE

It was the hope, in restoring the Triwizard Tournament, that magical ties would be deepened between those of us who come from different backgrounds. In light of recent events, such ties will be more important than ever. Differences of habit and speech become meaningless when the language of our hearts is the same.

Harry's eyes drift to the ENCHANTED CEILING, where the SKY SHINES BLUE...

DUMBLEDORE

With dark and difficult times comes a choice: between what is right and what is easy. Should you ever waver, remember a boy who was kind and brave and true. To the very end...

CAMERA DROPS from the BLUE SKY...

104A EXT. OWLERY - DAY

... to the Owlery, etched like a scarecrow on the horizon.

105 INT./EXT. OWLERY - SAME TIME - DAY

Harry sits with Hedwig, hair tossing lightly in the wind. He eyes the THREE DROPS OF BLOOD on the plank floor, then peers out the window, where the EMPTY MAZE stands like a desolate ruin. After a moment, a DISTANT VOICE CALLS OUT:

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Harry!

(CONTINUED)

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105 CONTINUED:

105

He glances out the opposite window, to the grounds beyond and below, sees Ron and Hermione approaching. He takes a last look toward the maze, then sets Hedwig free. We follow her into the SKY, watching her glide gracefully, then...

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Everything's going to change now, isn't it?

106 EXT. GROUNDS/OWLERY - DAY

106 *

... CRANE DOWN BEHIND Harry, Ron and Hermione as they walk toward the castle.

HARRY

Yes.

RON

Just once... *just once*... I'd like to have a nice quiet school year. Is that too much to ask?

*
*
*

HERMIONE

Be a bit boring, wouldn't it? What's life without a few dragons?

RON

Normal.

(a sigh)

It's not easy being your friend, Harry.

HARRY

Try being me.

HERMIONE

We'll have to leave here someday, you know. For good. Best enjoy it while we can. Dragons and all. Besides, we'll be all right, as long as we stay together...

*
*

Her voice falters. Then:

*

RON

That's right. Together.

*
*

They grow smaller...

*

HARRY

Together.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

Harry and Ron fall in then, arms laced over Hermione, three becoming one as the CAMERA RISES, leaving them behind for the sky once more. Clouds lurk in the distance.

A storm waits.

FADE OUT.

THE END

106

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*

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